

# SUPERCLASH

NOVEMBER 22ND, 2012  
LOS ANGELES SPORTS ARENA  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

[A black screen. Some legal mumbojumbo appears about not recording and redistributing the Internet Pay Per View that you paid your hard-earned nickels, dimes, and quarters for... you know, that cash that you planned on putting to good use on a 142" Rear Projection big screen on Black Friday...

...and then back to black.

With the screen still black, we hear the opening piano notes to Guns N' Roses' "November Rain" - a tradition now for the event that you're about to witness. As the screen fades up onto the SuperClash IV logo - strikingly similar to the one above this informational text description - another SuperClash tradition begins... the voiceover provided by the Dean of Professional Wrestling commentary, Gordon Myers.]

"For decades, the biggest day of the calendar year for the professional wrestling business was Thanksgiving night.

It was the night when all the biggest stars came out.

The night when all the biggest matches were held.

The night where careers were built and legends were made.

And the night where the memories that last a lifetime were formed.

On this night, the AWA returns to those days for the biggest event of the year. It is SuperClash...

...and it has arrived."

[The piano and logo fade in unison only to be replaced by the sounds of "California Dreamin'" by The Mamas & The Papas. Scenic shots of Southern California flash by - the beach, the downtown area, Dodger Stadium, the Staples Center - you know the deal. A voiceover is heard - a familiar voice that we can't quite place.]

"Portland. Baltimore. South Laredo. Detroit. Knoxville. Tampa. New York City. Toronto. St. Louis.

At one time or another, the wrestling business was synonymous with those cities.

But for a period of time, there was no other city in the eyes of the wrestling world than Los Angeles.

Tonight, a company that has made its mark first in the Lonestar State of Texas and then slowly spread throughout the South... tonight, that company comes to Los Angeles for the very first time to show the wrestling world that they mean business.

Because like the saying goes... if you can make it there... you can make it anywhere."

[The scenic shot fades to a shot of former EMWC Owner Chris Blue, smirking at the camera.]

CB: Tonight, the AWA comes to MY house... and my guests are waiting to see EXACTLY what they bring to the table.

Good luck, gentlemen...

[A chuckle.]

CB: You're gonna need it.

[The shot of Blue fades away as the music of "Kicking And Screaming" by Sebastian Bach of Skid Row fame as rapid-fire shots of the various SuperClash competitors in action on this night flash by on the screen.

The cuts come faster and faster and faster until its a crazy bleed of one image to the next - nearly seizure-inducing in pace.

Before it suddenly comes to a stop on a black screen where the SuperClash logo slowly appears once more as one part of Gordon's earlier voiceover repeats.]

"It is SuperClash...

...and it has arrived."

[The graphic immediately cuts to the interior of the Los Angeles Sports Arena, stuffed with screaming AWA fans cheering their heads off as we go "on the air."

The squared circle, surrounded in red, white, and blue ring ropes, is in the middle of the floor. Thin black protective mats surround the ring, covering the concrete floor. There are tons of rows of folding chairs on all four sides of the ring that go from the metal barricade surrounding ringside and run all

the way back to where the arena "jumps up" to the second level which is jammed with AWA fans as well. The upper level appears to be mostly tarped off - turning this 18,000 seat venue into something a little more manageable for the little regional that could.

On one end of the building is a digital scoreboard where it appears a temporary stage has been set up underneath a small (by arena standards) video screen with a sign under it that reads "Empire Sports' EXTREME SCREEN." Panning down from the screen, we find one of the favorite setups for the AWA - an elevated walkway that leads from the locker room area down to the ring, cutting that section of seating in half. We can also spot an elevated interview platform immediately to the side of the beginning of the elevated ramp.

As our camera cuts back down to ringside, we spot the timekeeper's table as well as the announce table.

And speaking of announcers... hey, we know those guys!

It's Gordon Myers, the Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing. Myers is in a black suit and white dress shirt, the epitome of professionalism on the biggest night of the year. He peers through black-framed eyeglasses as he holds the mic.

By his side, as always, is the ever-colorful Buckthorn Wilde. Wilde sports a fire-of-a-thousand-suns orange and yellow sportscoat... yes, it's both colors. Orange for the torso and yellow for the sleeves. He's gone with a traditional white dress shirt underneath... except for the blinking red lights across his plump midsection that reads "BUCKY!" - yes, with the exclamation point.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to the biggest night of the year for all of us here in the American Wrestling Alliance - it's SuperClash IV!

[A big cheer rings out. Yes, Gordon is using the house mic for this greeting from ringside.]

GM: We are LIVE here for the very first time in the City of Angels - Los Angeles, California!

[BIIIIIG CHEER from the fans for their town!]

GM: Happy Thanksgiving to one and all... all of you here tonight in the historic Los Angeles Sports Arena with us in person and all of you joining us tonight on Internet Pay Per View! My name is Gordon Myers...

[Big cheer! Gordon grins sheepishly.]

GM: ...and by my side as always is the Fashion Plate himself, Mr. Bucky Wilde! Happy Thanksgiving, Bucky... and Happy SuperClash IV!

BW: I can't believe it's been a whole year since SuperClash III, Gordo! But here we are - back again on Pay Per View, daddy! And you gotta know all

those eyebulbs glued to their computers and iPhones and iPads and whatever else they got are on there for one reason...

GM: Dare I ask what that reason is?

BW: Me! Mister Pay Per View himself, Bucky Wilde!

GM: Oh broth-

BW: No, no... that's not good enough! With all those people out there watching me tonight, sending our number of buys through the roof, you might as well call me... Big Poppa Buysrate!

GM: Big Pop- that's ridiculous even for you, Bucky.

BW: Really? Well, I love it when they call me Big Poppa so...

GM: That's quite enough of that. Let's get down to business here - the REAL reason all these people at home are tuning in tonight... the REAL reason why we have a sell-out crowd here in Los Angeles for the biggest night of the year. It's SuperClash IV and what a lineup we've got tonight, Bucky!

BW: We've got so many matches that could Main Event all over the world! We've got ladders... we've got barbed wire - both of those for the very first time! We've got three titles on the line! We're got the return of Mark Langseth! We've got a retirement match! We've got Steal The Spotlight! It's crazy, Gordo!

GM: A lineup truly deserving of the hype if there ever was one, fans. And as Bucky mentioned, we've got - from top to bottom - one of the most eagerly anticipated lineups of all time and we don't want to waste any more time so let's head right down to the ring for our opening matchup!

[We crossfade down to the ring where a tuxedoed Phil Watson is standing inside the red, white, and blue roped wrestling ring, house mic in hand.]

PW: Our opening contest... set for one fall and a twenty minute time limit... is the first qualifier for the Stampede Cup tournament!

[The crowd cheers, and the opening organ ditty of "So Wha'cha Want" by the Beastie Boys plays to turn those cheers into boos.]

GM: And we're getting right into the swing of things with tag team action, Bucky!

BW: The fans voted, and we're gonna give 'em what they want! But I already got inside tips on this one, daddy. And all the other matches, too!

GM: Oh, brother. What are these two doing now?!

[A pair of bright white lights shine through the entranceway, and soon we see that these are headlights. A car rolls out, making its way down the entrance ramp.

But not just any car... a De Lorean. A silver De Lorean.

The fans turn back to cheers, if only out of recognition of the pop culture icon as it is driven down the aisle. Stopping at the end of the aisleway, the doors rise into the famous 'wing' position, and out comes The Rave.

From the driver's side comes the creamy-mocha-skinned Shizz Dawg OG, sporting a strange hairdo where dreadlocks of different colors are "woven" around to form a basket-like covering on his head. The colors are yellow, maroon, and navy. He's wearing goggles with one blue lens and one orange lens, knee-length cargo pants which are brown with purple and pink criss-crossing stripes, silver moon boots, and a glittery orchid-and-red vest.

His partner, the oddly reddish-pale-skinned Jerby Jazz, comes jumping from the passenger side. Jazz' hair is short, dyed aqua with yellow blotches. He's wearing a pair of grey jeans with one leg cut off and red, blue, and green starpatterns spraypainted all over it. The cut-off leg reveals that he's wearing bright green tights underneath, with burnt-orange, lavender, and chartreuse bandanas tied all over the leg. He's also wearing white Uggs which have been fingerpainted in orange and midnight blue, and he has a thick silvery-white sleeveless winter-jacket with red piping. A single ruby-tinted eyepiece covers his left eye, attached to some brown-and-white structure on his left temple that's held on by elastic straps. Both Ravers wear the only consistent part of their attire: thick brass wrist units which look like they're wearing inch-thick shackles without a chain.]

BW: Ridin' in style!

GM: If fashion sense were dynamite, the two of them combined wouldn't have enough of it in their heads to blow their nose.

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

GM: A team entrance from Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez, who look to make a move in the tag team ranks. What better way to do that than to pick up a win at SuperClash?

BW: And then on to the Stampede Cup... but that's a tall order. We're going to find out tonight just how much of a team these men are.

[Gaines' trademark Grizzly Grin is nowhere to be found, replaced by a stone-faced, deadpan look. His tall and muscular young partner matches his determined expression. Both men stride side-by-side down the aisle.

Gaines wears his usual black boots, cutoff jeans, thermal undershirt, open flannel shirt and black belt. His wild, long brown hair is tied back, but his beard is trimmed. Martinez wears long wrestling tights, black with a red inseam, and a pair black and red wrestling boots. He runs a hand through his slicked back brown hair as the two men approach ringside.

The duo stops at the bottom of the aisle, looking quizzically and distrustfully at the silver De Lorean parked there. Gaines shakes his head and waves Ryan on past it as the Rave point and threaten the duo to leave their "timeride" alone.]

GM: You can see a lot more focus in Gaines and Martinez than you do in the Rave. Nothing flashy or showy from them.

BW: Oh, Gordo, I am sick of every time a guy shows a little bit of pizzazz, you gotta say he ain't focused. It don't take away no focus to drive a car to the ring.

GM: The Rave's attire takes away the focus and intellect of everyone watching. The saddest thing about that getup is that it must have taken them time and effort to assemble. You can't be that gaudy and ludicrous by accident. So I stand by my statement. Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez aren't putting any energy or effort into making people believe they're from the future; therefore, they're more focused.

BW: Yeah? Take a look at the front row on our left. The Rave don't have to babysit a punk kid during their match!

[The camera gets a shot of Justin Gaines, standing and cheering. The music dies down, and the teams are in their respective corners... Phil Watson gives the intros.]

PW: Introducing first, the team to my left.

From New Seattle in the year 2032... at a total combined weight of three hundred ninety-six pounds...

...Jerby Jezz... Shizz Dawg OG... they are THE RAVE!

[\*POP!\*

[No, that wasn't the crowd, though they do boo. The loud POP came from the brass wrist-launchers of The Rave; as Watson announced their team name, both men swung their arms out at forty-degree angles and sent multi-colored streamers shooting out in all directions. And they made sure to cover all four corners... meaning that Gaines and Martinez (along with the ref and Watson) are pulling streamers off of themselves.]

GM: Their focus is so evident, Bucky.

BW: That's a mind game, daddy. You watch.

PW: Their opponents, to my right!

From Los Angeles, California and Fairbanks, Alaska respectively... at a total combined weight of five hundred and fourty pounds...

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

[Cheers ring out as the two fan favorites discuss who will start. Gaines steps out of the ring, and Martinez strides towards center ring as the bell rings. Jerby and Shizz continue to discuss things in the corner as they remove their wrist launchers, jackets, and eyewear.]

[\*DING\*DING\*DING\*]

GM: Ryan Martinez to start for the team which many of our fans have taken to calling RyGunn. The Rave are both standing in their corner, making no move to establish a legal man.

BW: You know how it is. The rules are so different in 2012.

GM: Bucky, ignoring the patent ridiculousness of their claims for a moment, they have been in the AWA for over a year. They know the rules!

BW: That's only a year to us, daddy. They go back to 2032 and compete in between shows. I mean, they might not even be wrestlin' these matches in the same order we're watchin' em! This might be their first AWA match for all we know!

GM: ...what.

[Gordon is shocked silent as suddenly, both Ravers run at Martinez! Ryan floors Jezz, but Shizz knees him in the kidneys as he does. Martinez goes to a knee, and Dawg quickly rakes his eyes.]

BW: And it might not! They didn't commit to a legal man, and now they'll just go with the one who has an advantage. Brilliant.

GM: I'll say this, and perhaps elaborate later; The Rave are much more intelligent than they let on. The Dawg OG with a swinging neckbreaker on Ryan Martinez! A big move early, as the undersized Seattle contingent will need!

BW: New Seattle.

GM: Seattle. Shizz Dawg and Jezz look to have bulked up slightly to improve strength, though they're both still short of two hundred pounds. Dawg OG tagging Jezz, who hops in onto the second rope... MY GOODNESS!

[Jezz, who had barely made it out of the ring after the initial attack, is tagged in. He hops over the top rope onto the second rope, and Shizz biel

throws him right at Martinez. Ryan thus catches a flying kick to the side of the head as he tries to stand, and the fans react to it.]

BW: All that momentum from his partner added to the kick. This is how the Rave operates! Two on one all the time.

GM: Jerby Jezz, who made the longest run in the World Title tournament of any tag team wrestler, is legal, and hammers Ryan Martinez again in the side of the head, this time with a knee. A double axehandle blow follows, right into the ear. Attempting to dizzy the much larger man.

BW: Tag back to Shizz. Jezz made the run, but it was a team effort all the way. I think they showed everybody just how dangerous they are despite their size. Jezz even gave Stevie Scott a run for his money.

GM: They are fearless, that is for certain.

[With Martinez bouncing off the ropes, the Rave drops down to bury a double back elbow into the midsection.]

GM: The Rave goes down low... look out here!

[Grabbing Jezz by the head, Martinez looks to inflict some damage but Shizz Dawg OG is right there to sweep the legs out as Jezz slams the back of Martinez' head into the mat!]

GM: Another double team by the Rave and Gaines is wisely waiting, as he's not fast enough to intervene in time.

BW: Right. That slow old guy would just give the Rave more distraction time. At least he's smart enough to know it.

GM: Another tag... Dawg with a spear that doesn't take Martinez down!

[But a stunned Martinez stumbles back a couple of steps, leaving him wide open for Jezz to leap up, lashing out with a boot to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! The back brain kick by Jerby Jezz! The Rave are blisteringly fast, and that speed and swarming strategy has dominated the first minute of the match.

BW: I'll admit this, though: I do not know how they're gonna finish it. Martinez has some of his old man's toughness, and Grizzly's a leather-skinned vet. They'll need something crazy to get somebody down on the outside for a ten-count.

GM: Or they could use pinfalls like everyone else.

BW: \*phhppt\*

GM: Jerby Jezz with a dropkick. Martinez staggering...



[But suddenly explodes forward towards The Rave's corner, knocking Shizz Dawg OG off the apron with a clothesline to the cheers of the crowd!]

BW: HEY! He wasn't the legal man!

GM: Martinez saw the pattern and disrupted it! He saw a chance to- oh, come on! Jerby Jezz goes right to the eyes!

BW: The easy way to bring the son of a legend down to size.

GM: And despite all his size advantage, Ryan Martinez has been battered early! Jerby sends him off the ropes... AND MARTINEZ RUNS HIM OVER WITH A JUMPING SHOULDERBLOCK!

[The cheers are loud as Ryan rolls to his corner and makes the tag.]

GM: And here comes the legend!

BW: The "Nature Manspaw" is a legend in his own time too!

GM: BUT HE JUST GOT KNOCKED BACK TO THE VICTORIAN ERA WITH A MONSTER UPPERCUT! Gaines ran in and brutally hammered Jerby Jezz off of his feet about two feet into the air!

BW: He's lucky that Gaines hit him in the ribs and not the, uh, where he hits you with that Alaskan Uppercut of his.

GM: Gunnar Gaines over to Shizz Dawg OG! He has done his homework on The Rave; they run in constantly! And hammering the OG off the apron with an overhand left!

BW: Cheap shot! Though, yeah, not a dumb move. But still a cheap shot.

[With Shizz Dawg OG down, Gaines grabs Jezz and fires him into the corner where he slams chestfirst into the buckles. Jezz bounces out quickly, staggering into Gaines' arms...]

GM: Gaines hooks him... AND HE'S PLANTED INTO THE CANVAS WITH A BELLY-TO-BACK SUPLEX!

[Jezz bounces off the mat with the brutal suplex, and rolls out of the ring with the momentum of the move.]

BW: Gunnar Gaines knows what a big stage means, Gordo. He's bringin' SuperClash intensity! But The Rave were too a moment ago! I wonder if Ryan Martinez is the weak link... he's the one that doesn't seem to know the stage.

GM: Possible; Ryan is inexperienced despite his wealth of talent. The Rave are regrouping on the outside of the ring, and... MARTINEZ!

[HUGE CHEERS!]

BW: RYAN MARTINEZ JUMPED OFF THE APRON INTO BOTH RAVERS! He snuck around to their side of the ring... that was a Gunnar Gaines move right there!

GM: I think that answers the question, Bucky! Ryan Martinez also putting it all on the line for SuperClash! Taking a page from his partner's playbook with the surprise apron dive!

[Martinez pulls Jezz off the ringside mats, chucking him back into the ring where Gunnar Gaines pulls him up to his feet.]

GM: Gunnar in a fighting stance... left, right, left, kick, right, right, headbutt, left forearm, left, right elbow, and Jerby flops back through the ropes, which were all that was holding him up!

BW: Nobody here is going toe-to-toe with that man. His combination punching always was really good. Even now that he's old and fat.

GM: Bucky!

BW: Sorry, I can't hear you over the sound of Gaines' gravitational field.

GM: BUCKY!

BW: I'm surprised Jezz fell towards Earth rather than Gaines' waist.

GM: He's not fat! In any event, The Rave is again trying to regroup. Martinez coming around, but they're not going to fall for the same thing twice.

BW: Well, Jezz heroically getting back in.

GM: That's the Dawg OG, and referee Michael Meekly will not allow that. There was no tag.

BW: Are you sure that's Shizz Dawg?

GM: I'm not saying his name! And they look nothing alike!

BW: Skinny little guys wearing every color possible and some that aren't!

GM: They're not the same color!

BW: Why so racist?!

GM: ...

[Shizz Dawg's insistence that he be allowed in gets Gaines' attention, and Gunnar tells the referee that he will be more than happy to fight him. However, he misses Jezz coming in and blindsiding him with a jumping back elbow to the windpipe!]

GM: HE HIT HIM IN THE THROAT!

BW: Impossible! There's twenty-five chins in between Jezz and Gaines' windpipe!

GM: That stunned Gaines... DOUBLE SLAM BY THE RAVE! That was the only way they were going to slam Gunnar Gaines.

BW: That's the only way ANYONE could slam Gunnar Gaines! Just shows how good nutrition is in 2032, that two two-hundred pound guys could lift the Grizzly. In 2012, you'd need three guys and a backhoe.

GM: Will you stop!

BW: Tag made!

GM: Finally, a legal tag to get Sh... to get the Dawg OG in. He was in the ring an abusively long time just now.

[Shizz Dawg OG dashes to the ropes, bouncing off where he leapfrogs over his own partner...

...and drops a leg down across the throat of Gaines!]

GM: Ohh! An impressive move right there by the Dawg OG!

BW: Ryan Martinez wants the tag bad. You don't have to be a timetraveller to see where this match is headed.

GM: It will take a lot more for The Rave to put away Gunnar Gaines, Bucky. They haven't even really started.

BW: I bet they have a secret future weapon in the De Lorean.

[Shizz Dawg hops up on the middle rope, gesturing for Gaines to rise and as the veteran gets to his feet, the smaller man leaps off, hooking an arm around the head and neck, and rides Gaines down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! That was like an inverted bulldog of sorts! The back of Gaines' head hit the canvas! The Rave is not afraid to use the heavy artillery early and often.

BW: Another quick tag. I think they've made a hundred and fifty tags to RyGunn's one. Like we said, Gordo... we're finding out who the real team is.

GM: The Rave always tag much more frequently than their opponents... when they even bother to tag! Whipping Gaines to the ropes. What are they setting up... OH MY GOODNESS!

[There is a loud roar as Gunnar Gaines is sent over the top rope by a double back body drop by The Rave! Gunnar grabs the top rope to keep himself

from sailing to the floor, but still takes a harsh tumble down onto the ring apron.]

BW: EARTHQUAKE! RUN FOR YOUR... oh, the Earth didn't break under Gaines' weight? There must be magic future tech at work here!

GM: The six-five two-eighty Gunnar Gaines took a bad spill as The Rave deliberately backdropped him over the top! They tried to take him out!

BW: No duh, Gordo. That's the point! The Rave looking for the Superior Countout Victory!

GM: Both members of the Rave out on the apron! They're lining up Gaines... LOOK OUT!

[From the left, Jerby Jezz runs and launches a flying back elbow off the apron. From the right, Shizz Dawg OG runs and launches a flying clothesline off the apron. In the center, Gunnar Gains ducks... and the capacity crowd loudly cheers what follows!]

GM: THE RAVE WIPED EACH OTHER OUT!

BW: NO! As your Senator, I demand a do-over!

GM: There's no such thing as a do-over!

BW: Sure there is... when you have a time machine! That's why The Rave will definitely win; they can keep wrestling this match until they do! Gaines and Martinez have no chance!

GM: By that logic, they may already have lost this match a dozen times.

BW: ...damn.

[The veteran tosses a dazed Shizz Dawg back into the ring before climbing through the ropes and slapping the hand of his partner!]

BW: Jezz is the legal man!

GM: I don't think Gaines cares. And now it's Martinez and Gaines looking for the doubleteam.

[With Martinez waving Shizz Dawg OG towards him, Gaines powerfully whips OG across the ring into the waiting arms of Martinez who hoists him off the mat, pivots...

...and DRIVES Shizz Dawg to the canvas with a powerslam!]

GM: Powerslam! What impact right there... and there's a cover!

BW: One! Two! Thr... oh, man! That was close!

[Shizz Dawg, having slipped out the back door, crawls away but Ryan Martinez scrambles, throwing him back down onto his back before taking the mount, hammering away with heavy forearm shots!]

GM: Martinez is all over the smaller man and-

[The crowd groans as Jerby Jezz quickly scales the buckles and throws himself off, smashing a double axehandle across the back of Martinez' neck, breaking up the attack!]

GM: That wasn't a popular move with the crowd here in Los Angeles, Bucky.

BW: They can't complain about that... Jezz is legal!

GM: The fans might be feeling a bit of a soft spot for Ryan Martinez, one of a handful of Los Angeles natives who will be competing here tonight - including his father, the legendary Hall of Famer Alex Martinez.

[Michael Meekly ushers Jerby Jezz out of the ring, not believing his insistence that he's the legal man.]

GM: Jerby Jezz being forced out but the Dawg's got an opening thanks to his partner...

[Shizz Dawg pulls Martinez to his feet, looping an arm around the back of the neck as he laces his leg through his opponent's...]

GM: Side Russian legsweep comin- blocked by Martinez!

[The crowd cheers as Martinez switches his own grip, hooking the Dawg around the waist...]

GM: He lifts... BIIIIIG ATOMIC DROP!

BW: Oh, man, that'll rearrange your tailbone.

[With Shizz Dawg OG stumbling around, clutching his rear, he gets a big boot to the gut that doubles him up, allowing Martinez to bounce off the ropes and CRACK him on the chin with a running kneelift!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[The Dawg's upper body snaps back, staggering away from Martinez who goes into a full spin as OG turns back towards him...

...and gets SMASHED on the jaw with a discus punch!]

GM: Oh my! Ryan Martinez taking a page out of Travis Lynch's playbook right there as he sends the Dawg sailing through the air and down to the mat!

BW: He sent Shizz out of control with that!

GM: The crowd is loving the powerful offense of Ryan Martinez! Martinez now tagging Gaines back in. He is holding the Dawg OG wide open for the Grizzly... big brutal punch to the gut!

BW: Shizz don't have a gut, Gordo, he's under two-hundred pounds. Actually, Gaines don't have a gut either; that thing went right on past "gut", "belly", and "paunch" right on into "monolith".

GM: Gunnar Gaines, who is possibly in the best shape of his life, with a double armhook... BUTTERFLY SUPLEX! Into a cover!

BW: Two count only. But a good idea to lean that corpulent weight on a Raver whenever possible. It'll wear them out. If not flatten them out.

[An already-annoyed Gordon Myers lets loose a sigh as Gaines tags his partner back in.]

GM: Quick tag there by the team you referred to as RyGunn earlier tonight, Bucky.

[Gaines hooks in a full nelson as Martinez steps up to the second buckle, pumping a fist to the cheers of the crowd. A quick camera cut shows Justin Gaines in the front row cheering along with the fans.]

GM: Justin Gaines is showing his support for his father's new partner, fans!

BW: Wish that kid would shut up.

[Martinez leaps off, smashing a clubbing forearm over the head of his opponent, causing Shizz Dawg to collapse in a heap on the canvas. He starts dragging himself backwards, trying to get away from the opposition as he begs for mercy and calls timeout. The fans boo the cowardly act!]

BW: There ya go... take the time out.

GM: There are no time outs in wrestling!

BW: There are if you manufacture them! Either by wits or by time travel!

[Reaching the ropes, Shizz Dawg pulls himself to his feet as Ryan Martinez reaches him, trying to pull him back. The official steps in, trying to break off the attack in the ropes...

...which allows the Shizz Dawg to bury a kick into the ribs of Martinez!]

GM: Ohh! He used the referee as a shield to sneak in that kick... and there's a tag to his partner, Jerby Jez!

BW: Now that's how you turn a match around, daddy. Beg off and lower the boom when the dummy gets distracted. Classic Greco-Roman technique.

GM: Classic Greco-Roman technique?

BW: Them Greco-Romans always used to beg off, and thumb a Gaul in the eye. Didn't you ever read Asterix? History books with pictures is the best kind.

[A double whip sends Martinez into the ropes where a double hiptoss takes him down to the mat.]

GM: The Rave again showing they can get a bigger man over if they work in tandem!

[Martinez is quick to rise though, getting blasted across the chest with a Jerby Jezz knife-edge chop that momentarily stuns him as Jezz grabs an arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversal by Martinez and-

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[The fans erupt as Ryan reverses an Irish-Whip into a shortarm clothesline that levels poor Jerby Jezz, almost one-eightying him onto his head!]

BW: That man hits like a tanker truck, Gordo! It's one thing he got in common with his daddy. He might not be that big, but he hits like he is!

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We've hit the halfway point in our first match of the night as Ryan Martinez drags his opponent to the corner, making yet another tag to the veteran who steps in and drops a heavy elbow down on the back of Jerby Jezz!

BW: The Rave can absorb a lot of punishment, Gordo, but they need to get back on the offense for a period of time here. They can't match big punches and slams with these two beasts.

[Gunnar Gaines drags Jerby Jezz off the mat, firing him into the ropes...

...and snaring a sleeperhold on the rebound!]

GM: Sleeper!

[But Shizz Dawg OG is having none of that, dashing into the ring to hit a dropkick to the back that breaks up the hold.]

GM: The Dawg wanted no part of his partner being trapped in that hold for very long.

BW: It ain't just that. Gaines and Martinez can soak more punishment, yeah. But stamina, Gordo. Look at that big tub o' lard in there... he don't have a gas tank that could drive him from Dallas to Fort Worth, daddy. That's why he went for a hold right there.

GM: Gunnar Gaines, who is not fat, had the sleeper broken by OG's timely interference, and now he's after the Dawg! But Jerby Jezz is recovering!

BW: Experience or not, you get a man mad enough and he'll forget what he's doin'!

[With Jerby Jezz grabbing Gaines from behind, Gaines swivels and drops him with a right hand to the skull!]

GM: Big right hand by the Grizzly One!

[But by turning his back on Shizz Dawg, he's easy prey as Shizz Dawg leaps up, hooking a loose rear chinlock...

...and SLAMS the back of Gaines' head into the canvas!]

GM: The referee's having a real hard time keeping control of this one as- look out! Here comes Martinez!

[The crowd cheers as Ryan Martinez rushes in, causing Shizz Dawg OG to roll out to the floor. The referee steps in though, forcing Martinez back...]

GM: Michael Meekly's trying to keep some ord- wait a second!

[With the referee backing off Martinez, Shizz Dawg quickly scales the ropes behind them...]

GM: Jerby Jezz is back up as well and-

[The veteran regains his feet as well, a bit stunned as Shizz Dawg leaps off the top with a dropkick between the shoulderblades...

...which gives Jerby Jezz enough momentum to flip Gaines over his back and down onto the mat!]

GM: Nicely done right there! Unusual offense as always by The Rave but also very effective as the Dawg dropkicks Gunnar Gaines into a backdrop by his partner!

BW: And Gaines pays for Ryan's hot head. Ha ha ha!

GM: More illegal doubleteaming by The Rave with the referee's back turned. Nobody abuses the latitude referees generally give for transitions and illegal men more than The Rave.

BW: Yeah? Nobody abuses the all-you-can-eat buffet more than Gunnar Gaines, your point?



[Gordon sits silent as Jerby Jazz makes the tag.]

BW: Jazz tags out to Shizz Dawg! Do I have to do the play-by-play, too?

[The duo pulls Gaines to his feet, steadying him as they hit the ropes facing him...]

GM: The Rave are unsurprisingly double-teaming! DOUBLE DROPKICK TO THE KNEES! The Rave taking Gaines' legs out, and the veteran from Alaska face-planted on the canvas!

[With Gaines flat on his face, Jerby rushes off the ropes, and drops down with his shoulder on Gaines' neck, and applies a bridging chinlock to the Grizzly!]

GM: Ohh!

[Shizz Dawg, who started about a half-second after his partner, runs right behind him, and as the bridge is completed he launches a baseball slide dropkick to the head of Gaines!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: DID YOU SEE THAT, GORDO?!

GM: The neck of Gaines had to be severely punished by that whiplash-inducing double team by the Rave! An absolutely DEVASTATING move and-get Jerby Jazz out of the ring, ref!

[The referee isn't counting Jazz, because he is arguing with Shizz Dawg, who started to exit the ring as if he were the illegal man.]

GM: Even The Rave doesn't know who the legal man is! How is the referee supposed to keep track of it?!

[Ryan Martinez rushes in to come after Jerby Jazz who alertly lets go and rolls out of the ring. Thus, Martinez is caught in the ring again by the referee, who forces him out...]

GM: The referee's trying to get the young man out again-

[Grabbing the top rope, Jerby Jazz shouts something unintelligible as Shizz Dawg tugs the ropes, catapulting him over them...

...right down across the chest of Gaines with a somersault!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a doubleteam that was! The ref missed it...

BW: Again.

GM: Yes, perhaps. But it was an incredible - yet illegal - doubleteam right there.

BW: Well, Martinez is the dummy who drew the ref away!

[With Ryan Martinez out again, Shizz Dawg OG pulls Gaines off the mat, whipping him to the neutral corner...]

GM: What is this now?

[What "this" is, is Shizz Dawg backing up to the opposite corner and sprinting at Gaines. Jerby Jezz sprints down the apron at Gaines as well. Jezz arrives first, grabbing the top rope in mid-sprint to swing both legs up into the back of Gunnar's head an instant before Shizz Dawg pounds Gaines' face with a rushing knee strike, stepping off the ropes and hitting Shining Wizard-style. Gunnar's head is sandwiched by the two kicks, and the big man crumples to the mat stunned as the fans give an "oooooh" for the nasty-looking doubleteam.]

BW: HO HO! Who says there's no hockey in 2012... that was a world-class face-off!

GM: That could have been a concussion, no doubt about it! What a vicious, vicious move by The Rave, and the referee has to consider disqualifying them if they continue to abuse doubleteams!

BW: Jezz stayed on the apron!

GM: But not in his corner! That is completely illegal! Gaines is down... and what on Earth is the Dawg thinking?!

[Shizz Dawg lays in a boot to the gut of the staggered Gaines, sending him through the ropes to the floor below with a loud THUD!]

GM: Ohh! Gaines gets sent to the floor and... of course, he's asking for a countout.

BW: You know very well that the Rave only accept Superior Countout Victories.

GM: They might have gotten a pinfall off of that! They might be headed to the Stampede Cup if not for this!

BW: You say that like Gaines is going to get up.

[Gaines gets up... although quite staggered as he does, grabbing the ring apron for balance as his partner shouts encouragement. Another quick cut to the front row shows Justin Gaines also rooting his father on.]

BW: Okay, so Gaines IS going to get up.

GM: Never doubt the toughness of Gunnar Gaines - a Hall of Famer and former World Champion in his own right.

[But as Gaines wobbles down the side of the ring to try and recover, Jerby Jezz comes rushing down the apron, throwing himself off and taking Gaines down with a crossbody!]

GM: Ohh! What a dive to the floor by Jerby Jezz!

[The crowd roars as Ryan Martinez hops down off the apron, marching to the other side of the ring where Jezz is on top of Gaines, pounding away... but a pair of big hands wrap around his neck, pull him up... and pitch him up onto the entrance ramp!]

GM: Martinez throws him up onto the ramp... he's going after him, fans!

[Grabbing Jezz by the neck again, Martinez lifts him up bodily...

...and tosses him onto the hood of the De Lorean still parked there!]

BW: NOT THE DE LOREAN! You uncultured Philistine, that work of art is worth more than you are!

GM: They're not really all that expensive.

BW: Ryan Martinez isn't really worth all that much.

GM: Martinez throttling Jerby Jezz on the hood of the De Lorean...

[Right hand after right hand falls on the head of Jerby Jezz as the referee shouts a reprimand from inside the ring. With Jezz and Martinez tied up, Shizz Dawg OG rushes across the ring at top speed, leaping up to spring off the middle rope on the inside where he quite simply spring-steps over the ropes to step on the middle rope on the OUTSIDE of the ring...

...and leaps off, smashing both knees into a standing Gunnar Gaines! The crowd roars for that feat of dexterity.]

BW: DID HE JUST... HOW DID HE... WOW!

GM: I have never seen that!

BW: That trick would impress Skywalker Jones, and he breaks the laws of physics just getting out of bed in the morning!

GM: We've got bodies down on the floor! We've got bodies down up on the ramp!

[With Martinez working over Jerby Jezz, the Shizz Dawg drags himself to his feet, moving to join the action up on the ramp...]

GM: It's a two-on-one on the ramp... and The Rave are very upset! Jezz and the Dawg pounding on Martinez for bringing the fight over there!

[The crowd begins to buzz as the Rave delivers a double boot downstairs, hooking Martinez by the arms...]

GM: What are... they're looking for a double suplex on the hood of that car, fans!

BW: I know we're in the Land of Extreme but this is ridiculous!

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: Just five minutes left to go!

BW: If they hit this on Martinez, they're only gonna need ten seconds, daddy!

[The smaller men struggle and strain, trying to get Martinez into the air when suddenly...]

GM: RYAN MARTINEZ REVERSES!

[The power of Martinez is on display as he stumbles backwards and sends both Rave members crashing over the ropes and down onto the canvas!]

GM: AND HE TAKES 'EM IN THE HARD WAY!! A big show of power for Ryan Martinez and these fans are on their feet early on tonight in Los Angeles, Bucky!

BW: The Rave might be the smallest tag team in the AWA, but four hundred pounds is nothing to sneeze at, and that's DOUBLE live weight! Even I am impressed!

[Stepping through the ropes, Martinez pulls Shizz Dawg OG to his feet, belting him with hard and heavy forearm blows. The referee looks puzzled at all four men.]

GM: Michael Meekly's lost all control of this - at this point, even I can't remember who the legal men are, fans! I apologize for that but the action is hot and heavy in the opening contest here at SuperClash IV!

[Gunnar Gaines grabs Jerby Jezz by the leg, pulling him under the apron where he falls down hard on the floor as Gaines steps back in.]

GM: Gaines AND Martinez back in the ring... Gaines is waving Martinez back to the apron. I think he MIGHT be the legal man, fans.

[Gaines tugs Shizz Dawg into a standing headscissors before hoisting him into the air...]

GM: This could be a powerbomb here and-

[Gaines suddenly falls back, hanging out Shizz Dawg's throat over the top rope!]

GM: OHH! GUNNAR STUNNER!!

[The roar of the crowd is loud as the famous over-the-shoulder Hotshot by Gaines connects, sending Shizz Dawg flipping to the mat holding his neck!]

BW: OH NO!

GM: One! Two! ...and a kickout by the Dawg OG! The Rave is hanging in there!

[A frustrated Gaines slaps his hands together as he gets back to his feet a little slower than before.]

BW: Gaines is getting up slow, Gordo. Those big double teams and the flying on the outside have damaged him!

GM: Naturally. But the proud veteran is trying to end this! He picks up Dawg, hooks the throat!

[The crowd ROARS in anticipation of a Grizzly Slam...

...but Shizz Dawg OG turns it into an armdrag, taking Gaines down again!]

BW: They scouted that one! They knew it was coming!

[Both men scramble up, Shizz Dawg lunging to the corner to slap his partner's hand...]

GM: The tag is made...

[Gaines, having pursued Shizz Dawg, finds himself trapped as Jerby Jezz rakes the eyes, dragging a stunned Gaines to the center of the ring where he takes a blind swing at his attacker...

...just before Shizz Dawg takes out the legs with a running clip and Jezz goes high with a spinning heel kick, knocking Gaines down hard to the canvas!]

GM: Wow! The Rave is really bringing their A game tonight to SuperClash! They want this win on the big stage and they want that guaranteed seed in the Stampede Cup tournament in early 2013 - an event I'm told we'll have more information about later tonight, fans.

BW: You don't want to miss that... just like Gaines is wishing he hadn't missed the chance to tag out back there a second ago. The old man should

have tagged, but he's not a regular tag teamer like the Rave are! See, this is the difference!

[Not even looking for a pin attempt, Jezz twists Gaines around in a front facelock, bracing the neck against his shoulder...

...and drops down to a knee with a modified neckbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Nice execution there on the neckbreaker!

BW: Gordo, neither team has been able to really get a long run of offense, but The Rave have an opportunity because the Grizzly went too long without tagging and Martinez has been distracting the ref too much! Tag team experience, daddy. Gaines has been wrestling forever, but what matters tonight is how long he has wrestled with Ryan Martinez. And vice versa. The Rave capitalizing.

[Trying to seize the moment, Jezz sends the veteran to the corner, catching him with a dropkick in the chest. Gaines collapses to a seated position against the buckles...

...and gets CRACKED with a hard knee to the face!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: The old man's gas tank might be near E, Gordo.

[Jerby Jezz grabs the ankle, dragging Gaines to the corner where he steps up to the middle buckle, measuring the downed opponent...

...when suddenly Ryan Martinez has seen enough, rushing across the ring at top speed...]

BW: What the-?!

[A shocked Jerby Jezz leaps off, trying to score with a double stomp on the downed Gaines...

...but gets SPEARED out of the sky by Martinez to a HUUUUUUGE ROAR from the crowd!]

GM: WHAT IMPACT AND THE PLACE IS ELECTRIC!

BW: There was no tag!

GM: The Rave do that all the time! Turnabout is fair play! Martinez runs back to his corner, and the Dawg chases him! Now Michael Meekly is forcing OG out!

[A smirking Martinez rushes right back in, dropping a big elbow across the chest of a gasping Jerby Jezz for good measure!]

BW: What the heck, Meekly?! Do your job in there!

GM: He is! And you had no problem with it when The Rave was doing the same-

[The crowd ROARS again as a winded Gunnar Gaines makes the tag!]

GM: TAG!

[Martinez rushes in hot, throwing rights and lefts on Shizz Dawg OG who ran in to cut him off. A left hand knocks him flat just before Jerby Jezz gets off the mat...

...and gets knocked right back down with a big body slam!]

GM: Heavy slam by Martinez! The Dawg's back up... and right back down with a big slam next to his partner!

[With both opponents down, Martinez barrels off the ropes, leaping up to drop a knee onto the back of Jerby Jezz' neck who had flipped over in pain. He immediately jumps from a crouch to leap over Jezz and kneedrop Shizz the same way! The fans cheer the two rapid kneedrops!]

GM: BOUNCES OFF OF JERBY JEZZ TO HIT THE DAWG OG!

BW: And Ryan is the freshest one in the match! The Rave couldn't really sustain an offense without taking some big damage themselves so Martinez has a huge freshness edge!

[Martinez pulls Jerby Jezz up, tugging him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Martinez may be looking to finish him off! He may be looking to-

BW: Gordo! Look! Look in the aisle!

[The fans are abuzz as a second De Lorean is driving down the aisle. Martinez stops and glares at it, pointing it out to Gaines as well. The De Lorean stops behind the first one, and beeps the horn as if trying to get the first one to move.]

GM: Someone else has arrived in another one of those De Loreans?! Does The Rave have backup?

BW: Oh, no! Gordo... that can only be...

[The gull-wing doors pop open, and two men exit. One is a creamy-mocha-skinned man wearing a yellow, maroon, and navy weave hairstyle and goggles that obscure most of his face, knee-length cargo pants which are brown with purple and pink criss-crossing stripes, silver moon boots, and a glittery orchid-and-red vest. The other is a reddish-pale-skinned man with aqua and yellow hair, a pair of grey jeans with one leg cut off and red, blue, and green starpatterns spraypainted all over it, bright green tights

underneath, with burnt-orange, lavender, and chartreuse bandanas tied all over the leg. He's also wearing white Uggs which have been fingerpainted in orange and midnight blue, a thick silvery-white sleeveless winter-jacket with red piping, and goggles that cover most of his face. They both sport the thick brass wristlaunchers which the Rave is famous for.

The fans are very confused, and loudly express this. Martinez stares, rubbing his eyes in disbelief. Meekly is standing next to the ropes, wide-eyed in disbelief. Gaines moves over towards the aisle to cut off any possible entry to the ring.]

GM: THAT CAN'T BE... THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

[The two men see what is happening in the ring, and appear to panic. They jump back in their De Lorean as fast as possible, and start backing out!]

BW: I TOLD YOU THEY WERE TIME TRAVELLERS! ...wait. They're really... THEY'RE REALLY TIME TRAVELLERS! I'M GONNA BE A SENATOR!

[With Martinez and Gaines staring in disbelief at the aisle, The Rave gets back in, sizing up their opponents...]

GM: Look at this!

BW: Look at what?! I was watching a time paradox!

GM: This is why all that happened! They knew they were in trouble and The Rave used impersonators to cause a distraction!

BW: Gordo, those De Loreans had the same license plate number! We just saw proof that The Rave are time travellers!

GM: They're frauds, and they were saving that trick for when they were in trouble! Ryan Martinez had Jerby Jezz dead to rights set up for the powerbomb, and the distraction took everyone away from the action!

[A rushing double knees to the back sends Martinez SAILING OVER the ropes and down to the floor and a matching one by Jerby Jezz knocks Gaines HARD into the corner, dropping him down on the mat!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: They don't have much time left! The Rave has got to go for the kill right now!

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Two minutes left! Jerby Jezz is climbing up to the top rope!



[With a shout to his partner, Shizz Dawg heads to the floor, draping Ryan Martinez over the railing!]

GM: We've seen this befo- wait a second!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Gunnar Gaines rolls out, grabbing Shizz Dawg by the head and SMASHING him between the eyes with a right hand, freeing Martinez who pushes up off the railing only to get caught with a double axehandle by Jerby Jezz!]

GM: Jezz comes down off the top with a double axehandle, which was devastating, but not nearly as bad as what the Rave was planning!

[Shizz Dawg flees the attacking Gaines, getting up onto the ramp once more where Gaines pulls himself up to pursue...

...and gets his eyes raked by a turning Shizz Dawg!]

GM: Ohh! Again to the eyes for The Rave! How many times have they done that tonight?!

[Grabbing a stunned Gaines by the back of the head, Shizz Dawg winds up...]

BW: No!

"THUUUUUUUD!"

GM: Headfirst onto the hood of the car!

BW: Oh, man, the sacrifices they will make to save the timestream!

[Jerby Jezz shoves Ryan Martinez under the ropes into the ring as Shizz Dawg OG yanks open the hood of the car...]

GM: Wait a second! This may be the Land of Extreme but-

[Michael Meekly intervenes, refusing to allow Shizz Dawg OG to smash Gaines' head with the hood of the car!]

BW: What?!

GM: That's right, ref! Good call! I don't care if it is outside the ring; using a car is too much! That was an entrance prop, not a part of the match!

BW: Yeah, but look! It distracted Meekly! Jerby Jezz has a steel chair, and he's going up top!

GM: Martinez is stunned from the previous chair shot and the spill to the floor! He's defenseless!

[Jerby lines up...

...but suddenly jerks around, looking at ringside where Justin Gaines is now standing on his chair and calling Jerby Jezz every name in the book!]

GM: Whoa!

BW: You kiss your mother with that mouth, Gaines?!

GM: Justin Gaines is really letting Jerby Jezz have it!

[The audio keeps cutting out as Gaines' insults get progressively more obscene.]

GM: We apologize for that, fans. Internet Pay Per View or not, we've got our standards of decency to live up to and-

BW: Do it, Jerby!

[Finally shaking off the verbal attack, Jerby Jezz leaps off the top rope as Ryan Martinez gets to his feet, turning his body slightly...

...and catching Jezz across his shoulders!]

GM: What the-?!

[Martinez LUNGES backwards, smashing Jezz underneath him in a Samoan Drop!]

"ONE MINUTE REMAINS! SIXTY SECONDS!"

GM: Sixty seconds left, fans! Both teams have gotta turn it up 'cause it's desperate time right now in the opening contest at SuperClash IV!

[Martinez rolls to the mount, hammering Jezz with right hands as Michael Meekly finally gets back into the ring, shouting at the younger Martinez. Outside the ring, Shizz Dawg OG sees his partner in trouble, climbing into the ring as Meekly pulls Martinez to his feet...

...and Martinez wheels around, burying a boot in the gut of the incoming Shizz Dawg OG!]

GM: Ryan Martinez caught him coming in!

[A quick shout to his partner brings in a winded Gunnar Gaines as Martinez lifts Shizz Dawg OG into the air...]

GM: Brainbuster perhaps?!

[But Martinez lets Shizz Dawg float back down, dropping his legs right down on the shoulders of Gaines.]

GM: What are they...?

[With Gaines holding the legs, it allows Martinez to put both arms under Shizz's upper body and shove him straight way up into the air! Gaines keeps hold of Shizz's feet, and the Raver flips to a nasty landing from about eight feet up as the crowd explodes! (it looks like <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=W75qOtzBz3o>)]

GM: WHAT WAS THAT?!

BW: THEY THREW HIM INTO ORBIT!

GM: Martinez with the cover...

BW: Here comes Jez!

[As the referee dives to the mat, Gaines hooks Jez around the throat...]

GM: AND GAINES WITH A \_\_GRIZZLY SLAM\_\_ ON JEZ FOR GOOD MEASURE!

[The crowd roars even louder as the three count comes down!]

GM: There is the three!

[\*DING\*DING\*DING\*]

BW: It was all Justin Gaines' fault! The Rave had this set up perfectly until that punk kid interfered!

GM: Interfered?! He just shouted at him from ringside! He stopped him from using that chair and when your master plan is itself patently illegal, you have no room to complain! Let's get the word!

PW: Here are your winners, earning a seed in the Stampede Cup...

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

GM: RyGunn is going to the Stampede Cup, but The Rave took them to the limit! And I have a feeling that the tandem from New Seattle will have another opportunity to get in the Cup after this showing.

BW: Of course they do, Gordo. In fact, they have infinite chances! We'll never remember this ever happened, because they're just gonna go back in time and get a redo!

GM: I suppose you're going to tell me that's what we saw at the end of the match there.

BW: ...now that you mention it, maybe they destabilized the spacetimes and can't redo it now! That would be gyzzrus! Whatever that means!

GM: A big victory for Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines who are now headed to the Stampede Cup, fans!

[The camera catches a shot of Gaines flashing a Grizzly Grin at his son at ringside who gives a big thumbs up in response.]

GM: A nice moment there for father and son... and you have to believe that when Gunnar Gaines looks back on the video here tonight to see what happened, he's going to be quite pleased he let young Justin out here to watch the match, fans.

[The "Bad To The Bone" intro into "Yell Fire" plays over the PA again, and Martinez poses for the crowd. He then heads out to his partner. Both Ravens just lay there, barely moving as we crossfade from the ring and back to the locker room area where we open on footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT." The shot is somewhere outside the Los Angeles Sports Arena, somewhere amongst the bustling organized chaos that is SuperClash IV. The clamor of construction, the buzz of vehicles, the drone of arriving fans can be heard in the background. But here, one man has found solace. Away, tucked in a contemplative corner. The hood of his grey sweater is pulled over his head, a shoulder leaning against the cold concrete. He is turned away, staring off at something and nothing. ]

?: Tonight, right here, in the Los Angeles Sports Arena...

[He reaches up, tapping pale knuckles against the stone.]

?: ...history will happen. The biggest night in professional wrestling, in front of thousands of screaming faithful, events will unfold that are going to be talked about for years to come. Moments in careers. Highlights of glory, memories of failure. Epic moments frozen in time eternal.

[November turns around to face the viewer, but keeps his back against the wall. Raven hair courses messily over his forehead, piercing eyes shadowed by the structure, my the hood and by nervous, anticipated insomnia.]

N: Think about the memories that have been made in this city. The legends that have been born through events here. The battles... the wars... the words spun...

[He takes a deep breath, eyes closing.]

N: I was there for some of them. I remember sitting in the back, crowded with twenty other people around a tiny monitor, watching. Remembering. I remember sitting in my locker room and turning to whoever it was beside me and saying

"That's going to be me one day. One day. I am going to make memories like that one day."

And so did everyone else. Awe inspiring moments, captured on film, in the heart, in the head that live through all times.

Moments making us immortal.

[Thoughts linger, causing him to seemingly drift off.]

N: And tonight, here at SuperClash, those instances will be born anew. Giants will collide, families will feud, rivalries will come to a head, men will battle and bleed for the spotlight, ladders will be climbed; figuratively and literally, men will put their bodies on the line, men will put titles on the line, men...

Fathers, husbands, sons...

Warriors...

Champions...

Legends...

...will put their very careers and lives on the line.

[He pauses, the enormity of words, of the situation weighing heavily on the veteran, pale skinned cruiserweight.]

N: And it will be in those instances, those collections of flashbulbs, those moments burned into your memory. Gordon Myers' voice. The cheering of thousands. Silence and deafening roars both, in the most dramatic of times. Clips and highlights, pictures and t-shirts and posters.

"Do you remember when..."

"Oh, do you remember when he..."

"I'll never forget when..."

"I was there at SuperClash IV when..."

[He takes another deep breath, pulling back his hood. Rubbing a hand through tussled hair, November sighs.]

N: No one will ever forget. Tonight, something will happen that everyone will remember for all of time. \_That\_ moment. \_That\_ event. Immortality begins tonight.

[He steps away from the brick and mortar wall that has been his foundation for these past minutes. He puts his hands into the pockets of his sweater, looking back and the building and at the action far in the distance.]

N: And me?

Tonight?

At SuperClash IV in the Los Angeles Sports Arena in front of thousands live and thousands more on TV?

I know my future.

I'm going to live forever.

[The camera holds on a focused November for several more moments...

...and then fades back inside the Los Angeles Sports Arena where Phil Watson is standing as Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play over the arena speakers.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[Twenty-five seconds in, a mountain of a man, if one could call it a man, emerges from the entranceway. He is decked in a black helmet made of moulded plastic, shaped like an elephant's head, with long, curved, white tusks and a segmented black plastic tube forming the trunk. The large helmet is attached to black shoulder pads, like those used in football, which help to hold the headgear up on the man's massive frame. In addition, he is wearing a black singlet, with a silver M across the front, black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads and black boots with silver trim.]

# SING ME A SONG, YOU'RE A SINGER #  
# DO ME A WRONG, YOU'RE A BRINGER OF EVIL #  
# THE DEVIL IS NEVER A MAKER #  
# THE LESS THAT YOU GIVE, YOU'RE A MAKER #  
# SO IT'S ON AND ON AND ON #  
# IT'S HEAVEN AND HELL #  
# OH WELL #

[The man balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him, as the bespectacled Louis Matsui, steps through the entranceway, dressed in a dark suit, as usual. Matsui rubs his hands with glee, pats his client on the shoulder and points to the ring. As he comes down the aisle, the big man pays little attention to the fans on either side of him. Matsui, on the other hand, cannot help but direct a few choice words at the more vocal members of the crowd.]

PW: Hailing from the San Bernardino Mountains, weighing in at 420 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by Louis Matsui, he is...

MAMMOTH MAAAXIIMUSSS!!!

[MAMMOTH Maximus comes to a stop at the end of the entrance ramp. He begins to remove the helmet, with Matsui's assistance, to reveal a black mask with silver markings around the back. Maximus places the headgear in front of him, the trunk and tusks pointing towards the ring. He holds his fists

together, then throws out his hands to either side of him, just as the trunk attached to the elephantine headgear lets forth a burst of white smoke. He approaches the ring and steps through middle and top ropes. Louis Matsui enters the ring after him and, as the music starts to fade, gives MAMMOTH Maximus some final instructions, before climbing back down to the ringside area and leaving his client in the ring to await the start of the match.

PW: And his opponent...

[Silence, save for the buzz of the crowd, which breaks out into cheers as a grim Giant Aso, dressed in a black singlet, black knee pads and black boots, steps through the entranceway. He is pushing Buccaneer Bart Roberts, dressed in a pair of loose black pants and a white long-sleeved shirt that is unbuttoned to reveal part of his hefty man-boobs, in a wheelchair. Roberts has a pukka shell necklace draped around his neck and a golden ear-ring hanging from his left ear-lobe. Aso has his eyes locked on the ring as he wheels his manager down the entrance ramp.]

BW: Bart is here!? Is the old man crazy!

GM: He's here to support his charge, but I have to somewhat agree, Bucky. This is a really dangerous situation to be in. Not only is the monster who injured you here, but Matsui is right there. That snake would... well, let's just say nothing's below him.

[Giant Aso reaches the ring, stepping down off the ramp to the floor where he shows off his strength by lifting the wheelchair with Bart inside it into the air, setting it down on the floor as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: Hailing from Tokyo, Japan; weighing in at 420 pounds and accompanied by Buccaneer Bart Roberts, he is...

GIANT AAASO!

[Giant Aso leaves his manager at ringside, pulls himself up onto the apron, and easily steps over the top rope into the ring. He stares down Maximus, who is being restrained by his manager, as well as the referee.]

GM: If you are a fan of high flying or technical mat wizardry, this is not the match for you. But if you like two giants absolutely battering each other, stay tuned.

BW: I've been looking forward to this match... and think about it, Gordo! It's only the second match on the show so far!

[The bell rings to signal the beginning of the match, the ring cleared of all but the two behemoths and the referee. Giant Aso on one side, MAMMOTH Maximus on the other, staredown ensuing! Neither makes a move, both standing there, staring, fists clenching and unclenching, chests heaving with angry breathing... and then they charge!]

GM: Irresistible force meet immovable object!

[Hitting chest to chest, the two back off, staggering a few steps before catching their balance and getting some more room. Then they stare again!]

GM: Look at these two stare each other down, Bucky! You could cut the tension in here with a knife.

BW: These two men do NOT like one another, Gordo. There's a whole lot of bad blood between them starting in Japan and carrying onto just a few weeks ago when Maximus put Bart Roberts in that chair.

[Again, the two men charge, smashing chest to chest in the middle of the ring and bounce off each other a second time... but this time they don't step back as much and keep staring each other down, frothing at the mouths.]

GM: We're seeing what happens when two four hundred and twenty pound monsters collide over and over again... Maximus carries his weight on a six foot three frame while Aso stands an even seven feet tall.

[The two men stand apart a few more moments before charging in a third time, slamming into one another. This time, they stay right there - chest to chest, forehead to forehead, nose to nose! Both puff out cheeks, both have fists clenched beside them...

...and then it starts!]

GM: HERE WE GO!

BW: Pier six right in front of us!

[And what a pier six it is! One hand on the other's neck, their other hands pump back and forth with short hooking punches to the side of the head. And they keep coming. And keep coming.

And keep coming.

And keep coming!

AND KEEP COMING!

The crowd starts getting louder and louder as the two go into all out, absolute brawl mode, punching wildly with their free hands in the middle of the ring!]

BW: Holy hell on a stick, Gordo! What a fight!

GM: WE ARE WITNESSING ONE OF THE DAMNDEST FIGHTS I'VE EVER SEEN, RIGHT HERE AT SUPERCLASH!



[Maximus seems to get the upper hand, knuckles to the jaw staggering Aso. He puts his head down to protect himself, MAXIMUS using dirty boxing style uppercuts to the face, shooting them in over and over.]

GM: Maximus is getting an early edge on the giant and-

[Suddenly, Giant Aso's head whips back, eyes open wide. The brawl pauses as MAMMOTH Maximus realizes his peril, the crowd giving a loud POP, louder then their excited cheering, for the comeback!]

GM: ASO'S FIRING BACK!

BW: Two big men going all out like this... this match is not going to be long at this pace. We have two monsters, both over four hundred pounds, punching the daylights out of each other!

[Aso reels punch after punch off to the side of Mammoth's head, driving him back... but putting a foot behind him, planting, he's able to stand still and AGAIN the punches begin from both, one after another!]

GM: Are you kidding me?! And now it's Maximus who is returning fire once again!]

[Welts and bruising are forming on both men's faces as the punches continue... but then they start slowing down.]

GM: It's wearing them out, just like you said!

[But only for a second as both get a second wind and forget any holds on the other, standing back and swinging lefts and rights, wild haymaker after wild haymaker right in the center of the ring! The crowd goes CRAZY once again as the streetfight like brawl keeps going, the referee completely unwilling to step in and letting it go. Suddenly, Aso takes a step back and buries a big knee up into the midsection.]

GM: Oh! Aso with a knee to the body - that cuts off the swinging...

[With Maximus stunned, Giant Aso rushes to the ropes, rebounding off...

...and SLAMS his shoulder into Maximus!]

GM: Big tackle by the giant but NO EFFECT! Neither man goes down!

[Shaking it off with his eyes swelling from the punches, Maximus calls out "BRING IT ON!" which sends Giant Aso into the ropes again...]

GM: The seven footer off the ropes again...

[A second tackle connects... but Maximus refuses to go down!]

GM: Aso can't get the big man from the San Bernardino mountains down!

BW: How the heck is a seven foot, four hundred pound giant not able to knock a man down with his shoulder tackle?

GM: Maybe the third time will be the charm!

[Aso takes a deep breath and hits the ropes again, bouncing back...]

GM: Off the ropes again and...

[With a big roar, Giant Aso throws all his weight into another tackle...]

...and FLATTENS Maximus with it! BIG POP!]

BW: And finally, after one of the most physical brawls I've ever seen in my life, someone is down!

GM: Both are feeling that fight! Look at them, you can see how red their faces and neck are, swelling and bruising appearing already. What a fight!

[Aso roars in victory, thumping his own chest as he stomps around the ring. MAXIMUS rolls over, using the ropes to pull his massive bulk up.]

GM: Giant Aso is celebrating knocking Maximus down but the big man is right back up as well, fans. Both men on their feet and- what the heck is Louis Matsui doing?!

[The crowd jeers as Matsui screams and shouts, drawing the referee's attention towards him.]

GM: He's got no business being up there and-

BW: Aso needs to not worry about him and... yeah! There we go!

[Using the distraction, Maximus HAMMERS a forearm across the back of the giant, knocking him towards the ropes.]

GM: The referee is trying to get Matsui down off the apron but look at this - MAMMOTH Maximus has got Giant Aso on the defensive now, pushing him back against the ropes...

[Squaring up, Maximus starts to unload the heavy forearms, laying into Aso over and over...]

GM: Those are some hard shots and I'll tell you, Bucky - when you have a four hundred pounder beating you down, it's really hard to make a comeback and get back on your offensive. All thanks to Louis Matsui.

BW: That's why he makes the big bucks, Gordo!

[Maximus lays in a big hooking forearm to the ear, sending Aso spiraling into the corner where he brings a big knee up into the midsection of the seven footer!]

GM: Maximus has got him trapped in the corner!

[Pushing Aso against the buckles, Maximus shoves his chin back before laying a forearm across the chest with a WHACK!]

GM: You could hear that way up in the rafters!

BW: Here comes another one!

[But as Maximus rears back with a heavy forearm, Aso reaches out, swinging him around into the corner...

...and smashes his skull into the masked man's head, stunning him! The crowd cheers as Bart Roberts does the same, urging on his charge from his wheelchair at ringside!]

GM: Bart's calling for another one!

[Aso pulls his torso back, aiming a second headbutt at his rival...

...who reaches out to rake his fingers across the eyes!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Nice technical move by Maximus.

GM: Technical move?!

BW: Well, it was a good counter, right?

[Aso rubs at his eyes, staggering backwards as Maximus moves after him in pursuit, shaking off the effects of the headbutt to slam a pair of forearms across the wide back!]

GM: Aso gets hammered down to a knee...

[Maximus grabs the giant by the arm, tugging him off his knees...

...and DROPS him with a big short-arm clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! He gets dropped by Maximus! Maximus is in control right here and the punishment he's laying in is really starting to pay off.

[Keeping the pressure on, MAMMOTH Maximus goes to the mat with Aso, grabbing an arm and wrenching it back.]

BW: Fujiwara! The big man can fight AND wrestle!

GM: Both men have experience in wrestling in places like Japan. You HAVE to have some knowledge of wrestling maneuvers to be able to do well in

those rings. He's got Aso grounded here... but Aso easily drapes a leg over the ropes. The referee is immediately in there to break the hold up.

BW: With someone the size of Aso, he's basically touching the ropes no matter where he's at inside the ring.

GM: That's exactly right, Bucky. It's very tough to submit a man the size of Giant Aso down on the mat.

BW: He may not be able to submit him, Gordo, but Aso's in a lot of trouble down there on the canvas. That moron Buccaneer Bart can cheer all he wants from ringside but when you're down, you're down.

[Maximus unleashes a series of hard stomps on the back of the giant's head, trying to keep him down on the mat.]

BW: This is real good strategy from Maximus and most likely, Louis Matsui, too. Keep the big man down on the mat where you can punish him and force him to expend a lot of effort to get that four hundred and twenty pounds off the mat.

[Trying to get away from the assault, Giant Aso drags himself towards the ropes...

...but a big leaping elbowdrop to the spine by the also-four hundred and twenty pound Maximus stops him short!]

GM: Ohh! Big elbow by Maximus... and he's going for a cover, fans! The first cover of the match gets... not even a one count! Giant Aso may be down but he's not out by a long shot.

BW: He kicked out pretty easily there. He is worn down, but obviously not enough here yet.

[Maximus rolls off the downed Aso, pushing himself up to his feet. He stands back with a "THE WORLD IS MINE!" that draws jeers from the crowd as he lets Aso do his own work to get up.]

BW: I love that strategy there too. A lot of people would say he's not staying on his opponent but I look it as him letting Aso exert all that energy to get up... and then he immediately grabs him in a side headlock.

[The crowd jeers as Maximus hammers away with clenched fists to the skull. The referee steps in again, ordering a break which Maximus obliges as he straightens Aso up, hooking him around the head and neck...]

GM: What the-?!

BW: There's no way, Gordo!

[Maximus struggles and strains, trying to muscle the seven footer off the mat for a uranage slam...

...but Giant Aso is having none of that, easily preventing the slam before smashing his elbow back into the temple of Maximus!]

GM: Ohh! Aso blocks the move and then elbows out of it!

[Two more big elbows connect to the side of the masked skull, sending Maximus falling back into the ropes. Maximus pushes off, stumbling out to the middle of the ring, clutching the side of his head as the giant bounces off the ropes again...]

GM: Aso with a head of steam and- ohh! Maximus catches him down low with a knee to the gut!

[The knee doubles up Aso and allows Maximus to let loose a roar as he POUNDS downwards with a double sledge to the small of the back, knocking Giant Aso down to a knee!]

GM: Back and forth this one keeps going. Just when you think someone's got the advantage... just when Aso thought he was getting ahead, breaking free and getting on the offensive, he gets stopped right in place.

[Maximus winds up, laying in a second double axehandle to the spine!]

BW: Another big shot across the back and... uh oh.

GM: Giant Aso may not be feeling it anymore! He looks like he's getting mad! He's had enough of all this!

[A disbelieving Maximus winds up, delivering a third powerful shot...

...but suddenly, Giant Aso pushes up to his feet, turning to face Maximus. His eyes are bulging with ferocity as Maximus backpedals a few feet, looking frantically at Matsui who looks just as panicked!]

GM: Something's come over Giant Aso! He can't feel anything right now but the rage bubbling up inside of him!

[Maximus winds up, throwing a big overhead right...]

GM: Big right han- blocked by Giant Aso!

[Aso returns fire, throwing a right hand of his own to the jaw of Maximus! Big cheer!]

GM: Aso scores with one of his own!

[Maximus winds up again, throwing a second blow that Aso swats away before landing an uppercut-style blow that snaps Maximus' head back!]

GM: Good grief! What a right hand right there!

[With Maximus reeling, Giant Aso punches... and punches... and punches...]

GM: Giant Aso is on a roll and- oh, come on! He got poked in the eyes again!

BW: Brilliant!

[The crowd lets him have it with loud boos, Bart shaking in anger from his chair, yelling at the referee to keep his "...damned eyes open!"]

GM: Another illegal blow to the eyes and-

BW: However he did it, it worked.

GM: Giant Aso was getting back into this but one thumb to the eye and it's turned right back around to-

[The crowd suddenly erupts in surprise as MAMMOTH Maximus reaches out, hooking his hand around the throat of the powerful Japanese giant!]

GM: He's got him by the throat!

BW: He's not gonna try and chokeslam him, is he?!

[Maximus doesn't seem quite sure WHAT he's going to try and do when suddenly Aso simply reaches out and returns the favor!]

GM: Aso's got Maximus by the throat as well!

[The crowd is roaring for the standoff as they wait to see who can get the advantage!]

BW: Who's gonna break their chokehold first?! Or who's gonna break the other man DOWN first?!

GM: I think Aso might be getting the better of this standoff, fans!

[And it seems so as his grip and reach is better and stronger. Maximus is pushed back, his grip slipping... until Aso is the only one with his hand around a throat... his other joining it!]

BW: Well... choking a man out is always a way to win.

GM: He is choking the life out of MAMMOTH Maximus with his bare hands...

[The rage on the face of Giant Aso is apparent as he forces Maximus backwards a few steps...

...right before Maximus swings his arms upwards, breaking the grip around his throat!]

GM: Maximus breaks the hold and-

[Aso reaches out again, hooking a hand around the masked face of his opponent!]

GM: MAMMOTH CRUNCH! SHADES OF MAMMOTH MIZUSAWA OF OLD!

BW: Claw to the face! Mask or not, that's pure agony right there!

GM: Aso's channeling the Lynch family right here, trying to use a form of that Iron Claw to bring Maximus down... and he's doing it, fans!

BW: The pressure on the temples from a hand that size is incredible, Gordo. He's restricting the flow of blood to the brain and no matter how big you are, a clawhold will bring you down!

[The crowd cheers as Bucky proves to be correct, Maximus collapsing to a knee as Aso uses his free hand to clutch his wrist, pushing down and adding even more pressure as he squeezes the head.]

GM: The referee is right there! This is the sort of hold that can cause a man to quit! Fingers, thumb digging right into the temples and soft part of the skull.

BW: Even a man like MAMMOTH Maximus.

GM: Even a man like that, especially, ESPECIALLY when the man delivering the hold is the seven foot, four hundred and twenty pound Giant Aso!

[Maximus is starting to fade, the referee right in there, checking...]

GM: This might be it, fans! Giant Aso may be about to achieve his revenge right here in Los Angeles against a man who makes his home right down the road in the mountains of San Bernardino, California!

[...but suddenly the referee's gaze turns as Louis Matsui once again gets up on the apron!]

GM: Matsui's on the apron for the second time in the match and-

[Aso shoves Maximus aside, releasing the hold to go after Matsui who just narrowly avoids a wild meathook as Aso swings and misses!]

GM: Aso was THIS close to taking his head clear off, fans! And Matsui interferes for the second time in this match and right now, it seems that there's nothing the official, Giant Aso, or even Buccaneer Bart can do about it!

BW: Would he even want to? Look what happened to him last time he got involved. He got put in that very wheelchair he got pushed out here on!

[Aso angrily shouts something in Matsui's direction, unaware that his opponent is ready and waiting as he turns around...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[Maximus quickly hooks Aso around the head and neck, using his own momentum to muscle him just slightly off the mat before slamming him VIOLENTLY back down!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WHATTA SLAM! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!!

BW: IT'S OVER, GORDO!!

[The referee slides in for the count as Maximus hooks a leg. ONE! TWO! THRE...]

BW: NOT YET!

GM: Aso kicks out but that very easily could have been it! That could have been it for Giant Aso thanks to Louis Matsui!

“TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!”

[With Louis Matsui shouting at the official to “count properly”, Maximus lays in some stomps to the ribs.]

BW: Maximus has gotta be thinking about Saitama and what he did to the ribs of Mizusawa.

GM: Aso.

BW: Whatever. He knows that even if Aso's had time to heal, those ribs might still be a soft spot on 'im.

[Buccaneer Bart wheels himself in Matsui's direction, a furious look on his face which sends Matsui scurrying away.]

GM: Even when he's in a wheelchair, you can tell that Louis Matsui wants no part of Bart Roberts, fans.

BW: Mr. Matsui is NOT a wrestler, Gordo. He shouldn't be forced to physically defend himself out here.

[Grabbing the legs of the giant, Maximus tugs him to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Uh oh. What's the big man got in mind here?

[He backs into the ropes, slowly walking away from them...

...and leaps up, dropping four hundred and twenty pound down in a splash across the ribcage!]



BW: Again to the ribs!

[The crowd groans at the impact as a nodding Maximus applies another cover, not bothering to hook a leg this time.]

BW: Cover! This could be it!

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

[Giant Aso again muscles out from under his large opponent, drawing cheers from the crowd as Maximus glares at the official and Matsui lofts another barrage of insults in Meekly's direction.]

GM: Matsui and Maximus don't seem happy with the count.

BW: Can you blame 'em?

GM: Yes, I can, actually. There's been absolutely nothing wrong with the count that Marty Meekly has applied in this match. He's doing an outstanding job actually.

[At a shout from Matsui, a nodding Maximus grabs the legs of Aso again, tugging him across the ring...]

GM: Oh no.

BW: Oh yes! It's Saitama all over again, daddy!

GM: Fans, MAMMOTH Maximus has just rolled Giant Aso into the corner and... my stars, you know what he's thinking now! You know what he wants to do! He wants to use that Prehistoric Plunge on the barely-moving Giant Aso!

BW: This is what put Aso on the shelf months ago! This is what put Bart in the wheelchair he came to ringside in tonight! He's not just going to end this match, he's going to end the career of Giant Aso!

[Maximus approaches the corner, ready to climb when suddenly...]

GM: He... BART! BART WHEELED HIMSELF OVER NEAR MAXIMUS!

[Shaking and yelling in the chair, Bart threatens and screams at Maximus, distracting him from climbing the ropes. The crowd cheers as the nearly crippled man shows immense bravery... only wheeling backwards when MAMMOTH steps down and moves to the edge of the ring near him, Matsui doing the same.]

BW: The old man is going to get splattered again if he keeps interfering!

GM: If HE keeps interfering?! Have you been watching this match? Have you seen how many times Louis Matsui and his interference have turned the tide in this match? Open your eyes, Bucky! OPEN YOUR EYES!

BW: My eyes ARE open... and you know what they see? They see that MAMMOTH Maximus is on a giant, dominant roll right now. I don't know how Giant Aso could possibly come back from this beating he's taken.

[Aso rolls away into the middle of the ring as Maximus roars down at Bart. Finished his tirade he turns back to continue the beating. Only... only...]

GM: Aso is up!

[Maximus comes fast at him, ready to strike when suddenly...]

BW: WHAT THE-?!

[Aso grabs the charging Maximus, lifting him off the mat... spinning... roaring...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[BIG POP!]

GM: POWEEERRRSSSLAAAAAAM! COVER! HE'S GOT ONE!!! HE'S GOT TWO!!! HE'S GOT THRE-

[At the last possible moment, MAMMOTH Maximus' shoulder comes flying up off the mat!]

BW: KICKOUT!! KICKOUT!!

[The camera shot caught Buccaneer Bart nearly jumping out of his wheelchair at the kickout, thinking Giant Aso had managed to yank a victory out of the jaws of defeat. Louis Matsui can be seen pacing back and forth, breathing heavily...]

GM: Matsui looks like he almost had a heart attack right there, fans!

BW: Can you blame him?! That's his mealtick- err... his charge in there!

GM: Yeah, mealticket is about right.

[Holding his ribs, Aso pushes up to his feet with great effort, breathing heavily as he looks down at the prone Maximus. He delivers a pair of stomps, maybe buying himself some recovery time...]

GM: Giant Aso's trying to get momentum back in his favor, dragging Maximus off the canvas now. What effort these two are putting in here! This has NOT been an easy match for either. We saw a brutal brawl to begin the match and several big moves from both. This has been a grueling contest for two four hundred pound giants to be going through.

BW: Look at them! Neither can really move at this juncture. They're completely, utterly out of energy.

GM: But despite that, despite the pain, Giant Aso's anger and need for revenge is even larger! He's getting up and...

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: Are you KIDDING me?!

BW: There's no way, Gordo! Not even a man with the power of Aso can-

GM: Are you sure about that?

BW: On Maximus?! Can ANYONE in this business powerbomb someone that size??

[The crowd is absolutely going nuts at the sight of Giant Aso with Maximus trapped in a standing headscissors.]

GM: He's trying! He's going to try annd... NO! He got him off the mat but not enough. Again! He's going to try again!

[But as he lifts he stops, putting Maximus down and grabbing a rib, wincing in pain. It's enough of a stoppage that Maximus is able to grab him around the midsection and run him backwards into a turnbuckle.]

GM: Again with the ribs costing Aso here. Some real damage has been done tonight.

BW: Serious damage perhaps.

[After depositing Aso against the buckles, Maximus backs off and with a big shout, races in...]

GM: Look out here!

[Leaving his feet, Maximus attempts a corner avalanche...

...but Aso sidesteps, causing Maximus to smash chestfirst into the turnbuckles, clutching his sternum as he staggers back out, turning away from the corner...]

GM: He missed the splash...

BW: Aso has him!

[Holding the big man by the throat, Aso somehow muscles him up high enough to drive him back down to the mat with a standing spinebuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG SLAM BY ASO!!

[The giant collapses into a cover to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[HEEL POP!]

BW/GM MATSUI!

[Half sliding into the ring, Matsui is caught by the referee who stops the count to reprimand him. The referee berates Matsui as Buccaneer Bart quickly wheels himself over.]

GM: This could be a disqualification here! Louis Matsui might have went too far and-

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: BART! BART PULLS HIM OFF THE APRON!

[Even from the wheelchair, Bart is able to pull Matsui off the apron, sending the manager crashing to the ground awkwardly. He covers himself up, groaning in pain as the crowd cheers on the act loudly.]

BW: That old nutball is crazy! He coulda seriously injured Louis Matsui right there!

GM: He looks alright to me! I think he's playing possum in hopes that Bart doesn't give him a little bit more right about now!

[The referee keeps an eye out on the floor, watching as Bart verbally beats down Louis Matsui who is begging for mercy. Giant Aso looks down to the floor with disgust as well before turning back to Maximus...

...who SLAMS his arm up into the groin of the giant!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Maximus goes low! Come on! A guy with his size, his power, his ability doesn't need to do things like that, Bucky!

BW: He doesn't NEED to but maybe he just WANTS to! He's a mean one, Mr. Grinch.

GM: The referee never saw the low blow either. He's still over by the ropes shouting at Matsui and Roberts to stay away from-

[The crowd groans again as a second low blow connects, knocking Aso down to the canvas.]

GM: You've gotta be- a second low blow from Maximus and Aso is down!

BW: No, no... he's not just down, Gordo... Aso! IS! DONE!

GM: Two low blows - both unseen by the referee and you may be right, Bucky. Giant Aso might very well be done after that.

[Climbing to his feet, Maximus grips the ropes, holding himself steady as he looks down at his fallen opponent. He runs the back of his hand over his eyes, wiping off the sheen of sweat on his forehead, breathing VERY heavily as he looks down to his manager for guidance.]

GM: Matsui told him something! We couldn't hear it but he told him something right there, fans! What's he- what's he got in mind right here, fans?

BW: Oh man... he's heading up again, Gordo!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Maximus heads to the corner once again, dragging the prone Aso with him to put him in the proper position.]

GM: Maximus is going for the Plunge!

BW: He sure is! He's gonna end Giant Aso's career right here in Los Angeles!

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

GM: Just five minutes remaining in the time limit for this one but if Maximus hits what he's looking for here, it won't take more than five more seconds to finish this off.

[The crowd is buzzing as Maximus goes to the ropes, climbing to the second, bouncing...

...and leaps off backwards, shooting his legs out horizontally as he comes crashing down across the chest of Giant Aso!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PREHISTORIC PLUNGE! PREHISTORIC PLUNGE! THIS ONE IS OVER! MAMMOTH MAXIMUS IS GOING TO LEAVE SUPERCLASH WITH A WIN!

BW: And the reputation as the man who ended Giant Aso's career!

GM: All he has to do is cover. Here he goes it is...

[Maximus is about to apply the lateral press when an irate Louis Matsui swings his arms, shouting at Maximus.]

GM: He's NOT going to cover? Why?!

BW: I'll tell you why! Hell hath no fury like Louis Matsui scorned, daddy!

[Matsui can be very clearly heard shouting, "NO! DO IT AGAIN!" to his charge who cracks a grin before nodding to his manager.]

GM: This isn't right... this isn't right at all! There's no reason for this! No reason at all to do what he's about to do!

BW: Tell that to Matsui!

GM: There's no reasoning with that man, fans! Louis Matsui wants to take out the very man he brought to the AWA so many years ago now! Buccaneer Bart is screaming... begging Maximus... begging Matsui... he wants this to stop. He's begging for mercy but you better believe none is coming for him or for the Giant Aso!

[Maximus steps towards the corner, grabbing the ropes with both hands when suddenly...]

GM: BART! BART IS UP!

BW: What?! What the heck is he doing, Gordo?!

[The crowd is roaring for Buccaneer Bart Roberts as he, barely able to walk let alone climb up on anything, does exactly that, using every bit of strength and effort he can muster to grab the bottom rope and drag himself up onto the apron.]

GM: My god... fans, Buccaneer Bart Roberts who has been out here in a wheelchair all night has just dragged himself up on the apron! He's still begging and pleading with the Matsui Corporation to not do what they're thinking of doing to Giant Aso!

BW: These two became friends on the set of that movie that Aso was in and Roberts obviously doesn't want to see- look at him, Gordo.

[On shaky, shaky legs, Roberts leans between the ropes, pleading that they don't do it as Giant Aso lays silently motionless on the canvas beneath his foe.]

GM: I'm concerned for Aso... these fans are concerned for Aso... but perhaps no one is more concerned for him than his good friend Bart Roberts. But Bart, please don't do this... please don't put yourself in the line of fire in the condition you're in.

BW: Forget about that old fool... look at Aso. He's done... he's out. Maximus could pin him with one finger right now, daddy!

GM: You could be right about that but right now, both Maximus and Matsui have stopped cold, staring at Buccaneer Bart...

[Matsui and Maximus both look at the pleading, almost pathetic, Buccaneer Bart Roberts. The old man has tears in his eyes as he begs, threatens, pleads, does whatever it takes to make sure Aso takes no more. Matsui and Maximus look a bit concerned themselves, shockingly so...

...until Matsui laughs loudly, telling Maximus to do it again! HEEL POP!]

GM: No! Don't do it, guys! Don't do it!

[Bart can be heard SCREAMING at Maximus to stop.]

GM: Bart's begging them! Screaming at the top of his lungs for them to stop!

[Suddenly, Bart shoves himself through the ropes, hobbling towards his friend...

...and collapses on top of him!]

GM: Oh my god! Get him out of there! Someone... if anyone in the back can hear me, get him the hell out of there right now!

[Maximus looks down in shock, pausing in mid-bounce to stare at the sacrifice of Bart Roberts...]

GM: Maximus is stunned! He can't believe that Roberts would do that to protect his friend! He can't believe-

[We cut to Matsui who is now standing on the apron, looking as stunned as Maximus.]

GM: Matsui can't believe it either! What an amazing attempt to save his friend from Bart Roberts! What a- Bart Roberts may be the bravest man I've ever seen! He came out here in a wheelchair tonight and is now covering up his friend... not allowing these monsters to deliver a second Prehistoric Plunge!

[Matsui looks down at Roberts, shaking his head...

...and then looks up at Maximus, dragging a thumb across his throat!]

GM: NO!

BW: Oh my...

[Maximus hesitates a split second before bouncing twice and hurling his body into the air, going horizontal to the canvas...

...and DROPPING four hundred and twenty pounds down across the back of Bart Roberts!]

GM: NOOOOOOOOOO!

[The referee breaks himself from the abject horror before him, calling for the bell and throwing the match out as Maximus rolls off Bart, standing up, and looking at Matsui who is gleefully applauding what he just saw!]

GM: This match has been thrown out, I believe... and thank god for that! What a... what a horrific act we just saw, fans! Who?! Who in the world would do such a thing to another human being?!

BW: Louis Matsui is sick and tired of being treated as an afterthought by the powers that be here in the AWA! He's sick of hearing people talk about Percy Chides and Royalty and all that while he's in the second match on the biggest show of the year. Like them or not, Gordo, I bet you NO ONE takes Louis Matsui and MAMMOTH Maximus lightly after this.

GM: You may be right about that but there should be fines... there should be fines and suspensions and who knows what else done to these two men after what we just saw! These two men just-

"OH, HOW NOBLE!"

[We hear Louis Matsui's voice over the arena speakers, as the portly Asian rolls under the bottom rope, mic in hand.]

LM: How brave of the mentor to save his charge, when all you are is, literally, dead weight!

[At Matsui's signal, MAMMOTH Maximus starts climbing the ropes again. Seeing this, a dazed but recovering Giant Aso pushes Buccaneer Bart off him and rolls over so that now he is on top of his manager.]

GM: Look at this! Giant Aso's trying to return the favor! He's trying to protect his manager from further harm but it may be too late for that, Bucky.

BW: It's DEFINITELY too late for that! Roberts is a greasy spot on the ring right now that we need a hose to clean up!

GM: Would you stop?! Oh, come on! Look at this now!

[Stepping off the ropes, Maximus drops to his knees, smashing a massive double axehandle across the giant's back. The referee attempts to step in but Louis Matsui steps in front of him, preventing him from getting involved as he continues to shout over the mic.]

LM: Look at you! Clinging onto that washed-out never-was like he's all you've got left...



[Again, MAMMOTH drives his arms across the back of Giant Aso.]

LM: Knowing that all he is is a liability... Knowing that any time I give the word, Maximus could end you... End BOTH of you... Just like we said we would!

[A third double axehandle punctuates Matsui's point.]

LM: But it doesn't have to be that way, Aso-san... You don't have to go down with Buccaneer Bart's sinking ship...

[The crowd begins to buzz with confusion.]

GM: What is he talking about now, Bucky?

BW: I'm not sure...

[Matsui continues.]

LM: These people might not believe it, but being the magnanimous man that I am... With my eye for spotting talent, for creating superstars, it'd hurt me to end a career of someone so young and with so much potential... So I am placing the offer in front of you one last time...

[Maximus looks set to drop a fourth double axehandle, as Aso begins to push himself up, but stops and looks to his manager, puzzled. Matsui shakes his head and motions for his client to come to his side.]

LM: Aso-san... Come back to the Matsui Corporation...

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers! Matsui grins at the reaction, extending his hand towards the kneeling Aso.]

LM: Join me and let's set you right back on course to fulfilling your true potential... Come back to the fold and, together, let's grab the success that you are owed...

[The fans are all over Matsui at this point, jeering him with every breath as the hurting Aso tries to steady himself.]

BW: He speaks the truth, Gordo. I'd take that offer if I were Aso. He used to be a monster! MAMMOTH Mizusawa's name and "future World Champion" were CONSTANTLY uttered in the same breath when he was under Matsui's control. Now he's a sideshow freak appearing in Direct To DVD movies!

[Giant Aso is now on one knee, looking up directly at Louis Matsui. MAMMOTH Maximus takes a step forward, but Matsui places a hand on Maximus' arm, holding him back, while still keeping his eyes locked on Aso.]

LM: Look into my eyes. These people might not believe it, but you know... You know I mean every word I say. You know I do not make promises easily. Aso-san...

[The crowd is shouting, trying to dissuade Aso from accepting the offer.]

GM: Don't do it, Aso! Nobody can trust that man. YOU can't trust him! Think of what he's done to you! What he's done to your manager! Think of-

[Louis Matsui lowers the mic, so we can barely hear the snatches of Japanese that he is saying, no, yelling to Giant Aso, above the jeering from the crowd.]

GM: These people are absolutely BEGGING Aso to turn him down! To stay the course... to do things the right way!

[The jeers turn to cheers as Giant Aso gets back to his feet, his eyes still locked with Matsui's. A suddenly-nervous Matsui takes a few steps back, ducking under Maximus' arm for protection. Maximus squares up, ready to continue the fight as Aso turns away, leaning down to help his manager up off the mat.]

GM: Yeah! That's right! Show him who-

[The crowd collectively GASPS as Aso hooks his hands around the throat of Buccaneer Bart Roberts!]

GM: NO! NO! NOOOOOOOO!

[Bart's eyes go wide as Aso lifts him high up, holding him there for all to see...

...and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a two-handed slam!]

BW: TUSK CRRRUSHAAA!!!

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!!! Giant Aso might have just destroyed his manager with that two-handed choke slam! But why, Aso, why?

BW: Isn't it clear, Gordo? He is taking Louis Matsui up on his offer.

[Speaking of whom, Matsui betrays no emotion as he nudges Maximus through the ropes, forcing his client back up the ramp to the top of the aisle.]

GM: If that's what happened, he doesn't seem very pleased by it!

[Matsui pauses at the top of the aisle, gesturing for Maximus to walk past him and through the entrance curtain. Matsui turns to take in the sight of the ring. Again, his eyes meet Giant Aso's. His lips break into a slight smirk as he turns around and steps through the entranceway.]

GM: I'm not sure I understand what's going on here at all, fans.

[Giant Aso remains standing in the ring, scowling down upon Buccaneer Bart's motionless body. The jeers don't seem to end and some litter begins to rain down on the ring. Aso looks up, taking in the crowd's reaction, but his face remains unchanged as he steps over Roberts' body, then over the top rope and strides towards the back.]

GM: Fans, I believe the official ruling to this match was a No Contest but-

BW: But the REAL winner in all of this might be Louis Matsui, daddy! If he's just re-added Giant Aso to the Matsui Corporation alongside MAMMOTH Maximus... good lord almighty what a unit they make!

GM: The world may very well belong to Louis Matsui if he's put together those two... pardon the pun... mammoth forces. Fans, let's go backstage where two of the participants in tonight's Steal The Spotlight showcase are standing by with our own Jason Dane! Jason?

[The camera cuts backstage, where Jason Dane awaits, mic in hand.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon! What an honor and privilege it is for me to be back in Los Angeles as part of SuperClash IV! Right now, I'm standing here backstage at with a man who has declared that he's got something to prove: "Showtime" Rick Marley!

[The camera pulls back slightly, bringing Marley into the frame. The dark haired high flier is already in his wrestling gear and fidgets with nervous energy as he stands across from Jason Dane.]

RM: You've got that right, Jason Dane. Tonight we have one of the biggest stages in all of professional wrestling...and me with a chance to steal the spotlight in the middle of it. I get the chance to erase the bad taste that's been in my mouth over my performance for the past year. I get the chance to showcase my ability...the chance to remind people why it is that every time I'm between those ropes, they should be on the edge of their seats.

I get the chance to right wrongs...I get the chance to put things right.

...

Basically, Jason Dane, I get the chance to seize the moment, just like it was suggested I do.

[Jason Dane nods, but looks skeptical.]

JD: These are all words we've heard from you before, Rick. You talked a good game before you lost to James Monosso. You talked a good game before Nenshou allowed you to beat Eric Preston...then you famously questioned the integrity of not only the people that run this organization, but of the sport of wrestling itself, then lost in heartbreaking fashion to Nenshou...

...you talk a good game, Rick, but you keep not being able to close the deal.

[Marley bristles but says nothing.]

JD: You're going to be in the ring teaming with November, Chris Staley, Travis Lynch and Hannibal Carver against Skywalker Jones, Terry Shane III, Grant Stone, Alphonse Green and Nenshou.

Even IF you get past the team portion against some of the best wrestlers in the world, you'll still be up against the type of talent that you simply haven't managed to beat since your return to AWA.

If I'm sitting at home right now, I've got one question for you. Why should the AWA fans go down this path with you again?

[Irritation flashes across Marley's face before he shakes his head and offers a big lopsided smile.]

RM: That's a harsh assessment... but fair, Jason Dane... it's fair... and I'll respond with this:

When Rick Marley is on his A game, it doesn't matter who you put in the ring with me. I can beat and WILL beat guys of every color, size and style... and I'll beat them because I'm just that good.

I'll be the first to admit that I haven't been firing on all cylinders since I've gotten here.

[Marley nods.]

RM: That I've made some mistakes... that I've been hiding behind excuses.

But I've had my wakeup call... now people get to see the REAL Rick Marley again.

So line up Nenshou...bring on Stone, or Jones. Line up Green, November or Carver...hell throw in Supernova, Craven and Vasquez while you're at it.

None of it will matter, because playtime's over.

[Marley turns, staring at the inquisitive Dane.]

RM: Tonight I'm here to bring new meaning to "steal the spotlight"...and when it's over and my hand has been raised in victory, EVERYONE will have to come to terms with the facts:

One... I took this to the next level... and two... I told you it was coming...

...and you can take that to the bank.

[Marley stalks off.]

JD: We have a motivated Rick Marley here today... now we'll have to see how his words translate into action. Right now, let's go to another part of our backstage area where Mark Stegglet is with one of the men who Marley will be teaming with tonight - Hannibal Carver! Mark?

[We crossfade to another part of the building where we see on the left side of the screen the most recognizable feminine face of the AWA, the Siren, Miss Sandra Hayes, the lady who is revolutionizing the definition of a female sidekick, all tar black hair tangled up in a side rat tail. At her side, third generation super villain, Terry Shane III.

The competitor in the Steal the Spotlight match later this evening stands tall, arms folded across his chest, eyes staring a hole through the lens of the camera. His shoulder length black hair is tied up for a change, resting nicely on the nape of his neck.

In between? The man on the mic, Mark Stegglet. The trio are surrounded by a group of men in red and black hooded sweatshirts with writing across the chest and back that states they are members of AWA security.]

MS: Thanks, Jason. Just as Jason said, it is a great pleasure for me to be here in Los Angeles as a part of this great event. My family has a history in this great city and I hope to continue that history with pride here tonight. Right now, I am standing here with one member of-

[Miss Hayes interrupts.]

MSH: Excuuuuse me?

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Okay, make that TWO members... sort of... of Team Skywalker who will be squaring off against Team November in just a few short minutes in the annual Steal The Spotlight match which has stakes as high as any in the business. But before we dive into the match itself, I've gotta ask what in the world you two were thinking when you interrupted Hannibal Carver's tune-up match a couple of weeks ago in Frisco, Texas. You caused that match to break down into a chaotic medley of superstars flying all over the place - some of whom suffered injuries heading into tonight's matchup - though thankfully none serious enough to take them out of action.

[Terry Shane III stands there, still...silent. Stegglet looks at him... then at Sandra Hayes... then back at the third generation competitor.]

MS: Mr. Shane?

TS: How the madmen have fallen. [A short pause to let this sink in.] You may have noticed a precedent is being set in the AWA; the defamation of its titles and titleholders. It started long before I arrived, when Mark Langseth up and left the company without its gold, forcing the AWA to create a replacement and proclaiming it was bigger, more valuable, and more worldly than the first.

It continued when the AWA allowed Dave Bryant to cut the heritage of the Longhorn Championship into a million little pieces and... well, don't get me started on James Monosso.

[A significant pause.]

TS: And quite frankly, it will continue each and every day until someone like myself is given the chance to change that pattern.

[His eyes narrow.]

TS: It will take the work of one true CHAMPION - a man of my stature, a man of my history, a man with my pedigree and wrestling royalty to elevate those titles higher than they have ever been before.

It is only fitting that Terry Shane III be placed in a match such as... "Steal The Spotlight". I will take those scraps that Dave Bryant carries around in a suitcase... I will take that hunk of metal that James Monosso struts around... and I will make those titles worth fighting for.

You see, this is not just about stealing the spotlight. This is not just about challenging James Monosso, Dave Bryant, or whomever else holds the gold after tonight. This is about saving the AWA from one man revolutions... this is about saving the AWA from Percy Childe and his Unholy Alliance... this is about saving wrestling as we know it from its "Institutions". From its "Hotshots". From its "Sultans" and crazies alike. Because I am out to prove that there is NO ONE that can stand between me and achieving the greatness I so utterly deserve no matter where you wrestled before here or how many flips and back handsprings you can do.

[He doesn't speak with malice now; something more akin to disappointment... or sadness.]

TS: Welcome to the fold, November. Here is your nickname. [He mimes giving something away with his free hand, between his thumb and forefinger.] I hope you truly regret what you did in Frisco, sticking your nose in business that does not concern you. I do intend to address you and your band of misfits, outcasts, and stars of yesteryear that you have strung together this evening but...

[Shane shakes his head.]

TS: You are going to have to wait in line, November. I have another adversary more deserving of my attention for the moment.

[Stegglet finally interjects.]

MS: You must be talking about-

[Shane bellows an interruption.]

TS: CARVER!!!

[Mark Stegglet takes a step back, reaching the mic out to Shane as he distances himself from the Salience.]

TS: YOU. Have locked me in a rivalry that I did not ask for. YOU have given me headaches after headaches and been a thorn in my side since the day I arrived. YOU....YOU CARVER... have created a hatred inside of me that even I did not know exist. And for what? Not ONCE have I laid a hand upon you! Not ONCE have I spoiled the outcome of one of your bar room brawls that you fancy as a supposed "wrestling" match. What exactly are you trying to prove?!

[He's heating up, of a certainty. His words come faster-paced, teeth bared in a snarl.]

TS: You have tried to strangle the mere existence out of my body. I am sure in another world you would gladly throw me through mirrors, bound me with chains, smash chairs and crucify me without a second thought. AND FOR WHAT?! If you will not come to your senses and face me man to man, Carver, I will hunt you down and MAKE you!

[Shane points directly into the camera.]

TS: CARVER! Get out here, now! COME AND FACE ME, COWARD!

[Stegglet looks around puzzled as Shane's hostile words echo throughout the halls, leaving in their wake a sudden silence. All of the security members' eyes flit between the empty walkways in the backstage corridor and the heavily breathing, expectant Terry Shane III.]

MS: We're in a hallway, Mr. Shane. Do you really think-

"Coward? Yeh've got to be kidding me."

[Enter Carver... joyless grin very much present. He finishes off a can of Miller High Life, crushing the can in his fist and tossing it to the floor.]

HC: Coward. That's a little bit funny. Seein' as how yeh've got an entire barracks worth've rent-a-cops standing in between yeh and me. A real man would let these boys go about their business and settle up with me right here, right now. But then again, being a man?

[Carver snickers, looking at Sandra Hayes with contempt.]

HC: Seein' as how this skirt fights all yer battles... I guess that ain't something yeh know a lick about.

[Terry fumes as Carver takes another step forward. The security guards and Mark Stegglet Dane look increasingly nervous as he does.]

HC: Yeh didn't ask for this, is that what yer bellyachin' about? Well kid, life's funny that way. I didn't ask for this...

[He gestures to the scar about his right eye, where flesh was ripped away a decade ago in a steel cage.]

HC: ... or this...

[Carver points to his missing teeth, lost in the very same cage.]

HC: And as sure as I'm breathing I didn't ask for some snotnose with daddy issues to come out and tear down everything that ever came before him just so people'd actually pay attention to him. I don't care how cold it is there in yer daddy's shadow... there's no way in hell I'd ever just sit there while yeh talk about some of the toughest I've ever faced just so yeh can get a free ride to the top.

[Terry, trembling with anger now, seems to get a million times more enraged with every utterance of the word "daddy".]

HC: The second yeh opened yer trap that night, yeh spit in my face and in every face that ever laced up boots and left their blood, sweat and tears in that ring. So just because yeh not got taught any common sense or respect... doesn't mean this thing between yeh and me comes from nuthin'.

[Mark Stegglet, sensing the incredibly high air of hostility, attempts to interject.]

MS: Gentlemen, I belie-

[Terry Shane quickly cuts him off.]

TS: You can just shove it, Stegglet.

[Carver cracks a grin at Shane's irritation.]

HC: Come on now, don't take it out on Mister Microphone over here. This could've ended a while back. Yeh made it what it is. I was tired of yer annoying mouth flapping... but I only wanted one thing and we could've called it a day.

[Carver takes another step forward, nearly nose to nose with Terry now.]

HC: I wanted a fight. Yeh could've stepped between those ropes, faced me like a man... and that would've been it. But no. Yeh had to force me to go searching for yeh in locker rooms and backstage areas at countless venues. I had to do yer bullcrap "challenge" just so yer little girl here could Pearl Harbor me with my own branding iron. And even now, yer still hiding behind four other men. Now yer forcing my hand... forcing me to keeping yeh from stealing that spotlight. That spotlight yeh crave so much because maybe THEN yeh'll be something other than that kid that mows yer daddy Terry Shane Jr.'s lawn.



[Scowl, and a stare that could stop a runaway train dead in its tracks.]

HC: Forcing me to end yer career before it begins... right here, TONIGHT.

[Terry suddenly puts his hands up, saying he doesn't want any trouble back here and to save it for the ring, when out of the blue...]

MS: OH!

[... Sandra Hayes hauls off and slaps Carver across the face, leaving a bright red mark on his left cheek. Carver blinks, wide-eyed and unbelieving, and then...]

MS: No, don't do-

[Carver makes a lunge at Hayes but thankfully we never find out what his intentions were as she instantly backs off, holding the branding iron defensively in front of her as the four security guards step between her and Carver, keeping him at bay...]

MS: We're going to need some more help back-

[With Carver's attention averted, Terry Shane seizes the moment to rush him from the blindside, leaping and connecting with a high knee to the back that sends the brawler from South Boston sprawling facefirst into the backstage wall!]

MS: Oh! Come on, guys! Save this for the ring!

[Carver pushes up off the floor, his pride bruised and a slight trickle of blood coming from his lip as he spins around. Again, the security team moves in, three men pushing him back against the wall as the fourth turns to keep Terry Shane III from charging back in...]

MS: Mr. Shane, would you please get out of-

[...when suddenly one of the security team members buries a knee into the ribs of Hannibal Carver! Stegglet exclaims something off-mic, backing away as the fourth security guard rushes in, full-on tackling a struggling Carver against the wall. A pair of hard forearms from another hooded guard knocks Carver down to a knee where some boots connect squarely with the chest, putting him down on the floor!]

GM: What the HELL is going on back there, Bucky?!

BW: I have no idea but it looks like the security got sick of Carver's attitude!

GM: Those aren't security guards! You know it as well as I do! This is some kind of a plot, Bucky... some kind of a setup and-

[The crowd inside the building watching on the Empire Sports Extreme Screen are jeering loudly as the four hooded "guards" put the boots to Carver, stomping him into the concrete floor as Terry Shane III stands beside them, orchestrating each and every blow that lands!]

GM: Look at Shane! You trying to tell me he's not DIRECTLY responsible for this?!

[Carver tries to battle up, getting to a knee when a knee gets to him - right to the jaw and sending him sprawling back down on his back where a few more stomps await him. With a shout, Terry Shane stops the assault...]

TS: Stop. STOP! Give him to me.

[Wasting no time, Terry jumps into the fray and slaps the No Escape on Carver with ease.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[From off-camera, we can hear loud shouts.]

GM: I think the REAL security is on the way here!

[A barely-conscious Carver is unable to battle out of Shane's signature hold following the beating that just took place.]

GM: Get some help in there! We need some more help for him!

[Shane continues to crank on the hold, causing Carver to cry out in pain as Miss Sandra Hayes marches around the downed Carver, shouting insults in his direction. With security on the scene, the four "guards" reveal their identities to the cameras for the first time.]

GM: Wait a second... I...

BW: Hey!

GM: We know those guys, Bucky! These aren't just your normal hired thugs - these are... some of these guys have trained in the Combat Corner!

BW: Yeah, they have! And some of 'em are guys from other companies who've been trying to get through our doors for ages now! What the heck has Terry Shane managed to pull off here?!

[Keeping the actual security back are the somewhat-familiar faces of "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White, former PCW star "Handsome" Harry Hyatt, "Lights Out" Lenny Strong, and perhaps most surprisingly, the first man to graduate from the Combat Corner, Aaron Anderson. The group stands around Shane and Hayes, allowing the third-generation star even more time to torment the downed Hannibal Carver as security tries to push their way through. Miss Hayes sinks down to a knee, shrieking like a banshee in Carver's face as the camera suddenly falls to the side as if the holder went falling to the floor and

we abruptly cut back to a shot of a surprised Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde.]

GM: What the... are we back on?

[Gordon waits for a moment before nodding and continuing.]

GM: Okay... fans, what we just witnessed back there was a plot put together - no doubt - by Terry Shane III and you can bet that Miss Sandra Hayes had something to do with it as well. Bucky, can you identify anyone from that group of so-called security guards who just assaulted Hannibal Carver?

BW: Well, I think everyone probably recognized Aaron Anderson. That kid was the first to graduate from the Combat Corner. He's had a couple of swings at making it on the roster but come up empty so far. I also saw Harry Hyatt in there. Some of our fans back home in Texas would remember him from his days in PCW.

GM: Lenny Strong's been in the Combat Corner for a long, long time, trying to break out onto the main roster... he was in there too. And the fourth was "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White if I'm not mistaken.

BW: You're not. White's been bumming around the Southern territories for years. Lots of talent but an attitude problem that's kept him out of every company he's tried out for.

GM: Just the kind of guy that Terry Shane III would like if you ask me.

BW: Those guys were all following orders from Shane too. I don't know what he's put together but he's obviously leading that pack of... well, I don't even know what to call them.

GM: I'll call 'em a bunch of cowards that it takes four men... five men if you count Shane... to put a man down on the ground like that. You can bet Carver's not going to take this one lightly.

BW: The real question is now, Gordo - can Carver even compete in Steal The Spotlight? He took quite the pounding back there and I'm not even sure he'll be able to wrestle!

GM: There's one way to find out, Bucky... let's go down to the ring for the introductions!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is the annual STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT showcase!

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: Two five man teams are about to come to the ring where they will compete in an elimination tag team match until only one team is left standing. That team will ALSO compete in an elimination match until there

is ONE SOLE SURVIVOR! That survivor will earn the right to name the match of their choosing at any point in the next year!

[With the rules and stipulations now in place, Phil Watson takes a deep breath.]

PW: And now... introducing Team #1...

[The opening, strained guitar riffs of Alice in Chains' "Rain When I Die" hit over the PA system to a tremendous cheer from the crowd in the Los Angeles Sports Arena. Emerging from the blue tinted lights flashing around the entrance way first, is the raven haired November. The pale skinned fan favorite walks out, head down, hair flashing back as he looks quickly up and at the ring. He strikes no pose, instead making his way towards the ring, pausing half way down.]

PW: They are the team of NOVEMBER... "SHOWTIME" RICK MARLEY... TRAVIS LYNCH... CHRIS STALEY... AND HANNIBAAAAAL CAAAAARRRRVERRR!

[Rick Marley is next, hopping in anticipation of the battle ahead and making his way past November.]

BW: Awww, how sweet, they're coming out as a team.

GM: They're showing some real solidarity if you ask me. They ARE a team and it's really great they're showing it.

BW: We'll see how much of a team they are, if by some miracle, they have to fight amongst themselves.

[Marley and team captain, November, have made it halfway to the ring when Travis Lynch storms out to a BIG POP, high fiving every single fan that raises a hand out, fist pumping and cheering his way to his team mates. Fourth is Chris Staley, a contrast from the last two. Staley has jet black hair down to his shoulders that's graying a bit, wears an omnipresent black leather jacket, silver pants, and black boots. Interestingly, he ignores the fans for once. He slaps hands with each of his partners.]

GM: Well, I guess this is the moment of truth, Bucky.

BW: It sure is. Let's see how much damage Terry Shane III and his merry men did to Carver.

[After a few moments of concern for the buzzing fans, Hannibal Carver comes wobbling through the curtain. A torn black t-shirt hangs around his neck. He yanks it off, throwing it down onto the elevated wooden ramp and visibly wincing as he does. He kneels down on the ramp in his black jeans and boots, slapping the ramp a couple of times before getting up with a loud roar...]

GM: Oh my! I think Terry Shane may be about to regret his decision to go after this man tonight! Carver looks hot under the collar!

BW: What collar?! He just tore off his shirt!

[Carver marches down the ramp, stepping through the ropes. He rubs his head, wincing again as he joins his teammates, clearly still feeling the effects of the attack he suffered earlier.]

Hannibal Carver storms out as the last man. He is wearing a black t-shirt with the sleeves ripped off, black jeans, black boots and one hellaciously nasty look on his face. He rubs his head and winces as he joins his teammates, clearly still feeling the effects of the attack he suffered earlier.]

GM: Carver looks pretty banged up but it'll be interesting to see if he can push that down and focus on the matter at hand - winning this match and walking out with a match of his choice anytime in the next year in his back pocket.

BW: You can use it to settle a grudge like Sharif... you can use it for a title shot... this is big, Gordo.

GM: The stakes don't get much bigger, fans. And for many of these men, this is their first time on the big stage of SuperClash so you have to imagine the butterflies are present in a big way for them.

BW: Guys like November... like Staley... they've been in big events before but it's been a lot of years since they've been at a big show like this, Gordo. They've gotta be feeling the nerves.

[November huddles up with his partners to discuss some last minute strategy...

...all of his partners except a fired-up Hannibal Carver who is pacing back and forth, completely agitated as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The incredibly obnoxious "We Already won" by Flo Rida plays as Team Skywalker Jones appears at the top of the aisle.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you now, Skywalker Jones' personal ring announcer...Buford P. Higgins.

[A roar of boos greets Higgins, as the wrestlers part like the Red Sea, allowing the all-white clad ring announcer to strut his way down towards the ring. He pulls out his gold microphone and hands his fedora to Hercules Hammonds, as he begins his spiel.]

BPH: LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA!

[A mixed reaction from the crowd.]

BPH: Oh, come on, playas...I KNOW you can do better than that! I said... LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA!



[illegible]

[The Unholy Alliance's hired gun, Grant Stone, looks worse for wear still after his encounter with Monosso. Wearing his usual green trunks and black boots, Stone also has midsection and right shoulder wrapped in bandages. Stone also still has only partially healed gashes on his forehead from the brawl. Unknown whether the grimace he sports is due to his injuries or the whole production of the team's intro.]

BPH: But wait! There's more! 'Cause we got his partner in crime! The Far East Assassin with the rainbow mist that burns deeper than your mother's kiss! I consider him a close, personal friend, even though he paid us in yen! He's accompanied to the ring by his manger, the man known as "The Collector of Oddities", but the ladies call him "Big Poppa!"...Percy Childes!

[Huge boos!]

BPH: Here is the man from the Land of the Rising Sun...The Chosen One!

NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNSHHHHHOOOOOOOOOUUUU!!!

[A huge chorus of boos can be heard as the spotlight hits the top of the aisle, where Nenshou and Percy Childes begin to make their way down to the ring.

"The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes is wearing a hunter green jacket, white dress shirt, red tie, and white slacks. The short, plump, bald, goateed manager is carrying his crystal-tipped cane. Nenshou is wearing a black crooked-pointed-hood "wizard"-style jacket with baggy sleeves and a long coattail, black baggy pants and red boots. The hood obscures much of his face, but what we can see of his chin and mouth reveals that his face paint is red, with gold-and-black kanji. On the back of the jacket is a reflective red "dragon eye" pattern silkscreened in a red-tinted "mirrored silver" ink. Nenshou removes the jacket, revealing his short brush-cut hair with the kanji for "darkness" shaved into the top of his head.]

BPH: \*Cough cough\* Oh lordy, my throat's getting kinda' dry.

[Hercules Hammonds tosses Higgins a bottle of water.]

BPH: Woowheeee....I needed that. How we holding up, people? We just got TWO more!

[Loud jeers. Buford giggles with glee.]

BPH: Up next playas' ...

[Cue the haunting chords of "Dance of Knights by Serquei Prokofiev.]

BPH: Accompanied by the belle of the ball, the most divalicious diamond in the rough, THE --

"Buford."

BPH: LEADING LADY --

"Buford!"

[Standing on the entrance ramp equipped with a mic in one hand and a branding iron in the other is none other than Miss Sandra Hayes. She soaks in the catcalls as the color of the day is apparently gold. A gold whisp of dress slips over the Siren's curvacious form, ending somewhere along her thigh and hugging all the right places. She looks the sparkling sin that she is, and that grin and pseudo-innocent quirk to her brows only add to the illusion.]

MSH: You've earned yourself a nice pee break, sir. Grab a tic tac on the way out and don't forget to tip the man a dollar, I'll take it from here.

[Appalled, Buford T. Higgins waves off Miss Sandra Hayes who stands in the entrance way.]

MSH: Ahem, now where were we. Oh yes, ladies and gentlemen... yes, and you boys already in the ring... allow me to present to you your\_future\_World Champion! He stands at a slimming six foot two and weighs in at a menacing 225 pounds and trust me when I tell you he's\_dead\_sexy in a pair of boxers.... stand up on your seats for the savior of American wrestling as we know it... please welcome the...

"SALIENCE"! TERRY! SHANE!

[The Siren stares down at Buford, winks, and waves with her fingers.]

MSH: THE! THIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIRRRRRRDDD!!!!!!

[Let the back pedaling begin. Terry Shane III, adorned in his signature emerald robe, saunters out with his arm spread wide and his back turned to the ring. The catcalls quickly evaporate amidst the chorus of boos as the Salience twists his callous grin around and peers down towards the ring where his teammates await him. Buford takes his place back in the middle of the ring, shooting Sandra a dirty look.]

BPH: Little mama, you should've just left this to the professionals..,'cause now you've escalated the situation! Lemme' show you how it's done!

[Some "Oooo's" from the crowd as Buford turns his attention back to the crowd.]

BPH: O Captain! My captain! On your feet playa's, 'cause finally, it's time to introduce the MAN!



[A spotlight hits the entry way, where we see Skywalker Jones waving his hands up and down, motioning for the crowd to roar louder.]

BPH: He doesn't need to STEAL the spotlight, 'cause playa's, we've always known that he IS the spotlight! He comes in weighing in at an outstanding, cut, chisled, rugged and AROUSING...two hundred and twenty pounds! He is the brilliant mind that formed Team Jones! From Hot Coffee, Mississippi, here is our team captain, our leader, our undeniable source of inspiration...

[And just as he's building up the suspense, Buford stops himself and turns to the crowd.]

BPH: Actually, people...why don't we just play a little sing-a-long, since I KNOW all of y'all always wanted to do this! Just repeat after me!

[Shockingly, a huge roar of approval comes from the crowd!]

BPH: Sky.

"SKY!!!"

BPH: Walker.

"WALKER!!!"

[The biggest of obnoxious grins forms on Higgins' face as he has the crowd in the palm of his hand.]

BPH: Lets all take a deep breath now, people!

[What's the sound of thousands of people taking a deep breath all at once? You're hearing it now. Buford turns his attention to Miss Sandra Hayes and gives her a wink, before the entire Sports Arena joins in with him...]

"JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSS!!!!!"

["All I Do Is Win" by DJ Khalid, plays Jones, bent down at the top of the aisle in the "Tebow" pose rises to his feet and "makes it rain", tossing a large handful of dollars into the air. Jones is a lean, well-muscled, athletically built African-American male with a mini-fro and goatee. He has a swagger in his step as he makes his way down to the ring with an intricate C-Walk. Higgins is there to greet him, taking his furcoat and personal effects, before the entirety of Team Jones steps down to the floor to discuss strategy...

...when suddenly all hell breaks loose!]

BW: What the-?!

GM: CARVER!

[The angry South Bostonian slides out to the floor, immediately tearing into Terry Shane with a pair of right hands before grabbing him by the hair and SMASHING his skull into the ring apron!]

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

[The bell sounds to signal the start of the match...

...and the crowd ERUPTS on stereo somersault dives over the top rope by November and Rick Marley, taking out Skywalker Jones and Nenshou!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[Sliding out to the floor, Travis Lynch grabs Alphonse Green, hammering him with a pair of right hands before throwing him under the bottom rope as Chris Staley and Grant Stone get tangled up in a slugfest.]

GM: We've got fights all over the place! Percy Childes - his jaw all taped up thanks to Stevie Scott - and Miss Sandra Hayes are getting the heck out of there to avoid all this but... well, it looks like Travis Lynch and Alphonse Green are going to be the legal men to start this off...

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CARVER SENDS TERRY SHANE TO THE STEEL!!!

[Carver approaches Shane who now has his arms draped over the barricade to try to stay standing and wraps his big hands around the throat of his rival!]

GM: He's choking Shane on the floor!

[Inside the ring, Travis Lynch sends Alphonse Green soaring through the air with a biel throw that takes him halfway across the ring!]

GM: Big throw by Travis! The youngest of the Lynch boys, Travis is looking to get back on track here tonight as his big brother, Jack, will try to do the same later tonight when he teams with Robert Donovan to challenge The Bishop Boys for the National Tag Team Titles.

[Green scrambles up to his feet only to get knocked right back down with a running shoulder tackle. Green promptly starts rolling, going right out under the ropes to the ring apron as Lynch pursues...]

GM: Alphonse Green's looking for a way out of trouble but Travis Lynch looks like he's got other ideas, fans.

[Reaching over the ropes, Travis pulls Green off the apron...

...where Green rakes his fingers across the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot by Alphonse Green!

[Grabbing the back of the blinded Travis' head, Green hops off the apron, snapping Travis' throat down over the top rope, sending him staggering backwards and down to a knee as Green slides back in, racing to the far ropes...]

GM: Alphonse Green is a blur of motion in there - so quick in everything he does!

[Dropping into a baseball slide, Green slams an arm across the collarbone, dropping Lynch with a sliding clothesline!]

GM: Whoa! Innovative offense there out of Alphonse Green!

BW: And Lynch is just lucky this ain't a battle royal, Gordo. If it was, Alphonse would be getting him up in the Gang Green Flying Machine right now to chalk up another one.

GM: Speaking of chalking up another one, what was that business recently between Alphonse Green and Miss Sandra Hayes?

BW: Let's call it motivation.

GM: Looked more like a seduction from where I was sitting... and how does that sit with Terry Shane III?

BW: They're business partners.

GM: I see.

[Green pulls Lynch up by the hair, turning around until he spots Miss Sandra Hayes who he flashes a big smile to before scooping Lynch off the mat, holding him across his chest...

...and then just kinda dumping him down on the mat in front of him.]

GM: An odd-looking body slam right there by Green.

BW: He's not the strongest man in the match, Gordo, so he's gotta make do however he can.

GM: It looks like some AWA officials have made their way out here, trying to get this thing under control outside the ring. I can see that Rick Marley and Chris Staley are up on their corner apron now... as is Skywalker Jones and Nenshou. They're doing a great job of restoring order as Alphonse Green... what's he doing now?

BW: A little jig to the left... jig to the right... then snaps off a leaping legdrop across the chest of Travis Stench! Cover him, Alphonse!

GM: What WAS that?!

BW: I've never seen him do that before but the people loved it!

[The crowd is loudly jeering the "flashy" move as Green gestures for their applause...

...and gets applause from Miss Sandra Hayes which causes Green to smile broadly.]

GM: Bucky, I think Alphonse Green has a little bit of a crush on Miss Sandra Hayes.

BW: I'm not saying you're right... I'm not saying you're wrong... but look at her, Gordo! Could you blame him if he did?!

[Green grabs Lynch by the arm, dragging him towards the corner where he slaps the hand of the powerful Grant Stone.]

GM: In comes Stone... one of the most dangerous men in the industry. He's a hired gun - plain and simple.

BW: And the cash-filled fingers wrapped around the trigger belong to Percy Childes!

GM: Stone's in this match for one reason in my estimation - protect Nenshou at all costs. Percy Childes wants a victory for Nenshou here tonight so that he holds that Steal The Spotlight contract in his pocket. We know that Childes and Nenshou have the World Title in their sights and that contract would go a long way to getting them there.

[Stone stomps the downed Lynch's ribs several times before dragging him off the mat. He grabs an arm, flinging him into his team's corner...

...and rushes in with an impactful clothesline before AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger backs him out!]

GM: The referee's getting the man out of the corner and-

[The crowd jeers as Nenshou grabs the top rope, swinging his leg up and kicks Lynch in the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! A little extracurricular activity out of Nenshou right there, perhaps trying to soften up Lynch a little bit more for the big man.

[As Lynch staggers from the buckles, Stone wraps his arms around the torso, charging him back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Stone going for the ribs... but there's another quick tag, bringing Skywalker Jones - the team captain - into the match.

[Buford P. Higgins can be heard shouting support for his employer as Jones pulls Lynch out of the buckles by the hair, flinging him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip by Jones...

[As Lynch rebounds, Jones leaps high and gracefully into the air in a leapfrog, causing Lynch to go underneath and hit the far ropes, bouncing off again...]

GM: Another leap-

[But the blind leapfrog fails as Lynch grabs the ropes, preventing the rebound...]

...and then flattens a surprised Jones with a running clothesline! Big cheer... especially from the ladies in the crowd!]

GM: Lynch takes him down...

[Terry Shane III steps in, charging Lynch from behind...]

...but gets hiptossed right down across the chest of Jones! Another big cheer!]

GM: Hohooo! Terry Shane tries for the sneak attack but Lynch makes him pay for it...

[Stone tries to step in to intervene...]

...but he gets CRACKED with a discus punch on the way in, tangling him up in the ropes before he slumps down to the floor! Another huge cheer!]

GM: Travis Lynch has got these people fired up, fans!

[Suddenly, Alphonse Green scales the ropes, leaping off with his hands clenched...]

GM: Axehandl-

[The fans let loose a BIG ROAR as Lynch reaches up, snaring Green's head in his large hand as Green comes sailing down towards him!]

GM: CLAW!! CLAW!!

[Green immediately tries to fight it, throwing weak punches to the body of Lynch who is squeezing his skull in the iron vise that is the Lynch family Iron Claw hold!]

BW: He ain't the legal man! Get some control in there, Jagger!

[With Lynch's back to him, Nenshou slips into the ring, measures the man, and buries a thrust kick into the kidneys!]

GM: Ohh! What a cheapshot that was!

[The crowd ROARS as Rick Marley steps in, racing across the ring, leaving his feet and BLASTING Nenshou with a leaping forearm smash that knocks the Asian Assassin through the ropes and out to the floor! The referee steps in again, trying to force "Showtime" out of the ring.]

GM: The referee's trying to get Marley out of there and-

[Green grabs the hurting Lynch in a front facelock, rushing the corner where he runs up the buckles, spinning back out...

...and DRIVING Lynch's skull into the canvas!]

GM: OHHHHH!

BW: Tornado DDT out of nowhere!

[With Lynch suddenly downed, Skywalker Jones rushes the corner, running up the turnbuckles, facing away from the crowd...

...and leaps backwards while spinning forward, CRASHING down across a prone Lynch's chest with a 450 splash!]

BW: STANDING O! STANDING O! HE GOT ALL OF IT!!

[Jones hooks a leg tightly as the referee dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Travis Lynch has been ELIMINATED!

[November wastes no time in breaking through the ropes, charging across the ring at top speed...

...and leaping into the air, catching a rising Jones squarely in the chest with both feet, rocketing him back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! What a dropkick by November!

[November kips up to his feet, promptly grabbing Jones by the arm and firing him across to the opposite neutral corner. He tosses himself back to the corner before sprinting from buckle to buckle...

...and throws himself into a spinning leg lariat that connects solidly on the jaw of Jones before carrying November over the ropes where he just barely lands on the ring apron!]

GM: Good grief! November's coming out hot and heavy in the opening moments of this encounter with Jones!

[November shoves Jones from behind, sending him wobbling out of the corner as November mounts the buckles behind him...

...and takes flight again, driving both feet between the shoulderblades in another dropkick that sends Jones sprawling down to the canvas as the crowd roars their approval!]

GM: November is taking the fight to Skywalker Jones and-

[Jones rolls to his knees, looking up at the approaching November...

...and lifts his hands, begging for mercy!]

GM: Oh, now he wants mercy! Now he wants November to back off!

BW: Of course he does. He's getting his tail kicked right now, Gordo.

GM: I'm surprised you'll admit that.

BW: Hey, I call 'em like I see 'em.

[November looks around at the crowd who quite expectedly boos the idea of letting Jones have a breather...

...and then buries a spinning back kick into the sternum!]

GM: Ohh! November delivers a spin kick to the chest, knocking Jones down... and Jones makes a tag!

[November immediately backs off at the sight of Grant Stone walking into the ring towards him.]

BW: Hah! And look at November now! Not Mr. Offense now, is it? He's gotta stand in there and fight with-

[From across the ring, we hear a loud and insistent shout.]

GM: Or does he?

[The crowd roars as November turns to his corner and spots Hannibal Carver with his hand outstretched.]

BW: This guy's nuttier than my mama's famous fruitcake, daddy. He got his tail beat back in the locker room earlier and now he wants in there with Grant Stone?!

GM: Hannibal Carver is not a man to back down from a fight... ANY fight!

[November grins as he approaches the corner, slapping Carver's hand. The crowd roars as Carver steps through the ropes. He spits once on each hand before rubbing his hands together with a grin of his own.]

GM: He likes this! He likes the idea of fighting Grant Stone!

BW: He'd be the only one in the whole business who does.

[Percy Childes, his jaw taped heavily, tries to say something to Grant Stone but Stone can't hear him, waving him off. An angry Childes slams his crystal-topped cane into the ring apron.]

GM: Heheh.

BW: You think that's funny?! The man can't talk to his clients and you think that's funny?!

GM: Percy Childes got EXACTLY what was coming to him when Stevie Scott laid that Heatseeker upside his head! So yes, Bucky... yes, I do think it's quite amusing.

[Childes is still throwing a ringside tantrum as the crowd cheers that. Grant Stone measures up with Carver for a few moments before lunging into a collar and elbow tieup!]

GM: The biggest men in this match are jostling for control, trying to outmuscle the other...

[But Stone brings a knee up into the midsection instead, doubling up Carver which allows him to drive an elbow down into the middle of the spine, knocking Carver down on all fours!]

GM: Grant Stone bringing the pain on Hannibal Carver... looking to pick up with Terry Shane and his band of thugs left off earlier tonight.

BW: You gotta give Shane credit for not bringing those four out here to ringside, Gordo.

GM: I'm being told that the AWA Championship Committee ruled that they could NOT be out here after what they pulled earlier.

BW: That was a pretty quick ruling. With Watkins out of the picture, who made that call?

GM: From what I understand, the Committee is operating WITHOUT a Chairman for the foreseeable future, Bucky.

BW: I'll send 'em my resume after the show.

[Stone stomps Carver's back a few times before Terry Shane III gives a shout, waving Stone to bring Carver to him. Stone glares at Shane for a few



moments before dragging Carver by an arm to the corner and slapping Shane's hand incredibly hard.]

GM: I'm not so sure Grant Stone wanted to make that tag, Bucky.

BW: No one cares what Grant Stone wants. He's being paid to protect Nenshou and nothing else. If Terry Shane wants in there with Carver, Percy wants Stone to let that happen.

[Shane rushes through the ropes, stomping and kicking the downed Carver to the jeers of the crowd. He drags Carver up by the arm, burying a boot into the sternum of Carver before whipping him into the ropes...]

GM: Shane shoots him in...

[A rebounding Carver gets a right hand to the gut which allows Shane to turn him over in a front facelock, bracing Carver's neck against Shane's shoulder... and drops down to his rear, snapping him down in a neckbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Beautiful neckbreaker by the third generation star!

[Miss Sandra Hayes shouts her approval from the floor as Shane grinds his forearm into the cheekbone of Carver as he applies a cover.]

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

[But Carver's shoulder lifts off the mat in time!]

GM: Two count only.

BW: The neckbreaker did a lot of damage but it didn't do enough to put Carver down for a three count.

[Measuring his opponent, Shane drops an elbow across the back of the neck as Carver rolls to his stomach. A second and third elbow follow before Shane gets back to his feet, spreading his arms and doing a little twirl to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Terry Shane III is quite full of himself, Bucky.

BW: Well, he's got his rival down where he wants him right now so can you really blame him for feeling good?

GM: I don't know if I'd be celebrating so much if I were him.

[Carver starts crawling towards the ropes, looking to get away from Shane as the Salience slowly approaches, burying a pair of stomps into the kidneys. Carver makes a lunge towards the ropes, throwing his upper body through the bottom and middle ropes.]

GM: Carver's trying to get out of there... trying to find a way to get out and recover...

BW: Shane ain't done with him, Gordo!

[Shoving past a protesting referee, Terry Shane steps out on the apron, backing up to the ringpost...

...and then runs down the apron, bottoming out into a low dropkick to the temple of the dangling Carver!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[The blow causes Carver to slump through the ropes, falling out to the floor as Terry Shane gets back to his feet on the padded concrete, a big grin on his face.]

BW: I love this, Gordo! Terry Shane's got Hannibal Carver down on the floor and at his mercy - right where he wants him!

[Out on the floor, Miss Sandra Hayes circles around the ringpost, gesturing with the branding iron. Terry Shane nods, pulling Carver off the floor and grabbing his arms back...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Is she gonna use that branding iron on him?!

[Hayes winds up...

...but a shout from the referee stops her!]

GM: The ref is telling her that if she uses the branding iron, Shane's gonna be disqualified!

BW: You gotta be sneakier than that, Gordo! A rookie mistake for Shane and Hayes...

[An annoyed Hayes stalks away as Shane shoves Carver under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Shane puts Carver back in... and now rolls himself back in as well.

[Pulling Carver to his feet by the arm, Shane fires him into the nearest set of turnbuckles, rushing in...]

GM: Big leaping clothesline in the corner by Terry Shane!

BW: He's trying to get a little something extra on that with the jump. Not sure how effective it was but Carver's pretty dazed, Gordo.

[Grabbing the arm again, Shane fires him across to the opposite neutral corner, charging in behind him...]

GM: LEAPING CLOTHESLI-

[But Carver catches the incoming Shane around the head and neck...

...and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a thunderous slam!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A COUNTER!! WHAT A COUNTER BY CARVER!!

[The crowd roars as Carver steps out of the turnbuckles, takes a glance towards his corner...

...and then shakes his head, physically pulling Terry Shane to his feet before shoving him back into the buckles!]

GM: Carver probably should've made the tag right there but getting a piece of Terry Shane III was too important to him!

BW: A pretty dumb decision if you ask me. There's too much on the line - too much at stake in this one to let personal feelings get in the way of winning this thing. You know, Gordo, we talked about the winner getting the match of their choice in the next year... but what about tonight? What about the six man tag later tonight? Both Team Sharif AND Royalty have offered the final slot on their squads to whoever wins this thing. That makes winning even MORE important.

[With Shane wobbling in the corner, Carver winds up with a right hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

“ОHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: What a chop by Carver!

[With a shout, Carver lets loose a series of chops.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAPI!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAPI!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Switching his stance, Carver starts throwing forearms instead, bouncing them off the temple of Shane over and over as the referee warns him to back off!]

GM: HE'S ALL OVER SHANE!!

[The repeated forearms batter Shane all the way down to a seated position in the corner, his head rested tiredly against the midbuckle as Carver breaks into a sprint, hitting the ropes adjacent to his corner, launching himself back towards the dazed Shane...

...and CONNECTS with a thunderous knee to the skull!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS!! CARVER CAVED HIS SKULL IN WITH THAT ONE!!

[Carver marches out of the corner, shouting something best not repeated to the at-home audience.]

GM: This man is FIRED UP!

[A shout from Miss Sandra Hayes brings Alphonse Green charging into the ring, racing directly at Carver who catches Green coming in, lifting, twisting, and DRIVING him into the mat with a spinebuster!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER ON GREEN!!

[Skywalker Jones comes in next, throwing a right hand that Carver avoids, catching Jones...

...and rocketing him overhead and down to the mat with an exploder suplex!]

GM: DOWN GOES JONES AS WELL!!

[An incoming Nenshou gets caught with an overhead elbow smash right between the eyes that sends him sprawling through the ropes to the floor! Big cheer!]

GM: He clears out Nenshou as well!

BW: Here comes Stone!

[But the big man gets LAUNCHED overhead with a back body drop that sends Stone bouncing off the canvas!]

GM: BIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP BY CARVER!!

[Wheeling back towards the rising Shane, Carver buries a boot into the midsection. He hooks a front facelock, slinging Shane's arm over his neck...]

GM: What's he got in mind here?! Carver's gone through the entirety of Shane's team and all that's left is for the third generation grappler to face the wrath of Hannibal Carver himself!

[Carver lifts Shane off the mat, twisting so that when he lowers Shane, his legs hit the top rope...

...and his free arm grabs the top rope, avoiding the slingshot!]

GM: Shane's hanging on for dear life! He's trying to avoid the-

[The crowd ROARS in surprise as Miss Sandra Hayes winds up and BLASTS Carver in the side of the knee with the branding iron!]

GM: Oh my stars!

[Carver collapses on the mat, clutching his leg in pain...]

GM: How the heck did the referee not see that?!

BW: There were bodies all over the place, Gordo!

[From the corner, November is shouting at Johnny Jagger as Terry Shane steps back into the ring, taunting the fan favorites' corner as he reaches down to grab Carver by the ankle...]

GM: He's going for the spinning toehold! The trademark hold of the Shane family!

[Shane wraps up the leg, twisting around his own...

...when Carver suddenly reaches up, dragging Shane down!]

BW: NO!

[The referee dives to the canvas, counting the three!]

GM: CARVER PINS 'IM! CARVER PINS 'IM!

[A furious Terry Shane III pops back to his feet, shouting at the referee who holds up three fingers...

...and then wheels around, catching the branding iron as Miss Sandra Hayes tosses it over the ropes to him!]

GM: No! Don't do tha-

[Shane rears back...

...and SLAMS the metal branding iron down over the skull of a rising Carver, completely knocking him flat as he collapses back down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: He caved in Carver's damn skull with that branding iron!

[A furious Shane stands over Carver, ready to use the branding iron again on anyone who gets close. After a few moments of the referee shouting at him, Shane angrily steps through the ropes, joins Miss Sandra Hayes on the ramp, and walks back to the locker room.]

PW: Terry Shane III has been ELIMINATED!

[With a prone Carver down on the mat, Nenshou quickly scales the ropes, throwing himself backwards in the breathtaking Moonsault!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Nenshou hooks the leg as the referee makes the count.]

GM: That's one! That's two! And there's the three!

[The bell sounds as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Hannibal Carver has been ELIMINATED!

[Nenshou gets back to his feet, raising an arm in triumph...

...when suddenly Rick Marley dashes across the ring, attacking him from the blindside!]

GM: Marley's in!

[Swinging Nenshou around, Marley slams his fist into the midsection once... twice... three times... four times... five times... six times...]

GM: The referee's all over him! The referee's trying to get Marley to relent!

[Grabbing Nenshou by the hair, Marley drags him out to the center of the ring, pulling him into a front facelock...]

GM: He's calling for the Limelight!

[Marley twists over, ready for the three-quarter nelson but Nenshou shoves him off...

...right into a thunderous clothesline from an incoming Grant Stone!]

GM: Ohh! Come on, referee!

BW: Stone saw the Limelight coming and he made his move, Gordo. That's what he's out there for, don't forget that.

GM: We've got a four on three at this stage in the match and as you said, Grant Stone appears to have one mission in this match - make sure Nenshou doesn't get eliminated.

BW: A mission he's being paid very well to accomplish.

[Stone backs off, exiting the ring as Nenshou stomps the head and neck of the fallen Marley.]

GM: Is that how this is gonna work? Stone hits the big move and then Nenshou takes advantage of it?

BW: If they're doing it right, that's EXACTLY how it's gonna work!

[Nenshou drags Marley off the mat, hooking a side waistlock, and dumping him down on the back of his head and neck with a back suplex!]

GM: Nenshou puts him down with that suplex... and even with his jaw taped shut, you can tell that Percy Childes likes what he's seeing right now, fans.

[From the corner, November and Chris Staley shout some encouragement to their partner who is struggling under a pair of kneeling kneedrops from Nenshou before he turns to the corner, slapping the hand of Grant Stone.]

GM: Nenshou makes the exchange with the big man...

[Stone grabs Marley by the arm, whipping him towards the ropes...]

GM: Irish whi-

[But Marley leaps up to the second rope, springing back, and lashing out with both feet under the chin of Stone! Big cheer!]

GM: Marley with the counter! He needs to get out of there - he needs to make the tag!

[Marley crawls on his knees towards the corner where Staley and November have their arms outstretched...]

GM: He's gotta get there, fans! He's gotta get to the corner and-

[Stone gets back to his feet, moving in...

...but Marley crawls through the legs of the slower man, making a lunge...]

GM: TAG!

[For the first time, Chris Staley legally tags into the match, rushing into the fray...]

GM: In comes Staley!

[The crowd cheers for a pair of right hands that bounce off the skull of Stone before a standing side kick catches him under the chin, sending him staggering backwards, falling through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Oh my! What a kick by Staley!

[Staley rushes the corner, leaving his feet with a split-legged dropkick, a foot catching Jones on the chin and one catching Green as well, sending them both off the apron to the floor where Nenshou has retreated. Staley takes a quick look at the Asian Assassin...]

GM: Nenshou bailed out to the floor to avoid Chris Staley and-

[Staley dashes across the ring, dropping into a baseball slide, smashing his feet into the face of Grant Stone, sending him falling back into the ringside barricade!]

GM: Staley sends Stone into the steel!

[Getting back to his feet, Staley steps through the ropes to the apron, measuring Stone as the big man staggers off the railing...

...and Staley leaps off, throwing himself into a clothesline that topples Stone down on the barely-padded floor to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Wow! Staley drops him again!

BW: What the heck has gotten into Chris Staley, Gordo?!

GM: He's fighting in front of a crowd that knows him very, very well, Bucky... and this is a night he's been waiting months for. Chris Staley - you have to recall - is on a short-term contract here in the AWA and he's trying to earn something a little more permanent right here tonight!

BW: You gotta think that if he walks out of here with that Steal The Spotlight contract under his belt, they'd HAVE to give him a long-term deal, Gordo.

GM: I'd agree with that for sure.

[Staley pulls Stone off the floor, dragging him towards the apron where he shoves Stone back into the ring. He grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron...

...where Alphonse Green charges him!]

GM: Alphonse Green's not the legal man but he's hammering away on Chris Staley - keeping him from going after Stone!

[A wild right hand from Green is ducked by Staley who hooks him around the waist, lifting him up...]

GM: What's he-?!



[Staley turns slightly, tossing Green over the ropes where he lands in a legdrop on a downed Stone! Another big cheer!]

GM: Staley uses Green as a weapon!

[From the floor, Skywalker Jones grabs an ankle...

...and gets a hard back kick to the mush for his efforts, sending him staggering back as Staley steps into the ring.]

GM: Staley's back in, pulling Green off the mat... now pulling Stone up as well...

[He SMASHES their heads together to the cheers of the crowd, a blow that sends Green down to the mat where he rolls out to the floor!]

GM: Chris Staley is having his way with everyone in his path so far. He's absolutely the freshest man in the match.

[With Stone staggered, Staley hooks him from behind in a rear waistlock...]

BW: Are you kidding me?!

GM: Staley's looking for a suplex on a near three hundred pound man!

[But a well-placed back elbow to the ear sends Staley staggering away from him, falling back into the ropes. Stone stalks to the corner where he slaps the hand of Skywalker Jones. Jones grabs the top rope, catapulting over them into the ring...]

GM: Jones in off the tag...

[A few stinging jabs to the jaw of a stunned Staley keep him in place just before Jones grabs the arm...]

GM: Skywalker Jones shoots him in...

[And BURIES a back elbow under the chin, knocking Staley flat!]

GM: Oh! Hard elbow by Jones... look out here!

[Jones sidles up next to Staley and then deadleaps as high as he possibly can into the air...

...before BURYING an elbowdrop into the heart of Chris Staley!]

GM: King-sized elbow by Jones!

[Jones rolls up to a knee, bowing his head as Buford P. Higgins celebrates the big elbow out on the floor.]

GM: Lots of celebrating going on from Jones and his entourage right now... a whole lot of celebrating off a simple elbowdrop, Bucky.

BW: A simple elbowdrop?! Did you see the height?! Do you know what kind of skill, talent, and athleticism it takes to drop an elbow like that, Gordo?

GM: It was very impressive, yes... but it's certainly not enough to put Chris Staley down for a three count.

[Jones backs off, watching as Staley gets off the mat. He flashes a big grin at Staley, pounding himself in the chest as the former Vagabond climbs to his feet...]

GM: Skywalker Jones didn't stay on the man at all there. He just stood back and waited and watched as Staley got up.

[Jones pounds his chest again, making some derogatory comments in Staley's direction...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A big roundhouse kick to the chest knocks Jones right off his feet to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Oh my! What a kick by Staley!

[Jones scoots back to the corner, reaching up to slap the hand of Nenshou. The Asian Assassin steps through the ropes, gesturing for Staley to step back from the corner.]

GM: Nenshou and Chris Staley are squaring off and this should be VERY interesting, fans.

BW: Both men have a lot of skill with their feet - those dangerous kicks can come at any time.

[Squaring up, Staley lashes out with a kick to the side of Nenshou's leg!]

GM: Oh! Another hard kick by Staley!

[Nenshou sidesteps, measuring Staley...

...and throws a kick of his own, smashing into the side of Staley's knee!]

GM: It looks like these two have decided to trade some kicks at this stage of the match.

[Staley throws another... and Nenshou returns fire!]

GM: They're kicking the heck out of each other, Bucky!

BW: They sure are. And that can't be a good idea for either of them.

[From ringside, Percy Childes urgently gestures at the ring where Nenshou is standing but the taped-up jaw prevents him from speaking.]

GM: It looks like Percy's trying to give Nenshou some instructions but well... that's just not happening here tonight.

[Staley throws a leg kick and then quickly throws a kick with the left leg that bounces off the chest of Nenshou, sending him falling back into the ropes.]

GM: Ohh! A combo of kicks by Staley!

[Grabbing Nenshou by the arm, Staley goes for a whip...]

GM: Irish whi-

[Nenshou reverses the whip, holding onto the wrist as Staley goes out to full extension...

...and then catches a thrust kick under the chin that knocks Staley down!]

GM: Ohh! What a move by Nenshou!

[Dashing to the ropes, Nenshou rebounds and drops a lightning quick elbow into the heart of Staley!]

GM: Good grief! Nenshou rocked him with that!

[Nenshou rolls over, applying a cover but only gets a shade over a one count before Staley kicks out.]

GM: Not even a two count there.

BW: I like that too, Gordo. A lot of guys will sit back and wait for a two count before they kick out so they can get a little breather but that can end up very badly if you're not on your game.

[Nenshou buries a pair of boots into the ribs, forcing Staley to roll over onto the ring apron.]

GM: Staley's out on the apron... look at this!

[Alphonse Green moves into action again, hammering Staley's upper body as it hangs off the apron. He backs off, DRIVING the point of his elbow down on the throat of Staley!]

GM: Oh, come on! Get in there, referee!

[The official steps in, shouting at Green, forcing him to back away as Nenshou moves back in, grabbing the legs of Staley...

...and falls back in a catapult, smashing Staley's throat into the bottom rope!]

GM: Ohh! A dangerous move by Nenshou right there, leaves Staley gasping for air...

[Nenshou scrambles to his feet, grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...and catapults himself over the top, sailing down and SMASHING an overhead chop across the windpipe!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Nenshou takes flight and lands with a very effective blow to the throat - highly questionable as to the legality of that shot but it was effective nonetheless.

BW: That's the only thing that matters, Gordo.

GM: That remains to be seen.

[Nenshou flips Staley over so that he's facedown on the apron, using his hair to lift his torso off the apron...

...and then SLAMS his sternum down into the edge of the apron!]

GM: Good grief! Nenshou's got some very unique and very high impact moves on display right here in this one, fans. Staley rolls back in, clutching his chest.

BW: And all of those moves were designed to make it tough for Staley to get a good, deep breath. Shots to the throat... to the sternum... trying to knock the wind out of Chris Staley.

[Nenshou pulls himself back into the ring as well, eyeing Staley as he rolls across the ring...]

GM: Staley may be looking for a tag here... and he may need one badly.

[Grabbing Staley by the ankle, Nenshou drags him back towards the corner where he slaps the hand of Alphonse Green.]

GM: In comes the so-called King of the Battle Royal... leaping stomp to the chest of Staley!

[Green drops down into a mount, hammering Staley down to the canvas with a series of big right hands!]

GM: Green's all over him, pummeling him into the mat.

[Climbing back to his feet at the referee's four count, Green pulls Staley up by the hair, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Green's calling for a neckbreaker...

[Green sets for the swinging neckbreaker when Staley suddenly shoves him off to the ropes...

...and leaps up, catching Green on the ear with a head kick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG COUNTER BY STALEY!!

[Staley rolls to his belly, crawling towards the corner where both November and Marley have their arms outstretched...]

GM: Staley's getting close! Green's still dazed off the head kick!

[And Staley throws himself towards the ropes, slapping November's hand!]

GM: THE TAG IS MADE!!

[November rushes the ring, charging across, and drilling a rising Green with a kneelift, sending him sailing backwards, crashing hard down on the canvas where he rolls under the ropes to the ring apron!]

GM: November clears out Green... look out here!

[Rushing the corner, November tucks an elbow under the chin of Skywalker Jones, knocking him down off the apron! Spinning around, the man from the Pacific Northwest rushes the ropes where Green is getting back to his feet...]

GM: November's- WHOOOOA!!

[The crowd echoes that response as November leaps up to the middle rope, springing back to hook Green's head between his legs...

...and HURLS Green down to the floor with a huracanrana!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! What a move by November!

[November climbs to his feet, saluting the fans to a big cheer. Buford P. Higgins hops up on the far side of the ring, pulling the ref's focus towards him. November starts towards the ring when Hercules Hammonds comes charging towards him...]

GM: Clothesli- ducked by November!

[Wheeling around, November cocks his right hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Hammonds with a palm strike that knocks him clean off his feet!]

GM: November floors Hammonds as well!

[An irate Higgins hops down off the apron in mid-argument, leaving a puzzled referee behind as November gets back up on the apron...

...and Skywalker Jones greets him with a running Yakuza kick to the side of the head, knocking November silly where he spins to the side and falls back against the ringpost!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot by Jones! Fans, he's not the legal man but the referee is having a real hard time keeping control of this thing with so many competitors and so many outside-the-ring influences like Childes, Sandra Hayes, and Jones' entourage!

[Jones backs off, using his hands to "frame his shot" as he eyes the dazed November...

...and rushes down the length of the apron towards him!]

GM: HERE! COMES! JONES!!

[But November steps away from the corner, turning his body slightly...]

GM: What the-?!

[...and HIPTOSSES Jones off the apron all the way down to the barely-padded floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans in a degree of sympathy for Skywalker Jones as his back SLAMS off the unforgiving floor. November backs down the apron himself, clutching the top rope to stay balanced...]

GM: Now it's November who seems to be measuring Skywalker Jones for something... what's he got in mind here, fans?!

[November nods to the cheering crowd, gets a running start...

...and snaps off a flashbulb-popping Shooting Star Press off the apron onto the prone Skywalker Jones!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!! NOVEMBER THROWS CAUTION TO THE WIND AND COMES UP ACES WITH THAT ONE!!

[November pushes up to a knee, clutching his own ribs as he gives a fistpump to the roaring crowd.]

GM: An incredible move off the apron by November and Skywalker Jones got hit real hard with that one, fans!

BW: But Alphonse Green is back up!

[Green nails a kneeling November with a double axehandle from behind, shoving him under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Green puts him back in...

[Green quickly pulls himself up on the apron, slapping the top rope a few times to try and rally the fans which predictably fails.]

GM: Green's gonna... he's gonna fly?!

[Green grabs the top rope with both hands, waiting for November to stir...

...and then leaps up, springing off the top rope...]

GM: CLOTHESLIIIIIIII-

[November leaps up, grabbing Green by the hair on the way down...

...and SLAMS his face into the canvas with a split-legged faceslam!]

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

[November springs to his feet, striking a pose...

...and snaps off a picture perfect Standing Shooting Star Press!]

GM: OH MY!!

[The veteran high flyer reaches back, hooking both legs tightly.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

[November springs to his feet, turning just as Skywalker Jones rushes him from the blind side...]

PW: Alphonse Green has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd cheers as November and Jones trade punches in the center of the ring!]

GM: We're down to three on three! November, Staley, and Marley vs Jones, Nenshou, and Stone! One of these six men will steal the spotlight here tonight and walk out of Los Angeles with a contract for a guaranteed match of their choice!

BW: Plus they've got an open invite to take part in that Team Sharif versus Royalty match later on tonight, daddy!

[The punches get faster and faster as the two men become a blur of motion, hammering away at one another with the crowd roaring their approval of the action they're seeing...]

GM: This is the high speed version of what we saw Aso and Maximus do earlier! It's like someone recorded that and hit fast forward!

[November steps back, throwing a high kick that Jones bridges back to avoid, spinning around to throw a back kick into the body! Jones grabs November by the arm, firing him towards the turnbuckles...

...where November runs up the ropes, backflipping off to land on his feet behind Jones!]

GM: Oh! November's behind him and-

[Jones wheels around, throwing a right hand that November somehow avoids. A left quickly follows and is just as quickly avoided by November. A backhand gets closer but November bridges back to avoid that one.]

GM: What in the...?

[With November bridging back, Jones leaves his feet, attempting a double stomp...

...but November rolls to the side, avoiding it!]

GM: Jones misses the stomp too!

[Still down on the mat, November swings a leg up, catching Jones in the back and knocking him into the ropes. November kips up to his feet behind Jones, his back to him...

...and both men attempt a backflip kick at the same time, smashing down to the canvas as they miss one another!]

GM: Whoa! What in the world are we seeing these two do right here?!

[Both men roll to their backs, both kipping up in unison. November throws a right forearm that Jones sidesteps, catching November solidly on the ear with a left forearm. He grabs a side waistlock, hoisting November up...



...but November backflips out, landing on his feet behind Jones!]

GM: November's on his feet and-

[November deadleaps into the air, landing on the shoulders of Skywalker Jones, setting for a victory roll...]

GM: November's gonna roll him up!

[Jones walks back towards the corner, lunging backwards at the last moment but November slips off, sitting on the top rope...]

...when Jones wheels around, leaping up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: METEOR PUNCH!!

[November flops backwards, nearly toppling off the buckles when Jones reaches up to grab him by the arm, saving the fall...]

...and then steps up onto the second rope with him!]

GM: Oh no...

BW: We've seen this quite a bit lately, Gordo!

GM: He's got him hooked around the torso... stepping up top now...

[But November is ready for it this time, smashing his head between the eyes of Jones. A second one connects as well, causing Jones to stagger...]

...and a third causes Jones to step back off the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and crotch himself on the top rope!]

GM: Now THAT'LL spoil your post-game plans!

[With Jones crotched up top, November measures him from a standing spot on the top rope...]

GM: What the heck is November thinking here?! Get down from there!

[November takes a REAL deep breath before leaping off, sailing a few feet through the air where his knee CONNECTS with the jaw of Skywalker Jones before November crashes down hard on the canvas...]

...while Jones does a full backflip before CRASHING facefirst down on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS IN HEAVEN!!

BW: He killed him, Gordo! He killed Skywalker Jones!

[With November down on the mat wincing at his self-sacrifice, Hercules Hammonds and Buford P. Higgins go racing to the side of their fallen employer.]

GM: Jones is down! Jones may very well be OUT after that, Bucky!

BW: November took an incredible risk but it paid off, Gordo. Skywalker Jones got hit with that flying knee but he also flipped over and crashed and burned on the floor! That was the worst part of it!

[The camera cuts to the floor where Hammonds is kneeling next to Jones, shaking him bodily to try and revive him.]

GM: Fans, we're closing in on the half hour mark in this one! We're down to six men in the match... maybe five if November can get Jones inside the ring and get the pin on him.

[Slowly rising to his feet, November looks out at the roaring crowd with a smile.]

GM: Listen to these Los Angeles fans paying tribute to November!

BW: That's the kind of move they're used to seeing!

GM: It certainly is and...

[November walks over to the ropes, looking down at ringside where Hammonds and Higgins have dragged Skywalker Jones off the floor. Jones can barely stand on his own, repeatedly slumping towards the floor.]

GM: Jones can't even walk, fans! That flying knee... and more importantly, that fall to the floor... did a heck of a lot of damage to him. He's very obviously out on his feet and-

[November suddenly grabs the top rope, slingshotting himself into a twisting plancha...]

GM: NOVEMBER OVER THE TOOOOP!

[The crowd roars in shock as Hammonds throws Jones aside, catching November in his powerful arms at the last moment!]

GM: Whoa! Hammonds caught November! He caught him and-

[Stepping forward, Hammonds SLAMS November's spine down on the ring apron as he effectively front powerslams November onto the length of the ring apron!]

GM: Ring the bell! That's a DQ for sure!

BW: The referee is waving it off!

GM: What?! Why?!

BW: Hey, Hammonds didn't go after November - November went after him!

GM: He was going after Skywalker Jones and Hammonds got involved!

BW: That's not the way Johnny Jagger sees it, Gordo.

GM: A questionable decision by the AWA's Senior Official... and look at this... Hammonds shoves November back into the ring and he's putting Jones back in as well...

[The crowd boos as Hammonds frantically shoves Jones into the ring, waving for him to make a cover...]

GM: Jones crawls... he doesn't even know where he is!

BW: Go straight! Go forward!

[Jones slumps over November, throwing an arm across him...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[And up comes the shoulder in the nick of time!]

GM: No! No! November gets the shoulder up in time!

[Grant Stone angrily slams a hand into the top turnbuckle, turning to say something to Nenshou who does not respond as a dazed Skywalker Jones pushes up to his knees, facing away from the corner...]

GM: Grant Stone just ordered him to make a tag! He's trying to get Jones' attention towards the corner and...

[Jones slowly turns, facing the corner...

...and falls forward, slapping the hand of Grant Stone!]

GM: The tag is made to the big man - the hired gun of the Unholy Alliance!

[Stone steps in, pulling a dazed November off the mat. He fires him into the ropes...

...and nearly removes his head from his body with a running clothesline on the rebound!]

GM: Good grief! That might be it for November!

[Stone makes a cover...

...but only gets two before Rick Marley rushes in, breaking up the pin attempt.]

BW: Hey!

GM: Rick Marley's out there making sure his team doesn't end up down three to two with these dangerous competitors.

[Stone gets up, glaring at Marley as "Showtime" exits the ring. He leans down, pulling November back up to his feet...]

GM: Stone's got him up again... oh no...

[The crowd begins to buzz as Stone wheels November around, leaning over to lift him up into the torture rack...]

GM: Oh my stars... don't do it! Don't do it!

BW: This is one of the most dangerous moves in the business, Gordo! If he hits this, November's night is over!

[Stone walks out to the middle of the ring, glaring at Rick Marley again as he nods his head...]

GM: He's going for it! He's going for Etched In Stone!

[But November starts wiggling and shaking, wriggling free of Stone's grip to land behind him...

...where he rushes forward towards his corner, pushing Stone with him!]

GM: November SMASHES Stone to the buckles... rolling reverse cradle!

[November sits back on the legs, trying to keep Stone down as the referee drops to count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Stone's powerful legs kicks November off, sending him sailing towards the corner where he slaps the hand of Rick Marley!]

GM: TAG!

[Marley slingshots over the top rope, catching a rising Stone with a pair of short forearms to the jaw. He grabs the back of the head, slamming Stone's head into the top turnbuckle to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Into the corner goes Stone... and look at Marley!

[Marley hops up on the middle rope, hooking a loose side headlock on Stone...

...and leaps off, dragging Stone down into a bulldog headlock!]

GM: BULLDOG OFF THE SECOND ROPE!!

[Marley flips Stone onto his back, diving across in a cover!]

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

[Stone kicks out with power, sending Marley sailing off of him. Marley quickly gets back to his feet, measuring Stone as the big man starts to stir...]

GM: Stone's trying to get back to his feet... but Marley's waiting for him...

[As Stone rises, Marley lashes out...]

GM: CASTING CAL-

[But Stone sidesteps the superkick, allowing Marley to sail past him. He hooks a side waistlock from the blind side, lifting Marley into the air...

...where Marley manages to flip over the top, hooking Stone's head as he does...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: OHHHH! DDT! DDT OUT OF THE SUPLEX!!

BW: A modified version of Marley's Rewrite DDT!

[Marley pops back up, catching Nenshou as he charges in, smashing a trio of forearms into the jaw before burying a knee into the midsection.]

GM: Marley's trying to keep Nenshou back...

[With a handful of tights, Marley ROCKETS Nenshou over the ropes and out onto the elevated platform to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Marley clears out Nenshou! He puts him out on the ramp and... look out here...

[Marley pulls a rising Stone the rest of the way up, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Marley's got him hooked!

[Nenshou makes a move towards the ropes, causing Marley to hesitate. The referee steps in, blocking Nenshou's path as Marley swings around, looking for the Limelight...]

...but Stone slips out, muscling Marley up onto his shoulders...]

GM: NO!

[But Marley counters the Etched In Stone attempt, slipping behind Stone and hooking a waistlock, rushing towards the ropes. The referee dives aside to avoid getting hit as Stone leans down between the ropes...]

...which leaves Rick Marley completely exposed for Nenshou as he lashes out, catching Marley in the throat with a double arm thrust!]

GM: Ohh! Nenshou caught him!

[Marley staggers backwards as Stone straightens up, slapping the hand of Nenshou who quickly moves in, throwing a dropkick to the knee of Marley!]

GM: Nenshou with a dropk- right back up and...

[Nenshou springs off the bent knee and DRIVES home his own knee into the skull of Marley!]

BW: SHIIIIINIIING WIZAAAARRRRD!

[Nenshou scrambles into a cover, hooking the leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[November rushes in to intervene...]

GM: THREE!!

[...but doesn't get there in time as the bell sounds.]

PW: Rick Marley has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd jeers that news as November pulls Nenshou up, hammering away with short forearms to the facepainted jaw!]

GM: We're down to five! November and Staley in there with Jones, Nenshou and the ever-dangerous Grant Stone!

[November grabs Nenshou by the hair, dragging him to the corner where he slaps the hand of Chris Staley...]

GM: The tag is made... double whip...

[A double backdrop sends Nenshou sailing high through the air, bouncing off the canvas!]

GM: Nenshou hits hard and Chris Staley is looking to do some damage here.

[Nenshou pulls himself to his feet near the corner where Staley advances, shoving the Asian Assassin into the buckles where Staley squares up, throwing heavy kicks to the body...]

GM: Kick after kick after kick to the ribs by Chris Staley!

[Grabbing Nenshou by the arm, Staley rockets him across...]

GM: In comes Sta-LEEEY! Good grief! He rocked him with that high kick to the jaw!

BW: The running Yakuza connects and Nenshou's in a world of trouble here, fans!

[Staley steps back, waving a wobbling Nenshou out of the corner where he scoops him up in a fireman's carry...]

GM: Staley's got him up! He's got him draped over his shoulders and-

[Nenshou digs his taped fingers into the eyes of Staley, raking hard across them!]

GM: Nenshou blinds him!

[Grabbing Staley by the arm, Nenshou whips him across. The former Longhorn Heritage Champion backs into the corner, pausing a moment before tumbling out of the buckles...]

GM: HANDSPRING ELB-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd roars as Staley catches the flipping Nenshou in a rear waistlock!]

GM: He caught him! He caught him, Bucky!

BW: Yeah, but what's he going to do with him?!

[Staley walks several feet out of the corner, turning around...

...and PLANTS Nenshou with a German Suplex, holding the bridge for a pin attempt!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[A diving Grant Stone buries a forearm into the sternum of Staley, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: Stone with ANOTHER save on Nenshou!

BW: Cash rules everything around me, daddy!

[Stone pulls Staley off the mat despite the referee's protests.]

GM: Get him out of there, referee!

[Stone rears up, ready to throw a devastating haymaker when Johnny Jagger steps in, putting himself physically in front of the punch...

...that Stone thankfully pulls at the last moment!]

GM: Whoa! Jagger almost got flattened by Grant Stone!

BW: Good thing Stone was able to pull his punch or that would've been all she wrote for him in this one, Gordo.

GM: It certainly would have. The referee has let both teams get away with a lot but that would've been a DQ for sure. We're past the thirty minute mark in this one with five men still standing...

[Stone angrily steps out, leaving Chris Staley with Nenshou. A few kicks to the body followed by a thrust kick to the chest knocks Nenshou back into the corner where Staley tags in November...]

GM: A quick exchange there... double team coming up...

[An Irish whip sends Nenshou into the ropes. On the rebound, he catches a rolling sole butt into the midsection from Staley just before November does a full flip, catching him with a somersault legdrop to the back of the neck!]

GM: Oh my! Another big shot by November... and another cover!

[November gets a two count when Grant Stone breaks up the pin again!]

GM: Oh, come on, referee!

BW: The official is warning Stone. Telling him to get out of there.

GM: A lot of good it does. He just keeps coming right back in!

[Stone steps back out, earning a pat on the boot from Percy Chiles who again tries to give some sort of instruction to Stone who just shakes his head in confusion.]

GM: Percy Chiles is coming up empty trying to get his orders across to his men here tonight... and you have to wonder what kind of effect that might



have later tonight against The Aces or with Juan Vasquez in his big match with Calisto Dufresne.

BW: I have a feeling Vasquez knows EXACTLY what he plans on doing to Dufresne.

[November shakes his head, pointing at Stone and shouting at the official as he pushes Nenshou back into the ropes, making the tag again...]

GM: Another exchange made by November and Staley...

[November fires Nenshou into the ropes, catching him with a knee in the gut on the rebound which allows Staley to bounce off the nearest set of ropes, lashing downwards with a stiff leg!]

GM: Ohh! Axe kick by Staley!

[Staley rolls Nenshou over, applying another cover...

...but when Grant Stone comes rushing in, Staley's ready as he springs out of his crouching pin attempt, leaping into the air and SMASHING a forearm into the skull of Stone!]

GM: Oh! He catches Stone coming in!

[Staley pops back up, stomping Stone under the ropes to the floor before turning back towards Nenshou...

...who explodes from his knees into a cross-armed thrust to the throat!]

GM: Nenshou was waiting for Staley!

BW: These guys are all developing a sense of what the others are all about and are starting to predict their movements.

[Staley staggers to the ropes where Nenshou grabs him by the legs, lifting both legs off the mat as Staley's upper body is draped over the top rope...]

GM: I'm not sure what Nenshou is thinking about doing here.

BW: I am! LOOK!

[The crowd responds with a surprised roar as Skywalker Jones drags himself up onto the ring apron!]

GM: What?! How?!

BW: I have no idea! But Skywalker Jones is up and he's- BOMBS AWAY!

[Jones grabs the top rope with both hands, deadleaping to spring off the top rope, flipping through the air...

...and SLAMMING backfirst down across Staley's back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Jones rolls off, clutching his back in pain as Nenshou pulls Staley up, dropping him across his knee in a backbreaker...]

GM: NO!

[Nenshou quickly scales the buckles, pausing for a split second up top to gesture at the crowd...]

...and then uncorks a picture perfect Moonsault!]

GM: OFF THE TOP!!

[Nenshou hooks a leg as Skywalker Jones throws himself around the legs of an incoming November, tying him up as the referee drops down to count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

[Nenshou rolls off to a knee, staring across at Jones and November as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Chris Staley has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd buzzes with disappointment at Staley's elimination...]

...and then even more at concern at November's plight.]

GM: My stars, fans... November just found himself down three on one!

BW: He oughta turn tail and get the heck out of here right now before he gets seriously hurt, Gordo.

GM: I don't think that's going to happen, Bucky. This man is too determined - too focused - to do something like that.

[With Jones incapacitating November, Nenshou sprints across the ring, leaping up to connect with a flying knee to the jaw, knocking November back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Nenshou connects with the knee!

[Shoving Jones aside, Nenshou whips November from corner to corner...]

GM: Look out here!

[Nenshou tumbles across the ring, handspringing towards his target...]

...and BURIES the point of his elbow into the chest!]

GM: OHHH!

[Nenshou steps out of the corner, facing away from November as he staggers out...

...and then the face-painted grappler lashes out backwards, catching him under the chin with a thrust kick!]

GM: Oh! November's down off the kick to the jaw!

[Nenshou drags November away from the ropes...

...and then slaps the hand of Grant Stone, gesturing for him to finish off November.]

GM: Nenshou wants Stone to spike him with Etched In Stone and win this thing for their team!

BW: If that happens, then Nenshou, Skywalker Jones, and Grant Stone have to battle it out elimination style until there's one man left standing, Gordo.

GM: And with Jones at a two-on-one disadvantage, I'll give you one guess as to who the last man standing would be.

[Stone steps in, pulling a stunned November up by the back of the trunks...]

GM: Stone drags him off the mat...

[...and right into the torture rack!]

GM: Oh no... he's got him up!

BW: This is it! Say goodnight, November!

[Stone walks to the center of the ring, turning a full circle for one and all to see the prize slung across his shoulders...

...and then pushes November off to the side, dropping down...]

GM: ETCHED IN STONE!

[...but November flips out, landing on his feet!]

GM: HE LAND-

[Before Gordon can get the words out, November SWINGS his knee as fast as he can, delivering a CRUSHING blow to the face of the seated Grant Stone, causing him to flop backwards...]

BW: NO!

[...where November flips through the air, crashing down onto Stone with the Standing Shooting Star Press, reaching back for both legs!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

[November releases the cradle, rolling to the side and catching an incoming Nenshou with a palm strike to the midsection, sending him stumbling backwards as November rushes towards him, leaping up...

...and hooking a hurracanrana that he swings with, using the momentum to toss Nenshou through the ropes and out to the floor!]

PW: Grant Stone has been ELIMINATED!

[November races to the far ropes, rebounding off...]

BW: Clear the runway!

[...sprinting across the squared circle at top speed, throwing himself between the top and middle ropes with a front flip onto a rising and shocked Nenshou, wiping him out at ringside to the roars of the crowd!]

GM: WHATTA DIVE BY NOVEMBER!!

BW: It's a tope con hilo, you ignorant wretch!

[November pops up to his feet, saluting the cheering fans as he pulls Nenshou up off the floor, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: November puts Nenshou back in... and he's going up top!

BW: Percy! Do something! Do something now!

[On cue, Percy Childe pulls himself up on the apron, frantically waving his crystal-topped cane back and forth, trying to distract November who seems to have a laser-focus at this point in the match, completely ignoring Childe...]

GM: JONES!

[Skywalker Jones comes sprinting across the ring at full speed, leaping to the top rope in a single bound where he hooks November around the torso...]

GM: NO!

[...but November claps his arms together on the ears of Jones!]

GM: Ohh! Bellringer!

[A second one causes Jones to break his grip on November's torso...

...and a STIFF palm strike to the jaw sends Jones spinning away, falling off the top rope...]

GM: WHAT A SHOT!

[...and DOWN onto a prone Nenshou with a splash!]

GM: OHH! JONES LANDED ON NENSHOU!!

[Clutching his ribs, Jones rolls off the downed Nenshou, clearing the way for November who sets himself...

...and then hurls himself into the air, flipping backwards while sailing forward...]

GM: SHOOTING STAR!

[...and CRASHES down across the chest of Nenshou!]

GM: NOVEMBER REIGN CONNECTS!!

[November tiredly reaches back, hooking a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEE!!!

[He rolls off of Nenshou, leaning against the buckles and clutching his own ribcage as Percy Childes flips his lid out on the floor.]

PW: Nenshou has been ELIMINATED!

[November uses the ropes, dragging himself to his feet in one corner as Skywalker Jones does the same across the ring, clutching his ribcage.]

GM: And after well over thirty minutes of action, it comes down to this - the two team captains colliding with the Steal The Spotlight contract on the line!

[November's chest is heaving as he leans on the buckles, trying to catch a breather as Jones drops to a knee, taking some advice from Higgins and Hammonds out on the floor.]

BW: Gordo, I'm being told we're about to cross the forty minute mark of this match. What a war these guys have been through but what a prize is waiting for 'em on the other side!

[The two men straighten up as the crowd rises to their feet, cheering them on for one more run... one more effort to take the other man out. Jones starts bouncing up and down, trying to pull energy from the crowd into his body. Ever a product of Japanese fighting spirit, November slaps himself HARD across the face twice, rolling his neck...

...and with a loud bellow, he sprints across the ring towards a waiting Jones who sets...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK!!

BW: THE CALISTO KILLER! THE DUFRESNE DESTROYER! THE VASQUEZ VANISHER! ALL ROLLED UP INTO ONE, DADDY!!

[Jones THROWS himself across the downed November who seemed almost shocked by the speed in which Jones executed the devastating blow!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as November FIRES a shoulder off the canvas just in the nick of time!]

GM: My stars! He kicked out! The son of a gun kicked out!

[A furious Skywalker Jones climbs to his feet, shoving the referee with two hands!]

GM: Jones is hot under the collar but he better watch himself! It'd be a real shame to lose this match by DQ after getting this far!

[Hercules Hammonds seems to be saying the same thing, trying to calm Jones down as the arrogant highflyer shakes his head in disbelief. Jones leans down to pull November off the mat...

...when November suddenly kips up, hooking his legs around Jones' head and dragging him down into a tightly-cradle hurracanrana!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE- NO!! NO!!

[Jones just BARELY kicks out of the tight cradle before the three count lands!]

GM: My stars, these two are taking each other - and all of us - on one heckuva ride, fans!

[Jones scrambles to his feet, throwing a big right hand that November ducks underneath, leaping up to deliver a front dropkick to the small of the back, sending Jones falling forward with his upper body draped over the middle of the ropes. November looks around at the crowd, listening to the roar of the fans...]

GM: I think we know what's coming here!

BW: We've seen a lot of guys do this kick before but November's speed might give it a whole other level of impact, daddy.

[November backs to the far ropes, swinging an arm around in the air...]

GM: HERE HE COMES!!

[Sprinting across the ring, November charges towards his prone opponent...

...but instead of running to the side as most do when looking to deliver the ropeswing kick that everyone thinks is coming, November runs straight at the back of Jones...]

GM: What's he-?

[...and then runs UP the back of Jones, grabbing the top rope with both hands, pushing off to throw his body over the top rope...]

BW: WHAT THE HELL?!

[...where his grip on the ropes suddenly causes him to reverse direction, swinging his lower body towards Jones' easy target...]

BW: NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES both of his feet squarely into the face of Skywalker Jones, a blow that sends Jones sailing backwards into the middle of the ring!]

GM: MY STARS!! MY STARS IN HEAVEN!!

BW: What the hell do you even CALL that?!

GM: I have no idea! November just ROCKED Skywalker Jones with a move I've never even seen ATTEMPTED before!

BW: These fans are going nuts... and that's the kind of thing that this place was known for, Gordo! As much as we talk about broken glass, thumbtacks, and barbed wire - don't forget that we saw men like Devon Case, like Juvenil Infierno, like Zokugun Sangai break ALL the rules of gravity and innovation in the EMWC!

GM: The fans are on their feet, cheering their hearts out for what they just saw! It may have been years since November has performed in front of a crowd this large in the United States but they have not forgotten this man or what he's capable of! Welcome home, November!

[November stands on the ring apron, soaking up the roar of the crowd for several moments as he watches Skywalker Jones roll around clutching his face in pain on the mat...]

GM: November's setting up... perhaps one final flight left in him here tonight!

[He grabs the top rope with both hands, breathing heavily...

...and then leaps into the air, springing off the top rope, sailing forwards while flipping backwards...]

BW: SPRINGBOARD SHOOTING STAAAAAAAAA-

[But with so much hang time, it gives Skywalker Jones the slightest window of opportunity to push up off the mat, leaping up just a bit...

...and CATCHING November on the way down, smashing his face and upper body into Jones' raised knees!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! OH MY STARS!!!

[Jones pushes November off his legs, rolling him onto his back.]

GM: That might be it!

BW: It's gotta be! November had such height on that... and landed RIGHT on his face on Jones' knees! That's gotta be it, Gordo!

GM: Skywalker Jones rolls him over... going for a cov-

[Jones looks to be about to cover his rival...

...and then shakes his head, waving a finger.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: Oh, this is a mistake! Pin him, Skywalker!

[With much effort, Jones gets to his feet, revealing a heavy flow of blood coming out of his nose for the first time and a nasty looking welt surrounding his left eye.]

GM: My stars, look at this face!

BW: It was that kick, Gordo! He probably has a broken nose... maybe a broken orbital bone to boot! That's WHY the counter wasn't enough. That's WHY he wants the kill shot right now!

[Jones steps out to the apron, slowly climbing the buckles... climbing much slower than he usually does...]

GM: He's hurting badly, fans. You can tell from how slowly he's climbing here. Jones is usually up on that top rope in an instant but tonight he's moving very, very slowly after all he's been through...



[Jones finally reaches the top rope, arrogantly raising both arms into the air to draw one last gasp of boos from the crowd before he shouts out "ZERO... G!"]

GM: He's calling his shot!

BW: Not only is he calling his shot, Gordo! He's calling for the same Shooting Star Press that November has as his bread and butter, daddy! He wants to finish him off with his own move!

GM: He's taking an awful lot of time up there, fans!

[Jones lowers his arms, steadying himself one more time. He takes a little bounce...

...and leaps, flipping backwards while floating forwards towards his rival...]

GM: HE FLIES!!!

[...and RIGHT DOWN ON THE RAISED KNEES!]

GM: KNEES UP!! NOVEMBER GOT THE KNEES UP!!!

[With Jones draped across his bent knees, November reaches up, hooking him around the neck with his right arm. He grabs Jones' legs with his left arm, rolling his shoulders down onto the mat!]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... here is your winner of the 2012 Steal The Spotlight showcase...

NOOOOOOOOOVEMMMMBERRRRRRR!

[November rolls onto his back, chest heaving rapidly as the crowd roars their support for him in celebration of his triumph.]

GM: November has done it! November has defeated his arch-rival Skywalker Jones in a thrilling battle... a grueling battle... and... wow.

BW: Wow is right. Good lord, what a war.

GM: Both men are down... both men are hurting. I don't even know if either of them can stand at this point. We may need to get some medical help down here for these two competitors.

[Hercules Hammonds slides into the ring, taking a knee next to Skywalker Jones who can be seen coughing violently while lying on his side on the canvas.]

GM: Skywalker Jones just took an absolutely obscene shot onto his ribcage when he went for that Zero G and landed right on November's knees. He's... you can see him down and coughing.

[The camera zooms in a bit to show him coughing, leaving a spot of red on the canvas.]

BW: Ew.

GM: Yes, it looks like Jones is coughing up blood. I'm not sure if that's from his likely broken nose or he could quite possibly have some internal injury after that big fall onto November's knees.

[The shot cuts to November on his back, revealing a nasty red welt near his eye.]

GM: That welt must've been from that counter - that incredible counter that Skywalker Jones used to block the springboard dive by November.

[A few AWA officials join the people already in the ring... and then a pair of AWA medics come in next...]

GM: We've got some medical help in there now checking on both men. It's a fantastic win for November but you can't help but be concerned about both of these men right now, fans.

BW: Not to be a cold son of a gun, Gordo... but does that mean November won't be available to EITHER Team Sharif or Royalty later tonight?

[The shot cuts back to November, his eyes closed as we see him answering questions from the medics.]

GM: I don't... honestly, I don't know, Bucky. My gut tells me no.

BW: If that's true... what the hell happens there?! Does it turn into a regular tag match?!

GM: I'm not sure about that either. We'll try to find out, I suppose. Fans, while these two men get helped from the ring, we're going to take a little breather out here at ringside. Let's go backstage where Jason Dane has a special guest. Jason?

[We crossfade to the backstage area where Jason Dane is standing alongside one of the owners of the American Wrestling Alliance, Jon Stegglet. Stegglet is all dressed up for the big night in his finest tuxedo but he looks concerned as Dane begins to speak.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Of course, I am here now with one of the owners of this company on its biggest night of the year - Jon Stegglet. Mr. Stegglet, what a battle we just witnessed.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: Steal The Spotlight is a special thing, Jason. On a night when so many big matches and big stars are in the headlines, you take ten of the hungriest superstars in the locker room and dangle a real big prize over them. You just saw men willing to do ANYTHING to get that prize.

[Dane nods.]

JD: Speaking of those big matches, anything you're particularly looking forward to tonight?

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: That's a tough one, Jason. A lot of big matches... a lot at stake. I'd be lying if I didn't say I had a real big interest in what happens between Team Sharif and Royalty... all three title matches are going to be huge as well.

[Dane pauses.]

JD: And?

[Stegglet sighs.]

JS: Ask your question, Jason.

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: You can't seriously stand here and tell me that you don't have a vested interest in who wins the Retirement Match between Jim Watkins and Joe Petrow, Mr. Stegglet.

[Stegglet pauses, rubbing his chin for a moment.]

JS: Honestly, I don't know that I do, Jason. Sure, Joe Petrow's been a thorn in the side of the entire AWA for a long time now and I wouldn't shed any tears to see him out of my hair once and for all.

JD: And Jim Watkins?

JS: Jim Watkins has been served with his suspension paperwork. He is no longer of concern to the AWA for the foreseeable future.

JD: That's it?

JS: That's it.

[Dane pauses, staring at his employer... then nods.]

JD: Fair enough. One more question...

I've been doing my research. I've been asking the right questions to the right people. And I'm getting close, Mr. Stegglet. So, I thought I'd give you the chance to answer before I get there myself...

[Stegglet looks confused.]

JD: Who are the Wise Men?

[Stegglet glares at Dane for a moment.]

JS: I think we're done here.

[Stegglet storms off, leaving Dane behind.]

JD: Another question dodged by the management of the American Wrestling Alliance. Believe me, fans... I WILL get the answers to your questions. Just like I did earlier tonight when I spoke to one of the participants in our next match - Juan Vasquez! Take a look...

[The words "Recorded Earlier Today" flash across the screen, as we open to a shot of Jason Dane, standing by with Juan Vasquez. The former National champion wears a black hoodie, an old school Caleb Temple "Avenge" t-shirt, and a look of misery on his face. Dane looks over Vasquez's shoulder and around the area, as if he's searching for something.]

JD: Where's Percy Childes?

JV: He ain't exactly in any mood to do much talking, after what Stevie Scott did to him...but I've never needed anyone to speak for me, have I?

JD: No, you haven't. Speaking of Stevie Scott...

JV: Let's not.

[Vasquez glares at Dane, making it clear that's a subject that's off limits.]

JD: Ummm...ok.

[Dane quickly regains his composure.]

JD: Juan, tonight you face Calisto Dufresne in a grudge match over one year in the making. In front of a hometown crowd, you finally have a chance to bury the demons of WrestleRock once and for all. Your thoughts going into the match, tonight?

JV: "My thoughts?"

[Vasquez seems almost insulted by the question.]

JV: It doesn't take a genius to know what "my thoughts" are. It's the same thoughts that've been running through my head for over a year. The same damn thing that's been driving me forward no matter what odds or

circumstances I've had to overcome. Every action, moment, and aspect of my career's consumed by it.

[He stares Dane right in the eyes.]

JV: Revenge.

[A long, uncomfortable silence is Dane's cue to ask another question.]

JD: Since your return at last year's SuperClash, your quest for vengeance seems to have brought you nothing but misery. I can understand wanting to strike back at your attackers, but after seeing how much you've lost this past year, is it really worth it?

[Vasquez stares up for a second, before casting his eyes down on the floor, his voice losing some of its rough edge.]

JV: Calisto Dufresne took my title. He cost me my freedom. He tried to end my \_career.\_

[A sad, little chuckle.]

JV: Hell, considering what I am now, you could probably say he DID end my career.

[The anger in his voice begins to return.]

JV: But after all I've been through, everyone expected me to be able to forgive and forget. They expected me to take everything and come back with a smile. They wanted me to be a man able to stand tall and proud in the face of adversity...able to keep on being their "hero".

[He shakes his head.]

JV: I warned them. I TOLD them...and nobody wanted to accept it. I told them I couldn't be that man anymore, but nobody wanted to listen. They realize it now though, don't they?

There ain't a damn thing heroic about seeking revenge.

[A colder, harder expression forms on Vasquez's face as he turns to the focus of his ire.]

JV: This thing between me and Dufresne...tween me and EVERYONE involved at what went down at WrestleRock...it ain't something that can be repaid through wins or losses. It ain't something that can set right with my hand being raised in the air. It ain't something where I can stand tall, able to lift my head up high and leave a ring knowing that I'm the better man. No, the only way that this can be settled...

...is in blood.

[Vasquez points to himself.]

JV: So you look at a man like me...a man that's lost so damn much and you're gonna' ask me if all this is worth it?

[A bitter, bitter laugh.]

JV: Dane...amigo...don't you understand?

[His face twists into a cold, emotionless mask.]

JV: It's all I have left.

[And with that, Vasquez walks off, leaving behind a stunned Jason Dane.]

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a one hour time limit. Introducing first...

[The sounds of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" kick the PA to a shower of loud jeers from the Los Angeles crowd.]

PW: From Avery Island, Louisiana... weighing in at 245 pounds... he is the Ladykiller...

CAAAAALIIIIISTOOOOO DUUUUFRESNNNNNE!

[The camera cuts to the entranceway, where the curtains part to reveal one of the AWA's most despised (and annoying) characters, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne has foregone his usual entrance attire, sticking to a set of white trunks with "LADYKILLER" across the rump in gold stitching. He stands at the top of the aisle, his flowing blonde hair cascading down past his shoulders, soaking in all of the boos from the hostile crowd.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne getting set to make that long walk down the aisle towards the ring. He has not been looking forward to this, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him? He's seen what's gotten into Juan Vasquez lately. He saw what happened in that match earlier this year with Ebola Zaire and then again with James Monosso at Blood, Sweat, And Tears. Vasquez has turned into a heartless savage creature of some kind and that's not what Dufresne had in mind, Gordo.

GM: Calisto Dufresne may not have had it in mind but he DID put Vasquez on this past last year at WrestleRock when he led an assault the likes of which we've never seen before in the AWA, putting Vasquez on the shelf for many months and taking the National Title off of him in the process. That's what started all this, Bucky. Everything we've seen happen to Vasquez since then all leads back to that moment. So, when we talk about Calisto Dufresne not wanting any part of this match, you have to believe he's getting exactly what he's got coming to him.

BW: We'll see if you sing the same song when Vasquez is butchering him out here in a while.

GM: Well, this match is NOT a no disqualification match - there are rules that must be followed. Vasquez does not have the liberty to do whatever he wants inside - or outside - that ring to Dufresne, Bucky. He's gotta stick to the rulebook tonight.

BW: You were saying?

GM: Wait a second!

[With Dufresne about halfway down the elevated ramp to the ring, Juan Vasquez comes tearing through the entrance curtain, racing down the length of the ramp...

...where the Ladykiller turns at the crowd noise, just in time to get FLOORED with a high impact spear tackle!]

GM: Oh my stars!

[The partisan Los Angeles crowd ROARS for their hometown star as he takes the mount, hammering home right hand after right hand to the exposed skull of the Ladykiller.]

GM: Vasquez has struck before the bell!

BW: He's really starting to make a habit out of that, Gordo. Dufresne should've been ready for it.

[A few more punches land as the camera catches a glimpse of Percy Childes, the Collector of Oddities, making his way down the ramp slowly. We can catch a grin despite the heavily-taped up jaw as he taps his crystal-topped cane against his palm.]

GM: And here comes Percy Childes who looks quite pleased at what he's seeing here, Bucky.

BW: Why shouldn't he be? Vasquez has become a very valuable member of the Unholy Alliance and Percy firmly believes that it'll be Juan Vasquez who helps get the World Heavyweight Title around the waist of the enigmatic Nenshou!

[Vasquez climbs to his feet. Dufresne swings his arms, trying to defend himself as the former two-time National Champion leans down, grabbing the Ladykiller by the wrists...

...and yanks Dufresne's torso off the ramp just before he delivers a brutal stomp to the face that knocks him back down onto the wooden platform!]

GM: Ohh!

[The crowd roars as Vasquez repeats and repeats, driving his boot into the face of Dufresne over and over as he smashes the back of the Ladykiller's head into the wooden ramp!]

GM: Vasquez is bringing out the brutality early in this one!

BW: Early? This hasn't even started yet!

GM: You're absolutely right about that. Michael Meekly is inside the ring, waving for these two to bring the fight down the aisle and inside the squared circle.

[Vasquez releases the wrists, allowing Dufresne to slump back down onto the ramp. The Ladykiller immediately reaches for his face, checking for signs of blood as Vasquez looks out at the crowd who are very solidly behind him at this point.]

GM: In any other building that the AWA runs, Juan Vasquez might be experiencing a bit of a mixed reaction at this point of the match. However, right now... in his hometown of Los Angeles, California... these fans are still showing their support for Vasquez.

[Vasquez looks disdainfully down at the floored Dufresne, using the toe of his boot to flip the Ladykiller over onto his stomach...]

GM: What's this all about? He's leaning over, wrapping up Dufresne's leg around his own...

BW: Can't go for a submission out there on the ramp, Gordo.

GM: No, you certainly can't.

[Vasquez leans down, grabbing Dufresne by the wrists again, pulling his upper body up off the wooden ramp again...]

GM: No! Don't do this, Juan! Don't-

[Vasquez raises his free leg, placing his boot behind Dufresne's head...]

GM: NO!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Vasquez CURBSTOMPS Dufresne's face into the elevated wooden platform. He stands stoic over the Ladykiller's prone form, again looking out at the crowd.]



BW: He curbstomped Dufresne's face right off his head! He might be able to pin the man right NOW if he wants to, Gordo!

GM: You could be right about that.

[A downed and hurting Dufresne uses his arms to drag himself down the ramp towards the ring, trying to escape Vasquez who simply walks in pursuit, wasting no movement as he follows his opponent.]

GM: Dufresne's trying to get away but Vasquez is right behind him, making sure he doesn't get too far.

[Dufresne makes a lunge for the ropes, trying to get back inside the ring but Vasquez hooks the back of his trunks, dragging him back to his feet...]

GM: What's he doing now, Bucky?!

BW: I'm not- look out!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Vasquez uses the trunks to HURL Dufresne off the elevated platform, sending him flipping through the air before CRASHING down on his back on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN!! THAT MIGHT BE IT!! Dufresne might be done right there, fans!

BW: Did you hear that?! Did you hear the sound when his body hit the floor?! Sounded like a slab of meat being shoved out of a ten story window, daddy!

[Vasquez stands on the edge of the platform, glaring at the downed Dufresne as he starts to hear a few boos from the partisan crowd.]

GM: And now these fans are starting to see what has become the REAL Juan Vasquez as of late, Bucky. They're seeing the guy who took a fork to Ebola Zaire... who tried to cripple James Monosso... and who has quite willingly worked alongside the Unholy Alliance for months now!

BW: They're seeing the REAL Juan Vasquez. The one who has run roughshod over the rest of wrestling for years while he's been here in the AWA kissing babies and hugging old ladies! They guy who broke Alex Epstein's leg and didn't shed one tear about doing it!

GM: This CAN'T be the real Juan Vasquez. I refuse to believe the man that was the hero of the AWA fans for years is gone. And I'm not the only one, Bucky... Stevie Scott doesn't believe it either.

BW: You two are delusional 'cause Percy Childes has unlocked the Juan Vasquez we've all been waiting to see all along.

GM: Speak for yourself, Bucky.

BW: I always do, Gordo.

[Vasquez climbs down the set of wooden steps alongside the ramp, moving down onto the floor where Dufresne is flat on his back, chest heaving rapidly.]

GM: He hasn't moved an inch from where he fell, Bucky! Calisto Dufresne may have suffered a serious back injury after being thrown off that ramp like that.

[The referee steps out on the apron, shouting at Vasquez.]

GM: Michael Meekly is telling Vasquez to back off... he wants the AWA medical team to get a chance to look at the Ladykiller. Let's get Dr. Ponavitch out here right now and-

BW: Vasquez don't give a damn, Gordo!

[Shaking his head at the official, Vasquez pulls a dead weight Dufresne off the floor, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. Vasquez climbs up on the apron, stepping through the ropes as well as the referee steps in front of him.]

GM: Michael Meekly's trying to hold Vasquez back! He wants to give Dufresne a chance to recover!

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Vasquez shoves the official aside, moving in on Dufresne who is flat on his stomach, an arm stretched around to grab at his lower back as Vasquez winds up...]

GM: Ohh! Elbowdrop to the small of the back! Vasquez wasting no time in going after that back he just did so much damage to out on the floor... and what the heck is Percy Childes doing?!

[Childes stands on the apron, waving his cane animatedly while Meekly looks puzzled at him.]

GM: The referee has no idea what Childes is saying but-

BW: He wants him to ring the bell! He wants the match to start!

[Vasquez climbs to his feet, gesturing at the timekeeper...

...and then drops a second elbow into the lower back, causing Dufresne to cry out in pain!]

BW: The referee can ring the bell or not - Juan Vasquez is looking to put Dufresne in a hospital bed tonight just like Dufresne did to him all those months ago, Gordo.

GM: You could be right, Bucky.

[Referee Michael Meekly kneels down in front of Dufresne, trying to find out if he can continue when Vasquez suddenly leaps up, burying a stomp into the kidneys of the Ladykiller!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: All of these moves are so simple, so straight-forward but they're doing SO much damage to Calisto Dufresne!

[Meekly straightens up, shouting at Vasquez who ignores the protesting official, burying another stomp in the lower back as Dufresne begins to move, crawling across the ring, trying to reach the presumed safety of the ropes...

...but Vasquez grabs him by the ankle, dragging him back to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Vasquez pulls him back in! He's not done with him!

BW: Did you really think he was?!

[Reaching down, Vasquez drags his barely-moving opponent up to his feet, holding him up as Dufresne slumps back to a knee. Grabbing an arm, Vasquez turns towards the corner...]

GM: Oh no!

[Winding up with all his strength, Vasquez looks for an Irish whip...

...but a desperate Dufresne finds a way to counter, sending Vasquez SMASHING into the buckles at a high velocity!]

GM: Ohh! Dufresne counters the whip!

[The referee kneels down next to an also-kneeling Dufresne, checking on him as Vasquez stumbles out of the corner..

...and then the Ladykiller pops up, lacing a leg over the back of Vasquez' neck...]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

[Leaping slightly off the mat, Dufresne DRIVES Vasquez' face into the canvas with a leg-assisted facedriver!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Dufresne comes from out of nowhere with the big faceslam and... he's telling the ref to ring the bell! He wants him to start the match!

BW: Sure he does - now that he's on offense!

[Meekly looks unsure of the decision but wheels around and signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go! This one is officially underway!

[Dufresne urgently flips Vasquez to his back, lunging across his chest in a pin attempt!]

GM: Dufresne's got him down for one! He's got two! He's got-

[Vasquez kicks out of the pin attempt in plenty of time but still draws some "ohhhhs!" from the crowd who thought Dufresne might have hit the big move at the right time!]

GM: It's not enough to put Vasquez down for three though!

BW: And NOW the match is legal! That might've been the worst mistake in Calisto Dufresne's life, Gordo!

[Dufresne throws a leg over Vasquez' torso, taking a mount. He grabs a handful of Juan's hair, winding up a right hand...

...and SMASHING it between the eyes of the former two-time National Champion!]

GM: Big right hand by Dufresne! And a second!

[Dufresne gets showered with a mixture of cheers and boos - mostly boos - as he hammers away at the skull of the man whose career he tried to end almost a year and half prior to this night!]

GM: Dufresne's all over Vasquez!

[A few more shots land before Vasquez swings his leg up, smashing it into the lower back of Dufresne - a blow that causes the Ladykiller to cry out in pain before crumpling down to the mat once more.]

GM: And look at that... just one simple shot to the back puts Dufresne down and puts Vasquez right back in control of the situation!

[Climbing to his feet, Vasquez glares out at ringside where Percy Childes is waving his cane back and forth to no one's understanding.]

GM: Even Vasquez has no idea what Childes is talking about, Bucky.

BW: What a horrible situation for Percy to be in on the biggest night of the year! Stevie Scott should be SUSPENDED for something like that!

[Vasquez leans down, dragging Dufresne back to his feet before ducking in, scooping him up...

...and violently slamming him down in the center of the ring! Dufresne howls in pain, trembling from the agony on the mat.]

GM: A simple bodyslam right there but look at Dufresne...

BW: There ain't nothing simple about it when you're hurt, Gordo. A bodyslam absolutely WRECKS you when you got a bum back like Dufresne does right now. Juan Vasquez has put himself on a path to victory with that throw off the ramp and the entire world knows it right now.

GM: Except, perhaps, Calisto Dufresne who walks into this match as the only man who has three wins and no losses at SuperClash. He's undefeated at SuperClash, fans.

BW: Not for long.

[Vasquez nudges the official who is checking to see if Dufresne wants to submit aside, pulling Dufresne up by the hair...]

GM: He's gonna do it again, fans!

[Vasquez scoops Dufresne up in his arms, turning to show the crowd his injured opponent...

...and SLAMS him down on the mat again!]

GM: Two big bodyslams by Vasquez and that might be it, Bucky.

BW: Vasquez doesn't look like he has any pressing urge to go for a pin though. He wants to hurt Dufresne... punish him, torture him... make him feel what Vasquez felt in that hospital bed so long ago.

GM: And sometimes, you can't help but feel for Vasquez. This is the moment he deserves. This is the match he's waited so long for. This is that piece of vengeance he's needed to put that night behind him... but now that he's getting it, he's being booed for it. Where's the justice in that?

BW: He's being booed for it because he's turned into a cold-blooded killer who works for Percy Childes on his way to get that piece of vengeance.

[Vasquez rolls Dufresne onto his stomach with his boot again, looking out at the crowd now treating him with a solid mixture of reverence and disdain. He shakes his head, giving a shout of "HE DESERVES IT! THIS IS ON HIS HANDS!"...

...which only draws a more negative reaction from the crowd, booing like wild as Vasquez stares out at them.]

BW: What an ungrateful bunch of slugs in this building!

GM: What?!

BW: When the almighty EMWC closed their doors and left this town to the pages of the pro wrestling history books, only two men carried on the legacy of Los Angeles in this industry - Alex Martinez and Juan Vasquez! And now these idiots are BOOING Vasquez - a man they used to sell out buildings like this to see compete?!

GM: Juan Vasquez has turned his back on these people! This isn't the Juan Vasquez they want to see! This isn't-

[Vasquez suddenly leaps up, DRIVING the point of his knee into the lower back of Dufresne who again howls in pain...]

GM: Oh my...

BW: Just ring the bell, Meekly. He ain't gonna stop. He ain't gonna quit until Dufresne's in a hospital just like he was!

GM: Calisto Dufresne's back has got to be... no, no!

[Grabbing a handful of the long blonde hair, Vasquez YANKS Dufresne's head and neck back, putting an obscene amount of torque on the back of the Ladykiller!]

GM: This isn't a legal submission hold and the referee is letting him know that right now, fans! Break the hold, Vasquez!

BW: "Break the hold, Vasquez!" Oh, how the mighty have fallen in the eyes of the masses! Juan Vasquez used to be your hero, Gordo. You came out here and told these people you were holding out for a hero and Juan Vasquez WAS that hero! Now you treat him like the garbage under your feet!

GM: I do not! I just want-

BW: What?!

GM: I want the old Juan Vasquez back!

[Vasquez breaks - barely - before the count of five comes down for the illegal hold. He releases the hair of Dufresne, allowing his enemy to slump facefirst down to the mat again. An angry Vasquez climbs to his feet, looking out at the ever-growing hostile crowd...]

...and STOMPS the back again!]

GM: Another stomp to the lower back...

[Vasquez pauses, looking out at the crowd...]

GM: It's almost as if the boos of the crowd are driving Vasquez even FURTHER over the edge, fans.

[...and drives another stomp to the lower back!]

GM: Come on, referee!

BW: What a bizarre world we live in where Gordon Myers is protesting that the referee isn't preventing Juan Vasquez from punishing Calisto Dufresne further!

[Vasquez shakes his head at the protesting Meekly, leaning over to pull Dufresne up by the hair...]

GM: Both men are back on their feet but Vasquez is... pardon me, Dufresne is having a hard time staying on his, Bucky.

BW: Vasquez is punishing him... bit by bit trying to cripple him...

GM: Vasquez with a whip... ohhh! Right into the buckles!

[Dufresne staggers out of the buckles, barely standing when Vasquez hooks him under the armpit with his right arm...]

GM: The trademark hiptoss!

[The crowd actually starts to cheer one of Vasquez' trademark moves...

...but Juan stops short, shaking his head at the crowd...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A STANDING LARIAT BY VASQUEZ!! GOOD GRIEF!!!

[The blow flipped Dufresne backwards, dumping him on the back of his head and neck...]

GM: Vasquez looked like he was going for the hiptoss but it wasn't about to happen... not here... not tonight...

[Grabbing a foot, he drags Dufresne away from the corner to the middle of the ring. A pair of boots to the ribs rolls the Ladykiller onto his stomach as Vasquez rushes to the ropes...]

BW: Shades of Tommy Stephe-

[But instead of leaping into the air to land backfirst across his prone opponent as he has done so many times before...

...Vasquez leaps into the air, tucking his legs up, and exploding downwards with a double stomp to the kidneys!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: He doublestomped the man straight to hell - and that was NOTHING like Tommy Stephens, daddy!

GM: You gotta think that Vasquez could finish this match off at any time he wants to, Bucky. All he'd need to is going for a cover.

BW: The right cross... the City of Angels... the Assassin's Spike... Dufresne is easy prey for any of 'em at this point. Whatever Vasquez wants to use should be the coup de grace, Gordo.

[The crowd buzzes as Vasquez slowly raises his right hand into the air, clenched tightly into a fist...]

GM: And there it is... feared throughout the wrestling world... Juan Vasquez is calling for the right hand! That right cross that has knocked out men all over the globe.

BW: If he hits it here, it's all over, daddy!

[Vasquez stares at his fist, lowering it and looking off to the side where Percy Childes is standing...

...and then makes a gesture towards the Collector of Oddities.]

GM: Wait a second...

BW: Maybe he's decided against the right cross.

GM: Why would he do that?

BW: Well, like we said... he wants to punish Dufresne. He wants to torture him. The right cross might be too nice... too easy.

GM: But what is he-

[The crowd's jeers pick up as Childes slides a steel chair into the ring.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Vasquez may be going too far here, Gordo. That chair ain't legal in this one!

[Vasquez picks up the steel folding chair, ignoring the protests of Michael Meekly as he raises it over his head, standing above the prone Dufresne who is down on his stomach still...]

GM: No, no, no! He's gonna-



[Vasquez seems about to slam the chair down across the back when Michael Meekly takes a chance, grabbing the steel weapon...]

GM: Meekly grabs the chair!

[Meekly and Vasquez get into an argument over the chair as Dufresne pushes up off the mat. Meekly jerks the chair away, turning to put it out of the ring...]

...when Dufresne takes the chance to strike!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: LOW BLOW!!

[Dufresne reaches up, dragging Vasquez down in a schoolboy!]

GM: Cradle! ONE!! TWO!!

[And up goes the shoulders again!]

[Dufresne tries to scramble up, looking to get to his feet before Vasquez does...]

...but Vasquez cuts off the climb with a knee to the gut before shoving the Ladykiller back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Vasquez has him in trouble again...

[Squaring up, Vasquez rears back with a right hand, aiming at the midsection of Dufresne...]

...who jabs a thumb into the eye of the Unholy Alliance member!]

GM: Cheapshot by Dufresne!

[Dufresne grabs Vasquez by the back of the head, SLAMMING his head into the top turnbuckle...]

...and then SLAMS a forearm into the back of the neck!]

GM: Ohh! Dufresne knows he's got a window here to put the attack to Vasquez - to try and get back on track here...

[He wraps a leg around Vasquez, snapping him back into a side Russian legsweep!]

GM: Dufresne takes him down... another cover!

[But again, he only gets a two count before Vasquez lifts a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Vasquez is out at two again!

[Dufresne grabs the ropes, pulling himself to his feet, stomping Vasquez repeatedly to force him under the ropes and out onto the elevated entrance ramp.]

GM: Dufresne puts him on the ramp... he's going after him!

[Dufresne steps through the ropes onto the wooden platform, trying to seize his opportunity as he buries some boots in the ribs of the downed Vasquez.]

GM: The Ladykiller is on the attack now...

BW: If I'm Dufresne, I throw the son of a gun off the ramp just like he did to me.

GM: Calisto Dufresne may be looking to do exactly that, Bucky.

[Dufresne leans down, pulling Vasquez off the ramp by the hair...

...and uses the same handful of hair to SLAM Vasquez' face into the platform!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: What a physical war these two are having!

[Dufresne straightens up, stomping the back of Vasquez' head a few times, smashing his face into the wood.]

GM: Dufresne backs off, leaning against the ropes... he's been through a lot already perhaps trying to catch a breather...

BW: Or not!

[Bucky's comments is punctuated by Dufresne slowly walking off the ropes, leaping up, and DROPPING his knee on the back of Vasquez' head, smashing his face into the wooden ramp!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Dufresne keeps his knee pressed against the skull, grinding it into the head repeatedly as Vasquez' face is rubbed against the wood.]

GM: And now it's Calisto Dufresne who is showing off his dark side to us. An absolutely brutal move right there - you know he was hoping to break a nose or knock out some teeth there.

BW: He could have easily done it too, Gordo. That's a little bit of payback for what Vasquez did to him earlier... you can count on that.

[With the referee shouting at Dufresne to get back into the ring, he climbs to his feet, dragging Vasquez up by an arm...]

GM: Dufresne's pulling Vasquez back into the ring, breaking up the count...

[He whips Vasquez across the ring, waiting near the ropes for a rebounding Vasquez...]

...and then drops him with a stiff superkick!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Dufresne collapses atop Vasquez, reaching back for a leg.]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd delivers a mixed response to the sight of Vasquez lifting a shoulder off the mat before the three count. Dufresne on the other hand grabs a handful of hair and hammers his rival with right hands to the skull!]

GM: Dufresne hammering away! The ref's trying to get him to back off!

[Dufresne gets back to his feet at the four count, switching to vicious stomps to the head... again stopping at a four count before pulling Vasquez up by the hair...]

...and HURLING him over the top rope down onto the ramp again!]

GM: Right back out onto the ramp!

BW: Maybe these guys should've signed for a Falls Count Anywhere match! They sure seem to like fighting out on the ramp there!

GM: You're right about that... Dufresne steps out on the ramp again...

[Dufresne immediately grabs a rising Vasquez by the back of the trunks, tugging him into a well-placed forearm to the kidneys!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot to the back there!

[Dufresne turns Vasquez around, pulling him into a front facelock...]

GM: He's going for the DDT on the ramp!

BW: If he hits it, it's over!

[Vasquez knows that as well as Bucky does, reaching up to shove Dufresne out of the hold and into the ropes where he bounces off...]

...and CRACKS the rebounding Dufresne in the jaw with the right cross, knocking him flat instantly!]

GM: There it is! The big right hand!

BW: It's over, daddy! Well, if he wants it to be, it's over at least!

[Vasquez stands over the motionless Dufresne, fist still clenched as he looks down at him. After a moment, he opens his hand, reaching down to pull Dufresne off the wooden ramp...]

...and then ducks down, slinging Dufresne over his shoulder...]

GM: What the-?!

BW: He ain't done, Gordo!

GM: Obviously he's not and-

[Vasquez reaches back, cradling Dufresne's head...]

...and DROPS down with a City of Angels on the wooden ramp!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! Ring the bell, referee! This one is over!

[Vasquez sits up on the ramp, looking up at the official who is ordering him to bring the match back inside the ring. He slowly nods, patting an unconscious Dufresne on the chest.]

GM: I think you got your precious vengeance, Juan Vasquez! I think you got it in spades! Now finish the damn thing.

BW: Dufresne ain't movin' a bit, Gordo.

GM: He certainly isn't.

[Vasquez drags Dufresne over to the ropes, rolling him under them with his boot...]

GM: Dufresne's back in... Vasquez just needs to cover and-

[...but that's not what Juan Vasquez has in mind as he heads towards the nearest set of turnbuckles!]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no need for this! No call for it at all!

[Vasquez steps up to the top rope, looking out at the jeering fans who are practically begging him to stop...

...and hurls himself from his perch, tucking his arms and legs before CRASHING down across the chest of the prone Dufresne!]

GM: Frog splash! He got all of that!

[Vasquez pushes up off Dufresne, looking out at Percy Childes...

...and then leans in for a cover.]

GM: Finally, he's going to end it. One... two... thre-

[The crowd ROARS in shock as Vasquez pulls Dufresne up by the hair.]

GM: Oh, for the love of... there's no need for this, fans! Bucky Wilde, you know there's no need for this!

BW: You take a man who took the beating of ten lifetimes in the middle of a ring a year and half ago... a man who got put in the hospital because of that beating... a man who lost the one thing in the world that he truly treasured because of that beating... and you put him in the ring with the only man left responsible for that beating that he hasn't gotten his hands on... and THEN you tell me there's no need for this! I may not be the world's biggest Juan Vasquez fan but I can tell you that NO ONE can tell this man that he's not doing EXACTLY what he should be doing right now unless you've been in his boots. So, if you want to get Bobby Taylor out here to tell him that he's gone too far, then do it. Until then, I'd suggest you shut the hell up and let the man take care of his business.

[Vasquez climbs to his feet, ignoring the protesting referee.]

GM: Michael Meekly needs to SERIOUSLY consider stopping this match no matter what Bucky claims. He needs to think about the career of Calisto Dufresne.

BW: Like Dufresne was thinking about City Jack's career when he tried to blind him permanently?

GM: Bucky, one thing has nothing to do with the other!

[Vasquez pulls Dufresne off the mat...

...and tugs him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: NO!

BW: Oh my god... he's gonna piledrive him!

[The fans erupt in shock - pleading with Vasquez to reconsider. Percy Childes' eyes have gone wide outside the ring, almost gleeful at what he's seeing. Michael Meekly steps in, grabbing Vasquez by the arm...]

GM: The referee's not going to let it happen... he's not going to-

[Vasquez suddenly shoves Dufresne aside...]

GM: Thank heavens... it looks like Vasquez has had a change of-

[The crowd EXPLODES in shock when Vasquez grabs Michael Meekly by the back of the head...

...and HURLS him over the top rope to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: Vasquez has SNAPPED!

GM: He's gone too far, Bucky! Too far! That's going to earn him fines! It's going to earn him a suspension! Who knows what else is going to come Juan Vasquez' way because of what he just did to an AWA official?!

[Vasquez glares over the ropes where the referee has fallen motionless...

...and then turns to stare at the crowd who is no longer mixed in their response. They're letting Juan Vasquez have it with both barrels - right in the chest.]

GM: The fans are livid - and quite frankly, so am I! Juan Vasquez has gone too far tonight in his quest for vengeance!

BW: Is there such a thing?

GM: Yes! Yes there is and we're seeing it right now!

[A second referee - AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger - comes jogging down the ramp, waving for the medical team to follow him...

...and then signals to the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That's the bell! This one's over!

BW: Over?! How?!

GM: After what we just saw, how can you even ask that?!

[Jagger climbs down the steps, speaking briefly with Phil Watson before kneeling down next to Michael Meekly on the floor.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... Juan Vasquez has been DISQUALIFIED!!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers despite the non-decisive finish.]

PW: Therefore your winner... CAAAALIIIIISTOOOO DUUUFRESNNNE!

[A few cheers go up for Dufresne...

...but the cheers quickly turn to a buzz of concern as Vasquez glares down at Phil Watson and then signals to Percy Chiles again...]

GM: Percy, don't do- damn him! Damn him, Bucky! Percy Chiles just put that steel chair back into the ring!

[Vasquez grabs the chair, raising it swiftly over his head...

...and SLAMS it down across the back of Dufresne!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Vasquez angrily throws the chair to the side, standing over the prone and unmoving Dufresne. He turns, heading towards the entrance ramp where the medical team is moving to check on Michael Meekly.]

GM: He's done... thank god for that at least. Juan Vasquez is walking out of here a loser of this match but I don't think anyone can doubt that he won the war against Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne may look back on Wrestlerock as the night he struck gold in the AWA... but he also has to look back on it as the night he may have made the biggest mistake of his career in making an enemy out of this man, Bucky.

BW: Without a doubt, Gordo. Dufresne may be seriously injured... especially after that chair to the back. The saving grace though is that Vasquez didn't get a chance to use the piledriver on him. If he'd done that, Dufresne's career might have been ended here tonight in Los Angeles.

[Vasquez has one leg through the ropes, about to join Percy Chiles on the ramp...

...when he suddenly stops, looking back at Dufresne.]

GM: Juan Vasquez taking, perhaps, one final look at the memory he vanquished here tonight. And we can only hope that he got some kind of peace through all this. Perhaps this was all he needed, Bucky... one final

moment of vengeance before the light can shine on Juan Vasquez once again.

BW: Still holding out hope, huh?

GM: It's the only thing left to hold onto, Buc- what is Vasquez doing?

BW: He's going back in the ring!

GM: Why?! What reason could he possibly have for this?

BW: Maybe he's not done! Maybe Percy said something to him out there on the ramp!

GM: Like what? What could he have said?

[Vasquez steps back to the center of the ring where an unmoving Dufresne is still lying facefirst on the canvas. The former two-time National Champion looks around at the jeering crowd...

...and then places his foot right behind Dufresne's knee, pinning the leg against the mat!]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: I recognize that!

GM: So do I... so do all these people in the Los Angeles Sports Arena... so does every wrestling fan around the world! You don't have to be a fan of the other place where Vasquez competes to know what he's done there. The legend of Juan Vasquez breaking Alex Epstein's leg is VERY well known around the wrestling world!

BW: He's gonna break Calisto's leg!

GM: He can't! Juan, my god, no... you can't do it, Juan! You absolutely can NOT do this!

BW: He's going to, Gordo! So much for your hope!

[Vasquez leans down, looking to grab Dufresne's ankle and complete the dastardly act...]

GM: Please lord... somebody's gotta stop this. Dufresne's a cold-hearted son of a... but even HE doesn't deserve this! This is the most vile... the most disgusting... the most-

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: STEVIE SCOTT! STEVIE SCOTT!!



[The Hotshot comes TEARING down the aisle, steel chair in hand. He shoves past a suddenly-terrified Percy Childes, diving through the ropes with the chair at the ready...

...and comes to a halt, staring dead into the eyes of his long-time rival!]

GM: Whoa! Whoa!

BW: We've got a standoff!

[Vasquez releases his grip on the ankle, looking up at the chair-wielding Hotshot as Childes frantically waves his arms towards the locker room area...]

GM: Uh oh! This could be trouble!

BW: For who!?

GM: For everyone!

[Vasquez turns his back to the ramp, facing Stevie Scott who turns with him, now holding a protective stance over Calisto Dufresne.]

GM: If this is the damndest thing I've ever seen, Bucky... Stevie Scott is PROTECTING Calisto Dufresne!

BW: Never thought we'd see that one happen.

GM: Neither did I!

[Vasquez, still glaring at his former arch-enemy, steps through the ropes out onto the ramp. His eyes are burning with rage at being deprived of his moment...

...when suddenly a mostly-empty water bottle is flung in his direction by a fan, clattering off his head just as Nenshou and Grant Stone arrive behind Percy Childes.]

GM: Look out here! Look out, Stevie!

[Stevie gets a better grip on the chair, ready to fight for his life...

...but suddenly Vasquez raises an arm to prevent the attack.]

BW: What the-?!

GM: I have no idea. Juan Vasquez is STOPPING the Unholy Alliance from rushing the ring! He's saying something to Percy Childes right now... Percy looks as confused as we are...

BW: He called down Stone and Nenshou... obviously he wants some payback on Stevie Scott too because of that jaw... but Juan Vasquez won't let it happen...

GM: Not tonight at least. Perhaps Vasquez wants Stevie Scott for himself.

[Vasquez looks around the building at the jeering fans, an odd look on his face as he waves for his allies to go back to the locker room and the quartet starts making their way back up the aisle to the boos of the fans as Stevie Scott stays on guard, ready for anything...]

GM: What a bizarre situation we just witnessed, fans. Calisto Dufresne ends up winning the match by disqualification after Juan Vasquez, too blinded by his own thirst for vengeance, throws the referee over the top rope. Then Vasquez tries to break Dufresne's leg like he did to Alex Epstein in another company... only to have Stevie Scott, of all people, make the save for Dufresne. Then you have the Unholy Alliance arrive to take out Scott only to have Vasquez wave them off. I wish I could explain what just happened but I'm not sure I can, Bucky.

BW: I'm not sure ANYONE can other than Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez... maybe we can send Dane to get some answers from one of them, Gordo.

GM: Perhaps we can. But in the meantime, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet who I understand is with another one of the AWA's co-owners, Bobby Taylor! Mark?

[Crossfade back to the locker room area where Stegglet is indeed with Bobby Taylor who has a black sportcoat and blue jeans on his lanky frame. The black Stetson is present as well as Stegglet begins.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Mr. Taylor, this is one heck of a night we're seeing at SuperClash IV!

BT: It sure is... and we're really just getting started. A whole lot of action still to come including three big title matches and that barbed wire match which is going to be nuts if you ask me.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: We heard your name get mentioned on commentary during our last match by Bucky Wilde. Juan Vasquez went through one heck of a beating at Wrestlerock over a year ago... the likes of which only you have been through before. Can you relate to what Vasquez is going through as he tries to get his revenge?

[Taylor nods.]

BT: I absolutely can, Mark. You're talking to a guy who did a lot of bad things to a lot of bad people after that night... hell, long after that night was over. My thing was really personal between me and Jay Dub... but Juan's

taken this thing to a whole new level. He wanted everyone... and I mean EVERYONE... who was involved that night. The man wanted a reckoning and after what he went through, I'm not sure you can blame him for that.

MS: Even after he tried to break Calisto Dufresne's leg tonight?

[Taylor shakes his head.]

BT: Vengeance makes a man do crazy things, Mark. Think of it like this... for a long time, Juan Vasquez was the shining light in the darkness that was all over the AWA. Right now, he's covered in the same darkness... but you gotta think somewhere in there, that light is still shining... it's just... well, covered up a bit.

MS: Alright, Mr. Taylor... now for the real reason we asked to speak to you here tonight... tell us a little bit about Sunshine State Wrestling.

[Taylor nods.]

BT: The Internet gets a bit ahead of us at times. We weren't quite ready to announce anything but since the news broke, it kinda forced our hand. When the AWA was in Florida earlier this year, we were approached by a local businessman who had been running some shows here and there with some local talent. He expressed interest in the AWA developing a partnership with a new company who was looking to start... and in exchange, it would be a place where we could try out new talent and send some guys that we don't get to use on a frequent enough basis to get some work.

MS: We've heard names like Scott Mayhem... Ricky Armstrong... Tommy Fierro... anyone you'd like to add to the list?

[Taylor chuckles.]

BT: I think we'll start letting SSW speak for themselves. In fact, I'm told they've sent a couple of promo clips to show the world what they're all about. Let's run one of those right now...

MS: You heard the boss. Roll it!

[We fade away from Stegglet and Taylor as grainy sounds cross over even grainier black and white video footage. It's a classic brawl between what appears to be Vernon Riley and Anton Layton, the cheering crowd dressed in old clothing.]

Legendary battles.

["High Chief" Yuma Weaver lays a chop into the head of some unknown wrestler.]

Legendary wrestlers.

[More black and white footage, though without sound, of an angered Vernon Riley yelling into a microphone.]

And it all returns very soon.

[The black and white cuts to a more modern, crisp and clear view of a drive down a beach front street, palm trees overhead, bikini clad beauties walking by, families enjoying the wonderful weather. Then in graphics over top...]

## SUNSHINE STATE WRESTLING

[Fade to black.

Fade back to live action down at ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Sunshine State Wrestling is coming soon, fans, and I can't wait to see the action that comes out of there. But coming up right now, ladies and gentlemen, is a match more than a year in the making. It was at the hands of the Aces and the orders of Percy Childes that saw the end of an era with the dismantling of Scott Von Braun at SuperClash III. Fast forward to today, Brian Von Braun has returned to the ring begging for Percy Childes to unleash the best that he has...

BW: But Juan Vasquez was busy at a local comic book convention.

GM: Hardly. What he got was the return of Steven Childes and Daniel Tyler, the Aces, back in action and determined to destroy the Von Braun family one by one.

BW: Look, Gordo... the bad blood between the Childes family and the Von Braun family goes back a long, long way. It didn't start last year when they took out Scott Von Braun and it didn't end there either. This whole thing got started way back in the day when Scott singlehandedly destroyed the career of Steven's own father and Percy's brother, the infamous Lord Childes. When there's this much bad blood involved, getting even just doesn't cut it. They want more. They want Brian Von Braun's head on a stake.

GM: A situation that seemed all too possible until Sweet Daddy Williams stepped in, coming to the aid of Von Braun, and offering to stand beside him to take on this monumental threat tonight.

BW: The man really does love a good ol' fashioned barnburner.

GM: He's going to get it, that's for sure. Let's go to Phil for the introductions.

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[Guitars cut through the arena signaling the beginning of Red Kross' cover of "Dancing Queen." The crowd begins booing. "Radiant" Raven is the first to emerge into view, holding a mirror just below her head. She eyes the crowd with apathy. Raven wears a black evening gown. She has black hair. Her hair and eye makeup accentuate her blue eyes making her seem exotic.]

BW: The return of "Radiant" Raven here tonight in Los Angeles!

GM: And that's sure to make things even MORE confusing out here with her and Percy Childes at ringside!

[Watson continues.]

PW: Hailing from Jacksonville, Florida and weighing in at a total combined weight of four-hundred and fifteen pounds. They are accompanied to the ring by "Radiant" Raven and Percy Childes. Here are "Sweet" Steven Childes and "Delicious" Daniel Tyler... THE ACCCCCCEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

[At twenty-two seconds into the song, "Delicious" Daniel Tyler emerges from the entrance portal increasing the boos. He holds his arms out to let his purple and black sequenced cloak billow out behind him as he twirls around the entrance ramp letting the fans see "The Aces" across the back of the cloak. "Sweet" Steven Childes and Percy Childes follow out behind Tyler, keeping back a few steps so Tyler can twirl. Childes is also wearing a purple and black sequenced cloak. Both men have the hoods pulled up to obscure their faces. Childes looks into the mirror and reaches into the deep hood and primps his hair. Tyler stops spinning when the first chorus of the song hits, his back to the ring and his arms out.]

BW: Percy Childes is a busy man tonight. He was already out here for Steal The Spotlight and the Juan Vasquez matchup. Now this one as well? I hope he's getting time and a half for this.

GM: Maybe the AWA should think about banning him from ringside now and again to ease his workload.

BW: Well, that hardly seems fair.

[The foursome makes their way to the ring at forty-nine seconds into the song. Tyler and Childes lead the way ignoring the boos and taunts from the crowd. Both men grab the top rope and pull back, leaping over the top rope and into the ring. Raven hands the mirror to Tyler. Childes steps on the bottom rope and pulls up on the middle rope to allow Raven and Percy into the ring.]

BW: Always the gentleman that Steven Childes.

GM: That's not what I hear from some of the female fans at the buildings we run.

BW: I've seen some of the sweatogs that are trying to get Steven's attention at those shows. The only thing I'd take their word for is what time the local all-you-can-eat joint shuts down.

GM: Give me a break.

[Raven gets the mirror back and Tyler breaks into another twirl in the ring. As Tyler breaks into the twirl, both men throw their hoods back revealing their makeup, black eye shadow and purple eye liner. Tyler continues twirling around the ring making his way to where Raven is holding the mirror. Tyler drops to a knee and strikes a pose as Childes stands behind him, primping his feathered hair. Percy claps as he watches on. ]

GM: Quite the dramatic entrance, I'm not sure who spends more time getting ready for their matches, the Aces, or Buford P. Higgins.

BW: I heard Buford does a strenuous 60 minute vocal warm-up before every Skywalker Jones entrance.

[After nearly ten seconds, the Aces get to their feet and go to different corners. They climb to the middle turnbuckle and raise their arms in the air. Their music stops playing as the Aces remove their cloaks and drop them onto the ring apron for the ringside attendants. Raven hands the mirror to Tyler as Childes holds the ropes open for her and Percy to step out. Once on the apron, Raven is handed the mirror back and heads to the ringside area with Percy.]

PW: And their opponents...

["Southern Pride" by Stuck Mojo starts up as the crowd cheers.]

PW: From Huntsville, Alabama and weighing in at two-hundred and fifteen pounds. Here is... BRIAN VON BRAUN!

[Brian Von Braun appears from the entrance portal as the ring announcer finishes saying his name. BVB stops at the beginning of the aisle, scanning the audience. His eyes narrow as his gaze hits the ring where Childes and Tyler are taunting him, trying to get him to run right into a two on one situation.]

GM: Brian Von Braun is wisely staying back, waiting for his partner to arrive before running down the aisle in getting into the squared circle.

[Von Braun's music stops playing as a voice rings out over the PA system.]

#WHO WAN' SIT ON SWEET DADDY'S LAP TAAANIIIIIGHT?#

[The sounds of "I'm Gonna Be Your Sweet Daddy" whip the crowd into a frenzy as Sweet Daddy Williams comes walking through the curtain into view. He's clad in a pair of red and white trunks with a matching windbreaker but the jacket has been unsnapped a bit, revealing the flabby torso of the Atlanta, Georgia fan favorite.]

PW: And his partner, from Hotlanta, Georgia....weighing in at three-hundred and two pounds. Here is...SWEEEEEEEEET DADDY WILLIAMS!

[Williams walks down the aisle, slapping all the outstretched hands that he can see, working his way towards the ring alongside his tag team partner for this night's battle, Brian Von Braun. Von Braun doesn't bother to slap any hands, instead pointing a finger right at Steven Childes who backs off a few steps, raising his fists at the ready. Williams grabs the top rope upon reaching the ring, shrugging off his jacket and shakin' his groove thang to a big cheer from the crowd...]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams is always a favorite of any crowd the AWA puts him in front of. A long-time veteran of the squared circle, he's a fan favorite in any building in the world, Bucky.

BW: Especially the concession stand owners of those buildings after he orders a dozen hot dogs for a pre-match snack.

[Gordon sighs as the two teams square off, huddling up with their partners to discuss who is going to start off. After a moment, Sweet Daddy Williams claps Von Braun on the shoulder before ducking through the ropes. Across the ring, Daniel Tyler does the same.]

GM: It looks as though Steven Childes and Brian Von Braun are going to be starting things off for their teams. Apparently neither man wants to wait any longer than they already have to get their hands on one another.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: We could be in for quite the tag team classic this evening with the pedigree of these men in the ring tonight.

BW: Plus Sweet Daddy Williams is here too!

GM: Don't under estimate Sweet Daddy, the man has a rich history of tag team wrestling including last year's Stampede Cup with Tin Can Rust. The man can tangle with the best of them, heck, he just sent Ronnie D. back to the retirement home only two months ago!

BW: Teaming with an old fossil and retiring another one. Yeah, he's a real winner alright. Maybe if he didn't spend so much time messing around in there like the goof that he is he'd manage to accomplish something.

[Brian Von Braun and Steven Childes circle the ring, feinting several times, feeling one another out...]

GM: Both men not wanting to make an early mistake here, looking for the opening...

[Childes dives in first and goes down to one knee for a single leg, only to have Von Braun hop back and out of the way.]

GM: Von Braun avoids the takedown attempt... Steven jumps back to his feet... and Von Braun with a takedown attempt of his own!

[But Childes also avoids it, sidestepping out of Von Braun's range.]

GM: We could be in for an unexpected technical treat this evening. All four of these men are extremely talented and due to some of their extra-curricular actions at times are often over looked when discussing some of the better pure wrestlers in the game.

BW: Plus Sweet Dadd --

GM: Oh, would you quit it?

[Von Braun and Childes circle again, this time both men shoot forward at the exact time and they lock up, collar and elbow, and as quick as they clash, they separate... both men shoving off and not liking the grip.]

GM: They come together and then break apart... neither man likes the-

[A quick grin is flashed by Childes, enough motivation for Von Braun to surge into a double leg takedown!]

GM: Oh my! He takes him down with ease!

[The crowd roars as Von Braun quickly takes the mount, hammering the downed Childes with right hands to the skull!]

GM: Von Braun's bringing the fire early in this one and-

[To the jeers of the crowd, referee Mickey Meekly steps in, forcing Von Braun off of Childes.]

BW: Sweet Daddy Williams just told the referee to let 'em fight. We know he loves a good fight as much as anyone but this one can turn into a pier six brawl in a hurry unless Meekly keeps things under control, Gordo.

GM: No doubt about that.

[With the referee holding Von Braun back, Childes gets back to his feet, dusting himself off, and gestures for his family rival to "bring it" again...

...which causes Von Braun to shove the official aside, locking up once more...]

GM: Back to the collar and elbow...

[The quicker Childes drops to a knee, sinking his arm through Von Braun's legs and floating him up and over onto his back with a picture perfect fireman's carry takedown.]



GM: Nice takedown by Childes...

[Childes holds onto the arm, chickenwinging it, and drags Von Braun back up to his feet.]

GM: Childes brings him up... Von Braun looking for an escape...

[Rolling towards the trapped arm, Von Braun slips out and behind Childes who he quickly waistlocks...]

GM: Von Braun going for a big throw early!

[The German suplex attempt comes up empty though as Childes flips backwards, landing on his feet out of the effort...]

GM: Whoa! A beautiful counter by Stevie Childes!

BW: Steven.

GM: Steven. My apologies.

[Childes rushes forward, arm outstretched...]

GM: Clothesli- ducked by Von Braun!

[...who hooks the leg of Childes as he rushes by, tripping him down to the mat where he snares the leg, twisting it...]

GM: He's going for the figure four! The Von Braun Leglock!

[Childes isn't having any of that though, planting his boot on the rear of the turning Von Braun to shove him out of the hold and into the ropes.]

GM: Childes with a counter as well - he wants to avoid that figure four at all costs...

[Von Braun grabs the ropes to stop his momentum, spinning and rushing Childes as he gets back to his feet...

...and throws himself into another single leg takedown attempt. He hooks onto the leg, holding tight as he straightens up, lifting Childes off the canvas before dumping him down on his back!]

GM: Oh my! Big takedown by Von Braun... and he's going after the leg again!

[Hanging onto the leg, Von Braun makes a second effort at securing the figure four...

...but this time, Childes wriggles free before the hold can even come close to being locked in, popping up to his feet where Von Braun snags him into a side headlock!]

GM: Great back and forth - move and countermove - action in the early moments of this one as these two rivals look to establish an advantage early on. The side headlock is on, being wrenched in as Von Braun looks to wear down Childes - a smart move considering the speed, quickness, and aerial tactics of a man like Steven Childes.

BW: You're not gonna get a submission out of a side headlock like this but you just might wear a man down enough to hit him with something else.

[Childes maneuvers his hands behind Von Braun, pushes off, forcing Von Braun out of the hold and into the ropes...]

GM: Childes shoves him off to the ropes...

[Von Braun charges back, his arm extended...]

GM: Clothesline ducked by Childes...

[Von Braun hits the far ropes, bouncing back again and ducking right under a leapfrog by Childes...]

GM: Von Braun hits the ropes a third time...

[Childes drops to his back, lifting his legs for a monkey flip...

...but Von Braun slams on the brakes, grabbing Childes by the ankle, twisting the leg...]

GM: He's going for it again!

[...and falls back into the Von Braun leglock!]

GM: The figure four is on! He's got it hooked in and-

[Daniel Tyler rushes in, delivering a big stomp to the head of Von Braun to force a break of the punishing hold.]

GM: Tyler breaks it up. He knows how dangerous that hold is.

BW: Of course he does. If nothing else, trust that Percy Childes has his men VERY well prepared for this match. They'll have watched tapes - studying, analyzing... trying to figure out what their opponents will do before they do it.

[The official steps in and sends Tyler back to his corner. As he gets up, an angry Von Braun shouts towards Sweet Daddy Williams in their corner.]

GM: Von Braun looks a little upset at his partner... I think he wanted him to jump in there as well.

BW: You're not gonna get a lot of that out of Williams. He's a fighter but he ain't someone willing to break the rules too often.

[Von Braun casts another angry look in his partner's direction before tying up once more. This time, Von Braun establishes control with an armwringer...]

GM: Von Braun grabs a hold of the arm and gives it a twist, putting the pressure on the limb...

[Childes struggles against the hold for a few moments before reversing the pressure, twisting his opponent's arm instead.]

GM: Childes reverses and now it's he who has control of the arm...

[Childes sneers at the wincing Von Braun as he twists it again...]

GM: And somewhere in the back of Steven Childes' head, you have to believe he's looking to soften up the arm for the Childes Play - that vicious double armbar he's so dangerous with.

[Childes sets his feet, attempting a third armtwist...

...where Von Braun suddenly reverses it, turning the pressure back towards Childes before sending him into the ropes.]

GM: Von Braun shoots him in...

[Von Braun attempts a scoop slam on the rebound...

...but Childes wiggles out over his shoulder, grabbing the arm...]

GM: Childes looks to counter and-

[Childes leaps up, flattening out and SLAMMING Von Braun's arm into the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Unique offense there by Steven Childes... and now he's looking to bring in his partner for the first time in this one.

[Holding the arm, Childes drags Von Braun back to the corner, giving it a hard yank before he reaches back to slap his partner's hand.]

GM: The tag is made as Tyler steps in, picking up where his partner left off with an armtwist... and right into the armbar!

[Tyler gives a shout at the official of "Check him!" as he wrenches on the hurting limb...

...just before Von Braun slips his good arm through the legs, scooping him up and slamming him down to the mat!]

GM: Nice counter by Von Braun... and he falls to the corner, making a tag of his own!

[Sweet Daddy Williams hustles into the ring, ready to throw some bones but Tyler is quickly back on his feet, fists up in a defensive posture. A grinning Williams claps his hands together a few times before circling Tyler.]

GM: Williams didn't get to bring the quick offense like he wanted to right there but he does have Tyler looking a little uneasy about being in there with the Hotlanta native.

BW: Now we'll get a chance to see what Tyler and Williams can do. Sweet Daddy was just itchin' to get into the fray - now look at him playin' up to these idiot fans.

GM: Sweet Daddy always loves to play to the crowd, he's a showman, there's no doubt about it.

[Williams and Tyler lock up for an instant before the larger man uses his size to shove Tyler across the ring and back into a neutral corner.]

GM: Williams backs him down... the ref calls for a break...

[Williams backs off, turning his back to do a little rump-shakin' jig in the direction of Tyler who sees red instantly, charging from the corner...

...where a BIIIIIG hiptoss takes him up and down onto the mat!]

GM: Oh my! What a throw by Williams to take Tyler down!

[With Tyler down on the mat, Williams lunges down, looking to snare a front facelock but Tyler quickly spins out and over the back of Williams. Sweet Daddy tries to get an arm or anything wrapped around Tyler who continues to spin in and out of his reach and then shoves him off and away from him...]

GM: Oh boy! Sweet Daddy isn't gonna like that! Daniel Tyler is playing with Williams and he might be lighting a fire underneath him that he can't put out. I'd be very careful if I were Daniel Tyler in this situation.

BW: Tyler is confident in his abilities... unless we're talking about a dance contest in which Sweet Daddy would mop the ring with all three of them.

GM: I'm not so sure of that. Ever hear the story of how Steven Chiles was discovered?

[The pair lock up once more with Williams forcing Tyler back towards the ropes but Tyler wisely uses his momentum against him, twirling Williams back into the ropes.]

GM: Tyler's got Williams on the ropes now... the ref calls for a break...

[Tyler steps back at the count of four only to get caught on the chin with a stinging right jab!]

GM: Oh!

[Williams follows, throwing a series of left jabs as well, catching Tyler solidly on the chin with every blow, sending him stumbling back as Williams swings his arms around...]

...and CRACKS Tyler with an uppercut on the chin, knocking him flat on the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! Big right hand by Williams! Sweet Daddy with a little jukin'...a little jivin'...and there it is.. WILLIAMS DROPPIN' THE ELBOW! Sweet Daddy with the cover! One! Two! Shoulder up by Tyler!

BW: It's gonna take more than an elbowdrop to pin Daniel Tyler, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure you're right.

[Williams snatches the arm of Tyler, pulling it into an armbar but Tyler quickly somersaults away from the pressure, twisting his body around before kipping up to his feet, twisting Williams' own arm around before securing a side headlock...]

GM: Tyler goes to the side headlock... Williams battling out...

[Williams hooks a side waistlock, lifting Tyler into the air...]

GM: Tyler flips out of it... grabs a waistlock of his own...

[Tyler sets, attempting to German Suplex the three hundred pounder but the crowd begins to cheer as they realize that Tyler's not taking him anywhere.]

GM: No way, Bucky! He can't get the big man up!

BW: I wouldn't think so.

[With his partner shouting advice to him, Tyler tries for the suplex a second time before a well-placed elbow catches him on the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Back elbow on target there...

[Williams rushes the ropes, highstepping over Tyler as he drops down on the mat...]

...and Von Braun slaps Williams' shoulder on the rebound.]

GM: Blind tag by Von Braun... Tyler didn't see it...

[Von Braun steps through the ropes, rushing towards Tyler...]

...who turns slightly, leaping up to lash out with his legs at full extension, catching the incoming Von Braun squarely on the chin!]

GM: Tyler with a beautiful drop-kick right into the face of the oncoming Von Braun!

BW: Tyler was only playing possum, Gordo! He saw Von Braun comin' the whole time!

GM: It would appear that way. A quick cover, he hooks the leg! One! Two! But that's all off the dropkick.

[Tyler quickly spins back to his feet, grabbing the legs of Von Braun on the way up and flips over him into a double leg cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd cheers as Von Braun thwarts Tyler's attempt to steal a win by bridging out of the double leg cradle, taking both he and Tyler to their feet where he spins Tyler over, hooking both legs...

...and SNAPS Tyler off the mat with textbook butterfly suplex!]

GM: Ohh! Nicely done... and there's a cover for one! He's got two!

[Tyler seems about to kick out when Childes makes his way in, stomping the back of Von Braun to force a break.]

BW: Save by Steven Childes! Steven coming to the aid of Tyler and breaking up the pin attempt!

GM: Oddly enough, it looked like Daniel Tyler was just about to kick out of that pinning predicament on his own.

BW: Childes ain't taking any chances in there tonight, Gordo. Not at SuperClash in their big return to the AWA. We talk about this being a grudge match but in the back of the Aces' minds, they're also thinking about the Stampede Cup and how a victory tonight could earn them a seed which makes that tournament a heckuva lot easier for ya.

GM: It absolutely does. Tyler to his feet, heading to the corner... Von Braun doing the same...

[The crowd cheers the double exchange as Williams steps in again, slapping his hands together. The fans clap along with him, trying to fire up the fan favorite from Atlanta, Georgia.]

GM: The fans are solidly behind Williams and Von Braun tonight to the shock of no one.

[The two men lock up in the middle of the ring with Childes easily spinning behind the older and slower competitor to secure a waistlock.]

BW: Sweet Daddy might be out of his element with both the pacing and direction this match is headed. Nobody has ever questioned Williams' ability to wrestle but he's surrounded by some of the finest Southern mat wrestling stars of our generation.

[Childes hangs onto the waistlock for a bit but Williams somehow uses his leverage to take hold of one of Steven Childes' wrists, taking him down to the mat.]

GM: A wristlock taked- hang on here...

[Childes rolls backwards in a somersault to his knees but a well-placed knee driven into the tricep area cuts his counter short. A second knee forces Childes up to his feet where Williams lays down the boom with a big forearm across the shoulder blades, putting Childes back down on the mat.]

GM: If you can't match skill with them on the mat, maybe it's time to turn this thing into a slugfest, Bucky.

BW: That's an area where Williams DEFINITELY holds an edge, Gordo.

GM: The big man may be trying to slow the match down to his tempo, still hanging onto the arm...

[Childes fights up to his feet where Williams fires him off to the ropes.]

GM: Childes off the far side...

[Williams plants himself in the center of the ring, crosses his arms... measures... and delivers...]

GM: DOUBLE CHOP BY SWEET DADDY! CHILDES COLLAPSES TO THE MAT!

BW: Williams with the cover!

[The three hundred pound frame slides over the downed Childes as Mickey Meekly kneels down.]

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

BW: NO, TYLER WITH THE SAVE!

GM: This time it's Daniel Tyler returning the favor, saving Steven Childes from what again looked like something he might've been about to kick out from on his own.

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit here.

[Williams glares at Tyler's back as the Delicious One exits the ring, leaving Williams to drag Childes off the mat...]

...where Childes throws a wild right hand that Williams easily avoids before countering with a jabbing left hand of his own!]

GM: Left jab! Back to the jabs goes Williams... two... three... four...

[With Childes wobbling, Williams plants a kiss on his right fist before burying it between the eyes of his opposition as the crowd roars!]

GM: Williams is building some momentum here... Childes back up to his feet, he's dazed...

[The big man bullrushes Childes back to the corner, slipping the side headlock into place as the crowd roars again...]

GM: He's calling for the Riley Roundup!

[Williams swings his arm in the air before re-securing the headlock, charging out of the corner...]

GM: RILEY ROUUUUUNDU-

[With Williams charging out of the corner, Daniel Tyler slips into the ring, wrapping his arm around the incoming Williams' neck as Childes - now free of the headlock - straightens up, mirroring his partner on the other side...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: CRACKERJACK!!

[The crowd jeers the combo Russian legsweep and STO from The Aces - an illegal doubleteam - that leaves Williams laid out!]

GM: Tyler saw the bulldog - and perhaps the end of the match - coming and he made a desperate move to save his partner!

[A livid Von Braun storms into the ring, screaming at the official who is trying to get Daniel Tyler out of the ring. But then the referee turns to yell at Von Braun who is even more angrier at that...]

...when Steven Childes claps his hands over his head before rolling under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Hey! That wasn't a tag!

BW: I was looking the other way but I'm pretty sure I heard a tag, Gordo.



GM: He clapped his hands together! That's not a legal tag!

[The referee finally turns back to the action where Tyler assures him that a legal tag was made. Shaking his head, Meekly waves for the match to continue as Tyler drags Williams off the mat, hammering him with forearms to the skull.]

GM: Tyler's doing a number on the fan favorite, hammering him down to a knee... now down to both...

[With Williams kneeling on the canvas, Tyler hooks a front facelock and SNAPS him skullfirst to the mat!]

GM: DDT! Perhaps not as much impact if the man was standing but it rocked Williams for certain, fans!

BW: It's a smart move too, Gordo. A lot of guys would have picked Williams up to hit it but Tyler knows from attempting that German Suplex that it takes a lot of energy to lift that fat tub off the mat.

[Tyler gets back to his feet, measuring Williams who has rolled onto his back...

...and drops a big knee into the gut of the fan favorite!]

GM: Ohh! That'll take the wind right out of you.

[Kneeling down with his hands placed on the other side of Williams, Tyler repeatedly slams his knee into the ribs...]

GM: Over and over again those knees hit the mark... and if his goal is to try and wear out Williams, he's going to accomplish it with an attack plan like that.

BW: Tyler's back up... he might need a breather of his own after hitting... what? Seven? Eight of those knees?

GM: I didn't get an exact count but whatever it was, it's left Williams down on the mat clutching at his ribcage. But a breather doesn't look to be on Daniel Tyler's mind as he steps out of the ring... he's heading up top!

[The crowd buzzes as Tyler reaches the top rope, measuring the downed opponent...

...and leaps off his perch, sailing through the air...]

GM: OHHH! He BURIED the knee into the torso again!

[Williams sits up, clutching his abdomen in pain before Tyler shoves him back down, applying a cover.]

GM: Tyler's got one! He's got two! He's got thr- no! No! Williams gets a shoulder up!

[The crowd cheers the knockout but then quickly jeers Tyler as he gets up, shouting at the official and stomping Williams simultaneously.]

GM: Daniel Tyler's showing some frustration after the knockout by Williams. You get the feeling he thought he had him after that flying kneedrop off the top but the man from Hotlanta isn't going down without one heck of a fight, fans.

[Tyler relents on the stomps for a moment, pacing around the ring muttering to no one in particular as Williams tries to push himself up off the mat to all fours...

...and Tyler angrily kicks the hand out from underneath him!]

GM: Oh, come on! What a jerk this guy is!

BW: You ain't seen nothin' yet!

[Tyler looks down at the belly-crawling Williams...

...and then DRIVES the heel of his boot down onto Sweet Daddy's fingers!]

GM: Give me a break! The referee didn't like that one any more than I did - or than these people did! He's right up in the face of Tyler.

BW: But Tyler's not backing down. The Aces have been abused by AWA officials far too many times and Daniel Tyler's not gonna take any of Meekly's garbage here tonight, Gordo.

GM: He'd better watch himself or he'll find himself on the loser's end of the purse just like Juan Vasquez did a little earlier tonight.

BW: I'll agree with you there. Tyler needs to stay focused and not lose his cool 'cause Williams is getting back to his feet again already!

GM: The man has so much fight in him, Bucky! Every time out, he gives the people all that he's got in him!

[Back on his feet, Williams grabs Tyler, who is still shouting at the referee, spins him around, and hammers him with a big right hand!]

BW: What an idiotic mistake by Williams! He needs to make the tag and he blew his shot at it right there!

GM: Tyler's firing back... a big right hand from Daniel Tyler!

BW: Answered by Williams!

GM: Tyler fires in another right!

BW: Williams surprises him with a quick left... another! Another!

GM: Williams kissing the right hand again... HERE IT COMES!

[Just as Williams swings, Tyler ducks down, hooks his neck, and spins around the back of Williams.]

GM: SLEEPERHOLD! SLEEPERHOLD BY DANIEL TYLER!

BW: Williams is flailing those blubbery arms, desperately trying to break free!

GM: Tyler has that move on tight though. You can almost hear his teeth grinding as he flexes those limbs around the throat of Williams. Von Braun is yelling out at Sweet Daddy, trying to rally his partner!

BW: He's starting to fade though, Gordo. He's down to one knee!

[Tyler digs in deeper, pressing his elbows inward and squeezing with all of his strength.]

GM: Listen to the crowd, they're letting Williams hear their support!

"SWEET DAD-DY!" "SWEET DAD-DY!" "SWEET DAD-DY!"

[Feeding off the fans Williams begins shaking his fists...mustering the strength...pulling himself back up...and driving his elbow into the gut of Tyler.]

GM: Williams with an elbow, and a second one! Tyler's grip is loosening up... and a third elbow does the trick! He's out of that sleeperhold!

BW: But he's still not going for the tag!

[A rallying Williams grabs Tyler by the arm, firing him off towards the ropes.]

GM: He shoots Tyler in... clothesli- ducked by Tyler and-

[The crowd reacts with disappointment as Tyler hooks in the sleeperhold again!]

BW: Sleeper! He's got the sleeper locked back on!

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams used everything he had to fight out of this predicament moments ago and now he's right back where he started.

[As it happened earlier, Williams quickly drops to one knee.]

BW: Tyler's biceps have gotta be on fire! If he doesn't finish him off this time, he's going to empty the tank on those things.

GM: Brian Von Braun is screaming for Williams yet again - he's desperate to get back into this fight against The Aces. But Williams is fading fast and The Aces could be seconds away from victory at the expense of Von Braun and his hand-selected partner, Sweet Daddy Williams.

BW: Hand selected because nobody else in their right mind would trust a Von Braun.

GM: The Von Brauns might not be known for their integrity but Brian has shown he can align himself with others in the past. We all remember what he had going in Toronto what seems like ages ago.

[We crossfade to the floor where Percy Childes, jaw still heavily taped, is pacing back and forth nervously.]

GM: There you see the manager of The Aces, Percy Childes... and you know he's got something up his sleeve if Williams and Von Braun are able to turn this thing around, Bucky.

BW: You always think Percy's plotting something. Maybe he's just reviewing strategy in his head.

GM: Dastardly strategies, no doubt.

[The official moves in sensing the end is near, grabbing the arm of Williams and lifting it up, and watching it drop quickly.]

GM: That's one! If the arm falls three times, this match is over, fans.

[Repeating the process he grabs Williams arm, lifting it again...]

BW: And two!

[The crowd stirs, cheering for Williams.]

GM: The fans in Los Angeles are fighting for Sweet Daddy Williams, he's going to need the sheer belief out of every single one of them to survive.

BW: He's not Santa Claus... although he's got the figure for it.

[The referee grabs his arm for the third time...lifts it.. lets go...]

BW: Annnnnd...

[Massive cheer.]

GM: It's up! Williams kept it up!

[Sweet Daddy rallies his strength again, forcing his knee up from the canvas and standing himself up.]

BW: Tyler is still squeezing, he's not letting go without a fight!

GM: Williams is stirring... he's building his strength back.

[Acting on instincts alone, Williams wheels his legs backwards, thrusting his body and Daniel Tyler towards the corner.]

GM: And he breaks the hold! Williams smashes Tyler's back into the corner!

BW: Tyler got crushed by his three hundred pound frame into the buckles!

[Still dazed, Williams staggers towards the center of the ring. Tyler, still smelling blood, leaps onto the second turnbuckle and quickly springs forward, landing on the back of Williams.]

GM: MY STARS, A SLEEPER HOLD FOR THE THIRD TIME! There's not much more of this Sweet Daddy Williams can take!

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

GM: You heard the call by the timekeeper. We've got five minutes left in the time limit for this one and-

BW: Von Braun has had enough! He's charging into the ring!

[As he does, the official instantly steps in his way, stopping the man once known as Hot Stuff dead in his tracks.]

GM: Von Braun is furious! He's giving the official an earful of what he thinks right now!

BW: Fantastic call by the referee there! Von Braun's got no business being inside that ring right now! Get 'im out, ref!

[Von Braun and Meekly engage in a shouting match as Williams struggles under the weight of Tyler on his back... ultimately having his knees buckle before collapsing across the bottom rope.]

GM: Sweet Daddy is down! He's laid out over the ropes and Daniel Tyler is still mercilessly strangling him!

BW: That idiot Von Braun has the referee tied up and he's not even aware that Tyler is choking Williams on the bottom rope!

[With Meekly's back to the action, Percy Childe moves into action wielding his crystal-topped cane and DRIVES the butt of it into the forehead of Williams!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Come on nothin'! That whole thing was Von Braun's fault! He can't keep that red-hot temper of his under control - just like the rest of his family - and now his partner is paying the price for it.

GM: That serpent, Percy Childes, has struck hard in the closing minutes of the time limit for this match. You just knew Percy couldn't sit back and watch any longer!

[Suddenly, Von Braun recklessly rushes forward, nearly steamrolling the official who steps out of the way and fortunately just gets shoulder checked in the process. Von Braun dives onto the back of Daniel Tyler breaking the sleeper that was still intact, flailing away with rights and lefts that land anywhere that Von Braun can manage to connect! The crowd is roaring for the fiery display as the referee rushes to intervene!]

GM: Von Braun just snapped, fans! He snapped and went right after Daniel Tyler.

BW: But again, the referee's having to force him out of here. He's not doing his partner any favors, Gordo.

GM: Well, he got Tyler off him for the time being. Von Braun's being backed across the ring - very lucky he didn't get disqualified right there for nearly running the official right over. I know it's SuperClash, and the referee's are going to let the wrestlers teeter that line a bit more, but even I am surprised this match wasn't just thrown out.

[Sensing his moment, Stevne Childes bursts into the ring. With the ref distracted, he instantly clasps his hands around the legs of Williams, stepping in-between... wrapping them... and falling back!]

GM: Figure-four leglock! Childes is using the Von Braun's signature family move on Sweet Daddy Williams! Brian Von Braun is about to jump out of his mind!

[A crazed Von Braun nearly rips the hair right out of his head as Childes peeks over his shoulder, taunting his rival...

...just when the referee swings around, ordering Childes to break the hold.]

GM: And Childes lets up, but the damage has been done!

[Tyler turns, exiting the ring as Childes continues to shout at Von Braun who slams his fists into the turnbuckle.]

BW: This is the second time that the Aces pulled the old switcheroo on the official, using Von Braun's temper in their favor.

“THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!”

GM: And as the timekeeper makes it official - three minutes to go in the match, you can feel a sense of urgency coming from these two teams, knowing they don't have much time left to put the other man away.

[Childes pulls Williams off the mat, the larger man barely able to hold himself up on Jello legs...

...and tugs him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Childes is lookin' to finish it off right now. He's going for the Jacksonville Spike!

[Reaching down for an arm, Childes looks for the underhook when suddenly Williams straightens up...]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP!!

[The crowd roars for Williams as he collapses to his knees, facing away from his corner...]

GM: Childes got cocky and Williams made him pay for it... but can he take advantage of it? Can he get to his corner and make the tag in time to win this match for his team?

[An exhausted Williams edges forward, slapping his hands one by one down on the mat as he drags himself towards the corner..

...and makes a lunging tag to a waiting Brian Von Braun! HUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: THE TAG IS MADE!! IN COMES VON BRAUN!!

[Racing across the ring, Von Braun CONNECTS with a leaping forearm smash to the side of Daniel Tyler's head, knocking him down before he can get into the ring to intervene.]

BW: That's not fair! He's not even legal!

GM: Von Braun wants to keep him out of this... and oh yeah! He's got Steven Childes dead in his sights, fans!

[The crowd is rocking inside the Los Angeles Sports Arena as Von Braun stalks towards Childes who lifts his hands, begging for mercy as he backs away...

...and Von Braun rushes him, lifting him up over his shoulder, and throwing him down with a king-sized double leg takedown!]

GM: Oh my! Here we go!

[The cheers intensify as Von Braun hammers a prone Childes with rights and lefts, pouring them down over a stunned Childes as Percy hammers the ring apron with his cane and "Radiant" Raven looks on with concern.]

"TWO MINUTES LEFT!"

GM: Only two minutes to go! I know how badly Von Braun wants a piece of Childes but he's gotta get back in the game here. He needs to look for a way to finish off Steven Childes!

[The punches continue to pour down, Childes defenses becoming less and less effective allowing more and more blows to slip through.]

GM: Von Braun has lost it! He's beating the daylights out of Steven Childes! Von Braun is relentless! I've counted over a dozen punches already - this is a year's worth of frustration and hatred spitting out of his fists!

[The referee steps in, trying to get Von Braun to back away. A shout of the time remaining seems to snap Von Braun out of his rage as he climbs to his feet, dragging Childes up by a fistful of hair.]

GM: Both men back up... running out of time quickly now...

[Holding the handful of hair, Von Braun charges towards the ropes, leaping into the air...

...and SNAPPING Childes' throat over the top rope!]

GM: OHH! HAIRPULL HOTSHOT!! Von Braun sacrificing his own body! Dynamic, effective, but at what cost?

[Shaking off the effects of the hard fall, adrenaline still pumping through his veins, and as he gathers himself up his eyes now lock on the man that orchestrated the end of not only his father's career, but the man who has been trying to put an end to the family legacy all together -- that man would be Percy Childes of course.]

GM: Percy Childes is out there and he's got that cane, fans! He's threatening Von Braun with that cane and-

[A fuming Von Braun takes a step towards Childes but the Radiant femme-fatale known as Raven slithers in-between them.]

GM: Get her out of there!

BW: Von Braun's COMPLETELY lost focus on the match now, Gordo.

[Raven serves as a perfect distraction as Daniel Tyler grabs Von Braun from behind, swinging him around into a right hand! Von Braun is ready though, throwing one in response!]

GM: Von Braun and Tyler are trading shots out on the floor! Neither man is gaining an advantage, neither man-

BW: Sees what's headed their way!



[Sprinting.]

GM: OH --

[Handspringing.]

BW: MY -

[And hurling his body over the top rope and to the outside.]

GM: STAAAARS!!!!

[Steven Childes connects with a flying space tiger drop, CRASHING across the bodies of both Brian Von Braun and Daniel Tyler.]

GM: HE HIT IT! CHILDES WIPED OUT BOTH MEN AND BODIES ARE EVERYWHERE! Von Braun is down! Tyler is down! Steven Childes is laid out over both of them!

BW: Which leaves...

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams! Sweet Daddy is up and he's -- What in the world?!

[Looking out at the roaring crowd, an exhausted Williams gives himself a couple of big belly slaps...

...and heads towards the corner, dragging himself up, step by step, one rope at a time!]

GM: Don't do it, Sweet Daddy!

BW: Get the camera ready.

"SIXTY SECONDS REMAIN!"

[With his legs wobbling, he perches himself up on the top turnbuckle...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! He can't do this, Bucky!

BW: He's gonna try!

[Seeing his men in danger, Percy Childes signals to Raven who climbs up on the apron, drawing the referee's attention...

...which allows Childes to climb up on the apron, rearing back with his cane...]

GM: NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The crystal-topped cane connects SOLIDLY across the back of Sweet Daddy Williams, causing him to front flip off the top rope...

...and CRASH AND BURN on the barely-padded floor!]

“OHHH!”

GM: HE’S OUT!! HE’S DOWN AND OUT!!!

BW: Get a spatula ‘cause that fat tub of a pancake is done, daddy!

[Amidst all the chaos, Brian Von Braun regains his feet, throwing a stunned Steven Childes back into the ring.]

GM: Are those two the legal men?!

BW: I don’t think anyone knows at this point, Gordo.

[With Childes down on the mat, Von Braun grabs him by the foot and lets loose a “I’m gonna break your leg, punk!”]

“THIRTY SECONDS REMAIN!”

GM: Von Braun steps over the extended leg of Steven, spinning, grabbing Childes other leg and folding it over! Childes is trying to fight it! He's flailing his arms! Von Braun muscling through it!

BW: VON BRAUN LEGLOCK!

[The crowd erupts as Von Braun falls back... equally cheering for Von Braun and the sight of Steven Childes screaming in pain.]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT HIM HOOKED!

BW: Childes can't take much more of this!

[The referee gets tied up with Percy Childes, waving his cane madly.]

GM: The referee just turned his back on-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Childes slaps the mat repeatedly!]

GM: Steven Childes just gave up!

BW: But the referee’s all tied up with Percy! Percy saves his men again and-

[Brian Von Braun angrily breaks the hold, springing to his feet...

...and rushing the ropes, grabbing Percy by the collar! HUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: Von Braun's got him! Get him, Brian!

[With Von Braun and Percy tangled up with the official, suddenly another man joins the fray inside the ring...]

GM: We've got a- is that a fan?

BW: If that's a fan, where the heck is security?!

[The camera catches full view of the "fan" - thickly built with loosely tousled hair, a fu-manchu mustache, and somewhatl anky arms and legs.]

GM: Wait a second... I think I know that-

BW: What's he doing?!

[The "fan" marches across the ring, swinging Von Braun violently around to face him.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Look at Von Braun! He looks like-

[Von Braun looks stunned... shocked... completely caught in disbelief...

..for the split second before Daniel Tyler CRACKS him over the back of the head with Percy's cane!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The "fan" grins, exiting the ring...

...but not before dragging Steven Childes on top of Von Braun just as the referee wheels around...]

GM: NO!

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Steven Childes promptly rolls off Von Braun, thrusting his arms triumphantly into the air as the crowd erupts in jeers. A jubilant Percy Childes rushes up the steps, climbing onto the wooden ramp alongside Raven as Daniel Tyler stumbles over to join them as well as the "fan."]

GM: Bucky... look at that man who we thought was a fan... isn't he-?

BW: My god, I think you're right!

GM: That's... that's Brian Von Braun's BROTHER! I can't recall his name offhand but he's the youngest of the Von Braun family... I'm almost sure of it.

BW: I've seen him backstage before when Scott Von Braun was a referee here in the AWA. That's him! You're right, Gordo... you're absolutely right, it is!

GM: Which makes the question - why?! Why in the world would he do that to his own brother just now?!

[Steven Childes joins his comrades out on the ramp, taunting the downed Von Braun who has been joined by a very badly hurt Sweet Daddy Williams who is wincing with every movement.]

GM: The Aces are walking out of here the victors but at what price.... what could Brian Von Braun have done to deserve this?!

BW: Do you think the Aces were in on this? Did Percy know?

GM: Look at him - the youngest Von Braun - out there with them - they look as thick as thieves together! I think Percy Childes knew all along... I think this is what he had in mind from the moment this match was announced. The ultimate slap in the face to the Von Braun family!

[Williams helps Von Braun up to a seated position. Brian grabs at the back of his head, wincing as he turns to look down the aisle at The Aces and company - including his own brother - backing down the ramp...]

GM: Von Braun still looks shocked... still looks like he can't believe what happened. We just got word from one of our researchers - that man's name is Tulsa Von Braun... indeed, the youngest son of Scott Von Braun which makes him Brian's little brother.

[Brian Von Braun gets helped to his feet by Williams...

...and then makes a wobbly beeline towards the ropes, stepping through them and marching down the ramp after the group!]

GM: He's going after them! He's going after- look at Tulsa! Tulsa's taunting him, begging him to come after him!

[But as Brian wobbles towards him, Percy, Raven, and Tulsa take to a mad dash towards the locker room...

...which leaves Childes and Tyler to try and stop Brian Von Braun!]

GM: He's comin' for 'em, Bucky! He's comin' for 'em all!

[A pair of right hands from the fired-up BVB dispatches both members of The Aces as he continues to charge down the ramp...]

GM: He got past 'em! He's coming for his baby brother and Percy Chides who HAD to be in on this together, fans!

[Von Braun gets to the entrance curtain, disappearing out of sight...

...while Daniel Tyler and Steven Chides regroup on the ramp, looking first for Von Braun...]

GM: The Aces might need to go help their manager - he might be in some trouble if Brian Von Braun gets his hands on him...

[...and then Chides points to the staggered Sweet Daddy Williams back inside the ring, the veteran leaning against the ropes to try and stay on his feet. With a smirk, Tyler nods, and the duo rushes back to the ring to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: No! They're coming for Sweet Daddy Williams, fans!

[Williams catches Tyler with a right hand as he comes through the ropes but isn't quick enough to catch Chides before he takes a few to the gut from Steven.]

GM: The Aces are in the ring, looking for a two on one on Sweet Daddy Williams!

[Williams tries to fight them off, swinging with all he's got but eventually begins to tire and fade as he collapses to his knees under repeated hard blows to the skull from the Aces!]

GM: The Aces are all over Sweet Daddy Williams!

BW: And you gotta think that Williams might be regretting agreeing to be Von Braun's partner right now. Where is he at, Gordo? Where is Von Braun now?!

GM: The Aces are dismantling Sweet Daddy Williams right in front of our eyes! Payback for coming to the aid of Von Braun!

[With Williams down at their feet, Chides and Tyler switch up their attack to a series of brutal stomps on the aging veteran when suddenly...]

GM: YES! VON BRAUN IS COMING ON BACK!

[A fired-up Brian Von Braun comes tearing back through the entrance curtain - wielding a piece of metal piping in his hand.]

GM: Von Braun couldn't let the only man who was willing to stand beside him suffer for it!

[In a moment that makes the hair on your arms rise, Brian Von Braun bears down, surging forward... lunging through the ropes...]

GM: Von Braun is in!

[Tyler turns, ready to defend himself...

...and gets the end of the pipe jabbed into his midsection, knocking him down where he promptly rolls out to the entrance ramp!]

GM: Tyler's down!

[Von Braun swings around, pointing the pipe at Steven Childes who backs off, hands raised as the crowd goes NUTS!]

GM: Oh yeah! This is what the people wanted to see all night long! They want to see Brian Von Braun take it to Steven Childes...

BW: With a metal pipe?!

GM: With whatever it takes to get the job done!

[Von Braun suddenly rushes towards Childes who ducks under a Matt Kempesque swing for the skull, rolling across the ring to his feet...

...where Sweet Daddy Williams cracks him in the jaw with a right hand!]

GM: Sweet Daddy's back up as well! He's been through hell and back tonight but the man keeps on fighting!

[Childes promptly rolls out to the floor, making a dash for it as Von Braun throws the metal pipe down in anger inside the ring, shouting at the retreating Aces!]

GM: Von Braun and Williams are standing tall, fans! The Aces may have won the match but it's Von Braun and Williams who are left standing in the ring, Bucky!

BW: Truly a sight I never thought I'd see.

[Von Braun nods to Williams, Williams back to Von Braun. Brian reaches out... grabbing the hand of Sweet Daddy Williams and raising it up in the air as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Oh yeah! What a moment for these two! What a SuperClash moment! They may have lost the match but right now, they stand together in unison against the The Aces, Percy Childes, and... I can't believe I'm saying this but... Tulsa Von Braun! Incredible.

[As a furious Von Braun keeps glaring down the ramp at the retreating Aces, we crossfade to grainy, black and white footage. This time it's of Scotty Mayhem on a rampage, throwing chairs out of the way, grabbing at his hair and generally being a maniac destroying the ringside area.]

V/O: What was once old...

[Then a cut to footage of a surfer riding a large wave, crashing off his white board into the crystal blue water.]

...is new again.

[Black screen... then in white lettering.]

SUNSHINE

STATE

WRESTLING

COMING SOON!

[Crossfade back to live action where Jason Dane is standing alongside AWA co-owner, Todd Michaelson.]

JD: I'm back here in the locker room area with one of the owners of the AWA, Todd Michaelson. Todd, welcome to SuperClash!

[Michaelson grins.]

TM: It's good to be back in Los Angeles.

[Big cheer inside the building!]

JD: Speaking of which, coming up in a short while is something that many wrestling journalists have pointed out is most certainly NOT what the AWA is all about - of course, I'm talking about the Barbed Wire match pitting Alex Martinez versus William Craven.

[Another big cheer from the fans in the building. Michaelson grins again.]

TM: Sounds like THEY think it's what the AWA is all about.

JD: Seriously.

TM: Seriously? It's the very first Barbed Wire match in AWA history. It's taken us nearly five years to get here. It's a match to settle a rivalry over a year in the making. Now, it may have been officially sanctioned by our former employer but you'd better believe this one's got "AWA" written all over it.

[Dane looks incredulous.]

JD: You honestly want these people at home to believe that the AWA is HAPPY that this match is happening? That given the chance, you wouldn't have scheduled this for a Falls Count Anywhere or a Texas Death Match or the like.

[Michaelson shifts his weight uneasily.]

TM: Look, if you're asking me if this would have been MY first choice for a stipulation, the answer is no, okay? This isn't why I signed on when Bobby Taylor called me in the middle of the night with an idea. I signed on to see athletic competition... great professional wrestling... and the kind of stuff I remember growing up as a fan of this business. I didn't sign on to see the kind of... stuff... that Blue put on on a regular basis.

[Speak of the devil. Jason Dane's view drifts off-camera as the former owner of the EMWC walks into view, shaking his head at his former color commentator. Chris Blue is dressed rather stylishly for him - a black suit and white dress shirt - simple and subtle.]

JD: Mr. Blue, I'm-

[Blue interrupts.]

CB: Todd Michaelson... your lack of gratitude disturbs me.

[Michaelson bristles at the statement, glaring at Blue.]

TM: I never said I wasn't gratef-

[Blue raises a hand, getting the intended silence.]

CB: How many years was it, Todd? How many years did I put a roof over your head? Food on your table? Hell, I even landed you a wife. The reason these people in this building even know your name?

[Blue jerks a thumb at himself.]

CB: It's me, Todd. It's the "stuff" that I put on on a regular basis. We can all stand here in the light of day now and say how much we hated barbed wire and broken glass and thumbtacks and fire because of what it did to the boys - shortening careers, ruining lives - you know, all the buzz words that people use when discussing what we did better than anyone else.

[Blue's gaze narrows, his voice getting more strained and hushed.]

CB: But don't you ever pretend that in the darkness, what we did didn't make you who you are today. You... Taylor... Stegglet... the lot of you need to take a moment and appreciate what got you to the dance because it sure as hell wasn't your wrestling ability.

[And "ohhhhhh" rings out from inside the building.]

CB: Most promoters would've taken a guy with a bum back who couldn't deliver anymore and shown him the door. You would've been one of those pathetic wrecks that Monosso talks about... but I gave you a chance. I put you behind that table with a mic in your hand and said, "Show the world what you can do."



[Blue nods.]

CB: So don't you DARE stand back here and try to look down on me and what I did for this industry. History may not look fondly on me from ten years ago but whenever this business needs its collective ass saved, who the HELL do you think they come calling on?

[Another slight nod, gesturing at himself with an open palm.]

CB: It would be nice if you people would show some appreciation... or at least some god [BLEEP] respect.

[Blue's gaze is burning through Michaelson who seems about to respond when Blue shakes his head.]

CB: Save it. I don't need to hear anything else from you.

[Suddenly, he snaps out of it, a grin on his face.]

CB: Now, if you'll excuse me... I've got business to attend to.

[Blue stalks off, leaving Dane and Michaelson behind. Michaelson lingers for a few moments before making his own exit which leaves Jason Dane all alone to wonder out loud...]

JD: Business?

[And we fade to a black screen with the sounds of a red hot crowd. A graphic appears...]

"In 2009..."

[We fade up to show Ben Waterson, steel briefcase in hand, up on the ring apron and shouting instructions to Duane Henry and Cletus Lee Bishop. Cletus Lee has a dazed Adrian Freeman up on his shoulders as Duane Henry scales the turnbuckles...]

"OHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE HELL?!

[...and gets SMASHED in the knee with the briefcase, sending him flying sideways off the top rope to the concrete floor! A shocked Cletus Lee looks on as Adrian Freeman smashes his arm up into the groin, rising up to receive a thrown briefcase from Waterson that he uses to bash Cletus Lee over the skull, knocking him to a knee.]

GM: WHAT DID WATERSON JUST DO?!

[As Waterson shoves Calisto Dufresne under the ropes into the ring, the Ladykiller hooks a front facelock on Cletus Lee as Freeman kneels under him, using all his strength to shove Bishop horizontal to the canvas...

...where Dufresne SPIKES him skullfirst into the metal briefcase!]

GM: DOWN! DOWN TO THE STEEL!

[Freeman throws the briefcase aside, dragging the official over as Freeman scores the three count.

The shot goes black once more for a moment before another graphic comes up...]

"In 2010..."

[The video comes back, showing Dave Cooper whipping Jackson Haynes across the ring, looking to set up for the spinebuster... but Haynes grabs the ropes, refusing to rebound. An angry Cooper charges him...

...and a desperate Haynes drops his head, backdropping Cooper all the way over the top rope and down to the floor as the crowd roars in response.]

GM: HE SENDS COOPER TO THE FLOOR!!!

[Haynes leans against the ropes, breathing heavily for a few moments before throwing himself into the hand of Danny Morton who comes in face, rushing to the far ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: A SUICIDE DIVE THROUGH THE ROPES BY MORTON!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[With Cooper completely laid out, Morton lets loose a wild whoop before throwing the Professional back into the ring. Morton pulls himself back up on the apron, ducking through the ropes...

...but Eric Matthew Somers intervenes, grabbing Morton by the throat from his spot on the apron!]

GM: He's got Morton by the throat!

[Morton wraps up the arm, blocking the chokeslam and unleashing a series of headbutts that stuns Somers. Morton breaks away, hitting the ropes again...

...but Cooper steps in unexpectedly, lifting Morton off the mat and DRIVING him back down!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER!! SPINEBUSTER!!

[Cooper covers, getting a very close near fall. He gets back up, arguing with the official as he reaches down, grabbing Morton's legs...]

GM: He's going for the Cloverleaf!

[...and gets dragged down to the mat in a cradle! Jackson Haynes sprints into the ring, wrapping himself around the legs of an incoming Somers as the referee hits the canvas three times!]

GM: THEY DID IT! THEY DID IT! VIOLENCE UNLIMITED BEAT THE CHAMPS!

[We fade to black again for a moment before a new graphic comes up.]

"In 2011..."

[As the footage comes back up, we see a bloodied and dazed Danny Morton pulling James Lynch off the mat...

...when Lynch suddenly slaps the arm away, sinking his fingers into the blood-soaked skull of Morton!]

GM: CLAW!

[A desperate Morton buries a knee in the gut, wrapping his powerful arms around Lynch's torso...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACK! DROP! DRIVER!!!

[Lynch hits HARD on the back of his head and neck, his older brother Jack cringing at the impact from his place on the apron as James rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Can James Lynch get up to beat the ten count though? If he can't, it won't matter! If he gets counted out, this match is as over as if he got pinned, fans!

[Inside the ring, Morton collapses from the exertion, blood pooling around his head on the canvas as Jackson Haynes shouts at him from their corner, slapping the top turnbuckle to try and revive him.]

GM: The sounds tell the story in this one, fans! The crowd is shocked but trying to rally their favorites while the two partners on the apron try to get their partner to their feet!

[With the referee continuing to count towards ten, Danny Morton rolls himself out to the floor, dragging a motionless James Lynch to his feet and shoving him under the ropes to a deafening roar from the Atlanta crowd.]

GM: Danny Morton puts James Lynch back in! He didn't want to win that way! He didn't want the countout!

[Back in the ring, Morton collapses into the turnbuckles, slapping the hand of his partner who races in, lunging into a cover for a very close near fall.

Haynes slams his fists into the canvas several times before dragging Lynch off the mat to his feet. The Hammer looks him dead in the eyes, shaking his head...]

GM: You get the feeling that Jackson Haynes didn't want to have to do this. He wanted the kid to stay down but...

[Haynes jerks Lynch into a standing headscissors. A terrified Jack Lynch turns away from the ring, unable to watch as the near three hundred pound big man lifts the much-smaller Lynch into the air...

...at which point, a desperate James Lynch hooks his legs around Haynes' head, dragging him down to the canvas, reaching back to tightly hook both legs!]

GM: CRADLE!! CRADLE!!

[Jack Lynch sprints across the ring, throwing himself around the legs of Morton as the official drops to count, the fans counting with him for the three count!]

GM: THEY DID IT!! THEY DID IT!! THE LYNCHES WIN THE CUP!! BY GOD, THE LYNCHES WIN THE CUP!!

[Fade to black for a long moment before another graphic emerges.]

"What will 2013 bring?"

[It fades. One more.]

"The Stampede Cup Returns In 2013..."

[Fade to black... and then back up to live action where our announce team is seated at ringside.]

GM: The Stampede Cup returns in 2013 indeed. We know that later tonight, we'll be hearing more details about the biggest tag team tournament in the world. Freeman and Dufresne, Violence Unlimited, The Lynch Brothers... and who? One team will get to add their name to the roll call of the greatest teams in our business and earn themselves one million dollars in the process - the biggest cash prize in the sport. But that's later... right now, we're about to go to the ring for a match that will see the end of one of two historic careers, Bucky.

BW: Somehow you knew it would have to end like this, Gordo. When Joe Petrow arrived here in the AWA, everyone was a little wary. You knew his past, his reputation... you knew the stories from his days in Portland. But he honestly seemed like a changed man.

GM: In the end though, we realized that nothing had changed for Joe Petrow. Joe Petrow helped engineer and execute one of the most despicable

acts ever perpetrated in the history of our sport - the out and out theft of the AWA National Title.

BW: In a lot of ways, Gordo, everything the AWA has been through this year from Westwego to the tournament to the crowning of a new World Champion to all the drama with Sharif and Bathwaite... all of that comes back solidly onto Royalty and Joe Petrow.

GM: Throughout all of that, there was one man who seemed almost... possessed by a desire to rid our business of Petrow... and that man is the now-former Chairman of the AWA Championship Committee, "Big" Jim Watkins. Watkins and Petrow have sparred on the mic... in the court room... in the board room... and now, after months and months of all that, they're going to finally settle their differences once and for all inside this squared circle, Bucky.

BW: Two men enter with their careers intact... but only walks out that way. And we're not just talking in-ring careers, Gordo. I've seen the language on the contract. There's no announcing... no refereeing... no backstage suit... Watkins' Chairman job would be toast... heck, these two couldn't even volunteer to set up the ring or sell popcorn if they wanted to. They lose this one? They're done... forever.

GM: It's what they both wanted. And tonight, it's gonna happen. Fans, I'd settle in because this is gonna be a fight like few we've ever seen before in this company. Phil Watson, take it away, my friend...

[The shot crossfades to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is a RETIREMENT MATCH!

[Anticipation pop from the crowd!]

PW: It is set for one fall with a one hour time limit. The only way to win this match is by pinfall or submission in the ring. And the loser of this match will be barred from \*any form\* of further participation in professional wrestling FOREVER!

[Increasing anticipation pop from the crowd!]

PW: Introducing first, with a last known residence in Phillips County, Montana, weighing 218 pounds...

He is the last man to wear the prestigious IIWF World Heavyweight Championship...

Ladies and gentlemen...

[Watson takes a deep breath.]

PW: He is "SYCHOSYS"...

J000000000000000000E  
PEEEEEETROOOOOOOOOOOOW!

[The fans wait for what they expect to be a spectacular entrance...but nothing at all happens for about five seconds.]

BW: Where is he, Gordo?

GM: I'm not sure. Could Joe Petrow be having second thoughts on this match?

BW: It's a little late for that, don't you think? If he doesn't show up, I'm guessing he loses by forfeit anyways and is done.

GM: I'm sure you're right but it might save him the beating of a lifeti-

[A voice rings out over the PA system.]

"If only it were that simple..."

[The crowd buzzes for a moment before a person that is not Joe Petrow emerges to a confused pop!]

GM: What the-?! It's Chris Blue!

[The former owner of the EMWC, current owner of Empire Sports, and tonight's co-promoter slowly walks into view from a very dark top of the entrance ramp. It's so dark, it takes several steps from Blue before we can actually see him fully.]

CB: I'm sure many of you are wondering why I'm standing here right now and not Joe Petrow...

[The crowd buzzes in the affirmative, perhaps fearing the worst.]

CB: There two reasons why I'm out here tonight. The first of which is... well, after the hell I've watched Joe Petrow put this entire industry through over the course of his career, there's not a place in the world other than right down there at ringside that I'd rather be to see his career end firsthand!

[Big cheer!]

CB: The second is...

[Blue grimaces.]

CB: The fact is that the AWA and Jim Watkins are not the only people have burned by a business deal with Joe Petrow.

Several years ago, Empire Sports at my order signed a very special contract for Joe Petrow to appear at Showtime X which was, at the time, scheduled to be the final show in the legendary history of the EMWC.

[Pause.]

CB: However, that show did not happen... and as a result, a series of many obscure conditions that Mr. Petrow's legal team had inserted into the contract kicked in. Conditions that had no expiration date and could be enacted essentially at the will of Joe Petrow.

[Blue shakes his head in disbelief.]

CB: Trust me... there were many a lawyer in my offices that got a pink slip over that contract.

However, over the years, we lived up to our end of the obligations and every condition of that contract has been met.

Except for a pair of conditions - two final conditions - that Mr. Petrow informed both our office and the AWA front office of his intention to enact earlier this week...

[Blue pauses, pulling a sheet of paper into view.]

CB: The first of these statements says - and I quote...

"At the risk of further corruption and deception by Jim Watkins, the AWA front office, and the officiating crew assigned to the AWA's SuperClash IV event, Joe Petrow has elected to execute the clause in his contract that will make this Retirement Match..."

[Blue pauses again, looking out at the crowd.]

CB: "A No Disqualification, No Countout Match."

[HUUUUUGE CHEER! Blue nods.]

CB: Oh, I agree. Nothing I'd like to see more than Jim Watkins kick this guy's teeth in with no rules holding him back.

But this second one...

[Another shake of the head as he lifts the paper once more.]

CB: "Mr. Petrow has also elected to enact the final clause in his Empire Sports contract which provides that at an Empire Sports event of his choosing, Empire Sports will provide a live musical ring entrance."

[Blue folds the paper and starts to put it away.]

CB: Tonight, Empire Sports and myself rid ourselves of any future obligations to Joe Petrow - win, lose, or draw.

[Blue pauses, snapping his fingers in a "Crap, I forgot" moment.]

CB: Apparently, Mr. Petrow also specified specific verbiage for me to use during this...

[Blue unfolds the paper, looking at it again with another shake of the head.]

CB: In this moment, I ask that you please remember that I'm about to say what I'm contractually obligated to say... please.

[Blue grimaces before speaking again.]

CB: Ladies and gentlemen... when introducing the greatest World Champion... the greatest professional wrestler of all time... it is only fitting to have him brought to the ring by the greatest musical act of all time...

[Blue turns his head, muttering something off-mic.]

CB: Ladies and gentlemen of Los Angeles... please welcome...

[Blue's head drops, making the next words barely audible.]

CB: Limp Bizkit.

[A series of groans and catcalls rain down on the former EMWC President, who soaks them in.]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[Blue waits a few more moments before lifting a hand.]

CB: I'm sorry for that. Like I said... I'm reading what I'm legally obligated to say to you all.

[The jeers fade a bit as an embarrassed Blue looks out over the crowd.]

GM: Of course. Joe Petrow wanted one more cheap shot at Chris Blue so he brought up one of the moments that Blue openly admits was one of his biggest mistakes as a promoter... a moment that he admits to regretting.

BW: Heheh... I like Petrow's style, Gordo.

GM: You would.

[Blue finally shakes it off, lifting the mic again.]

CB: Ladies and gentlemen... hand-selected by Joe Petrow for this entrance... back for one night and one song only...

DISTURBED!



[A curtain to Blue's left is raised, and sure enough, David Drainman, Dan Donegan, Jon Moyer, and Mike Wengren appear with full band regalia, who immediately break into song!

After about 20 seconds of intro jamming, Drainman heads straight into song.]

# STEP UP! CAUSE YOU'RE THE NEXT ONE IN LINE FOR THE KILL #  
# YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME BUT I'M BETTING THAT YOU WILL! #  
# STEP UP! I'LL LET YOU LIVE A LITTLE BIT WITH THE PAIN THAT I BRING #  
# YOU KNOW IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING! #  
# STEP UP! CAUSE YOU'RE THE NEXT ONE IN LINE FOR THE KILL #  
# YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME BUT I'M BETTING THAT YOU WILL! #  
# STEP UP! I'LL LET YOU LIVE A LITTLE BIT WITH THE PAIN THAT I BRING #  
# YOU KNOW IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING! #

[Cut back to the ring entrance curtain, where a shadowy figure begins to emerge...]

# I'M BREAKING THE LIMIT INSIDE YOU! #  
# STOP BEGGING SOMEONE TO HIDE YOU! #

[The figure walking forward is "Sychosys" Joe Petrow, wearing a t-shirt, all-black pant-length trunks, and all black boots, and carrying a sledgehammer...]

# I'M BREAKING THE LIMIT INSIDE YOU! #  
# STOP BEGGING SOMEONE TO HIDE YOU! #

[Petrow is closing in on the camera shot...]

# I'M BREAKING THE LIMIT INSIDE YOU! #  
# STOP BEGGING SOMEONE TO HIDE YOU! #

[As Petrow is now very close, he begins to stop and reach back with the sledgehammer...]

# I'M BREAKING THE LIMIT INSIDE YOU! #

[Reaching the apex of his back swing...]

# DON'T RUN AWAY #

[He swings forward...]

# BRING IT ON #

[And hit hits...]

# STRAIGHT TO ME! #

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

[...the pane of glass that, as a wide shot a second after shows, has been set of specifically for the purpose of Petrow to smash at the appropriate time in the song, the glass shattering all over the stationary camera that was filming the spectacle, The home viewer was treated to a view of glass shards flying straight at them, which would have been even cooler if the show were filmed in 3D.]

BW: Whoa!

GM: Joe Petrow, certainly with a flair for the dramatic here, is perhaps making his way to the ring for the final time as a professional wrestler. It's been a storied career for Mr. Petrow including being the final man to wear the historic IIWF World Title... cementing his name in the history books alongside names like Hardin, James, Thunder, and Kowalski - all Hall of Famers in their own rights.

BW: And you've gotta believe that digs into Joe Petrow's brain... knowing he's got a resume to put up against all of them yet can't merit a serious discussion as a Hall of Famer because of his reputation OUTSIDE of the ring.

GM: You reap what you sow, Bucky.

[As Disturbed's "Glass Shattering" plays on, Petrow does a slow 360 to take in the majority of boos and isolated pockets of Sychopathic ecstasy, giving us a good look at his "No Catchphrases: I'm Joe Petrow" t-shirt, the back of which features a large tombstone with the inscription:

BIG JIM WATKINS

SAY HI TO QUIGS FOR ME!

[As the second refrain is about to begin, Petrow tosses his weapon aside and walks to position himself in front of his private band, holding his arms out in a crucifix position and resting his head back.]

# I'M BREAKING THE LIMIT INSIDE YOU! #  
# STOP BEGGING SOMEONE TO HIDE YOU! #

[The shot switches to a wider view for the next part.]

# I'M BREAKING THE LIMIT INSIDE YOU! #  
# STOP BEGGING SOMEONE TO HIDE YOU! #

[PSSSHEW! PSSSHEW! PSSSHEW! PSSSHEW!]

# I'M BREAKING THE LIMIT INSIDE YOU! #  
# STOP BEGGING SOMEONE TO HIDE YOU! #

[BOOMBOOMBOOMBOOMBOOMBOOMBOOMBOOMBOOMBOOM!]

# I'M BREAKING THE LIMIT INSIDE YOU! #  
# DON'T RUN AWAY BRING IT ON STRAIGHT TO ME! #

[BA \*\*\*BOOOOOOOOOOOM \*\*\*!!!]

[A spectacular pyro display accompanies the high points of the refrain. As the band plays on, Petrow rushes to a camera and yells "50 G's WORTH OF PYRO! THANKS BLUE!"]

GM: Joe Petrow certainly made Empire Sports go all out for this spectacular entrance. Live music, pyro, lighting... these aren't the kinds of things we're used to seeing the AWA spring for so Petrow went to the guy with the deep pockets.

[After this, Petrow makes a mad dash for the ring, throwing himself between the top and middle ropes, flying halfway into the ring where he front rolls to his feet, running to the far ropes. After bouncing off, he runs to the near side, leaping onto the middle rope, while grabbing the top rope with both hands and, for the remainder of the song, works the ropes like a bucking bronco, threatening to break down the very ring that he is about to do battle to.]

# DON'T RUN AWAY BRING IT ON STRAIGHT TO ME! #

[Petrow stops his shaking as abruptly as the song ends. The fans let out a great cheer for the band performance, but Petrow remains fixed on his perch, intently staring at the ring entrance.]

GM: All the show... all the theatrics... all the final cheap shots... those are over, fans. Now Joe Petrow awaits the man who he'd like nothing more than to end here tonight in Los Angeles.

[Phil Watson reluctantly steps back to the middle of the ring, eyeing Petrow warily.]

PW: And his opponent...

[There's a momentary delay as Watson lowers the mic, waiting as Petrow gives a shout of "COME ON, YOU SON OF A BITCH!" The PA on cue kicks to life with Johnny Cash's "Ain't No Grave" to a HUGE cheer from the Los Angeles crowd.]

PW: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in tonight at 262 pounds...

He is "BIIIIIG" JIIIIIIIM WAAAAAAAATKINNNNNNNNS!

[The crowd's cheers intensify as the camera cuts to a shot of cowboy boots walking through the broken glass, crunching the shards underneath them. A billow of smoke lit up by yellow lighting pours out of the entrance tunnel as we cut back to a head on shot, showing "Big" Jim Watkins striding into view. Watkins is clad in blue jeans and a wifebeater tank top that is covered with

the Stars and Stripes of the American flag. The camera pans up to a sweat-covered stony face with a gaze locked on the ring and the man who will be looking to end his career in this business on this night.]

GM: Now there's a man whose intensity can be felt all the way down here at ringside, Bucky.

BW: Jim Watkins knows exactly what's at stake, Gordo. His very presence in the industry that he's been a part of for thirty-seven years.

GM: Watkins began training to be a professional wrestler at the age of 18 in 1975, fans. This is a man who has been a part of this business for his entire adult life. It's this business that brought him his livelihood... his mentor, a father figure to him in the late Blackjack Patterson... his wife, his kids... all came to him through the industry that he loves.

BW: And tonight, he faces the very real possibility at the age of fifty-four years old of having it all taken away from him by a man he flat out despises, daddy.

[Watkins stalks down the entrance ramp towards the ring, dressed more for a street fight than a professional wrestling match in his jeans and boots.]

GM: When you look at Watkins coming out here in that attire, you have to wonder if someone tipped him off as to Joe Petrow's intentions here tonight, Bucky.

BW: It had to have happened. We've heard the rumors for a while now that Petrow had something up his sleeve. Someone in the office had to know... and Watkins still has allies in the office despite his suspension.

[As Watkins gets closer to the ring, Petrow hops down from his perch, flashing a little smile at the former executive as he sits on the middle rope, holding them open for Watkins...]

GM: Look at Joe Petrow... always wanting to be the center of attention. Always wanting all eyes on him.

BW: Jim Watkins said that Petrow wasn't truly happy unless he was the man in the spotlight and when you watch an entrance like we saw tonight, you kinda have to think he might be right about that.

GM: Petrow told the world he wanted to be the kingmaker... but make no mistake, Joe Petrow has always wanted to be the king.

[Watkins stands, glaring at Petrow until referee Marty Meekly manages to get Petrow to back off, leaving Watkins an opening to step through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Watkins steps into the squared circle... and this should be something else, fans.

[Watkins stands in his corner, tugging at the tape on his wrists as a maniacal-looking Joe Petrow bounces back and forth in his corner, occasionally pointing and shouting across the ring...]

GM: Petrow's out of control, Bucky!

BW: Marty Meekly's gonna have a tough time here. Blue may have done him a favor by taking the DQs and countouts out of the picture. Now he can just stand aside and let these two tear each other apart until only one man is left standing.

GM: And that's exactly what I expect they'll do, Bucky... they're gonna tear each other apart.

[The camera holds on the ring, a mile-long staredown from across the ring in full swing as the crowd is buzzing with anticipation for what they're about to see...

...when suddenly the bell rings!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as Joe Petrow sprints across the ring at full speed, surprising Jim Watkins with a flurry of right hands to the head...

...and then promptly pulls him down to the mat in a small package!]

GM: Whoa!

[A shocked Marty Meekly dives to the mat, barely getting a one count down before Watkins kicks out of the cradle.]

GM: A one count only there for Petrow who came out of nowhere with-

BW: Here he goes again!

[Petrow scrambles up quickly, taking advantage of the much-slower Watkins who has just barely gotten a foot back underneath him when Petrow springs up onto his shoulders, facing the same direction that the Texan is...

...and pulls him down with a Victory Roll!]

GM: Down again gets one! It gets- that's all... just another one count.

[But Petrow wastes no time, again scrambling to his feet first as Watkins takes just a hair longer. Petrow rushes to the ropes, ducking under a wild right hand by Watkins, rebounding off...]

GM: Joe Petrow is a blur of motion early on in this contest - off the far side...

[...and taking a doubled-up Watkins down in a sunset flip!]

GM: One! Two!

[Watkins clashes his heels together on Petrow's head to break up the pin attempt. That causes both men to be a little bit slower in getting to their feet this time.]

GM: Three quick pin attempts by Joe Petrow.

BW: And this is completely not what we expected, Gordo. With the bad blood between these two, we thought they'd be beating the heck out of each other, looking to spill blood all the way to the Pacific... but that ain't what's happening. Petrow's looking to pull off the quick win!

[Petrow ducks under another wild right from Watkins, reaching back to hook the arms and drags the bigger man down in a backslide!]

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

[But again Watkins breaks out of the pin attempt to the cheers of the crowd.]

BW: Watkins is moving slower now, Gordo. Petrow may be wearing him out by making him exert so much energy in the opening moments of the match. Maybe THAT'S the strategy.

GM: You could be right. Both men climbing to their feet again - Petrow gets there first...

[Petrow rushes forward again, leaping up and hooking Watkins' left arm with his arms while flinging his legs up to scissor the right arm before dragging the big man down to the mat!]

GM: Another pin attempt!

[With Watkins crucified down to the mat, the referee lunges to all fours.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But again, Watkins isn't about to go down that easily, kicking out for the fifth time in the opening moments of the match.]

BW: The crucifix can't get the job done either but Watkins is obviously slowed down from all this energy he's putting out to kick out of these pins. Joe Petrow is working a gameplan here at the start of this Retirement Match.

[Petrow scrambles up, a wild-eyed expression on his face as he loops around behind the rising Watkins...

...and lunges in once more, dragging him down in a schoolboy cradle!]

GM: Schoolboy out of nowhere! He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[Watkins again kicks out, a little slower this time and with less gusto.]

GM: That one was a little bit closer, fans. Jim Watkins is obviously starting to tire in the-

BW: Six kickouts, Gordo! Six pin attempts and six kickouts by Watkins!

[As Watkins rises once again, Petrow grabs him in a rear waistlock, rushing him towards the ropes where they bounce off together before Petrow drags him down in a rolling reverse cradle...]

GM: Look at that! Shades of Adam Rogers!

[Petrow flings himself backwards in the move known as the Natural Bridge, earning another two count before Watkins kicks out...]

GM: That's seven! Seven pin attempts in the- oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers as Petrow, down on all fours after the kickout, reached over to the recovering Watkins and raked his fingers across the eyes!]

GM: Petrow goes to the eyes and- well, so much for the pin attempts!

[Petrow lunges, shoving Watkins down onto his back as Petrow takes a really loose mount. He instantly starts throwing right hands to the head of his rival as Watkins raises his arms to cover up.]

GM: Big right hands by Petrow and-

[Showing a total lack of control, Petrow starts throwing the left as well, raining down near-constant blows with both arms in almost a flailing fashion. There is no precision in his striking... no efforts to get past Watkins' block... just sheer rage and violence as he batters the arms of Watkins with fist after fist.]

GM: The referee's telling Petrow to let up but that's the extent of his control in this one, fans. He can not count... he can not disqualify. All Marty Meekly can do is sit and watch the violence unfold.

[Petrow raises his arms over his head, linking his hands together before slamming a double axehandle down across the arms of Watkins... and again... and again...]

GM: Petrow has snapped!

[The bulk of Petrow's weight is thrown backwards as he swings his arms up for another blow...

...which allows Watkins to push off the mat with his legs, throwing Petrow out of the mount.]

GM: Watkins escapes!

[Watkins tries to get up quickly, knowing that a nearby Joe Petrow is doing the same thing but Petrow beats him there, hammering the point of an elbow down between the eyes of a kneeling Jim Watkins.]

GM: And it has been all Joe Petrow in the opening moments of this match.

BW: I expected it to go this way at some point, Gordo, but I really thought the beginning of the match would go the old man's way as he came in hot and firing...

[Petrow lands a second overhead elbow before simply wrapping his hands around the throat of Watkins.]

GM: That's a choke, fans!

BW: But totally legal in this one. Meekly can't say a thing to Petrow about it.

[Petrow gets an enraged look on his face as he digs his thumbs into the fleshy part of Watkins' throat with a shout of "DIE! DIIIIIE!"]

GM: We have to say right now - Joe Petrow is a man without an AWA contract... without any AWA loyalties. You can bet that if anyone is going to attempt to abuse our being on Internet Pay Per View here tonight - it will be him.

BW: So, what you're trying to say is?

GM: Parental discretion is most certainly advised for this one.

[The chokehold pushes Watkins flat on his back on the mat where Petrow finally breaks it, slamming home a pair of right hands to the skull before climbing to his feet... and violently stomping Watkins right across the sternum!]

GM: Ohh! A hard stomp to the chest and that one seemed to do a number on Big Jim, Bucky.

[Rolling to his chest, Watkins grimaces as Petrow takes advantage of the moment to stomp the back of his rival a few times as well. He leans down over Watkins, using what's left of the cowboy's hair to drag him up to his knees.]

"THIS IS ON YOU! THIS IS ALL ON YOU!!"

[Another overhead elbow catches Watkins on the eyebrow, sending him toppling back down to all fours. Petrow paces around the hurting Watkins, shouting "UP! GET UP, YOU PIECE OF CRAP!" as he makes a loop around his enemy...

...and then BURIES a punt-style kick into the ribcage!]



GM: Ohh! Good grief!

[Watkins rolls to his back, clutching his side in pain as Petrow stands over him, arms raised and that twisted little grin on his face as the crowd tries to boo him out of the building.]

GM: These fans do not like this man one bit... and after all he's done over the course of his career... especially his years here in the AWA, who can really blame them?

[Petrow stomps the ribs again... and again.. and a third time before Watkins manages to roll under the ropes out onto the elevated ramp.]

GM: Watkins is out on the entrance ramp, trying to get a breather from those shots to the ribs... but that's not about to happen.

BW: Not on Joe Petrow's watch. He's comin' after the old man.

[Petrow steps through the ropes onto the ramp, ignoring the referee's cries to "keep it in the ring!"]

GM: Remember, fans, there are no countouts in this one.

BW: No disqualifications either so they can pretty much do whatever they want out there.

GM: Which is a terrifying thought if you're a fan of "Big" Jim Watkins.

[Petrow arrives just as Watkins is pushing up to a knee and slams a right hand into the eyebrow. He measures Watkins, holding the back of his head, and smashes a second haymaker into the same spot. Reaching down, he hooks Watkins under the arm, hauling the bigger man to his feet...]

GM: What's he doing, Bucky?

BW: I think he saw this done earlier! He's gonna finish Jim Watkins right now!

[Moving over towards the edge of the ramp, Petrow slips his arm under Watkins' arm, looking to hiptoss him off the elevated platform...

...but a well-placed right hand to the gut cuts off the attempt!]

GM: Jim Watkins with a right hand to the midsection!

BW: Watkins knew he was in a whole lot of trouble - maybe even done for - if he went off that platform. We saw that happen earlier tonight to Calisto Dufresne and he lived to tell about it but he's a much younger man than Jim Watkins is, Gordo.

GM: That's right. Jim Watkins is double tough and that toughness is legendary in our sport but he's also fifty-four years old. That makes it

difficult to recover from a lot of the moves we'd take for granted in our world.

[A second right hand doubles up Petrow as Watkins steps out of the hold. He twists his body, grabbing Petrow by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip!

[But instead of sailing off the platform, Petrow gets fired into the ropes where he rebounds off...

...and gets LAUNCHED!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIIIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP ON THE RAMP!! My stars!

[Watkins collapses against the ropes chestfirst for a moment, breathing heavily as Petrow writhes in pain on the wooden platform.]

GM: Joe Petrow just took a backdrop on that wooden ramp and there ain't no give in that platform, fans! Petrow's back just took a beating for sure!

[Watkins turns around, leaning against the ropes as he stares at the downed Petrow...]

GM: Jim Watkins has to be conflicted right now. On the one hand, he needs some time to recover from the assault that Joe Petrow has laid on him until now... and that backdrop would certainly buy him that time. But on the other, we've got Joe Petrow vulnerable for the first time in the match and Watkins needs to take advantage of it.

BW: Right now, he's taking that breather, Gordo. And that's the age shining through. He was able to hide it a bit better in the Tower Of Doom since it was a team match but here in Los Angeles at SuperClash IV - in a one-on-one match with his career on the line - those fifty-four years are shining through bright as day for us all to see.

[Pushing off the ropes, Watkins lumbers towards Petrow who has just pushed up to all fours...

...and returns the favor by burying a cowboy boot into the exposed ribs!]

GM: Ohh! Turnabout is fair play, fans! And now it's Joe Petrow who is hurting from that boot to the body!

BW: Those are cowboy boots too! Not wrestling boots! Watkins was looking to break some ribs with a kick like that.

[Watkins stalks towards Petrow who has rolled a few feet away...

...and SLAMS a second boot into the ribs!]

BW: This hardly seems fair to me, Gordo!

GM: Fair?! When the heck has Joe Petrow ever played fair in ANYTHING here in the AWA?! Think about what he's done with Mark Langseth... think about how he turned Dave Cooper on the fans of the AWA... Joe Petrow is a menace to this company and whatever Jim Watkins has to do to rid us of him is a-okay in my books.

[A third boot connects as well, sending Petrow rolling about half the distance away from the ring. Watkins leans down, pulling Petrow up at the halfway point of the ramp. He dips down, scooping Petrow into the air...]

GM: He's gonna...

[...and SLAMS him down on the ramp to a loud "THUUUUD!" and a roar from the crowd!]

GM: ...bodyslam the man on the wooden ramp! Good grief!

[Petrow howls in pain, rolling to his chest and snaking an arm around to grab at his lower back as Watkins stands over him, glaring at his foe. Watkins gives a shout to the crowd who echoes in response as he leans down to grab Petrow again...

...and gets an uppercut right into the throat!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Petrow!

[Staggering up to his feet, Petrow hammers a forearm across the back of Watkins, knocking him down to all fours. Petrow slumps down to his knees, grabbing Watkins by the back of the head with both hands...]

GM: Petrow pulls Watkins up off the ramp...

[The maniacal Petrow leans in, whispering something into Watkins' ear...]

GM: What could this lunatic possibly be saying to Jim Watkins right-

[...and then SLAMS Watkins' skull into the platform!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief, fans! Joe Petrow just DROVE the man's head into that wooden platform - the entryway to the ring.

[Petrow stays kneeling next to Watkins, that same old twisted grin on his face as he slowly starts chuckling to himself.]

BW: He's laughing, Gordo! Joe Petrow is laughing!

GM: Of course he is. He's a psychotic and that's not just part of his wrestling nickname. I truly believe this man may be certifiable.

[Petrow leans over, slapping Watkins on the shoulder a couple of times before muscling him over onto his back.]

GM: Watkins took a hard shot to the head on the platform there... he may be out cold, fans.

BW: I think he got his arms up in time to absorb some of that, Gordo.

GM: I hope you're right about that.

[Petrow pushes up off the platform, reaching down to grab Watkins by the leg...]

GM: What's he doing now?

[...and starts dragging him towards the top of the entryway.]

GM: Where the heck is Petrow going?!

BW: He's heading for the entrance... and he's taking Jim Watkins with him!

GM: I don't get this at all, fans.

[The crowd is buzzing as a chuckling Joe Petrow, Watkins' leg draped over his shoulder, drags the bigger man up the ramp towards the exit of the arena.]

GM: For those of you at home, bear with us... we're going to get some cameras in position backstage in case this fight spills into the locker room...

BW: Or worse.

GM: You're right. With Petrow out here, the fight could end up down the 110 freeway at the Staples Center or Dodger Stadium... or maybe just fighting on the freeway itself!

[Petrow reaches the area right before the curtain before he shrugs Watkins' legs off his shoulder. He turns, pointing to all the crowd nearby...

...and then grabs his crotch, shouting in their direction to even more jeers.]

GM: Fans, we apologize for that. Remember, we do advise parental guidance during this match. Joe Petrow is NOT an AWA employee and we have absolutely no control of what he may do here tonight.

[Petrow leans down, dragging Watkins off the floor by the arm. He swings him around, Watkins' back to the curtain before delivering a big right hand...]

GM: Ohh! Haymaker by Petrow!

BW: Gordo, I just figured out why he pulled him over there! The ground! Look at the ground!

GM: My stars, you're right! All the broken glass from his entrance is right there next to where they're standing... another right hand by Petrow! He's trying to knock Watkins down into the broken glass!

[Petrow measures Watkins, measuring him for another right hand...

...and SMASHES a fist between the eyes!]

GM: What a shot!

BW: He's got him wobbled, Gordo!

GM: Watkins is hanging on, barely able to stay on his feet...

[Another right hand connects, causing Watkins to take a step back into the broken glass!]

BW: If Petrow knocks him down, he'll cut his back up until it looks like Swiss cheese!

GM: Another right hand... and another... he can't knock him down though!

[A frustrated Petrow switches his stance, raising both hands over his head for a double axehandle...

...and gets a right hand to the gut!]

GM: Ohh! Watkins fires back!

[Watkins swings around, grabbing Petrow by the hair for another big right hand that sends him stumbling back towards the broken glass.]

GM: Watkins has turned this around... now he's trying to get him down in the glass...

[Watkins winds up a third time, cracking Petrow across the jaw. Petrow's arms start wheeling around, arms circling over and over as he tries to keep his balance...]

GM: He's got Petrow in trouble! He's got him in serious trouble here!

[Watkins lifts his fist to his mouth, planting a kiss on it as he winds up one more time...

...and a desperate Joe Petrow throws a frantic foot into the groin of his rival!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PETROW KICKS HIM LOW!!

[The low blow causes Watkins to double up but doesn't take him all the way down surprisingly. Petrow looks surprised but smashes a knee up into the face of Watkins, knocking him down to his knees on the elevated ramp.]

GM: Petrow puts him down!

[Petrow frantically looks around, trying to puzzle out what to do next...

...and then ducks back through the curtain, striding through the broken glass.]

GM: Where the heck is he going?

BW: With Petrow, who knows? What a far cry this Joe Petrow is from the guy we've seen with Royalty the last couple years. The guy in the fancy suit, preaching respect and-

[The crowd ROARS in shock as Petrow strides through the curtain...

...with a sledge hammer gripped in his hands.]

GM: Oh... my... god.

BW: Holy... did I just call it or not, Gordo?! This guy is nuts! He's absolutely friggin' nuts! He's got a damn sledge hammer in his hands that he used during the entrance!

GM: What's he gonna do with it?!

BW: What the hell do you think he's gonna do with it?! Some construction work?!

[Petrow lugs the heavy hammer through the glass, the crowd buzzing with concern for Jim Watkins as the Sychotic One draws closer.]

GM: Oh my... somebody's gotta stop this, Bucky.

BW: There's no disqualifications! What do you want someone to do?!

GM: I don't... he's gonna cave the man's skull in! Heck, he's gonna kill the man!

[Petrow stands over him, grinning madly as he spits in both hands, grabbing the hammer's wooden handle...

...and raises the hammer all the way back, the head of it bouncing off his back...]

GM: No, no, no! Don't do it, Petrow! Don't do this!

[...but a well-aimed right hand to the gut cuts him off!]

GM: Watkins catches him with a right...

[A second right doubles up Petrow, causing him to drop the hammer into the broken glass. Watkins gets to his feet, grabbing Petrow by the hair and winding up his right hand...

...and getting a thumb snaked into his eyeball!]

GM: Oh! Petrow to the eyes!

BW: These two are really trading shots here, trying to get the better of one another right there with that broken glass underneath them!

[Petrow grabs Watkins by the head, tugging him into a front facelock where he slings one of Watkins' arms over his neck...]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: Petrow's gonna suplex him into the glass!

[Grabbing a handful of jeans, the smaller man sets his feet and attempts to hoist his enemy off the wooden ramp. But the buzzing crowd gets louder as Watkins struggles against it, refusing to be taken into the air.]

GM: No! He can't get him up!

BW: He's gonna try it again!

[A second lift attempt goes as nowhere as the first...

...and then Watkins pulls off a standing switch, swinging around so that he's got Petrow hooked for the suplex into the glass!]

GM: Oh my! Watkins turns it around! And now it's HIS turn to try and put Petrow into all those shards of jagged broken glass!

[Watkins powers Petrow up...

...but Petrow lashes out with a knee to the skull, causing Watkins to stagger as Petrow lands on his knees on the ramp. He lunges forward, smashing his head into the midsection and really putting Watkins on rubbery legs in the middle of the scattered broken glass!]

GM: Watkins is in trouble! Petrow's got him in-

[Petrow grabs the head, throwing a trio of short right hands before dancing away from the staggered Watkins who is struggling to keep his balance...]

GM: Petrow creates some distance...

[Petrow spins back towards Watkins, rushing in his direction, leaping up into the air where he hooks Watkins' head between his legs...]

GM: What the-?!

[The momentum turns Watkins' around where the big man holds his ground, holding Petrow up in powerbomb position...]

GM: Oh my stars! He's gonna powerbomb the man on the glass! He's gonna-

[...where Petrow frantically starts hammering the skull of Watkins, trying to battle his way free before he gets driven down onto the broken glass!]

GM: Petrow's fighting it! He's trying to get loose of Watkin-

[Struggling and battling, Petrow slips free to land on a knee just beyond the broken glass...]

...and gets a BRUTAL front kick right in the chest, sending him sprawling backwards!]

GM: NO!

[And again just narrowly missing the broken glass, the top of his hair skimming across some of the shards!]

BW: Whew. That was too close, daddy.

GM: It certainly was. No matter how any of us feel about Joe Petrow, I don't think any of us want to see the man thrown into broken glass, Bucky.

BW: Well...

GM: Bucky!

[Watkins reaches down, dragging Petrow up to his feet by the hair where he drags him back down the elevated ramp, heading back towards the squared circle.]

GM: I have to say, I'm a little bit relieved that they're getting away from the sledge hammer and the broken glass. We may be in Los Angeles but this is the AWA - not the EMWC.

BW: Tell that to Blue sitting out here at ringside. I asked him earlier tonight if he would be out here at all - said he wouldn't miss this one for the world.



GM: Why is that?

BW: Said he wanted to be in the front row to see Joe Petrow's career end once and for all.

GM: Charming.

[Watkins reaches the ring, tossing Petrow effortlessly over the ropes and down onto the mat.]

GM: "Big" Jim's bringing this fight back into the ring as we close in on the fifteen minute mark of this one.

[Watkins goes to step through the ropes when Petrow leaps to his feet and kicks the middle rope right up into the groin of Watkins!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Petrow goes low! Again!

[Petrow drags Watkins through the ropes, quickly tying his arms up between the top and middle ropes to incapacitate him.]

GM: Uh oh! Petrow's got him trapped in the ropes!

BW: What if he goes to get that sledge hammer now?!

GM: I wouldn't put it past him, Bucky... not one bit.

[Dropping down to his back, Petrow rolls under the ropes to the floor as Watkins struggles against his bindings, trying to free himself. Dropping to his knees, Petrow tugs the ring apron up, digging underneath it...]

GM: What the heck is he looking for?

BW: On a night featuring barbed wire and ladders, who the heck knows, Gordo?!

[Digging under the apron for a bit, Petrow finally emerges, holding a heavy metal chain in his hands, hoisting it above his head to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: It's a big steel chain - like something the Russians would carry around.

BW: It could be EXACTLY that. Don't think for a second that Petrow wouldn't know all about Big Jim's history. He probably knows all about Watkins' history with Velikov and Kostovich.

GM: You're probably right... he probably knows all about Watkins' wars with Vladimir Velikov back in '95.

[Petrow tosses the chain through the ropes into the ring before he rolls back in himself. Climbing back to his feet, he wraps the heavy chain around his right hand...]

GM: With Jim Watkins still trapped in the ropes, Joe Petrow becomes even more dangerous with that chain on his hand and-

[Petrow grins at a struggling Watkins, mocking him by pretending to free himself before suddenly winding up his right arm...

...and DRIVING the metal links into the forehead of Jim Watkins to the jeers of the crowd!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Petrow backs away, tugging the chain back onto place as he watches Watkins slump down in the ropes. The referee steps in, looking to free Watkins from the ropes when Petrow shouts at him, stepping in to hurl the official aside...]

GM: Oh, come on! Get your hands off the ref, Petrow!

[With Meekly out of the picture, Petrow raises his right hand again, smashing it into the forehead for a second time... and a third... and a fourth...]

GM: He’s hammering Watkins with the chain! Get him off the man!

[Petrow finally bounces away, throwing the chain out to the floor as we catch a glimpse of a heavy stream of blood escaping the forehead of Jim Watkins.]

GM: My stars, he’s busted wide open, fans! Joe Petrow just broken open the forehead of Jim Watkins with that heavy metal chain!

[A gleeful Petrow applauds his own actions as he stalks back in, Watkins barely able to stand as his arms remain trapped in the ropes.]

GM: Watkins is still stuck in the ropes and that’s exactly how Joe Petrow likes it.

BW: This is EXACTLY what Petrow wanted, Gordo. He got the old man right where he wants him and now he can finish him off and end his career right here in the middle of the ring at SuperClash IV.

GM: Joe Petrow has been a nightmare to deal with for ages now - imagine what he’d be like if he manages to somehow retire Jim Watkins here tonight to boot.

[Petrow leans in, shouting at Watkins...]

“YOU’RE A NOTHING! A HAS-BEEN! AN OLD PIECE OF SHI-”

[...when the mic abruptly cuts out before we can catch the whole of his shouting, the camera switching to a panning shot of the ringside crowd.]

GM: Fans, we again apologize for the language of Joe Petrow as he-

BW: What in the...?

GM: Uhhh... is he-

[The camera cuts back to the ring just as a kneeling Petrow looks up at the bloodied Watkins, a twisted smile on his face...

...and hooks his hand around the... lower body... of Jim Watkins!]

BW: He's got a clawhold on his-

GM: We can all see what he's grabbing, Bucky!

BW: He said he'd do it! He said he wanted to do this in this match!

GM: Well, that's not exactly what he said he'd do but let's hope it doesn't go any further than this.

[Petrow grits his teeth as he squeezes...

...and then looks puzzled up at Watkins who doesn't seem to be in THAT much discomfort considering the hold that's applied.]

GM: Joe Petrow's trying to inflict more pain on Jim Watkins but...

BW: They always said that he had steel down there.

GM: Oh, would you stop?

[An angry Petrow climbs to his feet, looking questioningly at Watkins...

...and then lives up to his words as he tugs Watkins' waistband forward, shoving his hand down the front of Watkins' pants as we abruptly cut to a shot of a horrified looking man in the crowd.]

GM: I think the look on that young man's face says it all. Let's keep our cameras off the ring for a few moments here, guys.

BW: I can't believe he's got his hand down the man's pants, Gordo!

GM: Joe Petrow is a sick human being. I get the feeling that there's nothing he WOULDN'T do here tonight to beat Jim Watkins. Shoving his hand in the man's pants may be the least of what we see here.

[As we cut back to the ring, we see a protective cup and jockstrap dangling from the hand of Joe Petrow...]

BW: It was a clever idea for Big Jim.

GM: Too bad it didn't pay off though. Petrow has removed that protection and-

[A fuming Petrow lunges forward, shoving the cup and jockstrap into the face of Watkins, rubbing it back and forth over his nose and mouth before finally throwing it into the crowd.]

BW: Now THAT'S a weird souvenir.

GM: You can say that again.

[Petrow drops down to his knees, a big smirk on his face...

...and reapplies the clawhold - this time to great effect as a bloodied Watkins howls in pain!]

GM: Come on, referee!

BW: Hey, it's a no disqualification match! There ain't a damn thing Meekly can do about any of this, daddy.

GM: I hate to admit you're right - especially in this instance - but you certainly are.

[Watkins screams in pain for several moments before a grinning Petrow releases the hold, climbing back to his feet where he rears back and slaps a still-trapped Watkins across the face...]

GM: Oh, come on! If you're gonna beat the man, just pin him and get it over with!

[Petrow grabs at the arm of Watkins, finally freeing him from the ropes. He drags the larger man to the middle of the ring, grabbing him by the back of the head and smashing his bloody face into the mat!]

GM: Ohh!

[Petrow muscles Watkins onto his back, applying a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But the shoulder comes off the mat to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Two count only for Petrow and-

[Grabbing the back of Watkins' head, Petrow hammers home a series of short right hands to the cut forehead, likely doing further damage to the already slashed skull.]

GM: Petrow's going right after the laceration on the forehead of Watkins, trying to split that head open a little bit more.

BW: And while it just looks like a brutal thing to do, the fact of the matter is that it's a pretty sound strategy. Bleeding like that can take a lot of wind out of a man's sails... and when your sails are old and tattered like Watkins, it can be the difference in the match.

[Petrow climbs to his feet, delivering a few stomps to the forehead as well before pulling Watkins back to his feet...

...and chucking him through the ropes, bouncing him down on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: Petrow sends Watkins to the outside... and he's going out after him, fans!

[The jeering crowd gets louder as Petrow steps out on the ring apron, waving for Watkins to get back to his feet with an "UP! GET YOUR ASS UP, OLD MAN!"]

GM: Petrow's on the apron, measuring Big Jim...

[As the bloodied Watkins starts to stir, pushing to a knee, Petrow backs himself up against the ringpost, still waving for Watkins to rise...]

GM: Petrow's ready... he's set...

[Watkins pushes up off the floor as Petrow comes charging, leaping off the apron in a crossbody attempt...

...that Watkins snatches out of the air, pivoting in one motion, and DRIVING Petrow spinefirst down on the floor! HUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! WHAT A POWERSLAM ON THE FLOOR!!

[Watkins rolls off of Petrow, breathing heavily as blood continues to pour from the wound on his forehead. Petrow winces in pain, rolling to his side and clutching his lower back as the crowd continues to cheer the big counter from Jim Watkins.]

GM: Big Jim knew he was in some serious trouble there and knew he had to find a way to turn things around before it got worse. That powerslam counter was the ticket, Bucky.

BW: That's the kind of move that can COMPLETELY change a match, Gordo... but the question now is can Watkins take advantage of it in the state that he's in?

GM: It's an excellent point as Watkins just lies there on the floor, blood pouring out of the wound on his head. He needs to get back up, to keep the fight on Joe Petrow and not let up for a single moment.

[Scooting his body backwards, Watkins props himself up against the ringside barricade where the fans reach over, slapping him on the shoulders and chest to try and encourage the big man to get back to his feet and get back into the fight.]

GM: The fans are solidly behind Jim Watkins here tonight and you have to believe that kind of support will help him as he tries to overcome the years of abuse that his body has taken.

[Using the railing for support, a bloodied Watkins drags himself off the floor to even more cheers. He gives a swipe of his eyes with the back of his hand, trying to clear out the blood before moving forward towards Petrow who is still down on his back.]

GM: Watkins is on the move, Bucky.

BW: A slow move but the move nonetheless.

[He leans down, pulling Petrow up by the arm...

...and FIRING him into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! Petrow goes HARD into the steel!

BW: It looks like Jim Watkins may have just stumbled upon a gameplan, Gordo. He's painted a bullseye on the back of Joe Petrow and he's going to work on it.

[Staggering towards Petrow whose arms are draped over the railing, Watkins lays in three big right hands to the exposed midsection, causing Petrow to slump down to a seated position against the steel. Watkins leans over, grabbing Petrow by the hair, pulling his torso away from the railing...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my! Watkins SLAMS the back of his head into the steel again!

[This time, Petrow slumps all the way down to a prone position on the floor. Watkins grabs hold of the railing with both hands, slamming his foot into Petrow's ribs a few times to the cheers of the crowd before dragging his opponent back up by the hair...]

GM: Watkins has got him back up, dragging him over by the entrance ramp...

[Where he SMASHES Petrow's face into the wooden ringsteps that lead up to the ramp!]

GM: Jim Watkins is taking the fight to Joe Petrow now. The man got a second wind and he's taking advantage of it...

[Moving a few feet to his right, Watkins SLAMS Petrow's face into the edge of the wooden ramp as well!]

GM: The railing, the steps... now the ramp! Watkins is taking Petrow on a grand circle tour of the ringside area, fans!

[With Petrow dazed and at his mercy, Watkins hooks a side waistlock, lifting Petrow up off the floor, walking across the ringside area with him...

...and drops him crotchfirst on the ringside barricade!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars! Did that REALLY just happen?!

BW: It sure did!

GM: Joe Petrow just got dropped groinfirst on the steel railing at ringside!

[We cut to Petrow's anguished face, screaming fans all around shouting their derision towards him...]

GM: Joe Petrow's going to be singing soprano for a while, fans!

[Watkins backs off a few steps, looking at his handiwork as he wipes the blood from his eyes again...]

GM: Watkins sizing the man up... what's he gonna do now?

[Watkins gets a running start and CLUBS Petrow across the chest with a clothesline, sending him sprawling off the barricade and crashing down in a heap on the concrete floor in the front row!]

GM: Oh my! Jim Watkins just put Petrow into the front row! He's got him laid out in the front row, fans!

[Watkins leans against the railing, breathing heavily as Petrow lies flat on his back on the floor. A particularly rowdy fan pours a full soda over Petrow's face before being dragged off by security.]

BW: Look at the disrespect being shown to Petrow by these idiot fans!

GM: What respect has he EVER shown to them?!

[The soda seems to startle Petrow back to semi-consciousness as he rolls over onto his side. Watkins leans over the railing, grabbing Petrow by the arm and dragging him to his feet...]

GM: Watkins isn't wasting any time, fans. We're over twenty minutes into this match and Jim Watkins knows his time is running out. There's plenty of time left in the time limit but in the body of Jim Watkins, he only has so many minutes of battle left in him, Bucky.

BW: He ain't a spring chicken in there, Gordo. Over fifty years old? Yeah, you better bet he's gotta end this one soon if he's going to.

[Watkins goes to pull Petrow into a front facelock when he again gets a thumb stuck in the eye!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The eyegouge causes Watkins to stumble back a few feet as Petrow pulls himself into a seated position on the railing...

...and then throws his legs over the shoulders of Watkins, smashing his heels together on the temples of Watkins!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Petrow!

[Watkins stumbles away, dropping down to his knees as Petrow climbs back to his feet...

...and sinks his teeth into the bloodied forehead of Watkins!]

GM: He's biting him! He's biting Jim Watkins!

BW: That's disgusting! Watkins is bleeding out in that ring and Petrow wants to gnaw on that bloody forehead?!

[Petrow shoves Watkins down to the floor, flashing a blood-covered grin at the camera before turning back to the ring. He ducks down, digging under the ring apron again...]

GM: Petrow's looking for something... some kind of weapon you have to imagine...

[The crowd jeers as Petrow rises up, steel chair gripped firmly in his hands.]

GM: Uh oh... the Sychotic One's got a steel chair, fans!

[Petrow slings the chair under the ropes into the ring before grabbing Jim Watkins and shoving him back in as well.]



GM: Petrow puts Watkins back in... and he's coming back in as well...

[Back inside the ring, Petrow snatches up the steel chair in his hands, pacing around the ring, circling the downed Watkins like a bird of prey...]

BW: Watkins oughta think about staying down there, Gordo.

GM: There's no way... there's no chance of that at all, Bucky. Jim Watkins may go out of here the loser tonight... he may lose his entire career tonight... he may even go out of here on a stretcher tonight. But you better believe there is NO chance he's simply gonna give up and let that happen. Jim Watkins will fight until his very last breath if he has to.

BW: He might!

[Petrow plants the edge of the chair back on the mat, shouting at Watkins, "GET YOUR ASS UP, OLD MAN!!"]

GM: Petrow is waiting impatiently for the former Chairman of the Championship Committee to get back to his feet. He's waiting for him- Watkins pushes up to his knees!

[Petrow straightens up, chair gripped in his hands. He swats it against the mat a few times, circling back to face Jim Watkins head on...]

GM: No! Don't do it! Somebody's gotta stop this!

[Petrow raises the chair overhead, staring down in the eyes of Jim Watkins...]

GM: He's gonna club Watkins over the head! He's gonna finish him right here and now!

[...and lets it fly!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The crowd gasps as Watkins throws himself out of the way, just narrowly avoiding the chair to the skull.]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[Petrow winds up a second time!]

GM: AGAIN!

[Watkins watches as Petrow rears back as far as he can...

...and then sinks his fingers into the nether region of the Sychotic One!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CLAW!! CLAW!!

BW: Turnabout is fair play, I guess!

GM: Jim Watkins has the clawhold locked on the groin of Petrow!

[Rising to his feet, still holding the clawhold, Watkins glares into the eyes of Petrow...

...and then uses the claw (with some help from his off hand) to lift Petrow off the mat, slightly pressing him overhead, and throwing him down in a giant slam!]

GM: WHAT A SLAM!! WATKINS SLAMS HIM WITH HIS... HIS...

BW: We're on Pay Per View! You can say it!

[Petrow writhes around in pain on the canvas as Watkins leans down, grabbing the discarded chair...]

GM: And now it's Watkins who has the chair! Jim Watkins has that steel chair in his hands and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The brutal chairshot across the chest stills Petrow, the steel still pressed to his sternum as Watkins drops to his knees, planting his hands down on the steel.]

GM: Watkins covers for one! He's got two! He's got thr-

[But Petrow slips a shoulder up off the mat, pushing Watkins out of the pressing pin attempt!]

GM: No, no! Just a two count there!

BW: That was close, Gordo. Jim Watkins was a half count away from putting Joe Petrow out of this business once and for all, fans!

[Watkins climbs to his feet, looking at the official through blood-covered eyes. He holds up three fingers and gets a shake of the head from Meekly.]

GM: Meekly says no... Meekly says it was just a two count...

[Watkins claps his hands together in frustration before heading over to the corner.]

GM: What in the world?!

BW: What's gotten into Watkins?!

GM: I have no idea!

[Watkins pushes himself up, standing on the middle rope as he looks down at Petrow who still has the steel chair pulled down across his chest...]

GM: Watkins is up on the second rope! Jim Watkins is gonna-

[The big man suddenly leaps off his perch, sailing through the air...]

GM: SPLASH!!

[...but Petrow rolls aside, leaving the chair behind for Watkins to crash down on top of!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He didn't get it! Joe Petrow got the heck out of there and Jim Watkins landed HARD on that chair!

[Scrambling back to his feet, clutching his ribs, Petrow leans down to pull Watkins off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Uh oh!

[The crowd buzzes with recognition as Petrow reaches back, hooking Watkins by the leg...]

GM: He's got him hooked for the Bullet Train To Hell!

BW: He can't do it, Gordo! He can't get him up!

GM: We're about to find out exactly what he can do!

[Petrow struggles with the body mass of Watkins, trying to get him off the mat and failing...]

...and suddenly just falls backwards, SPIKING Watkins' skull into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: He couldn't get him up for the Fishermanbuster but he hit the DDT! A leg hook DDT and Watkins is out! Say good night, goodbye, and farewell to the career of Jim Watkins because Joe Petrow just knocked him out cold, daddy!

GM: Petrow sits up on the mat... he's not making a cover...

[Petrow smiles that twisted grin in the direction of the camera, some remnants of blood still on his teeth...]

...and then his eyes come to rest on former EMWC owner Chris Blue sitting in the front row of the ringside crowd.]

GM: What the... what's he looking at, Bucky?!

BW: I think he's looking at Blue! He spotted Blue in the front row!

GM: Why isn't he covering the man?!

BW: I have no idea. Cover him, Joe! Then you kick the crap out of Blue if you want - I doubt anyone cares!

[Petrow grabs the ropes, pulling himself up with them. He looks back at the motionless Watkins, waving him off as he turns his attention back to Blue, gesturing at Watkins.]

GM: What is he saying?

BW: He's... he's asking him something.

[Petrow steps through the ropes, dropping down to the floor and marching over to where Blue is seated. A nearby security guard rises to his feet...]

...and EATS a right hand from Petrow!]

GM: Good grief! He just knocked out Blue's personal security!

[Petrow leans forward, shouting at Blue...]

"WHAT DID GIBSON DO?! WHAT'S HIS MOVE?!"

[A puzzled former EMWC owner looks surprised at this, saying something unheard by the mic. Petrow grins, nodding as he heads back to the ring, rolling back into the squared circle...]

GM: What is he doing now?!

BW: Petrow's snapped, Gordo.

GM: You think?

[Leaning down, Petrow drags the motionless Watkins back up off the mat. Blood is pouring off the forehead of Watkins, staining the mat below as Petrow tugs him into a standing headscissors...]

BW: He said something about Gibson... could he be talking about-?

[Petrow reaches down, hooking one arm in an underhook...]

BW: He is! He is! He's talking about the finishing move of Eddie Van Gibson, the Hall of Fame EMWC competitor!

GM: But why is... oh, that son of a... he wants us to say the name of it!

BW: Of course he does! That's the only reason he could be trying to do this right now.

[Petrow turns, pointing at Gordon Myers.]

"SAY IT!"

GM: I won't!

"SAY IT, YOU DECREPIT PIECE OF SH-"

[The PPV audio cuts out for a moment as Petrow lets loose a barrage of words in Gordon Myers' direction before reaching down to hook the second arm...]

GM: He can do the move as many times as he wants, he's not getting me to say that!

[...and then leaps up, smashing Watkins' bloody face into the mat with a very sloppy looking split-legged facedriver!]

BW: The Move That Shall Not Be Named!

[Petrow flips a motionless Watkins to his back, flashing a middle finger first at Blue... then at Myers... and then makes a pin attempt.]

GM: Finally, this piece of trash goes for a pin.

[The referee dives to the mat, counting one... two...]

GM: Oh, come on!

[A sneering Petrow glares at ringside as he pulls Watkins up by his blood-soaked hair.]

GM: He had the man beat, Bucky.

BW: He did... he surely did.

GM: He pulled Jim Watkins up. He's beaten the man, he's bloodied the man... now Joe Petrow wants to humiliate the man. There's no reason for this, Bucky.

BW: Joe Petrow's gotta know that win, lose, or draw - this could be the final time he steps into an AWA ring. And if he's going out, he's going out with a final slap in the face of the entire AWA - the front office, the locker room, and all of the fans to boot.

GM: Jim Watkins can't even stand up. Petrow's just dragging him around the ring like he's helpless.

[A few stomps to the face keeps Watkins down as Petrow ducks through the ropes, dropping down to the floor again...]

GM: Now what's he doing? What more can this man do to Jim Watkins?!

BW: Are you sure you really want to ask that?

GM: You may be right abou- oh my god.

[The crowd ERUPTS as Petrow pulls and tugs and yanks...

...and finally pulls a table into view!]

GM: He's got a table! Joe Petrow's has got a table out from under the ring, trying to muscle it into the squared circle!

BW: It's a night of firsts, Gordo. The first AWA Barbed Wire match... the first AWA Ladder Match... and who knows? Maybe the first time somebody goes through a table here in the AWA!

GM: We've seen it come very, very close to happening time and again but right now, Joe Petrow is pushing that table into the ring... and you better believe that he'd love to go out making history here in the AWA for the final time.

[Petrow rolls back into the ring after the table, quickly getting to his feet to set it up.]

BW: Wait a minute, Gordo... that ain't any normal table.

GM: Huh?

[As Petrow sets it up in the ring, we notice that this particular table has a face spraypainted on it.]

GM: My stars, you're right!

BW: It's the Bulldog Brown table! Where the heck did Petrow dig up THAT relic?!

GM: It CAN'T be the original one used in 1997, can it?! In 1997, in the Toronto Skydome, Joe Petrow competed in one of the craziest matches in the history of our sport - Seven Tables Of Fear - against Dirt Dog Unique Allah. And in that match, this table played a role. Over the years, we've seen this table come into play... but tonight? I don't think ANYONE expected to see this here tonight, fans!

[With the table set up, Petrow turns to pull the bloodied and barely-moving Watkins off the mat, shoving him up on top of the table.]

GM: He's got Watkins on the table! Petrow's got him on top of it!

BW: Listen to these people, Gordo! They're going nuts!

GM: No one has EVER been put through a table in the AWA before but Joe Petrow, the gloryhog that he is, you can bet he wants to make history right here and now!

[Petrow turns away from Watkins, walking towards the corner...]

GM: He's heading up top!

BW: He's REALLY gonna do Watkins in now, daddy!

GM: What's he doing now?

[Petrow pauses, a foot on the bottom rope, throwing a glance over his shoulder at the still-unmoving Watkins. With a quite loud expletive, Petrow ducks through the ropes instead, dropping down to the floor once again...]

GM: NOW where the heck is he going?!

[He ducks down, lifting up the ring apron...]

GM: He's digging under the ring again... looking for...

[The crowd ROARS in response as Joe Petrow tugs something quite unexpected into view...]

GM: Is that a-?

[...and holds it high for one and all to see!]

GM/BW: A TRICYCLE?!

[With a twisted smirk, Petrow tosses the tricycle over the top rope, narrowly missing a puzzled official. The Eternal IIWF World Champion slides under the ropes, popping up to his feet as he grabs the tricycle in both hands...]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: We're getting the entirety of Petrow's Greatest Hits tonight! He's got that flippin' tricycle in his hands and if you know anything about Joe Petrow's history, you know what's coming up next!

[Petrow, clinging to the tricycle, very slowly scales the turnbuckles, stepping up to the second rope where he looks out at the jeering crowd, his tongue hanging obscenely out of his mouth as he "laps up" the fans' negative reaction to him.]

GM: Petrow's taking a long time to get up there, Bucky!

BW: You try climbing the ropes carrying a tricycle!

GM: Fans, we have just passed the thirty minute mark in this match and I can't believe these two have managed to survive for this long so far considering the amount of punishment they've put one another through. But right now, Joe Petrow is looking to finish this thing... looking to finish off Jim Watkins for this match, for his career!

BW: Only one of 'em can walk out with their careers intact, Gordo, and Joe Petrow is about to show the whole world why it's him, daddy!

GM: Petrow puts a foot up top... still trash-talking the fans down at ringside. He should shut his mouth and get to business before-

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: BEFORE JIM WATKINS GETS UP!!!

[The bloodied and battered Watkins slides himself off the table, Joe Petrow completely unaware that his opponent is on the move as he wobbles towards the corner...]

GM: WATKINS IS COMING FOR HIM!

[...and delivers a two-handed SHOVE to the backside of Petrow, sending him flipping forward through the air. The tricycle slips from his grip, getting tangled up in his legs as he sails towards the barely-padded concrete floor...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A howl of pain INSTANTLY goes up from Petrow followed by cries of "MY LEG!! MY GOD, MY LEG!!!" The referee, sensing a problem, dives to the mat, sliding out to the floor to kneel down next to Petrow whose cries of agony are almost drowned out by the roaring crowd who is saluting Jim Watkins' desperation counter.]

GM: Jim Watkins may have just saved his very career, Bucky!

BW: And I think he broke Petrow's damn leg in the process, Gordo! Petrow's screaming like a wounded animal down there, rolling back and forth. He's in a lot of pain.

[The injured Petrow grabs two handfuls of the official's shirt, yanking him down onto the floor with him.]



GM: Marty Meekly's taking a long look here, talking to Petrow. He may be talking to him about stopping this match.

BW: He'd better put Petrow out of his misery while he's down there then 'cause if he stops this match and ends Petrow's career while Petrow's still alive, he'll spend the rest of his days trying to ruin Meekly's life, daddy.

GM: The man may have a broken leg, Bucky! What choice does the referee have?!

BW: He can let Watkins finish this thing like he's supposed to!

[Dropping down to his back, the blood-soaked Watkins rolls under the ropes to the floor, hobbling over to the downed Petrow. He says something to Meekly who gets up, waving his arms at Watkins...

...and gets CRACKED with a right hand from the former Chairman in response!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE HELL?!

BW: Watkins just dropped the ref! Holy cow!

GM: I think... fans, I believe that the referee told Jim Watkins he was going to stop this match and that was Jim Watkins' way of making sure that doesn't happen!

[The camera cuts to Watkins' face, showing a cold, dangerous stare beyond the crimson mask.]

GM: This is just like we saw happen in the Juan Vasquez match but this is No Disqualification! Watkins has snapped like Vasquez but he can't lose the match for it!

[The crowd buzzes a bit now, showing some concern as Watkins drags Petrow up, putting his rival's full weight on the injured leg and then watching as Petrow collapses back down to the floor.]

GM: Oh, come on, Jim. Enough's enough. There's no call for something like that. You're a better man than that, damn it!

[Watkins shakes his head at the sprinkling of fans that are showing some concern for Petrow, actually booing Watkins for what he just did. He leans down, pulling Petrow up again to shove him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Watkins puts Petrow back in...

[And now it's Jim Watkins' turn to dig underneath the ring apron...]

GM: Watkins is down on his knees, looking for something under the ring and...

[The crowd buzzes in surprise as Watkins comes up holding a wooden 2X4 in his hands.]

GM: Oh my stars.

BW: Watkins isn't done with him, Gordo. Not by a long shot.

GM: Jim Watkins has that piece of lumber with him - we've seen that many times over the years. But what's he gonna do with it?

BW: I'll give you odds he ain't building a house in there.

[Watkins rolls back in, reclaiming his board as he gets to his feet, measuring the downed Petrow. And now it's Watkins' turn to shout at Petrow...]

"UP!"

[Petrow lifts a hand, shaking his head at Watkins who looks to be in no mood to dispense mercy.]

"UP!"

[Petrow uses his good leg to push himself backwards, leaning up against the ropes as Watkins approaches him...]

...and raises the board overhead like an axe, looking down at the helpless Petrow...]

GM: Jim, for the love of-

[...and lets loose a hellacious "chop" of a swing, smashing the board down between the eyes of Joe Petrow!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!!

BW: That's it, Gordo! Ring the bell!

[Suddenly, we see Michael Meekly in the ring, waving for the match to continue as Watkins drops to his knees, applying a cover on a motionless Petrow.]

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

[But the crowd ERUPTS in a shock as the referee pulls out, waving his arms back and forth as he points down...]

...at Joe Petrow's healthy leg draped over the bottom rope.]

GM: What?! Why?! Why would he do that?! With a broken leg, why in the world would Joe Petrow do that?!

BW: I... my god, I have no idea. It's his career... I know that but...

[Watkins pushes up to his feet, glaring at the official...

...and then looking down at the leg dangling over the bottom rope.]

GM: Jim, just pull him out to the center and make the cover. Please... just... please just end this.

[But instead, Watkins picks up his board again, looking down at Petrow. He raises the board high overhead a second time...]

GM: Somebody's gotta stop this! Michael Meekly-

BW: -can't do a thing! It's no DQ - just like Petrow wanted it!

[...and SLAMS the board down across the draped knee! Petrow again instantly howls in pain, sitting up to grab at the knee before collapsing back down onto the mat, rolling back and forth in pain. His upper body is the only thing moving as both legs stay still on the canvas.]

GM: That's enough, Jim! You proved your point to him... just end this now!

[Watkins grabs Petrow by the wrist, hauling him away from the ropes, and drops down into another cover...

...but before the referee can slap the canvas one time, a defiant Petrow gives one last act of defiance...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my god.

BW: He spat in his face! Petrow spat in his face!

[Watkins gets up off the mat, slowly reaching a hand up to wipe the spit off his blood-covered face. He looks down at his red hand, staring at it for several seconds.]

GM: Joe Petrow has never been one to play by the rules, Bucky. Joe Petrow is a man who marched to the beat of his own drum. He was a rebel... he was what many would call a cancer... and right here tonight, for perhaps the final time, we see he is a man who will not go away without getting in his final shots.

BW: Watkins looks like... I've never seen him like this, Gordo. We've seen Watkins in TONS of matches over the years and I've NEVER seen him look like he does right now.

[Watkins turns that icy stare down onto Petrow's prone form, a defiant Sychopath lifting his arm to give another middle finger to his rival, laughing to himself as Watkins retrieves the board again...]

GM: No, no! Don't do this, Jim! DON'T-

[Watkins raises the board, bringing it slashing down into the raised middle finger hand to a groan from the crowd as Petrow's arm flops over onto the mat. The big man raises the board again, slamming it down into the other arm as Petrow raises it to defend himself.]

GM: Aaagh.

[Watkins lifts it a third time, slamming it down into the ribcage... and again... and again... and again... and again until a trickle of blood starts to escape the mouth of Joe Petrow.]

GM: We need some help out here! We need some medical help out here now!

[Watkins switches his stance, slamming the board down into the shoulder... into the side of the neck... into the sternum...]

GM: This is... can we cut away from this please?! Now! Right now!

[On Gordon's command, the camera cuts away from the carnage inside the ring. We can still hear the board connecting with the flesh of Petrow time and again. We can still hear the crowd reacting with a mixture of cheers and groans with every blow that lands. The camera shot now shows us a horrified youngster who turns his head towards his father's embrace as the elder man cringes at another shot landing. Slowly, the reactions and sounds come further apart...

...and then finally...]

"I QUIT! I QUIT! I QUIT!"

[The shouts of Joe Petrow repeat over and over. The horrified crowd buzzes with concern and after a few more moments, we cut back to the ring where Jim Watkins is standing, a piece of lumber with red stains marking the wood thrown several feet to the side as the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: It's over. Mercifully, it's over.

[Watkins doesn't react to the sound of the bell... doesn't show any signs of relief at the war being finished... doesn't show any joy at having saved his career and ended his enemy's. Nothing. Just... nothing. We can still hear

Petrow screaming "I QUIT!" as loud as his lungs will manage in the background as the referee waves the medical team into the ring.]

GM: Here comes Dr. Ponavitch and the AWA medical staff to check on Joe Petrow. I don't even want to speculate on the amount of injuries that Joe Petrow may have suffered at the hands of Jim Watkins, Bucky.

BW: You know what though? It don't matter, Gordo.

GM: How can you say that?

BW: Joe Petrow... he lost, Gordo. His career is over. He's got no reason to get into the ring ever again... and legally can't! Jim Watkins just ended the career of Joe Petrow in the middle of this ring in Los Angeles. He's done. He's finished. He'll never compete again... he'll never manage again... he won't announce... he won't even set up the ring. Let that sink in for a minute, Gordo... the career of the Eternal IIWF World Champion has been ended right here in the AWA.

GM: We may never see Joe Petrow in the ring again but... it pains me to say this, Bucky... but I believe he deserved better than this. It was a heck of a match - a real battle just the way he wanted it. But this? This brutal assault by Watkins? That was too much, Bucky... it went too far.

BW: Did it? Think about everything Petrow put the AWA through. Think about Westwego... think about the National Title and Mark Langseth... think about him trying to spoil the crowning of the World Champion. Joe Petrow has been a thorn in the side of AWA management since the day he showed up and Jim Watkins just plucked out that thorn.

GM: I don't care what he did... I don't care about any of that stuff. I know that NO ONE deserves what Joe Petrow just went through... what Jim Watkins put him through. I know Jim Watkins... and have known him for many, many years. Deep down, that man believes he did what had to be done tonight but...

[The camera cuts to ringside where Gordon is shaking his head sadly.]

BW: Watkins hasn't left yet. He might be out for more.

GM: He can't be.

BW: Can you hear Petrow still screaming "I Quit" in there?

GM: I think everyone can hear that. The medics are trying to calm him down... trying to give him some comfort. He must be in horrific pain, Bucky.

[We cut back to the medical team working on Joe Petrow. A glimpse of some kind of shot being delivered is seen - turning the shouts of "I Quit" to a more subdued wail of it.]

GM: We talked a lot about Joe Petrow snapping... we may have seen the final straws of that tonight. He seems inconsolable right now, Bucky.

BW: He just keeps saying it over and over. "I quit... I quit... I quit." And I tell you, it's going to be a hard morning for Joe Petrow tomorrow. Not only will he wake up all bruised and battered from this match but he's going to wake up tomorrow, look in the mirror, and realize that he gave away his career.

GM: I don't think any of us expected a submission in this match but ultimately, after a hellacious beating by Jim Watkins, that's exactly what we got.

[After a few moments of silence from the announcers, we see Joe Petrow loaded onto a stretcher by the medical team before being carried out towards the back...]

GM: He's still saying it, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, it's creepy, Gordo. The man's been broken in every way possible. What a weird way to see a man go out who used to be one of the biggest stars in our sport. Very weird.

GM: It's sad in a way. I know he put us all through Hell over the past year or so but... he's still the man who had that Seven Tables match that so many of us remember... or the submission match with Chris Quigley... or the war with Brody Thunder at J\*STAR. He was one of the most entertaining men to ever lace a pair of boots and... well...

[The shot holds on Petrow, being carried to the back, still whispering "I quit... I quit... I quit" as he's moved through the curtain.]

GM: There he goes, Bucky. I'm told an ambulance is waiting to take him to the nearest medical facility and we may have just seen Joe Petrow for the final time.

[We see the curtain close on Joe Petrow...]

...and then slowly fade back to the ring where Jim Watkins is standing, still staring down the ramp at where Petrow has just disappeared. The crowd is very split - many really giving him a hard time over what he's just done. Watkins leans down, picking up the bloodied board and staring at it.]

GM: You talk about Joe Petrow having to get up tomorrow morning and realize what he's done, Bucky... what about Jim Watkins? He's going to have to do the same thing and... it ain't pretty.

BW: Jim Watkins is going to have a hard time with this too. Like you said, this isn't the man that he is. But it just might have been the man that we needed on this particular night.

[Watkins stares at the board for a few more moments before dropping it to the mat, stepping through the ropes, and taking the long walk back up the ramp as a strong mix of cheers and jeers greet him.]

GM: Jim Watkins is your winner but... well, in something like we just saw you have to wonder if there really is a winner at all, fans.

[We hold on Watkins until he too ducks through the curtain...

...and then slowly fade to a graphic that reads and is accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[Cut to the silhouette of a man sitting on a stool, bathed in shadows, talking to the camera.]

"They say too much of a good thing can ruin it for everyone..."

[The camera zooms in on the now illuminated face of the man sitting on the stool, all short blonde hair and blue eyes, dressed to the nines in a tailor made suit.]

Marcus Broussard: ...but they've never seen this DVD before.

["Super Bon Bon" by Soul Coughing plays in the background as Broussard speaks.]

MB: The AWA is proud to present the AWA Superstar Series. A collection of DVDs that focus on the greatest wrestlers the AWA has ever seen. And it's even prouder that the first volume is all about \_me\_.

[Broussard points to himself as clips from Broussard's AWA career fly by.]

MB: I'll take you to the first Memorial Day Mayhem with never before seen footage as I win the first ever AWA National title.

[A clip of Broussard celebrating in the ring with the title, and hugging his wife backstage.]

MB: I'll take you to the Broussard Estate, and we'll walk through the state of the art fitness center on the South Wing of the house, where I prepared to go one hour with the "Natural" Adam Rogers.

[A clip of Broussard walking through what looks like a gym in warmup pants, and then to the First Year Anniversary Show, where Broussard and Rogers still stood after a 60 minute draw.]

MB: We'll tour the Combat Corner, where men like Aaron Anderson, Eric Preston and Supreme Wright were trained by yours truly and Todd Michaelson, and we'll go behind the scenes as I returned to take on the Southern Syndicate.

[A clip of Broussard announcing his return to the AWA, with the crowd going crazy in the background.]

MB: We'll go to WarGames on the Bayou, we'll go to WrestleRock. We'll Steal the Spotlight at SuperClash and we'll go one on one with Stevie Scott in my last match ever. Over three hours of the very BEST the AWA has ever seen, blazing trails and setting the standard like only I can do. All handpicked by me, so you know you're getting that Broussard guarantee.

From the early days of feuding with Ron Houston, ruling the roost with the Super Ninja, to coming home to preserve the company I built, it's all here.

Marcus Broussard...

[The San Jose Shark hooks a thumb at himself.]

MB: ...you can't be me, but you can be just like me. Learn to love it, my friends.

[The camera fades out to the cover of the DVD collection, as the voice of Mark Stegglet speaks.]

MS: Marcus Broussard: Learn to Love It is available at Wal-Mart, Target and wherever AWA videos are sold!

[We fade from the shot of the DVD back to black...

...and then back up to the backstage area and a rather large competitor, a man wearing black pants, black boots, a blood-red tank-top, several days worth of beard growth, tape on his fists, and an oddly uncertain expression on his face. This competitor is none other than Robert Donovan, one half of tonight's challengers for the AWA World Tag Team Championship, and he's reclining in a steel folding chair, sort of eyeballing the camera.]

RD: Ya know, I've been in lots of places. Wrestled at least once on every continent, fought in arenas that sat a hundred people on their best day and in giant domed stadiums that sat 50,000. I been nearly every place this business can take ya, but tonight, I'm in a place I ain't familiar with in the slightest.

[Donovan focuses more on the camera, looking genuinely perplexed.]

RD: An underdog. I know this don't sound too smart, an' the accent ain't helpin' that any, but when you're over seven feet tall without bein' given a few inches by a promoter, an' when you break the three bills mark, ain't too many occasions where you step into a ring an' feel like you ain't the favorite. But...

[Donovan shrugs.]



RD: Here we are. Normally I take anything from the mouth of Bucky Wilde with as big a grain of salt as I can manage, but after listenin' to him, I almost wonder if he's right. Damn strange place to be when you've always been billed as a monster, a force o' nature unstoppable by most, an' a man willing to do whatever it takes to win, no matter how much he had to sweat or bleed to do it. I been a tag champ before...pretty sure my partner even remembers it.

[Donovan pauses, rolling his neck with an audible popping sound.]

RD: That was over a decade ago. More than ten years! Teamed up with a few people since then, too, but nothin' long term. For the first time in damn near forever, I'm sittin' here in two places I ain't used to sittin', one bein' an underdog...an' two?

[Donovan slumps into his chair.]

RD: ...bein' the weak link. Jack mighta gotten the match thrown out last time out against the Bishops, but that don't mean a damn thing. If I'd just ended that damn match before all that went down, we'd be sittin' here holdin' the straps an' the Bishops would be the ones scramblin' for a foothold. Jack Lynch has wrestled with his brother in a team for years an' years, he knows every damn thing there is to know about tag team wrestlin', where to be, how to react, all that jazz, an' I'm just sittin' here, feelin' like a big-ass anchor sinkin' our ship.

"Y'know, I've heard just about enough..."

[The slow, drawling tones of the voice are familiar. Rough as gravel, they come from a man whose voice sounds like he gargles razor blades. The camera turns, and there, arms crossed over his chest, is Donovan's partner, Jack Lynch. The eldest Lynch brother is dressed all in black, his father's cowboy hat pulled down low, shading his narrowed eyes.]

JL: When I chose ya, it wasn't 'cuz you're tall. It wasn't because of what ya did. Ya have any idea why I chose ya?

[Donovan begins to answer, but is cut off.]

JL: Its because I needed a fighter. You ever see my brother Jimmy? Jimmy is all fight. He never stops. Never backs down. That's who I need as a partner. Someone who's gonna fight.

Now listen Rob. I ain't your dad. I ain't Dr. Phil. I ain't here to make you feel better, or soothe you're feelings. I'm here to ask ya a simple question.

You ready to fight?

[Donovan just stares at Lynch for a second, then leans back, chuckling.]

RD: Naw, Jack, you ain't my dad.

[The chuckle turns into a full-blown laugh.]

RD: Not by a long sight, but damned if a little bit of the old man didn't just shine through ya for a second there. He wouldn't wanna hear me bellyachin' like this neither.

[Donovan remains seated for another moment, then suddenly stands up.]

RD: Now, Jack, I think you asked me a question, and I'm gonna take a little bit of time to answer it. You asked me if I'm ready to fight?

[Lynch nods slowly.]

RD: You're damn right I am! That crap you heard a few minutes ago, that's somethin' I've been pretendin' I DIDN'T feel for months now. I been pretendin' that fightin' the good fight is enough, pretendin' that bein' near the end of my rope might push me into places I ain't been able to go for a long time, but it ain't helped a damn bit! I've BEEN fightin', and I've BEEN \_READY\_ to fight for month now, and it ain't gotten me anywhere! I'm ALWAYS ready to fight, Jack. Always! Now, I answered your question, an' I want you to ask me a different one. One that means more, one that I ain't asked myself in months.

[Donovan takes one step closer to Jack Lynch.]

RD: You ask me if I'm ready to win, Jack! You ask me that question that Blackjack Lynch an' Tony Donovan asked themselves every damn night! That's what our fathers went out an' did, Jack, they won, an' while we ain't got a whole lot in common, one thing we have got is a legacy to live up to, shoes we've been tryin' to fill for years an' years!

[Jack chuckles, cracking a slight grin.]

JL: I ain't normally the kinda guy who talks when there's fightin' to be done. And truth is? I think ya already answered the question. But lemme ask ya anyway.

You ready to win, Donovan?

[Lynch holds up his hand.]

JL: Wait, just one second. Because, it ain't just about winning.

Are you ready to live up to the twin legacies of Lynch and Donovan? You ready to make our fathers proud? You ready to make our families proud? You ready to go out there and do what Lynches and Donovans always do? Win, and kick a lot of butt doin' it?

Now...

[A smirk.]

JL: Ya can answer.

[Donovan grins, perhaps the most genuine smile on his face seen in quite some time.]

RD: You're damn right. Livin' up to our legacies...

[Donovan trails off for a second, then reaches out and claps Jack hard on the shoulder.]

RD: ...and for damn sure leavin' our own! Let's get the hell out of here an' kick some Bishop ass!

[Lynch grins, nods, and the two men storm out of the room, ready to go as we fade back down to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a one hour time limit and it is for the AWA National Tag Team Championship!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first, they are the challengers...

[We wait for a moment, the crowd buzzing with anticipation until "Turn The Page" by Metallica kicks the PA to another big cheer.]

PW: First, from Pensacola, Florida... weighing in at 345 pounds...

ROOOOOBERRRRRT DONNNNNNOOOVAAAAAN!

[The seven footer strides through the curtain, all business as he's dressed in the same attire we saw moments ago in his interview. He gives a shout of "LET'S DO THIS!" to the crowd who roars in response. Donovan nods, grinning at the reaction as he turns back towards the curtain. The music fades, quickly replaced by The Black Keys' "Hard Row."]

PW: And his tag team partner... from Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 250 pounds...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The crowd roars for the big Texan as he marches into view, his tall and lanky form covered in a long black coat that hangs open to reveal black wrestling trunks and a black kneepad on his right knee. He, of course, wears the typical Texan black cowboy hat too. He thrusts his right hand - covered in a black leather fingerless glove - into the air in the form of the Lynch family's most dangerous weapon, the Iron Claw, to another big roar from the crowd before joining his partner on the ramp. He claps Donovan on the shoulder, pointing to the ring to a big nod from Donovan.]

GM: What a team these two make, Bucky!

BW: Team?! They couldn't even pick one set of entrance music to come out to together! They got separate entrances!

GM: I don't think that says anything at all about them as a duo, Bucky.

BW: Are you kidding me? I've managed tag teams... I KNOW tag teams... these two ain't a team, Gordo. They're a couple of individuals who think they might strike lightning here tonight. I'm here to tell the people it ain't gonna happen. They're in the ring tonight with a REAL tag team - with the best tag team in the world today... and with perhaps the greatest tag team in AWA history! Like that overblown monkey Brody would say, these two are about to become just... another... victim.

GM: We'll see about that.

[With the crowd fired up, Jack points to his clawhand, turning to point to the entrance tunnel...

...and a HUUUUUGE cheer goes up for the returning James Lynch as he strides into view.]

GM: James Lynch is here! He's gonna be in the corner for his brother.

BW: And Donovan?

GM: Of course. He's supporting the challengers wholeheartedly here tonight.

[Proving Gordon's point, James gives his brother a hug before shaking Donovan's hand. He makes the "belt gesture" before leading the challengers down the ramp to another loud roar from the crowd.]

GM: Now that's a sight for sore eyes. It's been far too long since we've seen James Lynch heading down the aisle... and even though he's not wrestling here tonight, I'm told that's not far off, Bucky.

BW: Fantastic. The return of the Stench. Sounds like a horror movie my mama once financed.

[Donovan steps over the ropes into the ring, throwing an arm into the air to get more cheers from the crowd as Lynch mounts the second turnbuckle, thrusting the clawhand into the air again. James applauds from his spot out on the ramp before climbing down the ringsteps to the floor to take his spot in the corner of the challengers.]

GM: We can see who the fans are gonna be behind, Bucky.

BW: The fans used to cheer the Bishops like this too, Gordo. The AWA fans are a fickle bunch. One day they boo you, the next they cheer you... it can just as easily go the other way. Ask Juan Vasquez.

GM: There are some mitigating circumstances there - wouldn't you agree?

BW: Circumstances or not, I'm just saying that the fans can change their tune in a hurry.

[With the challengers in the ring and ready for action, Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The boos start instantly.]

PW: From Kingsland, Arkansas... at a total combined weight of 568 pounds...

[The sounds of Rebel Meets Rebel's "Nothin' To Lose" kicks in to even more jeers.]

PW: They are accompanied to the ring by Cousin Bo and are the AWA National Tag Team Champions...

Cletus Lee Bishop... Duane Henry Bishop...

THE BISSSSSSHHHHOP BOOOOOOYS!

[The curtain parts as the two brothers stride confidently from beyond the curtain. Cousin Bo is quick to follow, both title belts slung across his two shoulders. He grins as Cletus Lee threatens to backhand a boisterous fan along the barricade as Duane Henry shouts some less than complimentary things towards the ring.]

GM: The Bishop Boys have held those prestigious titles being carried to the ring by their cousin Bo Allan for 179 days now... coming up on six months with the gold.

BW: And I've gone on record saying that I believe that the Bishop Boys are the greatest tag team in AWA history, Gordo. There are two teams in the AWA's history who've held those titles for OVER a year.

GM: Are you saying that the Bishops need to retain the titles here tonight for you to hold them in that high honor still?

BW: That's absolutely right. Two title reigns are great and all but I want to see them break Rough N Ready's record, daddy.

GM: They're a long way away from that. To break Rough N' Ready's record of 376 days, the Bishops will need to hold the titles until June 8th, 2013. A very long way away from that indeed.

BW: Yeah, but I talked to Cousin Bo. He thinks they can do it... and he thinks they can win the Stampede Cup along the way, daddy.

GM: That remains to be seen... but to stand a chance of breaking that record, they gotta get past their challengers here tonight.

[Cletus Lee steps into the ring first, starting to come at Robert Donovan who balls up his fists, ready for action before Cousin Bo, Duane Henry, and the referee step in to back him off.]

GM: Cousin Bo apparently doesn't want to see this break down into a brawl before the bell. He's telling Cletus Lee to back up to their corner... Duane Henry's helping pull him back there.

BW: The Redneck War Machine is a mad terror, Gordo. He just wants to fight at any time of the day or night. Point him in the right direction, turn 'em loose, and watch what happens, daddy.

[Both teams huddle in their corners and talk strategy, with Cousin Bo doing most of the talking for the champions. The challengers agree that Jack Lynch should start the match, and as Jack nods at his partner in confidence, Cletus Lee Bishop makes the decision to start the match for the challengers.]

GM: Something a little different for the champs, Bucky, as the big man starts the match for the Bishops.

BW: Unorthodox, Gordo, but Cousin Bo is a pretty sharp manager. He's at about a point eight-five on the Bucky Wilde scale, by my calculations.

[Lynch looks to his corner for support and nods emphatically, then walks to the center of the ring where Cletus Lee awaits.]

GM: So much anger and emotion in this match, it'll be a wonder if Jack Lynch can keep it all together to win those tag team titles for the second time. These two men are squaring off, staring one another down...

"DING! DING! DING!"

[At the sound of the bell, Lynch and Cletus Lee converge in a tieup, but Jack dodges underneath the gigantic Cletus and stops on a dime, fist ready when the big man turns around! WHACK!]

GM: Big right hand by Jack Lynch!

BW: But Cletus Lee barely even budged, Gordo! Lot of good THAT did!

[Lynch looks to his corner again where Donovan gives him encouragement. The Texan backs off for a moment, wiggling his fingers outside the fingerless black leather glove as he eyes Cletus Lee up and down...

...and then surges forward for a tieup with the bigger man.]

GM: Lynch ducks through again and-

[As Bishop turns around, he catches a stiff back elbow on the chin...

...that knocks the big man back a step where he simply turns his head, spits on the mat, and then waves Lynch on again.]

BW: Nothin'! Not even a scratch!

GM: We have seen over the months and years here in AWA how much it takes to move Cletus Lee Bishop, much less knock him down, and Jack Lynch knows that firsthand!

[Another right hand connects, this time causing Cletus to take a half step back, and as Lynch bounces off the ropes to deliver another right hand the crowd buzzes...

...until Cletus catches the punch with one hand, underhooks the arm and PLASTERS Jack Lynch with a headbutt!]

GM: No such problem for Cletus Lee Bishop! Jack Lynch might think his brother is David Lynch right now after that headbutt.

BW: If David Lynch was my brother, I'd retire on the interest and run an alpaca farm, daddy. But them other Lynch brothers ain't made a dime in this business, so no luck for Jackie Boy.

GM: Are you kidding me? Have you seen the sales numbers for Travis' t-shirts?

[Outside the ring, James shouts some encouragement to his big brother who gets back to his feet and eats an overhand chop from Cletus Lee Bishop, who wanders over to his corner where Duane Henry is begging for a tag.]

GM: Duane Henry into the match now, as Jack Lynch returns to a vertical base... and now into a collar and elbow tieup. Interesting battle here, Bucky. It would seem that the taller Jack Lynch is at a leverage disadvantage against the shorter, stockier Bishop... and yes indeed, Duane Henry is able to go up and under with a hammerlock.

[Duane Henry cranks on it, but a well placed back elbow momentarily jars him, and Jack Lynch twists into a hammerlock of his own. Lynch extends his arms and gives Bishop a little space, then pulls Duane back and buries a forearm to the lower of the back.]

GM: A lot of force behind that forearm, and another one has Duane Henry Bishop scrambling to the ropes. That's not what he had in mind here, Bucky, and Cousin Bo is making sure that AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger enforces the break.

BW: Well, it's all about the rules, them Stench Brothers are always crowing about truth and justice and all them things, so it's only right.

GM: The referee makes sure there's plenty of space between the two competitors, makes sure Jack Lynch releases the armbar-

"OOOOHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Duane Henry Bishop delivered a slap right across the face while the referee was wedged in between the two wrestlers! That's low!

[Bishop gets his desired response and infuriates the already tightly wound Lynch. Duane Henry backpedals to the nearest corner, raising his hands to beg off as Lynch barges in...

...and then buries a boot to the gut of Jack Lynch for his trouble before delivering a right hand to the ear!]

GM: Duane Henry on the offensive, he turns Lynch around into the corner, no!

[The crowd roars (as does younger brother James) as Jack fires back with a right hand on the jaw before grabbing Duane Henry by the hair, throwing him back into the buckles!]

GM: Lynch turns it around again and... oh my! Big hiptoss by the challenger sends Duane Henry crashing down to the canvas!

[Duane Henry scrambles up as Lynch follows it up with a lunging forearm smash across the shoulderblades, sending the smaller man stumbling into the wrong part of town...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: BIIIIIG right hand across the cheek of Duane Henry Bishop by Rob Donovan!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: LYNCH! DONOVAN! LYNCH!

[The challengers play ping pong with Duane Henry Bishop, sending him back and forth with right hand after right hand. The crowd roars with approval as Jack shoots his hand into the air and signals for the Iron Claw...]

GM: They've got Duane Henry reeling and Jack's got the Claw ready to go!

[But as soon as he even takes one step, Duane Henry feels it coming and dives out of the ring to the floor. The crowd grumbles with disappointment but roars with applause as a fired up Jack Lynch pounds the top rope with



both arms. His partner slides around the ringpost, taking a wild kick at Duane Henry that just barely misses too.]

GM: The challengers are jacked here tonight in Los Angeles!

[Donovan shouts some colorful comments in Duane Henry's direction, shouting at him to get back into the ring. Cousin Bo goes to huddle up with Duane Henry but an approaching James Lynch makes him think better of it.]

GM: There's James Lynch-

BW: Get him outta there, Gordo!

GM: There's James Lynch, who is licensed to be at the ring for this match, making sure there's no chicanery happening with these Bishops. But what a barrage of right hands!

BW: There's no doubt about it, all four of these guys can throw fists like it's their job. But there's a little more to winning the tag team titles than throwing a good right hand, daddy, we're gonna see if Lynch and Donovan can make it happen.

[James Lynch points out referee Johnny Jagger's ongoing count to Duane Henry but Cousin Bo waves him off (from a distance), shouting at his cousin to "take his time." Duane Henry obliges, getting back up on the apron at the count of eight...]

GM: One-half of the National Tag Team Champions is taking his time getting back into the ring... he's absolutely in no hurry to get back in the ring, and now he's got something to say to the referee-

[But as Jagger moves in, so does Jack Lynch to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Here's Jack Lynch and he's all over Duane Henry Bishop! Right hand, right hand, he drags Bishop into the ring-

[A well-placed overhead elbow smash drops Duane Henry flat on his back to more cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Whatever Cousin Bo said outside, he needs to rethink his strategy!

BW: Cousin Bo is as good as it gets, daddy, don't you worry about that.

[Pulling Duane Henry off the mat by the arm, Lynch reaches out for a tag, and a second later Rob Donovan slaps himself in. The eldest Lynch sends Duane Henry for the ride and then hits the deck as Bishop rebounds...]

GM: Duane Henry goes over the top...

[...and gets LEVELED with a high impact lariat from a charging Donovan!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars, that'll leave a mark! Right back up, Donovan's got a handful of greasy blonde hair, and he sends Duane Henry for the ride once again...

[This time, Donovan follows him in and plants a running knee right to the solarplexus of a charging Duane Henry Bishop! The fans cheer as Donovan turns around and dives on a writhing Duane Henry!]

GM: One! Two! No sir, kickout by Duane Henry Bishop! But if you're scoring at home, the first pinfall attempt of the match goes to Rob Donovan.

BW: Ain't no one scoring at home, Gordo. But even the people watching this on their Macs know that you're gonna have to take a lot more out of the Bishop Boys to get these titles off of them.

GM: I agree with you there, Buckthorn. The Bishop Boys are double tough, and don't know the meaning of the word quit.

BW: They're from Kingsland, Arkansas, daddy. There's a LOT of words they don't know.

[Donovan brings Duane Henry back up after the failed pin attempt, tagging in his partner as he sends Bishop for the ride once again...]

GM: Donovan shoots him in...

[The seven footer exits stage right just as Lynch flies into the screen with a sweet dropkick right to the mug of Duane Henry, who staggers across the ring, falling facefirst towards his own corner...]

GM: Tag!

BW: Look at that, Gordo. A perfect example of how the challengers aren't a top flight tag team. An actual TAG TEAM would not have allowed that tag to happen right there. They had Duane Henry in trouble and were doubleteaming at will... now they've gotta deal with the Redneck Wrecking Machine.

[Cletus Lee comes into the ring, coming hard...

...but another picture perfect dropkick catches the big man high and tight, landing him in the corner.]

GM: The big man got caught with that dropkick which I think may have surprised him a bit. Jack Lynch is very athletic for a man of his size and strength.

[Lynch waves his finger in the air to rally the fans, then SPRINTS into the corner, hops to the second rope with his left foot and clocks Cletus Lee in the side of the face with a knee strike!]

GM: Oh mercy! What athleticism by the oldest Lynch boy! These great fans in California appreciate his efforts, and here we go.

[Stepping down, Lynch grabs Cletus Lee by the wrist, looking for an Irish whip...

...but the Texan has the move reversed before he goes crashing into the buckles.]

GM: Lynch hits the corner hard and-

BW: AAAAAVAAAAALAAAAANCHE!

[The big man CRUSHES Lynch in the buckles with a running avalanche as Cousin Bo claps his approval on the outside.]

GM: Cousin Bo certainly liked the looks of that.

BW: Can you blame him?

GM: I certainly can not.

[Pulling Lynch out of the corner, Cletus Lee slings him up into a big military press position...]

GM: Oh my! Look at that!

[Cletus Lee takes two steps before HURLING Jack across the ring, bouncing him back into his own corner.]

GM: What was that you were saying about a real team not allowing a tag?

BW: That's different, Gordo.

GM: How?

BW: Cletus Lee is sending a message, Gordo. He's making a statement.

GM: I see. Statement or not, you can't deny the power of Cletus Lee Bishop.

BW: That's power right there, daddy, that's real world, been working like a man since I was a boy power.

GM: Tremendous power, no doubt and now Cletus- OOOOOOH boy. Here we go. Cletus Lee is pointing at Rob Donovan and he's calling the veteran out!

[A seething Donovan nods, reaching over the ropes to tag himself in. He steps over the ropes, striding out with purpose to the center of the ring. The two giant wrestlers go nose to nose, or pretty close to it, both talking an inordinate amount of trash. The crowd continues to buzz...]

BW: Ohhhh baby, here we go, Gordo! Two of the biggest and baddest in ALL the world, about to throw it down right here at SuperClash!

GM: They're on their feet here at SuperClash IV, Rob Donovan and Cletus Lee Bishop, nose to nose, here we go!

[Donovan's face turns bright red as he hammers Bishop with verbal volley after verbal volley just before...]

"WHAAAAAAP!"

GM: Left hand to the cheek by Donovan! What a shot!

[This staggers the big Arkansas man, who returns fire with a big right hand above the eye! Donovan takes two steps back, raises a hand to his face to check for bleeding... and then walks right back up to Cletus!]

BW: It's only a flesh wound, Gordo!

[Donovan lunges forward, smashing his skull into Cletus Lee's - a blow that stuns the big Bishop. Shaking his head, he lunges back towards the seven footer, smashing his skull into the man from Florida.]

BW: Dueling headbutts! First Donovan, then Bishop!

GM: That's a quick way to wind up with a concussion!

[Cletus Lee seems to be staggered from his own blow, falling back three steps and dropping down to a knee as Donovan stumbles backwards into the ropes.]

GM: Both men are stunned off that and-

[Donovan moves quickly, rushing forward to connect with a looping left hand to the kneeling Bishop. A right hand quickly follows as Cletus Lee pushes up to his feet...

...and gets clocked with a forearm smash on the jaw, causing Bishop to fall back against the ropes.]

GM: These are the two of the heaviest hitters in the entire AWA... maybe the entire business... and they are really taking the fight to one another tonight, Bucky.

BW: Donovan got an opening right there and he's exploiting it!

[With Bishop backed against the ropes, Donovan lays in a big left hand to the ribcage before grabbing Cletus Lee by the arm, looking for an Irish whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Bishop... Donovan off the ropes...

[The seven footer comes rebounding back...

...and with a loud bellow, Cletus Lee runs him right down with a lariat!]

"OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The charging lariat leaves a dark red welt across the chest of Donovan and sounds much like a gunshot, and when Donovan hits the mat from the power behind it, Cousin Bo pounds the mat loudly in joy.]

GM: OH MY GOODNESS! Unbelievable power from Cletus Lee Bishop!

BW: The man ain't right, Gordo, you can't teach that kind of power! That type of power comes from the man above, or, y'know, Anton Layton!

GM: Cletus Lee looking to take advantage, charges at Donovan-  
WHOOOAAAAAAA!

[The crowd has the same reaction, as a rising Rob Donovan scoops up a charging Cletus Lee Bishop onto his shoulders, and stands straight up, a feral grin across his face!]

GM: HE SCOOPED HIM UP LIKE A SACK OF LAUNDRY, AND HE'S PARADING AROUND THE RING WITH CLETUS LEE BISHOP ON HIS BACK! CLETUS LEE- THIS MIGHT BE A FIRST FOR HIM!

[Donovan stops in the center of the ring and turns to face Cousin Bo, making sure he's got the manager's attention...

...and then drops straight back with the biggest Samoan drop in AWA history!]

GM: SUPERSIZED SAMOAN DROP!

BW: THE RING SHOOK, GORDO, I SWEAR ON MY MAMA IT DAMN NEAR BROKE!

[Donovan flips over, throwing himself across Cletus Lee.]

GM: ONE! TWO! T- SHOULDER UP! CLETUS LEE BISHOP GETS THAT SHOULDER UP, BUT THE CROWD IS STILL ON IT'S FEET!

[So is Rob Donovan, even though the Samoan Drop took something out of him. He gets up about two steps before Cletus and then heads to the far ropes, bouncing off...

...but getting kicked right in the back by Duane Henry.]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot by Duane Henry!

BW: I'm not sure that was a good idea.

[Irritated more than hurt, Donovan turns around and swings wildly at the smaller Bishop, who drops off the apron and points back into the ring, where Cletus Lee is waiting...]

GM: Donovan swings around and...

[And even the crowd has to let out a huge cheer as Cletus charges at Donovan, leaps in the air and hits a DROPKICK that strikes Rob right in the chest!]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

BW: Cousin Bo said it! He told y'all, Cletus Lee ain't no dime store baby, he's watching them DVDs too!

GM: I can't believe I'm saying this, but Cletus Lee Bishop just dropkicked Rob Donovan!

[Suffice it to say, the dropkick gets a 0.5 from the judges on aesthetics, but a 330 pound hillbilly kicking you in the chest has to do SOMETHING. A stumbling Donovan staggers back where Cousin Bo snakes a hand around the ankles, tugging and taking Donovan down onto his face.]

GM: Oh, come on! Blatant illegal interference by Cousin Bo!

BW: The referee's warning him - what more do you want?

GM: That could have earned the Bishops a disqualification.

BW: Hey, fine by me. The Bishops keep the gold if that happens. You're not doing the challengers any good to root for that, Gordo.

[Flustered and frustrated, Donovan gets right back up onto his knees and leans through the ropes to take a swipe at Bo...]

GM: Whoa! He almost got a hold of Cousin Bo right there... and here comes James Lynch!

[Cletus Lee takes the opportunity to throw the off-balance Donovan through the ropes and out of the ring as James Lynch speeds around the ring.]

GM: Donovan's in the wrong section of town right now, but James Lynch at least is making sure Cousin Bo is cleared out of there.

[True to form, Lynch clears the manager out but can do nothing about Duane Henry leaping off the apron and clobbering the reeling Donovan with a double axehandle across the face.]

GM: This is ridiculous, Bucky! Duane Henry is NOT the legal man. He's

taking advantage of a bad situation for Rob Donovan by attacking him on the floor... ohh! A kick to the kidneys finds it's mark as well.

[The AWA's Senior Official leans over the ropes, shouting at Duane Henry to get back up on the apron as James Lynch shouts some encouragement to the seven footer who is down on the barely-padded floor.]

BW: These Bishops don't miss a trick, Gordo, they're clearly a well oiled machine. Sure, it's illegal but if the ref ain't gonna ring the bell, they're gonna keep doin' it. Tags in and out, taking advantage of the count, they have the sweet science of tag team wrestling mastered.

[A whistle from his brother brings Cletus Lee out to the floor where they work together to shove the seven footer under the ropes into the ring. Cletus Lee quickly rolls in to follow as Duane Henry pulls himself up on the apron to begin scrambling up the ropes...]

GM: Duane Henry's heading up top... ohh! Big right hand by Cletus Lee!

[Cletus Lee walks to the corner, turning back to look at the staggered Donovan who is trying to get back to his feet...]

GM: Duane Henry's up top... Cletus Lee is-

[Cletus Lee looks up, grabbing his smaller brother...]

GM: Donovan's back to his feet... look out!

[Cletus Lee HURLS Duane Henry off the ropes, throwing him sprawling onto the seven footer, knocking Donovan back down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! He threw him like a lawn dart and knocked Donovan flat!

[Duane Henry pauses to throw some heavy fists at the downed seven footer before Johnny Jagger chases him out, forcing him back to the corner and onto the apron as Cletus Lee rushes forward, smashing a soccer kick into the ribs which causes Donovan to roll towards the corner...]

GM: Donovan's headed for the corner!

[Cletus Lee rushes forward at Cousin Bo's shouts, grabbing Donovan's ankle.]

GM: Cletus Lee's trying to prevent the tag - trying to stop the tag from being made!

[Cletus Lee hangs on, gritting his teeth as Donovan tries to drag himself towards Jack Lynch's outstretched glove-covered hand.]

GM: Lynch is trying to get the tag! He needs to get in there and help his partner!

[A quick camera cut shows Donovan and Lynch's hands just inches away from one another but a roar from Cletus Lee precedes him dragging Donovan to the halfway point in the ring before the Redneck Wrecking Machine drops a big elbow across the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! And Cletus Lee cuts off the tag!

BW: The sign of a great tag team wrestler! Get a man down, keep him down, and work together to make sure it stays that way. Donovan can fight all he wants but it ain't gonna be long now, daddy!

[Cletus Lee drops another couple of elbows across the back of Donovan's skull before rolling him into a cover.]

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

[The seven footer lifts the shoulder off the canvas, breaking the count at two.]

GM: Two count only... Donovan's out at two.

[Cletus Lee cradles Donovan around the head and neck, hammering the Pensacola native with right hands to the skull before shoving him back down to the mat.]

GM: Cletus Lee's back to his feet... Duane Henry's shouting at him to do something... anything...

[The big man nods, backing into the ropes where he rebounds off...]

GM: Here comes the champ!

[...and leaves his feet, looking for a big splash!]

GM: SPLAAAAA-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KNEES UP!! DONOVAN GOT THE KNEES UP!!

[With Cletus Lee grabbing at his ribs, down on all fours on the mat, Robert Donovan rolls to his stomach...]

GM: Donovan's looking for the tag again! Jack Lynch is ready! Jack Lynch is waiting!

[The crowd is roaring, buzzing with anticipation as Lynch has his arm stretched out as far as humanly possible...]

GM: Donovan to his knees... almost there!



[We cut outside the ring where Cousin Bo is slamming his balled-up fists into the mat repeatedly, screaming at Cletus Lee to do something!]

GM: Cousin Bo's losing control out there! He feels the titles being put in jeopardy!

BW: That ain't true at all! He's trying to get a strategy together right now! You can see it in his eyes!

[But the only thing in Cousin Bo's eyes is pure panic as Donovan pushes up, staggers...

...and then falls to the corner, slapping Jack Lynch's outstretched hand!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Jack Lynch promptly grabs the top rope with both hands, slingshotting himself over the ropes...

...and BLASTS a rising Cletus Lee with a right hand to the skull!]

GM: Big right hand by the Texan!

[Grabbing Cletus Lee by the hair, Lynch rushes a neutral corner and SLAMS his skull into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Lynch puts him hard into the corner!

[Pausing, Lynch does it again... and again... and again as the crowd counts along.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Bishop staggers backwards out of the corner as Lynch hops up on the middle turnbuckle, gives a whoop...

...and leaps off the top with an overhead elbow smash!]

GM: Ohh! Cletus Lee gets rocked!

[Jack Lynch gives another big whoop, peppering Cletus Lee with a series of hard right hands, continuing to stagger the big redneck.]

GM: Bishop's in trouble, Bucky!

BW: Stop saying that!

GM: Lynch steps out... he's headed up top!

[Jack gives a shout, pointing to his younger brother out on the floor.]

GM: Jack's paying a little tribute to James Lynch! He's heading up top... climbing the turnbuckles...

[Lynch gives a big swing of his gloved-hand covered arm as he steps to the top...]

GM: Lynch leaps off!

[But the 250 pounder gets snatched out of the sky by Cletus Lee!]

GM: Whoa! He got caught!

BW: Cletus Lee plucked him right out of mid-air! Incredible strength!

[The crowd roars in shock for the power of Cletus Lee as he slings Lynch over his shoulder, rushing towards the corner...]

...and SMASHES Lynch into the turnbuckles while in running powerslam position!]

GM: Ohh! Cletus Lee puts him into the corner!

[He shrugs Lynch off his shoulder, dumping him down into the Bishops corner before turning and charging across the ring...]

GM: What the-?!

[The Redneck Wrecking Machine swings a wild right hand that a kneeling Donovan takes full force, knocking him back down to the floor.]

GM: Oh! Give me a break, referee! Do your job in there, Mr. Jagger!

[An angry Donovan rolls into the ring, pushing up to his knees...]

GM: Donovan's coming in and-

[With the referee distracted by the incoming Donovan, Duane Henry loops the tag rope around the throat of Jack Lynch and chokes the life out of him! Lynch flails his arms and then tries to dig his fingers underneath the rope.]

GM: Lynch is being choked by Duane Henry in the corner! Come on, referee!

BW: You can blame Donovan for this! He's to blame for this doubleteam, Gordo!

[As Duane Henry chokes Lynch, Cletus Lee hammers away with rights and lefts to the body as James Lynch shouts at the referee, pointing desperately at the corner.]

GM: James Lynch is trying to call attention to what's going on and-

[Stepping from the corner, Cletus Lee scoops up Jack Lynch, slamming him down to the mat as Duane Henry claps his hands together...]

BW: TAG!

GM: It was not! It was not a tag at all!

[As his larger brother steps out to the apron, Duane Henry catapults himself over the ropes, dropping a leg across the upper body to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Duane Henry makes an illegal exchange - and he didn't even have to do that! He was in the corner! They could have made a legal tag!

BW: Yeah, but why bother if you don't have to? Textbook tag team wrestling by the Bishop Boys. Keeping the action on their side of the ring, double teaming when needed, that's what it's all about Gordo.

GM: Cheating? Illegal tactics, that's what it's all about?

BW: Yes, Gordo, are you new here? Tag team wrestling is an artform. It's a big game. You target one guy, you run interference with the ref, if you're any good you can use their partner against them. The Bishop Boys are masters of the game, and with Cousin Bo pulling the strings they're as good as it gets. Lynch and Rob Donovan might be good in singles, but they don't have that chemistry as a team. That's why it don't matter, you can have James Lynch, Billy Lynch, David Lynch, Merrill Lynch and the Lynch Mob out here and it ain't gonna do them any good.

GM: Jon Stegklet would NEVER hire the Lynch Mob!

[Pulling Lynch up by the hair, Duane Henry buries a left hand into the midsection before hauling him out to the middle of the ring. He points a finger at Donovan before tugging Lynch into a front facelock...]

GM: Duane Henry's got him hooked...

[The smaller Bishop slings Lynch's arm over his neck...]

GM: Can he get Lynch up?

[Duane Henry lifts the 250 pounder off the mat, holds him horizontal to the canvas...]

...and drops him straight down face-first on the mat!]

GM: GOURDBUSTER BY DUANE HENRY!!

[One-half of the National Tag Team Champions pops up to his feet, celebrating. He throws his arms into the air, letting loose a whoop as he turns to the closest camera and shouts "THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE, COOPER!"]

GM: Duane Henry seems quite proud of himself but he's wasting valuable time here... and NOW he dives for the cover, here we go! One! Two! Kickout by Jack Lynch! Maybe he would have gotten the pin if he went right for the cover.

BW: Momentary lapse in concentration, what can I say, Gordo. But you're absolutely right, he missed a chance to get to the pay window right there.

[Pulling Lynch off the mat by the hair, Duane Henry sends him for the ride, bouncing him off the ropes. Bishop deadleaps into the air, wrapping his legs around Lynch's neck for a huracanrana...]

GM: Headscissors takeov- no! Lynch isn't going over!

[A struggling Duane Henry tries to take Lynch over to the mat but the Texan refuses, holding his ground. He shifts his hand, regrouping as he pulls Duane Henry back up...]

GM: Lynch sets for a powerbomb! He's going for-

[Bishop rifles right hands to the top of the skull, causing Lynch to stagger back towards the Bishops' corner...]

...right into a lunging forearm to the back of the head from outside of the ring, courtesy of Cletus Lee!]

GM: Cletus Lee delivers the assist from the apron and THAT takes Lynch down in the headscissors!

[Springing off the mat, Duane Henry dashes to the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: Duane Henry off the ropes... leaping legdrop!

[But Lynch rolls aside, causing Duane Henry to SLAM down on the canvas on his rear end!]

GM: Oh! That'll send a jolt down the spine!

[Duane Henry winces in pain, grabbing at his hindquarters as Cletus Lee slaps the top turnbuckle, shouting for a tag from his smaller brother...]

GM: Cletus Lee wants the tag... and believe it or not, so does Robert Donovan! Donovan's on his feet in the corner, leaning on the turnbuckles, calling for a tag...

BW: I can't believe he's already on his feet.

GM: Donovan wants a tag... Cletus Lee wants a tag... Duane Henry rolls to all fours...

[Cletus Lee reaches down, slapping the hand before stepping through the ropes.]

GM: The big man is in... and Jack Lynch is crawling for it!

[Lynch is halfway across the ring before Cletus Lee steps in, quickly moving across...

...and DIVING onto the legs of Lynch, wrapping them up to prevent a tag from being made! The crowd jeers the save from Cletus Lee Bishop as Cousin Bo loudly cheers his cousin's actions.]

GM: Cousin Bo certainly liked that, Bucky!

BW: You never know, Gordo... Cletus Lee may have just saved the National Tag Team Titles right there... so you're damn right he liked it.

[Getting back to his feet, Cletus Lee drags Jack Lynch back across the ring by the boot.]

GM: Jack Lynch looked like he had a window to make the tag there but Cletus Lee Bishop managed to cut him off!

[Cletus Lee pulls Lynch all the way back to the Bishops' corner, delivering a pair of hard stomps to the back of the head to keep him in place as he slaps Duane Henry's hand.]

GM: He's bringing Duane Henry back in?

BW: That might not be the best idea either. Duane Henry just got out of there after missing that legdrop and that kind of fall can take some time to recover from.

[Duane Henry steps in, steps up to the midbuckle, and leaps off, dropping a knee across the upper body!]

GM: Mercy! Big flying knee off the middle rope... very effective... and another quick tag to the bigger member of the Bishop Boys...

BW: I stand corrected, Gordo. The Bishops knew EXACTLY what they were doing with that quick exchange.

[Duane Henry pulls Lynch off the mat as Cletus Lee props himself up onto the middle rope.]

GM: Nothing good can come of Cletus Lee climbing the ropes... ohh! Side backbreaker by Duane Henry!

[With Lynch draped over his brother's knee, Cletus Lee leaps off the middle rope, dropping an elbow across the throat!]

GM: Great double team move-

BW: Completely legal! He nearly decapitated him with that, daddy!

GM: Cletus Lee makes a cover! One! Two! Th- Jack Lynch gets the shoulder up!

[The crowd roars for the kickout but you can sense a growing buzz of concern from the Los Angeles crowd.]

GM: The challengers seem like they're starting to wear down, Bucky. These kickouts are closer and closer to three.

BW: You gotta give 'em credit for wrestling a smart match, Gordo, the Bishops are just breaking these two down brick by brick.

GM: They certainly are, Bucky, can't deny that. Back up to a vertical base, Cletus Lee sends Jack Lynch for the ride...

[On the rebound, Cletus effortlessly picks Jack up in a military press. Arms fully extended, looking about as strained as a clam in deep sleep, Cletus turns to gloat to anyone who'll listen... but doesn't see Rob Donovan step over the ropes...]

GM: From behiiiiiii-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as Donovan lays in a BIG boot to the mush of Cletus Lee Bishop!]

GM: OHHH! BIG BOOT TO THE FACE!!!

[The blow sends Cletus Lee falling backwards, losing his grip on Lynch who falls onto Cletus Lee's chest in a bodypress that knocks the big man off his feet and down to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars! They were a half count away on that one!

BW: Cletus Lee got caught by surprise with the big boot and the bodypress... now he's reeling a bit!

[Lynch scrambles up to his feet, turning towards the corner where Robert Donovan has a hand outstretched...

...and then wheels around, rushing the other corner where he almost runs right into a Duane Henry back elbow!]

GM: Whoa! Lynch puts the brakes on! He almost got walloped right there!

[From behind, Cletus Lee Bishop rushes the corner...]

GM: Here comes the big ma- OHHHH!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Jack Lynch sidesteps, causing Cletus Lee to plow right into his smaller brother, sending him sailing off the apron and down to the floor!]

GM: HE MISSED! JACK LYNCH DODGED AND CLETUS LEE BISHOP CHARGED RIGHT INTO DUANE HENRY!

[With Duane Henry down and Cletus Lee staggered, suddenly Jack Lynch has an opportunity.]

"TWENTY MINUTES GONE BY! TWENTY MINUTES!"

GM: With a big chunk of the time limit left, Jack Lynch with a small window, he's got both Bishops on the defensive!

BW: He should tag out, get the big man in!

[But Lynch opts to stay on the offense, popping himself up onto the Bishops' midbuckle as Cousin Bo slaps the canvas, screaming at the wobbly Cletus Lee...]

GM: Lynch off the middle rope! ELBOW!

[Cletus Lee raises both arms, blocking the overhead elbow smash...

...and then swings his arms around the torso of Lynch, hooking in a bodylock...]

GM: He's got Lynch wrapped up...

[The crowd ROARS in surprise as Cletus Lee pops his hips, HURLING Jack Lynch bodily over the top with a belly-to-belly throw that sends him bouncing off the canvas...]

GM: My stars, what a suplex by Cletus Lee!

[...but VERY close to the challengers' corner!]

GM: Lynch is stunned but he's reaching up!

[A shout from Cousin Bo gets Cletus Lee back on his feet, barreling across the ring to where Lynch is trying to recover...]

GM: Cletus Lee looking to stop the tag from being made and-

[Lynch THROWS himself towards the corner...]

"SLAAAAP!"

GM: AND THERE'S THE TAG! ROB DONOVAN IS IN THE MATCH!

[The big veteran wastes no time, swinging a leg over the top rope and greeting an incoming Cletus Lee with a series of big right hands!]

GM: Donovan's bringing the fight to the Bishops - South Laredo style!

[The series of haymakers, drawing an "oooooh!" from the crowd on every punch has Cletus Lee staggering backwards as Donovan hammers him out to the middle of the ring...

...and then breaks away, PASTING a rising Duane Henry with a forearm smash that sends him sailing off the apron again, smashing down on the floor where Cousin Bo races to his aid!]

GM: Donovan's on the warpath! He's got one Bishop down and the other one reeling for sure...

[With a roar, Donovan ducks down, scooping Cletus Lee Bishop up off the mat...]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[...and SLAMS him down with thunderous impact!]

GM: BODYSLAM!! DONOVAN SLAMMED THE BIG MAN!!

[With a pump of the fist, Donovan charges the ropes, bouncing off...

...and DROPS a heavy leg across the throat!]

GM: OHHHHH!

BW: Cletus Lee may be coughing up blood for a week after that!

[Donovan floats over into a lateral press as the referee dives down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-



[The crowd ROARS as Duane Henry attempts a lunging save only to have Donovan slide to the side, allowing Duane Henry to SMASH his own brother over the head with a diving double axehandle!]

GM: Ohh! He missed and nailed his brother!

[A smirking Donovan gets up, grabs the slightly stunned Duane Henry by the hair...

...and LAUNCHES him over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the barely-padded floor below!]

GM: OHHH! DUANE HENRY'S OUT!!

BW: He's a one man band, daddy! Rob Donovan is smelling gold!

[As Cletus Lee staggers up to his feet, he throws a wild right hand that Donovan easily avoids before grabbing Cletus Lee by the hair and SLAMMING his head into the nearest set of turnbuckles!]

GM: Donovan grabs an arm, wings him into the corner...

[And barrels in after him to CRUSH Cletus Lee under the 350 pounds of a charging Donovan!]

GM: OHHH! BIG SPLASH IN THE CORNER!!

[Cletus Lee staggers out as Donovan waves a recovering Jack Lynch in...]

GM: Look out! The challengers have a double team in mind here!

[The referee steps in, blocking Jack Lynch's path but Lynch shoves him aside drawing an "OHHHH!" from the crowd.]

GM: Jack Lynch has gotta be careful in there. Remember, the challengers got disqualified the last time they went after these titles because of something just like that.

[Donovan slings one of Cletus Lee's arms over his neck as Jack Lynch does the same with the other...]

GM: A double suplex?!

BW: No way! There's no way in heck they're gonna pull this off!

[The challengers attempt to hoist Cletus Lee into the air...

...but only manage to get him a foot or so off the mat before having to set him back down...]

GM: Couldn't get him up!

[An angry Cletus Lee lets loose a ghastly roar as he shoves both challengers away from him...

...and then STEAMROLLS both with a double lariat!]

GM: Cletus Lee is a machine, he's got ungodly strength!

BW: Yes! Yes! Finish 'em, Cletus!

[Cousin Bo seems to be saying the same thing as a confused Cletus Lee looks to his corner, not sure who to attack next...]

GM: Which one is the legal man?!

BW: Who cares?!

GM: It's Donovan! Robert Donovan is the legal man but Cletus Lee is pulling Jack Lynch off the canvas!

[Grabbing an arm, Cletus Lee hurls Lynch into a neutral corner.]

GM: Ohh! Lynch hits the corner hard... and now Cletus Lee is dragging Donovan up as well... and sends him to the OTHER corner!

[With both challengers in opposite corners, Cletus Lee takes a glance to the floor, looking for his brother who is starting to stir after being floored again.]

GM: Duane Henry's trying to get back up... but right now, Cletus Lee needs to keep the fight going on his own...

[Cletus Lee turns his head, rushing towards the corner where Jack Lynch is...

...and runs right into a pair of raised boots to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Lynch gets the boots up!

[Cletus Lee staggers backwards, wheeling around... and rushes the opposite corner where Donovan is standing...

...and runs RIGHT into another raised boot!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! TWO BIG BOOTS TO THE JAW OF CLETUS LEE!!

[Cletus Lee staggers out again, moving back to the center of the ring where Lynch charges out of the corner...]

GM: Here comes Lynch!

[Leaving his feet, Lynch leaps into the air, smashing his knee into the jaw of Cletus Lee!]

GM: LEAPING KNEE!! RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!!

[Completely dazed, Cletus Lee takes a wild right swing that almost drops him down to the mat. A second left comes up empty too considering the nearest opponent is three feet away. Johnny Jagger steps in, forcing Lynch out of the ring and out to the apron...]

GM: Lynch is forced out... Donovan stays in... Cletus Lee's in trouble, fans! The titles are in trouble!

[With Cletus Lee staggered, Donovan steps out of the corner, breathing heavily himself...

...and WRAPS a big hand around the throat of the bigger half of the National Tag Team Champions! The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: Donovan's got him hooked! He's looking for the chokeslam!

BW: Both of these big guys are running on E, daddy, they're suckin' wind big time! I don't know if he can get Bishop up, Gordo!

[The seven footer reaches around with the left hand, looking to support the other in the lift...

...when suddenly he spots Duane Henry Bishop out of the corner of his eye!]

GM: What the-?!

[Duane Henry goes charging down the length of the ring apron, running right up the turnbuckles...]

GM: OH MY-

[...and throws himself sideways off the top rope, twisting his body in mid-flight as Donovan releases Cletus Lee, turning to confront the new threat...]

GM: CAUGHT!

[Donovan snatches the much-smaller man out of the sky, holding Duane Henry across his chest. He stumbles back, off-balance under the body hitting him in the torso...]

BW: CLETUS LEE!

[...and catches his feet under him just as the bigger Bishop brother delivers a big boot right into the back of his smaller brother, sending Donovan toppling back down to the mat with Duane Henry on top of him!]

GM: DOWN GOES DONOVAN!!

BW: Why isn't this ref counting?!

GM: Duane Henry's not the legal man! Johnny Jagger's doing his job and doing it correctly!

[Donovan powers Duane Henry into the air, throwing the smaller man off of him as the referee tries to force Cletus Lee Bishop away from the action.]

GM: Donovan kicks out... trying to get off the mat...

BW: The ref's putting Cletus Lee out! What the heck?!

GM: Johnny Jagger may be losing track of the legal men here!

BW: He knew who the legal man was a few seconds ago according to you!

[Duane Henry gets back to his feet far too close to the challengers' corner...

...and gets CRACKED with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Lynch!

[Duane Henry staggers back out of the corner, blindly wandering into the waiting arms of Rob Donovan... who hooks the Bishop brother around the waist...]

GM: He's got him hooked! We've seen this before!

[Donovan powers Duane Henry up into the air, flipping him up as high as he can...]

GM: GUTWRENCH...

[...and then DRIVES him to the mat with a gutwrench powerbomb!]

GM: ...POWERBOMB!! THAT'S IT!!

[Donovan, who went down to a knee when delivering the standing powerbomb, is about to get back off the mat when Cletus Lee reaches under the ropes, grabbing the seven footer by the ankle...

...and YANKS him right out of the ring!]

GM: OH, COME ON!!

BW: Brilliant! Brilliant move from Cletus Lee!

GM: Rob Donovan had PLANTED Duane Henry with that powerbomb - that move he'd used to defeat SO many people over the years! Cletus Lee just SAVED the National Tag Team Titles and-

BW: LOOK AT THEM GO ON THE OUTSIDE! CLETUS LEE AND DONOVAN!

[The two big men trade punches on the outside again but in the inside there is one flattened Duane Henry... and one Jack Lynch, left all alone with one of the men who injured his brother and stole his title. From outside the ring, James Lynch gives his brother a shout of encouragement as Johnny Jagger steps out on the apron, shouting at the brawling duo.]

GM: There's a brawl on the floor but inside the ring, Jack Lynch has stepped in and...

[Lynch looks out at the rabid crowd, nodding his head...]

GM: We've got fighting everywhere! But Jack Lynch is standing all alone inside the ring... he's standing all alone and-

[Lynch shoots his gloved black hand into the air, drawing a HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

GM: Oh yeah! Jack Lynch is calling for the Iron Claw - the legacy of his family!

BW: No, no! Cousin Bo! DO SOMETHING!

[Cousin Bo is grabbing the bottom rope with both hands, screaming wildly at Duane Henry who is slowly starting to stir, rolling to his stomach and sliding his arms underneath him.]

GM: Duane Henry's starting to get off the mat and Jack Lynch is waiting for him!

[Lynch wiggles his fingers, awaiting Duane Henry to get to his feet... and when he does...]

GM: THE CLAW! THE CLAW!

[The crowd EXPLODES into cheers!]

GM: JACK LYNCH HAS THE CLAW CINCHED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

BW: NO, NO, NO! NOT LIKE THIS! DON'T TELL ME THIS IS HOW IT'S GONNA BE!

[The crowd is on it's feet, roaring like mad as the eldest Lynch brother takes out a half year of agony on Duane Henry Bishop...]

GM: Duane Henry Bishop is screaming in pain! He's trapped in one of the most dangerous holds in all of professional wrestling!

BW: How many titles have those stinkin' Stenches won with this very hold?!

GM: They may be about to add another one to the list because Duane Henry Bishop is fading, fans!

[The pumping arms of Duane Henry start to slow as Jack Lynch squeezes the temples. Johnny Jagger steps back in off the apron, circling the action inside the ring...]

GM: The referee's in close... making sure he's right there if Duane Henry gives up...

[Cousin Bo is screaming at Duane Henry, begging him to break the hold.]

GM: Cousin Bo's shouting at his cousin - trying to find a way out of this. He can sense it like these fans here in Los Angeles can! The titles are in jeopardy right now!

[Cousin Bo suddenly drops down off the apron, turning his attention to Cletus Lee Bishop who has managed to DRIVE Robert Donovan back into the ringpost, dumping him in the challengers' corner before stalking back to their corner.]

GM: The titles may be about to change hands!

[Cousin Bo rushes to Cletus Lee's side, gesturing and shouting wildly...

...at James Lynch.]

GM: Duane Henry's arms are fading... they're dropping...

[Cletus Lee leaps down off the apron, marching across the length of the ring, swinging around the ringpost...

...and GRABBING James Lynch around the throat!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Jack Lynch instantly releases the Iron Claw, spotting Cletus Lee assaulting his younger brother...]

GM: CLETUS LEE! HE'S GOT JAMES! JACK DROPPED THE CLAW!

[A man possessed, Jack grabs the top rope with both hands, flinging himself over the ropes to the outside and onto a shocked Cletus Lee, toppling the big man down to the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A wild-eyed Lynch rears back the right hand, hammering away at the larger half of the National Tag Team Champions!]

GM: JACK LYNCH IS ALL OVER CLETUS LEE BISHOP!!

BW: Cousin Bo just SAVED the titles, Gordo! I may hate 'em but I know that Iron Claw would've ended if it Bo hadn't sent Cletus Lee after that punk James Stench!

[With Lynch still pummeling Cletus Lee Bishop and James Lynch down on a knee, gasping for air.]

GM: Jack Lynch just gave up what was a surefire victory for the National Tag Team Titles to save his younger brother from Cletus Lee Bishop!

[The camera cuts to an angry seven footer in Robert Donovan going postal, charging down the length of the apron, swinging around the ringpost to shout at his partner.]

BW: Whoa! Donovan's hot under the collar, Gordo!

[Standing on the apron and waving an arm, Donovan hollers for Lynch to "GET HIS ASS IN THE RING!" But the infuriated Lynch pays no mind.]

GM: Donovan's telling his partner to get back in the ring to finish this thing off but Jack Lynch is ignoring him... Jack Lynch is-

[Donovan suddenly hops down off the apron, glaring at his partner who takes a step back...]

GM: Uh oh! This might be-

[The seven footer leans down and HAMMERS a now-kneeling Cletus Lee Bishop with a right hand!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

BW: I thought he was gonna deck the Stench, baby, Donovan's irate!

[Donovan pulls Cletus Lee Bishop off the floor by the arm, shoving him under the ropes into the ring where Duane Henry has managed to be dragged out by Cousin Bo.]

GM: Cletus Lee's back in... Duane Henry's back out... the challengers may still be on the verge of victory here though, fans. They just need to keep it together and get this win!

[The Pensacola native spins around, jabbing a finger into the chest of his partner, screaming at him to "stay focused and finish the job!"]

GM: We've got a little trouble between the tag team partners - the challengers - out on the floor.

[An incensed Donovan stomps away as Jack glares at him for a moment, and then rolls into the ring.]

BW: Donovan's got every right to be upset, Gordo! They had it won! Jack Lynch had the tag titles won but he let 'em go to save his cripple brother!

GM: He's not crippled, Bucky!

BW: THEN WHY THE HELL DID HE DROP THE CLAW?! HE HAD THE MATCH WON! LET HIS BROTHER FEND FOR HIMSELF!

[Jack ducks under the ropes into the ring, climbing to his feet just as Cletus Lee does the same...]

GM: Both men are back up on their feet and-

[Bishop reaches out, hooking his hand around the throat...]

GM: Uh oh! He's got Lynch by the throat! He's got him hooked!

[The powerful Redneck Wrecking Machine hoists Lynch up into the air...]

GM: CHOKESLAAAAA-

[But at the top of the chokeslam lift, Jack kicks the big man right in the slaps on the Iron Claw in midair!]

GM: CLAW!! CLAW!!!

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: JACK LYNCH LOCKS IN THE CLAW ON CLETUS LEE!!

[Lynch leans into the hold, quickly bringing Cletus Lee down to one knee. The Texan squeezes hard, digging his fingers into the temples of the bigger man.]

GM: Lynch has the Claw sunk in deep and he's taking one-half of the National Tag Team Champions down to the mat!

[Cousin Bo is going ballistic out on the floor, screaming and shouting at everyone in sight as Lynch continues to hold the Iron Claw on the head of Cletus Lee Bishop!]

GM: The Claw is on and he's driving him down, Bucky!

BW: Cousin Bo is losing his mind out here! Someone needs to do something! Someone needs to find a way out of this for Cletus Lee!

[Now down on both knees, Cletus Lee's arms slowly start to drop as Lynch digs his fingers in deeper, squeezing with all his might...]

GM: Lynch is trying to squeeze the National Tag Team Titles out of-

[Cousin Bo suddenly leaps up on the apron, shouting and screaming at the official. Johnny Jagger pulls himself away from the action in the ring, ordering Cousin Bo to get down...]



...which gives Duane Henry a window to slide under the bottom ropes into the ring, coming up behind Lynch...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OHHH! DUANE HENRY GOES LOW!!

[Lynch immediately releases the hold, allowing Cletus Lee to slump back against the ropes where he bounces off...]

...and DRILLS Jack Lynch with a Charging Big Boot to the jaw, knocking Lynch flat!]

GM: OHH! BIG BOOT!!

[Cletus Lee dives across the chest of Lynch as Duane Henry throws himself at an incoming Donovan, wrapping himself around the legs of the seven footer...]

GM: NOT LIKE THIS, NOT LIKE THIS!

BW: COUNT IT! ONE! TWOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

[Duane Henry rolls out of the ring, having taken several shots to the back of the head from an angry Donovan who was trying to break up the pin. Cousin Bo leaps up in excitement, rushing to the timekeeper's table to snatch up the title belts.]

BW: And Cousin Bo's got the gold, daddy!

[Bo rushes up the wooden steps at ringside, joining Duane Henry up on the ramp as Cletus Lee steps out as well. The trio looks back into the ring, mocking Robert Donovan as he stands, hands on hips, just inside the ring ropes.]

GM: Robert Donovan can't believe what just happened. The challengers just came so close to winning the National Tag Team Titles but in the end, they couldn't get it done, Bucky.

BW: I told you, Gordo! I told you that these two simpletons couldn't beat a REAL tag team like the Bishops!

[Cousin Bo claps his cousins on the back, turning towards the camera with a "Next up, the Stampede Cup!" before the joyous trio turns to make their way up the aisle to the locker room.]

GM: Well, as we've said many times it seems, by hook or by crook, the Bishop Boys have retained the AWA National Tag Team Titles, Bucky.

BW: And you just heard it from Cousin Bo - the next stop on their path to becoming the greatest tag team of all time is the Stampede Cup in early 2013!

GM: We're going to find out more info about the Stampede Cup in just a few moments from what I've been told, fans, but you've gotta be impressed with how well the challengers functioned as a team here tonight.

BW: I do? Jack Lynch blew it! Donovan's steamed and I can't blame him! Jack Lynch had the Claw locked in and I may think he's as worthless as a ten inch pile of cow dung but I know this business and I know that Claw meant the match was over. But he bailed out to help his no-account brother and it ended up costing them everything!

GM: Well, I don't know about that. It was still a tremendous effort - the kind of effort you would expect would keep them right at the top of the ladder of title contention. A couple of big wins to get back on track could put them right back in the title picture, Bucky.

BW: You're dreaming if you think these two are EVER gonna get another shot at the titles.

[Shaking his head in disbelief, Donovan approaches the rising Jack Lynch who leans over, patting Donovan on the chest.]

GM: It looks like Jack is apologizing for what happened out there... James joining them in the ring now. He looks as upset as anyone does and-

[Without warning, Donovan buries a knee into the gut of Jack Lynch.]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[James Lynch tries to intervene but a haymaker puts him down as Donovan hooks the gutwrench...]

GM: NO!

[...and DRIIIIIIVES Jack Lynch into the canvas!]

GM: MY STARS!! DONOVAN JUST LAID OUT HIS OWN PARTNER!!

[The crowd ROARS in shock... and then the boos start to come in.]

GM: Robert Donovan... why?! Why did he do it?!

BW: Isn't it obvious?! We just talked about it!

GM: Because they didn't win the titles?! He betrayed his own partner because they didn't win the National Tag Team Titles?!

BW: Donovan and Lynch were NEVER really partners, Gordo. That's been part of the problem from Day One.

[Donovan glares down at Jack Lynch, standing over his motionless form...]

...and failing to notice James Lynch who has rolled out to the apron and is rushing to scale the turnbuckles...]

GM: James Lynch!

BW: Oh my god, he's gonna kill this punk!

GM: James Lynch is up top! He's gonna fly!

[Donovan notices the buzzing of the crowd, quickly spinning just as James hurls himself off the ropes...]

GM: CROSSBOD-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd's reaction comes from Donovan sidestepping the leap and shoving Lynch violently down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh, good grief! James Lynch just got swatted out of the sky like King Kong on the Empire State Building!

BW: That's not far off, Gordo. Donovan's a monster! A force of nature!

[A fuming Robert Donovan glares down at Lynch.]

"YA JUMP ME FROM BEHIND?! THAT HOW IT IS, BOY?!"

[Leaning down, Donovan grabs Lynch by the injured leg...

...and flips him onto his stomach in a half Boston Crab!]

GM: OH! NO! DON'T DO THAT!

[Donovan leans back on the hold, forcing James Lynch to wail in pain.]

GM: Donovan's going after the leg - the injured leg that kept James Lynch out of action for months and months of ring time!

[The crowd is jeering the seven footer loudly now as he tries to do further damage to James Lynch's injured leg...

...when suddenly Travis Lynch comes tearing through the entrance curtain, trailed closely by AWA security!]

GM: HERE COMES TRAVIS! GET 'IM, KID!

[Lynch, carrying a steel chair in his hands, steps through the ropes, winding up as Donovan turns to confront the new threat, releasing the half Crab...

...and takes a full force shot across his raised arms to the cheers of the crowd! The big man bails out, falling through the ropes out to the floor where he lands on his feet...]

GM: Whoa! Big shot by Trav!

[Donovan seems ready to come back in after the youngest Lynch who slams the chair down on the ropes, keeping Donovan at bay as security rushes to push the seven footer back...]

"YER A DEAD MAN, LYNCH! DEAD!"

[Donovan's fury is evident on his reddened face as the AWA security officials force him back up the aisle, pushing him towards the locker room as Travis Lynch throws the chair aside, kneeling down next to James Lynch and Jack Lynch, waving for some help from the medical team as we fade to black.

Backstage we go to where Jason Dane stands in a hallway. He's dapper as all heck on the biggest night of the year. ]

JD: Jason Dane backstage and... just a second!

[Interrupting his own sentence he motions for the camera to follow him. He quickly dashes off to the side where a very large man fills out a very large AWA t-shirt. He stops, turning his massive neck to look at Jason Dane through vicious, bloodshot, bulging eyes.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, I've just bumped into AWA newcomer, Brody. Brody, you've already opened a lot of eyes in two \_very\_ impressive outings. Any words for future opponents?

[Brody keeps looking at Jason, though not towering over him his mass certainly dwarfs him and shows truly how gigantic he is, biceps as big as Dane's torso. Dane gulps, regretting the impromptu interview.]

JD: Err.... what I mean to say is, what do... wha... any words for future competition?

[Brody keeps looking, breathing heavily.]

JD: ...

[Then he finally speaks, voice harsh and deep.]

B: JUST... ANOTHER... VICTIM.

[And then he flinches at Dane, sending him back several steps in fear. Brody smirks... growls... and walks off.]

JD: Tak... take it away, Mark Stegglet.

[We crossfade to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing by.]

MS: Thanks, Jason. We just saw another successful title defense by the National Tag Team Champions, the Bishop Boys, whose attention now turns to 2013 and the Stampede Cup. Speaking of which, just moments ago, I was meeting with several members of the AWA's Championship Committee who have given me some exclusive information about the big tag team tournament that I can reveal here tonight for the very first time.

[Stegglet looks positively giddy.]

MS: I can now officially announce that the 2013 edition of the Stampede Cup will be held on March 2nd and 3rd at the Oklahoma State Fair Arena in Oklahoma City. Sixteen of the world's best tag teams will be invited to compete on that weekend to determine the best tag team in the world. Of course, we know that earlier tonight, Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez won entry into the tournament. We can also announce that the National Tag Team Champions, the Bishop Boys, will be competing as well.

[Stegglet nods confidently.]

MS: So, two of sixteen teams have been announced with more to come in the weeks and months ahead. I've also been told that the World Champion, whoever it may be, will defend his title on the first night in Oklahoma City as well in the night's Main Event.

[Stegglet grins.]

MS: There you have it... our first news on the 2013 edition of the Stampede Cup. But we've still got four big matches to come tonight and-

[Stegglet pauses, listening through his earpiece.]

MS: One moment, fans.

[Stegglet waits a little longer before nodding.]

MS: Fans, in breaking news, we can also announce that November, the winner of tonight's Steal The Spotlight showcase, has been taken to a nearby medical facility for examination and will NOT be available to compete in the Royalty versus Team Sharif six man tag team match. As you may recall, both Royalty and Sharif had offered the final spots on their squads to the winner of that match... so... well, I'm not sure what this means for either team at this point.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Let's go to some pre-taped words from one of the men who is about to step into a very dangerous situation... let's go to William Craven...

[The AWA banner hangs, covering the wall in an empty hallway. Ragged, excited breathing breaks up a staccato, muttering laughter. Abruptly, the banner falls, exposing the white cinderblock wall beneath. Lowering, the camera captures a birds-eye view of the green freak known as "One Man Revolution" William Craven.]

Wrapping himself up tight like a child trying to hide in his crib, shielded by a beloved blanket, Craven stares forward, away from the camera.]

WC: Year upon year, on and on, ranging all over the world, Alex Martinez has shone. He is ... an icon. The first man whose name hangs in the Hall of Fame that yet laces boots. Most see him as a demigod who merely dallies with mortals ... and they thank him for the privilege as he \_spits\_ upon them all.

Others ... wish to make a name in fighting him. If they can somehow fell the titan, they think, they can then steal just some tiny portion of his greatness. A drop of blood ... on the tongue ... a taste of divinity...

A third class wishes to take his place. To steal his divinity. All of it. A drop of blood is not enough. They seek to consume the heart. They would assume the mantle of Atlas, never mindful of the burden that entails.

[His red-wrapped hand snaking up from a fold in the banner, Craven wipes from his brow down over his chin. Finally, with his eyes and not his head, he looks up at the camera.]

WC: Of these three I am none. You see ... the problem is that the "Mighty" Martinez was not born alone ... he had a twin. Where once there were two ... he alone emerged. He and I were ... like Romulus and Remus. Each of us devastated those beneath us equally. On arrival we each clashed with the legends who ruled our Empire and came out on the other side better for it. Temple. Myers. Annis... Countless others. Quickly most of them came to fear us. Both of us found gold in our journeys.

We both are beasts given birth by the 1990s. Now, in the 2010s ... we are the ones who will not die. All that separates us is the way we are now perceived.

[Not even trying to balance, Craven rises, one shoulder grinding against the concrete and smearing white across the banner he now wears.]

WC: They tell me, Martinez, those who claim to know, that the war of public opinion we fought by our proxies in the 1990s clearly declared you the victor. As we entered the Empire ... you were named the "Wrestler of the Year". In that poll, mere opinion, I nipped at your heels ... but was beneath your notice.

Then ... my fall from grace. You remained, exalted, somehow surpassing Daedalus and his ill-fated son and touching the very sun without burning! I was gone ... and you never had to lift a finger. I remember ... striking at

you, knocking you from your feet, as some simpleton with a microphone was having us talk about our match...

We were supposed to be on the same side. Remember? Do you remember that? You rose ... mildly upset ... but composed. Others said you were the bigger man for that. But I knew ... I knew the depths of your arrogance.

You think you're above me, Alex. I ... I fell on bad times, was deemed a bad investment by the business concerns that really drive this industry. You remained, looking down, not the best, not the greatest ... but marketable. You've never beaten me, Alex, in our little skirmishes. Perhaps ... perhaps it's because you've never cared. Nothing to gain from a victory, nothing to lose should I win. But this, tonight, this is different, yes?

[Finally standing upright, Craven gives his sick, shark-toothed grin, flicks his split tongue at the camera and cocks his head to one side.]

WC: It's a good night, Alex. We are opposed, directly. You have no tag team partner to blame your shortcomings on. When it was no longer profitable you stepped away from the violence, the Empire, and never looked back. For me ... the Empire is eternal, carried in my chest, in my heart.

Whole years you stepped away from the ring, satisfied in your status, your position, your ... bank account. I remained hungry, sometimes by choice, sometimes not, but for me the violence was ever a way of life. Compared to me you are a dilettante, never fully committed.

I mentioned before, those who wish to eat your heart, to take your place. I said that I was not one of them. Perhaps this seems contradictory to you, Alex, but it isn't.

[Deep breath. Sneer.]

WC: There is no need to taste of your blood for I already am the holder of the Hardcore Heart. And I do not seek to steal from you your mantle, that of wrestling's greatest Living Legend because that mantle WAS MINE! It was always mine. Tonight I reclaim the legacy that I have always known yet never been recognized for. My place is at the center, astride the sun itself, for the thousands of battles I've waged across this globe.

All this I will take tonight. So, you see, Alex, tonight you have everything to lose and nothing to gain. I've broken you down to nothing and, at most, you'll show that you can come back from such devastation. You have to win ... just to break even. And even then ... will you be the same for the experience? Do you even remember the Empire? Not in your mind ... but in your skin. That shock that shoots up your spine as you fall from an unnatural height. The numb cold that comes as you realize you've lost too much blood. That grim determination as you hear the crowd cry out for your BLOOD! They want nothing more than to see the fire of your soul snuffed for all time so that they can say that when you died they were there! They bore witness! I know, I do not need to ask, that you are afraid of just

that! You know I can break you, Martinez, BECAUSE I'VE ALREADY DONE IT ONCE!

Understand, I am not so arrogant as to assume victory. I only assert that, if I lose to you, it does nothing. All that proves is that I am not invincible. If you lose to me ... that means that you cannot beat me ... that all I've said is true... It proves that all I've said of you stealing the career that should have been mine is true.

[Gripping the banner by it's corners, Craven lets the bulk of it fall to the floor.]

WC: Tonight, Alex, there is a chance that one of us will be wrestling our last match. As I said ... I know you fear this. I, however, do not. If this is my last chapter ... then let it be written in BLOOD! For until that moment, until, somehow, you find a way to snuff out the fire of my soul the AWA will be mine; you ... will be mine. For, through me, the Violence finds it's way into the world, the Empire lives on, and the Revolution moves inexorably towards completion.

[Slowly, dramatically, Craven raises the AWA banner overhead, slowly draping it over his shoulders and down his back like a cape.]

WC: It gets worse. It. Gets. Worse. IT! GETS! WWWOOORRRSSSE!

[Stand. Sweat. Pant. Cut.]

We find ourselves looking upon the squared circle. During the extended break between matches, the ring crew has been quite busy. The first thing anyone would notice is that barbed wire has been looped from top to bottom, stretching out over the length of the ropes from post to post - there are gaps in the loop, exposing the safety of the ropes, but there are several spots where the ropes are most certainly covered by the razor-sharp wire.

Just beyond the ropes, the ring crew has stretched three straight strands of barbed wire from post to post as well - forming a second set of ropes if you will, sure to prevent any attempts to escape the violence within.

There is most certainly a buzz in the air from the fans as the anticipation builds within the Los Angeles Sports Arena. What are they about to witness? How bad will it get? Is it truly the last night one of these men will be able to compete in this business? Has the Extreme finally arrived?]

GM: Wow.

BW: In a word, you got it.

GM: Fans, I have to admit that this is a day I did not anticipate coming in the AWA. I knew we'd have steel cage matches... matches with chains and dog collars and bullropes... I knew we'd have no DQ matches, Texas Death, Lights Out... call it whatever you want. But this? This I did not see coming.



BW: I'm not sure it ever would have if it wasn't for our special guest joining us here at ringside right now.

GM: Mr. Blue, welcome to SuperClash IV.

[We cut to ringside where, yes indeed, former EMWC owner Chris Blue has joined Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde at the commentary table.]

CB: Thanks, Gordon. It's my pleasure to be here to help bring the best wrestling in the world to the people of Los Angeles again.

GM: Bucky Wilde tells it true. This match is YOUR responsibility. You signed it using the powers given to you by your contract to co-promote this event. Are you feeling any remorse at all?

[Blue looks puzzled.]

CB: Remorse? Are you kidding me? Alex Martinez and William Craven are two of the most violent men in the world. How did you expect them to settle their differences? Chinese checkers? A game of Scrabble?

BW: Maybe a Table of Peace.

[Blue glares at Bucky.]

CB: Cute. The fact is, Gordon, men this violent needed a match like this to settle their issue once and for all. We could have gone on for months, escalating the stipulations as these two tried to end one another but I'm stopping that cold here tonight. One way or another, this ends tonight.

GM: I see. And do you have a prediction for us?

CB: I predict that the parents at home are gonna want to put the kiddies to bed right about now.

[Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: Let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions.

[The shot pans several feet to the left - Phil Watson obviously deciding to do this work from the safety of the ringside floor.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a one hour time limit and is the very first AWA BARBED WIRE MATCH!

[Big cheer from a crowd that remembers their Extreme roots!]

PW: There will be no countouts... no disqualifications... anything goes inside this barbed wire prison.

And now... introducing first...

[There's a long pause...

...and then the crowd ERUPTS at the familiar sound of Fight's "Little Crazy."]

#It's alright...#

#It's alright...#

#It's alright...#

#I'm just... a little crazy!#

[The ripping guitar coming after Rob Halford's vocals brings the partisan crowd to their feet, screaming their heads off in tribute for their city's favorite son. The camera closes on a boy, no more than ten years old, swinging a homemade sign that says, "WELCOME HOME, ALEX!" with a big smile on his face.

We cut back to the entrance ramp where smoke has started to pour through the curtain...

...and for the first time in a year, Alex Martinez strides through, ready for battle.]

GM: There he is, fans! Alex Martinez is back!

[Standing at the top of the aisle, his expression calm but intense, the Last American Badboy turns his head, looking out at the fans who've supported him for so many years. There's the slightest hint of a smile as he takes it all in.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California...

[HUUUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

PW: He stands seven feet tall and weighs in at 350 pounds...

THE LAST AMERICAN BADBOY...

AAAAAAAAAAAAALLLLEX MAAAAARRRRRTIIINEZ!

[Martinez gives a nod, taking his first steps towards the ring. All around, the fans cheer and scream, hands reaching up from their spots on the floor to touch him. The stoic Martinez seems not to notice or care as he strides with purpose down the aisle. He's wearing his trademark black leather jacket but has foregone his usual full-length wrestling tights for a set of jeans to protect him better from the barbed wire. His fists are, as always, covered in black fingerless gloves and his right elbow is covered in a black pad.]

GM: Listen to this reaction for Alex Martinez!

CB: That's not just a hometown pop either, Gordo. This is a man who has been greatly missed by wrestling fans all over the world in the year he's been out of action.

GM: It was one year ago at SuperClash III that William Craven revealed himself to be The Dragon who had hunted and tormented Martinez for so many months before leaving him physically destroyed out here at ringside. It's been a long road back for Martinez here in the AWA, trying to get back to one hundred percent so he could come back and vanquish the monster who haunted him. Tonight, he gets to try to do exactly that inside this barbed wire hell.

CB: "Barbed wire hell." I like that, Gordon. Where the heck were you when I had Stegglet calling matches for me?

BW: We were down in Atlanta, trying to not get put out of business by you.

CB: Touche, Buckthorn. Coulda used you too, by the way. We saw earlier tonight how ungrateful Michaelson is for everything I did for him.

[Upon reaching the end of the ramp, Martinez stares at the barbed wire covered ropes. He slowly reaches out a hand, grabbing at a piece of the wire and giving it a little tug. He walks along the ropes for a moment, considering his options, and finds a relatively safe spot to swing a leg over the ropes and barbed wire, stepping safely into the ring to even more cheers from the crowd.]

BW: Even gettin' in the ring is dangerous for these two.

CB: That's kinda the point, Bucky. Make it hard to get in and make it REAL hard to get out. The barbed wire will keep them both inside the ring and make sure this match ends decisively.

GM: I can only imagine how sharp that barbed wire is, fans.

BW: Oh, I went and checked it out before the show, Gordo... that's the stuff they use out on ranches back in Texas. One of the ring crew told me they call it "calf-killing barbed wire" 'cause if a baby cow wanders into it, they're making burgers for dinner.

GM: Lovely.

CB: Barbed wire matches have been around this business for decades, Gordon. This ain't no new thing we're doing here tonight. The territories down there in the South that you two love so much, they've been carving people up with barbed wire since the 60s.

GM: That doesn't make it right, sir.

[Martinez takes off his jacket, handing it over the ropes to a ringside attendant to reveal a Judas Priest t-shirt on over his torso, again providing some protecting from the skin-tearing metal, as his music fades. The big man begins pacing back and forth, watching and waiting as a nervous looking Michael Meekly tugs a heavy pair of gloves on over his hands and arms, also waiting for the carnage to begin.]

GM: Martinez in the ring, chomping at the bit for his match to begin. I'm being told that Craven's just ... backstage, waiting for something. Yes, yes he's delaying it himself?

BW: It's all psychology, Gordo, Craven's got Martinez worked up in a tizzy and now he's making him wait. I have it on good authority that he asked to come out second. It's all on purpose--

\*WHUMP-ump-ump\*

BW: --and I think he's done waiting!

[With the sound of a thunderclap, the lights go out, and the world is plunged into darkness. The expected music, however, doesn't play as the high-speed metal guitar instrumental beginnings of SIXX:AM's "This is Gonna Hurt" begins.]

GM: What is this?

BW: Nothing I'd listen to!

GM: This isn't Craven's music--

[Red letters knit into existence on the Empire Sports video wall, reading "It Gets Worse!" then unravel to form a single red line. The sounding of a horrible heart is heard, the line reverberating with every noise played over the PA.]

BW: It is Craven. Big show match! Big show music!

CB: I got chill bumps on my arm, guys! This is gonna be a war!

[Pumping with energy the lyrics begin as Craven emerges from the back, standing, flashing his sharpened teeth in a sneer towards the ring he waits again, his sleeveless vinyl ring robe blowing in an artificial wind...]

#Hey! (Hey!)#

#Hell is what you make. (Make.)#

#Rise against your fate. (Fate.)#

#Nothing's gonna keep you down,#

[Raising his wooden sword in one hand, Craven gives a primal scream.]

#even if it's killing you...#

#Because you know the truth...#

[Bringing his weapon down in a vicious death stroke Craven turns suddenly and stalks towards the ring.]

#Listen up! Listen up!#

#There's a devil in the church,#

#got a bullet in the chamber,#

#and this is gonna hurt. #

[Walking quickly down to the end of the ramp where the barbed wire blocks his path, Craven pauses as Phil Watson's found his voice.]

PW: And his opponent... Hailing from Detroit, Michigan! He weighs in tonight at 320 pounds! Ladies and Gentlemen, this is William Craven!

[Craven stares at Martinez beyond the barbed wire and lightly taps the skin-piercing barbs with his wooden sword. He turns his back on the ring, looking out on the crowd one more time before carefully ducking through the wire into the ring. One of the barbs catches on his robe, tearing a giant gash in the back of it as Craven yanks it loose.]

GM: Look at that! That wire just ripped a wide hole in Craven's robe!

BW: Now imagine what it can do to your skin, daddy.

CB: We're not gonna have to imagine for much longer 'cause it's about to be shown to us up close and personal.

GM: For someone who says he no longer cares for the Extreme, you certainly seem to be enjoying this, sir.

CB: I may not see the Extreme as a way of life anymore... but I certainly respect the hell out of what a match of this magnitude can gain by being put into that environment, Gordon.

[Craven stands across the ring from Martinez, thrusting his arms out to his side as his robe falls heavily into a heap on the mat to reveal his serpent-tattooed, muscular torso. The timekeeper moves into position to take the wooden sword from Craven who gives an impish grin, feints as if to hand his weapon off, then raps the timekeeper's knuckles painfully.]

BW: He's not giving up the sword, Gordo.

GM: And he doesn't have to. God help us all but Chris Blue has brought extreme to the AWA. Now not only might these two men not survive it but the company itself could be damaged beyond repair!

CB: Now you're just being melodramatic. If anything, I popped your buyrate a few more notches up the ladder and someone should be thanking me. Instead, you're all standing around crying about what I'm doing to your precious old school company. You'll see, Gordon. You'll see.

GM: Michael Meekly steps between these two men... he has no job in this but to count a pinfall or check for a submission... although in a match like this, you have to worry about things like excessive blood loss so Mr. Meekly's job may become VERY important before this match is over.

[Meekly gives some final words to a stony-faced Martinez who nods... and then to a wooden sword-wielding Craven who doesn't do anything but smile widely at the waiting Martinez...

...and there's the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Whether the fans of the AWA - or any of us for that matter - are ready or not, this match has begun!

BW: We should point out for those who haven't noticed yet. This is NOT a no-rope barbed wire match like those held in the EMWC.

GM: Bucky's correct. There have been barbed wire "ropes" set up outside the ring, just beyond the regular ropes, as well as barbed wire looped around the existing ropes in a pretty wide pattern. There are plenty of places for someone to still get maimed though.

[With the bell sounded, the referee gets the hell out of the way as the two men slowly step forward, inching a bit at a time out of their respective corners as the fans roar. Flash bulbs are firing everywhere to be seen throughout the Los Angeles Sports Arena, creating a very electric atmosphere as the two men get closer... and closer... and closer to one another...]

GM: Craven reaches out that sword, pushing the tip of it into the heart of Martinez...

[A good lip-reader might catch Craven saying something about "removing this from your chest" to which Martinez responds by slapping the sword aside, surging forward, and BLASTING Craven with a right hand to the skull!]

GM: Oh! Here we go!

[The seven footer unleashes, throwing haymaker after haymaker to the head of Craven, backing him further and further across the ring towards the barbed wire wrapped ropes. The crowd is roaring with anticipating, urging the big man on as he tries to back the man who tried to end his career into the barbed wire...]

GM: Craven's getting backed down!

BW: And unlike Martinez, Craven's out here with no shirt at all. He's a nutjob if there ever was one.

CB: Crazy but incredibly dangerous. I speak to that firsthand. And he doesn't fear pain at all. That's why he doesn't wear a shirt out here. He's okay with the idea of getting cut up by that stuff... he KNOWS it's going to happen so he's welcoming the idea of it.

[Two more right hands land, sending Craven just out of touch of the barbed wire now. He's staggering under the blows, just barely able to stay on his feet. The seven footer places his hands on Craven's shoulders, looking to push him back...]

GM: Martinez is gonna put him in the wire!

[...but Craven's not a small man either, mirroring where Martinez has placed his hands, pushing back with equal force to prevent the drive into the barbed wire!]

GM: Craven's fighting him off though, pushing back to avoid going into the wire!

BW: And now you've got two big bulls pushing each other around, trying to push one another into that stuff.

[The crowd is buzzing as they watch Martinez push forward an inch or two and then Craven push him back a few inches...]

GM: Who's going to get the advantage in this one? Martinez certainly has a size advantage but they're both among the strongest wrestlers in the world today. I'm not sure if-

[Suddenly, Craven switches his footing, swinging Martinez around to where his back is just short of the barbed wire! The crowd exclaims in shock, watching as Craven grits his fanged teeth, trying to drive Martinez backwards...]

GM: Martinez is in trouble here! He's trying to hang on... just barely trying to-

[Martinez breaks his grip and QUICKLY slams an elbow down across the crown of the skull!]

GM: Ohh! Big elbow by the seven footer!

[Craven staggers back from the shot as Martinez advances, raising his arm a second time...]

GM: And a second elbow to the skull! Martinez has got Craven reeling off those shots to the head!

[Martinez grabs Craven by the arm...]

GM: He's gonna whip him into the wire!

[...but Craven gets just short of the wire, slamming on the brakes as he nervously teeters, trying to avoid the skin-tearing metal. An angry Martinez rushes forward for a clothesline attempt.]

GM: Martinez with the clothesli- ducked!

[Craven ducks under the clothesline effort which causes Martinez to topple close to the barbed wire yet again. The One Man Revolution rushes forward, grabbing Martinez by the hair and trying to drive his face into the barbed wire surrounding the top rope.]

GM: Craven's trying to draw first blood! He wants to cut the big man open first!

[Reaching out, Martinez wraps his fingerless glove-covered hands around the safe parts of the top rope, holding his ground as Craven continues to try and push his head down.]

GM: Craven's pulling and tugging at the hair, trying to put Martinez' face into that wire but Martinez is blocking it!

[Giving up his attempt, Craven breaks his hold on the hair, throwing a left hand into the ribcage... and again... and again. The third blow breaks down Martinez' block, leaving one hand on the wire as Craven grabs the hair again...]

GM: He's going for it again!

[...but again, Martinez gets the other hand back up, using his powerful arms at full extension to block Craven's efforts.]

GM: Alex Martinez is just too strong for him to allow him to do what he's trying to do right now.

CB: The key phrase you said though is "right now." This is what Craven needs to do... rip that skin open, make Martinez taste his own blood, make Martinez doubt if he should have EVER come back after last year. I've known Alex Martinez for many years, boys, and what I saw happen to him last year at SuperClash III... I've NEVER seen that happen to him before. If that's the same Alex Martinez we've got here tonight, William Craven may establish himself as "the man" in this business by the time he walks out of Los Angeles tonight.

[Martinez continues to struggle against Craven's attempt...

...until suddenly throwing an elbow back into Craven's midsection!]

GM: Oh! Martinez caught him in the gut!

[The seven footer wheels around, grabbing Craven by the back of the head with both hands...]

GM: Martinez goes for it now!

[Craven mirrors his opponent's defense, bringing up both arms and grabbing the top rope with both hands...



...and then SLAMS his head back into the bridge of Martinez' nose, sending the big man staggering back out to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Ohh! That one stunned the seven footer.

[The One Man Revolution swings around, glaring at the wobbly Martinez...

...and snatching his wooden sword up off the canvas.]

GM: Uh oh... this can't be good...

BW: Craven's got the sword and Martinez is-

[Craven suddenly winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The brutal wooden sword shot across the back sends Martinez stumbling forward, dropping down to his knees.]

GM: Craven cracked him across the back with that illegal weapon!

CB: It's not illegal in this one, Gordon. Craven can use a Howitzer if he's so inclined.

BW: Let's just hope he doesn't have one out here somewhere 'cause he just might do that.

[Craven circles around the kneeling Martinez, muttering under his breath as he comes to a stop in front of him...

...and rears straight back, hoping to slam the sword down in a chopping motion on the skull of his most hated rival.]

GM: Craven's gonna cave his skull in!

[But before he can swing the sword, Martinez surges forward with a right hand to the gut.]

GM: Martinez goes downstairs to save his own skin!

[A second one forces Craven to drop his weapon as the big man gets back to his feet.]

GM: Both men back up now...

[Martinez lifts both arms overhead, slamming them down on the small of Craven's back, knocking him down to all fours.]

GM: And now it's Craven who is down on the mat at the mercy of Alex Mar...  
oh brother.

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez picks up the wooden sword in his hands, turning it over once as he gets a two-handed grip on it, raises it high overhead...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[ERUPTING with cheers, the Los Angeles Sports Arena roars for their hometown favorite as he lays a brutal blow across the kidneys with the wooden weapon!]

GM: Good grief!

[The blow causes Craven to flip over to his back, arching up in pain as Martinez raises it a second time...]

GM: Not again!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOWN ACROSS THE MIDSECTION!

[Craven sits up, clutching his ribcage in pain from the blow from his own weapon.]

GM: Craven's down... Craven's hurt... and Martinez STILL has the weapon. The referee's asking him to set it aside.

BW: Not much chance of that, Gordo.

CB: Not a snowball's chance in hell if you ask me.

[Martinez paces around the downed Craven, coming to a stop in front of him just as Craven did to him moments ago. He nods his head, saying something off-mic to his enemy just before swinging the cane back as far his arms will reach (which is pretty far)...]

GM: Martinez is gonna take his shot at-

[Craven pushes off his knees, wrapping one arm around the left leg of Martinez and the other around the waist as he puts his shoulder into the midsection, lifting the seven footer off the mat...]

GM: Oh my!

[...and charging him back towards the ropes, attempting to DRIVE him into the barbed wire. A desperate Martinez drops the cane, raining down rights and lefts on the back of the head but Craven keeps moving forward, teetering under the impact of the blows but staying with forward momentum...]

GM: Craven's just a few feet away from this barbed wire right above us here at ringside... but can he get there?

[Martinez keeps fighting - a right hand to the side of the neck, a left forearm to the top of the skull...]

...but ultimately, it takes the Last American Badboy digging the thumbs from both hands into the eyes of his rival, gouging hard to free himself!]

GM: Ohh! Martinez goes to the eyes!

CB: Also totally legal in this one.

BW: Gordo, we're over five minutes into this match and not a single soul has hit the barbed wire yet. You gotta be a little bit surprised about that.

GM: Both men know how dangerous that stuff is and know how quickly the match may come to an end once it gets involved.

[With Craven blinded, Martinez hooks him from behind in a rear waistlock, twisting his body around...]

...and LAUNCHING Craven up and over, dumping him down on the back of his head and neck with a king-sized German Suplex!]

GM: Good grief! What a throw by Martinez!

CB: It's called a German Suplex. I know the AWA's all about being old school and nostalgic and all that jazz but you would think that today's audience would AT LEAST demand an announcer who knows a move invented after 1972.

GM: And to think that our front office was actually upset when William Craven mistreated you at Blood, Sweat, And Tears. So much for mutual respect between you and this company.

CB: Oh, I respect the AWA... I just question some of the choices the front office makes.

[Martinez climbs back to his feet, looking down at Craven who is writhing back and forth, clutching the back of his neck.]

BW: There are times when a move like that would END a match here in the AWA but with these two men, you've gotta expect that they'll be able to take more punishment than the average competitor.

CB: I'd tell you some of the stuff I've seen these two take and continue to keep on fighting but it might make Gordon over there file for early retirement and none of us would want that, right?

[Martinez leans down, pulling a limp Craven up by the arm...

...and whipping him towards the corner where he lands in the turnbuckles, safely nestled between the two barbed wire wrapped ropes.]

GM: Craven hits the buckles - one of the few safe places to land inside this squared circle in this one. Martinez moving in after him...

[Raising his lengthy leg, Martinez plants his boot firmly on the windpipe of a struggling Craven, choking him blatantly to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: That's a choke but as Mr. Blue has told us many times already, that chokehold is completely legal in this one.

[The referee protests the chokehold but Martinez ignores him, holding it for several more seconds before he finally releases it, leaning in to grab the arm again...]

GM: Martinez shoots him from corner to corner...

[The seven footer stampedes across the ring, rushing in after Craven...

...and at the almost last moment, throws up his leg for a running big boot...]

GM: BOOT!

[...but at the LAST moment, Craven throws himself to the side as Martinez' foot SLAMS into the top turnbuckle, jamming the knee back.]

GM: Oh! He missed!

BW: It looks like Martinez might have hurt the knee as well.

CB: He's got a history of leg injuries too. That might be the chink in the armor for Craven to take advantage of.

[Scampering back out to the middle of the ring, Craven retrieves his bokken as Martinez limps from the corner...

...and LASHES out with it, smashing it into the side of Martinez' knee, sweeping his leg out from under him to put him down on the mat!]

GM: Oh! Craven takes him down hard!

[Standing over Martinez, Craven steps down hard on the ankle of the leg he's attacking, pinning it down to the mat as he raises the bokken once again...]

GM: He's going after the leg!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The wooden sword smashes into the knee a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Martinez sits up on the mat, shoving Craven away as he grabs at his knee, visibly wincing in pain from the blows.]

GM: Martinez is hurting badly now... multiple blows to the knee from that wooden sword and now William Craven is taking control of this match, Bucky.

[Throwing the sword aside, Craven bodily shoves Martinez back down to the mat, leaping up to bury a kneedrop into the heart!]

GM: Ohh! Big kneedrop by a man over three hundred pounds!

[Craven leans over as the referee dives down to count for the first time in the match... but Craven has no intention to go for a pin, instead swinging a leg over the big man's torso, taking the mount, and hammering down with right hands to the skull of the downed Martinez!]

GM: Craven's all over him - fist after fist to the head of Martinez!

[Craven climbs back to his feet, looking down at Martinez who is having some trouble getting back off the mat. Craven backs off, measuring Martinez as gets up to a knee...

...and then rushes in, throwing a short kick to the face that knocks Martinez flat!]

GM: Good grief! What a kick that was!

[Craven drops to his knees but foregoes another pin attempt to instead slam the heel of his hand down into the sternum of Martinez, repeating the blow a few more times before getting back to his feet where he slams a soccer kick into the ribs... and again... and again...]

GM: Martinez is rolling away from those kicks, trying to-

BW: Yeah, but look where he's rolling towards! He's headed towards the barbed wire!

[Craven continues to switch between kicks and stomps, forcing Martinez closer and closer to the barbed wire wrapped ropes. Within range now, he drags Martinez to his knees.]

GM: Craven's got him up on his knees, trying to shove him-

[But a well-placed right hand from the knees catches Craven in the jaw, sending him staggering back as Martinez leans forward, grabbing Craven around the legs...]

GM: What the-?!

[...and yanks hard, pulling Craven down to the mat as Martinez gets up, still holding the legs. He looks around at the roaring crowd, grinning at a protesting Craven...]

BW: NO!

[...and falls back, CATAPULTING Craven into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and chestfirst into the barbed wire wrapped ropes!]

GM: Good grief! Good god almighty! Craven hits the barbed wire first... and he hit it hard, fans!

[The camera swings around to that side of the ring, getting a real close shot as Craven pushes himself off the barbed wire, grimacing in pain as we spot a thin line of blood crossing his chest diagonally.]

GM: Alex Martinez has drawn first blood in the mother of all grudge matches, fans! William Craven's chest has been lacerated and these fans are loving it!

CB: Of course they are, Gordon. Never let it be said that Chris Blue doesn't know what an audience came to see. These people came to see violence... they came to see vengeance... they came to see bloodshed and they came to see Alex Martinez get his payback on William Craven.

GM: And right now, they're seeing all of those things.

[Martinez gets back to his feet, grabbing Craven around the waist to pull him away from the barbed wire...]

GM: Martinez sets for another suplex...

BW: Again?!

[Craven reaches down, isolating the wrist to turn out of the waistlock...

...where he violently kicks the back of Martinez' knee, sweeping his leg right out from under him.]

GM: Ohh!

CB: Now THAT'S a legsweep, jack! Nenshou, eat your heart out.

BW: You've got beef with Nenshou too? Is there anyone you DON'T have issues with?

CB: You've been around this business a long time, Bucky.

BW: And?

CB: Do you really need to ask that question?

[The One Man Revolution looks down at the cut leaking blood down his torso. He runs a hand across the diagonal cut, smearing crimson over his midsection. Lifting his bloody hand, he stares at it for a moment before he shouts, bellowing as he stomps the knee repeatedly. He reaches down, grabbing Martinez by the boot, dragging him by the leg towards the barbed wire wrapped ropes.]

GM: Craven's pulling him towards the ropes! What's he going to do now?!

[Craven lifts the leg to full extension...

...and then SLAMS it down on the barbed wire wrapped ropes!]

GM: HE SLAMS THE LEG INTO THE WIRE!!

[Martinez reaches down at his leg, wincing in pain at the barbs sticking through the denim jeans into his knee area. Craven rains down stomps on him, trying to prevent him from escaping...

...and then very carefully steps up on the middle rope, leaping off to drop all his weight down on the knee!]

GM: William Craven has a gameplan here tonight... a very clear gameplan as he continues to assault the leg of his opponent... and it looks like that barbed wire has done some damage again.

[A closeup of Martinez' leg reveals an area that is growing darker around his knee, the blood seeping into the black denim as Craven leans down, picking up his wooden sword again...

...and sits down in a straddle on the chest of Martinez, pressing it down onto the throat!]

GM: Craven's choking him with that bokken - that's what he calls it, right?

BW: It sure is.

[Martinez struggles against it, grabbing the wooden sword with both hands and trying to push it right back off his throat...]

GM: Martinez is trying to- my stars, he's lifting it off his throat!

[The crowd roars for the big man as he pushes Craven right back off of him...

...where Craven suddenly breaks his grip on the sword before STOMPING Martinez squarely in the face.]

GM: We're past the ten minute mark in this one and neither man seems to have a clearcut advantage. We've seen both men hit with the bokken, both men go into the wire, and both men with an edge at one point or another.

BW: Plus, now both men have been lacerated by the barbed wire - look at Martinez' leg.

[Another closeup of Martinez' pants leg shows red staining starting to occur as Craven stomps his foe again... and again... and again...]

GM: Craven's just brutal with such simple moves like those stomps or the soccer kicks to the ribs earlier. He puts so much force and impact behind every blow he lands.

[Craven switches back to the leg, grabbing a hold of the ankle again to drag Martinez over towards the ropes. This time, he extends Martinez' leg between the ropes to where the three barbed wire strand "ropes" have been set up...

...and wraps the already-bleeding leg around the middle strand!]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: Craven's risking cutting himself more by leaning through the ropes to do this.

CB: A guy like Craven doesn't care one bit about doing damage to himself if it means hurting his opponent at the same time. Craven would probably jump off a building if it meant crushing Martinez underneath him when he hit the ground.

[His chest bleeding pretty heavily now, Craven screams, howling like a banshee as he pulls on Martinez' boot, digging the barbs deeper into the flesh of his rival's leg.]

GM: I think Craven just yelled at the referee to ask Martinez if he wants to quit. I can't imagine he would but could Craven be looking to earn a submission here tonight?

BW: I think he's willing to win however he can. A submission would be great, I'm sure, but a pinfall works just as well.



[Leaving Martinez' leg trapped in the barbed wire, Craven backs into the ring. He stands tall, blood oozing even heavier from his cut chest as he backs a few feet up...

...and then drops a big ol' leg across Martinez' chest!]

GM: Ohh! Legdrop out of William Craven... but no cover. No pin attempt at all.

CB: You really think he'd go for a pin before getting a chance to carve Martinez like today's Thanksgiving turkey?

[Craven gets back to his feet again, backing a few feet up...]

GM: Another legdrop perhaps?

[But as he goes for the second legdrop, Martinez sits up, grabbing the barbed wire with both hands to pull himself clear from the attempt. He winces, immediately shaking his right hand in pain as Craven sits on the canvas, clutching his rear end.]

GM: Craven misses the legdrop... but what in the world did it cost Martinez to save himself?!

BW: He grabbed that razor sharp barbed wire with his hands to pull himself out of the way!

CB: That's not the brightest thing I've ever seen Martinez do but a man like him - his brains aren't the reason he puts butts in the seats, boys.

[Martinez rolls up to his feet, waving a hand in pain as he straightens up, looking down at the seated Craven. The Last American Badboy backs up, measuring Craven...]

GM: The big man rushes in...

[He attempts a big kick to the chest but Craven grabs the leg, trapping it as it hits him. Martinez tries to pull himself free as Craven clutches at the limb, hanging on for dear life as the big man pulls and struggles to free himself.]

GM: Craven's hanging onto the leg!

[The One Man Revolution forces up to his knees, still hanging onto the leg despite Martinez hammering the back of his head and neck with forearm smashes.]

GM: Martinez is trying to get himself free from Craven's clutches...

[But Craven is able to muscle Martinez up into the air, resting him across his shoulder as he slowly moves across the ring...

...and THROWS Martinez down into the barbed wire! The seven footer cries out in pain, grimacing as the barbs dig into his back through his t-shirt!]

GM: Good grief! Into the wire goes Martinez!

[Craven backs up, rushing back in...

...and CONNECTS with a push kick to the chest, driving Martinez' back into the barbed wire again!]

GM: He slams him into it AGAIN!

[The Motor City Madman backs off again, measuring his man...]

GM: Martinez is strung up against those barbed-wire wrapped ropes - those sharp metal barbs have gotta be digging into the flesh of his back right now! It's gotta be digging through that shirt into his skin and-

[Craven rushes back in, ready to strike again, this time using his entire body as a battering ram to do further damage to his seven foot enemy...

...who ducks down at the last moment, hoisting Craven into the air, sending him sailing over the barbed-wire ropes, clearing the three strands of barbed wire just beyond the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and down HARD onto the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!! MARTINEZ SENDS 'IM ALL THE WAY OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!!

CB: That's a hard damn fall too, Gordon. Martinez is seven feet tall... Craven took at least a twelve foot fall right there onto these little black mats at ringside that just barely have some cushion from falling on a solid concrete floor.

[Craven rolls around on the floor, clutching his arm in pain.]

BW: And it looks like Craven may have landed on his arm, Gordo.

GM: We couldn't tell from our vantage point. The camera shot we had didn't show... maybe we can get a replay?

[The shot holds on Craven for a few more moments, watching him grimace in pain as he holds his right elbow. Then the screen splits as we get a slow-mo replay on the right side of the screen.]

GM: Alright, let's see if we can tell from this camera angle...

[The slow-motion footage shows Craven sailing over the top rope, flying high through the air. The big man twists his body in mid-air, looking to absorb the impact on his side...

...but sandwiches his right arm between his body and the floor!]

BW: Uggh. There it is, Gordo.

CB: That's a good way to break your arm, boys.

GM: It certainly is and you have to wonder if Craven may have suffered that type of injury on that fall. He's down on the floor, obviously in a whole lot of pain... and is Martinez looking for a way to get out there with him?!

BW: Sure looks like it.

[Inside the ring, Martinez goes to the corner, trying to find a way to the floor. He backs away, approaching the barbed-wire wrapped ropes to do the same before abandoning that idea as well.]

GM: Martinez is trying to find a way out there to go after Craven, searching for a way to get to the floor to continue the attack.

BW: There's no way out there, Gordo.

CB: Oh, I can think of one...

[So can Martinez evidently as he backs all the way up, standing with his back just inches away from the barbed-wire wrapped ropes as he eyes William Craven, watching to see when he stirs...]

GM: Oh my stars... tell me he's not going to do this...

[Craven slowly starts to climb to his feet, still grabbing his right arm...

...and Martinez breaks into a cross-ring sprint, running as quickly as his injured knee will carry him...]

GM: MARTINEZ!

[...and HURLS HIMSELF OVER THE TOP ROPE IN A DEATH-DEFYING DIVE!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS, WHAT A DIVE!! THE SEVEN FOOTER TAKES FLIGHT!!

CB: No matter how many times I've seen him do that in my life... it just never gets old, gentlemen.

GM: Martinez is down. Craven is down. Both men are laid out on the floor... and this place is rocking, fans! The Los Angeles Sports Arena has just been brought to their collective feet by Alex Martinez!

[With the fans still roaring for his dive, Martinez pushes up to his good knee, looking out at his hometown crowd. He reaches up, using the ring apron to pull himself up to his feet.]

GM: Martinez stands! And if he can find a way to get himself and Craven back inside the ring right now, victory in this match may be within his reach.

[On the floor, we see Craven roll to his stomach, using his left arm to drag himself towards the ring. His right arms stays pinned to his side as Martinez walks behind him, almost stalking his prey...]

GM: Martinez is coming after him and-

[Craven makes a lunge for the apron, nearly pulling it off the ring with his left hand as he drags himself towards the ring, pulling himself under the ring apron..]

GM: Craven's going UNDER the ring, fans!

BW: Maybe looking for a little bit of a breather.

GM: Perhaps.

CB: Craven never does anything by accident, guys. If Craven's crawling under the ring, you can bet he's got a reason for it.

[Martinez reaches the edge of the ring, leaning down to grab Craven by the ankle where he starts pulling the three hundred pounder back into view. First, we see the waist... then the torso... and with one final pull, we get Craven in full...

...right before he swings an object into the injured knee of his rival!]

GM: Ohh!

CB: I told you!

GM: Craven got pulled out and hit Martinez in the knee with... what in the world was that?

[We get a second shot of the weapon as Craven pushes up to his knees - a steel rod of some kind.]

GM: He's got a piece of metal... steel or iron, I'd imagine... maybe about a foot or foot and a half in length. What in the world is that thing?

CB: It's the tool they use to tighten the ropes at the ringpost. Craven's digging deep to find anything he can that might give him a momentary advantage.

GM: The way Martinez went down after that shot to the knee, it might be more than a momentary advantage.

[Craven gets to his feet, approaching the kneeling Martinez from behind. He places the metal rod against the throat, pulling back to choke the seven footer relentlessly.]

GM: He's choking him, fans! He's choking the heck out of Martinez!

[Martinez' face turns bright red as Craven pulls back as hard as he can on the pipe, robbing the air from the bigger man's lungs.]

GM: This is completely legal in a match like this as we know.

BW: It's actually pretty brilliant, Gordo. Craven's been struggling to keep the advantage for an extended period of time in this one and if he's able to wear down Martinez by choking him out for a while, he might be able to sustain some offense.

[Craven finally breaks the hold, allowing Martinez to slump down to the floor as Craven uses his left arm to toss the metal rod under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Craven, you can see, is still favoring that right arm. That fall to the floor seems to really have done a number on it.

[A pair of kicks to the ribs flips Martinez to his back which is, apparently, where Craven wanted him as he steps forward, hooking the seven footer's legs underneath his armpits...

...and falls backwards, catapulting the big man into the air...]

GM: What the-?!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! MARTINEZ GOES FACEFIRST INTO THE STRANDS OF BARBED WIRE!!

[The cameraman wheels around, getting a closeup of Martinez' anguished face as his face presses against the bloodthirsty wire.]

CB: Martinez is gonna be ripped wide open after that, boys.

[Craven gets to his feet, a sick grin on his face as he approaches Martinez from behind, grabbing a handful of hair...

...and RAKES Martinez' forehead down the strand of barbed wire!]

GM: AHHH!

[Using the same handful of hair, Craven pulls Martinez away from the wire, tearing a big patch out of the front of his t-shirt in the process and revealing a nasty red gash pouring blood from the forehead of the Last American Badboy.]

GM: Good grief, fans... remember, parental discretion is certainly advised here tonight in Los Angeles and if you're still watching, now you see why. My god... what a cut on the forehead of Martinez...

[Craven uses his left arm to muscle Martinez under the barbed wire, again tearing his shirt in the process, and rolling him back into the ring. Craven pushes the barbed wire up with his left arm, rolling himself back into the ring as well.]

GM: Both men are back in... and Craven's got that metal rod again!

[He pushes it down over the windpipe a second time, using his three hundred pounds to press down and strangle the air out of a gasping Martinez. Nearby, the referee stands helpless, shouting for Craven to break the choke but having no power to force it to happen.]

GM: Come on! Break the choke!

CB: Why should he? He's got no reason to.

GM: Because this isn't what this company - this SPORT - is all about!

CB: Tell that to Craven.

GM: Craven's brain is twisted into a wreck trying to rebuild the savage lands that YOU created!

CB: Hey, don't put his insanity on me. That guy was nuts long before I ever met him. I think it runs in his family actually. His lunatic brother thought he could shoot lightning out of his hands.

BW: I SAW that happen once!

CB: We're in Los Angeles, Bucky... Hollywood... I saw the dinosaurs come back to life here in Hollywood but that don't make it reality.

[Craven finally breaks the choke, slumping down into a pin attempt as he throws the rod aside again.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! TH-

[Martinez shrugs a shoulder up off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt in time to the cheers of the fans. An angry Craven gets up, stomping the shoulder that came off the mat.]

GM: Craven could only get two right there and he's showing some signs of frustration at that. He wants to end Martinez once and for all here tonight but the big man is NOT going down without the mother of all fights.

[Craven measures the downed Martinez before dropping a heavy knee down into the chest. He gets back up, making sure Martinez isn't going anywhere before turning away and grabbing the metal rod once more...]

GM: Craven's got the steel again and... now where is he going?

[Steel tool in hand, Craven approaches the corner where he slips the rod into the fastener and starts turning...]

GM: What in the world is he doing?

[The crowd buzzes in confusion as Craven turns and turns and turns, causing the top rope to slack down on one side of the ring before finally dropping down completely.]

GM: He's taking the top rope down!

CB: Not just the top one, Gordon.

[Kneeling down, Craven goes to work on the middle rope.]

GM: William Craven is taking down the barbed wire-wrapped ropes on that side of the ring and... my stars, that's going to expose those barbed wire strands!

CB: The AWA may have decided to take this match and NOT make it a no-rope barbed wire match but it looks like Craven's got OTHER ideas!

[Craven finishes in one set of buckles, smiling as the ropes sag down, partially exposing the three horizontal "ropes" of barbed wire that were set up on the edge of the apron. He starts to cross to the adjacent corner when Martinez starts to stir, rolling to his back...

...and Craven rushes him, SLAMMING the metal rod down across his broad shoulders, putting him back down on the mat!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: A HARD shot across the back with the weapon puts Martinez down again... and he'd better stay down 'cause Craven just flipped the switch to turn the danger level in this match to overdrive.

[In the other corner now, Craven quickly goes to work, loosening the connector for the ring ropes...

...and finally throwing all three ropes aside, down on the mat where the barbed wire that was wrapped around them sags and gets tangled up.]

GM: Craven's got the barbed wire exposed... and he's coming back for Martinez...

[Tossing the metal rod aside again, Craven uses his left hand to drag a blood-covered Martinez off the mat which leaves a bloody red streak behind.]

GM: Goodness. Alex Martinez' forehead is gushing crimson all over the place - really giving him the proverbial crimson mask - as the so-called One Man Revolution pulls him up...

CB: This can't be good for Martinez.

[Grabbing Martinez' arm with his left arm, Craven uses a one-handed whip to send Martinez towards the barbed wire...

...where he SLAMS backfirst into it, instantly crying out in pain!]

GM: Good grief! Martinez goes into the wire yet again!

[Martinez leans against the wire, his arms draped over the top strand to do even more damage as Craven strides across the ring...

...and retrieves his wooden sword.]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me.

CB: Craven doesn't kid, Gordon. He's got the smell of blood - Martinez' blood - all up in his nostrils and now he's looking to move in for the kill here at SuperClash IV.

[Craven stands before Martinez, holding the bokken at full extension so that the tip of it is pressed against Martinez' chin, lifting it up so that the seven footer can see the monster before him clearly through his blood-stung eyes...]

GM: Craven playing a little bit of mindgames here, making sure Martinez sees him before...

[Suddenly, Craven switches his stance, taking a full two-handed swing of the wooden sword like a baseball bat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"



[The blow across the ribcage causes Martinez to crumple forward, collapsing down to all fours.]

GM: Craven knocks him down... but you can see him grabbing at his arm after delivering that. It's obviously still bothering him.

[Standing over Martinez, Craven lifts the cane with just his left arm...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Three not-as-hard shots across the back leaves Martinez down on the mat on his chest, blood pulsing from his wounds out onto the white canvas as Craven stands over him, raising the cane with his left arm fully extended to the jeers of the crowd...]

GM: Craven taking the time to do a little gloating here.

BW: But again, those last three blows had to be one-handed because of the damage done to his arm a little earlier. They hurt, I'm sure, but Martinez may have had a little bit of luck on his side right there.

CB: Luck? You ever been hit with a wooden sword like that?

GM: We're over twenty minutes into this war... twenty of the bloodiest and most brutal minutes ever seen inside an AWA ring, fans. These two are hitting so hard... using everything they've got... doing everything they can think of...

[Craven lowers the cane, throwing it aside as he looks down at Martinez as the big man crawls across the ring, trying to put some space between he and the man hunting him.]

GM: Martinez is trying to get away...

[Craven steps down on the back of the hurting knee, shaking his head at the fleeing Martinez...]

GM: Craven's not letting him go! He's gonna keep him right there with him.

[A well-placed elbowdrop hits the kidneys of Martinez before Craven pulls him back up by the blood-soaked hair...]

GM: Martinez has gotta be getting tired... gotta be getting fatigued from the amount of blood loss he's suffered so far in this one. I'm not sure if we've EVER seen anyone bleed this much in an AWA match before, fans.

[Craven backs Martinez towards the barbed wire strand, reaching down for another one-handed whip...]

GM: Off the far side...

[As Martinez rebounds, Craven lifts him off the mat around the waist, falling back with him towards the strands of barbed wire...]

GM: HOTSHOT!

[...but at the last moment, Martinez twists his body, avoiding his throat being put into the barbed wire but the side of his face SLAMS violently into the skin-tearing metal!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: William Craven just attempted to END Martinez' career, Gordo. He tried to deliver the Hot Shot, smashing throat into skin-ripping barbed wire. You could maim someone like that.

CB: Or worse.

GM: Craven tried for it but Martinez was able to counter ever-so-slightly, twisting his body to avoid hitting his neck on the barbed wire and... oh god.

[Martinez rolls to his side, leaning against the turnbuckles to reveal a wide gash on his cheek where a river of fresh blood is now pouring down his face as well.]

GM: This.. this is difficult to watch, fans. As a fan of professional wrestling... a fan of the sport... the athletic competition... the physical struggle between two individuals who are trying to show they are the better athlete... this isn't... this isn't what I want to see.

CB: Then pack your crap up and get out of here, Myers... 'cause this is EXACTLY what I came to see. These two men HATE each other, Myers... do you get that? They HATE each other. They want nothing more than to maim one another and put the other man out of the damn sport forever. They're not here to trade wristlocks and catch-as-catch-can action. They're here to cripple someone or bleed 'em dry trying. So, you can stuff your sentimental love for the business old school garbage, you got that?

[Blue's diatribe seems to catch Gordon off guard as he falls silent for a bit as Craven gets back to his feet. Craven leans over, rubbing his fingers over the fresh cut, covering his digits in the hot blood of Martinez...

...and then slowly trails the fingers down his own cheek, leaving a bloody smear.]

GM: This man is twisted... and I'm not sure you're not right there with him, Mr. Blue.

CB: I told you people before. I may not be looking for the hardcore anymore in this business - but I damn sure respect what it's all about unlike the rest of you who look down on men like myself for promoting it and men like Craven and Temple who competed in it.

[Pulling Martinez up again, he reaches to grab the arm with his left hand for another whip...

...when Martinez slaps the hand away, hooking Craven around the torso...]

GM: What's he-

[Martinez swings around and simply DRIVES Craven back into the barbed wire!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Martinez turns it around!

[Backing off, the Last American Badboy throws rights and lefts to the ribcage, hammering Craven down to a knee.]

GM: Martinez to the ropes, coming back...

[The seven footer rebound off, rushing back...]

GM: BOOT!

[Craven shifts his weight to the side, causing Martinez to sail past him with that running boot to the face...

...and running right into the barbed wire, hooking his leg over the middle strand of barbed wire!]

GM: AHHH!

[Craven lunges for Martinez' leg before he can remove it, grabbing the foot and ankle and pulling down on it to wrap the leg around the barbed wire!]

GM: He's got the leg wrapped around that strand, digging the barbs into the leg!

BW: Martinez is wearing some dark jeans but you can actually see the blood staining the legs... especially the lower leg of this pants...

GM: Craven's raking his leg back and forth... he's torn the denim of those jeans...

[With a strong tug, Craven rips the lower leg of the jeans clear off, leaving Martinez' bloody leg exposed...]

GM: Good- gaaaah!

[...and then PULLS the leg down onto the barbs again!]

[Martinez howls in pain for several moments before Craven lets go, allowing Martinez to slump back down to the mat where he clutches his bloody and exposed leg in pain.]

GM: The leg is bleeding profusely to go along with his cheek and forehead and who knows what else. That t-shirt has been shredded but it's still there.

CB: I wouldn't be surprised if his back is sliced up too.

GM: Nor would I.

[Craven grabs the exposed leg, twisting it around his own leg...]

GM: Spinning toehold! Craven's going after the leg again!

[Martinez cries out in pain as Craven torques the injured knee, trying to force a submission out of the seven footer.]

GM: Craven shouting at him, demanding that he quits!

CB: Good luck with that. If Craven's dumb enough to think he's gonna get a submission out of Alex Martinez, than I gave him too much credit.

[Craven releases the hold, twisting it around again...

...where Martinez sits up and CRACKS Craven with a right hand, sending him sprawling back and down to a knee.]

GM: Whoa! What a shot by Martinez!

[The seven footer tries to scramble to his feet, hoping to get there before Craven moves in again. But the One Man Revolution is up and moving before Martinez gets past a knee. Craven raises his arms overhead, clasping his hands together...]

GM: Double axehan-

[But Martinez SLAMS a right hand into the gut!]

GM: Ohh! Martinez catches him downstairs!

[With Craven doubled up, Martinez climbs to his feet, snaring a front facelock...]

GM: What the-?!

[...and HOISTS Craven up into the air, takes two long steps towards the ropes...]

GM: NO!

[...and DROPS the three hundred plus pounder stomachfirst over the top strand of barbed wire, causing it to blatantly sag under the weight!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GOD!! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!!

[Craven falls back, grabbing at his midsection where has a horrific gash across it now. He drops down to his rear on the mat, his legs dangling back inside the ring...]

GM: Martinez with a big move there... and that could turn this thing around right now!

[The seven footer, having fallen to a knee from the exertion of the front-layout suplex, pushes back to his feet, breathing heavily. He steps forward...

...and leans down, grabbing Craven's legs and pulling him almost all the way back into the ring...

Almost.]

GM: Oh my god.

CB: He's gonna finish Craven now!

[Gripping Craven's legs under his arms, Martinez pauses, looking around at the roaring crowd. Craven waves his arms, trying to find a way out as he looks up at the strands of barbed wire right above him...]

GM: Alex Martinez has William Craven at his mercy and after all that Craven did to him as the Dragon, I don't think he HAS any mercy for the One Man Revolu-

[...and Martinez falls back, DRIVING Craven's face and throat into the bottom strand of barbed wire!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

[The crowd ROARS in shock at the cold-hearted move executed by Martinez - a move that leaves Craven laid out, his head hanging back off the apron as blood pours out of a fresh wound just above his throat on the underside of his chin.]

GM: Martinez with an absolutely SAVAGE move right there and William Craven's face has been ripped wide open!

CB: He's not done yet, Gordo.

[The big man leans between the strands of barbed wire, leaning down to grab Craven by the back of the head...

...and pulls his forehead up into the bottom strand!]

GM: INTO THE WIRE!!

[Martinez grits his teeth, dragging Craven's flesh back and forth, digging the steel skin-shredding barbs into his forehead to the roar of the crowd!]

CB: Listen to these fans, Myers! I think we know what they came to see too!

[After several moments of dragging the head back and forth, Martinez lets go, revealing the profusely-bleeding Craven's head to the entire crowd who "ooooohs" in response.]

GM: Martinez pulls him back in... Craven's head is split wide open...

[Blood pours down the forehead of Craven as Martinez drags him off the canvas...

...and wraps his hand around the throat!]

GM: He's got him! He's got Craven hooked!

[He pauses for a moment...

...and then grabs the throat with the second hand!]

GM: Oh my! He's looking for the Firebomb right here and now!

[Martinez powers Craven up into the air...

...and just as quickly has to set him back down, leaning over to grab at his injured knee!]

GM: He couldn't do it! He couldn't get him up for the Firebomb!

[Craven quickly gets a running start, lifting his leg up...

...and runs right in under the arm of Martinez who scoops him up, swinging him around...]

GM: He's got him up and-

[...and SLAMS him down on the pile of barbed-wire wrapped ropes on the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! SPINNING SLAM ON THE BARBED WIRE!!

[Martinez lunges across Craven's chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[But at the last moment, Craven ekes a shoulder off the canvas in time!]

GM: Kickout! Kickout! Craven's out at two!

BW: Just barely, Gordo! Martinez was a half count away from ending this thing... maybe less than that!

GM: Craven rolls... oh dear.

[And now it's William Craven's back that is littered with slashes from the barbed wire, revealing blood trickling from the wounds down towards his waist.]

GM: There's blood... well, there's blood everywhere you look, fans. So much blood on both these men's bodies... all over the canvas as well...

[Craven rolls to his knees, pushing himself towards the turnbuckles where he starts working on the ropes that secures the buckle cover.]

GM: What is Craven doing down there in the corner?

BW: I have no idea.

[Reaching, shakily, cackling, Bill grabs at the laces while on his knees, then shrieks with joy as a large baggie of white powder drops to the mat.]

BW: What the devil? Craven found drugs!

GM: Somehow I doubt that's narcotics, Bucky. Look at him--

[Hunched, Craven uses an un-barbed portion of the top wire to raise himself to his feet and turns, a Joker-like grin plastered from ear to ear as Martinez approaches, unaware of what Craven has in hand...]

GM: Both these men are drenched in blood and, frankly, this already disgusting spectacle, this sick twisted monstrosity of a match should have already been ended. What could he possibly--

WC: BUUURRRNNN!!!

[Tearing the plastic bag in two Craven throws a heavy cloud of white over Martinez. In an instant Martinez is a mass of thrashing limbs, throwing haymakers in every direction. The referee dances out of the way as an errant fist almost takes his head off. Blood mingles with the powder, creating sick-looking pink cakes.]

BW: Salt! I think that was salt, Gordo!

GM: That sick monster isn't even interested in winning! He just wants to torture Martinez!

[Cackling, Craven goes down suddenly as a haymaker finds it's mark. Falling upon him, Martinez clumsily batters Craven as the green man turtles up, deflecting wild blows as best he can from his back while continuing to laugh.]

GM: Martinez is pummeling him over and over... I'm not even sure if he can see anything, Bucky!

BW: I'm fairly sure he can't! He's doing this by touch!

[Martinez wraps his hands around Craven's throat, throttling him back and forth as the Motor City Madman tries to pry Martinez' hands off his throat!]

GM: He's choking him! Martinez is strangling him with his bare hands!

[Abruptly, Martinez breaks the hold, climbing to his feet...

...and grabbing a strand of barbed wire that is still wrapped around the ropes on the mat. He stalks towards Craven who has rolled to his stomach, trying to use his good arm to pull himself away from Martinez...]

GM: Craven's trying to flee but Martinez is-

[Martinez stomps the lower back, settling down on it...]

GM: What is he-?

[Looping the barbed wire over Craven's head, Martinez yanks it back...

...RIGHT across the mouth of Craven!]

GM: AHHHHHH!

CB: Hey! I've seen this before!

GM: Martinez is using the barbed wire to apply a Camel Clutch - shades of Sultan Azam Sharif!

CB: The hell with that... this is shades of Eternally Extreme when Langseth fought The Gremlin for the World Title!

[Martinez shouts at Craven, demanding that he give up as the barbed wire digs into the face of Craven anew...]

GM: Craven's gotta be in excruciating pain! He's crying out, screaming in agony!



CB: We talked about Martinez not being willing to give up... now we get to find out if Craven will give it up when it comes down to the end!

GM: Martinez taking a page out of the EMWC history books - a hold not seen in over ten years... and Craven's gotta give up! He's gotta give up!

[The referee kneels down, checking on Craven...]

GM: The referee's asking him if he wants to quit... trying to see if he'll give up and end this thing.

CB: Langseth did.

GM: But few would attempt to compare the ability to absorb pain of Mark Langseth to that of William Craven, the One Man Revolution! Craven's grabbing at the wire himself now... trying to hang on...

[The camera catches a closeup of Craven, watching as he puts all his strength against all of Martinez' strength, pushing against the wire as Martinez pulls on it!]

GM: This is a battle of power! A battle of strength! A battle of wills!

[And slowly but surely, William Craven starts to overpower the seven foot behemoth!]

BW: HE'S DOING IT! HE'S DOING IT!

GM: William Craven is forcing the barbed wire away from his face! Incredible!

[With the wire pushed several inches away, Craven suddenly twists his body, rolling to his back. His right arm stays on the wire, now trying to push it back as Martinez switches up his attack. The barbs dig into his wounded limb as he swings his left leg up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW!! CRAVEN KICKS HIM LOW!!

[Martinez hobbles back, dropping the barbed wire wrapped rope down on the canvas as Craven pushes up with his left arm, getting back to his knees for a moment before climbing to his feet...

...and wrapping his hands around Martinez' throat!]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: He's going for the Thunder Melter - his version of Martinez' Firebomb!

[Craven winces, trying to lift Martinez into the air...

...but he just can't do it, allowing Martinez to slap the arms away, hooking his rival around the torso in a loose bearhug...]

BW: What the he-?!

[...and spins around, his back facing the barbed wire strands as he tries to steady his stance, shifting weight off the injured leg as much as he can...]

CB: Oh, sweet merciful JES-

[Martinez pops his hips, hoisting the three hundred pounder into the air, tossing him clear over his head...

...where he SLAMS upside down into the strands of barbed wire courtesy of an overhead belly-to-belly throw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact of the throw snaps the top two strands of the barbed wire, causing them to drop down to the floor. Somehow, Craven's body stays in the ring, breathing heavily on the mat as blood pours from the latest wounds on his back...]

GM: Dear god... please tell me this is over. Tell me that's it.

[Martinez gets up, looking down at his bloodied rival...

...and drags a thumb across his throat to the roars of the crowd!]

CB: Not yet.

[Martinez reaches down, hauling the barbed wire-wrapped ropes out to the middle of the ring. He turns back, pulling the motionless Craven off the mat, blood dripping off both men onto the canvas with every exertion.]

GM: Both men back up... what's left? What else can they do to one another?

[In an answer, the Hall of Famer wraps his massive hands around the throat of the One Man Revolution in a two-handed choke. Martinez' fingers turn white from the tension he's putting behind them as he strangles Craven with his bare hands again...]

GM: He's got him hooked... he's got him set...

[Martinez leans in close, glaring dead in the blood-soaked eyes of the man who tormented him for so many months... who sent him out of the AWA in the most devastating way possible... who put his very career at risk...

...and he whispers something. Something unheard by anyone else. No mics, no announcers, no referees, no fans. A silent word shared between Martinez and Craven.]

GM: What did he say to him? What could he possibly have left to say to-

BW: LIFT!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Martinez powering Craven up in the two-handed choke, holding him high for an instant...

...and then DRIVING him down on the pile of barbed wire-wrapped ropes with the devastating Firebomb chokeslam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Dear god! What a chokeslam! That’s gotta be it!

[Martinez drops to a knee, collapsing atop a motionless William Craven.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd ERUPTS into cheers once more as Martinez slumps backwards, falling off the motionless Craven flat on his back on the canvas. The referee steps in, lifting an arm on the victor and gesturing at him as the cheers grow louder.]

GM: What a win for Alex Martinez! One of the most grueling, exhausting, and bloody victories of his career has left him completely spent down on the canvas as these hometown fans in Los Angeles salute what he just pulled off in there against one of the most dangerous opponents he’s ever faced.

BW: Incredible.

[Sliding his arms underneath him, Martinez pushes himself up into a seated position, breathing heavily as he reaches up to wipe some blood out of his eyes.]

GM: You can look at Martinez... look at Craven... look at the mat inside the ring and see what a war these two have been through. A total bloodbath.

BW: For years, these two men have circled one another without ever going to war. Tonight, they went to war... a war to end a two year feud... and a war the likes of which neither will ever want to go through again, Gordo.

[Martinez gestures for the referee’s assistance, climbing slowly up to his feet where he visibly winces as he puts weight on the bloody knee. He stumbles a bit, grabbing the ropes for support as he tries to stay standing as the

referee and some ringside crew members go to work with wire cutters, clearing a path for Martinez as he slips through the ropes to the ramp.]

GM: Martinez is moving very slowly out there... taking quite a while to get to the ramp... and just barely able to hobble up the ramp on his own power. This match took a lot out of the Last American Badboy, fans. A magnificent triumph... but at what cost?

[The camera follows Martinez' slow path, watching him occasionally swipe the blood from his eyes as he edges back up the ramp...

...and then fades to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing in front of a SuperClash IV backdrop.]

MS: Fans, we just witnessed one heck of a battle between Alex Martinez and William Craven and while you were watching it out there, we were back here doing the same. Sir, if you'd please step in here...

[Stegglet gestures off-camera as wrestling legend Hamilton Graham steps into view. He shakes hands with Stegglet, showing off his powerful forearms.]

MS: Mr. Graham, you've been in a lot of big matches over the years... have you ever been in a match like we just saw?

[Graham shakes his head.]

HG: I've sweat buckets... I've shed more blood than a human carries in their body. But I ain't never been crazy enough to get inside a fence of barbed wire with a lunatic like that Craven fella.

[Stegglet chuckles.]

MS: You've been here all night so far. What do you think about SuperClash?

[Graham nods.]

HG: The business has changed, son. People watching the show and paying for it on the Internet. But being here... thousands of people in the building... the best athletes in the world doing what they do better than anyone else out there.

[A grin.]

HG: Yeah, that's old school, son. That's old school. And that's this company. While I've never been an official member of this company's roster, I've been damn proud to be associated with it every time I've been here. You guys put on one hell of a show.

MS: Do you have any plans for the rest of the night?

[Graham runs a hand through his well-permed puffy hairdo.]

HG: I'm gonna go find a TV with a bunch of the boys standing around it, kick back in a chair, pop open a beer or two...

[Pause.]

HG: ...or three or four.

[Stegglet laughs.]

HG: And I'm gonna watch what happens when James Monosso gets out there to defend the AWA World Title for the very first time.

MS: You rooting for the champion?

[Graham pauses.]

HG: I'm rooting for one hell of a match and the man holding the title at the end of the night to be the man who deserves it.

[Stegglet holds a hand to his ear.]

MS: Mr. Graham, I'm being told- yes, we're going to go back to the ring right now!

[We abruptly cut back to the ring where we find a bloodied William Craven still down on the mat, much of the barbed wire cut down now...

...but he's not alone inside the ring.]

GM: We're back, fans, and as you can see, as soon as the barbed wire came down to clear a path - our now-former broadcast colleague, Chris Blue, just stepped up into the ring.

BW: He didn't even say a word to us, Gordo. From the moment the match ended, just... nothing. He just got up from his chair and climbed up inside that ring.

GM: We know there's no love lost between Blue and Craven but... well, you'd have to think he's tossed an oar out of the water to get in there with Craven no matter what condition the One Man Revolution is in.

[Blue stands near the turnbuckles, staring down at Craven as the blood-soaked monster pushes himself up to all fours.]

GM: What in the world is this all about?

BW: I wouldn't begin to guess.

[Blue suddenly leans down, scooping up Craven's discarded wooden sword in his right hand.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Craven's night may not be over!

GM: After everything that happened to Craven here tonight, I'm not sure that I want to see anything else happen to him. Blue's got that wooden sword in his hands and... he's stalking him, Bucky. Pacing back and forth in front of him.

[With the bokken resting on his shoulder, Blue walks back and forth, circling Craven as he struggles to get up off the mat, shoving himself up to his knees. He looks up, staring through blood-stung eyes at his former employer who comes to a halt, returning the stare...]

GM: What in the world is going to happen here?

[Blue extends the wooden sword, tapping it on the canvas a few times as he and Craven continue to stare at one another. He suddenly raises it overhead, gripping the handle with both hands...]

GM: No! Don't do it!

[Craven throws his arms out to his sides, tossing back his head with his eyes closed.]

GM: He's inviting it! Craven's asking for it!

[Blue stares down at him, the slightest smile on his face. He suddenly throws the weapon down, bouncing it off the mat. He leans down, hands on his knees, almost in a crouch as he speaks to the bloodied figure before him.]

GM: What's he... what on Earth could he be saying right now?

[With a smirk, Blue straightens up, still staring down at Craven who looks up at him...

...and then throws himself forward, wrapping his arms around Blue's legs and waist in a bloody embrace.]

GM: What the-?!

[There's a flash of disgust on Blue's face before he (sort of) returns the embrace, placing his hands on Craven's shoulders to a huge shocked reaction from the crowd.]

GM: I don't... my stars, I don't even know what to say about this.

BW: What the heck did we just witness, Gordo?

GM: I'm not... I just don't know, Bucky. I just don't know.

[With the bloody embrace in full effect, we fade to the backstage area.]

This is quite a different perspective for AWA viewers, but Jason Dane is leading a camera crew down a white-walled hallway. He reaches a brown metal door, and knocks. After knocking, he turns to the camera with a wireless mic in hand.]

JD: Fans, I am backstage where reportedly, Sultan Azam Sharif and Supernova are meeting regarding the fate of their invitee to be the third man on their team. As the winner of the Steal The Spotlight match, November has been sent from the building to receive medical attention, I'm going to try to get word on what their backup plan is.

[As Dane finishes, the door opens and the billowing reddish-brown bisht which garbs Sultan Azam Sharif fills the doorway. The kaffiyeh-coifed Sultan steps to the side, so that the other person in the room can see Dane. Supernova has his face painted and wears his wrestling tights and vest.]

JD: Sultan, Supernova, what are your plans now that your first option is eliminated from possibility?

SAS: Mistair Jahsun Dan, dey say, rubba darratin nafiEah, li kulli da'in dawa'! La tufakkir fi al mafqood hatta la tufqid al mawjood! Ve not gunna vaste time to complain, ve vill make good!

S: Don't you worry about anything, Jason... we'll find somebody who will stand by us... and even if we don't, Sharif and I are more than capable of handling this ourselves. Besides, I have my doubts that Royalty found anybody to stand with them!

SAS: Il-waHda xeir min giliis is-suu'! Dot mean it bettair to go alone den to hof partner dot cannot be trusted. I know dot Supairnova is rough-tough, un would not let AWA be soiled. He know dot I vont to made Mork Lonset un Dahveed Coopair humbail! So if ve got partner, if ve do not got partnair... VATEVAH! Now ve got to work on dot!

S: You'll get your scoop when the time comes, Jason... right now, we've got a match to prepare for!

[The door closes, and Dane turns back to the camera.]

JD: They say they're not panicking, but they certainly seem tense to say the least. Back to you, Gordon. ...and Bucky.

[We cut back to ringside.]

BW: Oh, I'm an afterthought now?

GM: Well, you always complained that he never threw to you at all. He was being considerate.

BW: My name should be the first name on his lips! I'm the host of...

GM: ...anyway, the important thing is that if Sharif and Supernova have a backup plan, we do not know it.

BW: Maybe if Sharif wouldn't jabber on in Iranian, we'd know. Then again, that might be more understandable than his alleged English.

GM: That was Arabic. He doesn't speak Farsi to non-native speakers.

BW: I refuse to believe he speaks two other languages. I don't think he even speaks a language. Those are just sounds he puts together at random. Which would be something he has in common with Supernova.

GM: Fans, this is a match that AWA fans - and many of us in the employ of the AWA in general - have been waiting a long, long time for. Earlier tonight, we saw Jim Watkins rid the AWA - and professional wrestling - of Joe Petrow forever. Royalty has been a thorn in the side of the entire AWA for several months now... and everyone knows the story of Mark Langseth, the National Title, and the Westwego Incident. Tonight, the AWA gets their chance to strike back.

BW: Sharif had the chance to use his Steal The Spotlight contract tonight for anything he wanted. He could have challenged James Monosso for the World Title if he wanted to. But he wanted this. He wanted a chance to get payback on Langseth. He wanted a chance to get payback on Royalty. He wanted a chance to show the world that the AWA was not beaten by these men.

GM: Tonight, he gets the chance to do all of that. Fans, let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions.

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is a six man tag team match scheduled for one fall with a one hour time limit.

["The Professional" by Leon plays to loud boos from the Los Angeles crowd.]

PW: Introducing first... from Albuquerque, New Mexico... weighing in at 260 pounds...

He is The Professional...

DAAAAAAAAAVE COOOOOOOOOOPERRRR!

[The boos get louder as Dave Cooper comes out from the backstage area, wearing black wrestling trunks and kneepads, white wrestling boots, and a brown vest with the words "The Professional" on the back in white lettering.]

GM: There he is, ladies and gentlemen... the man who has been causing nothing but problems ever since he made his return to the AWA.



BW: Like it or not, Gordo, Dave Cooper made it clear he was going to stand by his fellow members of Royalty and that's exactly what he's done.

GM: And yet I can't imagine he would ever have chosen to associate himself with those men... especially after he stood for so much when he first came to the AWA.

BW: He still stands for a lot, Gordo... just because you don't like it doesn't mean what he stands is for meaningless.

GM: What he stands for is all the wrong things, Bucky.

[Cooper has a smirk as he strides down the aisle and ducks between the ropes. He then approaches Phil Watson and takes the mic away from him.]

DC: That's all the introductions you're gonna be doing for Royalty tonight... you were lucky I let you have the privilege of introducing me, son.

[The crowd jeers Cooper again as he sneers at the ring announcer.]

GM: What gives him the right to tell Phil Watson he can't make the introductions?

BW: You think Watson is gonna argue with Cooper?

GM: I'd imagine not but that doesn't give him the right to order around the staff of the AWA.

BW: Hey, Cooper signed a new contract. Unlike Petrow and Langseth, Dave Cooper is a full-fledged member of the AWA locker room.

GM: He may go running for his life OUT of that locker room when this one's all said and done.

[Watson looks displeased but he holds up his hands, then steps over to the corner...]

DC: First of all, I'm sure everyone is wondering what Royalty is gonna do now that Joe Petrow is gone forever... well, Joe Petrow is a man of his word and, when he said he'd leave forever, he meant it.

[And that draws loud cheers. Cooper just sneers at the fans.]

DC: Yeah, you all want to throw a dang party... well, the only thing you all better do is sit your rears down in your seats and shut the hell up!

[There go the cheers and here come the boos.]

DC: Let me start the introduction by saying this... you people here tonight outta some kind of twisted loyalty to the EMWC should realize that if it wasn't for the man I'm about to introduce, your precious EMWC wouldn't have gotten where it did.

[The crowd boos again.]

GM: There were a whole lot of great wrestlers who made that company, Bucky.

BW: But he's right. Mark Langseth was a big part of that company's history, Gordo. If these people loved the E, they oughta show Langseth some respect at least.

[Cooper smirks at the jeering crowd as he lifts the mic again.]

DC: So now, everybody better pay the proper respect to the man I'm about to introduce... he is, beyond a shadow of a doubt, not only the greatest wrestler to ever set foot in EMWC... not only the greatest wrestler to ever set foot in AWA.. but the greatest wrestler ever to walk God's green earth... he is the undisputed AWA National Champion... he is none other than...

MARK LANGSETH!

[After a long moment of waiting, Stabbing Westward's "Save Yourself" - a song very familiar to the fans jammed into the Los Angeles Sports Arena - starts up to a phenomenal explosion of jeers from the crowd!]

GM: Oh my.

[The boos somehow grow louder and louder with each moment that goes by as the fans await the arrival of perhaps the most hated man in the entire wrestling world in the eyes of the AWA faithful.]

GM: It's rare to hear a crowd react like this to... well, anyone, Bucky.

BW: Maybe Hitler might inspire this kind of reaction.

GM: You've gotta wonder what's taking Mark Langseth so long to emerge from the locker room. Perhaps he's having second thoughts after hearing the crowd react like this.

BW: I would be if I were him.

[But sure enough, a few moments later, a red carpet appears through the aisleway with two young men rolling it ALL the way from the entrance curtain to the ring ropes...]

GM: A red carpet arrival it appears for the former World Champion.

BW: As befits him.

GM: Bucky, can you make up your mind on whether or not you're gonna suck up to Royalty?

BW: I'm having a hard time with it, Gordo. I know I'm supposed to be mad at 'em - I got the company memo too. But it's Mark Langseth! I love Mark Langseth!

[The carpet finishes being rolled out in full as a blast of smoke comes pouring out of the entryway...

...and Mark Langseth emerges through the curtain to an even louder blast of jeers!]

GM: There he is, Bucky. The most hated man in the entire AWA.

[With a flick of his wrist, a blast of pyro shoots up from the both sides of the entrance ramp...]

GM: Whoa!

BW: I have it on good authority that Langseth paid for all his own entrance effects here tonight. He paid for the smoke... he paid for the pyro...

[He takes another step, smirking as another dual blast of pyro goes off on both sides of the ramp. A quick cut up to the Empire Sports Extreme Screen shows a highlight reel of Langseth matches gone by - matches against The Gremlin, Joe Reed, Chris Courtade, and Steve Spector among others. Langseth smirks at the fans booing his every movement as he takes another step...

...and laughs at the pyro yet again!]

GM: Goodness, how much pyro did he buy?

[Langseth grins as he spreads his arms wide, showing off a sparkling blue and white full-length robe that's more of a cape than an actual robe. He does a full spin, the crowd booing all the while, before shrugging out of the cape and walking down the aisle towards the ring. He ducks through the ropes, mounting the midbuckle to an even bigger shower of jeers.]

BW: There he is, fans... the last man to wear the National Title. And I'm surprised he's not wearing it here tonight.

GM: I was told that AWA officials would not let him wear the title out here tonight. He may not be an official member of the roster but he IS subject to some of our rules and regulations.

[Langseth drops down, shaking hands with his waiting partner Dave Cooper and then gesturing for the mic...]

ML: Thank you! Thank you all so much for that warm welcome!

[The boos get even louder... again!]

ML: I know, I know you all missed me as much as... well, let's not kid ourselves. You missed me a heck of a lot more than I missed all of you!

[More boos!]

ML: Tonight, it gives Dave and I great pleasure to get inside this ring and show you all what Royalty does better than anyone else in the world - dominate this ring!

Now, it is a bit of a sad occasion for us here tonight after what happened to Joe earlier...

[The crowd ROARS! Langseth angrily glares at them, kicking the bottom rope in annoyance as Dave Cooper tries to calm him down.]

ML: You people... you sicken me.

[More boos!]

ML: To cheer the fact that a man's career has been ended here tonight by that savage beast Watkins...

[Another cheer! Langseth shakes his head.]

ML: However, the past is the past... and tonight is about the future. The future of the AWA... and the future of Royalty! When Dave accepted this challenge on our behalf, we looked long and hard to find someone to team with us here tonight... and then, as it turned out, the real answer was right under our noses all along...

Right in the AWA locker room in fact.

[Langseth smiles.]

ML: And as it turned out, there was a whole lot of people willing to help us out here tonight... but unfortunately, we could only pick one...

Ladies and gentlemen... may I present to you...

THE THIRD MAN!

[The music picks back up as the camera rests on the curtain, waiting several moments...]

GM: Well, who is it?

[...until the curtain parts and someone struts into view. The man is covered from head to toe - a mask, a full-length bodysuit, boots... there is not a single thing that you can use to distinguish this individual from any other in the world.]

GM: Uhhh.

BW: It looks like Royalty's not quite ready for the big reveal just yet, Gordo.

GM: Apparently not... but this person, whoever it is, seems pretty happy to be here.

[The man quickly gets to the ring, climbing through the ropes to fall into an embrace first with Dave Cooper... then with Mark Langseth. He squares up like a boxer, throwing some phantom punches as Langseth pats him on the back, handing the mic back to Phil Watson...]

PW: And their opponents...

[The sounds of Judas Priest's "You Got Another Thing Comin'" fills the Sports Arena air, sending the crowd into a roaring frenzy!]

PW: First, from Shiraz, Iran... weighing in at 259 pounds...

SULTAAN AAAAAZAAAAAM SHAAAAARIF!

[Sharif comes tearing into view, obviously fired up as he's already removed his keffiyeh and bisht. He pauses just beyond the entrance, waving the Iranian flag back and forth on a wooden flagpole to a surprising amount of cheers from the crowd.]

PW: And his tag team partner... from Venice Beach, California...

[HUUUUGE ROAR!]

PW: Weighing at 260 pounds...

THIS!

IS!

SUUUUUUUPERNOOOOOOOVAAAAA!

[Supernova flies through the curtain, already cupping his hands to his mouth and letting loose a howl to the crowd who echoes it right back at him. He's sporting black full-length tights with yellow flames running down the sides along with black wrestling boots. His facepaint is his standard black and yellow as well, painted like a flame. He claps Sharif on the shoulder, heading down the ramp in unison.]

GM: Here comes Sharif and Supernova!

BW: Yeah, but where the heck is their partner, Gordo?!

GM: I have no idea.

BW: Maybe they couldn't find one!

GM: The locker room's gotta be overflowing with guys who'd like a chance to kick the rear ends of Royalty, Bucky. How could they not be able to find someone?

[Supernova steps through the ring ropes first, ready for a fight as he brings up his fists to defend himself as Dave Cooper seems to be coming for him. AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger pushes himself between the two men, waving off any physical conflict. Sharif hands the flag off to a ringside attendant before he, too, steps into the ring.]

GM: Both men are in... but the longer they stand out here alone, the longer I also want to know who their third man is. We can see Royalty's third man out here... completely covered in that bodysuit from head to toe. I haven't the slightest clue who it is.

BW: Exactly the way they want it.

[Supernova and Sharif huddle up near the ropes, having a quick discussion as the other side meets up as well...]

GM: You could be right, Bucky. Perhaps they couldn't find a third man... or perhaps they didn't even look for-

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: It's Rick Marley! Rick Marley is the third man!

["Showtime" Rick Marley comes charging down the aisle, stepping into the ring to exchange high fives with both Supernova and Sharif...]

...and then the trio rushes towards Royalty, sending the masked man scurrying through the ropes to the safety of the floor. Dave Cooper falls through the ropes to the floor as Mark Langseth rushes out as well.]

GM: Royalty's hittin' the bricks! They want no part of-

[Suddenly, Rick Marley comes sailing over the ropes, crashing down onto a surprised Dave Cooper!]

GM: OHHHH MY! A slingshot dive to the floor by "Showtime" Rick Marley!

BW: The bell hasn't even rung yet! That cheater Marley really is too much, Gordo!

[Out on the floor, Marley pulls Cooper up, drilling him with right hands as Supernova grabs a fleeing Mark Langseth...]

GM: He's got Langseth! He's got Langseth!

[Each man holding an arm, Marley and Supernova send the Royalty teammates towards each other...]

...where they crash together with great impact, both men falling to the floor as the crowd roars!]

GM: Team Sharif is taking the fight to Royalty right off the bat in this one!

[A grinning Supernova climbs up on the apron, giving a howl as Marley slingshots back into the ring, again giving Sharif a big two-handed high five.]

GM: The match may not have started yet - like you said, Bucky - but that's not gonna stop these men from GETTING it started!

BW: You really liked that, didn't you?

GM: I absolutely did. Royalty had all of that coming and then some.

[Out on the floor, the masked man helps Langseth off the floor. Dave Cooper quickly joins them, again forming a three man huddle outside of the ring...

...when suddenly Marley dashes to the ropes, rebounding off towards a waiting Sharif...]

GM: What the-?!

[...who BACKDROPS his own partner over the top rope, wiping out the entire Royalty team with a somersault plancha!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THEY TAKE DOWN ROYALTY AGAIN!! OHHH MY!

[Marley slides back in, all grins as he waves for Royalty to get back to their feet again. He salutes the cheering fans, leaning over with his hands on his knees in preparation.]

GM: Royalty's gotta be rattled here early, fans. This could not be the return match they were anticipating.

BW: I gotta think losing Petrow earlier tonight has thrown them for a loop. They couldn't have expected the old man was gonna be able to put Petrow down and out... send him packing.

GM: Whether they expected it or not, it happened. Joe Petrow is out of the business for good and now Royalty has to regroup in a big, big way.

[Dave Cooper is the first member of Royalty to his feet, diving under the ropes into the ring...

...and popping up to his feet where Marley is waiting to greet him with a pair of right hands that sends him falling back into a neutral corner.]

GM: Marley's all over him, hammering away in the corner...

[Grabbing an arm, Marley shoots Cooper across.]

GM: Irish whip... and Cooper hits the corner!

[A full sprint right behind the whip ends with Marley leaving his feet, driving them both under the chin of Cooper with a running dropkick!]

GM: Ohh! That one rocked the Professional!

[Grabbing Cooper by the back of the head, Marley signals the corner, charging in to SLAM Cooper's skull into the raised boot of Sharif!]

BW: That's an illegal boot, Gordo!

GM: Pretty good chance it is, yes.

BW: You're not outraged?

GM: I was outraged the night of Westwego... that's when I was outraged.

[Marley slaps the hand of Sharif who comes in quick...

...but not quick enough as Cooper scampers back to his corner...]

GM: Oh my!

[...and slaps the waiting hand of Mark Langseth!]

GM: Langseth tags in!

BW: The last man to hold the National Title!

GM: Mark Langseth has not been inside an AWA wrestling ring to compete - other than Westwego - in around a year's time... but he has made the tag and it's time for his body to cash the checks that his mouth has been writing for months now.

[Sharif nods at the incoming Langseth as he steps through the ropes. The crowd is roaring for the showdown between Sharif and Langseth as Sharif slaps his biceps, then slaps his massive pectorals before striking a double bicep pose at Langseth who sneers in response...

...and LUNGES into a collar and elbow tieup!]

GM: HERE! WE! GO!

[The two men jockey back and forth, trying to earn an advantageous position over the other one. Sharif's power pushes Langseth back near the ropes but Langseth's skull turns it around, shoving Sharif back to the middle of the ring.]



GM: Both men are having trouble gaining an edge. They're working hard but they just can't seem to-

[Sharif pulls Langseth into a side headlock, cranking down on the head and neck as the former World Champion struggles against it, trying to find a way to free himself. Langseth backs Sharif up to the ropes where the referee calls for a break...]

GM: The referee starts a count on Langseth and Sharif...

[Sharif gets shoved off to the ropes. As he lumbers off them, Langseth drops down, forcing Sharif to leap over him, continuing on towards the ropes where Cooper is looking for a cheapshot...]

GM: Cooper's waiting for- no! Sharif pulls up short!

[He drills Cooper with a forearm, throwing his leg back at an incoming Langseth into the gut...]

GM: He's got 'em both!

[Sharif SLAMS the Royalty's members heads together to the roar of the crowd, sending Langseth staggering back into the ring as Cooper falls off the apron to the floor.]

GM: Sharif takes 'em both down!

[The Iranian grappler stalks towards Langseth who pulls himself up off the mat, looking for a right hand...]

GM: Sharif ducks the right hand... he lifts!

[Holding Langseth up for a back suplex, Sharif puts him down HARD on his bent knee!]

GM: Ohh! Big time atomic drop jolts the spine of Langseth!

[Langseth stumbles forward into the corner of the fan favorites where Rick Marley drills him with a right hand to the cheers of the crowd. He stumbles to the side where Supernova CLAPS his arms together on the ears of Langseth, knocking him down to a knee where Sharif slaps the hand of Supernova.]

GM: The tag is made right there...

[Sharif pulls Langseth up, tossing him into the ropes...

...and BURIES one of his hooked boots in the gut as Supernova bounces off the ropes...]

GM: Supernova comes off... ohhh!

[The crowd ROARS for a king-sized kneelift that sends Langseth flying backwards, crashing down to the canvas in a heap!]

GM: Team Sharif is welcoming Mark Langseth back to the AWA with closed fists, fans! They're really taking it to the former World Champion.

BW: And some would say the current National Champion.

GM: The AWA no longer recognizes the National Title as a sanctioned AWA championship. You know that, Bucky.

BW: I do... but I also know that Langseth won the title and never lost the title. That means he's still the National Champion in the books of a whole lot of people, Gordo.

[Supernova reaches over, slapping the hand of Rick Marley who steps in, grabbing the arm of Langseth, and cranks on it into an armtwist...]

GM: Marley's going after the arm...

[But Langseth promptly goes to the eyes, temporarily blinding Rick Marley with an eyegouge!]

GM: Langseth's got him swinging at nothing... he can't see a thing...

[Langseth grabs an arm, flinging the blinded Marley into the corner. He rushes in behind him, throwing a back elbow up into the chin of the high flyer!]

GM: Ohh! Langseth caught him... and that's a choke! That's a choke, ref!

[The crowd jeers the Hall of Famer as he digs his thumbs into the windpipe of Marley, choking the air out of him to the protests of the referee who forces Langseth to break at four, backing him off...

...which is when the masked man goes to work, looping the tag rope around the throat of Marley to strangle him further!]

GM: And this masked guy - whoever the heck he is - is doing a number now with the help of Dave Cooper as well, fans! They're choking Rick Marley in the corner and the referee is missing the whole thing by reprimanding Mark Langseth, trying to back him away...

[As his partners let up, Langseth comes back in, hammering Marley across the back of the head with a clubbing forearm.]

GM: Big hammering blow there by Langseth, dragging Marley out now...

[And SLAMS the point of his elbow down across the back of the neck.]

GM: Langseth with a couple of big shots here...

[Grabbing the wrist, Langseth goes for an Irish whip...]

GM: Langseth fires Marley in, off the far side...

[The former World Champion ducks down for a backdrop but Marley turns his back on the move, backflipping off the doubled-up Langseth to land on his feet behind him...]

GM: Marley avoids the backdrop!

[...and then promptly leaps back up, hooking his legs around Langseth's head, taking him over in a rana!]

GM: Oh my! Headscissors takes down Langseth and-

[Marley pops up, rushing to the corner to slap the hand of Sharif!]

GM: Tag!

[Sharif rushes in, hammering a surprised Langseth with forearms to the ear...

...and then sends him flying into the air with a brutal European uppercut that causes Langseth to unleash a big wad of spit into the air!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Better check your dental work after that one, Marky.

[As Langseth gets up, Sharif hooks his arms under the armpits and around the torso...

...and HURLS the former World Champion overhead, sending him bouncing off the canvas with a belly-to-belly throw!]

GM: Ohh! A whole lot of impact on that one!

[Sharif pops back up, stalking across the ring where Langseth makes a move towards the corner, only to be cut off by Sharif hooking him by the legs...

...and slowly dragging him all the way into wheelbarrow position...]

GM: Oh no, no, no!

[Sharif POWERS Langseth up, DUMPING him violently on the back of his head and neck with a wheelbarrow suplex!]

GM: Oh my stars! He folded him up with that one! Langseth landed INCREDIBLY hard on the back of the head!

[Dave Cooper starts to come into the ring, causing a wary Sharif to charge him. He connects with a pair of forearms, sending Cooper down on his feet to the floor...]

...and giving Langseth enough of a momentary distraction to roll out to the floor on the other side of the ring...]

GM: Langseth rolls out! He's trying to get away from- look out for Marley!

[Marley rushes down the ring apron, throwing a kick back into the mush of Langseth!]

GM: What's he-?!

[Marley leaps to the middle rope, springboarding into a moonsault...

...where the masked man YANKS Langseth by the arm, pulling him clear as Marley SLAMS chestfirst into the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: OHH!

BW: He missed! Marley missed!

[The masked man stomps Marley a few times before Supernova drops down to the floor, chasing him off. The arrival of the young lion also forces Langseth to roll back into the ring where Sharif is waiting to pull him off the mat...

...and gets a thumb stuck in the eye!]

GM: Oh! Cheapshot by Langseth!

[Langseth drags Sharif to the corner, slapping Dave Cooper's hand.]

GM: The tag is made... Cooper and Langseth working in tandem here...

[A double whip sends Sharif into the ropes, bouncing off into a double boot to the gut. Both men get set...]

GM: Look out here!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A textbook double suplex out of Royalty!

BW: You couldn't ask to see that move done any better, Gordo. You may not like these guys... heck, you may even hate 'em... but you can't deny that they're two of the most skilled men in all of the wrestling business.

GM: I don't think anyone would try and deny that. They're incredibly talented inside that ring... they're also incredibly manipulative and deceitful OUTSIDE of it.

[With Sharif down, Cooper hops up on the middle rope, measuring his man...]

GM: Cooper off the second rope... ELBOW!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: Sharif rolls out of the way! Cooper hits the canvas VERY hard!

[Sharif keeps on rolling, slapping the hand of Supernova who rushes into the ring, hammering a rising Cooper with right hands, knocking him back towards the ropes where Supernova lays in a boot to the gut.]

GM: Supernova comes in hot...

BW: Please tell me that wasn't an intentional pun.

GM: Not exactly.

[Grabbing an arm, Supernova fires Cooper off into the ropes, burying a boot to the gut on the rebound.]

GM: Cooper gets caught...

[Grabbing two hands full of Cooper's hair, Supernova leaps up and SLAMS his face into the canvas!]

GM: He SLAMS his head to the mat!

[Supernova climbs to his feet, measuring his man...

...and leaps sky high before BURYING an elbow in the heart of Cooper!]

GM: High flying elbow by 'Nova... and a quick cover...

[Supernova's elbowdrop earns him a two count before Cooper kicks out.]

GM: Two count only right there.

[Supernova pops back up, grabbing the feet of Cooper, sending the crowd into a roar...]

GM: He's going for the Solar Flare! He wants that leglock!

[But the masked man isn't going to allow it, rushing behind Supernova to smash a forearm to the back of the face-painted warrior - a blow that seems to annoy more than injure. Supernova wheels around, approaching the corner where the masked man retreats to.]

GM: That masked man got involved and Supernova's coming for him!

[Cooper gets up, charging Supernova from behind...

...who spins around and FLOORS a running Cooper with a standing clothesline!]

GM: Down goes Cooper again!

[With Cooper down, Supernova rushes to the ropes, bouncing off them...

...and somehow leaps even higher, landing yet another elbowdrop to the chest!]

GM: Another big elbow... and there's a cover, fans!

[Supernova earns a two count before Langseth rushes in, stomping and kicking the head of the Venice Beach native, breaking the pin to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Langseth breaks that up... in a six man match like this, it gets very difficult to keep the other men out of the match to give yourself a chance to win the thing.

[A quick camera cut to the floor shows Rick Marley seated against the railing, clutching his ribs as an AWA medic kneels next to him, checking on his condition.]

GM: Rick Marley looks like he's still in a lot of pain.... this might be turning into a handicap match afterall, Bucky.

[Back inside the ring, an angry Supernova is back to his feet, pulling Dave Cooper with him as he stares back at a retreating Langseth who steps back to his spot on the apron.]

GM: Supernova's got Cooper back up...

[A big right hand sends Cooper reeling back into the neutral corner...

...and then `Nova mounts the midbuckle, raining down right hands as the crowd counts along.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Supernova hops down, grabbing an arm on Cooper to fire him across.]

GM: Cooper hits the corner... staggering out...

[And gets ELEVATED sky high as Supernova backdrops him down to the mat!]

GM: BIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP BY 'NOVA!!

[Circling around, Supernova lets loose a howl to the crowd who echoes him in response, cheering him on as he pulls Cooper up by the arm, dragging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Supernova's looking for a suplex on Cooper!

[But before he can lift him up, Langseth rushes in, laying in a HARD double axehandle across the back! Supernova immediately releases the suplex attempt at the referee reprimands Langseth...

...when Sharif steps in, ready to attack!]

GM: Sharif's in but-

BW: But the referee's right there to cut him off! Get back to your corner, Sharif!

GM: And that leaves-

[Cooper grabs Supernova in a rear waistlock, lifting him off the mat...

...and brings him CRASHING backfirst across the bent knee of Mark Langseth in a devastating doubleteam!]

GM: GOOD GOD!!

[Cooper straightens up, clapping his hands together before stepping out of the ring.]

GM: There was no tag, ref!

BW: He certainly heard one... and now it's Royalty showing the signs of a well-polished tag team.

[Langseth shoves Supernova off his knees, putting him down on all fours. The former World Champion turns towards Sharif, mockingly slapping his arms and his chest...

...and then hooks in a modified Camel Clutch on Supernova who is up on all fours! The crowd LOUDLY jeers this show of disrespect for Sharif!]

GM: Mark Langseth is trying to rub some salt in the wounds of Sharif right here... using his own hold to do some damage on Sharif's partner here tonight.

[The crowd responds with a mixed reaction as Rick Marley is walked down the aisle by the medical staff.]

GM: Marley's being taken out of here! Rick Marley's being helped up the aisle towards the locker room after missing that backflip off the ropes and hitting his chest on the floor.

BW: Marley went for one of those big show-off moves and now he's being helped out! He may have just cost Sharif and Supernova this damn match, Gordo.

GM: He certainly could have. You're right about that.

[Langseth holds the sloppy Camel Clutch for a bit, continuing to taunt Sharif from the middle of the ring.]

GM: Supernova forces up to his knees... Langseth doesn't quite have that hold applied like he needs to to have a great effect.

[Langseth SLAMS the point of his elbow down into the forehead. A second one blasts off the bridge of the nose of Supernova, a blow that sends him sprawling out on the canvas. The former World Champion reaches out, slapping the hand of Dave Cooper.]

GM: Cooper's in!

[Cooper SLAMS a forearm shot into the lower back of Supernova. Both Cooper and Langseth grab an arm...

...and HURL Supernova backfirst into the Royalty turnbuckles!]

GM: Supernova's in the bad part of town, fans!

[Cooper throws a series of stinging right hands into the ribcage of Supernova before pulling him out by the hair. The Professional slaps the hand of their masked partner before pulling Supernova's arms behind him...]

GM: Cooper's holding the arms... Supernova's trapped...

[The masked man steps in, a bit of a strut in his step...

...and buries a boot into the gut of Supernova who slumps down on all fours as Cooper releases his hold on the arms.]

GM: Supernova's down and this masked man is standing over him...

[The masked man slumps down to a knee, smashing his other knee into the lower back, putting Supernova down facefirst on the mat.]



GM: I don't recognize a single thing about the way this man moves inside the ring, Bucky. Nothing at all is familiar to me.

BW: There's gotta be something there. Keep looking.

[The masked man stomps the lower back a half dozen times, letting loose a "HIII-YAAA!" with each one before walking arrogantly back to his corner...]

GM: That's it?

[...and slapping the hand of Dave Cooper.]

GM: The tag's made... and the Professional steps back in...

[As Supernova climbs to his knees, Cooper slams two boots to the chest before switching to hammering right hands to the skull!]

GM: Cooper continues to lay in blow after blow, trying to keep Supernova from battling his way back into this matchup.

[Cooper lands about a half dozen punches before pulling Supernova by the hair towards the corner, slapping the hand of Mark Langseth.]

GM: Langseth tags back in... big right hand of his own... and a second one sends Supernova falling back!

[Supernova lands on all fours, promptly crawling towards the corner...

...but a running elbowdrop to the kidneys cuts that one off. He sits up on the mat, sneering at Sharif and wagging a finger at him in mock "warning."]

GM: Langseth seems to really be enjoying this. That's at least twice now he's taken the time to mock Sultan Azam Sharif who is the whole reason he's got this match at all, Bucky.

BW: You want him to thank Sharif or something? Sharif's getting exactly what he's got coming to him for the disrespect he's shown the Hall of Famer and former World Champion.

GM: If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were supporting Royalty in this match.

BW: Hey, when you really think about it, what did they do that was so wrong anyways?

GM: WHAT?!

BW: We got a World Title out of it! I call it a wash!

[Langseth gets back to his feet, still trashalking Sharif who is glaring a hole straight through him...

...until Langseth spits right in the face of Sharif!]

GM: OHH!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Sharif rushes into the ring, hammering Langseth with forearm smashes. He grabs the former World Champion by the hair...

...and HURLS him over the top rope and down onto the wooden ramp!]

GM: OH!! DOWN ONTO THE RAMP!!

[Sharif steps out onto the ramp, hammering a rising Langseth with double axehandles across the back, knocking him down to all fours facing away from the ring...]

GM: Sharif's beating the heck out of Langseth out on the ramp and-

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: SHARIF'S GOING FOR THE CAMEL CLUTCH!!

[The Iranian settles in, sitting down on the back of Langseth as he hooks the arms over his knees, reaching down to cup the chin...]

GM: Sharif's gonna finish off Langseth outside the ring right now!

[Dave Cooper steps in, rushing across the ring to help his partner...

...but the referee steps right in his path, trying to block Langseth from going after him...]

GM: Cooper got tied up by the ref! Cooper's trying to help Langseth but he's not going anywhere!

[Meanwhile, the masked man has rushed around the ringside area, racing up the ringside steps...

...with a steel chair in his hands.]

GM: Wait a second!

[The masked man looks around, showing nervousness despite the hood covering his face as he rears back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow, not having nearly as much impact as you might expect, bounces off the upper back of Sharif who slowly gets up...

...and turns around to stare dead in the eyes of the masked man!]

GM: UH OH!!

BW: Didn't Sharif even FEEL that?!

GM: I have no idea but-

[Sharif CLUBS the masked man with a forearm smash that sends him flying like a pinball, dropping the steel chair down on the ramp.]

GM: What a shot by Sharif!

[Sharif pursues, leaning through the ropes to grab the masked man who is attempting to flee...

...which allows Langseth to shake off the effects of the Camel Clutch, picking the chair up off the wooden ramp...]

GM: NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[This time, Sharif drops like he's been shot with a cannon, collapsing down to all fours...

...and giving Langseth another shot with the steel chair...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[The second blow connects solidly on the back of Sharif, leaving him clutching his lower back in pain as Langseth throws the chair aside to avoid detection before climbing back into the ring as Dave Cooper steps out on the apron.]

GM: Langseth's back in... the ref's waving for the match to continue. How the heck did he miss all of that?!

BW: Marley's down! Sharif is down! Supernova's trapped in a three on one!

[A quick tag brings Dave Cooper - legally - back into the ring. A double whip sends Supernova into the ropes as the Royalty members grasp one another's wrists...

...and flatten the face-painted warrior with a double clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! That might be enough right there!

[Langseth steps out to the apron as Cooper attempts a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Supernova slips a shoulder off the mat, earning cheers from the crowd. Cooper gets up, stomping Supernova a handful of times before he slaps Mark Langseth's outstretched hand again.]

GM: Langseth is quickly back in...

[Outside the ring, we see Dr. Ponavitch's assistants trying to get Sharif to go with them towards the locker room as well.]

GM: Sharif's trying to fight the help out there. He doesn't want to leave. He wants to stay out here and continue the fight with Royalty like he's wanted for so many months now.

[Langseth and Cooper work together, stomping Supernova's lower back repeatedly to the jeers of the crowd. Supernova cries out in pain as the official forces Cooper from the ring.]

GM: Royalty is really doing a number on the lower back of Supernova, going after it repeatedly and with every weapon they've got.

BW: Not every weapon. He got spared the chair so far.

GM: Unfortunately, Sultan Azam Sharif can not say the same as our medical team is forcing him back down the aisle towards the locker room.

[Langseth scoops Supernova up, holding him across his body, and DROPS him down in a backbreaker, shoving the fan favorite off into another pin attempt.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Again, the shoulder slips up before the three count. An angry Langseth grabs a handful of hair, hammering away with clenched fists to the skull to the jeers of the crowd. He breaks before a five count, climbing up to his feet again...

...and slapping the hand of the masked man who again slips through the ropes with a bit of swagger...]

GM: The masked man tags back in... Langseth hooks a front facelock on Supernova...

[The masked man raises two arms up, slamming them down in a weird double axehandle on the lower back. A second one lands as Langseth releases his grip, knocking Supernova back down to all fours before a sloppy

elbowdrop puts him back on the mat. The masked man flips him to his back, attempting his own cover...]

GM: Again, Supernova is out before three! This kid has a lot of guts - a ton of heart!

[The masked man crawls quickly on his knees to the corner, slapping the hand of Dave Cooper who steps through the ropes, dropping an elbow of his own on the lower back of Supernova before a pair of knees fall on the kidney area as well.]

GM: All three members of Royalty are real-

BW: How do you know the masked man is a member of Royalty?

GM: I just assumed-

BW: He could be a hired gun. An assassin of sorts.

GM: He doesn't really look like-

[Cooper pulls Supernova off the mat, firing him off into the ropes...]

GM: Supernova's off the far side...

[...and the Professional, who swings his arms apart in a "it's over" gesture before Supernova bounces back, lifts the face-painted grappler up by the upper thighs, rotates...

...and DRIVES him into the canvas with a thunderous spinebuster!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER!

BW: That's all she wrote, daddy!

GM: Cooper covers! He's got one! He's got two! He's got three-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Supernova find a way to slip his shoulder up off the mat!]

GM: Shoulder up! My stars, Supernova got the shoulder up!

[A shocked Cooper gets up, angrily slapping the hand of the masked man as Langseth steps in as well. All three men grab the top rope - Langseth and Cooper inside the ring while the masked man stands out on the apron...]

GM: What the-?!

BW: SLINGSHOT!

[Langseth and Cooper bring the masked man sailing high over the top rope on the catapult...

...where he lands SQUARELY on the raised knees of Supernova!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MY STARS! Royalty went for the kill but they came up empty right there!

BW: But Supernova’s got no partners left! If he’s gonna do this, he’s gotta do it himself!

[The Venice Beach native rolls to his knees, crawling towards his corner as the masked man rolls back and forth, clutching his ribcage...]

GM: Both men are down... both men are hurting...

[Supernova uses the ropes, pulling himself up to his feet in the neutral corner as the masked man does the same across the ring...]

...which is Supernova’s cue to sprint across the ring, hurling himself into the air...]

GM: HEAT WAVE!! SUPERNOVA CRUSHES THE MASKED MAN IN THE CORNER!!

[Supernova throws the masked man out of the corner, sending him crashing down to the mat.]

GM: He’s calling for it, fans! He’s looking for the Solar Flare!

[But as soon as Supernova grabs the legs, Langseth and Cooper hit the ring in a bull rush, knocking him down where they begin stomping and kicking him...]

GM: Supernova’s down and he’s got a two on one on him!

BW: Gordo! Look!

[The crowd begins to ROAR at the sight of Rick Marley hobbling back down the aisle, clutching his ribcage...]

GM: Marley! Marley’s coming back to help!

[Marley reaches the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: What’s he-?!

[As soon as Cooper and Langseth turn, Marley deadleaps to the top rope, springing off with a breathtaking crossbody that completely wipes out both men!]

GM: OHHHHHHHH! WHAT A DIVE!!!

[Cooper and Langseth roll out to the floor as Supernova gets back up. A dazed masked man is trying to get out too but a right hand from Marley sends him falling back to Supernova who drops him with a haymaker!]

GM: Rick Marley just saved this match for Supernova!

[Supernova grabs the legs, turning the masked man over into the Solar Flare leglock!]

GM: HE'S GOT IT HOOKED! THIS ONE'S OVER!!

[The referee dives down to the mat, checking for a submission...]

GM: The ref's right there! The masked man is-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE HELL?!

[The crowd falls silent for an instant, glaring at "Showtime" Rick Marley who just delivered the damndest superkick anyone has ever seen him throw, completely flattening Supernova on impact!]

GM: Rick Marley just... he just superkicked Supernova!

[A shocked Johnny Jagger gets up, waving his arms at Marley who shoves him aside before stepping out on the ramp, walking back up the aisle as the fans jeer.]

GM: Rick Marley just betrayed his team! Rick Marley just betrayed the entire AWA!

[With Marley having done the hard work, Langseth and Cooper roll back into the ring. Cooper is the first to strike, pulling 'Nova into a front facelock, slinging the arm over his neck...]

GM: No... he's already out! There's no need for-

[...and hoisting Supernova up, leaving him horizontal to the mat for a split second before DRIVING him facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: Gourdbuster! Cooper lays him out with that!

[The referee is shouting at both Cooper and Langseth now as Langseth orders Cooper to lift him up...

...and then SNAPS off a No Sweat swinging neckbreaker on the face-painted fan favorite.]

GM: Good grief! Are they done yet?!

[Cooper grabs the masked man, dragging him over Supernova's prone form and then gestures for the referee to count.]

GM: This is academic now. One. Two. Three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Langseth grins immediately at the torrential downpour of boos coming from the loathing AWA faithful. He shares a quick handshake with Dave Cooper before turning his focus towards mocking the fans jammed into the Los Angeles Sports Arena.]

GM: Langseth is letting these fans have it and Dave Cooper isn't much better. Royalty has managed to win this thing...

[With Langseth in mid-taunt, the crowd EXPLODES in cheers!]

GM: SHARIF! SHARIF'S COMING BACK!!

[Winching in pain, Sharif comes hobbling down the ramp...]

GM: Sharif's coming for Royalty!

BW: The way he's moving, I can't think this is a good idea, Gordo.

GM: You may be right but Sultan Azam Sharif is a man determined here tonight in Los Angeles! Rick Marley may have helped Royalty steal this victory - and I can't BELIEVE I just said that - but that's not going to dissuade Sharif from going for the kill!

[Sharif steps through the ropes where Langseth and Cooper promptly swarm him, hammering away with forearms and kicks at Sharif who tries to battle back...]

...but just can't overcome the numbers advantage, slumping down to the mat where they continue to rain down blows on him.]

GM: They're hammering away at Sharif! Supernova's down! Sharif is down!

[Cooper pulls Sharif up to a kneeling position, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: Another gourdbuster perhaps?

[...and SPIKES him from his knees skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!



BW: What a DDT by the Professional! Sharif just got laid out with that and... what's this?

[Back on his feet but incredibly wobbly, the masked man starts waving for his allies to lift Sharif off the mat.]

GM: Langseth is nodding to this guy... Cooper and Langseth each with an arm now dragging Sharif up off the canvas...

[The masked man reaches down, tugging off his left boot...

...a cowboy boot.]

GM: Wait a second! What's he got there?!

[The masked man winds up...

...and SLAMS the boot down over the skull of Sharif, again sending him crashing down to the canvas! The boot-wielding masked man jumps up and down in celebration, embracing both Langseth and Cooper before tossing the boot down.]

GM: I've seen that before, Bucky.

BW: Me too! Can it be true?!

GM: The masked man is unlacing the mask with the help of his partners... we're about to find out-

[And with a yank of the mask, the identity is revealed.]

GM: What the-?!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as recognition washes over them.]

BW: IT'S LARRY DOYLE!

[Doyle again jumps up and down in triumph, embracing Langseth again and then shouting for Langseth and Cooper to continue the attack.]

GM: Royalty has... they've apparently traded one snake in the grass for another.

BW: Joe Petrow for Larry Doyle! What a coup! And these idiots in Los Angeles thought they'd swindled the world when they got Dwight Howard and Pau Gasol! This is the trade of a lifetime!

[Doyle turns towards a recovering Supernova who has pushed up to his knees...

...and SLAMS the boot down between the eyes, knocking him flat!]

GM: Larry Doyle is helping Royalty destroy these two men here at SuperClash IV! We're going to need some help out here, fans!

[The crowd cheers as suddenly a swarm of AWA security comes tearing down the entrance ramp, flooding the ring...]

GM: We've got security all over the place... trying to get control over all this chaos...

[Langseth and Cooper can be seen shoving security guards, physically threatening them as they sneak in some final stomps onto Sharif and Supernova...]

GM: We've gotta get some order restored! Let's go to... cut to anything, guys! Let's get out of here!

[An abrupt cut follows a few moments later, showing the backstage area where we find Jason Dane standing in front of a closed door, looking slightly anxious. There's no telling what's brought the anxiety to his face until we hear a loud crashing sound, as if someone had just flung something metal into the door, followed by the unpleasant noise of metal scraping against the floor.]

JD: I'm standing out here, waiting to try to get a few words with Robert Donovan after what happened out there tonight, but...

[Dane hesitates.]

JD: ...well, fools rush in.

[Dane sets himself, puts a hand on the doorknob and quickly opens it, almost ducking slightly as if he expects to be hit with something upon entry. When nothing is said, nor does Dane come flying backwards through the opening, the camera follows him in. The locker room is an absolute disaster of knocked over furniture, dented locker doors, and all-around mayhem. Standing in the middle of this mayhem, still wearing his ring attire, is the aforementioned Donovan, whom Dane is slowly approaching.]

JD: Um...Rob?

[Donovan quickly turns around.]

RD: What in the hell do you want, Dane?! You lookin' for another scoop?

[Dane doesn't respond quickly enough to suit the big man, who takes a step towards the AWA's resident truth seeker.]

RD: Or maybe you're here to explain to me why Jack Lynch bothered lyin' to me all this time, tellin' me he was ready to fight, ready to win, when he never gave half a damn about anything or anybody not named Lynch!

JD: ...well, his brother James...

RD: Don't you defend him for one damned second, Dane! You might think he was just worried 'bout his blood, but let me ask you somethin' -- who cost us the match at Homecoming?

JD: Jack Lynch did knock over the referee, but he was --

RD: He was WHAT, Dane? Tryin' to bail me out? That's the same lie he told me. He saw a chance to avoid carryin' the tag titles with somebody not sharin' his blood, an' he took it, Dane. It wasn't an accident, it wasn't somethin' he did "in the heat of the moment", he just yanked Meekly down to the ground an' went right back to work on the Bishops! He never gave a damn about winning that match, an' he never gave a damn about winnin' this one either!

[Donovan reaches up, clutching Dane's collar lightly. The tape on his hands is stained with a little bit of blood, mute evidence of how the lockers got dented.]

RD: Tonight, he has the damn thing won, an' instead of puttin' the match away, he bails out to check on his brother and costs us the match! The titles, our revenge in our damned hands an' he throws it away, Dane! What the hell kind of partner does that?

[Donovan pauses, obviously expecting an answer, which Dane doesn't have ready.]

RD: I'll tell you what kind, Dane? A GOD DAMNED LYNCH! My daddy used to go on and on about Blackjack Lynch, but I thought his boys were better men...well, today, Jack Lynch showed me that the apple ain't fallen far from the tree, so I gave that son of a bitch a preview of things to come, Dane! I thought I had a partner out there, a man as determined to rip those titles out of the Bishops' hands as I was, but I had nothin' like that, Dane.

[Donovan releases his grip on Dane's collar.]

RD: That's gonna change, Jason. You hear that, Jack? If your sorry ass is awake, you bring both of those bastard brothers of yours to the ring first show next year, an' me?

[Donovan laughs.]

RD: Maybe I'll bring a lil' family myself.

[An abrupt fade out as we crossfade back to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated at ringside. Gordon is shaking his head.]

BW: You know, Donovan makes a lot of sense, Gordo. I've ALWAYS said you can't trust a Lynch and now it sounds like Robert Donovan agrees with me!

GM: I don't understand that at all. But then again, I don't understand a lot of what we've seen here tonight in Los Angeles. A dark and evil moon is

hanging over the Los Angeles Sports Arena as we've seen Chris Blue ally himself with William Craven apparently... we've seen Robert Donovan betray the Lynches... AND we've seen Rick Marley stab the entire AWA in the heart by gift-wrapping that six man tag team victory for Royalty.

BW: I see a bad moon rising.

GM: A bad moon rising indeed. But that's not the only thing rising around here, fans...

[We crossfade to the ring where two sacks - one canvas, one velvet - presumably carrying the remnants of the old Longhorn Heritage Title belt and its replacement being hoisted towards the ceiling, drawing a huge reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Earlier tonight, we saw the very first Barbed Wire match in AWA history and I'm not sure I'd ever want to see another one. We may be saying the same thing in just a short while about this ladder match, Bucky.

BW: We absolutely could. On the surface, you might think a ladder match is not as dangerous as a barbed wire match but you'd be wrong - dead wrong. You take two men who dislike one another as much as Dave Bryant and Glenn Hudson do... and then you stick a wood and metal ladder in there with them to beat each other up with. THEN you tell them to get the title they want, they gotta climb that ladder and hope the other guy doesn't knock 'em ten to fifteen feet down to the mat over and over and over again. The barbed wire match might cut someone up like you wouldn't believe but this thing is a career-shortening moment for sure... and with two veterans like Bryant and Hudson, career-shortening could equal career-ending, daddy.

GM: It certainly could. Fans, let's go up to the ring for this historic encounter!

[Crossfade from the shot of the two bags down to Phil Watson who is looking up at them.]

PW: The following contest is the first-ever AWA LADDER MATCH!

[BIG CHEER! Watson shakes his head a bit with a grin.]

PW: The ONLY way to win the match is to climb the ladder and retrieve the two bags hanging above the ring! The man who accomplishes that will win the match AND the AWA Longhorn Heritage Championship!

[Another big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[A loud, resonating GONG! catches your attention. You have little time to anticipate what may follow, as "Kong Foo Sing" by Aussie band Regurgitator begins to blast from the PA system and through the arena. The crowd pop as Glenn Hudson strolls out at the top of the rampway, nodding with a

satisfied expression on his face as he surveys the scene awaiting him. He raises a fist in the air for a few seconds, drawing another cheer from the crowd before making his way towards the ring.]

GM: Glenn Hudson has had quite the 2012, fans. He made his return to professional wrestling after several years away from the business as part of this summer's World Title Tournament and actually won the Longhorn Heritage Title from "Red Hot" Rex Summers in his first match back! Hudson would go on to lose that title to Dave Bryant back at Homecoming but Bryant's disrespect for the company that Hudson helped build back in the day has led them both to this history-making encounter.

[Phil Watson continues.]

GM: From Melbourne, Australia... weighing in at 229 pounds...

GLENNNNNNN HUUUUUDSONNNNN!

[Hudson is a compactly-built, Caucasian male in his mid thirties. He has light brown, brush cut hair and a perpetual three day growth. His wrestling gear comprises full length navy blue tights with white trim, black knee and elbow pads, and black boots. His hands and wrists are taped. Hudson slaps a few outreaching fans' hands along the way, but focuses on his destination. He breaks into a jog as he draws closer, stepping through the ropes into the ring. He walks over to the ropes, stepping up on the second rope to point at the ladder down at ringside, and then points up at the bags hanging above the ring.]

GM: Glenn Hudson is focused. He knows what he's here for. The man is a veteran of the game and you can expect that even though he hasn't been in this big of a match in a long, long time, there will be no jitters... no nerves.

BW: Glenn Hudson is experienced in the big match environment, for sure, but so is his opponent.

[The music suddenly changes to AC/DC's "Big Gun" to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Speak of the devil...

[Watson speaks up.]

PW: And his opponent... from Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in at 229 pounds...

He is the Doctor Of Love... AND the AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion...

DAAAAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYYYYANNNNT!

[The jeers pick up as Bryant struts through the entrance curtain into view. He smirks at the jeering crowd, making the "belt gesture" as he points up to the ring and the bags hanging above it.]

GM: Unlike Glenn Hudson who EARNED his spot here in the AWA with a great comeback during the tournament - Dave Bryant stole his spot by stealing that title back at Homecoming with a loaded right hand.

BW: Prove it.

GM: I saw it. I know it happened.

["The Doctor of Love" isn't as young or quite as chiseled as he used to be, but it's still pretty obvious his long absence from notable competition didn't see him sitting around doing nothing for nearly a decade. The brown-eyed, clean-shaven former champion of multiple organizations has let his hair grow out to about shoulder length for this return to the ring, along with deciding that shaving his chest was a huge waste of time. As a result he looks quite a bit stockier than he did back in the day, more like a man capable of taking a beating than one concerned with keeping himself in the best shape possible for love of the cameras.]

GM: Bryant, ever as much the grizzled veteran like his opponent tonight, has talked about walking into SuperClash in a situation he never thought he'd be in again. He never thought he'd be in the big match... never thought he'd be defending his title with the world watching... and you can be sure he never thought he'd be LIVE on Internet Pay Per View with the world waiting to see him make history.

BW: That's what I love about this match, Gordo... and what I love about this company. Veterans of our sport who've been cast aside or forgotten about suddenly have new life... they have new air breathed into their careers if they can hack it with the young lions of the business who are looking to steal their spot. We saw it in the last match with Supernova trying to wrest the focus of the wrestling world away from veterans like Langseth and Cooper and now we're seeing two veterans who on this day last year, probably thought their careers were over, battling in the second match from the top on the biggest night of the year. You gotta love the AWA, daddy.

GM: You certainly do.

[Bryant steps through the ropes, going into a little twirl as he enters the squared circle, drawing more jeers from the crowd before he settles back into the turnbuckles, staring across the ring at his challenger.]

GM: The music fades... the referee gives these men his final instructions...

[The official steps through the ropes, leaving Bryant and Hudson staring across the ring at one another. The crowd is roaring, filling the air with flashbulbs as the two rivals glare at each other from across the squared circle.]

GM: Look at the gaze between these two - there's a serious dislike in the air, Bucky.

BW: After all that Bryant's done to Hudson, I'm not sure "dislike" is a strong enough word, Gordo.

GM: Bryant has humiliated Hudson... destroyed the legacy of the LWC that the AWA was paying tribute to with that title belt... mocked the history of that great company. But now, all that's in the past. Now, it's all about that Longhorn Heritage Title hanging over the ring and the ladder someone's going to have to climb to get to it.

[Hudson takes his stare away from Bryant, looking up at the bags above the ring. He gives a little nod as he looks back at Bryant, flashing a slight smirk as he points to his own eyes and then across the ring at Bryant.]

GM: Apparently the challenger's going to have his eyes on the champion.

BW: He'd better or Bryant will turn his lights out just like at Homecoming.

GM: But unlike at Homecoming, if Bryant wants to use some kind of a weapon in this one, that's fair game, Bucky.

BW: It sure is... and it'd be pretty brilliant to knock someone out cold before even trying to climb that ladder.

GM: It certainly would.

[Suddenly, the bell rings and Glenn Hudson comes flying across the ring, rushing Bryant who ducks through the ropes to the safety of the ring apron...

...but Hudson grabs a handful of hair, preventing Bryant from escaping!]

GM: Whoa! Whoa!

BW: Bryant's trying to get out of there... he wants no part of a fired-up Hudson right out of the gate...

GM: But Hudson caught him and-

[Turning him towards the ringpost, Hudson SLAMS Bryant's head into the top turnbuckle, sending him falling down off the apron to the floor below. Hudson promptly grabs the top rope with both hands, driving the fans to their feet for early risk-taking...]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: Hudson's taking to the sky early!

[...and catapults himself over the top rope as Bryant looks up. Bryant bails out to the side but it's okay for the challenger who intended to land on his feet on the apron, faking out the Doctor of Love!]

GM: Oh! Hudson wasn't going for the dive afterall!

[Smirking as Bryant regroups again, Hudson charges down the length of the apron, throwing himself off in a vertical bodypress, taking Bryant down hard on the floor!]

GM: High impact takedown by the challenger!

[Hudson seizes the moment, hammering away on Bryant with a series of right hands to the skull to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Hudson's all over him out on the floor!

[The challenger gets up after landing a dozen or so shots to the skull, dragging Bryant off the ringside mats by the arm...

...and FLINGS Bryant into the nearest steel barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! INTO THE STEEL!

[Hudson approaches the Doctor of Love whose arms are draped over the railing, trying to stay on his feet. He throws a pair of boots to the gut before hooking a side headlock, hammering Bryant with a few clenched fists to the skull.]

GM: Hudson's hammering away with right hands again... trying to wear down the champion in the early moments of this one...

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Hudson walks Bryant away from the ringside barricade. He waves at the timekeeper and Phil Watson, clearing them out before he SLAMS Bryant's head into the ringside table!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst into the wooden table!

BW: Hudson's repeatedly hitting Bryant in the head... maybe trying to get him a little dizzy so he can't climb the ladder so well.

[Hudson lifts Bryant's head off the table again...

...and SLAMS it down a second time!]

GM: Goodness! Bryant's facedown on the table...

[Leaning down, Hudson grabs the legs of the table, tipping it over and throwing it down on top of the stunned Bryant!]

GM: Glenn Hudson's moving furniture out here on the floor and-

BW: You weren't kidding!



[The crowd roars as Hudson abandons Bryant down on the floor, moving over to the ladder at ringside. He lifts it up, folding it before shoving it under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Hudson's got the ladder and he's putting it inside the ring! He's got his eyes on the Longhorn Heritage Title!

[Hudson rolls under the ropes into the ring. He quickly gets up, lifting up the ladder and looking up to position it correctly.]

GM: The fans are on their feet! They know Hudson might on the verge of regaining his title right here tonight.

[Hudson opens up the ladder, again adjusting it before taking his first step up onto it...]

GM: Hudson's climbing the ladder!

BW: Already?! I thought this was going to be harder than- not so fast, Gordo!

[The crowd's cheers turn into a worried buzz as Dave Bryant pulls himself under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Bryant's back in! The title's not gonna change hands that easily!

[Bryant reaches up, not having to reach too far to grab Hudson by the back of the trunks, yanking him down to his feet on the mat...

...and DRILLING him with a right uppercut to the chin!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Bryant!

[Bryant grabs Hudson by the hair, SLAMMING his face into the wood and steel ladder.]

GM: Good grief!

[The ladder wobbles under the impact of that as Bryant pulls Hudson's head back again...

...and SLAMS it into the ladder a second time, tipping it over so that it leans on the top rope, still open.]

GM: Bryant rocks Hudson a couple of times... and now that ladder is off to the side of the ring.

[Bryant leaves Hudson kneeling on the canvas, moving over to the ladder where he promptly folds it up, putting it down on the mat.]

GM: Bryant lays out the ladder on the mat... going back to Huds- ohh! Big right hand from Hudson!

[Bryant staggers back off the impact, standing over the ladder as Hudson moves in, squaring up...]

GM: Oh! Stinging left jab by Hudson... and another... and another...

[The series of left jabs has Bryant wobbling over the downed ladder...]

...and a big right hand to the jaw topples him over, dropping Bryant down on the ladder!]

GM: Right DOWN on the ladder! That'll send a jolt up your spine!

[Hudson nods at the cheering down, turning to run to the ropes...]

GM: Hudson off the far side, coming back fast...

[Hudson leaps into the air...]

...and SLAMS his hindquarters down into the sternum of Bryant!]

GM: Ohh! Sitting splash by Hudson! And at 229 pounds, it doesn't hurt as bad as if someone like Giant Aso did it to you but with that ladder underneath you, it'll certainly shake you to the core!

BW: It sure will. Dave Bryant's back is taking a bit of a pounding here.

[Hudson leans down, dragging Bryant back to his feet by the ropes...]

...and throws a big uppercut, a blow that sends the Doctor of Love sailing back over the ropes, crashing down on the wooden entrance platform!]

GM: Oh!

BW: Hudson knocked him for a loop right there!

[Hudson leans down, muscling up the ladder to hold it across his chest...]

...and then rushes towards the ropes where Bryant is starting to stir!]

GM: What's he-?! OH MY!!

[A hurled ladder goes sailing towards the upper body of Bryant who suddenly drops back down, causing the ladder to fly over his head, falling down on the wooden platform!]

GM: He missed! Hudson missed!

BW: But he tried to take his damn head off, Gordo!

GM: He certainly did! Glenn Hudson went for a big shot there but Bryant was able to avoid it.

[An annoyed Hudson steps through the ropes to pursue his rival...

...who KICKS the middle rope up into the groin of the challenger!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Low blow! Bryant kicks him low!

BW: Totally legal in this one!

GM: You're absolutely right about that as well.

[Bryant grabs Hudson by the hair, dragging him from the ring out onto the ramp. He scoops Hudson up...

...and SLAMS him down on the ramp!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big slam on the ramp! Good grief!

[With Hudson writhing in pain on the elevated entryway, Bryant strides down the ramp to retrieve the fallen ladder. He lifts it up, holding it across his chest as he stalks towards the downed challenger...]

GM: Bryant's got Hudson down and-

[Bryant suddenly lifts the ladder up slightly...

...and SLAMS it down across the body of Hudson, trapping him underneath the wood and steel!]

GM: Gaaah! That's gotta do a number on you!

[Bryant leans down, lifting the ladder slightly off of Hudson...

...and DRIVING it back down on the body again!]

GM: He's smashing Hudson between the wooden ramp and the ladder time and time again...

[Bryant pulls the ladder off of Hudson, chucking it over the ropes into the ring. He steps through the ropes, leaving the challenger downed out on the wooden entryway.]

GM: Bryant's back in... and he's setting up the ladder now!

[The Doctor of Love gets the ladder in position, opening it up and starts to climb...]

GM: And now it's the champion who is trying to climb the ladder to retrieve those titles...

[Bryant looks more than a bit nervous as he edges step by step up the ladder.]

GM: I'm not sure Bryant's completely comfortable with the idea of climbing this ladder, Bucky!

BW: It sure doesn't look like it. Is Bryant afraid of heights?!

GM: If he is, he never should have agreed to this match!

[Bryant gets a few steps up, stretching his arm up as high as he can and coming comically short to the laughter of the crowd.]

GM: He's nowhere NEAR the title, Bucky!

BW: Well, it was worth a shot, I guess.

GM: He's taking too long as Glenn Hudson is starting to recover out there on the ramp.

[Hudson pulls himself to his feet using the ropes, looking into the ring where Bryant's back is turned to him...]

GM: What's he-?!

[Hudson uses the ropes to leap up to the top rope, springing off the top...

...and landing on his feet on the ladder just above Bryant!]

GM: WHOA! WHOA!

[Hudson slams the heel of his boot down into Bryant's face before stepping up two more steps, stretching his arms upwards...]

GM: HUDSON'S CLOSE! GLENN HUDSON'S CLOSE!!

[A shocked Bryant reaches up, grabbing Hudson by the ankle.]

GM: Bryant's trying to save his title! Dave Bryant can see the title slipping away if he doesn't do something right now, fans! The Doctor of Love is trying to-

[Another boot finds the mark on the champion's face... and another!]

GM: Hudson's trying to kick his way free... trying to kick his way to regaining the Longhorn Heritage Title!

[Bryant reaches up, slamming a forearm across the small of the back!]

GM: Ohh! Big shot by Bryant!

[Leaning up, he does it again!]

GM: And another! Bryant's trying to knock Hudson off that perch...

[Bryant steps up underneath Hudson, backing away from the ladder with Hudson on his shoulders in an electric chair lift!]

GM: He's got the challenger on his shoulders!

[Hudson quickly fires back, hammering Bryant's skull with short right hands to the head...

...and once he gets him wobbly, Hudson spins around on the shoulders...]

GM: OH-

[...and SNAPS Bryant over in a rana, throwing him upside down into the ladder that topples over, again smashing Bryant down to the canvas!]

GM: -MYYYY!

[Hudson is a little slower to get up this time, reaching around to grab at his back as he stomps Bryant a few times before moving to retrieve the ladder. Giving it a tug, Hudson sets Bryant in between the legs of the ladder...]

GM: What in the world is he-?!

[...and SLAMS the legs down into the torso of Bryant!]

GM: Good grief!

[Bryant twitches and flails underneath the legs of the ladder, his legs moving uncontrollably as Hudson stands over Bryant, looking down at the Doctor of Love trapped underneath the legs of the ladder...]

GM: What is Hudson going to do now? Is that enough to keep Bryant down and allow Hudson to climb the ladder and retrieve that title belt?

[Hudson lifts the legs of the ladder...

...and SLAMS them down again... and again... and again, the crowd roaring with every blow!]

GM: That might be enough, fans!

[Hudson grabs Bryant by the ankle, dragging him out of the ladder. He lifts the ladder up, setting it underneath the title belts again...]

GM: Hudson's gonna climb again!

[The challenger starts to work his way up the ladder, casting a glance over his shoulder to make sure that Bryant isn't pursuing him.]

GM: Hudson's gonna do it, fans! The challenger's gonna do it!

[Hudson gets about four rungs up the ladder when suddenly Dave Bryant, still down on the mat, kicks his leg up at the leg of the ladder!]

GM: Bryant's trying to kick the ladder down!

[The blow wobbles the ladder but doesn't topple it. Hudson looks down at Bryant with concern as Bryant kicks the ladder a second time... then a third...]

GM: Hudson looks a little wobbly up on that ladder as well...

[Hudson takes another step up, reaching up as high as he can...]

GM: Hudson wants to bring those title belts down! He wants to regain the Longhorn Heritage Title here tonight!

[Hudson, standing on the fifth rung of the ladder, realizes he needs to go higher...]

...but as he steps up to the sixth rung, he finds Dave Bryant back on his feet, putting his shoulder into the ladder...]

GM: Bryant's trying to shove it over! He's trying to-

[Hudson bails out, jumping off and falling to his knees as Bryant pushes the ladder over, knocking it down to a leaning position on the top rope.]

GM: Hudson saw him coming and got down before Bryant could push that ladder over with him on it!

[Bryant rushes Hudson before he can get off a knee, slamming an elbow down over the crown of the skull. A second one connects as well before Bryant pulls Hudson up, hooking him under the armpit...]

GM: Bryant's dragging him out to the middle and-

[The champion spins around, hoisting Hudson up into a big hiptoss...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where he CRASHES down on the ladder, bending the steel and wood underneath his weight!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[Hudson winces in pain as Bryant stands, leaning over to catch his breath for a moment.]

GM: Bryant threw his challenger down on the ladder with that hiptoss... and that'll do quite a bit of damage, Bucky.

BW: I'm not sure if Hudson's getting up after that, Gordo.

[Bryant pulls Hudson off the leaning ladder by the hair, spinning away from the ropes with him.]

GM: Oh my god...

[Bryant hooks a front facelock, slinging Hudson's arm over his neck...]

GM: No, no, no!

[...and TAKES Hudson over with a brutal suplex on the ladder!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[The impact of the suplex bends the ladder underneath Hudson's weight, causing Hudson to slump off down onto the mat.]

GM: It bent! It broke the ladder!

BW: Do we have another one out here?!

GM: The ladder is a wreck of twisted metal and you gotta think that Glenn Hudson's body is in even WORSE shape than that after that suplex!

[Bryant stomps the lower back of Hudson several times, forcing him to roll under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Hudson's out! Bryant kicks him to the floor... and now he's going for the title again!

[Bryant picks up the ladder, trying to open it up and position it under the title belts...]

GM: It won't set up right... it won't stay standing.

BW: Bryant's not gonna climb that thing, is he?!

GM: I have no idea. I'm not sure it'll hold him right now.

[Bryant steps up on the second step, looking up as he puts his full weight on it...

...and the ladder buckles to the side, falling over as an angry Bryant steps away from it.]

GM: This ladder is broken and we can only hope there is another ladder available for these men to use.

[Throwing the ladder down near the ropes, Bryant backs up. He waves a hand, calling for Hudson to get back up off the floor...

...and as soon as he sees him rising, Bryant rushes across, dropping down into a baseball slide...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE KICKED THE LADDER INTO HUDSON’S FACE!! GOOD GOD!!

[Hudson collapses in a heap on the floor as Bryant gets back to his feet. He shouts something at the ringside referee who gestures at the ring. Bryant nods, stepping through the ropes...]

GM: Bryant’s coming out here near us... not going after Glenn Hudson thankfully...

BW: Not yet at least.

[Bryant lifts the ring apron, digging underneath...

...and pulling out a second ladder. He lifts it up, setting it down on the middle rope, half hanging in and half hanging out...]

GM: Bryant’s got the second ladder...

BW: He’s going after Hudson now!

GM: Why?! Why would you not pursue the title at this point instead of trying to do more damage to Glenn Hudson?!

[Bryant drags Hudson off the mat, revealing a pretty nasty cut on the forehead of the challenger.]

GM: Bryant split him open - it had to be that baseball slide into the ladder!

[Dragging Hudson over near the announce table, Bryant waves a hand at the announcers...]

BW: I’m out of here!

[...and then SLAMS Hudson headfirst into the announce table!]

GM: Right into our table!

BW: Ugh! That Aussie just bled on our table! Can we get cleanup on Aisle Five?



[Bryant smirks at the bloodied Hudson as he lies sprawled over the table. The champion pulls himself up on the apron, taunting the crowd as he stands over his challenger.]

GM: Dave Bryant's taking his time getting back into the ring, fans. He should be focusing on the title and climbing that ladder but right now, he's doing everything but that...

[Bryant leans down, dragging Hudson up onto his feet on the table. He hammers the cut forehead with a few right hands...]

GM: What's Bryant got in mind here?

[Hooking Hudson in a front facelock, slinging the challenger's arm over his neck...]

GM: A suplex?! Where?!

[Bryant turns, obviously planning to suplex Hudson off the apron and/or table onto the cold, hard concrete floor...]

BW: This is almost a superplex, Gordo!

GM: It's gonna feel like one if he hits it!

[The Longhorn Heritage Champion lifts Hudson up...

...but a wriggling Hudson causes Bryant to set him down, dropping Hudson over the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Hudson gets ou-

[...where the challenger THROWS himself onto the end of the propped up ladder, causing it to teeter totter upwards, and SLAM into the face of a stunned Dave Bryant, sending him sprawling backwards off the table and down onto the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY GOD!! OH MY GOD!!!

BW: Bryant's face just got shattered into a million pieces, daddy! There ain't gonna be nothin' left of either of these guys after this one, Gordo! Good lord in heaven!

GM: Hudson tugs the ladder in... he's tired... he's hurting... you can see on his face that he just wants to climb this ladder and finish this thing off right here and now.

[Hudson, with great effort, lifts the ladder up off the canvas, turning it to set up on its feet.]

GM: Hudson's setting up the ladder. He's trying to seize the opportunity here.

[A quick cut to the floor shows Dave Bryant on all fours, blood dripping off his forehead down onto the canvas.]

GM: The Doctor of Love, the Longhorn Heritage Champion, has been busted open as well with that seesaw move by Glenn Hudson - a desperation move I might add as well.

BW: We're over ten minutes into this match and it's gotta feel like a half hour to these two.

GM: It certainly does.

[Hudson sets up the ladder, taking a long time to open it and tug it into position under the title belts.]

GM: The ladder's under the bags...

[The challenger reaches up, wiping the blood from his eyes before looking up at the bags holding the title belts. He grabs a rung with his right hand and slowly starts to climb...]

GM: And now the challenger starts that long climb to the top, hoping to take down those bags and regain the title that many feel he never should have lost in the first place.

BW: Bryant's on his knees out here...

[Another quick cut to the champion shows a heavy flow of blood coming from just underneath his eye and out of his nostrils.]

GM: Dave Bryant may have suffered a broken nose from that...

[Hudson edges up, stepping up to the third rung, clinging to the ladder as the fans cheer him on...]

GM: The fans are solidly behind Glenn Hudson, trying to cheer him to the top of that ladder where the championship gold awaits him.

BW: Bryant's up! Dave Bryant's up!

[The Doctor of Love leans against the apron, grabbing the ropes to drag himself under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Bryant's back in... and he's trying to crawl over to the ladder...

BW: Hudson needs to move faster!

GM: I'm not sure he can. He's taken a tremendous amount of punishment in this one!

[Hudson gets two more rungs up the ladder, standing about halfway up the ladder as Bryant reaches the ladder, using it to drag himself off the canvas.]

GM: Bryant's using the ladder to pull himself to his feet...

[Bryant gives the ladder a shove... to no avail.]

GM: He's trying to push the ladder down but he can't get enough behind it!

[The Doctor of Love backs off...

...and throws the Call Me In The Morning superkick to the side of the ladder, a kick with enough impact to start the ladder tipping to the side...]

GM: IT'S GOING OVER!!

[Bryant follows up with another shove, giving the ladder enough momentum to tip over, sending Hudson CRASHING down to the canvas below!]

GM: Good grief! Hudson splatted down on this mat like he'd been shoved out of an airplane!

[Bryant grabs the ladder, pulling hard to get it back into position...]

GM: And now it's the champion looking for the win!

[...but Bryant pauses, breathing heavily.]

GM: Bryant might be able to do it. It took a lot out of him to get back into the ring after that hard shot to the face with the ladder. He may not have enough in him right now to go for that...

[Bryant spins away, slapping his right leg as he watches Glenn Hudson sucking wind on the canvas...]

GM: Bryant's decided to... is he going for the superkick?!

BW: It sure looks that way, Gordo.

GM: Dave Bryant, the champion, is setting up for Call Me In The Morning and Glenn Hudson is trying to get up off the mat...

[Bryant decides he doesn't want to wait any longer, dragging Hudson off the mat by the hair. A few right hands backs Hudson up, staggering him, leaving the bloodied Hudson dazed but just barely standing...]

GM: Hudson's on Dream Street and-

BW: SUPERKICK!

[But the missile aimed at the jaw of the challenger ends up trapped in his arms...

...where Hudson uses the leg to swing Bryant back into the nearest turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Hudson countered the superkick!

[Hudson comes in fast, hammering away with right hands to the skull of Bryant.]

GM: Hudson's all over him!

[Leaning down, Hudson lifts Bryant's leg off the mat, swinging it through the ropes...]

GM: Oh! Bryant's caught in the ropes!

[Hudson throws three more big haymakers, rocking Bryant as Hudson wheels around, grabbing the ladder to fold it up...

...and charges the corner with it!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The top of the ladder gets DRIVEN into the ribcage of Dave Bryant!

[Hudson backs off, breathing hard...

...and charges in again!]

GM: AGAIN! HUDSON RAMS THE LADDER INTO HIM AGAIN!!

BW: Twice he hits him right in the ribs! If Dave Bryant was breathing hard before, it's gotta be a whole lot worse right about now.

GM: You got that right.

[Hudson backs off, shaking his head, and with a roar he charges in a third time...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS the butt end of the ladder into the jaw of Dave Bryant!]

GM: GOOD GOD!! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY, BUCKY!!

[A dazed Bryant falls forward, collapsing on the canvas as Hudson backs off, throwing the ladder down on the mat.]

GM: I think both of these men have realized they haven't done enough yet to their opponent to put the other man down long enough to retrieve those title belts.

BW: I think you're right. They're busting out the heavy artillery now. We saw the Call Me In The Morning attempting by Bryant. We saw Hudson using that ladder as a battering ram. What else could they do, Gordo? What else could they have left in them?

[Hudson approaches the corner, pulling Bryant up into a side headlock...]

GM: Oh my god.

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation as Hudson charges out of the corner, leaping into the air...]

...and DRIVING Bryant's face into the ladder with a bulldog headlock!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AHHH!

BW: If pinfalls were legal in this, I think it'd be over, Gordo!

GM: I KNOW it'd be over! But they're not! Glenn Hudson's got Dave Bryant laid out in the center of the ring but to win this match, he's gotta set up that ladder and make his way all the way up it to snatch those titles down from the rafters!

[Hudson pushes up to his knees, wiping blood from his eyes again as he climbs to his feet.]

GM: The challenger is up... and he's setting that ladder up again!

[The ladder is pulled into position under the title belts. Hudson stands under it, looking up with a nod. He takes a deep breath and starts the long climb, stepping onto the first rung...]

GM: Hudson's starting to climb! The challenger's got gold in his sights!

[Hudson steps to the second rung relatively quickly, giving the fans some hope as he moves just as quickly to the third.]

GM: There are eight rungs on those ladders including the top step! You gotta get pretty close to the top to have a chance to pull down those title belts, fans.

BW: He's halfway there!

GM: Glenn Hudson may well indeed be living on a prayer as he tries to get near the top of this ladder and pull down the titles!

[As Hudson steps up again, steadying himself on the fifth rung of the ladder, we see Dave Bryant roll to all fours...]

GM: Bryant's starting to stir!

BW: Hudson's gotta hurry! Get up there if you want the gold!

GM: Hudson's getting close!

[Now on the sixth rung of the ladder, Hudson reaches his arm as high as he can, coming close but not quite getting there...]

GM: He's trying to get his fingers on those bags!

BW: He's close, Gordo!

GM: But I don't think he's close enough!

[A desperate Dave Bryant pushes up off the canvas...

...and SLAMS his arm up into the hinge in the middle of the ladder!]

GM: What the-?!

[The ladder promptly folds up and with a shove, Bryant sends Hudson falling back...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DEAR GOD!! HUDSON GETS CRUSHED UNDERNEATH THE LADDER!

[Bryant leans against the ropes, sucking wind as the crowd roars with shock at the sight of the challenger sprawled on the canvas, the wood and metal ladder smashed against his chest!]

GM: Hudson went falling backwards, the ladder right on top of him! Glenn Hudson just got smashed underneath... and Dave Bryant's got a window of opportunity here! The Doctor of Love has a chance to climb that ladder and retrieve his title belt!

[Bryant staggers away from the ropes, pulling the ladder off the downed Hudson. He drops to a knee, grabbing Hudson by the hair and hammering the cut forehead with right hands.]

GM: The Doctor of Love is going after the cut again, digging deeper into the flesh of his challenger!

[A dazed Bryant pulls Hudson off the mat.]

GM: What's he doing now? Why isn't he going for the title?

BW: Like you said, he's on Dream Street. He may not even know where the heck he's at right now, Gordo.

[Bryant backs Hudson into the corner, hammering down right hands to the forehead before grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whip... Hudson hits the corner hard!

[Glenn Hudson smashes into the buckles, clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet as Bryant measures him...]

GM: Dave Bryant may be taking a page out of Glenn Hudson's playbook!

[The Doctor of Love dashes across the ring at top speed, throwing himself into a sloppy dropkick...]

...but an exhausted Hudson drops to the mat, avoiding the move!]

GM: BRYANT MISSED AND-

BW: HE'S CAUGHT IN THE ROPES!!

[The crowd roars at the sight of Bryant dangling helplessly in the Tree of Woe!]

GM: Bryant's caught and-

[Hudson crawls a few feet, grabbing the ladder and sliding it towards the corner, pinning Bryant's face against the buckles with it...]

GM: What the heck?

[Hudson gets to his feet, backing to the far corner. He wipes the blood from his eyes again, charging out...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The sliding dropkick connects with the legs of the ladder, SMASHING the top of it into Bryant's trapped face!]

GM: That's... I don't know what to say about that, Bucky.

[Hudson pulls the ladder back up, throwing it into the nearest corner as Bryant slips out of the Tree and back down to the mat. Hudson pulls the champion up, walking to the corner where the ladder rests...]

GM: What's he going to do- OHHH! Facefirst to a rung of the ladder!

[The crowd roars, counting along as Hudson slams Bryant's face into rung after rung - all the way down until Bryant is facedown on the mat, blood spurting from a new wound as Hudson turns towards the titles...]

...and points at them to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Alright! Here we go!

[Dragging the ladder out of the corner, Hudson sets it up in the middle of the ring under the bags with the title belts...]

GM: Hudson sets up the ladder in the center of the ring... and I think he's gonna go for it, Bucky!

BW: Sure looks that way.

GM: Hudson's got the ladder in the right spot... and again, he starts the slow, slow climb towards the top of this thing...

[The crowd is absolutely roaring, climbing to their feet to cheer on the challenger as he gets closer and closer to the top...]

GM: One step at a time... one rung at a time... Glenn Hudson's trying to climb the distance to where the Longhorn Heritage Title awaits him!

BW: Bryant's gotta get up!

GM: He's taken a tremendous amount of punishment for nearly twenty minutes now. Time and time again, he's taken that ladder to the head and face... but does he have enough left to save his title again?

[Hudson gets to the halfway point, delirious with blood loss as he reaches up blindly at the titles that he's nowhere near yet...]

GM: Hudson needs to go further - he's not there yet!

[As the challenger takes several moments before moving up another rung, Dave Bryant uses the ropes to pull himself off the canvas - a fresh wound on his forehead. He too takes a moment to wipe the blood from his eyes before staggering across the ring to the other side of the ladder...]

...and starts climbing as well!]

GM: Oh my stars! They're both climbing the ladder, Bucky! They're BOTH climbing the ladder!



[The crowd is on their collective feet, screaming and shouting as both Bryant and Hudson climb the ladder one step at a time...]

GM: It's a race! It's a footrace for the Longhorn Heritage Title!

[Hudson clings to the ladder for a bit as Bryant gains ground, drawing just a step behind the challenger...]

GM: They're just about even, fans!

[The crowd somehow grows louder as Bryant edges up another step... then Hudson does the same, pulling themselves both high enough where they can see one another above the ladder...]

GM: They're both up at the top! The titles are within reach for both of these men!

[Bryant throws a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand by the Doctor of Love!

[Hudson returns fire!]

GM: But Hudson gives him one right back!

[The Doctor of Love rears back, throwing a big one to the jaw that causes Hudson to rock back, barely hanging on with one hand...

...one hand that he uses to pull himself into a hard right hand to the jaw of Bryant!]

GM: Back and forth, they're trading haymakers up on top of the ladder! These fans are living and dying with every blow, wondering who is going to be able to knock the other man down and claim the Longhorn Heritage Title belt for themselves!

[Hudson suddenly lunges forward, smashing his skull into Bryant's head!]

GM: Ohh! Headbutt by Hudson!

[Rearing back his right arm, Hudson SLAMS an overhead elbow down between the eyes of Bryant!]

GM: Hudson's got the edge!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Hudson throws a trio of quick right hands to the jaw before using his left hand to grab the hair too...

...and SLAMS Bryant's face into the top step of the ladder!]

GM: OHHH!

[Bryant's slumps back, hanging onto the ladder for dear life as he looks on the verge of collapse. Hudson leans forward to grab the hair with both hands again...]

GM: AGAIN TO THE TOP STEP!!

[Bryant falls back, his leg dangling from the side of the ladder as he clings to the rungs with both hands...]

GM: What the... grab the belt!

[Hudson steps up to the second to the last rung, takes one quick grab at the belt...

...and gets a desperation right hand to the gut from Bryant!]

GM: Hudson couldn't get it! Hudson tried but he couldn't- what's he-

[Suddenly, Hudson plants both feet on the rung, steadying himself...]

GM: NO!

[...and THROWS himself over Bryant, grabbing him around the legs and waist...

They sail through the air in tandem, plummeting down... down... down...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Down onto the rock solid canvas with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: OH MY GOD!!

[The crowd ERUPTS in a major roar at the sight of Dave Bryant and Glenn Hudson BOUNCING off the canvas on impact...

...a bounce that causes the ladder to topple right down on top of both men! The crowd is still roaring for the big slam from the top but quickly falls to a shocked buzz as they see both men sprawled out underneath the wood and metal ladder!]

GM: Hudson's down! Bryant's for damn sure down! My goodness, what a war these two are going through!

[Both men are motionless underneath the ladder as the crowd roars for both men.]

GM: My stars, I can't believe I just saw that. A death-defying move from Glenn Hudson has left both champion and challenge completely motionless on the mat.

BW: Incredible!

GM: After all we've seen tonight, we wondered how in the world the AWA locker room would continue to top themselves as the night went on but by God, I'm pretty sure they've just done it!

BW: What the heck is the referee doing?

GM: I think... it looks like he's checking to see if they can keep going.

[The referee slides in, checking to make sure both men can continue to battle.]

GM: There are no pinfalls, DQs, all that stuff... but remember, the referee nearly ALWAYS has the right to stop a match if he feels that a competitor - or both competitors perhaps in this case - can not continue.

BW: What happens if that happens? Does Bryant keep the belt?

GM: I would imagine so. The title would not change hands in the event of a no contest being called.

BW: I'm okay with that. Ring the bell, Meekly.

GM: Bucky!

BW: Hey, I don't want to put these guys at risk of permanent injury. Do you?

GM: Of course not... and if that's the referee's decision, so be it. But let's give the man time to-

[He straightens up, waving his arms for the match to continue to another roar from the crowd.]

GM: Oh yeah! The referee sees the match can continue!

BW: Bad call! Ring the bell!

GM: Would you stop?

[The referee actually pulls the ladder off the two men, setting it aside as he leans down next to both champion and challenger, perhaps checking again.]

GM: Michael Meekly's taking a second look. He wants to take no chances with the well-being of these two.

[Suddenly, Glenn Hudson pushes up off the mat, actually grabbing the referee's shirt to try and drag himself up to his feet.]

GM: The challenger's moving! He's trying to get up!

[Hudson hangs onto the protesting referee, dragging himself up and falling back into the turnbuckles, barely able to stand.]

GM: Hudson's leaning against the corner, trying to keep his feet underneath him... he's waving for Bryant to get up... waving for him to stand and finish this thing...

[A bloodied champion stirs again, pushing up to all fours as Hudson stalks forward, pulling him with two handfuls of hair...

...and getting a boot thrown into the groin!]

GM: Bryant goes low and-

[The Doctor of Love snares a front facelock, PLANTING Hudson with a DDT out of nowhere!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Bryant stays down on the canvas for a moment, breathing heavily as the referee calls for the match to keep going. The Doctor of Love rolls to his side, spitting out a wad of bloody saliva as he pushes to all fours.]

GM: And now it's Bryant starting to stir... it's Dave Bryant looking to take advantage of that devastating DDT and put the Longhorn Heritage Title back around his waist...

[Bryant pulls the ladder into position, setting it up underneath the titles.]

GM: Bryant's going to make the climb now... going to make that long climb to the top where the titles await...

[Hudson rolls to his stomach as Bryant steps onto the second rung.]

GM: The Doctor of Love keeps looking up... keeps trying to see how much further he has to climb to get those titles back...

BW: Bryant's got a few inches of height on Hudson... he might not need to climb as high...

GM: You could be right about that. Hudson's still down and Bryant, with each rung, gets closer to keeping his championship dreams alive.

[The Doctor of Love steps up to the halfway point, pausing to wipe the blood from his eyes again. He's breathing heavily as he edges up to just past the halfway point, taking a look down to find the challenger up on all fours...]

GM: How in the world are these two still going, Bucky?!

BW: It's that drive to be a champion... the sheer will to put that title belt around your waist. It makes people do incredible things, Gordo. Incredible things.

GM: We're witnessing that firsthand right now as Bryant gets closer and closer to the title and Glenn Hudson gets closer and closer to being back on his feet...

[Hudson uses the ladder's hinge to drag himself back to his feet, leaning against it as Bryant gets another step higher, reaching up for the bag that is swinging back and forth from the movement in the ring...]

GM: The belt's just out of reach! Bryant needs to go up one more rung, I think!

BW: He doesn't want to! Bryant keeps looking down!

GM: The Doctor of Love is one step away from retaining the gold! He needs to step up one more spot and take down those title belts!

[Hudson moves to Bryant's side of the ladder, reaching up to grab at a foot. Bryant tries to kick him off but Hudson hangs on, stepping up on the ladder's second rung...]

GM: Hudson's climbing the same side of the ladder as Bryant!

[The challenger throws a right hand to the ribs of Bryant, hitting the exposed ribcage... a second one lands as well, keeping the Doctor of Love from reaching for the title belts.]

GM: Hudson's keeping him from getting up there to get the belts! Another right hand to the ribs!

[The challenger takes another step up the ladder... then another. Bryant reaches down with his left arm to hook a side headlock, bringing his right hand down to deliver a series of right hands to the skull!]

GM: Bryant's trying to hammer him down!

[Hudson wraps his arms around the waist of Bryant, drawing a huge cheer from the crowd!]

GM: He's trying to suplex him! Hudson's trying to get a suplex off the ladder!

[But Bryant keeps on pummeling the forehead, battering his way free. The Doctor of Love twists his body around, facing the incoming Hudson, and smashing an elbow down over the forehead!]

GM: Bryant's got the perfect position here to keep Hudson down!

BW: But Hudson's bought some time. Hudson's bought a chance to NOT allow Bryant to grab the titles!

[Hudson takes a second elbow, dropping back down to the mat on his feet. He reaches up, throwing a right hand to the gut of Bryant!]

GM: Hudson's got him! Hudson's got him!

[Bryant throws a right hand again... and another... and another... before hopping down off the ladder with a double axehandle across the skull!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant drops him!

[The Doctor of Love, perhaps feeling a second wind, pushes the ladder back a couple feet as he leans down, grabbing the legs of Hudson...]

GM: He's going for a-

BW: SLINGSHOT!

[Bryant sends Hudson sailing into the air towards the waiting ladder...]

GM: INTO THE LADD-

[The crowd ROARS as Hudson lands on the ladder, quickly trying to climb...]

GM: Hudson's climbing! Hudson's climbing!

[Bryant swings around, grabbing Hudson by the back of the trunks, preventing him from getting up the ladder. A back kick to the face sends Bryant staggering back as Hudson wheels around...]

GM: Hudson's got the high ground and-

[The challenger leaps off the ladder, hooking Bryant in a front facelock, twisting through the air...]

GM: NO HARD FEELIN-

[But Bryant wraps his arms around Hudson's torso, desperate to prevent a match-ending Tornado DDT...]

...and rushes towards the ladder, slamming Hudson back into it!]

GM: Hudson's still on the ladder!

[Bryant breaks his grip, throwing a right hand to the jaw that sends Hudson spinning back towards the ladder!]

GM: Bryant rocked him!

[Moving to the other side of the ladder, Bryant wastes no time, taking no chances as he quickly scales the ladder...]

GM: Bryant's going up the other side! The champion's trying to find a way to pull this off!

[Bryant steps up quickly near the top as a dazed Hudson catches him with a right hand...]

GM: Here we go again!

[Hudson grabs the hair, SLAMMING Bryant's face into the top of the ladder!]

GM: Another hard shot!

[Bryant staggers back, slipping down a rung as Hudson reaches up, going for the title belts...]

GM: Hudson's almost there!

BW: Bryant's going into the trunks!

[The Doctor of Love pushes up to the next rung, something gripped tightly in his right hand...]

GM: What's he-?!

[...and UNCORKS a right hand on the jaw of Hudson, sending a shower of objects flying everywhere!]

GM: What are...?

BW: Coins! Silver dollars, daddy!

[A dazed Hudson falls forward onto the ladder as Bryant grabs him by the hair, tilting his head up so that he can look him in the eyes...

...and gives the challenger a big shove, sending him plummeting off the ladder and down to the mat!]

GM: GAAAAH!

[Bryant sneers at the downed Hudson before looking up, reaching up...

...and unhooking the bags holding the title belts!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He's done it! Dave Bryant's done it!

[Bryant swings a leg over the top of the ladder, dropping the canvas bag down to the mat while holding the silk bag high above his head while the referee leans down to check on a floored Glenn Hudson.]

GM: Hudson got knocked flat with that... was it a roll of silver dollars in his hand?!

BW: It had to be!

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... and STILL the AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion...

DAAAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYYYYYANNNNT!

[Bryant climbs down, dropping several steps down to the mat as he thrusts the title belt bag over his head again...]

GM: Dave Bryant, by hook or by crook, has retained the Longhorn Heritage Title here tonight in Los Angeles... but you've gotta give it to Glenn Hudson. What an effort he put in... what a war these two men put one another through.

BW: It was a heck of a match... a hell of a war... but in the end, you've got a loser and a winner. The man holding the title in the bag in there? He's the winner. And Glenn Hudson, just like he's always been, is a loser.

GM: Would you stop? That's not true at all. But Dave Bryant, fans... Dave Bryant has made history here in Los Angeles... here in the AWA... here... at SuperClash IV!

[Bryant wobbles down the ramp, still holding the bag above his head as we crossfade from the ring to the backstage area to footage marked "PREVIOUSLY RECORDED" where Jason Dane is walking down the halls of the Sports Arena. There, we see Eric Preston pacing back and forth in front of a door. Quickening his pace, Dane shouts at him.]

JD: Eric! Eric Preston! We were looking for...

[A stone-faced Preston turns to Dane and merely nudges his head towards the door.]

JD: Thanks.

[Dane opens the door to the dressing room, where we see Supreme Wright seated in a chair, head lowered, staring at the ground. The number one contender is dressed in his wrestling attire, his hands have been wrapped and he seems to be in the middle of mentally preparing himself for the task at hand.

This, however...doesn't stop Jason Dane from approaching him.]



JD: Supreme...I know you're busy getting ready for your World Title match, but we were wondering if you had a moment to give us a few words?

[No reaction, just more head-lowered, ground-staring from Wright.]

JD: Supreme?

[There's a short silence...and then Wright begins speaking, not even bothering to look up at Dane.]

SW: My old man called me, the other day.

[If he's feeling any emotion from that revelation, he doesn't convey it.]

SW: Haven't talked to him in years and it would've been fine with me if we kept it that way...but he wanted to give his son some "fatherly" advice.

[Supreme finally looks up, a disgusted expression on his face. If he didn't find the act so distasteful, he'd spit on the ground.]

SW: You see, he used to be a wrestler...and the finest example of a broken down shell of a man I've ever seen. This sport broke his spirit before I even came outta' the womb and after it was done with him, he found his salvation at the bottom of an empty bottle.

[He gives the camera a sad sort of smile.]

SW: Mr. Monosso, you can sleep easy knowing that at least that no matter what happens to you tonight, even you ain't ever gonna' sink as low as he has.

[He looks as if he wants to roll his eyes.]

SW: But even in his own miserable way, I knew the old dog meant well.

[Supreme's voice becomes a mimmicky, gravelly caricature of an old man.]

SW: "Don't go embarassin' me out there. Win, boy! Live in the moment and have no regrets. Good luck."

[A chuckle.]

SW: The kindest words he's ever said to his son and he still managed to put his foot in his mouth.

Luck ain't got a damn thing to do with this, old man.

[Supreme shakes his head.]

SW: I don't live a life with regrets. I've never lived for "the" moment.

[He looks up and stares right into the camera.]

SW: I've always lived for "A" moment.

[The look on his face is serious now. ]

SW: The very one that you've experienced TWICE in your lifetime, Mr. Monosso.

[There's anger in his voice, but he doesn't let it show in that cool and calm exterior.]

SW: And knowing that someone who hates something that I love so damn much...has been blessed like that?

[He drops his head and laughs. It's the only reaction he has for the cruelty of fate.]

SW: Honestly, it pisses me the hell off.

[Dane seems to be a bit shocked by Wright's usage of swearing.]

SW: Glory and immortality, Mr. Monosso. You dismiss it so easily, but don't tell me it's a lie. Don't tell me it doesn't exist. Don't you DARE say that no one ever remembers.

[Supreme gives Dane a quick sideways glance and smirks, before turning his attention back to the camera.]

SW: Boston. January 1995. Ultra Violent Wrestling.

[A look of confusion appears on Jason Dane's face.]

JD: Supreme, what are you talking about? What does this have to do with...

[Dane's eyes grow in realization.]

JD: ...oh.

[Supreme doesn't bother to acknowledge Dane's question. He's in some sort of zone now.]

SW: James Monosso shocks the world and forces UVW World Champion, Thor to submit inside a steel cage to a hangman neckbreaker.

[A beat.]

SW: "The Sanity Check".

[He raises his head and inhales deeply.]

SW: Baton Rouge. January 1995. A nine-year old boy watches this match and remembers this moment FOREVER.

[Supreme smiles at the memory.]

SW: All it takes is one person to remember a moment, Mr. Monosso...and it becomes legend.

[A tired sigh.]

SW: People tell me that I'm still young. That it's not my time.

[He narrows his eyes and glances over at Dane.]

SW: If not now...then when?

[Dane has no response. Wright nods.]

SW: Tommy Fierro was a World Champion before he was even old enough to buy a drink. Juan Vasquez won his first world title at the same age I am now. Yet...

...it's not my time?

[A confused look. Narrowed eyes. An annoyed expression.]

SW: I'm done with waiting.

[The expression on his face grows fiercer, colder...angrier.]

SW: I'm a "future" world champion?

[Supreme shakes his head slowly.]

SW: Nah...my future is NOW.

[His eyes are open wide now. Hyper-focused intensity just waiting to burst through for the battle to come.]

SW: Mr. Monosso fights so he can wake up to see tomorrow. For me? There ain't no tomorrow. I've fought and sacrificed and lived every moment to reach THIS moment.

[Wright's mask of calm is slowly melting away. His voice growing filled with urgency, menace and determination.]

SW: I want that world title. I want to be the world champion. More than any of you can even imagine. And I know. YOU know. The only way I CAN

do that...is to end James Monosso's career.

[It's not an empty threat. He's trembling with anticipation. For Wright, this match can't come soon enough.]

SW: Tonight, I make this moment mine.

Because tonight, I don't just BECOME a legend.

Tonight?

[The intensity of his gaze says more than any words will.]

SW: I AM a legend.

[Fade out from the pre-recorded footage to live footage and back to Jason Dane who is standing to the left of a irritated-looking Stevie Scott. Wasting no time, because the format demands it, Dane intros.]

JD: Fans, I am here with two-time AWA National Champion "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, and Stevie, the question I have to ask...why did you come to the aid of Calisto Dufresne tonight?

[Stevie glares at Dane. No smirk, no grin. Nope. Stevie is quite serious, it seems.]

HSS: You know what that's called, Dane? It's called taking matters into your own hands.

[The Hotshot pivots his head from Dane to face the camera as it zooms in for a tighter shot of his face.]

HSS: Have I gotten your attention yet, Vasquez? Huh? Is this what it's going to take to get you to come talk to me face to face, man to man? Am I going to have to interfere in your path of revenge to finally get you to listen to me? I asked you two weeks ago to come out and talk to me. Now \_this\_ guy-

[He jabs a thumb toward Dane without looking at him.]

HSS: -couldn't deliver. So I'm taking matters into my own hands. I am going to be everywhere you are. I'm going to be all up in your business, I don't care what you're doing...I don't care who you're wrestling...I don't care if the entire Unholy Alliance is flanking you...dammit, you are GOING to talk to me face to face!

[Stevie pauses for a moment before continuing.]

HSS: So next Saturday Night Wrestling, Juan, I'm going to give you one more chance. One more chance before I start to make your life a living HELL. Come down to the ring and let's air it all out...because I got a LOT of things to say to you.

[He nods, seemingly calming down a bit.]

HSS: Hear me out. That's what I ask. Hear what I've got to say, and after that?

[Stevie tilts his head in a mini-shrug.]

HSS: After that, if you don't like what I say...I'll leave you alone. For good.

Next Saturday Night Wrestling, Juan.

Let's settle this once and for all.

[With that, Stevie abruptly exits stage right leaving a confused Jason Dane behind.]

JD: The challenge...sort of...has been issued, guys. Stevie Scott wants Juan Vasquez in the ring, not for a match...but for a conversation. Gentlemen, back to you...

[We crossfade back to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. Stevie Scott wants to confront Juan Vasquez... but that's a story for another day. Tonight, after all these hours of tremendous action here on Internet Pay Per View, we've got one more story left to tell - the AWA World Title matchup between James Monosso, the champion, and Supreme Wright, the challenger. Wright won the opportunity to battle for the championship here tonight by outsurviving twenty-nine others and winning the Rumble back at Blood, Sweat, And Tears - the same night when James Monosso cemented his status as the champion of the World by finishing off a tournament where sixty-three others battled for the same honor.

BW: Monosso beat sixty-three guys... sorta. Wright beat twenty-nine guys... sorta. Two world-beaters about to step into that ring to see who will walk out of Los Angeles as THE man.

GM: And that's not the only story to tell. We all know the history of Supreme Wright - the former Combat Corner student who left before he could become a part of the AWA. He enjoyed success elsewhere in the business only to return to the AWA as part of the World Title Tournament and bring that success here.

BW: And what about Eric Preston, the man who hates James Monosso more than any other, who will be standing in Wright's corner and says he has given Wright the secrets to the Cobra Clutch Crossface - the one hold that has EVER rendered Monosso unconscious. Where does he fit in to this puzzle?

GM: There's a lot of elements at play here... and only one way to find out how this is all going to end. For the final time on this epic night of action, let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions...

[Crossfade to the ring where the ring announcer is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is for the AWA World Heavyweight Championship!

Introducing first...

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

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

["Step into a World (Rapture's Delight)" by KRS-One begins to play as the Los Angeles crowd responds with a HUGE mixture of cheers and boos. As the song kicks into high gear, a spotlight hits the entrance, where a chorus of jeers greets an emerging Eric Preston.

The jeers then turn mostly into cheers as we see the number one contender, Supreme Wright stepping through, in a white version of his usual ankle-length longcoat. Wright has his arms crossed in front of his chest, staring straight ahead towards the wrestling ring...\_his\_ wrestling ring with an intense and determined look on his face. He slowly nods to himself and makes his way down the aisle, ignoring the outstretched hands of the fans, his entire focus on the ring.]

PW: ...he is accompanied to the ring by Eric Preston...he hails from Baton Rouge, Louisiana... tonight, he weighs in at 225 pounds...he is the challenger... and the Number One Contender to the AWA World Heavyweight title...

SUPREME WRIIIIIIIIIGHTTTTT!!!!

[Wright enters the ring and proceeds to remove his coat, revealing a lanky, but powerful build, with extremely well-defined musculature, cutting an impressive figure. He wears MMA-style shorts, white w/ gold trim. Wright's hair is pulled back into cornrows snaking into an intricate "S"-shape design and his arms and chest are covered in various tattoos. He wears MMA fight gloves on his hands and amateur-style wrestling shoes.

As he moves to a neutral corner, Eric Preston begins a valiant, but ultimately futile attempt at a "NEXT WORLD CHAMP!" chant, that Wright completely ignores. His eyes are locked on the entrance way, awaiting the arrival of the World Champion. There's no doubt in his demeanor...he's ready for battle.]

PW: And his opponent...

[There's a momentary pregnant pause in the air before The Theme To Halloween starts up over the PA system to a TREMENDOUS ROAR from the Los Angeles crowd!]

PW: He hails from the State of Confusion... weighing in at 288 pounds... he is the American Wrestling Alliance World Heavyweight Champion...

JAAAAAAAAAAMES MONOSSOOOOOOO!

[The curtain parts as the World Champion strides into view to a major reaction from the crowd. Monosso pays them no mind, looking down at the elevated wooden ramp that lies before him. He's sporting a one-strap black singlet that extends to mid-thigh with a shiny silver lining down the sides and around the waist and bottom. There is no t-shirt over the singlet on this night as Monosso lifts his head, looking through his shoulder-length stringy hair to stare at the ring where the challenger awaits him.]

GM: The World Champion is heading into the ring, preparing to take on a man who believes that in order to win the World Title, he must end James Monosso's career.

BW: Do you doubt that?

GM: I'm not sure. I know that Monosso is a physical monster... a man with tremendous heart and guts. I know that defeating him to win the title will take a talent and a physical determination that few in this business have managed to possess.

BW: Except for the man standing in the challenger's corner tonight.

GM: You're absolutely right about that. And in the end, that may be the deciding factor. Can Eric Preston tip the scales in the direction of Supreme Wright? Will his guidance be enough to crown Wright as the World Champion when it's all said and done here tonight at SuperClash IV?

BW: There's only one way to find out.

GM: There certainly is... and we're all about to find out together.

[Monosso steps through the ropes into the ring. He promptly hands the World Title off to the referee before stepping to the middle of the ring where Supreme Wright quickly paces out of the corner to meet him.]

AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger steps between the two men, giving some final instructions to both competitors as they stand in the center of the ring, staring one another dead in the eye. Jagger casts a glance out to Eric Preston who is standing on the ring apron, pointing to the floor where Preston reluctantly steps down to.]

GM: Preston's out... Monosso and Wright are in... the champion and his challenger are staring each other down in the center of the ring. Referee Johnny Jagger is getting his final words in...

[The referee spins and signals...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd instantly cheers the sound of the bell!]

GM: And here we go! The Main Event is underway, fans!

[Monosso immediately surges forward, smashing his skull into the eyesocket of Supreme Wright, sending him staggering backwards.]

GM: Oh! Monosso's right out of the gates with a headbutt!

[The World Champion follows up, throwing wild right hands to the cheekbone of Wright, sending him stumbling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: The champion's staying on the attack, not giving Wright an instant to react and regroup...

[The near-three hundred pounder rears way back and fires, over and over again, bouncing fists off the skull of the challenger as Eric Preston shouts something from the floor at Wright. The referee steps in, calling for a break as Monosso grabs the wrist, firing Wright across the ring...]

GM: Monosso sends him from corner to corner...

[Monosso comes steaming in behind Wright, connecting with a big running clothesline into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! A whole lotta impact right there!

BW: Monosso's staying on him again, showing a lot of focus for a man who has seemed kinda wild and out of control over the years.

GM: It's a miracle how much getting out from under Percy Childe has helped Monosso.

[Grabbing Wright by the hair, Monosso turns him towards the corner, slamming his head into the turnbuckles. Wright collapses to his knees where Monosso does it again, smashing his head into the midbuckle.]

GM: Monosso's sending him down the ladder - so to speak.

BW: Let's not say ladders after that last match please.

[Dropping to his knees, Monosso DRIVES Wright's face into the bottom turnbuckle, watching as the challenger drops facefirst down to the canvas!]



GM: Three buckles... three times into the buckles... and now Supreme Wright is down on the canvas and at the mercy of James Monosso.

[Grabbing Wright by the ankle, Monosso drags him out of the corner, diving across him...]

GM: Whoa! An early cover by Monosso!

[But Wright slips a shoulder up just after the one count.]

GM: Monosso, going for the win early here, may not want a long, drawn-out battle against a young man like Supreme Wright.

BW: You're absolutely right. Monosso's old... he's beaten up... he's broken down... and he knows that his best chance of walking out of Los Angeles with the World Title around his waist is if he gets this done quick and early.

[Monosso stays on his knees, grabbing Wright by the head and hammering away with heavy right hands. The referee's count forces Monosso to break it up at four where he climbs up to his feet, raining down stomps on Wright, forcing him to roll under the ropes and out onto the ring apron...]

GM: Monosso drives him out to the apron... leaning over the ropes now...

[Where Wright lashes out with a hard kick, catching Monosso on the ear, a blow that straightens him back up, wobbling...]

GM: Wright caught him with a kick right on the ear... that rocked him!

[Using the ropes, Wright pulls himself up to his knees, lunging through the ropes to bury a shoulder into the midsection of a stunned Monosso...

...and then slingshots himself over the top, dragging Monosso down in a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP!! ONE!! TWO!!!

[The big man claps his legs together on the ears of Wright, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: Two count only for the challenger...

[Wright scrambles to his feet, measuring Monosso as he gets to a knee...]

GM: Monosso's trying to get-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A short forearm to the jaw rocks Monosso, knocking him back down on his rear from the impact of the blow.]

GM: Goodness - what a shot that was out of the challenger!

[Monosso backs up, using the ropes to pull himself up as Wright advances, rushing in to land a leaping forearm smash in the corner!]

GM: Wright's bringing the heavy guns with those forearms!

[Grabbing a handful of Monosso's stringy hair, Wright tees off with forearm after forearm after forearm to the jaw, rocking the World Champion with every blow!]

GM: Monosso's in trouble!

[The referee steps in, forcing Wright back...

...who rushes back in, stepping up on the middle rope as he SLAMS his knee into the jaw of a stunned Monosso!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Grabbing the champion's arm, Wright wings him across, sending him crashing into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Monosso hits the corner hard... here comes Wright!

[The World Champion uses the ropes to pull himself aside, causing Wright's leaping forearm smash to come up empty, hitting his sternum on the top turnbuckle...

...and allowing Monosso to hook a side waistlock...]

GM: DESCENT INTO MADN-

[A shocked and desperate Wright slams his elbow back into the side of the head a half dozen times, breaking Monosso's grip and sending the champion staggering back...

...where Wright suddenly rushes forward, using his right leg to sweep out the champion's legs while he uses his right arm to DRIVE the back of Monosso's head into the mat!]

GM: OHH!

BW: STO by the challenger!

[Grabbing the arm of Monosso, Wright goes to hook his arms around the head, arm, and neck for a submission hold!]

GM: Wright's looking for some kind of hold down on the mat!

BW: He calls this The Big Easy and-

[Monosso swings his leg back up, his knee bouncing off the back of Wright's skull. A second one connects as well, allowing Monosso to slip an arm free where he digs his fingers into the eyes of Wright, raking hard to break the submission hold effort!]

GM: Ahh! Monosso goes to the eyes!

[Wright rolls away, clutching at his eyes as Eric Preston again shouts at him. Monosso climbs to his feet, approaching Wright...

...and CONNECTING with a heavy double axehandle across the back, knocking Wright through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: The challenger spills outside the ring... and Monosso's coming out after him...

[Monosso points a warning finger at Preston as he backs down the length of the apron, leaning against the ringpost...]

GM: Monosso's measuring his challenger...

BW: We've seen this one before.

[...and Monosso comes tearing down the length of the apron, violently stomping the skull of Wright, knocking him back down to the floor in a heap!]

GM: Monosso takes down the challenger!

[The World Champion leaps down off the apron, again pointing a finger at Eric Preston to force him to back off. Monosso drags Wright off the ringside mats by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: OHH! INTO THE BARRICADE GOES THE CHALLENGER!!

[Monosso approaches Wright, hooking a hand around the throat!]

GM: He's choking him, fans! Monosso's choking the challenger!

BW: See, Gordo? He hasn't changed one bit.

GM: He admits to that, Bucky. He admits that he hasn't changed who he is inside that ring.

BW: Then why are you and these idiot fans cheering him?!

GM: The man is trying to do the right thing before he hangs up his boots!

BW: The right thing?! Monosso wouldn't know the right thing if it beat him with a chair!

[Monosso pulls Wright off the railing, dragging him over near the entrance ramp...]

GM: Monosso's got Wright over by the ramp...

[He grabs a handful of tights, wheeling Wright all the way around in a circle...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES Wright's skull into the side of the wooden walkway, causing him to crumple down to the mat in a heap!]

GM: Good grief, Bucky.

BW: That's how you lay a man OUT! He just SPIKED his damn head into the ramp like a... I don't have the words, Gordo.

GM: Neither do I. It looked like he was trying to hit the bullseye with him!

[Monosso turns, staring up at the protesting official who is trying to get Monosso to bring the fight back into the ring.]

GM: The champion's trying to find a way to soften up the challenger. He knows that Wright is coming into this match in much better physical condition so he needs to even up those odds in a hurry.

[Wright crawls away, trying to get away from Monosso who is arguing with the official.]

GM: The challenger's trying to recover... looking for a breather here from the onslaught early on...

[Monosso turns away from the official, chasing down Wright...

...and coming face-to-face with Eric Preston.]

GM: Uh oh!

[The crowd roars at the sight of Preston and Monosso nose-to-nose once more.]

GM: There is no love lost between these two men. The story of Eric Preston and James Monosso is quite well known and these two did battle all over the AWA for months, fans!

[Preston jabs a finger into the chest of Monosso, shouting at the champion who is shaking with rage as the referee orders the two to back away from one another...

...and then takes matters into his own hands, diving down to the floor to shove the two men apart.]

GM: Eric Preston just bought his ally some time - I'm not sure if Wright intended for that to happen there but that's exactly what DID happen.

[With Monosso arguing with the referee, Supreme Wright pulls himself back into the ring...

...and rushes the ropes, dropping into a baseball slide dropkick into the ribs of Monosso as the champion turns back towards the ring!]

GM: Wright uses the distraction to his advantage, going after the ribs...

[Wright quickly slides out to the floor, hooking a rear waistlock...

...and rushes forward to DRIVE Monosso's midsection into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Into the apron!

[Wright backs off, throwing hooking forearm blows to both sides of the ribcage, forcing Monosso down to a knee on the floor.]

GM: Wright looks like he's going after the abdomen early in this one.

BW: There's a one hour time limit in this so Wright's got all night to punish Monosso, Gordo.

GM: And with every blow he lands, you gotta think his mind is drifting towards Fat Tuesday - that devastating gutbuster we've seen him use in recent weeks!

[Wright pulls Monosso off the ringside mats, slamming his gut into the apron again before shoving him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Monosso's back in... Wright's back up on the apron, stepping through the ropes into the ring...

[Wright delivers a hard stomp to the ribcage, over and over before the referee steps in to back him off. Monosso is clutching his torso, rolling towards the ropes again...

...where Wright goes for another baseball slide, this time tucking his leg up to SLAM his knee into the ribs, forcing Monosso under the ropes and out onto the ring apron!]

GM: Wright drives him out on the apron... and he's going out there after him!

BW: This might not be the best idea, Gordo.

GM: We're about to find out.

[Wright drags Monosso off the mat out on the apron, leaning him against the ropes as he throws some rounding kicks into the ribcage! Monosso's arms hook over the ropes, trying to stay on his feet as he absorbs kick after kick to the body...]

...and then a standing clothesline topples Monosso over the ropes, dropping him down to the canvas!]

GM: Wright puts him back inside...

[The technician steps back through the ropes into the ring where Monosso throws a right hand to the body.]

GM: Monosso's fighting back!

[A second right hand lands... and a third...]

GM: The big man's back to his feet...

[Another haymaker comes flying at Wright who ducks it, hooking Monosso under the arm as he reaches back with his free arm to do the same to the other arm...]

...and drags Monosso down in a backslide!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The World Champion kicks out at two, immediately grabbing at his ribs after he does.]

GM: Just a two count for the challenger... and he's showing that he'd like to end the match at any chance he gets as well. Neither of these men have any interest in extending the match just to punish the other man. They want the World Title and they're ready to do whatever it takes to put it around their waists.

[Wright is the first one up, burying a hard knee into the ribs of a rising Monosso. He tugs Monosso into a front facelock, slinging the big man's arm over his neck...]

GM: Wright's giving up some sixty pounds to Monosso so it'll be interesting to see if he can get him up for whatever he's going for...

[Wright lifts Monosso up into the air, lunging forward...]

...and HANGS Monosso out to dry over the top rope!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[A hard forearm on the jaw sends Monosso falling backwards, collapsing down on the wooden entrance platform. Wright steps out onto the platform, not giving the World Champion a chance to recover...]

GM: Wright's coming out here after him...

[Wright paces down the ramp, moving after Monosso who is staggering away...

...and then spins around, cracking Wright with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[A second big right hand sends Wright stumbling back, Monosso pausing to grab at his ribs as he moves in again...]

GM: Wright fires back-

[But Monosso absorbs Wright's forearm smash before planting a headbutt between the eyes of his challenger, sending him falling back into the ropes outside the ring.]

GM: Monosso's got Wright by the hair, dragging him out onto the ramp by the arm...

[He fires Wright off into the ropes, watching as he rebounds off...

...and LAUNCHES Wright through the air, dropping him down HARD on the wooden platform with a backdrop!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP ON THE RAMP!!

[Wright's body bounces off the wooden ramp, shaking from the impact as Monosso turns back, showing some signs of fatigue.]

BW: We're creeping up on the ten minute mark of the match, Gordo, and Monosso looks like he's in trouble.

GM: We knew Monosso would be at a disadvantage when it came to his physical condition. The Unholy Alliance has done all they can in recent weeks and months to make sure that Monosso went into all of his matches at less than one hundred percent - especially this one!

[Preston slinks over near the ramp, slapping his hand down on it as he gives a shout to Wright...

...and nearly gets a boot to the face as an angry Monosso walks past him, moving in on Wright again...]

GM: Whoa! Preston almost got a faceful of boot from Monosso!

[The referee again shouts at Preston, trying to back him away from the action as Monosso pulls Wright up by the arm...

...and hooks a hand around Wright's throat!]

GM: Oh my stars! He's got him hooked for the chokeslam!

[Monosso stalks towards the edge of the ramp, looking down at Eric Preston as he holds Preston's friend's fate in his hands...]

GM: No, no, no!

BW: He's gonna chokeslam Wright off the ramp! That'll finish him for sure!

[Wright slumps down to a knee, trying to avoid the chokeslam attempt...]

GM: Wright's down, trying to get-

[But the former Combat Corner student isn't out, throwing a hard forearm into the ribcage, easily breaking Monosso's grip on him!]

GM: Wright breaks away...

[And THROWS the high roundhouse kick aimed at the head!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The head kick connects solidly, Wright's foot cracking solidly against the temple of Monosso, a blow that spins the World Champion away...

...where he topples off the ramp, falling HARD on the barely-padded concrete floor facefirst!]

GM: MONOSSO HITS THE FLOOR!! MONOSSO HITS THE FLOOR!!

[A hurting Wright staggers towards the edge of the ramp, staring down at the motionless Monosso before wobbling back towards the ring, slipping through the ropes into the squared circle.]

GM: James Monosso, the AWA World Champion, is down and he is hurt, fans!

BW: That might be it right there, Gordo.

GM: The referee's checking on Wright... and now he's going to start the ten count on Monosso!



BW: He what?! That's not what Wright wants!

GM: It certainly isn't.

[Wright leans against the buckles, trying to recover himself as Monosso takes a count from Johnny Jagger with Eric Preston dangerously nearby...]

GM: The referee's up to three... Monosso hasn't moved yet...

[A protesting Wright moves over to shout at the official...

...which allows Preston to pull Monosso up by the hair, shoving his wreck of a body under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Wait a second! Did Wright distract the referee intentionally so that could happen?!

BW: You'd have to ask him, Gordo.

GM: I think he may have! I think Wright may have just accepted some direct assistance from Eric Preston.

[Wright moves past the official, shooting a glare at Eric Preston as he leans down to pull Monosso off the mat...

...and eats a right hand!]

GM: Good grief! Monosso keeps fighting back!

[Wright slams a knee into the ribs again, snaring a front facelock...]

GM: Wright's got him hooked!

[Not bothering with an arm, Wright muscles Monosso over in a suplex by using just the neckhold!]

GM: Ohh! An impressive suplex by Wright... and look at this! Right into a choke!

BW: The guillotine choke slapped in by Wright who has a history of Brazilian jiu-jitsu as well as judo - when you think of a Mixed Martial Artist in the purest sense of the word, you think of Supreme Wright!

[Wright takes the seated choke, cranking back on the head and neck of Monosso to a concerned buzz from the crowd!]

GM: The fans are on their feet! This could be it!

[Wright gives a shout of "ASK HIM!" to the referee who drops down to do exactly that as Wright leans back, trying to apply even more pressure to the neck...]

GM: This is the kind of hold that'll cut off the flow of blood to the brain and will render someone unconscious! Monosso can NOT allow himself to stay in this hold too long, fans!

[Sensing that, Monosso throws a flurry of right hands at the ribs of his attacker, forcing Wright to shift his position which allows Monosso to get his legs under him, driving up to his knee...]

GM: Monosso's trying to power out! Can he do it though?! He's taken a lot of punishment!

[With a loud bellow, Monosso pushes up off the mat, Wright dangling over his shoulder...]

...and DRIVES him back into the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Monosso breaks the hold!

[Still doubled up, Monosso grabs the middle rope...]

...and SLAMS his shoulder into the ribs!]

GM: Monosso's going after the ribs on Wright - turnabout is fair play, I suppose!

[A third shoulder connects... and a fourth before the official steps in to force the Madman from Happy Valley to back off.]

GM: Monosso's back up to his feet... the referee steps in to warn him to back off...

[Monosso rushes back in, throwing a big kick into the sternum!]

GM: Ohh! That'll knock the wind out of you!

[Grabbing the arm, Monosso fires Wright across the ring where he hits hard, staggering back out...]

...and getting scooped up under the arm of Monosso who spins with Wright's momentum for a moment...]

GM: He's got him up!

[...and then DRIVES him down with a hard sidewalk slam!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SLAM!!

[Monosso stays atop Wright, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Wright's not done yet, kicking out at two to a mixed reaction from the crowd!]

GM: Monosso's back up...

[The big man gives a shout, rushing to the ropes...]

GM: He's looking for the King Kong kneedro- no!

[The crowd jeers as Eric Preston reaches under the bottom rope, grabbing Monosso around the ankle...]

GM: Preston grabbed the ankle!

BW: I think the ref saw that too!

[Monosso wheels around, lunging through the ropes with a right hand that Preston avoids...]

...before cracking Monosso with one of his own!]

GM: Oh!

[Monosso falls back from the impact of the right hand as the referee slides out to the floor, confronting Eric Preston...]

...and then gives two words that sends the crowd into a frenzy...]

"YOU! OUT!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Johnny Jagger ejecting Eric Preston from ringside.]

GM: The referee just gave Preston the boot!

BW: He's outta here!

[An angry Preston shouts at the official, giving him a two-handed shove before Jagger threatens to disqualify Wright if Preston doesn't leave.]

GM: He just told him that if he doesn't go back to the locker room right now, Wright's done!

BW: That hardly seems fair to Wright. We don't even know if he's aware of what Preston's doing out there!

[Preston is fuming as he spins away from the ring, stalking back up the aisle alongside the entrance ramp towards the locker room. The crowd is still roaring as he shouts at them.]

GM: Preston's been kicked out of here... and the match continues...

[The match continues with Supreme Wright on his feet, looking puzzled as the official tries to explain what just happened...

...and then getting pulled down into a schoolboy!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd deflates as Wright just BARELY gets a shoulder up!]

GM: Monosso almost caught him right there! Wright had no idea it was coming and just barely got out of it in time, fans!

[An angry Wright, first to his feet, catches Monosso with a boot to the ribcage. He grabs the arm, stretching it out...

...and slams kick after kick to the ribs of Monosso, dropping him down to a knee.]

GM: Monosso's ribcage is taking a beating at the hands of Supreme Wright who-

[Wright gets a running start, dropping into a sliding elbowsmash to the jaw of Monosso!]

GM: OHHH! What the heck was that?!

[Wright applies a lateral press, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! TH-

[This time, it's Monosso who fires a shoulder off the mat in time. Wright stays down on his knees, hammering away at the ribs with double axehandle blows that leaves Monosso gasping for air down on the mat as the former Combat Corner student gets back to his feet.]

GM: Monosso is down and he's hurt, fans. We may be looking at the final night of James Monosso's World Title reign... and what more, we may be looking at the final night of his professional wrestling career, Bucky.

BW: He's put up a heck of a fight but I think Wright's just too much for him, Gordo.

[Wright leans down, pulling Monosso up by an arm...

...and BLASTS him across the chest with a knife-edge chop!]

GM: Ohh! Big chop by Wright sends Monosso back to the corner.

[The technician follows him in, squaring up to deliver a second big chop.]

GM: Goodness!

BW: Those are the kinds of chops that'll blister your skin and leave you screaming in pain in the morning.

[Wright measures him again, firing off another chop...

...but this time, Monosso doesn't recoil in pain from the blow, shaking his head instead.]

GM: What the...?

BW: Do it again!

[Wright does indeed do it again, throwing another hard chop...

...but again Monosso shakes his head, breathing heavily as he grits his teeth together.]

GM: Monosso's trying to absorb the pain from those chops - perhaps channel it into his own off- ohhh! Another chop!

[Monosso sucks it up, puffing out his cheeks now as he inhales and exhales, pulling more air into his body as a stunned Wright winds up again...]

GM: Another one! You could hear that one down the street at the Staples Center!

BW: But Monosso's done feeling them! He's-

[A wild-eyed Monosso pounds his chest, stepping out of the corner where Wright backpedals a step before grabbing Monosso's arm, hammering chops to the side of the neck which drives the World Champion down to a knee...]

GM: Oh, those did the trick!

[Wright grabs the hair of Monosso, delivering a hard knee to the jaw to the kneeling World Champion.]

GM: Supreme Wright brought Eric Preston back to the AWA to help him win the World Title... but now he's all alone out there. He's all alone with James Monosso - man to man - with the World Title hanging in the balance between them!

[Wright pulls Monosso up by the arm, firing him off to the far corner. He backs to the opposite corner, gives his knee a slap...]

GM: HERE! COMES! WRIGHT!

[Wright barrels across the ring, leaping into the air to deliver a big flying kneestrike...

...but gets caught around the head and neck and VIOLENTLY thrown down to the canvas with a big slam!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[Monosso promptly hits the closest ropes, bouncing off...]

GM: KNEEDROP!!!

[The World Champion leans back, tightly hooking the legs...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Wright hooks his legs around Monosso's left arm, grabbing the other one with his right arm...

...and SLAMS the point of his elbow down into the temple!]

GM: ELBOWS! ELBOWS! ELBOWS!

[The brutal series of elbows has Monosso seemingly go limp in the grasp of Wright, the referee diving in to check for a submission...

...but Wright simply rolls Monosso into a crucifix pin!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP!! MONOSSO GOT THE SHOULDER UP!!

[Both men scramble, trying to get up before the other, but Wright is easily there first, shoving Monosso back into the corner. Grabbing the top rope, Wright uncorks a series of body kicks to the ribcage, causing Monosso to crumple down to his knees from the impact...]

GM: Wright's measuring him!

[Wright takes another attempt at throwing a head kick on the kneeling World Champion...

...but Monosso catches the leg under his arm, using his other arm to grab Wright around the throat!]

GM: What's he-?!

[The big man rises up off the canvas, pushing Wright as high as he can into the air while still holding the leg...

...and DRIVES him down with a thunderous standing spinebuster before collapsing down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! A desperation move by the World Champion! He knew that he was running low on chances to turn this match around and he took a big chance right there that he could do it!

[Monosso leans back, using the ropes to pull himself to a kneeling position as Supreme Wright crawls across the ring, using the ropes to pull himself up as well...

....and Monosso comes tearing across the ring, connecting with a big boot that sends Wright sailing OVER the ropes and down onto the barely-padded floor below!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MONOSSO CLEARS HIM OUT!!

[And again, Monosso collapses down to his knees, using his arms to keep himself from flopping down to the mat. He’s breathing heavily as he pulls a hand up to rub at his hurting ribcage...]

GM: Monosso’s in a lot of pain but he’s got some time here... he’s got some time to try and recover...

BW: But what’s more important? Time to recover or an opportunity to go out there and take the fight to Wright who is in a lot of trouble right now?

GM: I have no idea but that’s a decision that James Monosso is about to have to make, fans!

[Monosso crawls forward, moving towards the ropes where Wright went over the top. He drops to his back, rolling out after his challenger...]

GM: It looks like the champion of the World has made his decision, fans. He’s heading out to the floor after Supreme Wright.

[But he moves past Wright, leaning over...]

GM: What’s he doing here?

[The crowd buzzes with an “ooooooh” as they spot James Monosso yanking up the padding that covers the concrete floor at ringside, completely exposing the hard surface underneath.]

GM: Monosso’s pulled up the padding!

BW: So much for not wanting to cripple anyone in this one, I guess.

GM: I’m not sure Monosso especially wants to cripple Wright... but he may feel that this is his only chance to keep the title. He may feel that it’s going to take an extraordinary situation here to retain the World Championship.

[With the concrete exposed, Monosso drags Wright over by the arm onto the cold surface.]

GM: What's he got in mind out here on the floor?

[Pulling Wright to his feet, Monosso steadies him before hooking his hand around the throat...]

GM: Uh oh! He's got him hooked!

BW: A chokeslam on the concrete?! He'll knock him out cold!

GM: I think that's what he's hoping!

[But just as Monosso lifts him, Wright twists his body, scissoring the holding arm...

...and takes him down to the floor with an armbar!]

GM: Armbar! Armbar!

BW: It's out on the floor so he can win anything with it but he's got it lock-

[Again, a desperate Monosso digs a finger into the face, raking the eyes and breaking the submission hold.]

BW: That's twice that Monosso has gone to the eyes to get out of a submission.

GM: He's not the most talented mat grappler - we all know that... that may be the only way out of that hold for him.

[Grabbing at his elbow, Monosso stumbles towards the ringside entrance ramp as Wright climbs back to his feet. Wright rushes him...]

GM: The challenger char- ohhh!

[Monosso drops his head, attempting a backdrop but basically placing Wright up on the ramp in a seated position with his legs dangling off...

...where the World Champion ROCKS him with a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand by Monosso!

[Monosso reaches up, grabbing Wright by the throat again...

...but a series of short knees to the temple by Wright spins Monosso away from him...]

BW: DRAGON SLEEPER!



[The crowd ERUPTS as Wright hooks the inverted facelock on Monosso, pulling back hard to try and constrict the flow of blood to the brain!]

GM: Wright's going for this sleeper here, trying to knock the champion out!

BW: Again, they're not inside the ring so he can't win the match with this hold but he certainly could knock him out with it, roll him back in, and win it that way!

GM: You're absolutely right about that!

[Monosso struggles against the hold, searching for an escape as Wright cranks back on it, trying to sink it in deeper...]

GM: What is... what's Monosso doing?!

[The big man reaches back with both arms, grabbing Wright around the torso...]

...and with a bellow, he muscles him up from his seated position on the ramp onto Monosso's shoulder...]

GM: HE BROKE THE SLEEPER!!

BW: Not quite! Wright's trying to hang onto it!

GM: But from that position, he can't have much leverage and-

[Monosso rushes a few steps, leaping up...]

...and DRIVES Wright's back down on the exposed concrete with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM ON THE CONCRETE FLOOR!!

[The very lenient Johnny Jagger shouts for Monosso to get the fight back inside the ring. The World Champion nods, dragging Wright up by the arm and shoving him back under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Wright's back in... Monosso drags himself in as well...

[Monosso stacks him up, jackknifing the legs into a cradle...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[But at the VERY last moment, Supreme Wright's shoulder comes screaming off the canvas in time!]

GM: MY STARS, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!!

[Monosso rolls off, staring first at the official who shows him two fingers, then down at the mat, shaking his head.]

GM: James Monosso thought he had it won with that powerslam on the floor  
- you know he did!

BW: I know HE did because I thought he did too!

[Monosso pushes up off the canvas, still shaking his head as he grabs the back of Wright's trunks, dragging him bodily to his feet...

...and pulls him into the side waistlock that is the sure sign that the Descent Into Madness is coming!]

GM: He's going for-

[A frantic Wright slams the point of his left elbow down into Monosso's neck once... twice... three times. It keeps raining down until Monosso's grip is broken...

...at which point Wright spins around and LEVELS Monosso with a rolling elbowsmash to the temple!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: That might be it, Gordo!

GM: It certainly might and- wait... Supreme Wright's not going for a cover!

[Wright shakes his head at the official, leaning down to drag Monosso up by the hair. He ducks down, hoisting Monosso up into a fireman's carry...

...but Monosso's momentum is on his side, carrying him right over to land on his feet behind Wright...]

GM: Oh! Monosso slips out!

[Wright blindly spins around again, aiming for another rolling elbow...

...but Monosso ducks under it, hooking Wright as he flies by...]

GM: HE HOOKS HIM!!

[...and PLANTS Wright down on the back of the head and neck with the Backdrop Driver known as Descent Into Madness, a throw that COMPACTS the spine of the challenger as he hits the canvas...

...and then promptly rolls under the ropes to the elevated rampway!]

GM: He rolls out! Monosso hit the backdrop driver but Wright rolls out!

BW: I don't know if that was intentional or not on the part of Supreme Wright but he just saved his challenge for the World Heavyweight Title either way, Gordo.

GM: Monosso can't believe it! He just realized what happened and he can't believe it!

[Down on his knees, Monosso buries his head in his hands for a moment, slamming an open palm into the canvas a few times before letting loose a crazed roar, climbing back to his feet...]

GM: Monosso's back up... he's heading over to the ramp...

[Monosso steps through the ropes out onto the raised wooden platform...]

GM: He's coming after the challenger...

[The big man drags a limp Wright off the mat by the back of the tights, tugging him into a side waistlock...]

BW: HE'S GONNA DO IT AGAIN!!

GM: On the ramp?! He'll break his neck!

BW: You honestly think Monosso gives a damn about that?!

[Wright immediately slumps down to a knee as Monosso switches his grip...]

GM: My stars, he's gonna lift him from there!

BW: Imagine the impact that's gonna have! He might cave the man's skull in!

[But Monosso immediately grabs at his ribs at trying the big lift, clutching them in pain...]

GM: Monosso can't do it! He can't get him up for it!

BW: It's those ribs, Gordo. He got a few big moves off there, trying to suck up the pain but you can only manage that for so long before the pain takes hold and freezes you up.

[Wright pivots his body, lunging forward to smash his head into the midsection of Monosso, staggering him back a little further...]

GM: Monosso's hurting, trying to get back to the ring...

[Wright grabs the back of his neck, climbing to his feet to pursue the World Champion who has fallen back against the ropes, waving for Wright to come for him.]

GM: Monosso wants more! The champ's barely able to stand but he wants more out of Wright! The challenger's given James Monosso all he can handle and then some but he keeps coming back!

[Wright throws a series of forearms to the jaw before backing off...

...where Monosso waves for more!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: This guy's crazier than I thought, Gordo!

[Wright rushes in again, hammering the World Champion with forearms and elbows, battering him down to his knees...

...where a rolling sole butt catches him flush in the face, knocking him down to a prone position on the ramp!]

GM: Goodness!

BW: Monosso's in trouble, Gordo. He's in SERIOUS trouble!

[Grabbing the top rope, Wright stomps the ribs several times, forcing him to roll under the ropes back into the ring...]

GM: The champ's back in... Wright's coming for him...

[The challenger gets back in, again grabbing at the back of his neck as he leans down to pull Monosso off the mat, dragging him over near the turnbuckles. He leans down, lifting Monosso up and setting him down on the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: What's he got in mind here, Gordo?!

GM: I have no idea but it can't be good news for the World Champion!

[Wright steps up on the second rope, wrapping his arms around the torso of Monosso...

...who responds with a headbutt to the eyesocket!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Wright's looking for the belly to belly off the top but Monosso's not having any of it!

[A second headbutt stuns Wright enough for a big shove to the face to send the former Combat Corner student down to the mat...]

GM: Ohh! Monosso shoves him down!

[But Wright rolls through it, rushing forward...]

GM: HERE COMES WRI-

[Monosso leaps down, sidestepping...

...and HURLING Wright between the ropes, sending his shoulder into the ringpost!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Wright dangling through the ropes, his head pressed right up against the steel ringpost!]

GM: Oh yeah! You know what that means?!

[Monosso hobbles over to the ring ropes, stepping out onto the ramp where he edges down the apron to the ringpost...]

GM: Oh my god... oh my god...

BW: If he hits this, Wright's done!

[Monosso moves as quickly as he can down the length of the ring apron, looking to deliver the skull-crushing boot!]

GM: HERE! COMES! MONOS-

[But Wright pulls himself back, having the World Champion well-scouted. Monosso pulls up short before driving his leg into the ringpost...

...but a well-placed forearm to the ear from Wright stuns Monosso, forcing him to hang onto the top rope, desperately trying to prevent himself from falling off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Monosso's hanging on! Trying to stay on the apron!

[Which is Wright's cue to step out on the apron, scooping Monosso up onto his shoulders...]

GM: What the-?!

[...and LEAPS off the apron, extending both legs as he rotates to his back, bringing Monosso down HARD onto both raised knees as they both SLAM into the barely-padded floor, just narrowly missing the ringsteps!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: FAT TUESDAY ON THE FLOOR!! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!!

BW: After all the pain... after all the abuse on the ribs all night long, the Fat Tuesday off the apron may have done it, Gordo! That may have been enough to finish off the World Champion!

GM: It certainly may have but both men are down right now!

BW: We're nearly twenty-five minutes into this match, Gordo.

GM: How in the world has James Monosso made it this deep into the match? He's gotta be running out of time, Bucky... he's GOTTA be.

BW: I woulda said that ten minutes ago, Gordo... but the man just keeps coming! It's like he's not even human!

[From the pile of humanity at ringside, it's Supreme Wright who emerges first, climbing to his feet to a roar of respect from the Los Angeles crowd.]

GM: Supreme Wright, the former Combat Corner student who was cast out into the wild, now may be on the verge of becoming the AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

[Wright leans down, dragging a limp Monosso off the mat where we can see a trickle of blood escaping the corner of his mouth.]

GM: There's blood... blood seeping from the corner of James Monosso's mouth.

BW: That's gotta be it, doesn't it?

GM: I don't know, Bucky. It's been a long time now since he hit it.

[Wright shoves Monosso under the ropes into the ring. He pulls himself under the ropes into the ring, looking down at Monosso who has rolled to all fours, trying to get up...]

GM: Monosso's trying to get up... and Wright's not even gonna try to cover him!

BW: He's pulling him up again!

GM: Wright's dragging Monosso to his feet... dragging him up to a standing position...

[Wright ducks down, lifting Monosso up into a fireman's carry yet again. But this time, he holds him there... walking out to the middle of the ring...]

GM: He's going for it again! He wants a Fat Tuesday right in the center of the ring...

[But Monosso has one life left apparently, digging his fingers into the eyes of Wright and raking across to free himself!]

GM: Monosso to the eyes again! He's loose!

[Landing on his feet, Monosso rears back his right arm as far as he humanly can...]

GM: LARIAT!

[...and UNCORKS a brutal lariat that flips Wright back, dumping him on the back of his head!]

GM: LARIAT! LARIAT!!

[Monosso grabs the legs, again folding him up into a cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INCREDIBLE!! WRIGHT KICKS OUT AGAIN!!

[Monosso rolls off of Wright, staring up at the ceiling in shock as the crowd continues to roar. A cut to a wide shot shows the majority of the fans in the building on their feet, going nuts for each and every near fall as both champion and challenger claw closer to gaining the AWA World Championship around their waist...]

GM: Listen to these fans! They know what they're seeing right now, Bucky! They are seeing the very best professional wrestling in the world right now... they are seeing the World Champion battle his Number One Contender to see who will walk out of Los Angeles as THE best wrestler in the world today.

BW: This is a heck of a match, Gordo... but I don't know how either of these guys are still standing... I just don't know.

[The crowd suddenly begins to boo loudly.]

GM: The fans are reacting to something here... I'm not sure what-

[The camera shot cuts to the elevated ramp where a wild-eyed Eric Preston is stalking down the ramp, carrying a steel chair in his hands...]

GM: Oh no.

BW: Preston's coming! He said he wasn't going to rest until Monosso lost the World Title AND his career... he may be coming to end both of those things right now, Gordo!

[Preston can be seen talking to himself as he approaches the ring quickly, watching as James Monosso sits up on the mat, staring at the incoming Preston...]

GM: Monosso sees him! Monosso sees Preston coming!

[A hurting Monosso gets to his feet, gesturing at the ramp where the former Combat Corner student is coming quickly...]

GM: The referee sees it too... he's getting out on the ramp, shouting at Preston... trying to back him off...

BW: The ref kicked him out of here earlier!

GM: He certainly did... and that's what he's telling him right now! He's telling Preston that he needs to get the heck out of there or he's gonna disqualify Wright!

[Monosso, suddenly fired up, wheels around, leaning down to pull Wright off the canvas. He grits his teeth, taking a deep breath...

...and PRESSES Wright over his head!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: How the heck is he doing that with the injured ribs?!

[Monosso turns towards the ramp...

...and CHARGES!]

GM: HERE HE COMES AND-

[The crowd shouts along with Monosso...]

"GET OUT OF HERE!"

[...as the World Champion HURLS Wright over the top rope, sending him sailing through the air...]

GM: OH MY...

[...where he WIPES OUT a surprised Eric Preston AND Johnny Jagger!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...STAAAAAARS!

BW: He took out the ref, Gordo!



GM: I'm not sure Monosso intended to do that, Bucky, but it happened! He threw him out onto Preston... that's who he was aiming for without a doubt... but he hit Johnny Jagger as well!

[Monosso steps out on the ramp, marching down the platform towards Wright and Preston, pulling them both up by the hair...]

...and SLAMS their skulls together, sending Preston back down on the ramp!]

GM: The referee is down but the World Champion is still going...

[Holding a handful of hair, Monosso chucks Wright back over the ropes into the ring. The World Champion steps in after him...]

GM: Monosso and Wright are back in the ring... they're back inside and-

[Monosso leans down, grabbing Wright by the arm...]

...but Wright pulls Monosso, taking him into the Cobra Clutch!]

GM: COBRA CLUTCH!!

[Holding the sleeperhold tight, Wright's struggling to take Monosso down off his feet...]

GM: Wright's trying to get him down! He's trying to hook in that submission hold - the only hold that's ever knocked out Monosso! If he hooks it in, this one's over!

BW: Monosso knows it too! He's struggling against it with all he's got!

[Preston struggles to his feet out on the ramp, glaring down at the official. He reclaims his steel chair, walking over towards the ropes, shouting at Wright...]

GM: Preston's calling for Wright! He wants him to put Monosso into the chair!

[...but Wright ignores the calls, still trying to take Monosso down into the Cobra Clutch Crossface!]

GM: Monosso and Wright are fighting for that hold!

[Monosso slams his elbow back into the jaw... and again... and again...]

GM: Monosso's fighting out of it!

[Battling free, Monosso creates some space, spinning Wright around into a side waistlock...]

...at which point Preston just flat out enters the ring!]

GM: Preston's in the ring!

[He winds up with the chair, ready to cave in Monosso's skull...

...but Monosso shoves Wright aside, lifting his hands to block the swing!]

GM: He blocks it! Monosso blocks it and now they're fighting over the chair!

[Preston lays in a kick to the ribs, doubling up Monosso and breaking his grip on the chair...]

GM: No, no!

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

BW: What the-?!

[Preston winds up, ready to smash the chair over the World Champion's head...

...when suddenly a hand grabs it, yanking it away from Preston!]

GM: TODD MICHAELSON GRABS THE CHAIR!!

[Michaelson throws the chair aside, giving a "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!" to his former protege...

...a split-second before Preston CRACKS Michaelson with a right hand, knocking him flat!]

GM: Michaelson goes down off the right hand!

[Preston grabs the chair again, spinning around...

...and gets a BIG BOOT into the chair, sending it smashing into his own face!]

GM: MONOSSO DROPS PRESTON!!

[Monosso returns towards Wright, pulling him away from the corner...

...but Wright cracks him in the jaw with a forearm smash!]

GM: Ohh! Big forearm by Wright!

[He measures Monosso, hitting a second one that knocks Monosso down to a knee...]

GM: Good grief! What a shot!

[Wright winds up, rears back, spins around...]

GM: SPINNING ELBO-

[But Monosso somehow avoids it, causing Wright to fall off-balance as he overshoots his target...

...which allows Monosso to bury a boot into the midsection of Wright.]

GM: Monosso goes downstairs and- WHAT?!

[With a nod to a rising Michaelson, Monosso hooks one arm on Wright as the crowd ERUPTS! He reaches down, hooking the other arm...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding-

[...and HOISTS Wright into the air, flipping him over...]

GM: BILLION! DOLLAR!

[...and sits out into a spine-rattling Tiger Driver!]

GM: BOMMMMMMMB!

[Michaelson grabs the recovering Jagger who was trying to get back into the ring, giving him a shove towards the pin attempt.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT!! HE DID IT!! MONOSSO RETAINS THE WORLD TITLE!!

[A grinning Michaelson pumps a fist in celebration as a furious Eric Preston rolls out to the floor, promptly flipping over the timekeeper's table and ripping the ring apron down on that side of the ring. Michaelson stands at the ready, chair in hand to keep his former protege at bay while Monosso slowly gets up with the aid of the official...]

GM: James Monosso has done it! James Monosso has retained the AWA World Heavyweight Championship! Listen to these fans here in Los Angeles! They're going crazy for the wildman!

[Michaelson watches as Supreme Wright slowly rolls out to the floor too, quickly joined by Preston at ringside...]

GM: Michaelson's keeping an eye on his former students to make sure they don't cause any more problems... Wright and Preston are out there on the floor, grumbling about the loss as the World Champion stands tall here in the City of Angels!

[Suddenly, the curtain parts!]

GM: ROYALTY! ROYALTY!

[The crowd JEERS loudly at the sight of Mark Langseth, Dave Cooper, and Larry Doyle coming quickly down the elevated ramp towards the ring - each man with a weapon in hand...]

GM: We've got trouble, Bucky!

BW: Langseth's not even on the roster! Get him out of here!

[Michaelson turns his focus towards the ramp, still holding the chair as he waves for Royalty to hit the ring...

...which they do... just not from where he expected!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Two hooded figures suddenly leap over the barricade, diving headfirst into the ring where they promptly attack James Monosso from behind, knocking the World Champion down to the canvas where they're putting the boots to him...

...and Eric Preston reaches under the ropes, dragging Michaelson out to the floor where he SLAMS him headfirst into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Preston just took out Michaelson and we've got two masked men in the ring all over the World Champion, fans!

[A gleeful Larry Doyle shouts "GO! GO!" to Cooper and Langseth who dash to the ring, ducking through the ropes to join the fray.]

GM: Royalty's in! Royalty's in!

[A four-on-one on the World Champion quickly develops as the foursome stomp the heck out of a battle-worn Monosso.]

GM: Who are these masked guys?!

BW: Royalty wasn't kidding when they said they had help in the building tonight! But we just thought they were talking about Larry Doyle!

[Larry Doyle comes down the aisle, joining the four men in the ring as he helps at putting the boots to Monosso. Langseth and Cooper lift Monosso up, holding him by the arms as Doyle removes his gaudy cowboy boot...

...and SMASHES it over the skull of Monosso, sending the World Champion back down to the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! He hit Monosso with that loaded cowboy boot!

[Doyle moves over to the masked men, patting them on the shoulders and jerking a thumb at the downed Monosso. The larger of the masked men nods, pulling Monosso up off the mat and lifting him up into a squatting bearhug...]

GM: What in the...

[The smaller masked man dashes to the ropes behind the larger one, rebounding off and leaving his feet with a high-impact flying lariat across the throat that SNAPS Monosso back down to the mat!]

GM: Ahhh! Monosso just got taken down with an absolutely BRUTAL doubleteam, fans!

[Doyle cackles with glee, applauding the doubleteam...

...and then gestures for the two men to take off the masks.]

GM: Well, it looks like we're going to get a grand unveiling here...

[The first mask comes off, the smaller man dropping it down on the canvas.]

GM: Wait a second... that's Kendall Stanton!

BW: What the hell is Stanton doing hanging around these guys?!

GM: Kendall Stanton was once a young, up and coming grappler here in the AWA who didn't have a whole lot of success in his televised matches until he formed a tag team with-

[The larger man drops his mask as well, revealing a bleached blonde Brad Jacobs.]

GM: Brad Jacobs! These guys were the Southern Stallions! They were... we haven't seen them in MONTHS! What are they doing with Royalty?!

[Doyle falls into an embrace with the two men, pointing at their freshly dyed hair. He leans close to the nearest camera.]

"How ya like my NEW Blonde Bombers, baby?!"

[He cackles as he swaggers away, shouting for Jacobs and Stanton to continue stomping the hell out of Monosso who is completely helpless down on the mat as four men continue to kick him.]

GM: We've got Royalty - a NEW Royalty apparently - doing a number on James Monosso and who the heck is going to help this man?! Who is-?!

[The crowd ERUPTS again!]

GM: SUPERNOVA! SHARIF!

[The two men who battled Royalty earlier in the night come rushing down the aisle as quickly as their battered bodies will carry them...

...but as Sharif ducks through the ropes, Cooper is waiting to club him across the back with a steel chair again!]

GM: OHH! Come on!

[Supernova quickly scales the turnbuckles, leaping off onto a shocked Brad Jacobs who goes down under the bodypress. Kendall Stanton is right there to dive atop Supernova, hammering him with right hands as Mark Langseth rushes in to stomp the face-painted grappler!]

GM: Sharif gets tossed right back out and Supernova is now under a four on one attack!

[Langseth stomps the forehead of Supernova a few times, stepping back as Brad Jacobs drops a heavy leg across the chest!]

GM: Ohh!

[Jacobs shoves Stanton aside, tugging `Nova to his feet...]

GM: What's he-?

[Jacobs shoves Supernova to the ropes, watching as the face-painted grappler bounces back...

...and Jacobs powers him up to THROW him down with a massive spinebuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINEBUSTER!! GOOD GOD!

[Jacobs backs off as Stanton and Cooper rush in, stomping and kicking the downed Supernova...

...when suddenly we get a few more charging down the ramp!]

GM: Here comes the cavalry! Sweet Daddy Williams! Brian Von Braun! The Rockstar Express!

[But Cooper and Langseth are waiting for them, wielding chairs and dishing out shots across the back, knocking people to the floor!]

GM: Nobody can get in there! Nobody can stop Royalty!

[Langseth gives a shout at Stanton and Jacobs who roll out to the floor, digging under the ring apron...]

GM: What are they... NO! NO!

[The crowd ERUPTS in shock at the sight of Stanton and Jacobs shoving a table under the ropes into the ring!]

GM: They've got a table!

BW: Welcome to Los Angeles!

GM: Langseth's ordering them to set up the table...

[Dragging Monosso up off the mat, Langseth shoves him down on the table, waving for Stanton to go up top...]

GM: Langseth's got Monosso on the table and he's telling Stanton to put him through it! They're gonna try and finish off Monosso right here and now!

[Stanton steps out on the apron, ready to scale the ropes...

...when the crowd EXPLODES into cheers!]

GM: THE LOCKER ROOM HAS EMPTIED!!

[The cheers are deafening as "Hotshot" Stevie Scott leads an entire army of wrestlers down the ramp - Travis Lynch, Hannibal Carver, Rex Summers, the Samoans, The Hive, Gunnar Gaines, Ryan Martinez, and just about anyone else not injured from the night - sprinting towards the ring...

...which is quite enough for Royalty to bail out of the ring, leaving Monosso draped across the table as Langseth and Doyle lead their squad over the barricade and through the crowd!]

GM: All hell has broken loose in Los Angeles! This is a Pier Six brawl for sure!

[The ring is flooded with wrestlers and AWA security as Royalty runs for their lives through the hostile crowd!]

GM: We've got chaos in the ring! What a night this has been! We've gotta go! Ladies and gentlemen, for Jason Dane, Mark Stegglet, and our own Bucky Wilde, I'm Gordon Myers... Happy Holidays to you all!

[As chaos reigns in the ring, we fade to a black screen. There's a voice that can be heard... no visuals, just a single voice that is heavily distorted to make sure it can't be identified.]

"All hell has broken loose in Los Angeles' says the voice we all trust to tell the truth."

[A soft chuckle.]

"Royalty returns, re-arms, and prepares for war?"

[A pause. We can hear the breathing - also digitally distorted.]

"We promise you... they don't know the meaning of the word.

We have let you declare your kingdom. We have let you reign for a time.

But your time amongst us is coming to an end, Royalty. It may not end tonight... or tomorrow... next week or next month... but we promise you that your end of days draws near."

[There's a bit of a distorted squelch.]

"Royalty believes they stand above all that they survey."

[One final pause.]

"We believe that opinion is not... wise."

[Another soft chuckle.]

"We'll see you soon enough, Royalty. We promise."

[And with that ominous distorted chuckle, the audio too fades to black.]