

AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

SUPERCLASH IV PREVIEW SHOW NOVEMBER 17TH, 2012

[As the closing notes to the "Sanford And Son" theme fade into nothing, the viewing audience is greeted by the sounds of "Saturday Night Special" by Lynyrd Skynyrd.

A large white map of the United States fills the screen as the music plays. The shot zooms through the map, different states "popping up" into view as we race past them. As we pull back from the map, it no longer is white but rather made up of the Stars and Stripes.

The map goes into a spin, spinning round and round as we zoom all the way into it, dissolving into a few slow motion shots of animated men battling in a red, white, and blue ring. The animation runs through various wrestling moves from an atomic drop to a bodyslam to a piledriver.

And as the blue animaniac applies a clawhold on the white animaniac, we freeze and the AWA logo fills the screen.

After a moment, we fade away from the cheaply done intro to the occasional home of Saturday Night Wrestling - the WKIK Studios in Atlanta where a small but vocal crowd has jammed into the building to see their favorite stars one more time before the biggest event of the year.

There's a wooden set constructed with an AWA logo splashed across it right over a large television screen built into the wall. On either side of the screen, standing behind a wooden podium, are the night's announce team of Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde. The former is in a very conservative navy blue suit with white dress shirt and red tie. The latter is in his holiday best - a mud brown sportcoat with a scorching red shirt and a tie that has a turkey with light up eyes on it. You stay classy, Buckthorn.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to another edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling where you will see all the stars of the American Wrestling Alliance. By my side as always...

[Gordon pauses, looking Bucky up and down.]

BW: What?

GM: Your tie is... uhh... unique.

BW: Thanks! An early holiday gift from my mama!

GM: Your mother picked that out? The tie with the turkey? And the eyes?

BW: Got a problem with that?

[Gordon shifts his head from side to side.]

GM: I feel like they're following me, Bucky.

BW: Good. Someone needs to keep an eye on you!

[Bucky slips a hand up under the tie, pressing an unseen button which makes the turkey give a "gobblegobblegobble" sound effect. Bucky cackles as Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: Fans, we come to you LIVE from our old stomping grounds - the WKIK Studios here in downtown Dallas, Texas - and we are just five days away from the AWA's biggest event of the year - SuperClash IV - where we'll be coming to you LIVE on Internet Pay Per View from Los Angeles, California!

BW: I've been waitin' for years to get to LA, Gordo. I really feel like I can shake that town up.

GM: I'm sure. Tonight, fans, we're going to be taking a look at some footage recorded at live AWA events over the past couple of weeks as well as having some guests here in the studio with us tonight in action. It's a holiday week here for the AWA and a lot of superstars have chosen to spend this weekend with their loved ones since that won't be an option on Thanksgiving but we've got plenty of action coming up for you as we run down ALL the matches set up for SuperClash.

BW: Eleven huge matches on the lineup for Los Angeles and tonight, we're gonna talk about 'em all, daddy!

GM: And we're gonna start by talking about the Battle of the Giants - Giant Aso taking on MAMMOTH Maximus.

BW: This is a match that's got some history to it, Gordo.

GM: It certainly does. Long-time AWA fans would remember that when Louis Matsui first arrived here in the AWA, he managed MAMMOTH Mizusawa - Giant Aso's former identity.

BW: Mizusawa was a beast! A terror! It was months before he even came close to being defeated inside the ring.

GM: But Mizusawa failed to bring the Matsui Corporation the National Title and many believe that Mizusawa started to feel that it was Matsui who was to blame for that. However, Louis Matsui had other ideas when Mizusawa was sent to tour Japan... let's take a look at what happened...

[The voice of Jason Dane is heard over a shot of the former MAMMOTH Mizusawa and then American Mastodon in the ring with the Antons.]

JD: Back in early March, the crown jewel of the Matsui Corporation went to Japan on a tour of Tiger Paw Pro. Most believed Matsui was hoping the time

apart would give Mizusawa time to cool off and fall back in line with the devious manager... but what turned out was much, much different.

[With the voiceover going, we see Nick Anton and American Mastodon trading blows in the center of the ring. American Mastodon gets the better of the exchange and grabs Anton's arm, pulling him into a short-arm clothesline that flips Anton upside down in the air.]

JD: After a successful outing as a tag team, the gigantic duo of Aso and Maximus looked destined for national honor and glory as the people of Japan rallied behind them to root them on. However, in Saitama, Japan on March 13th, Matsui's true plan was revealed.

[The footage now shows Maximus cornering Yoji Naito, hammering away with fists and forearms to the smaller man.]

JD: Yoji Naito was under assault and the Mastodon showed no signs of relenting, despite the referee insisting that he back off. The moment quickly fell to Mizusawa to restrain his own partner.

[Mizusawa steps over the top rope and approaches the corner, where he has to physically pull American Mastodon away from Yoji Naito, who is slumped against the turnbuckles. Mizusawa places himself between Naito and American Mastodon, turns to the referee and waves his arms in front of him.]

JD: The match was thrown out, but the Mastodon was clearly not done.

[Mizusawa checks on Naito, asking him for a response, when suddenly American Mastodon comes charging in, squashing both men against the corner. Naito crumples to the mat as Mizusawa stumbles backwards, into the waiting arms of the Mastodon, who lifts him and drops him back-first into the mat. American Mastodon gets back quickly to his feet and drops a leg across the chest of MAMMOTH Mizusawa. The bell rings incessantly as Manabu Ishida tries to restrain the Mastodon, but gets clocked for his effort.]

JD: The attack was on... and if we what we just saw wasn't bad enough...

[We cut ahead a few moment to find Maximus as he drags Mizusawa towards the corner, stomping on him to keep him down, then climbs to the second ropes. He bounces a couple of times on the ropes, then leaps backwards, landing with a splash across Mizusawa, who is now audibly gasping for air. Again, the Mastodon climbs to the second ropes and, again, he brings his weight crashing onto Mizusawa. American Mastodon starts rolling Mizusawa's limp body closer to the center of the ring. The camera catches a shot of Mizusawa leaving a trail of blood as the red liquid trickles out from his mouth.]

JD: By this time, EMTs and security were on the scene and everyone feared that MAMMOTH Mizusawa was bleeding internally as a result of three massive splashes by the Mastodon.

[The shot moves to slow-motion, cutting to black and white as blood drips from the mouth of Mizusawa.]

JD: When Maximus finally walked away and the giant was rushed to a nearby medical facility, it was discovered that Mizusawa was suffering from cracked ribs and a punctured lung - the victim of a brutal and vicious assault carried out by a man who we would soon learn to be the newest member of the Matsui Corporation.

[We crossfade from the pre-recorded footage back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: It would be months before we would see the man formerly known as Mizusawa again. Many believed he was finished - never to return... but at the Rumble back in September, he made his presence known. Let's take a look at that...

[We go back to pre-recorded footage - this time from the Rumble back at Blood, Sweat, And Tears where chaos reigns in the ring as a countdown begins...]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[There's a pregnant pause as all eyes turn towards the entrance where Tomoyasu Hotei's "Battle Without Honor or Humanity" starts to play over the arena speakers.]

GM: What the...?

BW: No, no! That can't be right!

GM: We haven't seen him in months and...

[Suddenly, the scowling seven-footer MAMMOTH Mizusawa, dressed in a black singlet, black knee pads, and a pair of black boots. He takes three giant steps down the aisle before lifting his gigantic arm, pointing to the ring where MAMMOTH Maximus frantically looks around, having just dropped Macht Kraftwerk with a headbutt.]

GM: Maximus can't believe it! If you recall, it was Maximus who put Mizusawa out of action back in Japan several months ago but Mizusawa is here now! He has returned to the AWA and... my stars, I've gotta believe that MAMMOTH Maximus is in a HELL of a lot of trouble!

[The towering Mizusawa strides down the aisle slowly towards the ring, keeping his eyes locked on Maximus who squares up, fists balled up, ready to throw down as the giant comes towards him.]

GM: These two behemoths are about to collide in the center of the ring!

[Mizusawa grabs the top rope, pulling himself onto the ring apron.]

GM: The twelfth man in the 2012 Rumble is about to step into the squared circle. The giant slings a leg over the top rope and-

[Maurice McArthur is the first to make a move, pushing past Maximus to slam Mizusawa with a double axehandle.]

GM: Ohh! McArthur's coming for the giant!

[Flabby forearms rain down on Mizusawa, trying to knock him back over the ropes to the floor...]

...but Mizusawa grabs a handful of hair, smashing his skull into McArthur's to send him staggering back. That allows the giant to get the rest of the way into the ring where he promptly ducks down...]

GM: OH MY STARS!! HE'S GOT MCARTHUR UP!!

[...turns his body, still holding McArthur in bodyslam position...]

GM: What's he-?!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS McArthur over the ropes, sending him crashing down to the floor below!]

GM: MCARTHUR IS GONE!! THE GIANT ELIMINATES ONE OF THE BIGGEST MEN IN THE MATCH!

[Mizusawa spins around, absorbing a trio of snap kicks to the ribs for Macht Kraftwerk...]

...who he promptly grabs by the throat, pulling him into a gorilla press!] GM: He's got the German up as well! He's got him-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -AND LAUNCHES KRAFTWERK DOWN ONTO MCARTHUR!!

CB: This gigantic individual has been in the ring for not even two minutes and he's already eliminated two men from the 2012 Rumble!

[Working together, Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines rush across the ring in tandem, hands connected...]

GM: Double clothesli-

[The giant doesn't take the blow, grabbing both men by the throat instead!]

GM: Mizusawa's got 'em both!

CB: Who the heck is gonna stop this guy?!

[With a powerful lift, he takes both Gaines and Martinez up into the air... ...and DRIVES them both to the canvas with a double chokeslam!]

GM: CHOOOOOKESLAM!

[Mizusawa moves past the down and writhing Gaines and Martinez, glaring across the ring at Maximus who is still waiting for his opportunity. From the blindside, Chris Staley smashes Maximus in the side of the head with a forearm smash...]

GM: Ohh! Staley drills him!

[Staley backs Maximus to the ropes, hammering away with kicks to the body...

...when suddenly the big man leans over, slips an arm between the legs...]

GM: He's got Staley and-

[...and straightens up, LAUNCHING Staley over the ropes where he crashes down on the thin mats on the floor below!]

GM: OHH! STALEY'S GONE! MAXIMUS TOSSES CHRIS STALEY!!

BW: We're down to six men in there, daddy, but we're about to add another one!

[With no one standing between Maximus and Mizusawa again, the crowd begins to roar in anticipation...

...and we crossfade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: The giant had returned... and with him came a new name. Giant Aso. He had given up the name given to him by Matsui - a furious Matsui who felt betrayed by Mizusawa. There became little doubt that these two massive men were on a collision course with one another... a course that could only end with one man's defeat in the middle of the ring. But two weeks ago, the man known as MAMMOTH Maximus decided to raise the stakes even higher.

[We crossfade again, this time to action from two weeks ago where Louis Matsui can be seen giving a pile of cash to Krystof Krewski, pointing towards the ring where a masked man is being held back by an official and Giant Aso's manager, Buccaneer Bart Roberts is kneeling next to the downed giant.]

GM: What the... what's he saying to Krewski?!

BW: I think Matsui's gonna finish off the giant traitor once and for all! He's not waiting for SuperClash!

GM: What are you... look at this!

[Krewski nods and rushes the ring. He shoves Buccaneer Bart away and down to the mat!]

GM: Oh, come on! The guy's a manager! He was just checking on his man and-

BW: That makes him fair game! Polish Power! Get him, Krewski!

[The Polish Killer proceeds to lay into Giant Aso with a flurry of punches and clubbing forearms. Similarly, the masked man shoves the referee away and joins Krewski in keeping the pressure on the Japanese giant.]

GM: I think Matsui just offered Krystof Krewski a huge payout to assist in this attack on Giant Aso! Marty Meekly's trying to get in there, as is Buccaneer Bart... And Matsui pulls Roberts away! And now Roberts is getting in Matsui's face!

[As the two managers bicker in the ring, another man comes lumbering through the back.]

BW: Maximus!

[With surprising speed, MAMMOTH Maximus charges the ring, stepping through the ropes, behind Buccaneer Bart. His fellow Matsui Corporation member, meanwhile, is holding Giant Aso up on his knees, pulling the giant's arms behind him, as Krystof Krewski lands punch after punch across his massive forehead and the occasional kick to the gut.]

GM: Krewski and Engel have got Aso tied up! They're working him over! And now Maximus is here to join in the attack! This is terrible!

[But that is not what Maximus is here for. He grabs Roberts' shoulder and turns him around.]

GM: What the-?!

[On instinct, Buccaneer Bart throws a punch, but it does not faze the big man.]

BW: Oh, that's a big mistake, fat man! Maximus is gonna-

[Maximus suddenly lunges forward, scooping Roberts down off the mat, holding him across his chest...]

GM: NO!

[...and DROPS facefirst towards the corner, squashing Roberts underneath him in a front powerslam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MAMMOTH MAXIMUS JUST CRUSHED BART ROBERTS!!

BW: And he ain't done, Gordo! He's gonna leave nothing left of Roberts but a grease spot in the ring!

GM: Oh, no, no, NO! Matsui is motioning for Maximus to go up top. Engel and Krewski still have Aso occupied!

BW: Matsui's holding Roberts' feet down so he can't roll away...

GM: Somebody stop this! Somebody's gotta-

[Maximus bounces on the middle rope, kicking his body parallel to the mat...

...and SQUASHES Roberts underneath him!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: PREHISTORIC PLUNGE!

[Maximus pops up to his feet, slapping himself in the chest. He turns towards a trapped Aso with a, “THE WORLD IS MINE!”]

GM: Oh, you're a real tough guy beating up on a manager!

BW: Quiet, Gordo. You might be next.

GM: MAMMOTH Maximus has left Buccaneer Bart Roberts in shambles here on the mat and- what's Matsui doing?!

BW: Uh oh! Louis wants him to do it again!

[A grinning Matsui points to the ropes, shouting at his man.]

GM: No, no... don't do this! Do NOT do this!

BW: Matsui's yelling at Maximus to do it again and, this time, he wants him to hit it from the top rope!

GM: Get in there, referee!

[Marty Meekly does exactly that, trying to intervene but Matsui holds him back, keeping him at bay as Maximus goes to climb the ropes again...]

BW: He's gonna do it! He's gonna do it right now!

GM: Giant Aso is being held down by Krewski and- he's helpless, fans!

[With a motionless Bart under him, Maximus goes up...

...and steps to the top rope before kicking his legs back, CRUSHING Roberts a second time!]

GM: Aaaaagh!

BW: Another Prehistoric Plunge, this time from the top rope! And Bart might be in trouble. One Prehistoric Plunge is enough to do damage to a man twice his size and half his age. Who knows what sort of internal injury he's sustained from two of them?

[Maximus gets up, standing over Roberts who has a trickle of blood coming from the corner of his mouth.]

GM: Bart Roberts is bleeding from the mouth, fans! He may be suffering from an internal injury of some kind - internal bleeding perhaps.

[We again freeze the footage, holding on the injured Bart Roberts before cross-fading back to the WKIK Studios where Gordon Myers looks on with a shake of the head.]

GM: We've seen some dastardly acts over the years here in the AWA, fans, but that is one of the worst things I've ever seen. There is no call for what MAMMOTH Maximus and Louis Matsui did last week to Bart Roberts - no call for it at all.

BW: Hey, Roberts took a swing at Maximus first!

GM: Out of instinct! Out of self defense!

BW: That's what Maximus did too. He defended himself all over that fat slob Roberts.

GM: Most of us believed that the assault right there would mean Giant Aso would be all alone come SuperClash... but earlier this week, we found out that might not be the case. Take a look at this interview with Louis Matsui and MAMMOTH Maximus recorded earlier this week at a live AWA event!

[Crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER THIS WEEK" where Jason Dane, microphone in hand, is standing by on the interview platform.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, at this time, allow me to introduce, MAMMOTH Maximus, and his manager, Louis Matsui!

[A throaty yell emanates from the arena speakers...]

IT'S MINE...

IT'S MINE...

THE WORLD IS MINE!

[Leading into Black Sabbath's 'Heaven and Hell'. Twenty-five seconds in, bespectacled Louis Matsui, dressed in a dark suit as usual, steps through the entranceway, to jeers from the crowd. He is followed by MAMMOTH Maximus, who has on a black mask and 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

[Matsui saunters up to Jason Dane on the interview platform, directing a few choice words at the more vocal members of the crowd as he does so.]

JD: Louis Matsui...

[The crowd boos.]

JD: Louis-

LM: [Interrupting.] I'm just going to do the talking on this one, Jay-Dee, since there isn't much left to say that hasn't been said already. The giant is well and truly lost. We knew that the day he decided to turn his back on me. We knew that the day he decided to hitch his wagon to the never-was that is Bartholomew Roberts. But after we took Buccaneer Bart out two weeks ago? We can confirm that Giant Aso is without guidance and without someone like me watching his back, without my strategic acumen, we know there will not be a repeat of his performance from the past two SuperCla-

[Matsui is in turn interrupted by a male gravelly voice.]

"Someone like you? Someone like YOU, Matsui?!"

[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, a pukka shell necklace draped around his neck and a golden ear-ring hanging from his left ear-lobe, Buccaneer Bartholomew Roberts wheels himself towards the interview platform in a wheelchair.]

BR: Since Saitama, Matsui, all you ever wanted to do was end Aso's young career, simply because he refused to do your dirty bidding. Because he turned his back on you...

[Matsui interrupts.]

LM: Because he turned his back on GREATNESS! I tried to stop it, Bart, I really did. I told him he could make a star of himself elsewhere. I was willing to get him set up wherever he wanted: Phoenix, Las Vegas, Japan, but you wanted him in that ring with Maximus...

[Maximus lets out a loud roar at the mention of his name.]

LM: The suits wanted him in that ring with Maximus and the unwashed masses wanted him in the ring with Maximus. The way I see it, Bart, whatever happens to the giant at SuperClash will not be on my hands! Whatever happens to Giant Aso at SuperClash...

[The crowd jeers.]

LM: It's all on you, ALL of YOU!

[The roar of the crowd is overwhelming for a few moments before Bart responds.]

BR: So be it, Matsui. But just in case you do decide to play a more active role than you ought to in the match?

[With some difficulty, Roberts pushes himself up to a standing position. He takes a tentative step closer to Matsui.]

BR: I plan to be at ringside, even if they have to roll me out there in a wheelchair...

[Matsui laughs, turning to Maximus, while waving off Roberts' threat. Roberts reaches out and tugs on Matsui's suit lapel, turning him around, so Roberts can get in his face. Maximus makes a move towards Buccaneer Bart, but Matsui holds up his hand to signal to MAMMOTH to stay back.]

BR: YOU'LL LISTEN TO ME WHEN I'M TALKING TO YOU, PUNK! I'm gonna be out there and if you stick your fat nose where it doesn't belong? Well, here's a little taste of what you'll get!

[And Roberts takes a swing at Matsui's jaw, to huge cheers from the crowd. The impact isn't enough to floor the portly Asian, but it does cause him to backpedal into Maximus, who makes another move towards Buccaneer Bart, but is held back by Matsui. Roberts stands his ground, as Matsui pushes Maximus towards the back and we crossfade back to the Studios.]

GM: So, Bart says he WILL be at ringside for that battle - even if he has to wheel himself out there in a wheelchair.

BW: That's exactly what he's going to have to do, Gordo! You don't take a beating like that old man took from Maximus two weeks ago and then do a little jig down the aisle! If he wants to be out there at ringside, he better get a handicapped license plate, daddy!

GM: Very funny. But the sides are now even and when those two giant collide, it truly will be a battle for the ages, fans! We've got to take our first break of the night but we'll be right back to run down even more of this huge event coming up on Thanksgiving night!

[Fade to black.]

And then back up on a shot of Travis Lynch, standing in a black t-shirt that says "TRAVIS" across the front in gold script.]

TL: It's one of the hottest summers on record...

[Lynch wipes his sweaty brow with the back of his hand, showing off his muscular bicep in the process.]

TL: The perfect weather for hitting the beach... the ballpark... the pool... or even the gym...

[We cut to a shot of Travis lifting weights. Impressive, no? His voiceover continues.]

TL: So, when you're digging through your closet and trying to find the perfect outfit when you're looking to dress to impress...

[We cut back to the first shot of Travis who jerks a thumb at his chest.]

TL: Look no further than the brand new Travis Lynch t-shirt. Available in all sizes, shapes, and colors... we've even got a tanktop version of it.

[Yep. We cut to a shot of Travis in the tanktop, delivering the gun show.]

TL: The new Travis Lynch t-shirt - available at all AWA events all summer long and at AWA.com!

[Cut to a graphic telling where you can buy said t-shirt before fading to black...

...and then back up to the backstage area where we find footage marked "TWO WEEKS AGO..." Our camera shot rests on Alphonse Green, the so-called King of the Battle Royal, as he is flexing for the camera.]

AG: How's that? Will that work for the opening montage?

[The cameraman doesn't respond but someone off-camera speaks.]

"Just the man I was looking for."

[The female voice causes the cameraman to pan in its direction, revealing two stiletto heels clicking on the tile floor -- advancing on his position. As the camera swoops upward we are blessed with the sight of two tanned and very well toned thighs. Higher still we go, up to the gleaming, subtly glittering curves of a snug little black dress. It barely covers its decidedly

feminine wearer, and God only knows how her cleavage avoids spilling out for the world to see. A package of sorts is tucked in her right arm. It doesn't take much longer for the camera to reach those deep dark eyes, the black braided rat tail, or the branding iron slung over her left shoulder which can only mean one thing...Miss Sandra Hayes.]

MSH: Just the man I was looking for.

[To his credit, Green doesn't seem startled at all. Confused, yes, but surprised not in the least.]

AG: If only I had a nickel for every time I heard that...

[Hayes completes the thought.]

MSH: I bet you'd be a rich man.

[Green grins.]

AG: Well, yes.

[She flashes a smile.]

MSH: You're a hard man to track down, Mr. Green.

[Green nods, pointing for the cameraman to get back into his spot as he performs a double bicep flex.]

AG: Yes, even a man of my stature needs to hide away and get some much needed beauty sleep after conquering Witchita, El Paso, Baton Rouge, and neighboring towns. Bringing everyone in those towns on board Gang Green, and welcoming all challengers to my title! I'm so dang good at this battle royal thing that I was pretty much winning them with one arm! [Pause, as Green winces, remembering the match with Supreme Wright] Literally. To what do I owe this pleasure, Miss Hayes?

[You can almost hear the seductive Hayes batting her eyelashes as she says...]

MSH: Since when does a girl need a reason to visit a man like yourself?

[Green nods, satisfied with the answer.]

AG: Well said.

[Hayes continues, gesturing to herself.]

MSH: Tell me Mr. Green, do you like my dress?

[Alphonse Green's eyes scan Miss Hayes and they can't help but to become quickly fixated on the, shall we say, low cut neck line of her dress.]

AG: It's busting, I mean, bursting, I mean.. yeah [nervous laugh] yeah it's great. You're great. I'm great. We're all great!

[She leans in to him a bit closer.]

MSH: You're too sweet, I changed, you know, just for you.

[The Siren smiles, long and lingering. She pivots on heel and toe, letting the package fall from her hands to the arena floor. Her hands quickly find new homes as she wraps the branding iron around the back of Green, using it to inch him even closer to her.]

AG: What about your boyfriend?

[Miss Hayes pushes off of Green's chest, taking a half step back. One eyebrow curls up as she glances up at him.]

MSH: Who Terry? Don't be jealous. He's _not _my boyfriend but that's a cute way of you to ask, Mr. Green. He has no more or less control over me than you have. But we could change that, couldn't we?

[Green looks puzzled.]

AG: We could? I mean, uh, um, I guess I could give him a few pointers but --

[The Siren sighs, louder than she likely feels, letting the flirting demeanor drift easily away after the last comment is lost on Alphonse Green. She stops to recover the small, gray box from the floor, letting a wide expanse of thigh point right at Green. Once she rises she settles in Alphonse Green's hands.]

MSH: Here. I got something for you.

[NOW he looks surprised.]

AG: For me? It's not my birthday.

[Hayes tries not to let her frustration show.]

MSH: This isn't a birthday gift, sweetheart, this is... well... a thank you.

[Surprised AND confused.]

AG: But you know, it could be my birthday. Oh, wait. [Green clears his throat.] You're welcome. Wait, I didn't do anything for you.

[Hayes smirks as Green takes the bait.]

MSH: Yet. You see Mr. Green, I have this small problem.

[She inches herself closer to him again.]

AG: Is it, uh.. you know.

[Green leans over and whispers in the Siren's ear. She recoils.]

MSH: God no!

[Green recoils backwards as well, hands raised.]

AG: Oh, oh! Yeah, well, I wouldn't have known how to fix that [Green does the 'quotes' thing with his hands] situation. Needless to say I don't talk to that guy anymore. Would have been an awkward phone call. Can you imagine? [putting his hand up to his ear in a makeshift phone] "Hey Bart it's me, remember Waxahachie?"

[Miss Hayes looks to either side of her. This is actually happening.]

MSH: No, Mr. Green. Look. My client Terry Shane III is in need of some assistance. Since the moment we have arrived we have had this constant thorn in the form of Hannibal Carver.

[Green's brow furrows.]

AG: Carver?

MSH: Yes, Carver. You heard the news, much like yourself, Terry has the chance to finally obtain the opportunity he deserves in the Steal The Spotlight match at Superclash. But in order for him, I mean... the both of you... to better your chances he will need your professional assistance in making sure Hannibal Carver does NOT make it to SuperClash. You understand?

[Green scratches his head.]

AG: I see. And why in the world would I want to do that?

[The Siren presses her chest up against Alphonse Green. She tilts her head up, pushing her lips closer to his ear.]

MSH [whispering]: Because, Mr. Green. If you do that for me [a half-coy smile] then I'll put on what's in that box just...

[And closer.]

MSH: For.

[And closer.]

MSH: You.

[And kisses him on the cheek. The Siren instantly pulls back from him, turns, walking slowly away, hips rocking as if unconsciously. Green's eyes narrow, as he stares at the package confused. He bellows after her.]

AG: What is it?

[She looks over her shoulder, lips curling in a knowing smile.]

MSH: Incentive.

[A lilting laugh follows the Siren around the corner, almost but not quite mocking. When Green looks away from the shirtbox and up again, she's long gone. Quickly he rips the paper from the box open and pulls the contents out, dropping the wrapper and bow to the floor. With his eyes widened he holds up a skimpy black shirt that simply reads...]

AG: "I'd like to ride with Alphonse Green?"

[And we fade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Miss Sandra Hayes with a... indecent proposal so to speak... for Alphonse Green, Bucky.

BW: Nothing decent 'bout that girl, for sure.

GM: Oh?

BW: Well, uh... I mean, she's a fine, upstanding young lady with class and dignity and all that jazz.

GM: Just nothing decent about her?

BW: How could you say that?!

GM: I was just repea-... oh, never mind. Fans, Alphonse Green will be a part of Steal The Spotlight in just a few days now in Los Angeles as he, along with nine other men, attempt to earn themselves the chance of a lifetime - a match of their choice any time in the next year. We're going to be running that match down in full a little later tonight but for right now, let's hear from just one of the men who will be taking place in that ten man elimination tag - team captain Skywalker Jones!

[We open up to a shot of Mark Stegglet, standing backstage with Skywalker Jones, with entourage in tow. Jones is wearing a gray furcoat above his tailor-made pinstripe suit. Higgins is dressed in his usual all-white suit with white, feathered fedora and Hammonds is in his all-black ensemble with a black, red feathered fedora.]

MS: Hey there folks! I have with me now, the captain of one of the two teams that will participate in this year's edition of Steal The Spotlight... Skywalker Jones!

[Buford P. Higgins furiously shakes his head in disgust.]

BPH: Nah, playa'! That intro's just too weak for a man of this caliber! You need to amend it and have it truly reflect Skywalker Jones' greatness! He ain't just the captain of one of the teams in Steal the Spotlight...he's the captain of the team that's gonna' WIN Steal the Spotlight!

SJ: Ya' got that right, Buford! 'Cause I haven't just assembled any team, Stegglet! I've assembled a group unlike any other! The greatest collection of talent ever seen in Steal the Spotlight! The team that's gonna' steamroll over November's group of chumps!

[Jones takes off his sunglasses and turns to the camera.]

SJ: I got the king, the lord, the MASTER of Battle Royales...Alphonse Green! I got the man so great, that they had to give his name to two other men just to CONTAIN all his greatness...TS3 himself, Terry Shane III! I got the man crowned the jewel of the Unholy Alliance, the Japanese assassin who's ALMOST at my level...Nenshou!

[Jones seems a bit confused or at a loss for words.]

SJ: Oh yeah...and Grant Stone.

[He shrugs.]

MS: Actually, that's a bit of a controversial choice.

SJ: Whatta' you mean by that?

MS: It's just that... most people assumed you would have chosen your tag team partner Hercules Hammonds instead of giving the Unholy Alliance a clear advantage in winning that shot at any match of their choice.

[Jones looks almost insulted.]

SJ: Who do you think you are, questioning Skywalker Jones' flawless judgment!? I'll have you know that Herc AGREED with this decision! But you wanna' stir the pot and try to drive a wedge between us??? You wanna' know why Skywalker Jones chose a hired gun like Grant Stone instead of my main man, the strongest wrestler in the entire WOOORLD, Hercules Hammonds for the final spot in Steal the Spotlight?

[Jones' voice takes a more serious tone as places a hand over his heart.]

SJ: Let's just say that Percy Childes' reasoning moved me...

[Suddenly, a smile five miles wide forms on his face as he shouts to the heavens.]

SJ: ...TO A BIGGER HOUSE!!!

[Jones cackles loudly.]

MS: You took a bribe!? That's absolutely disgusting! Hercules Hammonds... even you have to be appalled by this!

[Hammonds shakes his head and rubs his fingers together, making the universal sign for money.]

HH: In these hard times, Stegglet...you gotsta' get paid when you can!

[The whole interview area booms with his deep laughter.]

MS: But you've now stacked the deck firmly in favor of the Unholy Alliance! You've provided Nenshou with an ally to help him in his quest to obtain a shot at any match he wants...a shot he'll most likely use to get a chance at the AWA World title!

SJ: What!? You're gonna' blame Skywalker Jones if Grant Stone helps Nenshou!? You're gonna' place blame at MY feet if Monosso or Wright ain't got what it takes to keep the title off Nenshou's waist? You're gonna' blame ME for the downfall of the AWA? Shouldn't you blame the person that would actually be responsible for letting it happen???

[There's a look of complete disbelief on Jones' face.]

SJ: Shouldn't you blame Stone!?!?!?

[Jones turns to his entourage, who quickly agree with the high-flyer.]

BPH: BLAME STONE!

HH[Nodding]: I'd blame Stone.

[All three together...]

"BLAME STONE!!!"

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Unbelievable.

SJ: No, Steggy...what's unbelievable is that you think that there's even a possibility Nenshou is gonna' win in the first place! You see...it doesn't matter if he's got Grant Stone watching his back! 'Cause when all eyes are on the AWA on Thanksgiving night, when all the nobodies out there in LaLa Land are trying to get a glimpse of all the AWA's stars at SuperClash...there ain't gonna' be a star burning BRIGHTER!, burning STRONGER! and burning BIGGER!, than the man that IS the spotlight! The most spectacular wrestler in this or any other galaxy!

Skywalker...

[Jones and Buford P. Higgins then lean into each other for an unprecedented tandem rendition...]

"JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNEEEESSSSS!!!!!!"

[And with that, Jones nods at Stegglet and struts off screen, with Higgins and Hammonds following behind him as we fade back to the interior of the WKIK Studios.]

GM: Skywalker Jones seems most confident of his chances come Thanksgiving night in Los Angeles, Bucky.

BW: And why shouldn't he be? Skywalker Jones has been on a rocket path to the top of this company since the day he first laced boots and I can't think of any better place for him to cement himself as THE MAN in these parts than a win at SuperClash to earn himself a guaranteed match of his choice for the next 365, daddy.

GM: We'll see about that. Fans, as we get closer and closer to the next edition of the Stampede Cup, the world is abuzz about the AWA tag team division and one of the reasons for that is the return to the AWA of The Aces - Daniel Tyler and Steven Childes - led by Percy Childes. But at SuperClash IV, they've got their work cut out for them in a battle of family pride when they meet Brian Von Braun and Sweet Daddy Williams! Take a look...

[White letters fade onto the screen. "Saturday Night Wrestling, January 29, 2011" The letters stay there for a few seconds and fade out as a grainy black and white video comes on. BVB is standing by with Mark Stegglet, it's BVB's interview from the show.]

BVB: You took that away from me, Percy Childes. You. Layton. Monosso. Nenshou. Polemos. All of y'all took away what was rightfully mine.

[He points the tip of his cane at the camera.]

BVB: Believe you me, Percy Childes. You owe tha Invader. An' yer gonna pay what ya owe.

[A wild gleam in his eyes becomes visible.]

BVB: I'm gonna take tha Longhorn Heritage title as payment, Percy.

[There's a cheer from the crowd at this statement.]

BVB: That belt means as much ta you as puttin' Ron Houston on tha shelf meant ta me.

[The video disappears and more white text on a black background, "The Main Event, March 26, 2011". The text disappears and more grainy black and white video.

Grabbing Megan by the hair, Nenshou pulls her face within point blank range...

...and SPEWS the green mist right in her face!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[The crowd reaction is like someone just got hit with a sledge hammer, gasping as Nenshou lets go of her hair and she collapses onto the ramp.]

GM: That son of a- why did he do that?! What did she do to him?!

BW: She was an obstacle to be overcome!

[Megan is rolling back and forth on the ramp, screaming in pain, rubbing her eyes, trying to get the green mist out.

The video disappears. More text appears, "Saturday Night Wrestling, April 9, 2011". The text is replaced by more grainy black and white video. This time, Percy Childes is standing with Jason Dane.]

PC: Attachments make a man weak, Dane. They make him vulnerable...

[And the smile grows broader as it all connects:]

PC: ...as Brian Von Braun just found out! Ahahahaha!

[The video changes to later that night.

With a loud bellow, James Monosso leaps into the air, dropping the King Kong kneedrop down on the pinned leg! Von Braun screams out in pain, grabbing his leg as Layton and Nenshou stomp the knee.

The video disappears. More text on the screen, "Saturday Night Wrestling, November, 12, 2011". We go back to the grainy video.]

GM: Von Braun won't let it happen! Von Braun is-

[Suddenly, Childes HURLS HIMSELF from the top rope, flipping through the air in a front somersault...

...and LANDING ON THE PILE!!]

ìOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!^

GM: MY STARS! MY STARS AND GARTERS!! WHAT DID WE JUST SEE THERE?!

BW: Stevie Childes just took this thing to another level!

GM: Stevie Childes just defied gravity and wiped out all of the Blonde Bombers INCLUDING Larry Doyle!

BW: Uh oh... it looks like he wiped out Scott Von Braun too, Gordo.

GM: I think you're right.

[The camera cuts to ringside, revealing a pain-wrecked Scott Von Braun clutching the back of his neck, wincing with every movement as he writhes in agony on the thinly-padded floor.]

GM: Scott Von Braun is down! Scott Von Braun looks like he may be seriously hurt, fans!

[The video disappears and more text, "SuperClash III, November 24, 2011".

Childes slams the cane into the shoulder again as a laughing Stevie Childes slowly climbs to the top turnbuckle. Percy slams the cane home again before backing away, allowing Danny Tyler to stretch out the left arm...]

GM: NO! NO!

[Childes flings himself off the top rope, sticking out his knee...

...and SLAMMING it down onto the shoulder socket! Scott Von Braun cries out in pain, flailing around on the canvas as Stevie gets back to his feet.]

GM: They're going after his arm! It's not enough Stevie Childes ended this man's career with his dive two weeks ago! This was premeditated, Bucky!

BW: Percy is an evil and sick man. He is a genius, Gordo. He is a genius.

[Stevie quickly rolls the elder Von Braun onto his stomach and applies a scissored armbar, forcing Von Braun onto his side to face his family. Childes really cranks back on the hold, pulling for all he's worth. Percy and Tyler take turns stomping and delivering cane shots to the left shoulder.]

BW: He's looking to break that arm, Gordo!

GM: Scott Von Braun does not deserve this!

[Finally, Von Braun starts flailing and screaming at the top of his lungs. Stevie Childes releases the scissored armbar and rolls to his knees, with a warped look of pleasure from what he just did. More security and EMTs come rushing down the aisle. The Aces and Percy Childes stand over Scott Von Braun's downed form as the elder Von Braun grabs at his left shoulder and flails around on the mat.

The video disappears. "Homecoming, October 6, 2012".

Von Braun glares at Childes, lifting an arm to point at him.]

BVB: In two weeks, I want the best ya got, Percy... in THAT ring.

[More text, "Saturday Night Wrestling, October 20, 2012".

Suddenly, Percy Childes gestures towards the ring with the cane!]

GM: What's he-?!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as two men come sprinting down the length of the entrance ramp, hitting the ring fast.]

GM: It's The Aces! Danny Tyler and Steven Childes have hit the ring!

[Monosso promptly throws Von Braun aside, turning his attention towards the new threat...

...who run right past him, diving atop the downed Von Braun. Fade to the post-match interview.]

BVB: PERCYYYYYYYYYY!

[An audible inhale and then exhale.]

BVB: PERCYYYYYYYYYY!

[Another audible inhale.]

BVB: You send Steve and Danny after me?! Is that it!?

[BVB holds up two fingers.]

BVB: Two weeks... TWO WEEKS! I WANT the Aces in that ring!

[More text, "Saturday Night Wrestling, November 3, 2012".]

Williams stares at Von Braun a bit... then breaks out into a chuckle.]

SDW: Team up with the guy that no one trusts? Seems like deja vu to me. I already been down that road, Von Braun... and the people watchin' this show, they know how it endin' for Sweet Daddy.

[A shake of the head.]

SDW: I like a good fight as well as any of 'em but this one? You can count me out of this one, son.

[Williams turns, walking away as an irritated Von Braun glares at his back...

...fade again to later in the show.]

SDW: My mama was right.

After ya came to see me, I got to thinkin'... and the more I thought, the more I knew you were right.

I do love me a good fight.

[Williams grins.]

SDW: And lookin' at you lookin' at them... and lookin' at them lookin' at you...

[He nods.]

SDW: Yeah. This is gonna be a good one. But if I heard Mr. Watkins right, I guess I'm too late tonight. There ain't gonna be a match.

[Percy Childes smirks arrogantly...]

SDW: But at SuperClash?

[It's Sweet Daddy's turn to smile.]

SDW: At SuperClash, we got all night long to beat the heck out of each other.

I told you earlier that I been down this road, Von Braun... that I knew where it led me...

[Von Braun nods.]

SDW: At SuperClash, I plan on bulldozin' a new road for you and me...

[Williams points at The Aces.]

SDW: ...right over their skinny rear ends!

[Watkins again throws himself between the two teams as the mic gets dropped and angry words are being exchanged on both sides of the platform!]

GM: We got ourselves a match, Bucky! The Aces vs Brian Von Braun and Sweet Daddy Williams at SuperClash!

[We fade from the grainy video to BVB standing against an AWA backdrop. He's looks up from whatever he was staring at as the camera pulls in a bit.]

BVB: One thin' 'bout tha Von Brauns, Aces. Us Von Brauns have GOOD memories.

[We fade out to a shot of The Aces standing against an AWA backdrop visible from the waist up. Childes is wearing a powder blue golf shirt. Daniel Tyler is wearing a pink muscle t-shirt. Childes has his hair pulled back into a high ponytail. Both men are wearing guyliner to accessorize their shirts.]

SC: When it's all said and done, Brian. Ask yourself this question, "Was it worth it?"

[Tyler smirks and shakes his head "no".]

SC: You could've let it stop with your old man, Brian. You could've just stayed away. You're not smart enough to do that. Remember when Caleb Temple said the sins of the father were the sins of the child to bear? He was right, Brian. What your father DID to my father are your sins. You get to continue to pay for the consequences of that sin.

DT: Sweet Daddy, I don't know WHO you THINK you are stepping into the middle of this. You made the biggest mistake of your career. I want you to pay VERY close attention to what the Aces do to Brian Von Braun. Unless you step aside, that'll be the EXACT same thing that happens to you. You'll be sitting next to Vernon Riley in the poor old folks home.

SC: I can't wait, Brian. The Childes family has a SPECIAL surprise for you. Consider it an early Christmas present. Then ask yourself, "Was it worth it?"

[Fade back out to the announce team.]

GM: This one is quite personal, fans, and it goes back many, many years. The sins of the fathers - the Childes family versus the Von Braun family - and in just a few short nights, that family feud may come to an end in Los Angeles. Fans, right now, let's head on up to the ring for our first match of the night!

[Fade to the ring, where a large man is stretching out, preparing for his match. The man has short black hair, red trunks, and black boots.]

PW: This contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit! Already in the ring, from Topeka, Kansas, weighing in at two hundred and seventy two pounds, LEE HARRIGAN!

[Harrigan shows off his muscular build to a small scattering of boos from the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent..

[Cybotron's "Clear" plays over the PA, as the crowd seems a little confused by the unfamiliar tune. However, the confusion doesn't last, as out comes B.C. Da Mastah MC! The crowd pops as B.C. walks with a purpose down to the ring, slapping hands with the fans along the way. There is no mic, no waving his hands in the air, just a little bit of focus.]

PW: From Alpharetta, Georgia, weighing in at three hundred and sixty six pounds, B.C. DA MASTAH MC!

BW: My prayers have been answered! Juan Vasquez put an end to his hip hop career permanently!

GM: Fans, B.C. suffered a jaw injury at the Rumble when Vasquez clocked him with that devastating right cross. My understanding is that doctors have cleared B.C. to wrestle, seeing that his jaw is now at 100%. It's strange that he's not rapping for all of his fans.

BW: I don't care! As far as I'm concerned, it's music to my ears!

[B.C. climbs into the ring, taking off his sunglasses, chains, and fake fur coat, revealing a bright red singlet with the word "YO" across the front. B.C. looks like he's ready for battle, not taking his eyes off of Harrigan for one second.]

DING DING DING

[BC looks out over the crowd as the bell rings, and lets out a mighty yell!]

BC: YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! YO! YO! YO! YO! GO! GO! GO! GO!

BW: MY EARS!

GM: Sounds like his jaw is just fine to me!

[Harrigan tells the crowd to shut up, which they do not. After realizing the crowd's not on his side, he decides to address the situation the best he possibly can. Harrigan raises his right arm to the air, looking like he wants to start the match off with a test of strength.]

GM: Harrigan hoping to show off his great strength to the crowd right off the bat with a test of strength, but it looks like B.C.'s not having any of it.

BW: B.C. knows that he can't match strength with Lee Harrigan. Harrigan's a big, big dude.

[B.C. has his hands on his hips, shaking his head. B.C. does raise a arm, but he makes a motion to Harrigan to come at him.]

GM: It looks like B.C.'s giving Harrigan a free shot?

BW: We all know B.C.'s as stupid as he looks!

[Harrigan, grinning decides to oblige B.C.'s request. Harrigan charges, but runs straight into a clothesline that pops the crowd!]

BW: Unfortunately, Harrigan's as stupid as he's strong. I'd give B.C. props, but it's like outsmarting a chipmunk!

GM: B.C. pulling Harrigan to his feet, scoops him up, and hurls him across the ring! B.C. showing off some strength!

[Bucky grunts, not giving B.C. his due after an impressive slam. B.C. motions for Harrigan to get to his feet. Once Harrigan gets back to his feet, B.C. takes him right back down with his patented dropkick!]

GM: Dropkick! Ugly but effective!

BW: I still don't understand the physics behind it! He's gotta have his center of gravity underneath the ring!

[Harrigan rolls to the corner, pulling himself up by the ropes. Once Harrigan is on his feet, B.C. comes charging in!]

GM: Avalanche! B.C.'s not giving Harrigan any sort of chance to catch his breath!

[Harrigan stumbles out of the corner, into the clutches of B.C., who spins him around and nails him with a Russian Leg Sweep!]

BW: STOP THE PRESSES! B.C has learned a sixth move!

GM: I'm sure B.C. knows more than just a handful of moves! No need to bust them all out tonight since he's having an easy time in there tonight! BC's dragging Harrigan to the corner, and he's going up top!

[B.C. waves his arms in the air, and "Clear" plays over the PA. BC leaps..]

GM: TURNTABLE! There's a three count, and a very decisive victory for the Round Mound of Hip Hop Sound!

DING DING DING

PW: Here is your winner, B.C. Da Mastah MC!

[The crowd cheers the triumphant rapper, who acknowledges with a simple nod of his head and a quick wave. B.C. quickly drops down, and rolls out of the ring where Jason Dane is waiting for him.]

JD: Well, you made a statement in the ring tonight in your first match since the Rumble. You missed some time after Juan Vasquez nearly broke your jaw.

BC: I tell ya, JD, there was a lot of hatred behind th' right cross, but not a lot of soul, if ya catch my drift. I don't mind if the guy hits me, ya gonna do whatcha gonna do in the ring when so much is at stake, but somethin's no longer upstairs in that man's mind if ya catch my drift. I forgive him, but I obviously ain't forgettin' any time soon.

[B.C. lets out a loud sigh.]

BC: Speakin' of not a lot of soul, ya probably wonderin' why there was no pre-game rap.

JD: As a matter of fact, I do.

BC: I admit, it kinda hurt that I went into that match with a plan t' win and become the World Champ down the road, but that plan was dashed. I disappointed all of my little homies out there with my performance dat night. In an' Out, should be the name of a burger joint, not how my night turned out at the Rumble. I guess ya might say, th' right cross knocked the funk outta me for awhile.

[B.C. rubs his jaw, remembering how hard he was hit.]

BC: But ya see, ya, my jaw was cracked, doctors didn't clear me to go, so I figured I'd sit back for a bit, ya know? Let the funk flow back ta me, but durin' my down time, I check my facebook fan page, my own facebook personal page, my twitter, all these news stories... and, man. I ain't the only one who lost his funk out there. Ya feel me? You've seen all those comments on the internet.

[Dane nods his head in agreement.]

JD: Why exactly does everything on the internet go back to politics?

BC: Exactly! It's ridiculous! Ya know, it's time to get all of my peeps out there dancin' again. I dunno if I can do it alone, though, ya know? There's dis Stampede Cup comin' up, and ol B.C.. he's gonna need a partner. He's gonna need someone funky to go through the tournament with! There's the funkiest man I ever did see, Sweet Daddy Williams, he's an option. If he's got a dance partner, then there's gotta be someone out there who wants to help me get down an' get funky again. If anyone out there wants to boogie with ol' BC, just gimme a ring!

[BC makes the universal 'call me' hand gesture, then boogies off camera.]

JD: Well, there you have it, B.C. Da Mastah MC wants in the Stampede Cup, and is looking for a partner. Time will tell if he's successful in his endeavor. Back to you, guys!

[Fade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: B.C.'s in a bit of an existential crisis, Bucky. He's been in less than a good mood since his quick elimination from the Rumble.

BW: Gordo, I don't know what B.C.'s talking about. He hasn't lost any of his funk at all!

GM: Well, it's good to hear something reassuring from you about the big guy for once.

BW: I can smell him all the way from over here! P.U.!

[Gordon rolls his eyes, and shrugs in exasperation.]

GM: B.C. wants IN the Stampede Cup and if he can get Sweet Daddy Williams to team with him there, they might make quite the formidable duo, fans! And speaking of formidable duos, wait 'til you see these two men together. Take a look...

[Crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where Jason Dane is standing at the interview area.]

JD: Fans, we have a great night of action, and... oh no. I thought you were gone! ...OW!

[The Angry Old Man Cane Jabbing signals the appearance of Count Adrian Bathwaite. The fans boo the silver-haired Eurasian manager with the Asian eye structure and English bad teeth. Bathwaite is wearing a rust-orange dress shirt with burnt orange pants, white dress shoes, and has his ubiquitous cane in hand.]

CAB: Of course you were wrong, you needle-necked serf. I am a man of the gentry and I will never relent when I am wronged. And that ingrate towel-headed terrorist Sharif wronged me. He cut the hand that fed him, and his culture considers that a grave sin. So he's a hypocrite too! But he'll get his tonight.

JD: Tonight? What's tonight?

CAB: Tonight, I've brought in a man who will cleanse the AWA from that filth. Sharif thinks that he's going to get his way, and take down a king at SuperClash? Well, if he even makes it to SuperClash, he'll be half-strength at best! I'll see to it!

JD: And who is this man you speak of? ...OW! Quit it!

CAB: Don't you interrupt me, you dirty peasant! I'm getting to that! The man I've been in contact with is a big fan of genealogy, just like me. And he has researched the genealogy of many of the AWA wrestlers, as I have. But he is even more dedicated at it than I! And he has found some... imperfections... in the Sultan's bloodline that I didn't know about. That explains everything! So come on in, Colonel!

JD: Colonel... oh, of course.

[The boos grow as Colonel Pieter Wilhem de Klerk enters the scene. De Klerk, a slightly overweight man sporting brown hair with a bald spot on the top of his head and a brown handlebar mustache, strides slowly and purposefully on screen. The brown-eyed South African is wearing a dusky tan camo jacket with various decorations on it.]

CPWdK: Jason. Dane.

JD: Colonel Pieter Wilhem de Klerk.

CPWdK: Very good. You will henceforth refer to me as 'sir'. And this man, who masquerades as the Great and Honorable Sultan, is a sham. His bloodline mingled with the Moors in the early 19th century, and lost it's power at that time. Which explains his athletic bent as well as his intellectual...

JD: STOP RIGHT THERE. You're saying because there was an African in his family tree, in the early 1800s...

CPWdK: That is what I am saying, that is the truth, and if you interrupt me again, you will be subject to military discipline.

JD: OW!

[Yes, Bathwaite has interjected an Angry Old Man Cane Jab. The fans are booing this quite fiercely.]

CPWdK: There is nothing wrong when noble peoples intermingle, as my man the Count is an exemplar of. Convergences of noble bloodlines often produce greatness. But the baser elements of the world...

JD: Stop! We're done!

[The microphone cuts off, and this makes de Klerk and Bathwaite very angry. Dane bails out as de Klerk shouts angrily at the nearest staff members as we crossfade back to live action.]

BW: And now ya know why we don't give de Klerk mic time.

GM: THAT WAS DESPICABLE!

BW: I don't agree with the man's sociology, Gordo. He's a racist, big time. But in this sport, all that matters is: "can you fight"? And he can. Sounds like Sharif is gonna find out first hand.

GM: Bathwaite had better be paying him, because I think the payout for even a high-profile match between de Klerk and Sultan Azam Sharif wouldn't begin to cover the fines he'll accrue.

BW: But according to the Count, that's exactly what we're gonna see tonight! Sharif versus de Klerk, just a week out from SuperClash! Can you believe it?

GM: It will be a fascinating matchup, yes. But fans, forgive me if I do not remain partial. Many people near and dear to my heart are people of color, and Pieter Wilhem de klerk's views have no place in civilized society.

BW: I'm right there with ya on the race issue, Gordo, but I don't begrudge a man for his beliefs.

GM: That's not a religion, Bucky! That's indefensible! I... look, our producers are telling us that the match is indeed signed. And as much as de

Klerk riles me, he's in a world of trouble against a former Olympian if Bathwaite's presence riles Sharif as I believe it will. I think the Colonel is making a major mistake. And I am shedding no tears for him.

BW: You might shed them for Sharif if you realize what the Count said. De Klerk is out to ruin him for SuperClash! I know that Royalty will be pleased at that! And who knows... maybe de Klerk is the third man!

GM: If he is, then Mark Langseth is even lower than I believed... but we'll talk more about HIM later. Right now, we're going to take a quick break and then we'll be back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business! You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...

...and then back up to a scene which we've seen before. Home camcorder footage of a white mica-block wall, and a simple chair in front of that. The World Heavyweight Champion, James Monosso, is seated in the chair.

Monosso is wearing a grey sleeveless hoodie, blue jeans, and is clutching the World Title in his arms. His stringy greying black hair hangs over his shoulders, and the wild eyes on his flat, wide face stare off into the distance.]

JM: They're all out to get me.

[A brief pause.]

JM: Does that make me paranoid? They really are all out to get me. Percy wants to destroy me, when he of all people should know that I'm already destroyed. Preston wants to destroy me, when he of all people should know that I'm already destroyed. Grant Stone wants to destroy me, when he of all people should know that he's getting money for nothing.

By the way, Grant? I saw Bobby Taylor yesterday backstage at a show in Houston. Good job destroying him. Glad you get paid to fail. That money's all you have left, you know. I certainly know. I know, because I did what you're doing. It leaves you with nothing but the money. The problem comes when you try to get up and go spend your money, only you can't do that because you're missing sections of your spine. Are you missing sections of your spine yet, Grant? Because that'll come. Maybe today. Maybe today.

For me it was ten years ago, I think, when I lost my first vertebrae. Oh, it's still THERE, sort of, just fused to another one. But the number of useable discs in your spine drops by one, and from there you learn about your constant friends Pain, Agony, and Suffering. I guess you probably know them by now; you've been a wrestler for a very long time. How much longer do you think you can go, Grant? Are you going to be compensated for your loss if I end you before you end me?

Let me answer that for you: no.

Tonight, you're fighting a World Champion. They paid you to destroy me, Grant. That's like paying a demolition crew to blow up the Parthenon. Do you know what the Parthenon is, Grant? It used to be a great powerful structure. Now it's a ruin. What's the point of blowing it up? I dunno, you tell me. I had to go look up a building that is a useless ruin and essentially standing but destroyed, and I got the Parthenon. Wouldn't have known it otherwise. That's just like a broke-down wrestler. Nobody remembers you. Nobody cares.

I'm over it. The fans are cheering me now, but they'll forget and find somebody new. It's what they do. You? You know who's going to forget you? The guys with the money. The wallets. Percy and whoever else pays out for hired guns. You won't be missed; there's lots of replacements. Trust me, I know. Look over at Juan Vasquez, Grant. He's my replacement. In every way. Like me, a ruin. Like me, standing but destroyed.

Come join the party, Grant. Come join the walking dead. We don't want pity. We don't want sympathy. We don't want anything that we can actually have. So we take what we can before we all fade away. Before we're erased from sight, mind, and memory.

Do you think I'm going to let you erase me, Grant? Will I not sooner drag you down to my level? Won't you join me? Won't you join US? Come on down... and then you too can sit in that locker room of Percy's and converse with Vasquez, having something in common with him at last.

And you'd have to be INSANE to think otherwise.

[Crackle and out. We return to the arena.]

GM: Chilling comments by the champion of the world.

BW: He ain't changed, Gordo. He's going to come out here and try to put an end to Grant Stone. But in his condition, and a week out from the World Title defense against Supreme Wright? I think those are empty words!

GM: We'll find out tonight! Monosso versus Stone, non-title, later on. Fans, earlier this week, the AWA Championship Committee announced that there would be ONE MORE match added to the SuperClash IV lineup and that match would be a Stampede Cup Qualifying Match with the winner not only being the first team added to the tournament but also earning a guaranteed seeding in the tournament. The question of who would be in the match is to be answered in a fan poll that the results of which will be announced later tonight but right now... already we have in the ring, the team of Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez, hot off of last week's victory over the mammoth tag team of Richter Lane and Lee Tremors, Aftershock.

[Standing in the ring is the veteran Gunnar Gaines in his usual ring gear — black boots, cutoff jeans, thermal undershirt, open flannel shirt and black leather belt. His wild, long brown hair is tied back, but his beard is trimmed.]

BW: Yes, a win indeed, but over Aftershock. Not exactly a team that's a threat to the tag team championship.

[Off-mic, Gunnar is having a quick word with his younger partner, Ryan Martinez. Martinez is clad for action in long wrestling tights that are black with a red inseam, and a pair of black and red wrestling boots. Martinez is standing still, but radiates an unmistakable intensity.]

GM: I wouldn't dismiss it. Aftershock tips the scales — heck, they smoosh the scales at a pancake-flattening 750 pounds! And they both can move around that ring. But let's see what Gunnar and Ryan have to say about it.

[Gunnar raises the microphone to speak.]

GG: So we're gonna make this short. Last week, we faced a 750-pound tag team, and while they may not have been a ranked team, you never sell short any opponent. They gave us a good fight, but we took the best moves they had, and you know what? We beat them.

[Ryan Martinez takes the microphone.]

RM: I've never been a person to listen to what other people had to tell me. I always did my thing and did it my way. But I couldn't help but hear when people say that Gunnar and I just wouldn't work as a team. I'll admit it, even —I— had some doubts.

And yeah? It didn't go perfectly. But when it came down to it, Gunnar, you and I did what needed to be done. It wasn't always smooth, but when it counted, you were there with your hand ready to take me out, and we got the job done. And I know, the longer this goes on, the better it'll get. So, there's just one question left. And that question is...

[He hands the mic to Gunnar.]

GG: "Who's next?" That's the question. And since we're not in the mood to wait for a match we might or might not get voted into at SuperClash, we're throwing it out there now. Anyone back there — anyone at all. If you think you can beat Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines, get your tail down here now. We don't care if you're a team or two guys off the street. We don't care if you got your gear or you're in street clothes. Fact is, we're the team that does ... not ... care.

[Martinez takes the mic, eyes narrowing before he speaks.]

RM: Right here in this ring is a man with a Hall of Fame pedigree, and, if I can be immodest for a moment, someone who WILL be the future of wrestling. Neither of us is picky. Both of us just want to fight. We'll take on anyone. Just pop your heads through the curtain, walk down to the ring and you'll get one heck of a fight.

GG: I don't see anyone coming out here, though. I thought not. I —

[A chugga-chugga organ riff, courtesy of the Beastie Boys, interrupts.]

GM: [sigh]

BW: We know who this is!

[The voice of "King" Ad-Rock booms over the PA ...]

Well just plug me in just like I was Eddie Harris #
You're eating crazy cheese like you'd think I'm from Paris #
You know I get fly, you think I get high #
You know that I'm gone and I'm-a tell you all why

[Ad-Rock, Mike D and the late MCA continue to trade off lines as the rainbow-haired tandem known as The Rave — Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG — comes through the portal.]

GM: Well, here's the answer to Gunnar and Ryan's question. My question — do they still wish they had asked it?

BW: Silence. I will not brook any disrespect for the Rave. These two have it on good authority I'm a future senator, like Sen. Rand Paul Jr. and Sen. Honey Boo-Boo. Who could argue?

GM: No offense, Bucky, but pretty much anyone. That's who.

[Jerby seems to have dropped the "Nature Manspawn" persona, probably because changes in the space-time continuum changed his history again. I'm just a descriptive paragraph, so I wouldn't know.

Anyway, Jezz's wearing a pair of jeans that seem to have been tiedyed in alternating bands of pink and yellow, and have strips of green, red, and orange cloth sewn onto it in a vaguely tiger-stripe pattern. His boots are purple-and-silver winter "moon boots", and he's wearing a tan poncho-like upper body garment that goes to his waist ... this has been literally drawn on with permanent marker to show various shapes of many different colors.

Around his wrists are the familiar brass streamer-launching units, and his eyes are concealed by some triangle shape rubber shades that came right out of 1982. The pale reddish-skinned man currently has his hair dark green on one side, paisley on the other, and he has a wiry mini-hawk sticking up in the middle that is colored white (in some alternate dimension, Terry Taylor comments that the mini-hawk is never a good career move).]

GM: These guys look like they just got in a fistfight with the electromagnetic spectrum and lost.

BW: Ha, Gordo, their clothes bring out the best in you, you know that?

[Shizz, who is a light mocha-ish skinned man with hair that is literally the inverse of Jezz: dark red on one side, pale olive on the other, with a black mini-hawk in the middle. He's wearing full-length tights that are red on one leg and brown on the other, underneath knee-length jeans that are blue on one half and orange on the other, underneath thigh-length bell-bottom shorts that are neon yellow on one half and neon green on the other. And the whole mess has a bunch of purple bandanas tied around it. His footwear is yellow fake-leather hiking boots, and his upperwear is a sequined silver jacket that has a prism-shine effect when light hits it. He, too, is wearing the brass wrist launchers, and his eyewear is a Virtual Boy painted pink with

the front cut out and replaced by tinted plastic, attached with a brown strap.]

GM: What's that thing on his head? Didn't I buy that for my nephew for Christmas in 1995?

[The crowd boos the time-traveling tandem loudly. Shizz Dawg has a cordless microphone in his hand, and the music fades out so he can speak. As he does, he occasionally holds it in front of his partner as they trade off lines.]

SDOG: Filbritz the synthsquawk!

[Nothing happens. S-DOG's "Anciespeak, Dawg, anciespeak!" aside is picked up on Shizz Dawg's mic. He rolls his eyes and heaves a heavy sigh.]

SDOG: Cut the music!

[The music guy finally obliges!]

SDOG: [rubbing his eyes]: William Tango Foxtrot. Is that an oldcrep I see in the ring next to his dimscrew little friend?

JJ: Yo, that's exactly what you see. Looks like Gunnar "Gyzzrus" Gaines timeslided his way from 1996 all the way to the future, but could only make it as far as 2012. Well, Gunnar, here's a little dispatch from 2032. You're in a ROT HOUSE!

SDOG: Rot house? I thought more like pine box.

JJ: Right, pine box. And who's that next to the Gyzz there? Can't quite make it out.

SDOG: Looks like his frackish corpstack picked up a sidekick, Ryan Martinez!

[Cut to a shot of Gunnar and Ryan in the ring. Ryan rolls his eyes — he's seen The Rave before — but Gunnar looks utterly perplexed as to what he possibly could be looking at. Ryan looks at Gunnar, shaking his head in a dismissive, "don't sweat these guys," way.]

JJ: You two look confused. Well let me distribute the upload. See, you jacksaws have showed you could wildstyle last week, but it wasn't on the upcrush. No, no, no. AND we also know something that you did/don't!

You see, in 2032, the world has finally synched on Swatch Beats, so we have no need for your frackish "Daylight Savings Time"! So you'll hardy us for having accidentally detimed one cycle early!

SDOG: Or, for you *protosheep* [said protosheep boo!], we got here an hour from now. But before we retimed ourselves, we heard the suits give the speakanswers of the AWA fan feedspeak. And as it will turn out, the winners of that poll, were *us*...and *you* two loseweeks!

[Quick shot to a confused Gaines and Martinez, looking at each other as if to say "What is he talking about!?"]

JJ: And, quite shawnly, we are *petrowfied* to be so namelinked! Because we *know* what becomes of your spawnshifts in the future!

SDOG: Ryan Martinez, *never* able to capture the moomingo of his spawn origin, dives into an frownward spinal, and was last seen freespooging turkey feathers on a street corner in New Seattle!

[The younger Martinez isn't quite sure what Shizz Dawg just said, but he knows it didn't sound good!]

JJ: And as for Gunnar "Gyzzrus" Gaines, well, he goes off to Obamaland soon after this. But his *son*...well, let's just say that, in 2032, there's NO bigger insult than to tell someone "You just *frailily* pulled a Justin!"

[Gaines needs no translation, as his partner is only just able to hold him back.]

SDOG: So, quite shawnly, you two don't *meserve* to wildstyle with us at our to-be-scheduled anciematch at SuperClash! So we're just gonna sandy you out of the picture *right now*, take that Stampede Cup bye for ourselves by feitfor, and enjoy a traditional night of turkey tickling instead!

JJ & SDOG: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

[Shizz Dawg drops the mic as the two and they break to the ring!]

GM: Oh my! The Rave, making a beeline to the ring!

BW: I think you must be confusing them with the Hive.

[Shizz Dawg slides in feet first, where he is greeted by a crushing stomp to the head from Gunnar Gaines. Meanwhile Jerby Jezz stops short of the ring. He hems and haws back and forth. Ryan Martinez gives up on waiting for him and hops over the top rope, landing on his feet outside!]

GM: Referee Marty Meekly is running down to officiate but this one is already clearly underway!

[Meekly corrals the brawling Ryan Martinez and Jerby Jezz each to their own corner. Meanwhile, in the ring, Gunnar measures the prone Shizz Dawg OG for an elbow drop to the head and connects.]

GM: Gunnar, raising The Dawg...

BW: *Shizz* Dawg, Gordo! Or don't get on my case about Chris Sade again!

GM: [not taking Bucky's bait] ...OG to his feet — and connects with a standing uppercute!

[Shizz Dawg's head is rocked backwards as he is knocked onto his heels. He falls backwards to the mat in what appears to be slow motion. Gunnar grabs an ankle and drags a kicking, screaming Shizz Dawg over to the corner. Gunnar continues to hold the ankle with one hand making a tag to his partner, Ryan Martinez.]

GM: Here comes Ryan Martinez!

[Ryan comes in, helps up Shizz Dawg and slingshots him to the opposite ropes. He rebounds, as Ryan sets up for a ...]

GM: Clothesline! S-DOG is leveled! So far, the team of Ryan and Gaines has effectively cut this ring in half.

[Gunnar, still in the ring, drops an elbow on the prone Shizz. Ryan is somewhat surprised by this, shooting Gunnar a look, but Gunnar holds up five fingers.]

BW: Five-second rule, kid!

[Gunnar makes his exit, while Shizz takes advantage of the confusion to hit Ryan with a two-finger eye gouge from his prone position on the mat. Ryan tries to shake it off, but Shizz makes it to his feet and ties up with Ryan. He shoots Ryan to the ropes, then quickly tags his partner.]

GM: The Dawg OG with the tag ... double clothesline on Ryan Martinez!

[Both members of the Rave quickly pick up Martinez from the mat and try to toss him over the top rope, but Martinez has it scouted, shrugging his way out of their grip. They seemingly fail to notice and toss a body comprised of nothing but air out over the top rope, watching it sail to the floor below.]

GM: Rave, trying to set up their beloved count-out victory, but Ryan Martinez prefers to stay in the ring evidently. As does The Dawg, even though he is not the legal man.

[Shizz Dawg and Jerby Jazz rain punches on Ryan Martinez, though not to much evident effect. Cut to shot of Gunnar watching from his corner, without much concern evident on his face.]

BW: Hey! Shizz Dawg has got five seconds to get out of there. And when you own your own time machine, as The Rave does, theoretically you can stay in there indefinitely.

GM: How's that?

BW: Well, IF the ref completes his five-count and disqualifies you — and this is IF he disqualifies you — well, then, you just get back in your time machine and set it for one second before the five-second count was completed, and then you break the hold.

[The Rave continues their double-team as Meekly has long since counted past five.]

GM: I should have known better than to ask. The official is hearing none of this, and Gunnar Gaines is getting tired of it, too.

[The official tries to steer Shizz Dawg to his corner. Gunnar puts a leg between the ropes, as if to consider entering the ring, but stops short of it when Ryan waves him off. Ryan turns to Jerby Jezz and is greeted by a standing dropkick to the chops!]

GM: Ryan Martinez is staggered a bit by that dropkick, but he refuses to go down!

[Jerby Jezz gets up for another dropkick, which also connects!]

GM: Ryan Martinez, caught off guard a little bit here!

[In the corner, official Marty Meekly is still trying to get Shizz Dawg to leave.]

GM: Jerby Jezz with a bell-ringer — stereo palm slaps to the ears of Ryan Martinez! Martinez may be dazed!

BW: You can't scout a move like that.

[Gunnar, now getting irked at the referee's ineffectiveness, puts a leg in the ring as if to enter, this time a little farther than before.]

GM: Jerby Jezz, making some headway here, but his partner is in danger of getting his team disqualified.

BW: Disqualified? This match was set up under Texas Tornado rules and the dumb ref has forgotten already.

GM: I didn't hear that announcement. Did you hear that announcement?

BW: Announcement? I just assumed.

[Jezz pinches the nose of Ryan Martinez with one hand, then slaps that hand with the other hand.]

GM: Jerby Jezz, with a — I don't even know what you call that.

BW: Well, it's obviously a Greco-Roman nose strike.

[Jezz turns, whirls Martinez around, and whips him right into the corner — but the official, still arguing with Shizz Dawg, is in the way!]

GM: Martinez crashed into the back of the official off of that Irish whip, while Shizz Dawg managed to avoid the impact!

BW: Don't tell Mom — the babysitter's dead!

[Shizz scales to the top rope, while the dazed Martinez is grabbed off the impact of hitting the ref and tossed out over the top by Jerby Jezz.]

GM: Folks, we have bedlam here! Marty Meekly, when he wakes up, is going to wonder who hit him in the back. I don't think he saw what happened for certain, not that it wouldn't be obvious to any functioning mind.

BW: It was Gunnar.

[Shizz Dawg, standing on top of the turnbuckle, watches Martinez gather himself on the floor outside. Martinez slowly stands ...]

GM: Missile dropkick to the outside from The Dawg! And a slingshot plancha from Jerby Jezz! Both at the same time! The Rave, showing off their teamwork!

[Both moves connect with Martinez, who is knocked to the floor. Gunnar, finally seeing enough, comes through the ropes and into the ring. He darts across the ring and slides under the bottom rope to the outside, where Martinez, Shizz Dawg and Jerby Jezz are all collapsed in a heap. Gunnar stands there ... considering what to do.]

GM: You have no ref, you have three bodies recovering from two high-impact moves to the outside, and you have a fresh Gunnar Gaines.

[After a moment's consideration, Gunnar peels the members of The Rave off of Ryan Martinez, then raises his partner to his feet and rolls him back into the ring!]

GM: Smart move in going for the countout win!

BW: Yeah, except there's no referee.

[Martinez, realizing the situation, makes his way over to the official and tries to roust him. Seeing this, Gunnar turns his attention to the members of The Rave, still down on the outside. He climbs the corner ring steps nearby, standing on the apron next to the ring post.]

GM: And I think I know what's coming next, though I would question the wisdom of Gunnar Gaines doing this move, with the toll it takes on his 43-year-old body.

[Gunnar runs the ring apron, leaps, and drops a flying elbow onto Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG.]

GM: Apron elbow drop, and it connects! But the members of the Rave don't offer much to cushion the landing for Gunnar Gaines!

BW: Those guys are maybe 200 pounds each, soaking wet.

[Gunnar gets up slowly. Meanwhile, back in the ring, Ryan Martinez shakes the official by the shoulders. Meekly evidently snaps to the twin realizations that, number one, we are in a countout situation, and number two, that Martinez and Jerby Jezz are the legal men. Shizz is still down, while Gaines shoves Jezz back-first into the apron.]

GM: Gunnar Gaines drives a shoulder to the midsection of Jerby Jezz!

[The official begins a count — One! ... Two!]

GM: And here's where I think we're seeing some smart strategy from Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez. We know the Rave loves to win by count-out ... well, Ryan Martinez is safely in the ring and Jerby Jezz is outside. And Gunnar Gaines is trying to make sure he stays there!

[... Three! ... Four! ... Five! ...]

BW: This isn't fair. It's interference!

GM: Evidently Marty Meekly is letting that go for some reason, as ... what's this?

[Shizz Dawg, who had been playing possum, rolls into the ring. The official breaks the count.]

GM: I think the Rave may have gotten away with one there. The Dawg...

BW: SHIZZ! DAWG!!

GM: ...broke the count, but he wasn't the legal man!

BW: Bah! Nonsense! It's perfectly fair, Gordo!

GM: Please explain.

BW: The Rave doesn't know what the term "legal man" means anyway, so the concept shouldn't apply to them.

GM: One can't argue with logic like that ... incorrect though it may be.

[Ryan Martinez goes with it, lifting Shizz Dawg across his shoulders and falling back with a hard Samoan Drop!]

GM: High-impact move by Ryan Martinez! One! ... Two!

[Shizz Dawg OG kicks out!]

GM: That was somewhat close!

[Martinez, wasting little time, stands himself and his opponent up. He hooks up a side headlock on Shizz and runs across the ring, dropping the rainbow-clad antagonist with a ...]

GM: Bulldog! And here's where Ryan Martinez is at his best — high-impact move after high-impact move! The cover!

[One! Two! And Shizz Dawg kicks out.]

GM: Close again. And although this match has been rather chaotic, I at least give credit to referee Marty Meekly for paying attention to these pin attempts, and not the mayhem still ensuing on the outside, where Gunnar Gaines has been doing a number on Jerby Jezz.

[Meekly shoots a glance to the outside, where Gunnar has raised a semi-conscious and quite wobbly Jezz to his feet and is about to clock him with another closed fist. Gunnar raises two open palms in the air in a pose of innocence, allowing Jezz to collapse to the floor.]

BW: Gunnar Gaines should be disqualified.

GM: Well, technically, maybe so. But technically, Jerby Jezz should have been the legal man and counted out a while ago.

[Martinez, already having landed a headbutt on Shizz, lifts him up for a Death Valley Driver and connects!]

GM: Another cover! One! ... Two! ... and somehow, S-DOG gets an arm up!

[Martinez pounds the mat, then picks up Shizz. He turns to his own corner as if to tag in Gunnar, not finding him there. Gunnar instead is placing Jerby Jezz into his own corner.]

GM: That's ... awful thoughtful of Gunnar.

[Shizz notices the ref watching this and takes advantage of the distraction with a finger strike to the throat of Ryan Martinez!]

GM: Fingers to the throat! And Shizz Dawg follows that with an Irish whip ... clothesline!

[Martinez, having time to brace for the impact, is unmoved. Meanwhile, Shizz Dawg is deflected off of him and lands on the canvas, spinning around sideways for at least two full rotations.]

GM: SINGLE clothesline! There's a reason you don't often see that attempted by a member of The Rave!

[Ryan turns back to his corner, and this time, Gunnar is there. He stands and stares.]

GM: Ryan Martinez doesn't look certain he wants to tag in Gunnar Gaines!

[Gunnar holds out his hand, ready to accept the tag.]

BW: See, I knew this team couldn't work together. They don't mix. Gunnar is a ring general who will do absolutely anything to win. Martinez only wants to win HIS way.

[Ryan breaks a smile and slaps the hand of Gaines!]

GM: Wrong, Bucky! Here comes Gunnar Gaines, and he's wasting no time!

[Shizz Dawg crawls toward his own corner, but Gunnar grabs an ankle and drags him back to the center of the ring.]

BW: Was that a tag attempt by Shizz Dawg? Obviously he's not right in the head.

[Gaines raises Shizz to his feet — then grabs him around the throat!]

GM: Gunnar is tired of these two clowns! He wants to end this right now!

[Gunnar lifts Shizz Dawg in the air and chokeslams him down all the way into the mat!]

GM: GRIZZLY SLAM! And that usually means it's over!

[The referee slides into position and counts ...]

GM: One! ... Two! ... Thr—no!

[Jerby Jezz has broken up the pin with an elbow drop off the top!]

GM: Unusual behavior we're seeing here from The Rave! They're doing unorthodox things we don't normally see them doing!

BW: I don't follow. Such as what?

GM: Well, like attempting to make tags and break up pins!

BW: I see what you mean. I'm just tossing out theories here, but I think they realize what's at stake in a match like this. They want to make a good showing and maybe earn a place in the Stampede Cup!

GM: That's something that's going to be up to the fans. And I think you're right. The Rave wouldn't normally get voted in by the fans, but by beating a team like Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines, maybe they can.

[Martinez is in the ring by now, pounding away at Jerby Jezz. Gunnar, meanwhile, frustrated, grabs Shizz Dawg by the wig, runs to the ropes, and tosses him right over. Ryan, taking note of this, does the same to Jerby Jezz.]

GM: The Rave are both tossed outside like yesterday's garbage!

[Ryan and Gunnar look at each other ... then outside at The Rave ... then back at each other. Gunnar jerks his forehead sideways at The Rave. Ryan nods in understanding.]

GM: Ryan Martinez with a baseball slide to the outside! And Gunnar Gaines with a flying shoulder through the ropes! Folks, we have a pier six brawl here! Martinez with a knee lift on Jerby Jezz! Gaines with a ground-and-pound on The Dawg!

[The referee counts! ... One! ... Two! ...]

GM: Martinez shoots Jerby Jezz to the ringpost, and he hits hard!

[... Three! ... Four! ... Five! ...]

GM: The Dawg with a knee to the groin on Gunnar Gaines, out of pure desperation!

[... Six! ... Seven! ...]

GM: Dawg preparing to roll back into the ring!

[... Eight! ...]

GM: No! Gunnar Gaines has him by the ankle!

BW: And Martinez has _him_ by the arm, trying to throw his partner back into the ring!

[... Nine! ...]

GM: And here comes Jezz!

[Running down the apron, Jerby Jezz takes a flying leap at the pack! Normally his 190 pounds wouldn't even budge the giant Gaines alone...but the element of surprise and the unstable nature of three men in a state of flux is enough to send all four men down in a heap on the floor, the referee left with no choice but to count to...]

[... Ten! DING! DING! DING! Phil Watson is quick to make the announcement.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, this match has been ruled a DOUBLE COUNTOUT!

GM: And it looks like *nobody* is going to win!

BW: Are you kidding me, Gordo? This was just starting to get good!

GM: The match is over, but by the looks of it these guys aren't through with each other yet!

[The four men resemble a giant slinky with a mind of it's own, Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg climbing on top of the much larger Gunnar Gaines to try and keep him down while he tries bucking them off, while Ryan Martinez attempts to pull off a Raver to deal with himself.]

[DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!]

GM: We've got a cadre of officials heading out here to try and break this up!

[Two men each drag a hot Raver kicking and screaming off of Gaines, while another two men stand in the way of a furious Ryan Martinez to block his advance.]

GM: This confrontation may be over for now, but there has been nothing at all settled between these four men.

BW: And I can't wait for the rematch at SuperClash!

GM: IF The Rave was telling the truth about that...and, for the first time in my life, I hope that they are! Fans, we've gotta get some control out here at ringside! Let's go back to the locker room area where I understand Jason Dane has tracked down another SuperClash competitor!

[We cut backstage where we find Jason Dane standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

JD: All right, AWA fans, I'm here to talk with the man who is considered the most popular wrestler in the AWA... in the time he's been here, he has had some legendary battles with some of the best in this promotion, but now, he's going to be teaming with somebody who I never thought I would ever see him team with. He's going to be joining forces with Sultan Azam Sharif at SuperClash... please welcome Supernova.

[With that, Supernova steps into the shot. He has his face painted yellow and black, he wears a pair of black pants and a Sgt. Pepper jacket, yellow with black trim.]

JD: Supernova, everyone in the AWA wants to know just what in the world would make you say that you would be willing to team up with a man who you had a fierce rivalry with... everyone remembers that Tower of Doom match and how the two of you waged war! Do you feel you can trust Sharif?

S: Jason, I know you've been wanting to dig deeper for answers, and I know it seems a little crazy that I would decide to team up with a man who, as you said, I waged a war against like few have seen before! But aside from the fact that some would say I'm a little crazy to begin with...

[A slight laugh.]

S: Everyone knows just how much I value the opportunities that the AWA has given to me and how much value I place on this promotion... and most of all, how much I love all the fans who support me and this great

organization, so I owe it to them to step forward and defend the honor of the AWA... an organization that a guy like Dave Cooper has done nothing but thumb his nose at, mocking everything this great company stands for, and I am not going to idly stand by and watch him continue to do that!

JD: So you are willing to put trust into a man who was once one of your biggest enemies just for the chance to get at Royalty?

S: Hey, Jason, again, I'm not denying the history Sharif and I have with each other... but he certainly gained a lot of respect from me when he dumped that excessive weight known as Count Adrian Bathwaite and stood up for what he truly believes in! More importantly, when I saw him issuing the challenges toward Mark Langseth, even as Bathwaite kept trying to talk him out of it, I could tell Sharif was very serious about what he wanted and that he took great offense to the actions of Royalty and the shenanigans they pulled against the AWA!

JD: Do you believe Sharif can find another man to stand alongside the two of you? There are, after all, many wrestlers who value the AWA just as much as you do... just as much as Sharif does... but thus far, nobody else has stepped forward.

S: The only thing I can say is that you'd have to ask Sharif... I told him that I'd trust him to find the right guy to stand by us, because I know just how serious he is about bringing Royalty to their knees and demonstrating that the AWA is not going to put up with their shenanigans any longer! There may be a few guys in the back who have other commitments at SuperClash, but I know there are plenty of other guys who would be more than happy to step forward and I'm confident somebody will be by our side when the time comes!

JD: But what about what Dave Cooper has been hinting at? He claims somebody in the AWA locker room is going to stand alongside Royalty come SuperClash. What if that man... would be you?

[And that causes Supernova to give a quick, hard stare in the direction of Jason Dane.]

S: Jason... on one hand, I know you've made it clear you want to get to the bottom of the situation... but on the other hand, you ought to know me better than that! So let me put it to you this way.

[He turns to the camera, an intense look on his face.]

S: The only team I'm going to be on at SuperClash is the team that is led by Sultan Azam Sharif! And I have no idea who Dave Cooper and Mark Langseth are gonna find to team with them... honestly, I doubt anybody in their right mind would even think about joining forces with those two... but I can most definitely assure you that, no matter what goes down, the only thing that will happen to Royalty at SuperClash is...

[Then his voice rises.]

S: THEY'RE GONNA FEEL THE HEAT!

[With that, Supernova cups his hands to his mouth and howls, then departs.]

JD: All right, ladies and gentlemen, Supernova declares that he's going to stand by Sultan Azam Sharif's side no matter what... certainly a pairing I never thought I would see, but the question is, just who will be the third member of that team? Back to you, Gordon and Bucky.

[Crossfade back to the announce team.]

GM: That certainly is a great question - who will be teaming with Sharif and Supernova to take on Royalty?

BW: You know what else is a great question? Who the heck is the third man gonna be for Royalty?

GM: Another excellent question and one we plan on discussing in some detail later tonight but right now, fans, let's talk about the Longhorn Heritage Title and this first ever Ladder Match that will take place at SuperClash between the current champion, Dave Bryant, and the challenger and former champion, Glenn Hudson! Let's go back several weeks ago and look at how this whole thing got started...

[We fade to footage marked "JULY 14TH" where Glenn Hudson has just successfully defended the Longhorn Heritage Title and is celebrating his victory.]

GM: Glenn Hudson is your winner and you've gotta think that there are a number of top contenders knocking on the door of the Championship Committee to get a shot at Hudson and the gold.

BW: And that list gets longer and longer with every person eliminated from the World Title Tournament, daddy.

GM: It certainly do- wait a second!

[Suddenly, someone dressed in a hooded sweatshirt has hopped the barricade, diving headfirst under the ropes into the ring...

...and as Hudson turns...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...he gets LEVELED with a superkick on the chin!]

GM: Good grief! What a kick!

BW: Who the heck is in the ring, Gordo?!

[The hood gets pulled back to reveal...]

GM: DAVE BRYANT!

BW: Haha! I love it, Gordo! The Doctor Of Love told the entire world back in Tampa that the AWA would regret it if they didn't give him a contract. He said that he'd be here to make an impact and judging by the way Hudson's head snapped back, he damn sure made an impact!

[Bryant stands over the motionless Hudson, whispering something to him.]

GM: What is he saying? What on Earth could he possibly- can we get some security out here, for crying out loud!

[And with that, Bryant reaches down, picking up Hudson's fallen title belt... ...and slowly raises it over his head.]

GM: These fans are really letting Bryant have it! He's got the title belt in his hands but- now, hold on!

[With a smirk and an eye towards the entrance where several AWA officials flanked by security have started making their way down the aisle to the ring, Bryant ducks through the ropes, dropping down to the floor...]

GM: Bryant's got the belt! He's still got the Longhorn Heritage Title!

[The Doctor Of Love hurdles the barricade, a big grin on his face as he jogs through the crowd towards the exit, cradling the title belt against his chest.]

GM: Dave Bryant is walking out of here! He's walking out of Jacksonville with a title belt that does NOT belong to him!

BW: He doesn't even work here! This is nuts!

[A few of the security guards opt to pursue Bryant through the crowd as a dazed Hudson slowly sits up, looking for his championship belt as the footage freezes...]

...and then fades to a shot of a slightly dingy room, most likely at some low-rent motel in a low-rent town. The picture suddenly jerks to the side, pointing at a table with a couple of empty chairs, a variety of screwdrivers and pliers, and most telling, the Longhorn Heritage championship belt. The person manning the camera walks around to one of the empty chairs and has a seat, and to the surprise of nobody, it turns out to be the "Doctor of Love" himself, Dave Bryant. Bryant's wearing pretty ordinary street clothes: a plain white t-shirt, blue jeans, plain sneakers, and a disgusting smirk a mile wide.]

DB: Well, hello there!

[Bryant salutes the camera and we cut a little deeper into the footage where Bryant jabs the belt's faceplate with the screwdriver, putting a nasty little gouge in it.]

DB: I'm not one to give a damn about Longhorn Heritage, but Glenn Hudson walking around carrying a championship title while I was left to beg at the door for whatever scraps the office was willing to hand me, well...let's just say that didn't sit well with me. Seeing a guy that I regarded as a walking joke waltz into a title match and win while I was getting hosed out of the World Title tournament by some broken down [BLEEP] with a grudge?

[Bryant slowly drags the screwdriver across the big plate, grinning. We're constantly cutting deeper into the footage now.]

DB: I want an iron-clad, long-term contract, and I want to be one of the AWA's best-paid employees.

[Bryant grins.]

DB: In case you wonder what iron-clad means, it basically means that I get carte blanche to do and to say whatever I want...oh, and that nobody gets to try to punish me for...borrowing...the Longhorn Heritage title belt here.

[Bryant eyes the championship with obvious disdain.]

DB: That last bit's the most important, really. I stole this piece of garbage to get people's attention, not because I wanted it. I stole it to make sure Glenn Hudson couldn't just pretend nothing had happened after I knocked him senseless. So...

[Bryant picks up a pair of needle-nosed pliers and, after a bit of effort, is holding one of the Longhorn Heritage title's secondary plates with the pliers.]

DB: You paying attention how, Hudson? You better get into Taylor's ear, Michaelson's, Stegglet's, whoever you can get ahold of in that joke of an office. You better talk fast and talk slick, Hudson, or, well...

[Bryant holds up the piece of the belt stuck in the pliers.]

DB: This belt's gonna be a hell of a lot lighter by the time you see it again.

[Bryant drops the pliers to the table and laughs. He's still laughing as he walks towards the camera, reaching out and shutting it off as we fade a little deeper - this time to footage marked "HOMECOMING" where Bryant is down on the mat as Glenn Hudson scales the turnbuckles.]

GM: Oh my stars! Glenn Hudson's gonna fly!

[The champ throws himself backwards into the air, floating through the sky...

...and CRASHING down across the chest of Bryant!]

BW: MOONSAULT OFF THE TOP!! THAT MIGHT DO IT!!

[Hudson clutches his ribs in pain before applying a cover, reaching for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[The crowd ERUPTS in surprise as Bryant slips a shoulder up!]

GM: NO! NO! BRYANT GETS A SHOULDER UP!!

[A bloodied Hudson pushes up to his knees, burying that crimson-covered face in his hands.]

GM: Hudson can't believe it! Glenn Hudson thought he had this won!

[Bryant again rolls away, trying to get out of the ring as Hudson pushes up to his feet, still looking shocked at Bryant's kickout. The cameraman swings around the ring to find the Doctor of Love, dazed and confused, seated on the ring apron as he reaches into the front of his trunks.]

GM: Wait a second! What the heck is Bryant doing here?!

[Hudson approaches from the blind side, pulling Bryant up by the hair, tugging him back into the ring...

...where Bryant slaps his hand away with his left hand, taking a wild swing with the right hand!]

BW: Hudson ducks the right hand!

GM: I think he's got something in his right hand!

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

[With Bryant off-balance, Hudson scoops him up onto his shoulders, swinging around with him draped there...]

GM: Hudson's got him up!

[Hudson pauses with a shout of "BLIND! VALLEY! DRIVER!" to a big cheer from the crowd...]

GM: Hudson's looking for the signature move of Bad Eye McBaine!

[Hudson walks out to the center of the ring, ready to drive Bryant's skull into the canvas...

...but the Doctor of Love slips out, landing on his feet behind Hudson...]

GM: NO!

[...and CRACKS Hudson on the jaw with his right hand, sending Hudson sailing backwards where he hits the ropes, stumbling off.]

GM: He's out on his feet after being hit with whatever's in his hand!

[Bryant quickly sets, turning his back and shoving the contents of his right hand back into his trunks...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CALL ME IN THE MORNING!!!

[Hudson collapses to the canvas after being hit with the devastating superkick, sprawling on the mat as Bryant lunges across his chest, reaching back to hook both legs!]

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE! GM: Unbelievable!

[Bryant instantly pushes up to his knees, shoving both arms into the air in triumph!]

GM: Dave Bryant has done it! By hook or by crook - with a loaded right hand and a devastating superkick - Dave Bryant has just won the Longhorn Heritage Championship!

[Bryant drops to his back, rolling out to the ramp. He promptly uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet, throwing his arms in the air again as the crowd jeers from all around.]

GM: Dave Bryant has struck gold here in the AWA!

[Another fade reveals footage from about a month ago where Glenn Hudson is standing atop a ladder, trying to retrieve the remnants of the Longhorn Heritage Title belt that Bryant has hung from the ceiling in a canvas bag.]

GM: Hudson starts to climb the ladder, right underneath the bag and the remnants of the Longhorn Heritage Title belt. He's about halfway up there now and-

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as Dave Bryant suddenly comes tearing into view!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: He was hiding by the ramp! Hudson walked right past him and didn't see him!

GM: Bryant's in the ring now and- NO!

[The crowd buzzes with concern as Bryant approaches the ladder, putting both hands on it, and gives a hard shove...]

GM: HE'S TRYING TO... HE'S GONNA... NOOOOOOOOOO!!

[The crowd ERUPTS in shock as the ten foot ladder topples over... ...and Glenn Hudson's body SLAMS violently into the canvas below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS!! MY STARS IN HEAVEN, WHAT DID HE JUST DO?!

BW: It was a trap! A setup! Dave Bryant lured Hudson in and then he lowers the boom on him, daddy!

GM: Glenn Hudson just got laid out in the middle of the ring at the hands of the Longhorn Heritage Champion, Dave Bryant!

[A sneering Bryant hoists the ladder back up, slowly climbing up it...]

GM: And now Bryant's all alone as he goes to retrieve the title from the rafters of the Crockett Coliseum!

[Bryant reaches the top of the ladder, reaching up...

...and tugs down the canvas bag!]

GM: He's got it! Bryant's got the bag with the belt in it!

[The Doctor of Love comes back down the ladder, smirking at the jeering crowd as he approaches the downed Hudson who is wincing in pain.]

GM: Get him away from Glenn Hudson!

[Bryant stands over him with a twisted grin.]

"This is MY belt... this is MY title... and you're NEVER getting it back!"

[Bryant punctuates his statement with a vicious stomp to the head before turning to exit the ring, walking back up the ramp down the aisle to the locker room.]

GM: Dave Bryant is walking out of here! He just violently assaulted Glenn Hudson, shoving him off a ten foot ladder, and now he's walking out of here with the Longhorn Heritage Title belt.

BW: BOTH belts, daddy! Dave Bryant just showed the world that HE'S the champion now and Glenn Hudson ain't nothin' but yesterday's news!

[The camera follows Bryant down the aisle as the crowd jeers him wildly. The Doctor of Love turns, holding both bags into the air one more time to antagonize a furious crowd as we fade again, this time to Jason Dane,

microphone in hand and accompanied by the former Longhorn Heritage champion, Glenn Hudson. Sporting a somewhat redundant AWA logo on his black t-shirt, the Australian rubs his hands together eagerly as Dane begins.]

JD: Folks, I'm here now with a challenger of one of the big three title matches that will be contested in just a few weeks at SuperClash. Glenn Hudson, on the last Saturday Night Wrestling, you confronted the Longhorn Heritage champion Dave Bryant and challenged him - and yourself - to make history. You returned from ringside with a ticket to do just that - taking on the "Doctor of Love" in the AWA's first ever Ladder Match!

[Hudson nods enthusiastically and cracks a satisfied grin.]

GH: Ask, and sometimes ye shall receive, Jason.

JD: Yes indeed. When you look at the events since Homecoming - Bryant luring you out with the remnants of the championship belt, pushing you off the ladder and taunting you with its symbolism. It seems almost poetic that this match has come about. What are your thoughts about this coming battle and the precedent it sets?

[The former champion takes a second as he considers his answer.]

GH: I've taken part in a lot of wild matches over the years.

[He counts them off on his fingers.]

GH: I've been in cage matches... falls-count-anywhere matches... stretcher matches... ironman matches... bunkhouse brawls... stretcher-counts-anywhere matches... but let me tell you, there's something uniquely exciting and uniquely dangerous when it comes to the ladder match. The goal, the prize is there in plain sight above you. All you've got to do is climb that ladder... rung by rung... and just grab it.

[Hudson snatches his figurative prize from the air in front of him, then continues towards the camera.]

GH: But it takes a lot to swallow your fears and focus on that goal. You beat the hell out of each other and then you see your opening, your opportunity. You begin that climb, but your legs are like lead. You can't understand why it takes so long just to... climb one ladder. The buzz of the crowd makes your head spin. You know your opponent is down there somewhere. You want to look down, but you've got to keep moving, up... and up.

[He pauses with a distant expression as he recalls past battles. A blink and he's back, turning towards Dane as he carries on.]

GH: Then it all goes pear-shaped. Something doesn't feel right. The prize suddenly starts to move further and further away, almost in slow motion. It's then you look down and realize... a hard landing rushes up to meet you. But that slow, drawn-out panic... That isn't even the worst part. The thing you've got to understand, when you're going down and that steel ladder's

coming down with you, there's no telling who'll win that race. You don't know what you might land on, or what might land on you. That steel... It can bludgeon. It can lacerate. It can impale, Jason.

[Hudson winces in anticipation, but can spare a smile.]

GH: The next time I step into the ring with Dave Bryant, all I can promise you is that it's going to be an ugly, difficult match to watch. But you won't be able to turn away, mate, because you won't want to miss a second.

[Dane takes all this in for a moment before asking his next question.]

JD: An undoubtedly hazardous match. It could just take one accident, one mishap to put someone on the bench or even out for good. You're both veterans trying to re-stake your claims in this business, but potentially you're risking everything at SuperClash. You're obviously mentally preparing for what's ahead. How do you think your opponent - the champion - is approaching this match?

GH: Let's be honest here, Dave Bryant and I are only just starting to hit our stride again. But like you say, one mishap and all that could go out the window. My career stands on the line. Bryant's career is on the line too, like it was at Homecoming. But you climb a ladder for a reason and no-one reaches the top in one piece. Dave knows this and he's desperate to make his mark one more time. Me? I'm not here in the AWA to stuff around either. I'm here to make history. Becoming the first two-time Longhorn Heritage champion on the biggest show of the year?

[Hudson considers this for a moment, then nods with certainty.]

GH: That sounds like history worth making.

[We fade away from a determined Glenn Hudson to one (1) Longhorn Heritage champion, "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant, who just happens to be standing in front of a big banner advertising SuperClash. Bryant's dressed in a nice, clean navy blue suit, expensive-looking shoes, tie, the whole kit and kaboodle. He also holds, somewhat negligently, the dingy canvas bag containing what's left of the Longhorn Heritage title. He's staring hard at the banner, and then he turns towards the camera.]

DB: So, I have a little bit of a confession to make.

[Bryant turns to glance at the SuperClash banner again, then turns back to the camera, chuckling.]

DB: I can't remember the last time I got to stand in front of a banner like this, or the last time I got to cut a promo talking about the "biggest show of the year", or about having a chance to "etch my name in the history books", and yet...

[Bryant smirks, raising the canvas bag above his head briefly.]

DB: Here I stand, preparing to defend a championship on the AWA's marquee show, with a chance not to just make history, but to erase history once and for all! Now, before you get upset, Hudson, let me just say this...when I talk about erasing history, I'm NOT talking about your precious Longhorn Heritage. I'm NOT talking about the shattered, broken bits of the title belt you were so proud to hold...

[Bryant shakes the bag briefly, then drops it.]

DB: I'm talking about my history. Mine! Maybe you're not familiar with it, but standing before you is a classic case, the man who has every tool anyone could ever need to become a big name in wrestling and manages to find every conceivable way in the book to screw it up! I had the charisma, I had the microphone skills, but most of all, I had more wrestling ability than nearly every single one of my supposed peers...

[Bryant sneers.]

DB: ...and just because I knew it and wasn't afraid to let them know just how much better I was, I was reviled, I was hated! If it'd just been the other chumps in the locker room, who gives a damn, right? Their jealousy wouldn't have held me back, wouldn't have done anything at all to keep me from achieving everything I had the potential to achieve. I would've been a household name, a World Champion ten times over...I would have been one of the biggest stars in the history of this great sport, a surefire Hall of Famer and a man whose name was uttered with respect throughout the wrestling world!

[Bryant's eyes are just a little bit wild, and he takes a deep breath.]

DB: But you see, Hudson, I didn't just piss off the locker room, I made enemies in the office. In fact, along with all of my other fine qualities, you could say that my greatest talent is just that -- finding the right buttons to push to make sure someone hates me forever. Like I said, when it was just my "fellow" wrestlers, no big deal, I could take that. As soon as I got on the wrong side of a road manager, someone in talent relations, or, say, a promoter...

[Bryant laughs.]

DB: Well, Glenn, that's when things went to hell in a hand basket, and because I didn't want to tone it down, because I was STILL so damned much better than everybody else I ever saw standing across from me in any ring, anywhere, I got ran out. Not just of one organization in the Great Lakes, or a certain Extreme promotion in California, but I got blackballed from the whole damned business, Hudson! It took a promotion desperate for real talent to fill a huge tournament field for me to even get a call back, and after that it took an even greater act of desperation for me to get signed to a contract! I'd recount the details of all that, but, well...

[Bryant kicks the canvas bag at his feet contemptuously.]

DB: I think you're all too familiar. You and I, Hudson, we're going to write ourselves an entirely new history. You? You get to add to a proud history, one filled with the accolades of your peers, one filled with joyous moments and an all-around hell of a time had wrestling all around the world. Me? I don't get to do that. I have to rewrite my own history in this business, Hudson, have to do something so drastic and so profound that it trumps all the bullshit that I was tangled up in before, something impactful enough to make the folks in the front office both forget how they ran me off and regret like hell the fact that they ever did!

[Bryant reaches down, scooping up the bag and shaking it.]

DB: So, up the ladder we go, Hudson, up the ladder, fighting for these last, broken pieces of Longhorn Heritage! You fight for the pride of the Longhorn Wrestling Council and all the men you fought and bled with in South Laredo, and deep down, I think I even respect you for it, Glenn. Me? I'm fighting for Dave Bryant! I'm fighting for MY history! I'm finally back in a place where I can TAKE what I should have been handed on a silver platter a decade and more ago, Hudson! I'm taking the fame, the fortune, the glory, I'm taking my rightful place in the annals of wrestling lore, but most of all, Hudson, I will take victory in the AWA's first ever ladder match, and here, in front of the wrestling world, I will tell you that there is not a damned thing you can do to stop me!

[Bryant abruptly storms away from the shot, which fades out...

...and straight to commercial where we fade into a high end gym. We see a man pumping iron at what appears to be an extremely expensive exercise machine. After catching a glimpse of the man, being in a gym this fancy, working on a machine that's almost as fancy, it's rather fitting. The man is former AWA, EMWC North American champion, and international wrestling superstar Jonas Olrikke.]

JO(voice over): We can't all be this beautiful.

[Olrikke finishes his workout, and a lovely young woman runs up to him, embracing him. The woman smells Olrikke, and smiles. She then turns to the camera, flashing what appears to be a blue and white stick of deodorant.]

Woman #1: Magnifika....

[Fade. Olrikke is dressed up in a \$5,000 suit, dancing a slow dance with another lovely young, dark haired woman. The woman is wearing a black dress. The pair look into each other's eyes, dancing to what appears to be Olrikke's theme song "Save A Prayer" by Duran Duran.]

JO(voice over): But we can all do our part to smell beautiful.

[The woman leans in, getting a good whiff. The woman then turns towards the camera, with a smile on her face, holding up a blue and yellow bottle of cologne.]

Woman #2: Magnifika....

[Fade. Olrikke is running some hair cream through his hair. Another fade, and he's splashing after shave on his face.]

JO(voice over): Whether you work hard, or play hard, you need that little extra something to maintain a competitive edge.

[Fade. Olrikke is playing tennis with intensity! Look! The hair on his head isn't moving! Fabulous! After returning a shot, Olrikke pumps his fists in victory.]

JO(voice over): Now in America, Europe's number one men's beauty products will keep you smelling and looking fresh 24 hours a day! Try it today!

[Yet another lovely young lady, who appears to have been his playing partner, runs up to him and gives him a hug. After running her hands through his hair and getting a good sniff, she grins and turns towards the camera, holding up a blue and yellow bottle of hair gel.]

Woman #3: Magnifika....

[Fade to black.

And then back up to footage marked "MOMENTS AGO" where Jason Dane is currently eclipsed by a giant Iranian flag. That can only mean one thing: Sultan Azam Sharif is there, draped in his reddish brown bisht, white kaffiyeh, and black agal. A few small black wisps of hair can be seen peeking out under the agal, and the face of the Sultan, with his weatherbeaten complexion and well-groomed mustache, conveys an angry look. He is being cheered, despite the Iranian flag.]

JD: Earlier tonight, Sultan Azam Sharif, your former manager came out here and claimed that he would lead P.W. de Klerk to victory against you tonight, ruining your match at SuperClash by injuring you. Your comments?

[Angrily, Sharif drops the flag and hurls his kaffiyeh to the mat as well.]

SAS: BATWAITE! DUKLOCK! You make biggest mistake of your life! You gonna say dot my family is no good? You would bettair off to jump in front of train! You tink dot you can say vatevah about peepell because of blood, because of skin, because of baleef? You can say it, but den you gonna find out vat consequence vas!

DuKlock! You might be from Sout AfrEca, un maybe in Sout AfrEca you are rough-tough. But I om from deh oldest country in deh vurld, deh best wrestling country in deh vurld, un in Iran ven a man made fun of your ancestairs, dot man is made to be humbail! DuKlock, tonight I make you humbail! Tonight, you gonna learn dot if you diddunt like somebody because

blood, because skin, because baleef... dot you shut up you face un show humilidy!

Or else you get put on you face, un you gonna hof to humbly osk somevun to help you, because your bock is broken!

Un Count Batwaite... REMEMBAH! You come to osk me to be your wrastlair! I diddunt come find you, you come to me, un now you tink you need ravenge? You talk good of my peepell for two year, un now you spit on my peepell ven I fire you? I vant you to eat your word. No.. I vant you to eat dese words:

IRAN! IRAN! IRAN NUMBAIR VUN!

[With that, the Sultan collects his flag and storms out to the cheers of the crowd as we fade back to live action where the announce team is standing.]

BW: I still can't believe they're cheerin' an Iranian in Texas. Who waves an Iranian flag an' yells that Iran is number one. It don't sit right.

GM: It feels strange, but Sharif doesn't hate our country; he just loves his own.

BW: Then why don't he stay there?!

GM: Sultan Azam Sharif wants to be the World Champion to make his people proud, but before that he has to settle with Royalty at SuperClash. And before THAT, he has to deal with Colonel De Klerk here tonight. Count Bathwaite knew just what buttons to press on his former client, too... before tonight, Sharif was monomaniacally focused on Royalty. But now...

BW: He's distracted! Adrian's a genius.

GM: You could be right. Bathwaite may have just laid down a master stroke of strategy on Sharif. We may find out later tonight but right now, we are going to take you to previously recorded footage from this past Wednesday night when the AWA hit the scene in Frisco, Texas for what was supposed to be a tune up match for Hannibal Carver leading into SuperClash IV. Things took an interesting turn when Miss Sandra Hayes interrupted Hannibal Carver and, well, let's just roll the footage.

[Quick jump cut in the feed and the screen re-opens on Phil Watson standing in the ring.]

PW: Tonight's contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my right... from Leicestershire, England... weighing in at 155 pounds... Colin "Bomber" Harris!

[Phil gestures to his left, where a scrawny and pale man clad in a red and white singlet and white wrestling boots raises his hands, interlocking them over his head to very little reaction.]

BW: Well, he's a five pound bag of nothing, isn't he?

GM: He may not look like much, but we hear he has quite an impressive record in the amateur ranks in England... and it's always great to see a little international flavor!

BW: Says you.

[The response from the crowd increases in volume as Clutch's "Milk Of Human Kindness" plays over the P.A.]

BW: Oh boy, tell the guys in white coats to get their net ready!

PW: And his opponent... hailing from South Boston, Massachusetts and weighing in at 260 pounds...

HANNIBAL CARVER!!

[Carver forgoes his usual leisurely stroll down the aisle, charging towards the ring at top speed. The ref, seeing where this is going, quickly calls for the bell as Colin is still in the midst of doing stretches in the corner.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Somebody might want to tell that kid he's a good five seconds away from the worst beating of his life.

GM: And indeed, the one to do him that favor is Carver himself! The madman from South Boston shouting at this youngster to turn around...

BW: Oof, so much for his career.

GM: Colin springs to action... right into a Hannibal Carver lariat!

[Carver puts the boots to "Bomber", stomping him in the chest unmercifully. He relents, only to begin pulling Colin back up by the left strap of his singlet, peppering Harris' face with a series of STIFF shots.]

BW: Hey nutcase, this is a wrestling match not a street fight!

GM: I have a feeling anytime you get inside that squared circle with Carver, it's both! Hannibal has a lot of built up frustration right now and I imagine that no matter who you put in front of him right now is irrelevant as all he sees is the face of Terry Shane III and that's not good news for the young Englishman.

[Carver grunts at the ref's admonishment of using a closed fist, and finally picks Colin fully off the canvas and fires him into the corner.]

GM: Reversal by Colin Harris, as Carver gets sent into the turnbuckles instead!

BW: That's showing him! A professional wrestler will ALWAYS beat some punk from the streets.

[Colin charges at Carver, forearm raised as Carver shakes the cobwebs loose.]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!

[And big shocked reaction from the crowd as Carver catches him, throwing him into the corner with a t-bone suplex!]

BW: Jeez, I've seen oriental rugs that spent less time laying on the floor than this kid!

GM: Carver going back to what worked before, stomping away at a dazed Harris... who is still upside down in that corner! The ref lays a count on Carver, trying to allow the youngster from England a few moments to breathe.

[The crowd begins to buzz.]

BW: And I can't believe it, Carver is actually backing off! Maybe he has a soul after all.

GM: I don't think he's backing off for the sake of the "Bomber" from England, he sees what everyone else in the arena has just realized and that is that we've got some company!

BW: The Siren is in the house!

GM: Indeed. Miss Sandra Hayes, the hench...woman...I guess you could say for Terry Shane III has paid Hannibal Carver a visit, branding iron in tow!

[Carver mouths off something to Hayes who flashes a coy smile which sparks a fire in the madman as he gestures to her as he climbs to the second rope and leaps off... crashing down with a double knee drop to Harris.]

BW: Looks like he is sending a message to Miss Hayes to pass on to the Salience.

GM: Carver with an aggressive cover, and that HAS to be all... no! Harris had the presence of mind to get his foot up on the rope!

[Miss Hayes applauds the Bomber as Carver fires up to his feet with a look of disgust, and climbs up to the second rope once again. He waits as "Bomber" slowly gets to his feet.]

GM: Hayes is up on the ring apron! She's taunting Hannibal Carver with his own branding iron that she stole from him!

BW: Stole is a bit --

GM: No, she definitely stole it from him.

BW: Well, yes.

GM: Carver taking too much time as he measures him up and... no! Colin catches him with a quick shot to the breadbasket!

BW: You mean gut. Or burger depository.

GM: My broadcast colleague's thesaurus-like vocabulary aside, that may well have changed this match entirely! Carver is stunned, and Colin takes advantage with a series of forearm shots to the side of Hannibal's head! Miss Hayes is gallivanting around like a little girl in a bounce house.

[With the big man staggered, Colin plays up to the crowd, pointing to his bicep as he runs to the ropes.]

GM: Colin "Bomber" Harris to the ropes, perhaps looking for a lariat of his own--

[BIG reaction from the crowd as Carver quickly sidesteps the charging Harris, grabbing the attacking arm.]

GM: Boston Strangler! Carver has it locked in!

BW: Fight it! Don't give this bum the satisfaction!

GM: Hayes! Miss Sandra Hayes is in the ring!

[Despite Bucky's pleas and Miss Hayes' presence, Harris taps immediately, face twisted in incredible pain.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Your winner by way of submission...

HANNIBAL CARVER!!

BW: Bah!

GM: Hayes is wielding the branding iron with bad intentions -- wait! Carver sees her! And Miss Hayes is in a world of trouble!

[Miss Hayes back pedals away from Hannibal Carver, waving frantically for him to back away as she tucks the branding iron behind her back. Carver waves his index finger and shakes his head as he narrows in on the Siren.]

BW: He can't hit a lady!

GM: That is no lady, that is one of the most twisted women we've seen in this business in quite some time!

[Just as Carver inches closer the crowd buzzes once more as Terry Shane III slides through the bottom rope on the far side of the ring.]

GM: It's Shane! Terry Shane III is charging in from behind!

BW: Get him! Send him back to the land of flaming tables!

[Shane lunges towards Hannibal Carver who at the last possible moment spins on his heels, catching Terry Shane III with his right hand and wrapping it around the Salience's neck. The crowd erupts into a frenzy as Carver forces Shane into the center of the ring.]

GM: MY STARS! How did he see him coming! Carver's got a second set of eyes and right now all four of them are dead-set on finishing what he started two months ago when these two first met up!

BW: That's an illegal choke hold! Do something ref!

GM: This isn't even a match, there's nothing Shane can do to get out of this position!

[Shane pleads just as Miss Hayes did moments ago for Carver to snap out of this possessed state of mind but Carver cracks the sickest of grins as he reaches out with his left hand and shoves into the arm pit of Shane. Within a split second he peels him off of the canvas, hoisting him up into the air...]

GM: What is the madman going to do?!

[But Carver's assault is cut off when another person hits the ring, attacking Carver from the blind side and forcing him to put Shane harmlessly back down to the mat.]

GM: OH MY! ALPHONSE GREEN! ALPHONSE GREEN JUST ATTACKED HANNIBAL CARVER FROM BEHIND!

BW: Yes! Lay the boots to him!

GM: Shane is gasping for air as he lands safely back on his feet and Miss Hayes is jumping out of those five inch heels as Alphonse Green hammers away at Hannibal Carver!

[Shane regains his composure and shouts out to Green who continues to stomp Carver down to all fours. Miss Hayes begins parading around the ring, branding iron over her head, as once Carver is down Shane jumps in to assist and begins driving his boots into the back of Carver as well.]

GM: What a coward! Terry Shane III waited until Green had Carver down before he jumped in! This is not looking good for Hannibal Carver right! Somebody has got to stop this!

[If on cue, the crowd springs to their feet, shouting at the arrival of a familiar face.]

GM: November! Longtime Carver colleague November is on his way down to the ring!

[November sprints down the aisle and dives underneath the bottom rope. He instantly smashes his forearm into the skull of Terry Shane III and drives him into the corner. November darts forward, somersaulting forward with and spiking his heel into the gut of Shane who doubles over in pain.]

GM: November with a much needed save! He's climbing up to the top rope! We've seen him fly before, Terry Shane III is at his mercy!

[Through the crowd a familiar face leaps over the guardrail and slides into the ring. The man instantly dashes towards November, dead leaping up to the top rope much like he did last week at Saturday Night Wrestling.]

GM: What in the-?!

BW: Skywalker Jones! He's got him hooked up!

[Jones hooks his arms around November's torso...

...backflips...

...sending both men up and over, crashing into the mat...]

BW: WITNESS! TO! GREATNESS! HE CONNECTED AGAIN! NOVEMBER IS LAID OUT!

[Jones holds his hands in celebrating over his head, one upping his arch nemesis but before he can celebrate much longer he is sent flying to the outside.]

GM: It's Staley! Chris Staley coming to the aid of November once more! All hell is breaking loose! My god, here comes the artillery!

[As Staley lunges for Alphonse Green he doesn't notice Percy Childes standing on the ramp with Grant Stone and Nenshou flanking him at his sides. With a point of the finger Stone and Nenshou make a mad dash for the ring. The Unholy Alliance members instantly pounce on Staley. It's at this moment that crowd goes into an absolute frenzy.]

GM: LYNCH! MARLEY! BACK UP HAS ARRIVED!

BW: I think I'm going to need some more popcorn for this.

[Travis Lynch dives into the right side of the ring, Rick Marley dives into the left...the two of them leap to their feet and attack the Unholy Alliance members, exchanging punches toe to toe.]

GM: Steal The Spotlight is starting a week early, all ten members of this match are in the ring and this just shows you how much this opportunity means to every single one of them! None of them are going to let the other team gain a competitive edge!

BW: Nenshou is chopping the living daylights out of Travis Lynch but Travis isn't backing away! He's firing back with some good ole boy haymakers of his own!

GM: And Hannibal Carver is back to his feet! He's got Terry Shane III by the collar and he heaves him over the top rope! Shane is down and out on the outside and he falls right on top of Skywalker Jones!

[Marley now has Alphonse Green at his mercy as he tilts Green's head up by his chin right before he lays a picture-esque drop-kick right into his jaw that sends the King of the Battle Royal over the top rope where he subconsciously latches his right arm around the rope and it gets tied up between the middle and top rope, leaving him hanging inches off the ground.]

BW: That man just refuses to ever be thrown out of a ring.

[After eliminating Shane from the ring, Carver is attacked from behind by Grant Stone. But before Stone can gain much of an edge Chris Staley again comes to the rescue and the two of them begin trading blows as they back Grant Stone against the ropes. In unison, Carver and Staley flash across the ring, hitting the ropes, bouncing back...

...and clotheslining Grant Stone out of his boots and sending him tumbling over the top rope.]

GM: MY STARS! STONE JUST FLEW OUT OF THE RING! Nenshou is all alone! Lynch! Marley! Staley! Carver! They've all got Nenshou in their sights!

[Nenshou unleashes a flurry of attacks, thrusting his palm into the midsection of Hannibal Carver...thrust kick into the chest of Rick Marley...back heel kicking Travis Lynch...chopping Chris Staley across the chest.]

GM: I can't believe what I'm seeing! Nenshou is fighting off the assault! But for how long!

BW: Not much longer if Hannibal Carver has any say about it! Carver with a wicked right hook! He rocks Nenshou!

[Nenshou tries to fight forward but the numbers catch up to him as Lynch, Marley, Staley, and Carver all enclose on him, battering him with a barrage of punches and kicks before Travis Lynch eventually flips him to the outside.]

GM: Shane is down! Grant Stone is down! Nenshou is down! Green... well he's still hanging on for dear life with his right arm trapped in-between the

middle and top rope! In the middle of it all is Skywalker Jones and he's trying to help the cavalry back to their feet!

[Inside the ring Carver, Lynch, Marley, and Staley all step aside... the crowd buzzes as the high flying enigma shakes off the cobwebs and pulls himself up to his feet.]

GM: He can't be thinking --

BW: Oh he's thinking it all right!

[Jones, back turned away from the ring, continues to pull each man up one by one, but as he does so November leans into the far ropes...charges forward....and leaps...

...sailing over a hanging Alphonse Green...

...flipping...

...twisting...

...and crashing down onto the pile of wrestlers on the outside...]

GM: OH MY STARS, BUCKY! NOVEMBER JUST_LAID OUT_TEAM JONES! PANDEMONIUM HAS STRUCK FRISCO, TEXAS!

BW: I wouldn't believe it if I didn't see it with my own eyes!

[The camera holds on the pile of bodies on the floor as the men inside the ring celebrate their triumph...

...and we crossfade to footage that says "EARLIER TODAY." Before an AWA banner stands a pale, raven haired wrestler of some renown. His hair falling in front of his face, the moody cruiserweight nods in knowing. November wears a black jacket over a black shirt, his complexion looking most ghostly in contrast. His fingers are steepled in front of his chest, index fingers tapping. He doesn't look up as he speaks, his voice kept low and quiet. Contemplative even.]

N: Here we stand, days before one of the biggest wrestling events in the world today. Days before the flagship show sets sail. Here we stand and today... it's as a team. Today, it's not just me standing up here, talking about Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds. It's not just me talking about how I cannot wait to get my hands around his neck. It's not just me standing here, espousing the beating I am about to deliver.

[His voice picks up a register in volume.]

N: It's not just me talking about SuperClash and Skywalker Jones! IT'S NOT JUST ME HERE...

...because today, I'm not alone.

[Back to the strange, eerie drawl.]

N: No. Today I have a team of men with similar wants and needs. They too are about to step onto a giant stage, under a giant spotlight and cast their rights out to the world. These are men, who like me, get to air their grievances in a most physical fashion. It's the five of us, against the five of them, at SuperClash, ready to Steal the Spotlight. Isn't that right, Chris Staley?

[Staley steps into frame. He's wearing his trademark leather jacket with an old EMWC Redemption shirt on underneath. He nods at November and starts to speak.]

CS: Before I get down to business, let me address a question some people have been asking me. They've been saying "Hey, Chris, you were the first man to declare your intentions on entering the Steal the Spotlight match. How come you're not captain of your team?"

[Staley shrugs.]

CS: Hey, as much of an honor as it would've been, it makes no difference to me.

[Staley chuckles.]

CS: Besides, November beat me in the World title tournament. I think he's more than earned it.

[Staley looks down at his shirt.]

CS: It's interesting that I always invoke Redemption, because, really, you could call this Team Redemption. We all have our reasons for redeeming ourselves. For instance, two weeks ago, me and November had an almost certain victory stolen from us at the hands of that idiot with the microphone. You know my backstory by now, and what redemption means to me. Heck, I still don't have a full-time contract. Hannibal wants his branding iron back from that loud jezebel. Are you starting to sense a theme here?

[Staley snarls.]

CS: It would seem that our opponents can't get anything done without assistance. Skywalker has TWO guys doing his dirty work for him, Shane has the skirt, and you know the other guys won't go anywhere without that manipulative scumbag Percy Childes. Not to mention Nenshou has that nasty mist that can come from out of nowhere.

[Staley points a finger at the camera.]

CS: Well, as far as I'm concerned, you can bring the whole circus with you, and it won't matter. Your egos will eat you apart. Not one of you can stand the fact that, at some point, somebody else will be in the ring showing off.

[Staley points at November with one hand and his three remaining off-screen partners with the other.]

CS: I would walk through the fires of hell itself with these four men at my side, and it seems that, at SuperClash, we may have to do just that. And after we take care of you? Well...

[Staley looks around at his partners with a raised eyebrow.]

CS: ...I guess the only thing to say is "May the best man Steal the Spotlight."

[Staley chuckles and steps back into line.]

N: For a lot of us it IS about redemption and that very word can drive a man to some extremes. Think of everything we've been through in our careers. The men we've fought, the battles we've bled in. Passion igniting tears. Steal the Spotlight gives us all a chance to get to the very pinnacle each one of us, including this next man deserves.

[Travis Lynch smiles broadly for a few moments.]

TL: I know, I know. It's been a while since I've stepped foot inside the squared circle of the AWA.

[November nods, as if in agreement with the youngest of the Lynch boys.]

TL: But I needed some time to lick my wounds and get my head back on right cause being in the ring with William Craven just haunts a man, and I'm sure Rick Marley could attest to that.

[Travis rubs invisible wounds, nodding his own head.]

TL: There was no way though that I was going to miss SuperClash, not with Jack and Rob once again getting the chance to put the fifteen pounds of AWA tag team gold around their waists ...

[Staley claps in agreement.]

TL: But more importantly I wasn't going to miss the night that James returns to the AWA!

[Travis grins ear to ear for the return of his brother.]

TL: When James told Jack and myself that he wanted to be at ringside to watch big Ol' Rob and Jack wrest the AWA National Tag Team Championship Belts from the Bishops ... well I decided right there that I was ready to step back into the ring. So I got on the horn with the AWA Championship Committee and told them I needed some action!

[Travis pauses as he looks at both November and Chris Staley for a moment.]

TL: And they told me that I could step into the ring at SuperClash in the Steal The Spotlight match! A smile came across my face as they told me I would be teaming with November, Chris Staley, Hannibal Craver and Rick Marley. I mean the sheer amount of talent these four men possess is well .. you've all seen it night in and night out. Then they said that across the ring from us would be Skywalker Jones, Terry Shane, Nenshou, Grant Stone and Alphonse Green ... and well I was happier than a pig in ... well you the know rest. You see all I've been hearing is how great talents these five men are, how they are the future of the industry ...

[He pauses.]

TL: Almost as if they have forgotten who I am! Dallas' favorite son!

[Travis pauses again.]

TL: No disrespect intended to my partners at all. Cause all of them have made a name for themselves in this business as well but it's about high time people remember who I am! When that bell sounds and the war begins I've got each of your backs ...

[He looks directly at November and Chris Staley as he says the last sentence and nods as he does so.]

TL: But when the dust settles I hope it's the Claw of the Lynches that is raised high in victory!

[Carver, smoking a cigar, nods sternly and exhales a puff of smoke. He stares directly at the camera and begins to speak, stogie in between his first and forefinger of his left hand as he moves into frame.]

HC: Dreams of glory, of taking that step to the last rung on the ladder of success in this sport. With some of the names standing before yeh, yeh'd think the time for that was long past. Each of us has made his name and then some over the blood-soaked years.

[He shakes his head, left to right.]

HC: Yeh'd be wrong. It never stops being an uphill battle, no matter whether yer the champ or the kid selling programs. Like I said the first time I appeared on AWA television, war never changes. Each of us is here, for one thing... to steal that spotlight, and in more ways than one. Winning that match means yeh can write yer own ticket, climb that ladder by leaps and bounds instead of just step after shaky step.

[He pauses to take another puff off his cigar.]

HC: Each of us, that is... but me.

[November shoots Carver a quizzical glance as Hannibal continues.]

HC: That might strike yeh as odd, seeing how I've come out here lately talking about respect. Respect for the company that writes yer checks, respect for the men that've come before yeh and made their mark. And don't get anything I'm saying twisted... I respect the fact this is one helluva chance. But at SuperClash, it isn't about making my mark in this company. It ain't about moving up. It's only about one thing.

[Sneers.]

HC: Taking a snot-nosed punk to school. Terry, as much as yer daddy did for this sport... it's clear he never knocked the sense the good lord gave yer average squirrel into yeh like he should've. In Los Angeles next week, I correct that mistake for him. I'm sure as hell gonna take the switch to yeh... and where there was a time a red fanny'd suffice, now I've got no choice but to lay a beating on yeh that'll be legendary in hell.

War never changes, Terry... and yer about to be a casualty.

[The camera cuts over to "Showtime" Rick Marley. The dark haired cruiserweight is wearing a green button up silk shirt, a pair of black dress pants and sunglasses as he smiles into the lens.]

RM: The Steal the Spotlight match is about one thing and one thing only: Opportunity. This is a match that opens doors for people...it gives every guy that steps into the squared circle the chance to put on the sort of clinic that makes people sit up and take notice.

It provides every competitor with what might be their best chance to stand up and grab that brass ring...

...to leapfrog over guys that have been getting more attention than them..

....that are more established than them...

...all it takes is this one opening...and that's why we're here.

This match is all about business. I have every one of these guys' backs, and I know that they've got mine. It's not out of a sense of cheerleading.

It's not a good guy versus bad guy thing.

Hell, it's not even a matter of pride.

[Marley pauses, his smile melting off of his face.]

RM: So don't expect a lot of smiling. There won't be any baby kissing, and if you're looking for a lot of flash for the sake of flash, you're barking up the wrong tree.

There's only one reason to be out there on Thanksgiving night, and that's to prove that you have what it takes to lay down the other guys for the three count.

This is about taking care of business...and that's just what we're going to do out there...

And you can take that to the bank.

[The camera pans out to show all five men in alliance before the AWA banner.]

N: There you have it. The line has been drawn in the sand, gents. Us five, you five. At SuperClash, the biggest show on earth, may the best man win... no...

...may the best man Steal the Spotlight.

[We hold on the determined fivesome before fading to black...

...and then back up to a black screen.]

V/O: The following has been paid for by the Aces.

[We open to the Aces standing against a white backdrop that reads "Boycott the Stampede Cup" in bold, black letters. "Sweet" Steven Childes and "Delicious" Daniel Tyler are decked out in their wrestling attire.]

SC: For the past year, the AWA has seen fit to deny the Aces their rightful shot at the National Tag Team Titles.

DT: So this year, the greatest tag team in the world... past, present, and future... a sure-fire inductee team into the 2013 Hall of Fame... "Sweet" Steven and "Delicious" Daniel... the Aces, are asking ALL of the tag teams in wrestling to join us in our endeavor to boycott the Stampede Cup.

SC: We know not every team agrees with our disposition. We know not every team can be as great as the Aces. Tag teams are a unique breed in the sport of professional wrestling. With the Championship Committee continuing to deny us our rightful shot. This INJUSTICE against the Aces is an injustice against ALL of the tag teams the world over!

DT: We've petitioned the Championship Committee, but they've refused to even acknowledge their wrong doing. They've cited our "leaving for Japan" as the Aces giving up our rightful shot. We were FORCED to prove a point after Jim Watkins continually overlooked what the Aces were rightfully owed. This slight against the Aces is a slight against ALL tag teams and tag team wrestling in general.

SC: Tag teams of the world, join the Aces in boycotting the Stampede Cup. Join the Aces as we force the Championship Committee in admitting their

wrong-doing in this. UNITE your voice with ours, and let's show that the voice of tag teams can be heard in the sport of professional wrestling.

DT: Thank you.

[Fade out.

And then back up to live action where Phil Watson is standing in the ring.]

PW: This next contest is scheduled for one fall. In the ring at this time, from Anderson, South Carolina, weighing in at a total combined weight of 365 pounds, Andy and Will, THE BLUE BROTHERS!

[The pasty white dumplings of the AWA raise their arms to little reaction.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The upbeat French rock music "Compter Les Corps" by Vulgaires Machins blares through the sound system, signifying the entrance of Rene Rousseau. But this is not a handicap match!]

PW: From Montreal, Quebec, Canada, and Portland, Maine respectively, at a total combined weight of 448 pounds, Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet, THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

[Both men emerge side by side, all smiles, slapping hands of the girls SCREAMING in delight at this extremely handsome team on either side of the entranceway of the cozy WKIK Studios. Rene wears a white jacket with blue lettering, and Chris wears a blue jacket with white lettering. On the front lapel is a design of crossed Quebec and State of Maine flags, and on the back is a larger version of the flags taking up the bottom two thirds of space, with the top dedicated to script lettering "Northern Lights" stitched in the opposite color of their jacket. Both men wear tights matching their jackets, Rene's being all white, and Chris wearing a pair of bright blue trunks with white striping down the sides and the waistband.]

GM: Well fans, that big win that youngster Chris Choynet picked up on our last show caught the eye of the veteran Rene Rousseau, and just like that we have a new tag team, Bucky!

BW: Really, Gordo? The three-time Canadian champion couldn't find anyone better than a guy with one fluke win to team with?

GM: I think that he sees what I see, a young wrestler with a great deal of potential! Our cameras caught up with them just before they came out, and this is what they had to say!

[While the Northern Lights make their way in to the ring to remove their jackets and prepare for the match, the upper right corner of the screen features Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet standing in front of an AWA backstage set.]

RR: I am veryhappy to announce ze new tag team in ze AWA, with my partner Chris Choisnet! [being a French Canadian, of course _he_ can pronounce it correctly!]

CC: Thank you so much, Rene! I've still got a lot to learn, but that's okay, because Rene has an awful lot to teach me!

RR: Chris is ze very smart man. He will make mistakes, but he won't make ze same mistake twice! And I believe zat very quickly we shall become very strong tag team!

CC: We've got big dreams and big goals, and the first one is a birth in the Stampede Cup. So fans, sit back, and enjoy

RR & CC: The Northern Lights!

[Both men smile and do a double fist pump to the camera, as the inset shot fades away, and the attention is turned back to the ring, where the match is set to begin.]

[DING! DING!]

GM: And it looks like Chris Choisnet and Andy Blue here to start things off.

BW: What a pompous windbag that Chamois is, talking about getting to the Stampede Cup before they even wrestle their first match!

GM: *Every* team should aspire to be in the most prestigious tag team tournament in the world today! Collar and elbow tie-up, go behind, nice rollup by Choisnet! One...two...kickout by Andy Blue. Chris up and around first, sunset flip! One...two...and another kickout! Both men up, Choisnet takes him over AGAIN and hooks in a nice deep armdrag!

BW: Sinead does look inspired out there tonight. As he should, as he's really overachieved in the tag team partner department.

GM: Andy Blue working his way to his feet. He dips in...nice pick up, bodyslam...Choisnet holds on! He got slammed, but he never let go of that arm bar, and he's right back where he started.

BW: He got slammed so many times by CSR last time that he should be the master of bodyslam counters by now!

GM: Choisnet, back to his feet on his own accord, and he makes the tag to Rene Rousseau.

[As Choisnet keeps the arm bar cinched in, Rousseau climbs to the top rope, and dives down with a double axehandle to the shoulder of Andy Blue, who howls in pain! Rousseau goes back to the arm, giving it a twist for good measure.]

GM: As Bucky mentioned, Rousseau a former three-time Canadian champion, and he did have a very notable match with then Longhorn Heritage champion Nenshou, but otherwise success has been hard to come by in the AWA for Mr. Rousseau, so perhaps this tag team will be a chance for a fresh beginning.

BW: It just goes to show the caliber of talent here in the AWA, Gordo. But I don't know about this decision of his.

[Backing Andy Blue into the ropes, Rene pushes off and sends Andy towards the far ropes, while Rene runs towards the opposite ropes. Both men bounce off at the same time, and as they meet again in the center with a leaping necktie clothesline, sending both men hard to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my stars! Rene Rousseau leaped forward and got literally his entire body weight into that clothesline!

BW: You don't see a lot of men that can do it like that, Gordo! I'm not this pretty boy's biggest fan, but I do admit that he knows his way around the ring!

GM: Rene pulling Andy Blue back up, back to the ropes, near his own partner, and he does tag in Choynet! Rene throws Andy into the far side, nice drop toe hold! And an elbowdrop by Choynet! Nice teamwork there!

[After the elbow drop, Choynet cinches in with a side headlock.]

BW: Rousseau did all of the work! Saw Knave just fell on a stationary object!

GM: Chris Choynet certainly held his own there. Andy Blue again trying to make his way to his feet hands up and..whoa! Rake of the eyes of Choynet! And Andy Blue finally able to make the tag to his brother Will!

BW: Ha! Here's the Chaw Vain coming out!

GM: Bucky, we both know that you can pronounce his name correctly!

BW: "Can" and "have the desire to do" are two different things, Gordo!

GM: Meanwhile, Will Blue has been *hammering* Chris Choynet with a series of kicks and punches, and he's got him down to one knee. He drags him into his own corner, and here's the tag to Andy!

[Andy Blue comes in, and delivers a series of shoulder blocks to the grounded Choynet. Briefly cut back to a shot of a concerned Rene Rousseau reaching out for a futile tag, before returning to the Blue Brothers double team. Andy once again tags in Will, then backs up to the center of the ring. Will comes in, grabs his brother by the arms, and whips him hard into Choynet, connecting with a hard assisted shoulder block!]

GM: And The Blue Brothers showing some sustained offense here!

BW: When have you ever seen *that* before? Why not invite the Blue Brothers into the Stampede Cup?

GM: Highly unlikely!

BW: How have they even managed to stay in the AWA so long? They must have a strong connection somewhere. But *who*?

[Will Blue tags his brother Andy back in. Feeling their oats, they double whip Choynet into the ropes and attempt a sloppy double dropkick...but nobody is home, as Chris Choynet hooks both arms into the ropes to stop himself!]

GM: There is the chance that Choynet was waiting for! Chris needs to make a tag here...and there it is! Rene Rousseau in the ring, and he is a house of fire!

[As the fans, particularly the female ones, come alive, a fresh Rousseau springs over the top rope into the ring, picking up both Blues, and crashes their heads together with a double nogginknocker! After grabbing the illegal Blue and throwing him over the top rope to the floor, he turns his attention to Andy.]

GM: Gutwrench suplex by Rousseau!

BW: Not a sheer power move like Sharif does it, he used leverage well there!

GM: Rene looking over to his partner, and Chris wants the tag! And Rousseau obliges!

BW: That could be a mistake, Gordo!

GM: It could be a design to get his partner more experience! Choynet picking up Andy Blue, hoisting him on his shoulders...airplane spin!

BW: Don't go pulling an Imbrogno, we only have two hours on the air!

GM: Seven, eight....eight revolutions topped off with a *huge* slam off that Fireman's Carry!

BW: Alright Slaw Boy, you did something right, now *cover* him!

GM: I think that the Northern Lights have something else in mind! Another tag in to Rene Rousseau!

[Sending Andy Blue into the ropes, Rousseau lines up behind his partner. Catching the returning Andy Blue, Choynet hits a high backdrop...and Rousseau is waiting to catch the legs during the fall...and in one swift motion turns him over!]

GM: Backdrop into the Quebec Crab! Beautiful maneuver! Andy Blue has no choice but to sub...and Will Blue with the save from behind!

BW: How did that happen, Gordo! Why didn't So Plain prevent that!?

[Cut to a shot of a sheepish Chris Choynet standing on the apron, still torn as to whether or not to enter the ring.]

GM: Well, you are supposed to get out of the ring before a count of five, so he was technically doing the right thing.

BW: Technically my left eyeball, Gordo! Above all you protect your partner, you do not leave him out there high and dry!

GM: I'm actually inclined to agree with you, Bucky. It was a rookie mistake, but like his partner said, I doubt that he'll make it again.

[On the other hand, The Blues are completely ignoring the referee, pounding Rousseau with a series of forearm to the back. Trying their luck again, they whip Rousseau into the ropes and attempt a double clothesline...but Rousseau ducks under...and on the rebound, meets them *both* with a clothesline of his own!]

GM: And it looks like Choynet will have a chance to correct his own mistake.

[Rousseau reaches in to tag an eager Chris Choynet. As Rousseau whips Andy Blue into the ropes, they line up in the reverse of their previous double team maneuver, with Choynet standing behind Rousseau. Rene catches Andy with a backdrop of his own, but his is done with much less power, failing to flip Andy Blue over, leaving him upside down vertical and bent in the air...

...but this is by design, because Chris Choynet rushes in and, while catching the falling Blue on the head and the back of his knee, falls back with his prey!]

GM: BACKDROP...INTO A CRADLE SUPLEX! Mickey Meekly in position... ONE...TWO...THREE!

[DING! DING! DING!]

BW: And Rene Rousseau takes out Will Blue before he can make another save! *That* is how you work as a tag team, Chrissy!

GM: I think he knows that now, Bucky!

PW: The winners of this match, THE NORTHERRRRN LIIIIIGHTS!

["Compter Les Corps" plays over the fans cheers as Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet hug in the center of the ring. After the embrace, Rene says a few words to his partner, who looks down with his hands on his hips and bites his lip, acknowledging his mistake. But Rousseau quickly pats Choynet

on the shoulder and, speaking more loudly so that the viewers can make out the words, says "But, ve won! So remember zis, and we will be even better ze next time!", and a smile returns to Choisnet's face.]

GM: Well, there are a few kinks yet to work out, but an impressive debut nonetheless! I think that Rene Rousseau is right to have confidence in Chris Choisnet. He is learning from one of the best, and I for one am very excited to follow the long term development of The Northern Lights!

[Acknowledging the cheers, both men run to the ropes, jump belly first onto the top rope, and use the momentum to flip down to their feet on the ramp below, returning fan slaps down the aisle on the opposite sides that they came to the ring.]

BW: Mark my words, Gordo. Rousseau is only one man, and sooner or later, he'll crack under the burden of carrying Chris Shwany!

GM: You gotta love this fantastic tag team action we've been seeing here in the AWA as of late as we head towards the Stampede Cup... and speaking of the Cup, we saw Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines out here earlier against The Rave - two teams involved in the fan poll to see who will be in the final match added to the SuperClash lineup.

[The shot cuts to Gordon who is holding an envelope in his hand.]

GM: And right here in my hand, I have the official poll results from the Championship Committee. We can now reveal exactly which two teams will be involved in that showdown in Los Angeles with a seed in the Stampede Cup tournament on the line!

[Gordon tears the envelope open, pulling the sheet of the paper out and unfolding it.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen... the final match announced for SuperClash will be...

[Gordon pauses, blinking a few times.]

GM: This can't be right.

BW: What is it?! Lemme see!

[Bucky rips the paper out of an unbelieving Gordon's hand...

...and then pumps a fist in joy!]

BW: YESSSSS!

GM: Fans, the match at SuperClash will be... well, a rematch, I suppose... with Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez taking on-

BW: THE RAVE!! YEAH! They called it, Gordo! They called it! Now do you believe them?!

GM: I don't... I guess... I'm not sure what to say, fans.

[A puzzled Gordon shakes his head as Bucky cackles with glee.]

GM: I... uhh... I'm told Jason has a guest related to this whole thing. Let's... uhh... Jason?

[The shot shifts to Jason Dane backstage, holding a microphone.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. With me at this time is none other than the son of Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer Gunnar Gaines, and by that I could only mean 17-year-old Justin Gaines.

[The shot widens just a touch as Justin steps into the frame on the left side of the screen. He's wearing a black-and-blue track suit with the jacket open to show the T-shirt he's wearing underneath. It reads, "Baddest Thang Running" and has a cartoon face of Gunnar, flashing a Grizzly Grin and a thumbs up.]

JD: Justin, I understand you requested this time personally because you had a few words you wanted to say to someone who's in the arena tonight.

[Justin towers over Dane, and most people actually, with a 6-foot-7 frame, but given his young age, his build has yet to fill out.]

JG: Thank you, Jason, and you did hear that correctly. I do have something I want to say, and that's to issue an apology to none other than Ryan Martinez. I truly have misunderstood you, and shouldn't have done the things that I've done, including most recently sneaking down to the ring while I was banned at ringside, and interfering in your match against my father. I fully admit I shouldn't have done that. I can't change what's done, but I can apologize for it, and I sincerely do.

[Jason Dane nods his head. He turns to his other side and the shot widens. Standing there on the right of the screen, having listened this entire time, is Ryan Martinez in the same ring gear he wore competing earlier.]

JD: And also with us at this time is Ryan Martinez. Ryan, you just heard this apology, which Justin Gaines just delivered, face-to-face. Do you accept it?

[Young Ryan looks at Justin a moment, sizing him, before slowly nodding his head.]

RM: You crossed some lines, Justin. But you know what? If anyone understands what it's like to be in the shadow of your father, heck, if anyone knows what its like to be a young hothead, well, it's got to be me. So yes, I accept.

JG: Thank you, Ryan. I hope you understand I won't be pulling stunts like that anymore. The way I see it, we're all on the same team now. In fact, it's almost like you're family. Shake on it?

[Justin offers his hand. Ryan hesitates JUST a second — apparently not liking the comment about being like family — then smiles and accepts the handshake.]

RM: Family?

[Ryan remains skeptical, but finally nods his head. .]

RM: All right. You got it, Justin.

JD: And there you have it. Justin Gaines and Ryan Martinez have seen the larger picture and they've agreed to make peace. But folks, I believe you have bigger fish to fry —

[Justin interrupts.]

JG: Hold on. Excuse my interruption, but I did have something to announce right now, and that's that I will be attending SuperClash to personally witness the rematch between my father and Ryan Martinez, against The Rave.

[Jason's eyebrows raise — just a touch.]

JD: But Justin, I thought that your father had banned you from ringside and torn up your manager's license. How can you be at ringside for that match?

[Justin nods a bit sheepishly.]

JG: I didn't say ringside. I did mean ringside, but not in the way that you think. You see, I received an early Christmas present from Dad the other day, and that's a ticket to SuperClash for a front row seat, provided that I agreed to apologize to Ryan Martinez — which I have no problem doing — and provided that I agreed not to interfere in the match against The Rave.

Look, I gave Dad my word I will not hop the barrier or do anything even remotely like it. In fact, the only reason I get out of that seat is to stand up and cheer for Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines — and for the benefit of anyone who thinks otherwise, I'm going to cheer them both equally. It will be like a lifetime dream to watch them dismantle the Rave.

[Jason Dane nods.]

JD: And speaking of The Rave, I'm sure Ryan Martinez and your father have a few words for those two. Gunnar?

[The shot widens yet again and Gunnar steps into the shot, still dressed in his ring gear from earlier. He had been standing just outside the shot the entire time.]

GG: Thanks, Jason. I guess it's true — Ryan and I have a clear path to the Stampede Cup tournament, but first we need to defeat The Rave or we'll never get there. And although they're constantly spouting a whole lot of incomprehensible nonsense, and they dress like the FruitStripe gum zebra just threw up on a piñata, they're an opponent. And in that regard, we take them seriously.

[Dane moves the mic over to Ryan.]

RM: You know, most of my life, I wasn't the sort of person that did well on teams. I liked the challenge of individual achievement. I liked proving that I was the best, by myself. But ever since you made me that offer, Gunnar? My thinking has been changed about teams. But one thing that hasn't changed?

My desire to be the best.

[Gaines nods at his younger partner as he continues.]

RM: The Stampede Cup means you are the best. I want that Cup. I want Gunnar and I to share it. And Rave? You're the first step in getting that Cup. So, you bring the goofy outfits. You bring the stupid comments. Me and Gunnar? We're going to bring the beating.

[Gunnar flashes a grin, clapping his hands together and slapping Ryan on the shoulder.]

GG: Damn right. And let me tell you something, Jerky Jezz and Pooch Pooch P.U. I've had people far more capable and far more threatening than you two tell me I was ready for a pine box. They've been telling me this for years, and you know what? I'm still above ground and kicking tail, and most of them are sitting in a Lazy Boy, retired. I still will be kicking tail, too, long after we get through [quote fingers] "rocknihilating" [unquote] the two of you.

[Gunnar turns to Justin.]

GG: Did I say that right?

JG: Yeah, Dad. That's how they say it, but I don't think you got their names right.

GG: No matter. You see, all three of us standing here — Ryan, Justin and myself — we all have more of a future than you two tie-dyed twerps. You think you're from 2032? Just watch yourselves, or you might not make it to 2013.

RM: You're more optimistic than I am. I'm not planning on letting them see December first.

GG: Damn straight. You know, people said this team of Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines couldn't work together. I think we've proven we can. We've got a game-changing blend of talent, youth and experience. I believe in this partner, he believes in me, and we're going places whether you like it or you don't. And you know something else? We won't be satisfied with dispatching a curtain-jerking, Slurpee-sucking, functionally illiterate, so-called time traveling team like The Rave. We'll continue on, round by round, until we're a threat to win the Stampede Cup and make a permanent mark on this business as a team. And THEN ... we'll have earned the right, like Ryan says, to call ourselves the Baddest Thangs Running. Don't believe it? Just watch.

[Ryan nods as the mic comes back his way.]

RM: There are two things I believe in. The first, is doing things the right way. And the right way is by standing up and demolishing everything that stands in your way. I don't cheat, I fight. I don't bend the rules, I break my opponents. I believe that the right way... the only way, is straight ahead. Nothing makes me happier than finding a person who believes the same thing.

And the second thing I believe in is being the best. Right here next to me stands a man who know what it means to be the best. We are a mix of youth and experience, but more importantly, we're a mix of skill and talent. We will be the best. One step at a time, we'll prove it.

It starts with you two, Rave. But trust me when I say that this is just the beginning!

[An intense Ryan Martinez turns to walk off camera as Gunnar flashes a Grizzly Grin at the camera before doing the same. Justin Gaines lingers, staying on camera a tad too long before Jason Dane nudges him bodily out of the way.]

JD: There you have it from Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines who have a rematch date with The Rave in just a few days' time at SuperClash IV! Back to you, Bucky and Gordon.

[Crossfade back to the podium of the WKIK Studios.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. So, that makes it official - eleven huge matches coming up LIVE on Internet Pay Per View on Thanksgiving Night. It's the biggest night of the year, fans... it's SuperClash IV and I, for one, can not wait! Right now, let's go down to the ring for even more action!

[We go up to the ring, where we see Phil Watson (and his shiner from Petrow's knee last SNW) standing by. A wrestler is in the ring with dark brown feather-cut hair and blue eyes. He wears a Pittsburgh Steelers T-Shirt, full length forest-green tights under black trunks, with black kneepads and boots. Over the T-Shirt he is wearing two gold medals from... something.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit.

Introducing first, already in the ring. From Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, weighing two-hundred sixty-six pounds...

...JAMES REED!

[The fans give a mild cheer, as Reed runs his mouth like a motor. He ditches his shirt and hands his medals to an attendant.]

GM: James Reed is one of the young competitors who recently toured the Alabama territory with Sultan Azam Sharif, representing the AWA. Those medals were won by him on that tour.

BW: Too bad he had to come back.

[A thunderclap over the PA signals the open to "Raijin's Drums" by George Sakalis, and the fans boo intensely as they know what this means.]

BW: Too bad... for him! He'll be begging us to send him back to bastardland after Nenshou gets done with him.

GM: Nenshou on his way to the ringside area, and he will be participating in the Steal The Spotlight match at SuperClash. I'd say he's one of the favorites.

PW: His opponent! Accompanied to the ring by his manager, "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes... from The Land Of The Rising Sun... weighing two hundred thirty-five pounds...

...NENSHOU!

[Finally, we see Percy Childes emerge from the back. The bald, rotund manager saunters confidently down the elevated aisle of the Crockett Colosseum, followed by the black-clad figure of Nenshou. Nenshou is wearing a silk jacket this week, with red swaths across the sides and back that have the appearance of bloody scars. He's got a black, red, and gold hood-mask draped over his head, baggy black pants, and red boots. His fingers and wrists are taped up, and the wrist tape extends all the way up both forearms.

Childes, who is dressed in a brown jacket and slacks with a white undershirt and a red tie, is carrying his crystal-tipped cane. He goes directly to Nenshou's corner as the Japanese star enters the ring... and is attacked before the bell by Reed!]

GM: WHOA!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: He's got the right idea! James Reed punched Nenshou right in the head, and he's hammerin' on him!

GM: Many of the young wrestlers employed by the AWA have improved drastically over the past year! We saw Chris Choiset pull an upset last week... could this be James Reed's time! Reed sending Nenshou off the ropes... and clotheslines the hood right off of his head!

[The fans are cheering this like crazy. Nenshou, whose black buzzcut hair has the kanji for "darkness" carved into the top of it, is sporting a very pale green facepaint this week that contrasts dramatically with everything else he's wearing. Black symbols adorn his facepaint (if you can read Japanese, they say "death" and "rebirth").]

BW: Gordo, never say never, but there's eight worlds of difference between beatin' Charles Rant an' beatin' Nenshou.

GM: Reed with the elbow drop! He's got the cover!

BW: One count only.

GM: James Reed is on fire, continuing to hammer away at Nenshou!

BW: With closed fists. And would somebody tell the guy to shut up? He ain't stopped yappin' since he showed up, and he ain't even talkin' TO anyone!

GM: Whatever keeps one focused. Reed lifting Nenshou up... scoop slam... no, Nenshou floats over the back... WAISTLOCK SUPLEX INTO A BRIDGE!

BW: One, two... wow, almost got it right there!

GM: Nenshou with a stunning move to turn the momentum. Reed scrambling up...

[*WHACK*]

BW: AND EATS KNEECAP! SHININ' WIZARD, DADDY!

GM: The speed of Nenshou is blistering... Reed could not regain his feet before Nenshou was in position to deliver the blow, using Reed's own knee to provide the impetus! And Nenshou is staying on James Reed, choking him with his foot! He could possibly have gotten a pin after the Wizard!

BW: Yeah, probably. But James Reed made Nenshou mad. It's not gonna end easy for him. The best he could have hoped for is to get pinned with the suplex, because a one move pin woulda been humiliatin'... Nenshou might have taken that. But when he kicked out, he signed up for a beatdown.

GM: Why would anyone let themselves get pinned? If Reed was afraid of Nenshou's wrath, he would have never signed to face him.

BW: That does go along with the pattern of general stupidity he follows. Still, I guess attackin' before the bell was the way to go. If you're gonna do somethin', do it whole hog.

GM: Nenshou staking Reed, who is returning to his feet. His fingers are in his mouth... and jams them into James Reed's throat! Right in the Adam's apple. As illegal as sin!

BW: Many sins are perfectly legal, and Reed punched with a closed fist about twenty times. So, wah wah wah.

GM: Nenshou driving a knee down into the base of his opponent's skull and now pulling back with a chinlock. Cupping his man's chin with both hands and pulling him into that knee in the back of the neck.

BW: Painful. This move'll stiffen and hurt Reed's neck. Which oughta stop that annoying head waggle he does when he's mouthin' off at somebody.

GM: The fans are trying to help Reed as he struggles to fight out of this hold.

BW: No they ain't. Stompin' and cheerin' don't help nobody do nothin'. They'd have to get in the ring and pull Nenshou off to be of help.

GM: You've never felt the adrenaline of being cheered, Bucky. Anyway, earlier today we heard comments from Percy Childes regarding Nenshou's participation in the Steal The Spotlight match at SuperClash. Let's hear now from the "Collector Of Oddities".

[A window opens in the upper right hand corener of the screen as Reed reaches the ropes and slowly pulls himself off of his rear as Nenshou refuses to break. The screen-in-screen shows Childes in front of a grey background, with Nenshou standing behind him in the hooded mask he came to the ring in.]

PC: Many fools have been pointing at me and laughing with regards to SuperClash. They tell me that I've failed. Nenshou should be either defending or obtaining the title at SuperClash, if I had done my job... so they say.

It is true that I could have done better. Yes, Blood Sweat and Tears did not proceed how we had envisioned. The Championship Committee did indeed rebuff my efforts to force a title match this week, despite my contractual ability to unilaterally sign such a match. We win some, we lose some. But my man Nenshou wins far, far more than he loses.

Only three times in his career has he been defeated, all by much larger men, all with controversy. At SuperClash, the opportunity is there. Win... and our goal is in our hands. We have done everything... stopped at nothing... to get the World Title thus far. While nine other men have lofty goals and high ambitions, Nenshou is driven for this; he has trained for this his entire life in ways and methods harsher than you can imagine.

Steal The Spotlight? No. At SuperClash... we're TAKING the Spotlight. For it already belongs to Nenshou.

[We cut back. While Percy was monologuing, Reed got out of the chinlock, ate another knife-edge chop to the throat, took a powerdrive elbowdrop, and was unceremoniously tossed out to ringside.]

GM: We are back, and Nenshou is in complete control. And Percy Childes is in complete denial if he thinks Nenshou has some special right to the spotlight.

BW: Go tell him that!

GM: On the plus side, a seemingly rare case of Childes' mysterious influence failing! He admitted that he tried to get a title match for his man this week... OH, COME ON!

[The crowd boos loudly as Nenshou casually bodyslams Reed on the concrete floor.]

BW: Nenshou is vicious, ruthless, and just outright cold-blooded.

GM: Cold-blooded is an apt description of the man, who commits horrible acts with no hesitation or remorse. It's just so... casual for him. Disturbingly so. I believe the man has no conscience at all.

BW: Throwing Reed back in. This is it, daddy.

GM: Irish-Whip to the corner by Nenshou. Handspring... MISSED THE ELBOW!

[Loud cheers overtake the boos as Nenshou takes his sweet time lining up the handspring elbow, and Reed dives to the side to avoid it at the last second. Nenshou falls forward onto his knees as Reed pulls himself up!]

BW: After all that? Reed's still got somethin' left!

GM: This generation is toughening up, Bucky! Reed with his arm in the air, using the ropes to support himself! Nenshou stands up...

[Screaming all the while, James pounds Nenshou in the gut with a swift kick, grabs his head, and drops to his seat with a sudden snap, driving Nenshou's jaw into his shoulder! The fans roar!]

BW: NO WAY! NO WAY!

GM: SEATED JAWBREAKER! NENSHOU IS STUNNED! NENSHOU IS STUNNED!

BW: ONE! TWO!

[AWWWWWWWWWWW!]

GM: HE GOT A NEAR FALL! WE ALMOST HAD THE UPSET OF THE YEAR!

BW: What did Sharif do to these guys on that tour? First Shawney and now Reed!

GM: James Reed picks up Nenshou! Irish-Whip reversed! Reed off the ropes... JUMPING SPIN KICK MISSES! Reed ducked and barrels off the far ropes... HUGE JUMPING SHOULDERBLOCK!

BW: This is a nightmare for Percy!

GM: Childes' eyes are wide with anger! Reed with another cover! One! Tw... oh, come on! Nenshou kicked out with an eye rake!

BW: Yeah, but he got out. That's all that matters.

GM: Both men up. Reed with a haymaker misses... WHAT WAS THAT?!

[That was Nenshou leaping on Reed's shoulders from behind as he spun with the haymaker, and snapping him clean head-over-heels with a reverse hurancanrana! The crowd reacts loudly to the spectacular move, but boos because, well, it's Nenshou.]

BW: HE FLIPPED HIM RIGHT ON HIS HEAD, DADDY!

GM: Nenshou with a swift and sudden move, a rear headscissors takedown that sent Reed right down into the mat on his head!

BW: And he ain't gonna let him recover! There's the backbreaker! You know what's next!

GM: Nenshou up... AND DOWN WITH THE __MOONSAULT__! That will be all!

BW: Three count!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[The fans boo, as Nenshou gets up, and angrily starts stomping away at the fallen Reed. The referee attempts to stop this, but is shoved away.]

GM: Nenshou has won it, but Nenshou can also lose it if he's not careful. The referee still has time to reverse his decision!

[The Asian assassin pulls Reed to the ropes, and ties his arms in the ropes. With Reed unable to defend himself, Nenshou gets a running start...]

[*WHACK*]

GM: THAT IS RIDICULOUS! RUNNING KNEE TO THE UNPROTECTED FACE OF REED!

BW: Well, you make Nenshou mad, you're takin' chances.

[BOOOOOOOOOO!]

GM: AND THE MIST! THE RED BURNING MIST! FOR NO REASON AT ALL!

BW: Spite.

GM: THAT IS NO EXCUSE!

BW: Excuse, no... but it IS a reason!

[The referee has a brief conversation with the ring announcer... but Childes walks over and points a finger at the official. There is a quick conversation, after which Percy calls out to Nenshou. Immediately, Nenshou's assault stops, and he exits the ring.]

PW: The winner of the match... NENSHOU!

[More booing, as the fans feel a reverse decision was called for. "Raijin's Drums" begins again as Nenshou and Childes leaves.]

GM: Talk about a poor winner! Nenshou is like a petulant child when things don't go his way!

BW: No, he's like a petulant grown man. Who happens to be trained to take people apart piece by piece.

GM: I believe that Michael Meekly was considering reversing the decision, but Childes talked him out of it! I can't be sure, but I think Percy negotiated his way out of that one.

BW: I did that sometimes as a manager. It's simple. Ref backs off, we leave quietly. Ref throws his weight around, and there will be blood. His blood and others. Managers do that, Gordo. You might not like it, but it's their job.

GM: Negotiating with terrorists if you ask me. Nenshou with the victory, and he'll be in a sour mood at SuperClash, no doubt.

[Nenshou and Childes walk through the curtain as Gordon looks on with disdain.]

GM: Nenshou, of course, will be a part of this year's Steal The Spotlight matchup with the sole survivor earning the right to the match of their choosing anytime in the next year. We all know that Sultan Azam Sharif won that right last year at SuperClash III and has waited until SuperClash IV to finally cash it in.

BW: What an idiot he is too.

GM: How can you say that?

BW: It's simple, Gordo. He coulda used that contract to win the National Title at some point... heck, he coulda used it on Monosso TONIGHT and won the World Title... but he's using it in some kind of twisted revenge plot against Royalty.

GM: A lot of people have written in asking how this feud between Sharif and Royalty first got started so we thought we'd show the closing moments of that match here tonight. It would take us hours to recap everything that has happened between Royalty and the AWA to lead us to this six man match at SuperClash but we CAN show you how Sultan Azam Sharif got involved in this! Let's roll that footage and then come back to see Sharif take on Col. de Klerk in singles action!

[We crossfade to footage marked "AUGUST 13th, 2011" where Calisto Dufresne is defending his National Title for the first time against Sultan Azam Sharif. As we join the action, Dufresne is trying to crawl away from the challenger who is pursuing him.]

GM: Sharif's not letting him out of here - that's probably a good idea. I wouldn't put it past Calisto Dufresne to try and get himself counted out right here to save the title.

BW: Calisto Dufresne is an honorable champion!

GM: You trying to say he wouldn't stoop to that to keep the title?

BW: Oh, heck yes, he would!

[Sharif grabs Dufresne by the boot, the champion rolling to his back and throwing an upkick to the chest, knocking Sharif a step back. The Iranian shrugs it off, moving in again...

...and catches a second upkick, this one squarely in the groin!]

GM: OHHHH! Come on, ref!

[Referee Michael Meekly steps in, shouting at the downed Dufresne who shakes his head, waving it off. Meekly glares at Dufresne for a moment and then gestures for the match to continue.]

BW: Incidental contact! Had to be!

GM: A questionable judgment call right there by the AWA's Senior Official! I think Dufresne knew EXACTLY where he was kicking Sultan Azam Sharif right there, Bucky.

BW: Well, the referee disagrees and that's all that matters right now, ain't it?

GM: It certainly is.

[With Sharif doubled up in pain, Dufresne somehow manages to pull himself off the mat, stumbling forward to hook a front facelock...]

BW: YES! YES!

[But Sharif's having none of that, straightening up to backdrop Dufresne into the air and down to the mat to a huge cheer from the St. Louis crowd that has found themselves more and more behind Sultan Azam Sharif as the match goes on.]

BW: NO! NO!

[With Dufresne down on the mat, Sharif leans down, turning his body position as he flips him over to his belly. The crowd roars as Sharif places a foot on either side of Dufresne, wriggling his fingers as he starts to settle in.]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE CAMEL CLUTCH!

[The crowd roars as Sharif leans over, hooking an arm over each leg before he sits down on the lower back, reaching to cup his hands under the chin of the National Champion, and yanking back with all his strength!]

GM: CAMEL CLUTCH IS ON! HE'S GOT THE CLUTCH APPLIED!

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of Sharif jerking Dufresne's head from side to side, ripping and tearing at the champion's bones, muscles, tendons, and ligaments as he tries to force a submission that would change the course of AWA history.]

GM: SHARIF'S GOT IT IN DEEP! THERE'S NO WAY OUT OF THIS, BUCKY!

BW: NO, NO, NO!

GM: WE'RE GONNA HAVE A NEW CHAMPION! WE'RE GONNA HAVE- WHAT THE-?!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ROARS in outrage at the sound of the bell and at the man who caused it. He stands over a downed Sharif, a steel chair gripped in his hands as he glares down at the man he just clubbed across the back with his weapon.]

GM: MARK LANGSETH JUST COST SHARIF THE NATIONAL TITLE, FANS!

BW: Where the heck did Langseth come from?!

GM: Mark Langseth came through the crowd, picked up that chair from ringside, and absolutely CRUSHED Sharif across the back with it! The referee instantly called for the bell - Sharif's gonna win this thing by disqualification but he won't win the title that way, Bucky.

BW: But why? Why did Langseth do this?

[With a smirk, Langseth raises the chair over his head a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN! HE DRILLS HIM AGAIN!!

[And with a gesture, Mark Langseth is suddenly not alone in the ring as Dave Cooper and Eric Matthew Somers come jogging down the aisle, diving under the ropes to join the attack. Cooper and Somers instantly start stomping the downed Sharif as Langseth walks away, taunting the jeering fans with the chair.]

GM: Well, I guess we know what side of this war Mark Langseth and Rough N Ready have decided to be on, Bucky! I guess we know exactly whose side they've decided they're on.

BW: I guess we do but what a way to tell everyone, Gordo. Mark Langseth may have just SAVED the National Title for Calisto Dufresne and-

[Langseth throws the chair down on the mat, shouting directions as Cooper leaps up to the middle rope. Somers yanks Sharif off the mat, hooking him around the head and neck. He lets loose a roar as he powers the Iranian into the air...

...and DRIVES him down with a thunderous uranage onto the folded-up steel chair! Sharif bounces off the impact on the chair, coming to rest just before Dave Cooper leaps off the middle rope with a kneedrop to the skull!]

GM: ROUGH HOUSING ON THE CHAIR! GOOD GRIEF!

[Cooper gets back to his feet, trading a high-five with his championship tag team partner as Langseth leans over, shouting in the face of Sultan Azam Sharif as we fade back to live action...

...and up to the ring where Phil Watson is waiting.]

PW: The following special challenge match is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit!

Introducing first, to be accompanied towards the ring by Count Adrian Bathwaite...

[Now that the fans know what this match is, they boo loudly.]

PW: Hailing from Capetown, South Africa and weighing in at two-hundred and seventy-one pounds. Here is...

...COLONEL P.W. DE KLERK!

[There is no entrance music as de Klerk appears on the entrance ramp. The crowd boos relentlessly as de Klerk takes a few slow steps and stops, his left arm behind his back. De Klerk, a slightly overweight man sporting brown hair with a bald spot on the top of his head and a brown handlebar mustache, is wearing a dusky tan camo jacket with various decorations on it and matching fatigue pants with well-shined black combat boots. He uses his right arm to twist his handlebar mustache and peer out at the crowd.

As he does, his manager for this evening, Count Adrian Bathwaite, appears on the ramp behind him. The mixed-heritage Hong Kong native is wearing a rust-orange dress shirt with burnt orange pants, white dress shoes, and has his ubiquitous cane in hand. Bathwaite is smiling broadly, and passes de Klerk while waving him on. The South African does so, taking very long, very slow strides.]

GM: Now is the time where we will see if these men can put their words into action. And as hateful as those words are, I hope not.

BW: De Klerk's already starin' down the barrel of a thousand dollar fine, at least. And ya know what? He don't care! Bathwaite can pay his fines, no problem. It's money well spent if the Colonel can take out the Sultan!

GM: That is a massive if. De Klerk is a veteran of over twenty-five years, and he has seen it all. He is a rough, violent man who knows how to hurt people. But with twenty-five years of ring experience comes twenty-five years of physical abuse. It remains to be seen whether de Klerk can hold up against a much younger man who also has a wealth of experience, albeit at world-class amateur level.

[De Klerk finally reaches the ring, and steps through the ropes with the bearing of a man who owns the place. The boos continue as he takes those big deliberate steps towards center ring. He raises his right arm above his head, hand balled into a fist and then offers a military salute to Count Bathwaite, who is taking his place in the corner.

The boos are interrupted by the loud vocal open to "Saz O Avaz", and the crowd cheers!]

BW: Oh, here we go. Cheer the terrorist.

GM: He is NOT a terrorist! Not all Muslims are violent!

BW: He is coming here to literally break a man's back, Gordo. What's non-violent about that?

PW: And his opponent! From Shiraz, Iran... weighing two-hundred fifty-nine pounds...

...SULTAN AZAM SHARIF!

[As Watson makes the introduction, Sharif powerwalks down the aisle, his massive Iranian flag in one hand. His reddish-brown bisht, white kaffiyeh, and black agal obscure most of his body, but his eyes are easily seen to contain rage.]

GM: The Sultan is coming for Bathwaite and de Klerk! He was incensed by the South African's comments about his heritage!

[As Sharif steps through the ropes, de Klerk catches him with a boot to the head, followed by a meaty punch to the ribs. Marty Meekly calls for the bell.]

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: De Klerk attacks before the bell! Remember, fans, he is here not just to defeat Sharif, but to eliminate him! Bathwaite wants the Sultan destroyed, and at the very least he wants him injured for SuperClash where he is scheduled to team with Supernova and one other to take on Royalty.

BW: And right now, it looks like the Sultan is choking even before he gets to the big show!

GM: De Klerk choking Sharif with his own headscarf! That kaffiyeh, it's called! De Klerk has wrapped it around the Sultan's neck and he's dragging him around the ring with it!

[As the Iranian flails while being choked, his bisht falls off to reveal his baggy white sirwal-style pants tucked into shiny gold hooked-toe wrestling boots. The pants have a gold sash around the waist in a similar shiny material.]

BW: Well, now we'll find out just how well Sharif can function without Bathwaite. He's gullible and dumb, Gordo. As great of a wrestler as he is, that is literally the only thing he knows in life. Without a mastermind, I predict he'll fail when he goes up against tough, experienced competition.

GM: If nothing else, he has that tonight! De Klerk disrespectfully using the kaffiyeh to wipe the sweat from his brow, and now a hard, measured stomp to the face of the Sultan! And a big elbowdrop crashing across the chest of the man from Iran! De Klerk is trying to keep Sharif down, and keep himself standing and striking down on him. Perhaps good strategy against a vastly superior technical wrestler.

BW: I dunno about "vastly", Gordo. There's a big difference between amateur technique and professional technique.

GM: Hamilton Graham wasn't teaching him how to prepare barbecue, Bucky, he was teaching him professional technique! Sharif in a seated position, and de Klerk measures him, and hammers down on the chest with a pounding

hammer-like blow from behind! Cups the chin of the Iranian, and delivers a second such blow!

BW: And for all you can say bad about de Klerk, that man has great upper body strength. Those hammer like blows are like being hit with a real hammer!

GM: Sharif is on his knees gasping for air, and de Klerk with another blatant choke! With his hands, this time, and referee Michael Meekly is laying on the count!

BW: Breaking at the count of four makes it legal, and keeps Sharif without air. And again he clamps on the choke!

GM: The sheer bloodthirst of de Klerk is coming thorough here. He picks up the Sultan after a second four-count off the choke... a hard body slam! Very loud impact as the Iranian hits the canvas! De Klerk off the ropes... measuring... and down with the elbow drop to the chest!

BW: Count Adrian Bathwaite is loving this! He made Sharif, and now he's unmaking him!

GM: De Klerk picks up Sharif, seated position... and another one of those hammer blows from behind to the sternum! De Klerk targeting Sharif's chest, it seems.

BW: Do you think Adrian knows a weakness that nobody else knows about?

GM: If anyone would be aware of Sharif's weaknesses, it would be his former manager. Another hard stomp to the side of the face, right at the hinge of the jaw!

BW: De Klerk would be doin' the world a favor if he broke Sharif's jaw, daddy. Nobody understands that crazy mushmouth.

GM: His English is poor, but that's no reason to claim that breaking his jaw would be a favor to humanity. De Klerk speaks perfect English, and I think we'd be better served not having to hear from him.

BW: Well, the AWA would never let him have mic time before, Gordo, so it's a non-issue. The Sultan was usin' the ropes to stand up, but De Klerk with a knee to the upper back. Look at him usin' the second rope to choke that no-good Arab!

GM: He's not an Arab. He's a Persian.

BW: Who cares?! He's a terrorist and he's gettin' choked out like he deserves!

GM: De Klerk now pulling the man from Shiraz up, and a measured punch to the face! Sultan Azam Sharif back into the corner. De Klerk with the Irish-Whip... hard into the far side buckles!

BW: The Colonel following in... no! Sharif puts the boots up, and De Klerk eats them hardened leather spikes that Gordo loves now!

[The fans cheer the turnabout, as Sharif leans back on the turnbuckles and kicks both feet up, causing an incoming de Klerk to catch two feet to the face. Bathwaite is screaming to the referee about illegal footwear.]

GM: Bucky, I still do not approve of those boots! But somehow, the AWA Championship Committee has, and Colonel De Klerk just made a huge mistake in underestimating Sharif's resilience! The man seems to be made of iron at times, and now he's putting those boots to a downed Pieter Wilhem de Klerk!

BW: Ah, but the Colonel is no dummy. He's rolling out of the ring.

[The cheers for the comeback are still in the air as de Klerk stands up on the apron... but Sharif grabs his chin from behind as he's facing away from the ring. Bending the Colonel back over the top rope with his left arm, Sharif raises his right arm to the fans, who shout approval.]

GM: But he got caught again, and now it is Sharif showing his opponent how it feels with the powerful forearm across the chest! And another! And another! And another! Rapid-fire forearms hammering down on de klerk, and the crowd is counting along!

BW: This is amazing!

GM: Certainly unusual to see that blow done rapid-fire, but amazing?

BW: No no no, I mean it's amazing that this crowd can count to ten!

[After the tenth blow, Sharif lets go, and de Klerk sags backwards. His rear end sits past the second rope, and he flumps back into the ring in an awkward heap, his feet still draped on the second rope. The fans cheer that inadvertant pratfall, and Sharif runs off the ropes to take advantage.]

GM: A running kneedrop by Sharif, and de Klerk in a world of trouble! Bathwaite is up on the apron!

BW: Adrian, no! That barbarian will skin you alive!

[As the referee is distracted by Bathwaite, Sharif slides de Klerk in and seems to be about to go for a pin when he notices this. The crowd loudly shouts in warning as the Sultan grabs Bathwaite by the tie, and threatens to hit him. However, no one notices the cane spill out of Bathwaite's hands... over to where de Klerk is slowly pulling himself up.]

GM: SHARIF HAS BATHWAITE! WHAT WILL HE DO?!

BW: That hypocrite is gonna nail the Count! After all this time of whining about people hitting 'old men'!

[The fans are pleading for it, and the rage on Sharif's face indicates that he really wants to. But instead, he shuts his eyes, shakes his head, breathes a prayer of forgiveness, and lets go. The crowd boos, and an unrepentant Bathwaite spits at the Sultan. In the meanwhile, de Klerk picks up the cane, behind the back of the referee.]

GM: What a jerk Bathwaite is. He was pleading for Sharif not to hit him, and as soon as he shows mercy, he spits on the man!

BW: Yeah? Well, Sharif just showered him with spit! No surprise; you can't outspit a camel, so of course that-

GM: LOOK OUT!

[When the Sultan turns, de Klerk makes his move. He swings with the cane...]

BW: GET HIM!

GM: BUT SHARIF DUCKED!

[The force of the swing took de Klerk all the way around, and the Iranian shoots in with a half-nelson...]

THUUUUD

BW: HOLY...

GM: SHARIF SUPLEXED DE KLERK ONTO HIS HEAD WITH A HALF NELSON SUPLEX! WHAT AN IMPACT! THE COLONEL GOT JACK-KNIFED INTO THE MAT!

BW: Oh, man, he could pin him right now, daddy! But look! Look! He's not done!

GM: He said he was going to make de Klerk pay! And pay he will... THE CAMEL CLUTCH IS APPLIED!

[With the arms properly tucked back, Sharif sits down on the lower back, immediately sending de Klerk into spasms of pain.]

BW: There ain't no technical way out of this! You can only power out! But de Klerk is strong! He might be able to do it because of his upper body strength!

GM: After that devastating suplex? There's no chance of that! AND THERE IS THE SUBMISSION!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[The instant the bell rings, Sharif releases, and spits on de Klerk to the roar of the crowd. Bathwaite retrieves his fallen cane, and hobbles out of the arena as fast as he can, cursing under his breath the whole way!]

BW: Well, Adrian didn't get it done this time. But I bet you he'll try again. He'll find somebody else... somebody younger, stronger, better. He won't stop until that towel-wearin' terrorist is done for, I guarantee you that!

PW: The winner of the match, by way of submission... SULTAN AZAM SHARIF!

[Cheers go out as "Saz O Avaz" again plays over the PA.]

GM: Sultan Azam Sharif now has nothing in between himself and SuperClash, Bucky. Did Pieter Wilhem de Klerk take anything out of him?

BW: Hard to say. But I doubt it. Sharif is tough. And... no. I thought this ear-shattering music was bad enough! He's going to make us all pay for de Klerk's sins!

GM: The Sultan has the mic!

[The music dies down as the Sultan begins to speak.]

SAS: Now! Daklurk go down just like I said! But SupairClosh, I know dot jehbronie Mork Lonset un his slave Dahveed Coopair try to hurt AWA by osking whoevair vin Steal Deh Spotlight to team vid dem!

[The crowd buzzes at that proclamation.]

GM: We'd heard some rumors about that, Bucky.

BW: The whole locker room is talking about it. Apparently the ten guys in Steal The Spotlight got a hand-delivered letter from Mark Langseth to make the offer official. They want the winner on their team!

GM: This is the first thing we've heard that would actually seem to confirm that story as true. Perhaps Sharif knows-

[Sharif interrupts as he continues.]

SAS: So I osk you, vhy vould you cut deh hond dot feed you? I vont to show dot Royalty dot dey are not vonted here! I vont to make Lonset humbail un made sure dot he vill nevair be AWA Vurld Shampwon! I vont to show Dahveed Coopair dot he is no good to be deh slave of anothair mon. Do not be like Dahveed Coopair! Instead of joining Mork Lonset... join me! Join Supairnova! Fight for deh AWA, un make it a bettair place to be!

[Sharif drops the mic, and the fans cheer his announcement.]

GM: Sharif with the ultimate counter-offer! Royalty wants the Steal The Spotlight winner on their team... well, now Sharif has made the offer! He wants the winner of that match on HIS team as well!

BW: You know what this means, Gordo?!

GM: Yes, it means...

BW: [interrupting] It means that dumb camel jockey and that face-painted reject can't find nobody! They're fightin' for the promotion and still nobody'll join! You know one of these two sides will be offerin' serious cash, and it won't be the guy who can't afford a real hat so he stole one from the bathroom at the Motel Six!

GM: Money probably isn't an issue for the state-sponsored Sharif. But why would the Steal The Spotlight winner support the campaign of a man who wants the World Title, and wants all of wrestling at his feet? I have to think that if the Steal The Spotlight winner is in any shape to compete further and chose to do so, he'd never pick Royalty!

BW: Shows what you know, Gordo. Money talks. Everything else walks.

GM: I'm not sure if-

[Suddenly, a voice calls out.]

"That's the best you can do, Sharif?"

[The camera cuts to the aisle as the crowd boos the sight of "The Professional" Dave Cooper, standing in the walkway dressed in a white button-down shirt, faded jeans and a smirk on his face.]

DC: You got old man Myers over there on the stick talking about rumors and innuendo about what Royalty's gonna do at SuperClash and what we're not gonna do. Let me make one thing real damn clear... what we're NOT gonna do is settle for some schmoe off the street like Sharif.

[Sharif shouts something off-mic from inside the ring.]

DC: You want to come out here and offer the final spot on your team to whoever wins Steal The Spotlight?

[Cooper shakes his head.]

DC: I wonder where you came up with such a great idea!

[Cooper chuckles to himself as the crowd jeers.]

DC: I guess you and the Boy Wonder are having a harder time finding somebody to team up with you than anyone realized unlike us in Royalty who are beating back people with a stick that want the chance to stick it to the AWA.

[Cooper grins at the jeering crowd.]

DC: Oh, sure, Supernova may have been eager to accept because he spends so much of his time kissing up to the AWA and everything it represents... but it seems as though Sharif just can't find anybody else who really trusts him and just hopes that whoever wins Steal the Spotlight will be willing to step up to the plate.

Myers, you listening over there?

[Cooper doesn't wait for a response.]

DC: Well, let's just make this official... Royalty has made the same offer to the boys in Steal The Spotlight.

[He laughs for a moment.]

DC: And, well, I can assure you we will have our third team member, one way or another, but if the winner of Steal the Spotlight is really smart, he'll join up with Royalty because he'll join up with the winning team, I can promise you that.

You want to be a winner? You want to be a champion? You want to be a part of the most elite group in wrestling?

[Cooper jerks a thumb at himself.]

DC: I'd consider our offer very... VERY... closely.

[The Professional scratches his chin.]

DC: I can hear Jason Dane now... flipping his lid, wanting to shout from the rafters that Royalty doesn't have a third man. Wanting to tell the world that Royalty was lying about having someone in the AWA locker room.

[One more grin.]

DC: But rest assured, Mark Langseth WILL be there... The Professional WILL be there... and there WILL be a three-person contingent representing Royalty at SuperClash.

And that is the END of the discussion!

[Cooper tucks the mic into his pocket, turning his back on the ring and making his exit as Sharif continues to shout at him as we fade to black.

We fade to commercial to find a giant Kingsley Online Entertainment logo. A voiceover begins.]

VO: We live in an online world.

[A shot of a young child on his laptop computer.]

VO: Today, you are more likely to watch a television show on your computer or mobile device than you are an actual television.

[A family gathered around an iPad with an elderly couple.]

VO: Video chat is no longer an element of science fiction - it is reality. It is now.

[A young girl plays a video game with body movements.]

VO: The future is before us. The future is around us. The future is...

[The Kingsley Online Entertainment logo appears once more.]

VO: ...Kingsley.

[Fade to black.

[Cut to a shot of Cousin Bo, standing alone in the interview area, the National tag team titles slung over his shoulders. He has a look on his face that could kill. Very slowly, he raises an index finger to the camera and begins to speak.]

CB: One.

One.

Lynch? Donovan? That number better be burned into your thick skulls. Because it is one and ONLY one more time that we will be doing this dance.

[Bo lowers the finger and readjusts the belts.]

CB: We all know you didn't deserve a title shot in the first place. And you still don't. But all the petitioning in the world on my part couldn't stop the Championship Committee from making this match the way it is.

[Bo grumbles.]

CB: You know what? Fine. That's right, I'm fine with this. Because there's only one thing that makes The Bishop Boys happier than being National Tag Team Champions.

[Bo slightly smiles.]

CB: And that's a good fight. And we now know that you're quite capable of one. That's why the boys aren't here with me. They're off finalizing some last-minute training. Don't fret. We're not playing any games with you. They'll be ready when it's time. This match? This is the hardest they've ever trained. Because if there's one thing they have to be prepared for, it's the unknown.

[Bo looks at the camera thoughtfully.]

CB: Now, we know a little bit about you from the last time we faced off. It gave us a good idea on how you operate as a team. But we know that you two have also been training real hard together. To be honest? That intrigues us. Hell, even impresses us. Because that tells us you know just how dangerous we are. Make all the hick jokes you want, we can see right through them. Who HASN'T made them?

[Bo chuckles.]

CB: Every single one of those teams has fallen by the wayside. What's important? Watch that last Saturday Night Wrestling. Count how many times the name "Bishop" pops up from a tag team. That says to me that people have FINALLY begun to understand just how important we are to this company.

[Bo smiles.]

CB: But let's not get sidetracked from the matter at hand. Lynch, I don't know why you're bringing your brother. You say it's to, oh, how did you put it? "Neutralize" me?

[Bo chuckles again.]

CB: Pal, you better be worrying less about a manager, and more about a giant boot caving in your skull.

[Bo cackles.]

CB: Donovan? We know your storied history. But it's all come to you alone. Just how much would it eat you alive to have to share glory? Can you really even trust the Lynches? Don't you think they'd rather accomplish the goal of being the champions together now that James is back?

[Bo raises an eyebrow at that thought.]

CB: You boys did your best to take Cletus Lee down last time. And, surprise surprise, he ain't happy about that. I know Duane Henry's starting to wake up the world with his arsenal, but now you've motivated the ol' "Redneck Wrecking Machine" to start improving his game, to reach higher levels. And that is a thought that should give you the shivers. At SuperClash? You're not just facing brothers, you're facing a machine.

[Bo nods.]

CB: Collectively? They've become the most dangerous team in AWA history. I told you all when we returned that we would be the longest reigning tag champions ever.

[Bo looks at the belts with pride.]

CB: And I made the promise that we would take home the Stampede Cup. Well, that goal's now in sight. We will be bonafide AWA _legends_. And that's my truth.

[Bo raises his index finger again and walks away. Fade back to the announce podium.]

GM: Cousin Bo with some strong words for the men who will challenge for the National Tag Team Titles in a few days' time - Jack Lynch and Robert Donovan.

BW: He's completely right too, Gordo!

GM: In what way?

BW: The challengers don't stand a chance! Now that James Lynch is back, you trying to tell me that Jack Lynch REALLY wants to win those belts with Donovan? And Donovan? Donovan ain't a tag wrestler. Sure, he had a run with Taylor down in Laredo with some tag gold and wore it in LA for a while too but that ain't his bread and butter! He's sitting in a locker room somewhere wondering how the heck he's teaming with a moron like Stench while James Monosso is the Heavyweight Champion of the World!

GM: I don't believe that for a moment.

BW: No? How many times have we seen them team together, Gordo? Twice?

GM: On television, yes... that's correct, I believe.

BW: How many times you seen them do an interview together? Hang out together after the show? These two ain't on the same page and that's been clear since the moment they shook hands and decided to team up. Most challengers are filled with hope and dreams... they're filled with regrets!

GM: Donovan and Lynch are two of the best wrestlers in the world today, Bucky.

BW: That may be true but they ain't the best tag team in the world today. That honor falls right in the lap of Cletus Lee and Duane Henry Bishop, daddy. And after they walk out of Los Angeles STILL the National Tag Team Champions, they're gonna walk into the Stampede Cup and PROVE that they're the best tag team in AWA history.

GM: We've had that debate before and we're not gonna get into it again. But right now, let's take a look at some footage taped earlier this week in Laredo, Texas!

[Crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER THIS WEEK!" where Phil Watson is standing in the ring.]

PW: This next match is scheduled for ONE FALL! Already in the ring, weighing in at 248lbs from Encinitas, California... Trampus Kennedy!

[The well built, almost body builder looking surfer guy, prototypical in every way, hangs five to the crowd, fist pumping to try and rally them behind him... to no real avail.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Harsh guitars ring out across the speakers, drums and clanging cymbals right after as "Just Another Victim" from House of Pain and Helmet hits. Coming straight from the entrance area, without pause at all is a massive mound of a man. He strikes an absolutely frightening visage as though not very tall, he's wide and thick as they come. A pause in the middle of the aisle where he starts pumping himself up, his head bouncing to the beat, hands flexing, snarling the whole time. Spit flying, the beast of a human being roars and stalks right to the ring.]

CP: We saw this guy on the last televised show. He... he really impressed everyone!

JD: I think he scared a few guys.

[The man is a specimen with a double wide back, tree trunk legs and veins coming out of veins. His head is shaven and he wears all red singlet. with black knee pads and wrestling boots.]

PW: ...weighing in at 285lbs... BRODY!

[Stalking into the ring he looks right at Kennedy, yelling at him with a pointed finger "MEAT!" The bell rings signaling the start of the match, but Kennedy does not charge out, instead circling the monstrous Brody, looking for an opening.]

JD: Trampus Kennedy is a well put together young man, looking for an opening on this beast of a man... single leg and... and Brody is not going down.

[Instead he is standing there, almost mocking the single leg ankle pick attempt. Kennedy tries to lift the planted leg but simply cannot. Instead Brody reaches down and grabs him by the trunks, lifting HIM off the ground!]

CP: The power of this newcomer is insane! He's lifting Kennedy by the trunks off the ground and simply tosses him aside!

JD: Kennedy trying to shake it off and go in for the tie up.

[Brody accepts it but instead of moving to a hold or pushing him into a corner, he keeps the collar and elbow and lifts Kennedy straight up in the air, arms tied.]

JD: Right up into the air... and throws him to the mat!

CP: Trampus Kennedy getting up... and leveled by a shoulder block! That one would move a car I think. This guy might not be fancy, but his power is something to contend with. This is only the second time we've seen him and I don't think I'm too off calling this kid one of the strongest in the company!

[Kennedy again gets up, simply exasperated, not knowing what to do. He signals for another lock up, but instead launches a boot to the stomach.]

CP: Nothing! He didn't even feel that kick!

JD: Nor the second! This dude needs to switch plans... his third kick was caught!

[He swings his arms wildly, begging off as Brody holds the one leg, screaming out a harsh "I DON'T THINK SO!" at Kennedy, admonishing him for his mistake. Kennedy prays and then is caught around the throat with Brody's other free hand and lifted... up... up...

...and down!]

CP: OH MY LORDIE! A SPINEBUSTER FROM THE SKY!

BRODY: ALMOST DONE!

JD: Brody is just... what power in this newcomer to the AWA! Where did he come from, Colt?!

CP: No idea! But people need to keep their eye on this guy!

JD: He's pulling Trampus Kennedy off the mat... Irish whip.... BOOT TO THE CHEST!

[But instead of making Kennedy fly off, he plants the boot hard and DRIVES him to the mat, foot staying on the chest! The crowd at the live AWA event ooohs and aahhhs at the power. Brody keeps standing on the almost unconscious surfer as he turns to the hard-cam, walks towards the ropes and lifts his arms straight up, shooting them down as he screams again.]

BRODY: ALMOST DONE!

JD: There's more?! That wasn't enough!?

CP: Time to end this in style I think, Jason. If you want to get noticed in the AWA, you got to do it with a point!

[Brody does indeed continue, reaching down and pulling Kennedy up off the mat, the poor guy barely able to stand. He reaches to the chest and legs and lifts...]

JD: Gorilla press over his head! We saw this last time out!

CP: Trampus Kennedy is NOT a small man!

JD: He's holding him up, walking him around the ring! WALKING!

BRODY: DONE!

[And stops in the middle of the ring, dropping Kennedy down over his shoulder and into the mat with a loud THUD! POP!]

JD: POWERSLAM FROM EIGHT FEET UP! THIS ONE IS DONE!

[And it's elementary as the referee counts the easy three, scared to even try and get to the very intense Brody and lift his arm. He does... and then backs away checking on Kennedy.]

CP: Another impressive win by this Brody. We need to find out more about him! No one knows where he came from, who he is... but my oh my is he impressive.

[Sweat and saliva flying as he gets up, grunting like a bull, Brody turns to the cameras, eyes wide and bloodshot, veins puffed as he tenses every incredibly large muscle in his neck and chest.]

BRODY: JUST... ANOTHER... VICTIM!

JD: And not the last... I am sure... not the last.

[The camera holds on the awe-inspiring physical specimen...

...and then fades back into the interior of the WKIK Studios where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Just another victim indeed. The man known as Brody may not be a part of SuperClash IV but you can bet he'll be someone to watch in the weeks and months to come, fans.

BW: And who says he won't be a part of SuperClash IV? Maybe he's the third man for Royalty!

GM: What if he's the third man for Team Sharif?

BW: That's a terrifying thought for any fan of Royalty.

GM: It certainly should be. But as we heard earlier, both teams have offered their final spot to the winner of Steal The Spotlight which makes that particular match even MORE important in my estimation.

BW: You get the glory of winning... and the paycheck. You get the chance to have ANY match you want for the next year. AND you get to potentially be

the deciding factor in one of the biggest six man tag team matches we've ever seen?

GM: Steal The Spotlight has always been an important match and now it's just a little bit more so in my estimation, fans. And speaking of important matches - there may never be anything more important than when a man's career in this industry is on the line. On Thanksgiving Night, TWO men put their careers on the line when "Big" Jim Watkins and Joe Petrow collide in a Retirement Match.

BW: The loser of that one is done, Gordo - not just in the ring... not just in the AWA... they can't work for ANY wrestling promotion in the globe in ANY capacity EVER again. They can't referee a match, they can't set up the ring, and they can't even sell programs in the cheap seats, daddy!

GM: Without a doubt, the stakes have never been higher for the two men who step into the ring on Thanksgiving Night with their legendary careers on the line. As we said earlier, it would take us hours to run down the reasons that Jim Watkins and Joe Petrow are climbing into the ring with one another on Thanksgiving Night with so much at stake... so we decided that there would be no better way than to let those two men speak for themselves. Earlier this week, the AWA front office received a very badly damaged iPhone with instructions to play the video recorded on it for you at home. Despite some questionable language, we have elected to do exactly that so you can understand for yourselves what this situation TRULY is all about. Parental discretion, however, is very much advised.

[The shot slowly fades from Gordon and Bucky. First, there is only blackness. Then the view brightens, as a hand backs away from the camera view, and a brief shot of a scruffy and disheveled "SychoSYS" Joe Petrow can be seen before he walks out of camera view.

A still camera angle, about waist high and tilted very slightly upward, shows a rather ramshackle room, with a small wooden chair and several crumpled cans in the distance the only visible furniture in the room. It is hard to notice this, however, as the viewer's attention is drawn to the far wall covered with hundreds of photos, large and small. The small ones are hard to make out, but the larger ones are all various photos of Jim Watkins: smiling, fighting, bleeding, with a woman and children that might be family members...so we can assume that the smaller photos are probably of Watkins as well.

After a few seconds, Petrow slowly walks into view from the right side, holding another can.]

JP: Like I said, I know *you* don't like foreplay Jimbo, but this is *my* promo, and just like I would for your youngest daughter, I'm doing it nice and slow.

[Petrow pauses to look at his surroundings.]

JP: I haven't been here in over fifteen years. I don't know who else has ever found this old shack in northern Montana, but I **do** know that they didn't find the beer that I buried here!

[Petrow runs a hand through his hair and rubs his face hard, as if trying to wring out the words to be said.]

JP: Big Jim Watkins, I want to thank you for some things right now while I still can, because when I leave here, I will be as I was before the Seven Tables of Fear. I'll be unable to feel thankful; unable to feel pain, or happiness, or satisfaction, or fear. Because I will be filled 100% with nothing but rage towards you.

I want to thank you for your petty jealousy that cut out my wrestling career in the AWA. That cut out my consultancy career in the AWA. That cut out my managerial career in the AWA.

I want to thank you for reducing me to a slithering piece of slime crawling along the nether regions of the wrestling world.

I want to thank you for all of your attempts to make me believe that I am the vile scum of a man that you've **constantly** worked to convince others that I am.

Thank you for breaking that thick, protective shell I have worked so hard for years to put around myself, and allowing my true self to emerge once more. THANK you! Thank YOU!!!

[Petrow cracks open the rusty can, takes a big swig, and makes a horrible face]

JP: And at SuperClash IV, thank YOU for giving me the key that opens the door of my prison to a big, wide, glorious world!

[Petrow turns to look at some of the pictures on the wall behind him for a few seconds, before returning his attention to the camera.

He slowly walks closer to the camera, until kneeling down and placing his beer and arms down on the table that is apparently supporting the camera, his visage now taking up most of the camera shot.]

JP: Big Jim, I have spent the last three years of my life being handcuffed by you. Sometimes literally!

Three years of frustration is too much to relieve in just one night

But don't get me wrong, I'm damned sure gonna try! I'm gonna rain down with at least one blow for every day that I've suffered!

If I get the chance, I'm gonna reach down into your pants and grab your hairy, sweaty testicles directly, just so I can twist them that much harder.

I'm gonna do all that and more at SuperClash but still! Still... I know that won't be enough.

That's why, even after Thanksgiving Night, every now and then...I'll come by and see what you've become for myself.

When you're staring in blank boredom as a bouncer at your local dive...I'll be there.

When you try your best to sound cheerful while repeating "Hello, and welcome to Walmart!"... I'll be there.

And when your old hag screams at you over what an abject failure you are...how you *ruined* your family's life...and finally throws you out on the curb... I'll find a way to be there too.

I'll keep on enjoying your life of misery until I've had my fill of revenge.

...and then...I'll be free! Free to return to a life of making everything about me.

Forever.

Forever.

Forever!

ForEVER!

FOREVER!

FOREVER!

FOREVER!

FOREVER!

[Sychosys has begun working himself into a frenzy. He picks up the beer, raises it over his head and dumps it down, attempting to catch the falling beer in his mouth, being mostly successful, sending a final spray out of his mouth as he continues.]

FOREVER!

FOREVER!

FOREVER!

FOREVER!

[Sychosys crushes the can against his forehead several times, unfortunately using the tabbed end.]

FOREVER!

FOREVER!

FOREVER!

FOREVER!

FOREVER!

FOREVER!

FOREVER!

[SychoSYS has opened up a deep gash on his own forehead, but the blood raining down serves only to rile him up even more...]

FOREVER!!

FOREVER!!

FOREVER!!

FOREVER!!

FOREVER!!

*****FOREVER*****!!!!

*****FOREVER*****!!!!

*****FOREVER*****!!!!

*****FOREVER*****!!!!

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*****FOR*****EVER*****!!!!

For.....

[Now wearing the crimson mask, Petrow lets out a maniacal, creepy laugh that last a good ten seconds...before abruptly changing to a cold stare.

Ever.

[Petrow's hand reaches for the camera, and the video ends abruptly...

There is a pause for several moments before we hear a click of a keyboard. The camera pulls back from a blackened screen to show "Big" Jim Watkins, the now-former Chairman of the Championship Committee, sitting in front of a computer with his hand on the table. He's still staring at the black screen in a pair of black jeans, cowboy boots, and a white t-shirt that reads "THE END?" across it in red, white, and blue lettering. A beer bottle sits in his other hand and still in silence, Watkins lifts it, taking a long chug from the bottle as condensation drips off of it onto his lap. With a sigh, Watkins turns towards the camera.]

JW: Sycho Joe is back, I guess.

[Watkins slowly nods.]

JW: The same guy who put himself through a bunch of tables in Toronto. The guy who used a tricycle as a weapon against The Fury. The guy who pushed Quigley to the brink and then broke him... he was never the same after facing Petrow.

A lot of people could say that... but most of 'em would never admit it.

[Another chug of the beer.]

JW: Joe Petrow is a former World Champion. Joe Petrow is a man whose name will forever be mentioned alongside names like Kowalski, Thunder, Quigley, the Syndicate, Annis... legendary names in our sport. Joe Petrow is a man who - win, lose, or draw come SuperClash - is indeed immortal in our sport.

[Watkins lowers his head a bit.]

JW: That ain't me, Joe. I know that ain't me. I'm a relic of a long ago age. A time when a man had to fight to feed his family... not buy a fancier car or a shiny watch. I'm a man who bled and sweat and cried in that ring because

it was all that I knew and all that I was... not 'cause it would get my name in the history books.

Joe Petrow would like you to believe that he was a changed man until two weeks ago when he went after Phil Watson.

[Watkins grins.]

JW: But we both know that just ain't true, Joe. You might have hid it pretty well to the people. They may have thought you were a changed man... that you were satisfied being Langseth's flunky... that you were happy being a kingmaker.

But those people didn't look in your eyes... right in those eyes.

You were never happy with that, Joe. Never. And I saw it every time we stood in that ring together... every time I got the chance to be near you, I could feel the fire burning in you...

You weren't happy being the kingmaker... you still - deep down - wanted to be the king.

[Watkins takes another drink.]

JW: And that's why we couldn't get along, Joe... because I knew this day would come. I knew the moment would arrive where you'd rip off the fancy suit, throw down the shiny watch, burn down the big house, and you'd show the world the REAL Joe Petrow.

And here he is, fans...

[He gestures to the computer screen.]

JW: A wild-eyed madman who sits in an abandoned cabin, staring at pictures of me and mine like a [BLEEP] damned serial killer, and tries to tell me that I ruined him.

I ruined you, Joe? I ruined your wrestling career? I ruined your career as a consultant? As a manager?

[Watkins chuckles softly.]

JW: I don't know if that's true, Joe, or just another one of your delusions like that [BLEEPING] kiwi... but if it is?

[A smile.]

JW: Thank you. If on Thanksgiving Night, I go out staring at the lights - and trust me, I KNOW that's a real possibility - if that's how I go out, you couldn't have bought me a better retirement gift, Joe. If I can go to the retirement home knowing that I rid the wrestling world of everything that you are and ever could be again... then I'm a happy, happy man.

Jon Stegglet pulled the plug on me last week. He told me he was going to. It wasn't a surprise. He said if I signed the contract, I was done.

[Watkins rubs his stubble-covered chin.]

JW: I told him that if I didn't sign it, I was done.

I was done being a wrestler. I was done being a fighter. I was done being a Southerner... and I was done being a man.

I walked away from a fight one time to keep my job and I vowed I'd NEVER do it again.

You want a fight with me, Joe Petrow?

[Watkins turns his neck to the side, stretching the muscles.]

JW: You want to go to war with me? You want to lace up those boots one more time and throw everything at me you got left while I do the same thing to you?

You want one more round in this fight?

[Watkins nods.]

JW: One more round, Joe. One last ride.

One way or another, one of us leaves Los Angeles with nothing left. No future in the sport we love. No future in the business that is the ONLY thing we've ever known.

[Watkins grits his teeth.]

JW: I've laced 'em up a lot of times, Joe. I've walked that aisle a lot of times knowing it might be the last time I'd do it. I was ready for it. I was ALWAYS ready for it. Any night you step in that ring might be your last.

For over twenty years, I've known that.

[Watkins takes one more long drink out of the beer bottle before setting it down with a loud "CLANK!"]

JW: I just hope you're ready for it too.

[Watkins reaches into the desk drawer, pulling out a black leather glove. He smiles as he tugs it on over his right hand, making a fist with it.]

JW: One more round? One more ride? One last time?

[Watkins nods.]

JW: See you in Los Angeles, Joe.

[Watkins reaches down, grabbing the bottle in his gloved hand as he gets to his feet, the camera trailing up to his face.]

JW: Oh, and...

[Watkins quickly swings the glass bottle upwards, shattering it over his forehead. Blood instantly starts to pour from his skull, rolling down his face in deep crimson streaks as he throws the shattered glass down to the floor.]

JW: You're not the only one willing to bleed to end this forever...

...Sycho.

[A wide smile forms, blood dripping over his white teeth. A deep, disturbing chuckle comes out of Watkins as he strides out of the camera's view and we fade to black.

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and

with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business! You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...

...and then back up on a shot of former EMWC owner Chris Blue sitting on one side of a table and Jason Dane seated on the other. A graphic that reads "EARLIER THIS WEEK" is visible.]

JD: Fans, I asked Chris Blue for the opportunity to sit down with me and to talk about this very dangerous match he has scheduled for SuperClash IV - a Barbed Wire match between William Craven and Alex Martinez.

[Blue beams proudly at that.]

JD: Obviously, you're quite pleased with yourself.

[Blue chuckles.]

CB: Jason, for a guy that used to work for me, you sound kinda disgruntled.

[Dane arches an eyebrow. Blue laughs, raising his hands.]

CB: Point taken. You wouldn't be the first by far. But you want to talk about the Barbed Wire match, right?

[Dane nods.]

CB: So, let's talk about it. What's wrong, Jason? What did I do wrong?

[Dane looks stunned.]

JD: Are you serious?! You scheduled a Barbed Wire match! The first EVER Barbed Wire match in the AWA!

[Blue nods.]

CB: And?

JD: And?! AND?! We're not in Los Angeles! It's not your Extreme Empire! This isn't the kind of show the AWA is-

[Blue shakes his head, interrupting.]

CB: Look, Jason... I know the AWA's not about hardcore and extreme and ultraviolence and all that stuff. I know the AWA's not about tables and light tubes and thumbtacks and-

JD: Spare me please.

CB: Fine. The AWA may not be about all that stuff... but what it IS about is giving these people what they want, right?

[Dane nods.]

CB: These people have sat back and watched William Craven torment Alex Martinez in one way or another for over a year now, right?

[Dane nods again.]

CB: Well, I decided that there was one way to make sure it ended right then and there in the center of the ring in Los Angeles on Thanksgiving night on the biggest night of the year - and that was to give the AWA fans something they'd never seen before. Something GUARANTEED to leave neither Martinez nor Craven eager to get back into the ring with one another.

The first ever Barbed Wire match.

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: Do you EVER think about the consequences of your actions? Let's forget about the fact that you raised the stakes in a war that was already going to be the most violent thing the AWA has ever seen. Let's forget that you unilaterally made a decision that caused a problem between the AWA and their broadcast partner, WKIK.

At the end of the day, do you understand how dangerous a Barbed Wire match is?

[It's Blue's turn to look incredulous at Dane.]

CB: You kidding me? Are you forgetting where I used to work? Are you forgetting the people I used to employ? Are you forgetting the matches that I used to schedule every damn week?

Do I know the dangers of a Barbed Wire match?

[Blue shakes his head.]

CB: I know that there's a janitor sweeping out animal cages at a zoo someplace with a red glove on one hand and a red eyepatch over an eye because he walked into a Barbed Wire match and lost vision in one eye for it.

In one of my rings, Casey James got his finger wrapped up in Barbed Wire and tore the damn thing off.

Lost eyes. Lost fingers.

[Blue nods.]

CB: Yeah, I think I have a pretty good idea how dangerous Barbed Wire is.

[Dane glares at his former employer.]

JD: Then why?! Why would you subject William Craven to that kind of injury? And Alex Martinez! Alex Martinez is supposed to be your friend! Alex Martinez is a man who was a staple of your company for YEARS and now you risk everything for him in a match like this! Why?

[Blue stares at Dane.]

CB: For ten years, I've tried to live down the man I was. I've tried to change and bury the me from then... but every time I turn around, someone wants that Chris Blue. Someone wants the guy who scorched every bit of Earth he could find... the guy who burned every bridge he ever crossed... and yes, the guy who put human beings through physical hell in order to put another dollar in my pocket.

I was home. I was happy. But William Craven spent an entire year mentioning me and my company every single second he got. And every time he mentioned my name, I got the phone call - "Are you involved with William Craven? Are you coming to the AWA?"

I was done, Jason. I was out.

[Blue looks down at the table, silent for a moment.]

CB: He wants the violence? He wants the Extreme?

[Blue nods as he raises his head, staring cold eyes in the direction of Dane.]

CB: Now he's got it.

[Blue starts to get up before Dane interrupts one more time.]

JD: And Martinez?

[Blue pauses, blinking several times.]

CB: We're done here.

[Blue walks off the set, leaving a fuming Dane behind as we fade back to footage marked "EARLIER THIS WEEK." It's a nice panning shot of the ring and surrounding crowd when suddenly...]

#I'M OVER IT!#

["Forsaken" by David Draiman reverberates throughout the arena as the AWA fans erupt into sound, shouting down the green man beast that emerges from the entrance portal. Walking, unarmed, without his entrance attire, William Craven stalks towards the ring. Microphone in hand he snarls at the fans in the front row, back and forth, as he goes.]

GM: Uh-oh. William Craven coming out to the ring. I wonder what this could be all about.

BW: With Craven it can't be good. You know I heard he ate like 4 Luchadors in some league down Mexico way?

GM: I don't believe-

BW: Yeah, he had to stop because they gave him gas.

[Rolling into the ring, Craven rolls out again immediately. Pulling back the ring skirt he searches frantically, pulls his head out, sneers at the camera, then immediately goes back in for a folding chair.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: They don't have a steady supply of Beano down there, Gordo.

[Plunking the chair down on it's feet, Craven sits informally, arms folded over the back.]

WC: I'd like to say that I requested this time so that I could speak to all of you. That, however, would be a lie ... I'm simply taking it. Taking it like I'm taking everything I want from now on.

GM: I'm not sure how that differs--

BW: Sh, he could hear you.

WC: Time and again I spoke unto Alex Martinez, the so-called "Last American Badboy" ... rendered so milquetoast that even his name is censored. Time and again I gave him a chance to quit this place, ceding territory that is rightfully mine... My requests fell on deaf ears.

I'm not asking again. At last I have the tools to finally rid my Empire of the man who has had not only his moment in the sun but mine and the time owned by countless others. I just turned 46, Alex ... my time is now. Because I say so. Because I'm taking it.

[More and louder jeers from the crowd draw a laugh from Craven and he shakes his head.]

WC: Sorry to disappoint but, as I have said before, in the end you will see that I do what is best for all of you.

[And the crowd begins to chant.]

Crowd: We want A-lex! *CLAP* *CLAP* *CLAPCLAPCLAP*

[Lather, rinse, repeat. Craven laughs again, palming his face in disbelief.]

WC: Is that a retort?

[It repeats again and Craven starts to crack.]

WC: I am who Alex Martinez would be had he my potential! The God of War his status should have made him and that I had to create through my Blood, Sweat and Tears! You want Alex!? You'll get better and _like it_!

[Chanting ends. Jeers continue. Craven shakes it off.]

WC: Soon, very soon, you will see the truth. I am a the bastard child of the Empire and, soon, it's only remaining legacy. For this, at last, I must thank my absentee and adopted father. Christopher ... I had lost faith, and yet, at the eleventh hour, you've seen fit to bestow upon me this most wondrous of blessings. As we begin the season of giving could there be any greater gift than to have the means to dispel the myth of Alex Martinez?

Time and again I have espoused how this role, the role of Revolution, should never have fallen to me. The Mighty Martinez, who now bears that mantle with deep irony, was king undisputed by the time the Empire fell.

Now, amid what must now be seen as the ruins of the Empire, the AWA, he runs about playing the role of the good son. He believes in and adheres to this concept that our Emperor has somehow found himself a different skin to wear.

Assuredly everyone here knows the old fable of the Emperor's New Clothes? To those for whom this is a spoiler let me apologize now ... he has _none_.

[The crowd doesn't seem to know how to respond to this piece of Craven's ramblings, jeering for no particular reason.]

WC: When last I spoke to the world an apology was demanded of me. One which I mocked as I spat fire and bile in answer to impatient eyes. In light of recent events I can honestly say that I regret this.

Christopher ... I am _sorry_. Clearly you have difficulty expressing your true feelings. Somehow, over the years, you've lost the ability to show your love for the Violence in mere words. Your actions speak for you. I should not have laid hands on my Emperor.

[Quieting, the crowd's excitement ebbs and Craven gestures grandly towards the entrance portal.]

WC: But ... back to our good friend Alexander Martinez. The aforementioned "good son". You wear another hat, yes? You are a father. Of course you

are... Still just a boy your son, Ryan, is the only wrestler in the AWA to have laid hands on me without being answered in kind.

Ryan ... come out here, please.

[Nothing happens for a moment. Craven seems to be patient for only a moment before tensing up and hissing out--]

WC: Get out here boy! If I must ask again I'll do it by dragging your hide out here.

[There's a several moment pause before Ryan Martinez emerges from the entrance tunnel - his own mic in hand. He doesn't wander far, just a few feet down the aisle before lifting the mic.]

RM: Empty words don't mean a thing to me, Craven... but a threat?

[Martinez cracks a grin.]

RM: Well, a threat will damn sure get my attention. But I gotta ask the question all these people want the answer to right about now.

What in the world do you want with me?

[Craven looks surprised at the question - perhaps amused.]

WC: Isn't it obvious, boy? I want my pound of flesh. You forgot your place and laid your hands on me. Why? Because I gave you a little spanking? Because I slapped your mentor Gaines around this ring? No, boy, you don't get to raise your status by getting the last shot in on the "One Man Revolution!" Now come ... take your medicine.

[Martinez reaches up, rubbing his chin as he takes a few more steps down the aisle.]

RM: The way I look at it is that I can run down there all fired up, we can throw down again, and one of us could get hurt... really hurt... in the process. I'm not afraid of that possibility...

But I gotta admit, I'm looking forward to my old man ripping your lizard skin right off your back.

[Big cheer!]

RM: I'd hate to deprive him of that chance by taking you out right here tonight.

Another time, another place... you get your chance at me, Craven. But for now, I'm gonna leave what's left of you to my father to finish off.

[Turning to leave the arena, Ryan is stopped short as Craven cries out.]

WC: Foolish child! You fail to think. In just a few short nights I go to face your father for what must be the final time. As Alexander raised and exalted himself these many years I wallowed in the filth of this business and, yes, I have tasted the lash of the barbed wire. I've never lost a barbed wire match, Ryan. I know how to use it. Tell me ... how far will that long neck of your father's stretch when he's hung by a barbed wire noose? Hm?

[Turning back to look at Craven over his shoulder, Ryan scowls, his eyes moving rapidly as he imagines the scenario.]

WC: You've already lost your mother, yes? She walked away when she saw greener pastures with Caleb Temple. Her dalliances in the locker rooms were the stuff of legend, you know.

[Turning back full, an impetuous rage seizes Ryan as he shakes his head trying to bite back his anger.]

WC: Heh ... aheh. How sad it will be ... a boy of your age ... orphaned... Your daddy dead and your mother a who--

[Moving at a full sprint Ryan slides into the ring. Craven tries to cut him off before the fight can begin with a mafia kick but Ryan ducks under, bounces off the ropes and hits the big man with a huge lariat! Craven staggers back, swings wild before the much younger man starts hammering away at him.]

GM: Martinez is all over him! Get him, kid!

BW: This could be a big mistake, Gordo!

GM: It could be but after the filth coming out of the mouth of Craven, who can blame Ryan Martinez for this!

[The younger Martinez backs Craven into the turnbuckles, hammering him with rights and lefts to the roar of the crowd. He grabs an arm, firing him from post to post.]

GM: Ohh! Craven hits the corner hard!

[Stumbling out from the turnbuckles, Craven gets DROPPED with a discus punch right hand to the jaw!]

GM: What a shot by Martinez! And this can't be what Craven had in mind when he got in there tonight!

[Ever the good guy, Martinez kicks the steel chair aside, sending it clattering through the ropes to the floor as he stalks towards a rising Craven who is using the ropes to get off the canvas...

...where a big boot catches him in the breadbasket!]

GM: Martinez goes downstairs on the bigger man... and a few more right hands to the skull!

[Yanking Craven away from the ropes, Martinez pulls him into a front facelock...]

GM: He's going for the Brainbuster!

[...but Craven feels it coming, shoving his weight into the chest of Martinez to drive him back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Craven countered that attempt at the Brainbuster and-

[A headbutt attempt is met with a stiff elbow shot to the jaw, knocking Craven down to a knee where a second elbow shot knocks him flat on his back!]

GM: Martinez continues to hammer away on Craven... pulling him back up...

[A hard whip sends Craven the short distance to the nearest turnbuckles where he slams hard against them. A fired-up Martinez steps up on the middle rope, raising a clenched right hand...]

GM: He's gonna lay a beating on Craven right now!

[The punches come up and down, smashing into the skull of the One Man Revolution over and over and over...]

GM: Martinez is doing a number on him! Really letting him have-

[Reaching up, Craven uses his power to shove at the torso of Martinez, sending him backwards off the buckles, landing on his feet...

...where he instantly falls to a knee, grabbing at his left knee!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: He might have tweaked the knee on the landing!

[Martinez winces as he pushes up to his feet...

...and Craven strikes, lashing out with the precision of a skilled martial artist with a kick that catches the younger man on the side of the hurting knee, sweeping his legs out from under him!]

GM: Good grief!

[Craven rains down a series of brutal stomps to the chest of Martinez before switching to soccer style kicks to the ribs!]

GM: Craven's kicking the heck out of this kid!

[The wildman drops to his knees, wrapping his hands around the throat of Martinez!]

GM: He's choking him, fans!

BW: But it don't matter, Gordo! This ain't a wrestling match - this is a fight! No rules, no ref! Craven can choke him all night long if he wants to!

GM: And knowing Craven, that might be exactly what he wants to do!

[Standing over Martinez, Craven waits until the young man has pushed up to all fours...

...and then lifts his leg, violently swinging it down so that the heel catches Martinez RIGHT in the lower back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: An axe kick delivered to the spine of Martinez! Good grief!

[Craven stands over the prone Martinez, looking out at the jeering crowd with a disgusted expression on his face...

...and then suddenly reaches down, wrapping his powerful arms around the waist to deadlift Martinez off the mat...]

GM: Goodness! What power in the arms of Crave- OHHHH!

[The crowd groans as Martinez gets DUMPED on the back of his head and neck with a German Suplex. Craven hangs on, rolling through and dragging Martinez back to a standing position...]

GM: No, no, no! Don't do this!

[...and takes him over AGAIN before letting go!]

GM: Two BRUTAL suplexes by Craven and Martinez may be out cold after that, fans! He's not moving... he's not moving one bit!

[Craven grabs Martinez by the hair, turning to look towards the entryway before dragging the young man towards the ropes, facing the aisleway...

...and tangles his arms up in the ropes, holding his limp body up for everyone to see!]

GM: What the heck is he doing, Bucky?

BW: He's got Martinez tied up in the ropes so he can't topple over and-

GM: Craven's out here on the floor now... he's right by us looking under the ring and... oh my god.

[The crowd begins to buzz as Craven yanks a coil of barbed wire out.]

GM: My stars!

BW: He's got an industrial size coil of barbed wire - like the kind of stuff they use on the farms down in Texas!

GM: He's putting that in the ring and I don't know what in the world he's got in mind but he's going too far, fans! He's going WAY too far!

[Craven climbs to his feet, yanking loose a piece of barbed wire from the coil and moving slowly towards a struggling Ryan Martinez, dangling the skin-tearing metal in front of his eyes...]

GM: Is Craven... is he saying something?!

[The announcers fall out as the camera tries to pick up Craven as he mutters something in Martinez' direction...

...before suddenly surging forward, grabbing Martinez' throat in one hand as he pushes the barbed wire into the chest with the other hand!]

"CALL YOUR FATHER!! SCREAM OUT FOR DADDY!!"

[Martinez cries out in pain at the barbed wire being shoved into his chest...

...when suddenly the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: Here he comes! Here comes the big man!

[Alex Martinez comes charging down the aisle, getting into the ring as Craven bails out to the floor, taunting the seven footer as he quickly moves to his son's side to free him from the ropes.]

GM: Thank the maker that Alex Martinez was here tonight and that he was able to get involved to help his son out of this dangerous situation.

[Alex frees Ryan from the ropes, holding his son up as he glares at the retreating Craven.]

GM: William Craven just couldn't resist, Bucky. He couldn't resist getting one more mind game in before SuperClash IV but he may have gone too far this time. You never mess with a man's family.

BW: Tell that to Caleb Temple.

[The shot holds on the Martinez clan along in the ring...

...and then fade to the backstage area where Alphonse Green is sitting with the camera on him.]

AG: You back for another pose for the 2013 calendar?

[The cameraman can be heard chuckling.]

C: Not really. They want a comment on what happened with Sandra Hayes earlier.

[Green looks up, beaming. He reaches over towards the table where snacks are provided to the AWA locker room. Folded up and sitting on his shoulder is the t-shirt provided to him earlier by the lovely Sandra Hayes. He stuffs some potato chips in his mouth before looking up, his eyes growing wide, along with that creepy smile.]

AG[Chips flying from his mouth.]: Guys! Guys! Over here!

[Walking onscreen is the dastardly trio of Percy Childes, Nenshou, and Grant Stone. Green looks very happy to see them, but it doesn't appear that the feeling is mutual.]

AG: What can I...

[The three men slowly crowd around Green, and Green is starting to realize that these men mean business.]

AG[sheepishly]: Do for you?

[Awkward pause. Green tries to break the tension by handing Grant Stone a bag of potato chips. Stone grabs the bag, pauses for a moment, and tosses it aside. Stone and Nenshou crowd Green even closer, when Childes decides to put a stop to it, for now.]

PC: Now, now, gentlemen. We don't want to make our teammate feel ill at ease. After all, at SuperClash, only one person on our team can win...

[There is the loud sound of gunfire... no, that's just Grant Stone cracking his knuckles. Nenshou makes the "throat-slit" motion with his left hand. Green's eyes go wide.]

PC: But still, we need to put forth a team effort. Alphonse, Ben Waterson speaks highly of you. He tells me that you're a very pragmatic man. You also deal well with chaotic situations. You are, after all, the King Of The Battle Royals.

[Hearing his favorite sobriquet seems to but Green at ease. He smiles, and starts to respond.]

AG: That's...

PC: This is not a battle royal.

AG: Uhm...

PC: Nenshou is the chosen one, Alphonse. But we do recognize your skill set as being very helpful in a match like this. The ability to think clearly when

multiple fights break out. The ability to analyze a situation, see who is vulnerable, and make a move on them. Yes, we think we can work with you.

AG: Great! I...

PC: And if you should try to steal what is ours, we'll leave you in a bag. A small bag.

AG: Ahhh...

PC: You will be rewarded for your cooperation. Money. Respect. Possibly a Battle Royal Title Belt. I could have one made.

AG: Ooooooh...

PC: Or the very small bag.

[Grant Stone holds up a Ziplock Freezer Bag. It has "A.GREEN" written on it in marker. Alphonse looks at the bag with terror. Nenshou sprays some red mist in the air, and Alphonse covers his precious T-Shirt with his arms.]

PC: Choose well, young man.

[Stone drops the Ziplock bag in Alphonse's lap. The trio walk off, pleased in their efforts to convince Green to do the right thing at SuperClash. Once the three men are out of earshot, Green buries himself in the t-shirt, and breathes a sigh of relief that they didn't mess up the shirt. As the camera zooms in, we see a half of a face peering around the corner behind Green. Alphonse remains oblivious as Terry Shane III is there... glaring... just before we crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson stands by with two wrestlers. One is a rather small cleanshaven man with shoulder-length blond hair, black trunks, kneepads, and boots. Each boot says "ALLEN" on it in white block letters. The other man in the ring is a light-brown haired man with slightly receding hairline and mustache who wears black thigh-length tights and black sneakers, as well as a leather jacket.]

[*DING*DING*]

PW: The following tag team match is set for one fall, with a ten minute time limit.

Introducing first, already in the ring... from Jacksonville, Florida and Dallas, Texas respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred fifty one pounds... the team of...

...ALLEN ALLEN...

[The blond haired man arrogantly flips his hair back and smirks.]

...and BRUCE "WILD AND CRAZY" GUY!

[The brown haired man jumps up on the turnbuckles and shakes his fists at the crowd trying to fire them up.]

Then the driving guitar beat of Joe Satriani's "Ride" plays over the PA, and immediately two men stride from the back. Clad in white dusters (over black Harley Davidson T-Shirts), blue jeans, brown leather cowboy boots, brown leather cutoff gloves, and black motorcycle helmets with a red "Longhorn Riders" logo airbrushed on each side, this is "Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt... the brothers known as the Longhorn Riders. They are side-by-side and almost in step as they power-walk straight to the ring.]

PW: Coming down the aisle... from Gun Barrel City, Texas... at a total combined weight of five hundred forty two pounds...

..."Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt...

...THE LONGHORN RIDERS!

[The cowboy bikers reach the ring at the same time and go straight in to the boos of the crowd. Though the Colts have different builds, they do have similar facial features and the same reddish-brown haircolor. Pete is the bulkier of the two; he's barrel-chested, with thick muscles up top and a bit of a beer gut down below. His hair is shorter, but is wavy in style; he sports a thick horseshoe mustache. Jim is taller, and is quite lanky. His hair is a straight mullet; he sports a thin horseshoe mustache. Both men beeline for their opponents!]

[*DING*DING*]

GM: The Longhorn Riders are not waiting for anything! Pete and Jim Colt attacking the team of Allen Allen and Bruce Guy!

BW: They're mad, Gordo! They wanted to be in that number one contenders match at SuperClash, and they're gonna take it out on somebody!

GM: Pete Colt just clobbered Allen with a huge meaty forearm across the face! Jim Colt kneeing Bruce Guy in the head! Michael Meekly is trying to get control in there!

BW: Good luck controlling the Colts, daddy! They are mad as hell!

GM: Pete Colt shoving Allen into the turnbuckle, and boots him in the gut as he bounces out! Jim Colt whips Bruce Guy chest first into the opposite corner, and hammers him in the kidney with a brutal kidney punch! It looks like the Longhorn Riders are going to arrange a team meeting for Allen and Guy...

[The Riders execute an Irish Whip to send Allen and Guy crashing together in mid-ring... but Allen manages to reverse and send Sam in! This, however, isn't going to end well for Bruce Guy.]

BW: Pete Colt just ran Bruce Guy over with a lariat! That was a .48 on the Piedra scale, daddy!

GM: And Jim Colt leapfrogs his brother and rushes Allen...

[*CRAAACK*]

GM: AND HE KICKED ALLEN ALLEN'S LIGHTS OUT!

BW: _BOOT HILL_!

GM: Allen is out! Jim Colt's high kick is devastating, and Bruce Guy is pulled to his feet... Pete Colt has him up on his shoulders...

[*THUUD*]

GM: FIREMAN'S CARRY POWERSLAM CRUSHES BRUCE GUY!

BW: _LAST ROUNDUP_! This match is already over!

GM: One, two... Pete Colt picks Guy up! What is the point of that?!

BW: Jim's going up top. You KNOW what the point of this is!

GM: For crying out loud! Pete Colt gets Bruce Guy on his shoulders...
__COLT REVOLVER__! GUY LANDED ON HIS HEAD AS JIM COLT WITH THE
HIGH FLYING CLOTHESLINE TO KNOCK GUY OFF HIS BROTHER'S
SHOULDERS!

BW: And Pete flings his legs up, too. Way better than the Antons' second-rate version. The Colts use the original, the way their daddy taught them!

GM: And... WHAT IS THIS?!

BW: They're going to give it to Allen Allen too! I love it! You do NOT make these men angry!

GM: Allen and Guy had nothing to do with this! __COLT REVOLVER__...
DEAR GOD! ALLEN DID A COMPLETE THREE SIXTY AND LANDED ON GUY!

BW: It was a two-seventy, and how bad do you have to be to hit a guy so hard that he moonsaults his own tag team partner?!

GM: This was completely unnecessary! Uncalled for brutality!

[Pete covers Allen, who is laying on Guy... and Jim casually sits on his brother's back, glaring at the referee, who seemed to have been threatening a disqualification.]

BW: I wouldn't cross Jim Colt. That guy's got an aura to him.

GM: Michael Meekly counts the three. He should have disqualified them.

[*DING*DING*]

[The fans, who reacted loudly to the Colt Revolvers, boo Meekly's apparent intimidation. "Ride" begins anew, and the Longhorn Riders proceed to clear the ring... by throwing their opponents out to the floor!]

GM: Over a fan poll? Really?

BW: I bet Allen and Guy voted for the Antons! That must be what happened.

GM: How would they know who Allen and Guy voted for?

BW: Well, they both shoot their mouths off backstage, Gordo. You've heard Bruce Guy talk, come on. He couldn't keep a secret from a dead man.

PW: The winners of this contest... THE LONGHORN RIDERS!

GM: I am sure that the AWA tag team division has received the message loud and clear, but I have news for Jim and Pete Colt: it's not going to be that easy when they face the likes of the Antons, Gaines and Martinez, the Lynches, the Hive, or anyone else!

BW: Tell ya what, daddy. You got that message for them? Go deliver it. I dare you. Pete Colt has that feel of a man who'd fight at the drop of a hat, but Jim has the feel of a guy who'd slit your throat for ten bucks.

GM: They'll figure it out soon enough. Mercifully, the Colt brothers are heading out. No matter who ends up the champions or the number one contenders after SuperClash, the line behind them is long and the tag team waters are perhaps deeper than ever in the AWA! Whomever does not get the win, either in the contenders match or the title match, will have a big hill to climb! Fans, let's go backstage to Jason Dane who is standing by with a special guest!

[We cut backstage, where Jason Dane is standing alongside former National Champion "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne is clad in a crisp navy blue suit with an open-collared light blue dress shirt. His long blond hair is pulled back into a pony tail, framing his high cheekbones and hawkish eyes. Dane gets the cue to begin and immediately does so.]

JD: Fans, I'm here with former National Champion, Calisto Dufresne; who in a matter of days will square off against Juan Vasquez in a war that's been over a year in the making. Calisto, are you ready?

[A snort of derision from Dufresne, before beginning.]

CD: Look, Dane. Unlike my colleagues from two weeks ago, I didn't fall out of the crib putting people in figure four leglocks. I don't enjoy taking one step closer to crippledom every time I step inside the squared circle. I make no allusions to wanting the crowd to love me. I'm in this business for _me_.

[Dufresne jerks a thumb towards his chest.]

CD: Every time that I've ever stepped into that ring, every time I did something that someone has called "cowardly", it's been in an effort to bring myself to the top of this business. It was a means to an end. But this is different. Percy Childes swapped one maniac for another when he asked me to help him make sure Vasquez ended up under his thumb.

[A shake of the head, eyes smoldering.]

CD: He told me that he'd ensure Vasquez's rage pointed elsewhere, but clearly we both overestimated his skills of persuasion. Vasquez wants nothing more than to avenge what I did at Wrestlerock.

[Shrug.]

CD: I get that. I understand a desire for revenge, trust me. But if Calisto Dufresne is going to end up as champion once again, he's going to need Juan Vasquez in his rearview. The best laid plans of mice and men haven't tempered that rage, so there's only one option left for Juan and I...

[A steely look of resolve - a strange look for Dufresne - crosses his face.]

CD: ...we fight.

You've done any and every thing to get a piece of me, Juan, and you're going to get your chance. But just know that I am going to do any and every thing to ensure that I walk out making sure that we bury this.

And that may involve burying you.

[A glance at Dane.]

CD: So, yeah. I'm ready.

JD: You mentioned not wanting the crowd to love you. Yet, strangely enough, there's been a groundswell of support with some fans, despite your history, against Juan Vasquez.

[A small smirk.]

CD: It's like the Twilight Zone around here as of late, isn't it, Dane? Cheers for Monosso, Wright and I as we come out to the ring two weeks ago? Cheers as I bury a knee in the back of Juan Vasquez behind the referee's back?

Let's be clear: I don't give a damn about those cretins out there. This is about clearing a path for Calisto Dufresne to once again rule the wrestling world.

But I can't say that I don't enjoy hearing the fans give Juan Vasquez, who pandered to them for so long, a dose of reality. You do what you have to do to get what you want and people hate you for it.

[A shake of the head.]

CD: Welcome to my world, Juan.

Hell, perhaps the craziest part of it all is that tonight, we're going to have Stevie Scott – STEVIE SCOTT! – try to pull you back into the light.

In an interview you brought together, of course, Dane.

[A condescending pat on Dane's back.]

CD: The AWA has become an unrecognizable place, that's for sure.

But, fear not. As has been the case so often in the past, Calisto Dufresne rides in on his white stallion to return things to normalcy. Juan, I promise that in two weeks time, I will bring you back to a place that's all too recognizable in your memory banks...

[A nod, a wink and a smile.]

CD: ...with you in a hospital bed and Calisto Dufresne on top of the wrestling world.

[Dufresne storms off camera as we fade to black.

And then back up on a shot of Travis Lynch, standing in a black t-shirt that says "TRAVIS" across the front in gold script.]

TL: It's one of the hottest summers on record...

[Lynch wipes his sweaty brow with the back of his hand, showing off his muscular bicep in the process.]

TL: The perfect weather for hitting the beach... the ballpark... the pool... or even the gym...

[We cut to a shot of Travis lifting weights. Impressive, no? His voiceover continues.]

TL: So, when you're digging through your closet and trying to find the perfect outfit when you're looking to dress to impress...

[We cut back to the first shot of Travis who jerks a thumb at his chest.]

TL: Look no further than the brand new Travis Lynch t-shirt. Available in all sizes, shapes, and colors... we've even got a tanktop version of it.

[Yep. We cut to a shot of Travis in the tanktop, delivering the gun show.]

TL: The new Travis Lynch t-shirt - available at all AWA events all summer long and at AWA.com!

[Cut to a graphic telling where you can buy said t-shirt before fading to black...

And back up to live action where the opening guitar riff of the Beastie Boys' "Looking Down the Barrel of a Gun" cranks up over the PA to a big pop.]

GM: And here he comes, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott! Listen to the reaction of this crowd, Bucky!

BW: I'd rather not, and I'll just try to remember the days where Stevie didn't cater to the fans. Back when he was the best in the world. But hey, Dane, it's the moment of truth for you, daddy! Hope you came through.

GM: Indeed it is. The moment many of us have been waiting for since the last Saturday Night Wrestling, the first in-ring face-to-face confrontation between Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez since SuperClash II. Jason Dane has joined us down here at ringside before stepping into the ring for this huge moment.

JD: Y...yeah. Pretty big deal, isn't it?

BW: Here's hoping you didn't screw it up.

[Stevie emerges into the aisle, grinning from ear to ear in anticipation of the encounter. Though he is not wrestling, he is still in his ring gear as well as his "Hotshot" t-shirt. He nods his head and talks with some fans on his way to the ring. The cameras don't pick up exactly what he's saying, but they pick up enough to hear him say "Vasquez" a few times. He approaches the ring, slingshots himself over the ropes and picks up a microphone set in the corner for him as the music fades out.]

HSS: Alright, let's get down to the brass tacks...two weeks ago, you saw it right here on AWA Saturday Night. You saw me call out Juan Vasquez for a face-to-face get-together. And you saw Jason Dane tell me he could make it happen. As you can see, I did not bring a chair with me today so I'm not in the mood to fool around. Jason Dane, get on up here and let's start off your new journalistic endeavors with a bang!

[A nervous Dane hesitates, but does climb through the ropes and join the Hotshot in the ring.]

HSS: Now, Dane-o...you promised me Vasquez, correct?

[Dane adjusts the collar of his shirt before answering.]

JD: Y...yes. I did.

HSS: And have you been able to follow through on said promise?

JD: I have, uh...I have been assured that Juan Vasquez will be represented here tonight.

HSS: Alright, then, let's get crackin'. Maestro, hit his music! Let's go!

["They Reminisce Over Me" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth kicks up over the PA to a big-time mixed reaction. There's an extended pause before a figure finally emerges from the back and into the view of the arena.

And it ain't Juan Vasquez.]

GM: Percy Childes is coming out alone, Bucky!

BW: He's never alone. Nenshou could be anywhere.

[Childes saunters down to ringside, frowning slightly. The bald, portly manager with the dark mustache and goatee is wearing a brown jacket and slacks, white dress shirt, and red tie. He doesn't even have his cane with him; he's just walking down the aisle alone. Childes steps towards the ropes, but Stevie doesn't even wait for him to enter before he starts the badmouth.]

HSS: OK...now, it's possible my eyes are a little cloudy here...

[The Hotshot somewhat animatedly squints at Childes.]

HSS: ...but it sure looks like, unless Juan Vasquez hit every buffet in Texas and traded in his tan for some nice, white, pasty skin over the last two weeks, that Dane?

[Stevie jabs a finger at Childes, who has just now reached his location.]

HSS: This fat slob is NOT who I asked for.

[Childes bristles at the comment before speaking up.]

PC: And when you realize that it was Ben Waterson who gave you a voice in this company during your heyday, perhaps you'll realize that you're simply not going to get what you want on demand.

[Stevie waves a hand dismissively.]

HSS: Hang on...I'll deal with you in a second, Chubbs. Eat a few Twinkies while I talk to this guy.

[The crowd laughs as Percy speaks up again.]

PC: I would, but they seem to have gone the way of the Stevie Scott title reign; a thing of the past.

[The Hotshot sarcastically slaps his knee with mock laughter before turning to a nervous Jason Dane.]

HSS: Dane-o, you disappoint me. You promised me Vasquez! And this? You bring me THIS tub of lard who liked his first chin so much, he added two more.

[Dane holds up his hands.]

JD: I...I did the best I could! But Percy...Mr. Childes...he was adamant about you having no access to his client!

[Scott glares at Childes who grins in response.]

PC: There is no reason that I would have Mr. Vasquez come out here to be berated by you. He has no desire to see, hear, or smell you, Stevie Scott. He is focused entirely on Calisto Dufresne, another man who failed to comprehend that Ben Waterson had made him... though unlike yourself, Calisto at least learned and retained many lessons from Mr. Waterson.

You, on the other hand, are no longer relevant to Juan Vasquez. I am giving you this professional courtesy of telling you face to face, solely as a favor to Jason Dane. After SuperClash, if you wish to meet my client, you will have to do so in a wrestling match. Until then, his focus is far from you.

[Stevie listens...pauses...then shrugs and nods his head.]

HSS: Yeah...alright. I hear what you're saying, Fatty McGee. You coming out here, doing his talking for him, making his decisions for him. It all makes sense...

[He pauses again, as a grin creeps over his face. He moves in closer to Childes, nearly but not quite right in his face.]

HSS: ...what with Juan Vasquez being your personal b[BLEEP!] and all.

[HUGE POP! Childes and Dane, in particular, both are taken aback by the word that you don't normally hear on AWA programming. Childes quickly shakes the shock; Dane not so much.]

GM: Can he...can he say that?

BW: Oh lordy, I hope the station execs went to the bathroom about two minutes ago.

[Stevie moves back away from Childes, smirking.]

HSS: No, really. I've got to give you credit. Who would have thought that ANYONE could make Juan Vasquez into a submissive servant? Who would have dreamed that Juan Vasquez could be controlled? I mean, you look at what Vasquez has done in his career, how successful he's been, and all of a sudden some lard-butt who's never seen the inside of a gym comes along

and, BAM! You make him obey YOUR orders? You must have some crazy sick mind control powers or something, because it don't make a lick of sense to me.

[It's Percy's turn to smirk at the former champion.]

PC: If business made sense to you, you'd still be employing Ben Waterson... and still be a championship-level contender if not a champion. I see that neither of these things are true. Tell me, Mr. Scott... who was it who slaughtered that particular golden goose? Was it not y...

[Stevie abruptly interrupts, reaching over and violently shoving Childes' mic-holding hand down.]

HSS: Alright, enough of your yapping. Let's cut the crap, Fat Albert. This is way bigger than you...

[The former champion stops, frowning and looking Percy up and down.]

HSS: ...and that's saying something.

[FAT JOKE POP!]

HSS: This is about ME and VASQUEZ. This is about the two men that MADE the AWA into the premier organization that it is today. This is about two men that warred...WARRED, Percy...all across Texas and when Texas wasn't big enough to handle it, we had to expand it to the entire southeastern United States. I bled. I made HIM bleed. I beat him. He beat me. And whether we like each other now, whether we hate each other now, whether we don't care if the other person even exists now...one thing we showed two years ago is that when WE have differences? WE settle it face-to-face, and man-to-man.

[Again, Stevie steps right up into Childes' personal space.]

HSS: So excuse me if, when I hear you come out here and say that Juan Vasquez doesn't want to talk to me?

[He pauses, a Steviesmirk~! slowly crossing his face.]

HSS: Excuse me if I don't take that as an acceptable answer.

[Without hesitation, the action flowing perfectly with the end of his words, Stevie drops the mic, takes a half step backward...

...and UNLEASHES a Heatseeker right under the jaw of Percy Childes drawing a HUGE POP!]

GM: OH MY STARS! STEVIE SCOTT JUST DELIVERED A HEATSEEKER TO PERCY CHILDES!

BW: HE'S A DEAD MAN, GORDO! HE JUST SIGNED HIS OWN DEATH WARRANT!

[And on cue, the Unholy Alliance rushes out of the back and down the aisle...even Juan Vasquez.]

GM: NENSHOU! THE ACES! GRANT STONE! VASQUEZ! THEY'RE ALL COMING TO THE AID OF PERCY CHILDES!

[A still smirking Stevie Scott quickly leaps over the ropes on the opposite side of the ring, then hops the guardrail into the crowd and pushes his way through.]

GM: He's escaping through the crowd! Stevie Scott is running for the hills, and as well he should, Bucky.

BW: I cannot believe he would superkick a defenseless manager like that! It's despicable! Absolutely despicable!

GM: Judging by these fans' reaction, I'd say you're in the minority, Bucky!

[Indeed, Gordo. Once he reaches the back rows of the first level, Stevie stops and looks back at the ring, grinning a big ol' STEVIEGRIN~! back at the irate Unholy Alliance now in the ring. The fans nearby pat him on the back as Stevie animatedly waves at Daniel Tyler and Steven Childes, both of whom are pointing and shouting threats at the two-time National Champion as we abruptly fade to the locker room area where we see footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT." We open up to a shot of Jason Dane, standing by with the number one contender to the World Title, Supreme Wright. Wright is dressed in a double-breasted, brown tweed suit, a bronze necktie, and a powder blue dress shirt. Behind him, with a sullen look on his face, is his "manager" Eric Preston.]

JD: Thanksgiving is just around the corner and I'm standing here with the man who may very well be our next World Champion! Supreme Wright, the clock clicks ever closer to SuperClash and your highly anticipated World Title match with James Monosso. However, on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, we witnessed what appeared to be a very heated exchange between you and your "manager" Eric Preston.

SW: The only problem between me and Eric...

[Supreme gives Preston a quick glance.]

SW: ...is his impatience.

[Preston smirks and shrugs.]

SW: But believe me, the state of the union is STRONG. We're united in our goal, Mr. Dane, make no mistake about that. Eric Preston promised me he'd give me the secret to defeating Mr. Monosso and getting that World title.

He'd show me just what it would take to break the unbreakable. And in return, I promised him...

[A serious expression forms on Wright's face.]

SW: ...I'd end the career of James Monosso.

[An uncomfortable look forms on Dane's face.]

JD: Supreme, in these past few months, I've come to realize that you absolutely mean everything you say...but we're not even talking about winning a title anymore...you're talking about...

[Supreme cuts Dane off, shooting him an annoyed look.]

SW: I'm talking about what, Mr. Dane? The exact same thing Mr. Monosso's promised to do to every young wrestler that's ever stepped into the ring with him?

[He closes his eyes and shakes his head in exasperation.]

SW: Don't you understand? There isn't any other way. You've seen enough of his matches...you watched him rampage his way through that tournament...you know exactly what it's gonna' take to defeat him.

You KNOW.

[Supreme doesn't raise his voice, doesn't make a single move. He simply places a slightly more emphasis in his words, but the discomfort on Dane's face is completely obvious.]

SW: The only way Supreme Wright's walking out of Los Angeles with the AWA World Title is if he ENDS James Monosso's career.

[A sigh.]

SW: Mr. Monosso doesn't fight for the same reasons everyone else in this sport fights for. He fights to live. He fights to SURVIVE. And because of that, he puts himself through Hell each and every time he steps the ring, for a sport he hates with all his heart.

[A beat.]

SW: The sport *I* love with all of mine.

[He doesn't bother elaborating on that point, simply continuing on without pausing.]

SW: But here we are, Mr. Dane. We've finally reached that promised moment in time that Mr. Monosso's been predicting ever since Percy Childes took him outta' Happy Valley and brought him into the AWA. That moment when his body finally breaks...

...and he dies a living death.

[Dane can only shake his head.]

JD: I know you like to stir the pot...say controversial things, but really, Supreme...this is too much.

SW: Is it really, Mr. Dane?

[He rolls his eyes and laughs bitterly.]

SW: This isn't anything more than the cruel reality of professional wrestling, as dictated by James Monosso.

[Supreme turns to stare directly into the camera.]

SW: You were right all along, Mr. Monosso.

You hear me?

YOU WERE RIGHT.

[He slowly turns to stare at a quietly seething Eric Preston, giving him a quick nod, before turning his attention back to the camera.]

SW: No one gets out of this sport clean.

[A chuckle.]

SW: Are you happy? Satisfied that your words reached at least one of us "dumb kids"? Content that your words didn't just fall on deaf ears all along?

[The expression suddenly becomes becomes serious once more.]

SW: But I always knew the consequences, Mr. Monosso...and I just never cared. Typical "dumb kid" behavior, right? The fact is, my entire life's been lived for this moment.

That glorious, immaculate moment in time, when I become the world champion.

[There's no happiness, hope or joy in his voice when he says that. Just an eerie, fiercely intense statement of fact.]

SW: And yeah, maybe someday, I'll be broken down with nothing left to give to this sport after a lifetime of giving it EVERYTHING I have, just like you will...but no one'll ever be able to take THAT moment away from me.

NO ONE.

And no matter happens to me, that's why it'll be all worth it.

[He allows himself the faintest of smiles.]

SW: That's why your career can't end at anyone's hands...but mine.

[Supreme points to his temple.]

SW: Because I know. I understand. I realize that everything you said was nothing BUT the absolute truth, and I still ignore it to chase that glory that you don't care about. I ignore it and continue the vicious cycle, because this IS all I know and all I'll ever want...consequences be DAMNED. And in the end, even you gotta' appreciate the irony that the only one that could possibly cast James Monosso out of this sport forever, was the dumbest "kid" of them all.

[Jason Dane has a look wavering between astonishment and disgust on his face.]

JD: I...I just can't understand how you could possibly be so casual about this. Yes, James Monosso has done many heinous things in his career, but you're willing to do the same, Supreme? Can you actually live with yourself knowing you intentionally ended someone's career?

[Supreme lowers his head, silent for a moment. He then raises his head, his voice filled with determination. Conviction. Absolutely resolute.]

SW: At SuperClash...an old man's career dies, so a young man's dream can live.

[He stares Dane right in the eyes.]

SW: I can live with THAT.

[And with that, Wright walks off with Preston following behind him as we crossfade back to live action where Mark Stegglet is standing inside the squared circle.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, I am being joined in the ring by Troy DeMang, and right now we have scheduled a technical wrestling exhibition.

[The camera pans out for a moment and looks at Stegglet, then at DeMang, dressed in his wrestling gear and standing in the middle of the ring, hands behind his back and looking at the ground.]

BW: If it's a technical wrestlin' match, why on Earth is he in there, daddy?

GM: It is a bit open ended, Bucky, vague even, you might say. But Troy DeMang was specifically requested to be in the ring for-

[Gordon's interrupted mid sentence by a blur right next to him, hopping the railing and sliding into the ring...]

BW: What the hell?!

[...and then DRILLING Troy DeMang from behind, spearing him right in the back, and making Troy's hands and head snap back. Stegglet wisely flees to the far apron as a man in jeans and a grey hoodie rams right hands into the side of DeMang's face, and then pops up to let the camera see his face.]

BW: Haha! Preston! I love it!

[Preston stands up, grinning from ear to ear as the crowd hurls hatred and insults down on him. With one hand, he brings the stunned DeMang to his feet, and with the other he waves for Stegglet to come back into the ring.]

GM: Eric Preston is a changed, bitter man, but even he knows that if he puts his hands on an AWA non-wrestling employee he'll be up to his ears in fines!

BW: I thought he wasn't going to wrestle no more, Gordo, I'm a little confused here.

[Preston waves for Stegglet to come in one more time, then turns and fires an elbow right to the Adam's apple of Troy... then bounds off the far ropes and DRILLS "The Golden Boi" with the running, jumping snap kneelift that used to be called the Dream Machine.]

GM: My stars! Troy DeMang drops like a rock from that kneelift, the fans don't know what to think and Preston is sitting on the ropes for Mark Stegglet?!

BW: Calm down, daddy, he ain't gonna slug Mark. He just wants an interview, he just wants to be heard!

[Eric leans walks toward Stegglet and leans over, then pulls the mic toward him.]

EP: You didn't have the man parts to interview me last time, so here's your chance. Come get your interview, little man.

[Stegglet quizzically re-enters the ring as Preston goes back to DeMang, repeatedly kicking him in the side of the ribs and kidneys, and then putting a foot on top of him as Stegglet approaches.]

MS: What in the world is going on? This was supposed to be a TECHNICAL WRESTLING EXHIBITION, Eric, and you ruined-

EP: No.

[Preston holds up a finger and waves it.]

EP: Wrong again, chump.

I scheduled this exhibition, Stegglet. _I_ scheduled this time. Get your facts straight.

MS: But you told us that you'd never wrestle again for the AWA, that you were down spilling sweat for these fans.

EP: Oh, don't worry about that, Stegglet, I'll never wrestle a match for AWA again. There's hundreds of thousands of dollars to be had all around the world, my man, in Vegas or Arizona, maybe in Florida. I'd even go to _Canada_ just to give this popsicle stand the finger.

But not before I tell you this little story. Ya wanna hear a story, Jason?

[Stegglet looks puzzled.]

MS: Mark.

[Preston waves him off.]

EP: Whoever. Like it matters.

[A well placed kick to the face stops a squirming Troy DeMang from getting any ideas.]

EP: I know a thousand guys like James Monosso. We all do.

He's the guy who gets into a minor fender bender, and storms out of his car and punches the guy who hit him, even though he knows it was an accident.

Monosso is the guy who gets all polluted at a bar, slaps one of these local yokels on the ass and then fights every bouncer and Jersey bro with a sideways hat in the place. Even when he knows he ain't gonna win.

The guy who never backs down, who bullies and embarrasses people he knows nothing about... or better still, the guy who humiliates people he knows all about, and just doesn't care.

That's you Monosso, you're that guy. Boy, don't I know it.

And do you know why people like him are the way they are?

[Stegglet shakes his head no.]

EP: Because men like James Monosso are living to die. Men like Monosso wake up every day looking for someone to put them out of their misery, to take them out once and for all. Just so happens that ain't an easy task. But you said it yourself, you have showed your hand. That title is your reason to _live_, it's the reason you wake up in the morning. That title is your lifeblood, your weakness.

Well, James, the reason I wake up in the morning is to make sure you don't.

And if it takes Supreme Wright ripping that title out of your cold, dead hands, this is the move that's going to do it.

[Preston abruptly drops down, cinches in a stepover toehold, and then threads his hands around the neck of DeMang, hooking the left arm behind his neck while reaching across with his right hand to grab Troy's left wrist and pull the arm against the throat!]

BW: COBRA CLUTCH CROSSFACE! THE MONOSSO KILLER!

GM: Is this really necessary, Bucky?! Preston is torturing Troy DeMang! He's cutting off his air supply, cutting off all the blood flow! What has HAPPENED to Eric Preston?!

[Preston wrenches back as the fans begin to throw trash, DeMang having long since stopped fighting. Satisfied with his work, Preston releases the hold to a torrent of boos, and dodges the cups that whiz by him.]

MS: What was the purpose of that, Eric, why the, the- why?

EP: Heh- he'll be okay.

[Preston kicks DeMang with his toe, turning him over.]

EP: But not you, Monosso. That's the move Supreme Wright will use to win that World Title, the move that will take away your reason to live.

And when he's done, you'll find what you're looking for. You'll find the man to put you out of your misery. And isn't it funny... doesn't it make you laugh... that all along, it was destined to be the kid you bullied worst of all. The kid you tortured more than anyone else.

The monster YOU created.

[Preston breathes a heavy sigh and grabs the microphone.]

EP: Karma's a [BLEEP]. But I'm far worse.

[Preston bends over and coughs, and then spits out a glob of phlegm on Troy DeMang, then grabs the microphone once more.]

EP: This exhibition is over.

[He throws the mic down on the motionless DeMang, exiting the ring to the raucous jeers of the crowd. Preston sneers at the booing fans as he walks up the aisle towards the back.]

GM: What a disgusting display put on by Eric Preston right there, fans. A man these people used to cheer for - a man they used to love!

BW: First Vasquez... now Preston. These people's cheers ain't buyin' them a whole lot of loyalty these days, Gordo.

GM: You can say that again. Fans, it's almost time for our Main Event here tonight but before that, let's hear from a man whose career came very close to ending at SuperClash III but he has battled his way back from that incident and now walks into a ring wrapped in Barbed Wire at SuperClash IV to attempt to slay the very dragon that tormented him for so long. Of course, I'm speaking about the former World Champion and Hall of Famer Alex Martinez.

[We fade. The backdrop is generic. A brick wall with an "AWA" banner draped across it. But as plain as it is, the man who stands before it is anything but. The man who stands there, microphone in hand, cuts an imposing and unmistakable figure. Seven feet tall. Made from chiseled muscle. Clad in a black leather jacket, white t-shirt and blue jeans, his eyes covered by mirrored sunglasses. This is the Hall of Famer. The legendary Badboy. The one and only Alex Martinez.]

AM: For Alex Martinez and the AWA, it always comes down to SuperClash...

My first SuperClash, I was here as an Enforcer. And I got to see justice done. My second SuperClash? I got the vengeance I've waited ten years to get. And then I got laid out. And now, now, on my third SuperClash? It all comes full circle.

Because at SuperClash, the Dragon dies.

[Martinez' mouth tightens, as his expression grows dark.]

AM: William Craven, there ain't words in the English language that can describe how I feel about you. There's nothin' I can say that'll ever begin to cover the depth of the hate I feel when your name is spoken. There's no way to summarize all your wins.

Ya sent men after me. Not to beat me, but to retire me.

Ya dredged up every bad part of my life and brought it into the light.

Ya hurt me... ya broke me. Made me face my mortality. Almost put on the shelf permanently.

Nothin' though, none of the Dragon business, none of it, not even bringin' in Caleb Temple, measures up to what ya just did.

Ya went after my blood.

[Martinez' body begins to shake, trembling, not with fear, but fury.]

AM: Everythin' ya did as the Dragon? That earned ya a hell of a beating. Your attacks on me? Well, that guaranteed that I was gonna answer in blood? But when you come at my boy? Craven... understand this.

I ain't stopping at SuperClash until there ain't enough left of ya to carry out of the arena.

Understand this. Ryan is perfect capable of defendin' himself. He has his own fights, and it ain't my desire to go fightin' his battles for him. He takes his lumps, and he answers the way he has to. That's how I raised him, and that's the way he is.

But what did to him? That wasn't -his- fight. That was about me. Ya wanted to get my attention, as if ya didn't already have it, by takin' it out on my blood. Well that's fine Craven, message received. You just be ready for my reply.

Be ready, Craven, for the wire...

[Martinez slowly pulls his sunglasses off.]

AM: That wire destroys people. It takes years off of careers. It shatters a man, body and mind. Everyone who watches that match will be haunted by nightmares for months to come. And you and I? The nightmare will be what happens between the first bell and the last.

Understand this Craven... I can't wait.

My flesh is gonna be torn open... I want it.

My blood is gonna run down my face and over my chest... I need it.

My bones'll be snappin'... I crave it.

Because everything that happens to me, I'm gonna do worse to you, Craven. Your green skin is gonna be permanently dyed red. My flesh will tear, but not before I tear yours. You've sinned against me Craven, and I'm gonna wash those sins away with our mingled blood.

I ain't lookin' for revenge. I don't want retribution. I want just one thing - a reckoning.

See Craven, you're a Dragon whose slayin' is long overdue. And at SuperClash... where it all began for me in the AWA, it all comes to an end for you. It ends in blood. It ends in horror. It ends in you shrieking in pain.

Ya wanted me out, Craven. You wanted to end me.

Craven...

[Eyes bulge, and the veins upon Martinez' neck tighten and turn into thick, prominent cords.]

AM: DO I LOOK DONE TO YOU?

[All of Martinez' fury is expressed in those words, and there is a long pause, before he speaks again.]

AM: All ya did was wake me up. You've done nothin' but turn me into the same kinda violent bastard that you are. I understand now, that there's only one way to beat you. Fire with fire, blood with blood.

We're goin' into the wire. And if the only way to destroy you is to sacrifice myself... then I say, let the sacrifice begin. I'm gonna give everythin' I have when we get in the wire.

My flesh means nothin'. My blood is here only to spill. My bones are just a way of holdin' me up. I'm ready Craven. Ready for everything to come to an end.

Because that's who I am. I'm the man who won't stop no matter how many people you send after me. I'm the man who'll face every danger, who'll stick his head through barbed wire and take fifteen shots, just to get one in.

Ya came after me, ya came after my family. All ya gotta do is come one more time. Come through the barbed wire. Because in the wire? It all comes to an end.

Just remember, you wanted this. You wanted me backed into a corner. What happens next? Well, I'd say it's on you. But Craven?

I ain't leavin' enough of you to take the blame.

[As Martinez falls silent, we fade to black.]

We fade back up on a shot of "Gold Bomber" Gary Bright, former AWA superstar, standing in front of a mirror in a full double bicep pose, showing off his bodybuilder-esque physique.]

GB: Get up.

[Bright pauses for a few moments.]

GB: I mean it... get your flabby rear end off the couch right now.

[Another couple moments.]

GB: Don't make me come over there.

[He finally nods.]

GB: Now take off that potato chip grease stained t-shirt... you know, the one you wipe your fingers on when they've got Buffalo wing sauce all over 'em.

Alright, now stand in front of the mirror...

[Bright's face etches into a look of disgust.]

GB: Ugh. Are you as disgusted by how you look as I am? You all make me sick. You all look a Super Sized meal away from Ebola Zaire's physique.

But I can help.

[Bright's image disappears to show the front of a DVD.]

GB: With the Gold Bomber Workout, you can take your fat and turn it into muscle. Solid muscle. Gary Bright muscle.

The next time you're climbing up the stairs and you feel like your heart is going to explode, you should realize that it probably is.

But with Gary Bright muscle? You can kick your own heart's rear end too!

[We cut back to Bright striking a pose.]

GB: Jealous much? You should be. For only \$29.99, you can get on the Gold Bomber workout plan and make sure that the only man your wife wants to get with is you... and me.

[A big toothy grin.]

GB: Operators are standing by. And if you order now, you get this life-sized cutout of me to inspire you while working out... or to inspire your lady when...

[Somehow the grin gets bigger.]

GB: ...well, you get the idea. Make the call. Now.

[And we fade to black.]

And then back up to footage marked "EARLIER THIS WEEK - CROCKETT COLISEUM." A brief Mark Stegglet voiceover is heard.]

MS: The following Main Event contest was recorded a few days ago in Dallas, Texas at a special charity event held at the Crockett Coliseum. On the call - Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde!

[Stegglet's voice fades away to be replaced by Gordon.]

GM: Fans, our Main Event is coming up. Percy Childes attempted to sign a World Title match between his man Nenshou and the reigning World Heavyweight Champion, James Monosso. The Championship Committee would not allow a title match so close to SuperClash, so Childes simply signed Monosso to face his hired gun, Grant Stone.

BW: And you knew this match was gonna happen eventually. Percy is still Monosso's manager through the end of the year. He can sign any match he wants for him. But I think he's makin' a mistake, daddy.

GM: You're actually criticizing Percy Childes?

BW: Constructively, I hope. He brought in Stone to end Monosso. Whether he does that or not, puttin' him against Monosso now almost assures Supreme Wright a win at SuperClash, don't it?

GM: You might think so. But that would ignore the lesson of Blood Sweat and Tears. James Monosso's recuperation ability is frightening.

BW: WAS frightening. Was! That's because of what drove it, Gordo. His desperation. He had to do what he did because his life depended on it, or at least he was convinced of that. Almost everything he's done in the AWA, you have to keep this in mind: he did it because he thought his life depended on it.

GM: I see. You posit that now he has the World Title, that this is no longer so?

BW: Exactly. He thinks that belt saved him. He thinks he's gonna retire and be able to survive. Even with Percy's cut, he made a ton of money winnin' that tournament. But if Grant Stone has his way here, then that money'll dry up real fast when the doctors finish up. I don't think Monosso is gonna have the same drive. He's just gonna want to get out of here in one piece, and his style don't work that way.

GM: Similarly, don't you think Grant Stone has a lot on the line?

BW: Well, his check. It's a big check. I hear Nenshou's Japanese backers are bankrollin' it.

GM: And what do you know about them?

BW: Uhhhh... solikeIwassayin'! Grant Stone has big money on the line.

GM: But possibly more. He has a big reputation as a career killer and a top "bounty hunter" in this sport, up there with The Mercenary or Ebola Zaire. But if he fails to take down Monosso, that reputation will take a hit. Monosso is seen by many to be vulnerable. A man in Stone's position can never show vulnerability... he has to do the job or his future employment may be in danger. Remember, his AWA wrestler's license is temporary: the Texas State Athletic Commission was VERY reluctant to even give him a temporary working license here after what he has done in this state in the past!

BW: They won't even let him come with the AWA to his home state of Kentucky because he's banned there! You're right, he's burned a lot of bridges. But I don't think he's a man that ever considers failure. Monosso is driven by the fear of it; Stone just moves forward, and that's why I think he has the edge. Well, that and Percy. Percy gave Stone all of Monosso's medical charts, ya know.

GM: I am aware.

[Finally, "Camero Crash Helmet" by Borgo Pass plays over the PA, to the boos of the crowd. Grant Stone immediately steps out from the curtain, with Percy Childes and Juan Vasquez following right behind. Stone ignores most of the calls from the crowd, letting his glares from side to side do the talking. Grant wears his dark green wrestling trunks and black boots and approaches the ring with a sneer. Percy is wearing a brown jacket and slacks, white dress shirt, and red tie. Vasquez is clad in his street clothes and carries an unreadable expression.]

[*DING*DING*]

PW: The following contest is a non-title match set for one fall with TV time remaining!

Introducing first, accompanied to the ring by his manager "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes and Juan Vasquez... from Louisville, Kentucky... weighing three hundred ten pounds...

...GRANT STONE!

[The six-eight powerhouse with the short brown hair steps into the ring. His body bears many scars from his years in the sport, and there are even a couple on his face. Once in the ring, he backs away into the corner and awaits his opponent.]

BW: That man is all business, daddy.

GM: He'd better be.

["Camero Crash Helmet" dies down, replaced by the shrill piano of "The Theme From Halloween". The fans rise and cheer as the curtain parts to reveal the World Heavyweight Champion, James Monosso. Monosso, clad in his one-strap black thigh-length singlet with chrome trim, matching boots, and black electric tape wristbands, is slowly walking to the ring with the AWA World Championship Belt strapped around his waist. Greying black hair hangs down to his broad shoulders, ringing his wide flat cleanshaven face. His eyes are wide and wild as normal... but one marked difference is his posture. Normally hunched over in almost a slouch, Monosso is standing straight as he attempts to carry himself like a champion.]

PW: His opponent... from The State Of Confusion... weighing two-hundred eighty-eight pounds...

...he is the American Wrestling Association World Heavyweight Champion...

...JAMES MONOSSO!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: STONE HAS MET MONOSSO ON THE RAMP! THEY ARE BRAWLING ON THE RAMP!

BW: Grant ain't gettin' paid by the hour, daddy!

GM: Grant Stone with lefts and rights, impressive combinations...

[*WHACK*]

GM: ...AND MONOSSO JUST DRIVES HIS FOREHEAD THROUGH STONE'S JAW! GRANT STONE HAS BEEN FLATTENED ON THE RAMP!

BW: Look, if anybody can go straight up and slug it out with Monosso, Stone can. But that's gonna be dangerous even for him! I don't think he's gonna get the job done that way, Gordo. But I do believe he has many other ways to go about this, and he'll use them.

GM: Stone scrambles up... AND MONOSSO CLOTHESLINES HIM OVER THE TOP ROPE INTO THE RING! LISTEN TO THE CROWD!

[It is loud in the Crockett Colosseum as Monosso steps over the top rope from the elevated rampway, and plants a size sixteen right in the skull of a rising Stone.]

BW: James ain't gonna do things but one way. Grant Stone has gotta flip the script because Monosso can't cope with wrestling.

GM: He's got until Thanksgiving to learn, Bucky, because that is Supreme Wright's forte.

BW: He can't look ahead now!

GM: Irish-whip off the ropes, and a thunderous clothesline drops Stone! The man from Kentucky has got to regroup here. Monosso off the ropes... and Stone slides out under the bottom rope! He did not want that King Kong Kneedrop coming down on him!

BW: Calm him down, Percy!

[That is indeed what Childs is doing, though whether Stone is listening remains to be seen. Vasquez is watching intently, but making no move.]

GM: Grant Stone has one inch and little over twenty pounds on Monosso, but it seems that the power edge is negligible.

BW: They're both pretty much the same, but Monosso is totally one dimensional. Stone has some technical ability. If he blends his skills, he'll have an edge.

GM: Stone climbing the steps. Monosso coming at him... oh! Grant Stone caught him! He grabbed his hair and jumped off the apron, clotheslining his neck into the top rope!

BW: That'll stop anyone! Stone in the ring now... wham! Right in the ribs with a big kick. Monosso scrambling to his feet, Stone from behind...

gouging at Monosso's eyes and mouth! Like a half-fishhook, half-eyerake, all nasty!

GM: Gutter tactics by Stone, though we would expect no less. Grant Stone picks up the World Heavyweight Champion... and drills him to the mat with a powerful slam! Stomping away at James Monosso now!

BW: Sitting him up... aha! Neck wrench is applied! And we know what he's tryin' ta do with this, don't we?

GM: We know that James Monosso's neck and spine are in advanced states of disrepair. Any blow, any slam, any hold could be the last. It is only a matter of time unless Monosso retires, which Percy Childes will not let him do! He wants Monosso taken out of this sport on a stretcher to spend his life in a wheelchair!

BW: A man with Stone's raw strength could snap his neck right here and now!

GM: Monosso pulling himself up to his knees... and to his feet! The hold is ineffective now, and Stone to the ribs with a knee. Another! Now applying a front facelock on the champion... and savagely drives his knee into the chest! Again! Again!

BW: Takin' all the wind out of him with that. Pulls him up... AND TAKES HIS HEAD OFF!

GM: BRUTAL SHORT ARM CLOTHESLINE! Grant Stone is all over the champion! Sits him up... and reapplies the neck wrench!

BW: Every time he does this, we get that much closer to a parapalegic James Monosso.

GM: What... what a horrible thing to say!

BW: Oh, come on. You can't feel sorry for this guy! He wanted to beat you up, Gordo! He still does! He ain't changed and he has said so numerous times!

GM: I don't feel sorry for him at all! He is reaping what he's sown, but to wish injury... permanent injury on someone?! I'd be no better than he has been, and certainly no better than Childes, Nenshou, or Stone!

BW: Ya didn't say "Vasquez".

GM: I believe that Juan Vasquez is suffering an identity cris...

BW: Come on, man! It's been ages! Juan Vasquez is doing what he wants to do! Percy Childes is hand-delivering him everything he wants that isn't the World Title, and once Nenshou gets the belt, he'll give Vasquez a shot at that, too! Because that would be a big money match and Percy would get paid both ways!

GM: If you believe that, I've got some oceanfront property in Amarillo to sell you! And Monosso is fighting his way up again... huge clubbing double axehandle by Grant Stone! Stone is using his power to keep Monosso grounded and immobile! AND HE'S BITING HIM!

BW: ...hey! Monosso is biting him back!

GM: Both men firing away now! And... BLATANT LOW BLOW BY GRANT STONE! Of course, that fells the champion. He made no effort to hide that from referee Marty Meekly!

BW: Meekly's letting him hear it, but Stone ignoring him... he's stepping on Monosso's neck! All three ten right on the neck!

GM: Doing anything to cause the decisive injury to the vertebrae of James Monosso.

BW: You say that like it's a bad thing.

GM: Stone in complete control. He hoists up Monosso... Irish-whip and a back body drop!

BW: I told you it was gonna be different. Monosso don't look inhuman no more. He's a normal man now. Blood Sweat and Tears took it all out of him.

GM: Grant Stone with a stomp to the neck again! He is methodically trying to take the champion of the world apart. Picks him up... shoves him to the corner. Boot to the ribs... uh oh.

[The big kick doubles up Monosso, and Stone pulls his head in as if for a piledriver or powerbomb. He points at the turnbuckle, and the crowd boos.]

BW: He loves that powerbomb into the turnbuckle!

GM: Lifts him... NO! Block by Monosso. AND MONOSSO BACKDROPS HIM INTO THE CORNER!

BW: ONTO THE CORNER! OW!

[The back body drop by Monosso is actually almost more of a release Northern Lights as James scoots his head out and waistlocks him to throw him high with his shoulder into the midsection rather than with his head between the legs. This lands Stone's posterior right on the top turnbuckle, and the momentum carries Stone to a seated position on the top rope! The cheers for this misfortune are loud indeed.]

GM: That landing was extremely painful for Grant Stone! Monosso pulling Stone down... TREE OF WOE! STONE IS STUCK IN THE TREE OF WOE, AND MONOSSO IS UNLOADING!

BW: The ref's got to get in there and get Stone down!

GM: James Monosso is not giving him the clearance. Lefts and rights to the body! Monosso backing up... and a crushing running big kick to the ribs! Monosso using Stone's body to stop all of his forward momentum! And a soccer kick right to the head!

BW: Well, that got Stone down from there.

GM: Grant Stone getting right up, and catches a huge haymaker from way back! Major arc on that punch, and Stone is reeling!

BW: Irish whip by Monosso...

GM: Side slam smashes the hitman from Kentucky into the canvas! And Monosso covers... no! He's mounting to deliver some more punishment... punch after punch to the head of Grant Stone!

BW: Even from his back, Stone is fighting back!

GM: Both of these men are true battlers. Monosso gets up, and is dragging Stone up... Stone with a punch to the ribs. Monosso comes back with an uppercut sends Stone snapping up to his feet! AND LEVELS HIM WITH A BRUTAL KICK TO THE FACE!

BW: He kicked right through Grant's head! He might have knocked a lesser man out with that!

GM: Stone rolls all the way under the bottom rope to regroup again... but Monosso is following him out!

BW: Get over there, Juan! You have to protect Percy's investment!

GM: Vasquez and Childes are on the opposite side of the ring. Monosso is on the apron, and Stone on his feet at ringside. Runs down the apron...

[*WHACK*SPLAT*]

GM: ...and drills Grant Stone in the head and shoulders with the running stomp, sending Stone crashing to the floor! The fans loving that!

BW: Ha ha... I still love that move. Even if it's a tragedy that it's happening to the wrong guy.

GM: Monosso lining up... no, you have got to be...

BW: OFF THE APRON!

GM: CANNONBALL SPLASH OFF THE APRON, AND HE HIT IT! MONOSSO DRIVES ALL TWO EIGHTY-EIGHT INTO THE RIBCAGE OF GRANT STONE!

[The roar is loud, as both men are laid out on the floor after that. Childes now arrives on the scene, followed slowly by a still-impassive Vasquez.]

BW: I can't believe he went for something like that!

GM: Perhaps that desperation you said was gone is not, in fact, so far away from James Monosso's mind.

BW: James is a full-time nut. He got majorly lucky right there.

GM: Monosso is getting to his feet, pulling up Stone...

[*CRAAAASH*]

GM: ...AND RAMS HIS HEAD INTO THE STEEL BARRICADE!

BW: He's ignoring the count. Our champion is settling for a countout. What kind of champion would do that?

GM: The kind who has nothing to gain and everything to lose here, I imagine. Monosso picks up a steel chair! He said earlier that he was going to go after Stone to put him down before he got put down! Winds up... VASQUEZ GRABS THE CHAIR!

BW: And that was the opening Stone needed! Big elbow to the jaw!

[*CRAAAASH*]

GM: AND SENDING MONOSSO TO THE BARRICADE!

BW: Then he breaks the count. Grant knows that this is a non-title match, but the sooner the match ends, the sooner James can get away. He don't want that.

GM: Stone firing Monosso back into the ring, and climbing the ring steps. Grant Stone in the ring, and after the shellacking he just took you have to be impressed at his composure.

BW: Oh, you can see he's hurt in the way he moves. But he's been there, done that, same as Monosso. Men like these don't let pain stop them.

GM: Monosso is up already, and fires away with a front elbow shot! His inhuman toughness is not gone after all!

BW: It ain't like it used to be, daddy! Look, Grant just leveled him with a big lunging shoulderblock! Times were when you just about needed small-arms fire to put Monosso down. He's getting more and more human.

GM: He's getting old. Nobody, not even Monosso, knows how old he is, but he is at least mid-forties. At least. Quite possibly more. And Father Time is undefeated, Bucky.

BW: Don't I know it. Grant Stone pulls Monosso to seated... stump puller! He's stretchin' that old man out, and Monosso don't stretch easy.

GM: This is very damaging, and that lower back really feels this if it is already injured... as we know it is! The crowd is rallying to try and urge Monosso up. He is flailing!

BW: If he can't fight out of a hold or power out of a hold, he's done. That's why he never really stood a chance against Supreme Wright even before all this. Every other time we saw Monosso fight a technician in the AWA, there was somethin' personal. Like you saw with Eric Preston. They didn't just wanna pin him and go home... and that was a huge mistake. But Supreme Wright wants that belt, and pinning him and going home will be just fine by him!

GM: Maybe. Maybe not. Stevie Scott, Sultan Azam Sharif, and Nenshou all had the chance to "pin him and go home" at Blood Sweat and Tears. It's not that easy.

BW: It will be once Grant finishes here.

GM: Look at this! The leg of Monosso is slowly pushing out of Grant Stone's grasp! Stone can't believe it! And... Monosso is out of the hold!

BW: HEY!

[As soon as Stone loses his grip on Monosso's leg, James snaps his head back, smacking the back of his skull in between Stone's legs! The fans cheer as Grant's eyes cross a bit.]

BW: Oh, sure, his neck looked like it was moving fine THERE.

GM: Turnabout is not fair play, but it is rather painful! Monosso getting to his feet, and going after Stone... grabs his head... NECKBREAKER! HE HIT A NECKBREAKER AND A COVER!

BW: No way! Two count only!

GM: I thought he may have been going for the Sanity Check, but Stone is likely too tall for the hangman submission to be effective. Monosso again pulls Grant Stone up, off the ropes...

[*BLAM*]

GM: ...POWERSLAM SHAKES THE RING! AND A COVER!

BW: Still only a two! Monosso trying to end this and get out of town!

GM: As well he should, given the situation! Grant Stone will be competing in Steal The Spotlight at SuperClash, but likely his role there will be to run interference for Nenshou. Monosso has a much bigger match as he has to

defend his World Heavyweight Championship! He needs to end this before he takes more damage!

BW: He's tryin', but Stone is as tough as his namesake.

GM: Irish-whip... clothesline... NO! STONE COUNTERED INTO A COBRA CLUTCH!

BW: WOW. Remember what hold put Monosso out at the last Stampede Cup!

GM: The Cobra Clutch Crossface of Eric Preston... which we have now seen Supreme Wright do! Grant Stone trying to get in Monosso's head, just as Wright did!

BW: Well, this ain't a crossface, but you know it reminds Monosso of that. And it's a real effective move as Monosso can't just power out! He's gonna put him to sleep, and then they can do whatever they want to him!

GM: That is a frightening thought.

BW: Probably two or three Etched In Stones would do it.

GM: You'd hardly have to already be injured for "two or three" of those to put you out. Just one is generally enough. But the Cobra Clutch seems to be doing the job! Monosso is down to a knee! The crowd is trying to rally him, though!

BW: The fans can't put oxygen in your brain, Gordo. All they can do is fill the arena with hot air!

GM: Monosso is sinking! This may be it... his arm sags!

BW: Meekly's checkin' it... it dropped! Goodbye, James Monosso!

GM: A second check by the referee, and the arm dropped again! One more time and it is over!

BW: Here comes the third... hey! It stayed up!

[Cheers fill the air as a single index finger points up... and Monosso starts to rise!]

GM: That act of checking the arm sometimes gives the affected an adrenaline rush, and that may be what is happening here! Monosso powering up to his feet... trying to turn sideways... elbow to the ribs of Stone! And another! And another!

BW: But that won't break the hold! Grant Stone is too tough!

GM: Monosso trying to pull Stone to the ropes... AND THROUGH THEM!
MONOSSO THREW HIMSELF THROUGH THE ROPES AND STONE WENT
FLYING OUT WITH HIM! BOTH MEN TO THE FLOOR AGAIN!

BW: That's one way to break the hold. The dumb way. The cure is worse
than the disease!

GM: I don't know about that! Both men struggling to their feet! Grant
Stone up first, and a series of punches by the bitter Louisville native. Grabs
Monosso's head... AND RAMS IT INTO THE APRON!

BW: HEY!

[Huge cheer!]

GM: NO EFFECT! MONOSSO'S EYES HAVE GONE WILD!

BW: No way! That's... that's how it used to be!

GM: Stone rams his head into the apron again... AGAIN IT HAS NO EFFECT!
MONOSSO JUMPS ON HIM AND STARTS BITING!

BW: You gotta be... this can't be happening!

GM: Stone shoves Monosso off, and boots him in the ribs. Monosso fires
back with a front elbow smash! Now he grabs Stone and... THAT WAS
BRUTAL!

[It seems that Monosso will give Stone a headsmash into the apron to return
the favor. But James cups Stone's chin to pull his head up, puts his left leg
in front of Stone's leg to trip him forward, and rams his THROAT into the
corner of the apron! Stone grabs at his throat gurgling as his eyes go wide
and he collapses to the floor!]

BW: Oh no... that's the old Monosso! I thought we'd never see that again!

GM: You said yourself that he never changed! Monosso picks up Stone and
throws him into the ring after that vile shot to the Adam's apple! He may
have damaged Stone's larynx with that!

BW: He follows in... look at that! Stone's up!

[*WHACK*]

GM: AND A BIG BOOT TO THE HEAD BY GRANT STONE! What toughness on
his part to be up after that! Monosso staggers back to the corner... Stone
still stunned, though!

[Grant is clearly gasping for air, and trying to fend off Monosso so he can get
some literal breathing room. To that end, he stays on the attack...]

BW: Charge in the corner... NO! HE MISSED AND HIT THE POST!

[...but his shoulderblock to the midsection is dodged, and he sails through the turnbuckles to smash his shoulder into the ringpost. Immediately, the fans see what position he is in and start cheering loudly... Percy Childe practically screams and orders Vasquez to run over there.]

GM: AND MONOSSO STEPS OUT ONTO THE APRON! GRANT STONE'S HEAD IS UP AGAINST THE RINGPOST...

[*CLANG*]

BW: OH NO! __CONCUSSIONIZER__!

GM: MONOSSO KICKED STONE'S HEAD INTO THE RINGPOST! He didn't get the running start he normally gets with that because Vasquez was on his way and he had to rush it!

BW: All that means is Grant might make SuperClash... but he's out right now!

GM: Stone falls in a heap! Monosso back in the ring, and covering... Grant Stone is out, and there's the pin!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[The decibel level is loud as "The Theme From Halloween" plays, and Percy Childe is beside himself.]

GM: MONOSSO HAS SURVIVED! HE HAS PINNED GRANT STONE, AND IS HEADED FOR SUPERCLASH!

BW: Hey! Somebody stop him!

[Snarling like an enraged animal, Monosso picks up the prone body of Stone, and hoists it overhead!]

GM: HE'S LOST IT! JAMES MONOSSO IS STILL THE MONSTER HE ALWAYS WAS, AND I THINK GRANT STONE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE RING THE MONOSSO WAY!

[Pressing Stone overhead, Monosso runs towards the entrance ramp... and as they know what's coming, the crowd yells it with him:]

JM/Crowd: GET OUT OF HERE!

GM: MONOSSO HURLS STONE OVER THE TOP ROPE AND HALFWAY DOWN THE AISLE! PERCY CHILDES HAS FAILED!

BW: No, he has not! This might be the best thing for him, Gordo!

[We see Childe holding Vasquez back from attacking Monosso from behind. Juan looks quizzically at Percy, who shakes his head. "Not yet. Take care of

your own business first", Childes tells him. Vasquez seems surprised to hear that, and turns and walks away without another word.]

BW: If Monosso doesn't retain at SuperClash, Percy can't book a title match for Nenshou. Remember, he's got all of December to get that title, but only if Monosso retains! That's why I thought this match was a mistake. I still think it was a mistake, because who knows how much damage Stone did. Monosso got real desperate suddenly at the end... maybe he felt something about to go! Maybe he senses that he's at the end! We're not gonna know what just REALLY happened... not until SuperClash!

PW: The winner of this match... the American Wrestling Association Heavyweight Champion... JAMES MONOSSO!

[Cheers. Monosso cradles his belt in the ring, glaring at Childes, who is leaving the ringside area with Vasquez.]

GM: Well, maybe we'll find something out now. Jason Dane is actually going to try and talk to Monosso!

BW: We're gonna need another cub reporter after this. I wonder if Lori has any other expendable brothers?

[In the ring, the music dies down, and Jason Dane slowly approaches James Monosso with the microphone.]

JD: James Monosso... an impressive win. But this close to SuperClash, you're showing some of the brutality that you were infamous for...

[Monosso practically snaps and snatches the mic from Dane. The sudden move practically sends Dane scurrying for cover from the unpredictable champion.]

JM: I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T CHANGE! Percy wants to end me. Not my career! My career would have ended a month ago if he would just let me retire! He wants to end ME. Excuuuuuse me if I take that personal! When it gets personal, people get their skulls caved in. That's a fact of life you should all teach your kids. Tell them, "Kids, when it gets personal, people get their skulls caved in". Maybe the world would be a better place because people'd stop makin' things personal.

So Wright, you seem a little confused on the difference between business and personal. You think it's business. I know that. But you bring in Preston, and he wants to end me too! You bring in Preston, who should have just walked away from it all. The way I should be walkin' away from it all. You bring him in, and you think his 'advice' is meant to help you win? He don't want you to win! He wants you to cripple me! He wants you to ruin everything I built up! He wants you to take this last chance I have. And why? Because he thinks what I did to him was personal!

Maybe the way I did it was wrong. I was so mad at Todd Michaelson for bein' so damn blind about this sport. I was so mad that maybe I went about

tryin' to show all these young kids who think this sport is all glory and no sacrifice the wrong way. Maybe I shoulda done it to somebody who was too far gone... like Supreme Wright.

Wright, you seem to think this sport is some kinda holy religion or somethin'. For guys like me, it's all I can do. It's all I know how ta do. I didn't want you kids to end up like me! I wanted you to turn back before it was too late for you to learn somethin' new. Turn back before all you got left is the next fight. Before your bones betray you daily, and you got nothin' to show for it but pain and they forget your name. You think winnin' a World Title will win ya glory an' immortality? HA! I won a World Title in 1995. Tell me where. Tell me when. Tell me who I beat and how. You might know, because you're obsessed. But most of these fans didn't know! They all live in their own little worlds, and people like us are only invited in until the next shiny thing comes around.

You're fighting for nothing but money, Wright. Not glory. Not honor. Not respect. Business. BUSINESS. But you made it personal when you started listenin' to Preston. He's gonna tell you "how to win"... is by crippling me. You're gonna try to end me, just like Stone did. Just like Percy did. And when it gets personal, people get their skulls caved in.

You'd have to be INSANE to think otherwise!

[Monosso glares deep into the camera, the title belt slung over his shoulder as we fade to black.]