

SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

NOVEMBER 9TH, 2013

CROCKETT COLISEUM
DALLAS, TEXAS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nenshou spews mist into the eyes of Jason Dane.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Detson: I don't.

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

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

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

[Detson pauses and turns to the camera.]

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

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

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

[Detson frowns.]

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

[Detson stops and points at himself quizzically.]

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

[Detson shakes his head.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Detson almost sneers with disgust.]

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

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

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

[Detson looks down.]

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

[Detson looks back up.]

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

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

Detson: That chapter's getting written by me!

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

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

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

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

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

[He shakes his head.]

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

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

...of disappointment.

[Dane frowns with confusion.]

JD: Why would you feel disappointed?

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

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

SW: ...could ever sink that low.

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

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

SW: Absolutely.

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

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

...to become a World Champion.

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

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

[A beat.]

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

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

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

[He sighs and shakes his head sadly.]

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

It's because he disrespected himself.

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

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

[He leans in slightly closer with a whisper.]

SW: I still do.

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

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

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

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

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

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

[He quickly shakes his head.]

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

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

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

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

SW: But still...

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

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

[Supreme squeezes his eyes shut.]

SW: You owe everyone an apology.

[He opens his eyes, visibly relaxing now.]

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

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

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

[Jason Dane frowns.]

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

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

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

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

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

SW: ..."I quit."

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

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

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

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

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

JOHNNYYYYYYY DEEEEEETSONNNNN!

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

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

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

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

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

GM: I highly doubt that.

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

PW: And his opponent...

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

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

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

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

SUPREME WRIIIIIIIIIGHTTTTT!!!!

[The crowd cheers the introduction.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go!

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

BW: Uh oh! He locked it in!

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

GM: Oh! Quick counter by Wright!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HARD KICK TO THE SPINE!!

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

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Oh! Cheap shot by Detson!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: OHHHH!

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

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

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

GM: Good grief!

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

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

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: RUNNING KICK TO THE RIBS!!

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: He pulls him back up...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Good grief! What a shot!

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

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

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

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

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

GM: OHH! INTO THE BUCKLES!!

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

GM: Detson's sizing him up...

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

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

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

GM: HERE HE COMES AND-

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

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

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

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

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

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

GM: Look out here!

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: OHH!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Unbelievable. Why would you even-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Wright gets fired into the corner again!

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

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Running dropkick to the ribs!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Half Boston Crab! What a counter!

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

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

GM: Oh! Oh! OHHH!

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

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

GM: Goodness!

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

GM: Wright's going after the leg!

BW: Detson needs to stop him!

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

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

BW: Detson's in trouble, Gordo!

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

[The crowd begins jeering loudly!]

GM: Percy Childes is heading down the ramp!

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

BW: And he ain't alone, daddy!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Big right ha-

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

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

GM: OHHHH!

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

GM: He's hammering Detson's back!

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

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

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

GM: Ohh! Big shot!

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

GM: Detson returns fire!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A SHOT!!

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

GM: UP!

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

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

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

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Wright's looking for a suplex!

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

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: OHHHH!

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: What the-?!

BW: FAT TUESDAY!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ROUNDHOUSE KICK TO THE HEAD!!

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

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

GM: Ohh! He raked the eyes!

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

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

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

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

GM: HE MISSED!

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

GM: COBRA CLUTCH CROSSFACE!!

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

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

BW: Do something, Percy!

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

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE QUIT! HE QUIT!

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: OH! COME ON!

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

GM: Skywalker Jones! Hercules Hammonds!

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

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

GM: JONES TAKES DOWN LAKE!!

[Hammonds gets in next...

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Fade to black.

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

HSS: Hey, you there!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Blue pauses.]

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

[Blue shakes his head.]

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

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

[Blue glares at the camera.]

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

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

[Stegglet interrupts.]

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

[Blue interrupts him back!]

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

MS: Yet.

[Blue glares at Stegglet.]

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

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

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

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

[Blue finally smiles.]

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

[Stegglet looks surprised.]

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

[Blue shrugs.]

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

[Blue winks at the camera with a smirk.]

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

Consider your spotlight... stolen.

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

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

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

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

CB: Are you insinuating that I was lying?

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

[Stegglet gets a defensive look on his face.]

MS: When did this become about me?!

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

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

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

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

MS: A Wise Man?

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

MS: That question is far too general and vague.

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

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

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

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

[Stegglet's jaw drops.]

MS: I didn't do anything!

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

MS: I... what?

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

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

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

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

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

MS: You mean Curt Sawyer and Callum Mahoney?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CB: Interesting...

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

N: Then I will fight him for it.

DL: WHAT DID YOU SAY?!

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

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

PC: That is not going to happen.

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

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

N: Anta ha kubi ni natta ne.

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

N: Ore ha okorasetai?

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

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

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

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

DL: HE SAID TURN OFF THAT CAMERA!

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

[*DING*DING*DING*]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: I was speaking figuratively.

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

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

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

BW: Are you callin' him fat, Gordo?

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

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

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

BW: That hurt my arm just watchin' it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: My best guess would be your understudies.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BW: How'd he do THAT?!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BW: The A-Team hangin' in there.

GM: The A-Team?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*DING*DING*DING*]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Back to the broadcast booth.]

GM: Interesting facts about Dichotomy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Bryant chuckles.]

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

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

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

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

[Bryant smirks.]

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

[Bryant shrugs.]

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

[Bryant grins.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Bryant takes a deep breath.]

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

[Bryant stalks out as the picture fades...

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

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

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

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

"Dave Bryant is a liar."

"Dave Bryant is a cheater."

"Dave Bryant is scum of the Earth."

[Juan makes a low whistle.]

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

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

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

[He frowns.]

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

So that would make him...

...my friend?

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

JV: Not even close.

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

JV: Hey...just being honest.

[A sheepish grin.]

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

[His expression turns serious.]

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

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

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

[Juan looks around and makes a small sigh.]

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

[He deadpans.]

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

JD: I see your point.

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

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

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

[Juan's eyes narrow.]

JV: Then show me.

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

No shortcuts. No silver dollars. No Yuma Weaver.

Just _Dave Bryant._

[A beat.]

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

But it's all there for the taking.

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

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

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

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

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

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

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAN VAAAAASSSSQUEZ!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He is "The Doctor of Love"...

He is... DAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE... BRYYYYYYYYYANT!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and then signals for the bell!]

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

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

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

GM: ONE!! TWO!! T-

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

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Oh! He caught him in the gut!

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

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

GM: Ohh!

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

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

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

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

GM: ONE!! TWO!! T-

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

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

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

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

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

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: He's hammering away on the ribcage!

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

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

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

GM: Vasquez lifts!

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Big slam!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: OHHHH!

BW: Shades of Anton Layton?!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

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

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

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

GM: BASEBALL SLI-

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

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

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

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

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

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

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

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

GM: OHHHHH! He clipped him, Bucky!

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

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

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

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

GM: Good grief!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

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

GM: Oh! Headbutt!

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Uh oh!

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

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

GM: Ohh!

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

...and charging back in...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RUNNING KNEE CONNECTS!

BW: He ain't done, Gordo!

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

BW: FACEWASH!

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

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: What in the...?

[Vasquez muscles Bryant up into the air...

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT AN INNOVATIVE MOVE BY VASQUEZ!!

BW: Right back to work on the ribs!

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Oh my stars!

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

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

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

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

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

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

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

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

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

BW: Vasquez just used his gourdbuster!

GM: HIS?! Does he own it?!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: REVERSAL!

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

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

GM: OHH!

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

GM: HIPTOSS!

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

GM: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!

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

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

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

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

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

GM: SUPERKI-

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

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

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

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: OH MY STARS!!!

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

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and spotting Vasquez up top!]

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

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

...and then CRASHES to the canvas!]

GM: JUAN COUNTERS!!

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

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

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

GM: MOOOOOONSAUUUULLLLT!

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

...and CRASHES across his chest!]

GM: HE GOT IT! HE NAILED IT!!

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

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: He's calling for the Right Cross!

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

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

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

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

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

GM: Ohh! Down goes the ref!

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

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

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

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

GM: DDT!! DDT BY COOPER!!

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

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

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

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

GM: Don't do it, Juan!

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

GM: I don't want to find out!

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

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

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

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

GM: I suppose you could be right but-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: OHHHHH! SPINEBUSTER!!

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

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

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

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

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

GM: ALPHONSE-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: -GREEN!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: That's two and...

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

GM: Are you kidding...?

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

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

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

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

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

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

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

GM: CITY OF ANGELS!!

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

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

GM: OOF! Juan kicks him in the mush!

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

GM: SUNSET FLIP!

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

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Vasquez is staring at Bryant...

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: ...and accepted!

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

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

[Fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business! You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...]

The screen is completely black, and over the darkness, can be heard a voice familiar to all movie goers - Liam Neeson's.]

"We've been through this before. I don't know why you can't learn."

[On screen, as two women are grabbed, lifted by the waist, thrown into the back of a van, the van's tires screeching and throwing up sparks, as Neeson steps onto the street, watching it speed away.]

"But let me tell you one more time."

[Close up on Neeson's face, contorted in anger, as he speaks into a cell phone.]

"I'm a man with a very particular set of skills. Skills I have acquired over a very long career."

[There's a rapid succession of shots, all of them of Neeson killing various bad guys with his bare hands.]

"Skills that made me a nightmare for people like you."

[Neeson begins moving forward, following the tire tracks laid down by the van, moving past a long line of cars parked on the street. Then, there is a quick cut to a sinister looking Eastern European man, also holding a cell phone to his ear.]

"You're wrong, Mr. Mills. We know exactly who you are."

[There's a sudden explosion, as one of the cars erupts into flames. Neeson is thrown back, landing on his back.]

"You're a man with a problem."

[From the shadows emerges a man. A very tall man, dressed all in black. The camera doesn't show his face, only his broad back. He leans over Neeson, lifts him by his collar, and tosses him against another car, the window shattering from the impact.]

"A very, very big problem."

[The camera circles around, and we see the face of Neeson's big problem. Angry, with a scar running diagonally across his face. A face every AWA fan knows - the face of Alex Martinez. The Hall of Famer lifts his hand, curls his fingers into a fist, and drives that fist repeatedly into Neeson's face. With the final punch, Neeson slumps down, and the screen goes black again. Red text fills the screen.

MARTINEZ

NEESON

TAKEN 3

SUMMER 2014

...and fade back up into the backstage area where Jason Dane is standing in front of a SuperClash V backdrop, looking a bit off his game.]

JD: My guest at this time approached me during the break and... well, I'll say requested but it felt more like demanded... this time to address the fans of the AWA. He is Eli Slater.

[Arguably the most untrustworthy man in professional wrestling, Eli Slater drifts in from stage right, wearing a pair of loose and faded blue jeans, brown work boots and a red and blue flannel shirt. His curly blonde hair is loose and his mustache and perpetual five o'clock shadow are in their usual places. He approaches Jason smiling, slyly.]

ES: It's taken a while, Jason, but I'm finally here. And on the biggest show of the year... SuperClash V. Can you believe it?

[Dane pauses, considering how to answer that.]

JD: In all honesty, no... I can't say that I do believe it. The fans of the AWA are quite knowledgeable and I'm sure they're familiar with your history but you've been chased out of more promotions than almost anyone that I know. I know that you're saying things are different now... and I've even heard reports that things are different now... but even your last stint... the one in Germany... you left that company in quite the cloud of rumors as well.

ES: And what may I ask, what was different the last time you heard, Jason?

[Dane shrugs.]

JD: Some have said you've turned over a new leaf but...

[Dane looks doubtful as Eli smiles with a hint of malice in his eyes]

ES: Do you think I have changed, Jason?

[The AWA's investigative journalist attempt to look into the eyes of Slater... and abruptly shifts his gaze, shivering. He turns back.]

JD: I think a better question is for you, Mr. Slater. Have you changed?

[Eli is still smiling as he leans back away from Dane. He runs his fingers through his hair before leaning back in to speak again, as always in a calm steady voice. Never raising his volume.]

ES: Well, I'll be honest, and I'm always honest, I'd say my greatest gift... Against men like William Craven and Eric Preston...

Against men like The Hangman and the bartender...

And even in the end, against men like Tony Sunn and Devon Case...

...is that they have absolutely no idea where I'm coming from. In fact, it's kind of a big secret.

[Eli puts his hand on Jason's shoulder]

ES: The thing is Jason, I like secrets, so we'll have to find out November 28th. One thing I will let you know though, is that even at my nicest, on a sunny day with pretty birds singing their prettiest songs. I'll do some real nasty things in that ring to win.

For now though? Keep my history on your minds.

The mayhem, the blood, the violence, and remember that through it all...

[Here comes the smile again.]

ES: I was probably smiling.

[Slater turns to leave before seemingly remembering something.]

ES: Jason, I almost forgot...

What was it that they say about the devil and the greatest trick he ever played?

[Dane looks uneasy.]

JD: Mr. Slater, you're not comparing yourself to the devil are you?

[Slater's smile suddenly vanishes and he stares coldly into the camera]

ES: Of course not, Jason.

Unlike the Devil, Eli Slater is very real.

[His eyes bore into the camera for a long moment.]

ES: I promise.

[Slater's smile returns and he walks off camera as we fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing by with a shady-looking balding man with stringy black hair. He wears plain white trunks, orange kneepads, and blue boots, and is rubbing his big nose for good luck.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall, with a ten minute time limit.

Introducing first, to my left. From Brooklyn, New York... weighing two-hundred thirty pounds... JACKIE WILPON!

[Wilpon raises his arms to some tepid jeering. Then, the opening beat of "White and Nerdy" by Weird Al Yankovic plays, causing some cheers.]

PW: His opponent! About to come down the aisle... from Silicon Valley, California... weighing two-hundred thirty-five pounds...

..."THE WRESTLING WIKI" WALTER WARREN!

[As he is introduced, "The Wrestling Wiki" Walter Warren makes his way to the ring. Walter is a lean fellow with slicked-back black hair. He wears red wrestling trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots, along with a black T-Shirt with four characters on it (http://www.redbubble.com/people/molmoran/works/11025739-dual-destinies-panels?body_color=black&p=t-shirt&print_location=front&ref=shop_grid&style=mens).

For whatever reason, he has a manila folder in his left hand. As he comes down the aisle, he stops at the end, where he turns to look at the fans and raises his right hand, separates his fingers and gives the "live long and prosper" Vulcan sign to the fans. The fans cheer him.]

GM: Walter Warren is in action this week, and here is a young man who has worked hard to get and keep a place here in the AWA. He has had a string of victories in non-televised events, and a chance to get in the win column here on TV.

BW: What's on that shirt?

GM: I recall him telling me earlier that those were characters from a video game that he likes.

BW: Oh, yeah, real focused. Real men don't play games. They beat up people, and then go out and party until it's time to beat someone else up. This geek has no business in this sport.

[Warren makes the rounds of the ringside area, slapping hands, and then ascends the ring steps and ducks between the ropes. He again makes the V-sign, then removes his T-shirt and glasses and hands them over to a ringside attendant.]

GM: Is that so? Well, I seem to recall that Mr. Warren has put up some great showings against the likes of Dave Cooper and holds victories over the likes of P.W. de Klerk.

BW: Accidents happen. And... what's this idiot doing now?

GM: Asking for the microphone. Interesting. Let's see what he has to say.

"WW"WW: HOLD IT! I, Walter Warren, webmaster of the AWA webpage and the most complete wiki of professional wrestling history on the Internet, have sensed a disturbance in the Force. During my extensive research on my opponent for tonight, I discovered something... fascinating.

[He turns to Wilpon, who is squinting at him in confusion. He presents the manila folder to Wilpon, who doesn't seem to know what to do.]

"WW"WW: OBJECTION! According to my network administrator records, this man, Jackie Wilpon, in his off time runs a pyramid scheme over company e-mail! That's right... he is a spammer! INCONCEIVABLE! You think you can use the Internet to steal people's money? Well, I reject your reality and substitute my own! No one gets away with Internet crimes when the "Wrestling Wiki" is on the job; I'm very clever! I fight for the users! And now it's clobberin' time! Engage!

[Warren tosses the mic away, and goes right at the still perplexed Wilpon.]

[*DING*DING*]

GM: Here we go; apparently, Walter Warren takes Internet crime very seriously.

BW: ...you mean that online investment deal Jackie told me about was a fake?!

GM: Oh, brother. Warren with a hiptoss, and a front elbow drop on Wilpon. Very aggressive from the Silicon Valley native. It makes me wonder, though. Is Walter Warren reading our company e-mail?

BW: He better not be!

GM: He is the AWA's network administrator, whatever that means. I think that means he's in charge of the company e-mail system... he helped me when I had problems a few months ago.

BW: Gordo, you need help turnin' your computer on.

GM: Only sometimes!

[In the meantime, the "Wrestling Wiki" advances on Wilpon as he gets up, and chops him. He sticks his head into the Brooklyn native's jaw, grasps the head, and drops into a jawbreaker which staggers Wilpon into the ropes. Following up with an Irish-whip, Warren runs at him, leapfrogs, and then catches him coming back with a great belly-to-belly suplex! The fans cheer these moves.]

BW: Anyway, it looks like the Internet nerd really is fired up about all this. It's gotta be a lie, though. Jackie Wilpon is a trustworthy man.

GM: I trust that belly-to-belly suplex took a great toll on him, and Warren already following up. Gathering his man up off the canvas, and driving him back down with a swinging neckbreaker! Walter Warren is wrestling with some anger tonight. I've never really seen this from him.

BW: He must really think Wilpon's been misusin' company e-mail. I didn't know we gave the curtain jerkers company e-mail accounts.

GM: Everyone under contract, which does include Wilpon... though if this is true, I can't imagine that lasting much longer. Warren lifting Wilpon up

high... big atomic drop! And bounces him right back off the knee into a back suplex! That was a devastating combination!

BW: It sure was. I... gotta go check my bank account, Gordo.

GM: You stay right there and do your job, Bucky. Warren sending Wilpon off the ropes...

[*WHACK*]

GM: ...AND BLASTED HIM! YOU COULD HAVE HEARD THAT FLYING FOREARM ACROSS THE STREET!

BW: Yeah. That's legitimate anger, daddy. This nerd has NEVER acted this way.

GM: Three count is academic, being as Wilpon's unconscious.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: The 4-W-Arm putting Wilpon's lights completely out. Let's get the official word.

PW: Here is your winner... "THE WRESTLING WIKI" WALTER WARREN!

[Warren gets up, and indeed, he has a sour look on his face. He glares down at Wilpon, and turns to walk away. The crowd is cheering him, and he gives them the Vulcan sign once before stepping out of the ring.]

BW: You know what, Gordo? I think this kid found something.

GM: Evidence that Jackie Wilpon is an Internet scammer, apparently.

BW: No, no, no. First off, don't even think that! Second, I'm talkin' about that attitude. He came in here not like his usual happy-to-be-here idiot self. He was mad, he came here to destroy a guy, and he actually did! This dumb kid has potential after all. Somebody get him a manager. A guy or a woman who'll take his video games away, slap the stupid catchphrases out of his head, and make him come after everybody like that.

GM: You can't manufacture righteous anger, Bucky. Whether Wilpon was really guilty or not, Warren certainly believed that he was out for justice. I don't think a manager can install an on/off switch for that.

BW: You ain't never been a manager, Gordo. I have. I could come back tomorrow and manage the champion of the world, only I get paid real good to be the best announcer in the world. But I know what a good manager can do. If you don't believe me, look at what Larry Doyle or Sandra Hayes did for their clients who used to be in Warren's shoes.

GM: Speaking of Sandra Hayes, the man she helped torment for almost a year, Hannibal Carver made his return to Saturday Night Wrestling two

weeks ago in surprising fashion when he attacked Rick Marley out in the parking lot.

BW: It was a setup, Gordo... a plot by Michaelson to get even with Marley for the Side Headlock Situation.

GM: The what?

BW: It's gotta have a name, right? The Side Headlock Situation seems to fit.

GM: Good grief. Carver got a small bit of Marley two weeks ago but we're being told that he wants more. Let's take a look...

[We fade to black.]

?: Respect.

[The scene comes to light, as smoke fills the view. All we can see is the vague silhouette of a man and the burning ember at the tip of a cigar in the locker room area. A few seconds pass, and as the smoke begins to clear we see the man himself, Hannibal Carver.]

HC: Some of the things I've done? Yeh, I can see that the word respect coming from me might seem odd.

[Carver lowers the cigar, grinding it into the sole of his black combat boot before continuing.]

HC: I've done a lot of terrible things. Last time yeh all saw me in action, I probably didn't do a whole lot to kill off the notion that I'm an evil man.

[Carver stuffs the now extinguished cigar in the right hip pocket of his black jeans, stopping to brush some remaining soot off his fingers on his faded white Budweiser - King Of Beers shirt.]

HC: But even then, there was a purpose. Even then, it was all about respect. Some young punk - I don't give a damn who his daddy is - comes into this sport thinking he's going to skyrocket to the top by crying and whining... by hiding behind his little girl's big mouth and his cronies' fists... and I can't sit still. I can't sit still so I stand up and tell him about respect, even for those that yeh do yer best to beat the hell out of.

[Carver scowls.]

HC: But he doesn't get it. They never do. They only see the point when I raise this arm...

[Carver raises his arm, in the very same fashion he does during his matches to signal that he's about to put someone away with the Mind Eraser roaring elbow.]

HC: ... and bash their skull in until their brains're oatmeal.

[Carver grins, perhaps reliving the end of his last encounter with Terry Shane III.]

HC: And that... that bring me to yeh, Rick.

[And just as quickly, the grin fades.]

HC: The newswire said it. I stepped away to rehab. I went through one hell of a war and I took the time I needed to get back to a hundred percent.

But I wasn't just rehabbing the injured knee. I wasn't just training.

[Carver grins again, but this time it's totally devoid of humor.]

HC: I was watching. I watched a man make a sham of the biggest prize in all the land. I watched a man turn a tournament for that ten pounds of gold everyone strives for into a joke. Yeh see not so long ago, a man I have a hell of a lot of respect for dropped me on my head TWICE just to take another step towards that strap. And it took nothing less than that to stop me from tearing him apart so that I could take that step down that path.

[A look of complete disgust washes over Carver's face.]

HC: So yeh can imagine why what I saw on television made me sick. Or maybe yeh can't, Rick. To be honest I can't wrap my head around WHAT makes a man like yeh tick. Shane? He's just some kid fresh out of diapers who doesn't know any better. So when he runs his mouth, I expect it. I caved his skull in with my elbow, but I expect it. But yeh? Not so much. Yeh a grown man, one who's been around long enough to know that nobody EVER got to the top rung of the ladder by crying how he's being looked over and whining about politics. A man doesn't do that. A man picks himself up off the ground and keeps clawing and fighting until he gets where he wants to be.

But last time out, when yeh ran like a scolded dog from me... I saw that whatever yeh were, it wasn't a man.

[Carver nods.]

HC: But I'm a fair man. I see how what I'm saying might not sit right with yeh. So here's yer chance to shut me up. Coming up real soon I see we've got a little party by the name of SuperClash. And I also see, that my dance card is completely empty. Yeh ran from me outside, so how about we take this dance inside? How about we take it between those ropes, right in the middle of that ring? Yeh know me, I'm just some punch-drunk bar brawling louse. While yer a bonafide pro wrestling tactician. Should be an easy night for yeh, am I right.

[Carver points at the camera.]

HC: Or do yeh know what I know... that given the chance, I'll stomp yeh into the dirt. Because it ain't for me, it's for this sport. It's for every man that ever broke himself in two for this sport.

Either way, the punk card's been thrown down.

[Carver opens a nearby locker, taking out a can with a "SCHLITZ" logo emblazoned on it.

HC: Don't make me ask twice.

[And we fade back up to the ring, where stands Phil Watson. He is alongside two men in matching black bodysuits and masks. Both bodysuits have trim down the legs, around the upper arms and neck, and on the mask facing. One of them has orange trim, and the other (who is a bit larger) a pale pink trim.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit!

Introducing first, already in the ring. From Parts Unknown. Weight Unknown. They are DOCTOR INSIDIOUS AND THE NEFARIOUS ONE!

[The fans give some boos to the evil-looking people in the masks, who shake their fists and make menacing threats. Cue the memorable guitar open to "Surfin' USA" by the Beach Boys. The crowd cheers.]

PW: And their opponents! About to head down the aisle... hailing from Southern California and weighing in at a total combined weight of four-hundred and eighty-five pounds...

...here are Vance Ricks and Trampus Kennedy... THE SURFER DUDES!

[Dashing from behind the curtain come Kennedy and Ricks, pumping their fists to the fans. Kennedy is your prototypical 80's southern California surfer guy. He's got shoulder-length blonde hair with bangs hanging in front of his blue eyes. His hobby as a body builder is evident in his well-tanned build; he's cut with washboard abs and definition in all the right places. Ricks has short, spiked blonde hair, with dark roots indicating a dye job. He's also a cut specimen, but not as cut as his partner. Ricks sports a tattoo on his right shoulder of a yin and yang with kanji script underneath translating into "Life & Death".

Both men wear ring attire consisting of tie-dyed bicycle shorts with tie-dyed kneepads. The underpadding covering the knee is black. They also sport black elbowpads, white wrist tape, and white finger tape. Completing the getup are tie-dyed color baseball caps, worn backwards, and yellow ring jacket with "Surfer Dudes" embroidered on the back in orange and red.

The duo makes their way down the entrance aisle towards the ring. Both men stop periodically to slap hands with any fans who have their hands outstretched.]

BW: Oh, no. Really, Gordo?

GM: I'm not sure what your question is, Bucky. Trampus Kennedy and Vance Ricks wrestle all over the world, in practically every territory running today. We're glad to have them when they're here in Dallas.

BW: It's fifty degrees out! Winter is practically already here, and these two clowns are still on about surfing?

GM: It makes sense to me. The Surfer Dudes bring a sense of summer with them everywhere they go. Why wouldn't you want to have something to look forward to when it's cold outside? And for the record, our Northern fans would very much like to trade weather with us around this time of year.

BW: Who cares what Northerners want? These two idiots should hibernate for the winter. In an igloo.

[Kennedy and Ricks get to the ring and climb in. Ricks climbs up onto the second turnbuckle and gives the crowd the Shaka sign. Kennedy removes his jacket and strikes a bicep flex. Ricks hops off the second turnbuckle and sheds his jacket. Both men move to their corner as their music stops playing.]

GM: The Surfer Dudes here on Saturday Night Wrestling for the first time in a while. This year, they've toured Germany, Japan, Thailand, New Zealand, and even East Africa among other places.

BW: Can we send them back? East Africa sounds perfect for them.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: Here we go. That's Vance Ricks starting with Doctor Insidious, who is wearing the orange trim.

BW: You sure about that?

GM: That is what they told me.

BW: Like a couple of guys named "Doctor Insidious and The Nefarious One" wouldn't lie? They sound like a typical Presidential ticket to me.

GM: Standing armbar by Doctor Insidious, reversed into a hammerlock by Ricks. Insidious throws the backfist, but a drop toehold by Ricks puts him flat on his back. That was almost a reverse drop toehold, sending him down the opposite direction from usual. Clamping on a kneelock now. Vance Ricks quickly breaks Insidious down into a painful leg submission, and the masked man rolls it over. Insidious in the ropes... good instincts there by the masked man after a great technical display by Ricks.

BW: He should have held that on for a count of four point nine.

GM: Both men up, and going into the collar-and-elbow again. Insidious is the bigger, stronger man and he forces Ricks into the ropes. Clubbing forearm blow to the chest by Doctor Insidious... no clean break at all!

BW: Again, you're expecting this from a guy named "Doctor Insidious".

GM: I expect everyone to follow the rules, Bucky. A second, third, and fourth blow in rapid succession by Insidious. Ricks is dazed... Irish-whip by Insidious, reversed by Ricks! Insidious off the ropes, leapfrog by Ricks. Coming back the other way... no-look leapfrog! Incredible athleticism by Vance Ricks, and a huge deep armdrag takedown of Doctor Insidious as he comes off the ropes a third time! The Nefarious One in, and he catches a deep armdrag by Ricks as well! Insidious up again, and down again with the armdrag, into an armbar! Great wrestling by the Surfer Dude from Huntington Beach, California!

BW: A lucky move if ya ask me. I'd like to see him do that to one of the Bishop Boys.

GM: Well, we're coming up on Stampede Cup season, Bucky. So that could very well happen.

BW: Oh ho. That's why Spicoli and Gidget showed back up all of a sudden! They want that million dollars!

GM: You could buy a great deal of surfboard wax with one million dollars, true. But the competition in the tag team division is deeper than it has ever been, and no doubt the Surfer Dudes want to be a part of that. Insidious up to his feet, and Ricks maneuvers him to his corner and tags in Trampus Kennedy. Kennedy in the ring, elbows the arm of Insidious as Ricks has it in the armbar still. Both Dudes hooking the waist, and a double back suplex on Doctor Insidious! The Doctor will be seeking Chiropractor Insidious after that.

BW: Kennedy's posin' for the fans. I can't stand that. Suckin' up to try and get cheers... a real man should get cheered for breakin' backs and takin' people out.

GM: Normally, deliberate attempts to injure someone do not get cheered.

BW: That's what's wrong with our country today. That, and dubstep.

GM: What.

[As Gordon is stunned into silence, Trampus Kennedy fires Insidious into the ropes, and catches him coming off with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex! The fans cheer the impressive move, but it may have been too impressive as the post-suplex momentum takes Insidious all the way to the ropes. The masked man rolls to his corner hurriedly and tags out before Kennedy can pull him back.]

GM: Tag made, and in comes the Nefarious One. The bigger member of the masked team looks to slow the pace down to give his partner some recovery time.

BW: Which is smart. These two masked guys haven't had a great won-loss record, but I've noticed that they're pretty smart guys. So I wouldn't take them lightly if I were a Surfer Dude. Then again, if I were a Surfer Dude, I'd probably be paralyzed with embarrassment.

GM: Nefarious wants a test of strength. Kennedy asking the fans what they think about it.

BW: Who in the world would want advice from the fans?! Those idiots don't have the collective IQ needed to screw in a light bulb.

GM: And yet, they ultimately pay your salary. Kennedy takes The Nefarious One up on it. Trampus Kennedy is an amateur bodybuilder, and though The Nefarious One has a couple inches on him, and possibly thirty or so pounds...

BW: Bodybuilders ain't powerlifters, Gordo. Because you got cut up muscles don't mean you're strong. Look at Hercules Hammonds, Pete Colt, or Cletus Lee Bishop.

GM: Kennedy forcing the Nefarious One down! The fans cheering as the bigger man is decidedly not the stronger. Oh! Headbutt to the ribcage by the Nefarious One.

BW: See? Kennedy's muscles are all show. The Nefarious One has him down on his knees!

GM: Because he headbutted him!

BW: Is that illegal?

GM: No, but...

BW: Then he's the stronger man.

GM: Kennedy forcing his way up. His compact physique is power-packed... OH MY WORD!

[As he gets back to his feet, Trampus Kennedy makes a sudden move, pulling The Nefarious One in, hooking both arms, and suplexing him over in one swift move! He only releases one arm on the suplex, so that on impact, Trampus rolls over on top with an armbar. The crowd cheers the nifty move.]

GM: Tremendous suplex transition into an armbar!

BW: Cheating his way out of the test of strength.

GM: Fans, earlier on, we got some comments from the Surfer Dudes. Let's go to that footage.

[As the action continues in the ring with Nefarious trying to get to his feet, a smaller screen opens up in the top right corner of the screen. It shows Kennedy and Ricks in front of a blank blue backdrop. Ricks is facing the camera, while Kennedy is looking down and too his right... which makes it appear as if he's watching the match.]

VR: AWA, get ready. The beaches have shut it down for the winter, so the Surfer Dudes are going to bring the heat to the arenas instead! Come on and ride the wave with us, all the way to the top of the tag team division.

[Ricks seems to notice that Trampus is looking down and away.]

VR: Trampus? What are you doing?

TK: Watchin' the match, bro! We're kickin' it, Cali-style.

VR: You're watching the match? Our match? That we haven't wrestled yet? That. Makes. No. Sense.

TK: Vance! The fans don't want to listen to us talk about it! They wanna watch us BE about it! Look down there, dudes and dudettes! Ain't we awesome?

VR: Well. We are pretty awesome.

[The small screen fades out as The Nefarious One has gotten to his feet, and used several knees to the abdomen to break out of the armbar. But hitting Trampus Kennedy in his rock-hard abs doesn't seem to be overly effective, and the Surfer Dude fires back with a big chop that staggers his larger foe. A second one staggers him further, and this allows Kennedy to rush in, scoop him up by the waist, and face-plant him to the canvas by falling backwards.]

BW: Trampus Kennedy is about as bright as a tar pit and as sharp as a bowling ball.

GM: I believe he was trying to make a point, and that point was 'less talk, more action'. Kennedy picking up the Nefarious One and slamming him in the Surfer Dudes corner. Tag to Vance Ricks, who is headed upstairs! Ricks on the top rope as Kennedy pulls The Nefarious One up.

[Vance gives the fans the "shaka" hand sign before jumping at The Nefarious One with a flying chop... hand still in the shaka sign. This gets a big cheer.]

GM: SHAKA DROP!

BW: Shaka Zulu? Shaka Khan? What?

GM: The "shaka" is that hand sign. Apparently a surfer sign, meaning "hang loose", or so they told me once. Vance Ricks picking up The Nefarious One,

sending him off the ropes, and a spinning leg lariat floors the big man! Tag back out to Trampus Kennedy. The Surfer Dudes on the double team, sending the Nefarious One to the far ropes...

[As Nefarious bounces off, Ricks runs to the opposing corner and nails Doctor Insidious with a kneesmash to send him off the apron... and lands on the second turnbuckle with his other foot. He steps to the top turnbuckle, pivots, and leaps with a flying missile dropkick! As Trampus had The Nefarious One up in a high waistlock, and was backpedaling (towards Ricks) with the momentum from the Irish-Whip, this is especially effective. Ricks' right foot slams into The Nefarious One's face, and Kennedy sits out with a spinebuster bomb. He stays seated, clutching the legs in a sunset-flip like pin position.]

GM: THE _HANG TEN_!

BW: That was so illegal in so many ways, I can't begin to tell you.

GM: Kennedy keeping the legs hooked, and there's the three count!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[The crowd cheers as "Surfin' USA" Begins again over the PA.]

BW: Well, it's one thing to get a win here against Doctor Insidious And The Nefarious One. But if these guys are here to make a run at the Stampede Cup, they're gonna need to step it up.

GM: I would at least concur. As deep as the tag team ranks are right now, qualifying for the Cup is going to be a nightmarishly difficult task. Let's get the official word!

PW: The winners of this contest... THE SURFER DUDES!

[Kennedy and Ricks slap hands, and do an extravagant pose... Ricks dropping to a knee and Kennedy standing above, both doing the shaka sign with both hands.]

BW: Well, they got their victory pose technique sorted. Take pictures, you might never see that again.

GM: The Surfer Dudes on the victory, and now headed outside to interact with the fans. That's the kind of thing I like to see.

BW: Unfocused pandering? I know you love that sort of thing, Gordo, but real men get the job done and go party until dawn. Without these dumb fans.

GM: I see. Fans, we're going to take a quick break so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

After a three second pause, cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloops are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are half-heartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could _really_ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Rick Marley?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Stevie Scott running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Stevie Scott!

[And... did Dave Cooper just kick down the front door to attack Alex Martinez from behind while he was grappling with Calisto Dufrense in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Supernova leaping down the staircase at Nenshou? And why are the Blonde Bombers beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Bishop Boys turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAHH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Skywalker Jones is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Chris Staley with a flying clothesline, Juan Vasquez is hiptossing Johnny Detson across your family room, and the Lynches and the Beale Street Bullies are brawling across your driveway. Percy Childes takes a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Danny Morton as he had Stevie Childes in a headlock while Jackson Haynes is ramming Daniel Tyler's head into the sink in the background, Buford P Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Glenn Hudson tries to dropkick Dave Bryant, who ducks... poor Glenn hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Alphonse Green wanders by and stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Two AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

[RyGunn does a double throw to send The Rave over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the RyGunn and Rave action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Luke Kinsey tries to smash Terry Shane the Third with a kitchen chair, but Shane pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Nenshou and Dufrense action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Brian Von Braun and Tully Brawn double-clothesline Vladimir Velikov in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like William Craven is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Alex Martinez. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Colosseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Staley, Green, Marley, and BVB. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably-popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, the crowd is absolutely ROARING for the two men standing in the ring - the noise absolutely deafening. Has Jason Dane

suddenly become the most popular man in Texas? No, it is not Jason they cheer for.

It's the man beside him - Blackjack Lynch. The legend of Texas wrestling stands at Dane's side, wearing a simple beige polo shirt and a pair of khaki pants. Dane starts to say something, only to be interrupted by another round of cheers for the beloved patriarch. Finally, Dane manages to make himself heard above the crowd.]

JD: Mr. Lynch...

BJL: You can call me "Blackjack," Jason.

[Blackjack's voice is low and raspy, a harshness that sounds like coffee and gravel. It's a voice every fan in Texas knows.]

JD: Blackjack, in two weeks, at SuperClash V, you are going to join your sons, Travis and Jack, in the ring, where you take on three men that you and your sons are all too familiar with, in the Beale Street Bullies. Obviously, you have a whole host of complicated feelings on this subject...

BJL: Jason, there's nothing complicated about how I feel. All I feel is hate. All I feel is the need to break them damned Bullies. It's real simple. Nothin' complicated, I promise you that.

JD: That is, of course, perfectly understandable. Still, it has been a long time since you've been in the ring. You're now two weeks away from wrestling again...

BJL: I'd apologize for the way I keep interrupting you, Jason, but you keep getting it wrong. I'm not returning to "wrestle." I'm not leaving my ranch and going to the American Airlines Center so I can do headlocks and hiptosses. And this old man sure isn't going to be doing any dropkicks.

No, I'm coming for a fight, Jason Dane. Nothing fancy at all. Just a fight.

And trust me, these fans know, when it comes to a fight, can't no one beat ol' Blackjack!

[The roar from the crowd reinforces that knowledge.]

JD: Two weeks ago, you spoke of a pair of surprises you had for the Beale Street Bullies?

BJL: I did, and I'm gonna tell you what those surprises are right now, Jason.

Like I said, I'm not going to SuperClash to exchange holds. I'm going so that I can bust my knuckles up, and get Bully blood all over these hands. So our match at SuperClash? It's gonna be the sorta match that old Blackjack specializes in...

An old fashioned Texas Brawl.

[Big cheer!]

BJL: Let me explain to you how that works, Jason Dane. First off? The referee? He's got one job, and only one job. That's to wait until someone gets pinned. Then he counts to three. That's all he does. There's no tagging in and out. All six of us are going to be in the ring... the whole team, beating the hell out of each other.

Second, Bullies, there's no need for you to get all dressed up. You put on your best dirty shirt, and you come as you are. Boots, jeans, whatever you're in, you come to that ring wearing it.

And third, and this I want you to listen to very closely. The last time all three of you were together, you damn near crippled my Jimmy. So after SuperClash, there will be no more Bullies.

Or there'll be no more Lynches...

[Blackjack pauses a moment, fists clenched, eyes narrowed. The crowd buzzes at what was just said.]

BJL: For one year, the losing team must disband. You understand what that means? It means everything is on the line at SuperClash.

It means, finally, we're putting an end to the Beale Street Bullies.

[Again, the crowd cheers.]

JD: Wow! Two big announcements. An old fashioned Texas Brawl at SuperClash, and the losing team must disband for a year!

[Blackjack shakes his head.]

BJL: That was all one announcement, Jason.

JD: So the second surprise is?

BJL: Well, for that Jason...

[Lynch turns towards the locker room, pointing down the aisle.]

BJL: I know there's a Bully in the locker room... and I know he knows how to walk that ramp and come down to MY ring...

[Big cheer!]

BJL: And if he wants to see my other surprise, that's exactly what he's gonna do 'cause I got my surprise right here!

[Blackjack pats his right front pocket.]

BJL: Whichever one of you Bullies is in the locker room... come and get your surprise!

[Dane bails out of the ring as the elder of the Lynch clan stalks back and forth, waving towards the locker room. The crowd is on their feet, cheering with anticipation...

...when suddenly, "Dangerous" Dick Wyatt comes wandering through the curtain, Sunshine by his side. He smirks as he stares down the aisle at Blackjack Lynch, shouting something off-mic as he gestures to his groin with white-cast covered arm.]

GM: Dick Wyatt is apparently the Bully in the building - remember, the AWA ruled that whenever there's one Lynch in a building, there can only be one Bully as well. Wyatt's heading down here with Sunshine by his side... that looks like two Bullies to me.

BW: You sayin' old man Lynch is afraid of a hundred pound woman?

GM: I'm sure he's not but-

[Wyatt reaches the ring, leaning over the ropes to shout at Blackjack...

...who rushes forward, grabbing Wyatt by his "good" arm and yanking him into the ring!]

GM: Blackjack drags him in!

[As Wyatt gets to his feet, Blackjack pops him with a right hand to a DEAFENING ROAR from the Texas fans!]

GM: Here we go, fans! There are people in this building who've dreamed of seeing this for years! There are people in this building who grew up watching this happen! And on Thanksgiving Night, the building is going to be JAMMED with people reliving their childhoods by watching this man take the fight to the Beale Street Bullies, Bucky!

[A second right hand sends Wyatt sprawling down to the mat. Lynch spins around, blocking a slap attempt from Sunshine who jerks away, falling down to her rear on the wooden ramp.]

BW: He hit a woman!

GM: He did not! She fell on her own!

BW: No! No! No! Blackjack shoved her down!

[The Texas wrestling legend turns back towards the downed Wyatt who is rising fast, rearing back with his plaster-covered arm, taking a big swing...

...but Blackjack ducks under it, reaching into his pocket...]

GM: What's he...?

[And when his right hand comes up, it is covered in a black leather glove...

...which is quickly wrapped around the skull of Dick Wyatt!]

GM: CLAW!! THE MASTER OF THE IRON CLAW HAS LOCKED IT IN!!

BW: What the heck's up with the glove, Gordo?!

GM: Blackjack Lynch was known for using that glove in his career from time to time... and there have been rumors for decades that it's loaded!

BW: LOADED?! He's using a LOADED glove on Dick Wyatt?! But that's not fair!

GM: This isn't a match! It's totally legal here and at SuperClash, during the Texas Brawl, it'll be totally legal as well!

BW: NO! IT'S NOT FAIR!

[After several more moments with the Iron Claw locked in, Lynch shoves Wyatt away, watching with a glare as Wyatt rolls under the ropes to the ramp where Sunshine dives to his aid. A nodding Blackjack looks down at a prone Wyatt...

...and then slowly lifts the gloved hand into the air!]

GM: Oh yeah! These fans are going nuts and Blackjack Lynch has just sent a very clear message to the Beale Street Bullies! If they think they're going into SuperClash at an advantage and facing some decrepit has-been, they're sadly mistaken! The Lynches are comin' to fight at SuperClash because if they don't, they're splitting up for a whole year! The stakes are sky high for this Texas Brawl at SuperClash, fans!

[With Wyatt and Sunshine backpedaling down the aisle, we slowly fade to black...

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...]

We cut backstage where we see Jason Dane standing alongside the World Heavyweight Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Given the night off, Dufresne is clad in a blue and white gingham collared shirt with the sleeves rolled up to the forearms, a pair of gray slacks and a matching vest. A navy blue tie completes the look as his blond hair is pulled back into a tight pony tail. The World Heavyweight Championship rests over one shoulder. Dane is given the green light to begin and speaks.]

JD: Fans, I'm backstage with the Heavyweight Champion of the world, Calisto Dufresne. Calisto, a few minutes ago, you saw the finals to the Chase For the Clash become set in stone; as Supreme Wright and Dave Bryant are set to square off later tonight for a shot at you on Thanksgiving night. Any thoughts on those matches?

[A shrug from Dufresne.]

CD: Does it really matter, Dane? I mean, _really?_

[Dane seems a bit taken aback.]

JD: Of course it matters. They're pouring blood, sweat and tears for a shot at the World Championship on the biggest night of the year!

[A nod.]

CD: _Exactly._ They're going through wars, through battles, for the mere _opportunity_ to face Calisto Dufresne on Thanksgiving. On the biggest night of the year. On _my_ night. Can you imagine?

JD: Yes, I can! They want not-

[Dufresne cuts Dane off as if he never spoke.]

CD: Can you imagine, going through what they've gone through over the past two months to get to SuperClash. Battling some of the very best this sport has to offer.

But I'm not one of the very best the sport to offer. I am _the best_ this sport has to offer. Don't believe me?

[Dufresne pats the Heavyweight Title lovingly.]

CD: The 15 pounds over my shoulder says it's so. After all these months of battles and wars to get to SuperClash... only to fall one... match... short of your dream?

Well, Supreme Wright or Dave Bryant, whichever has their hand raised an hour from now won't have to imagine. Because on Thanksgiving night...

[A nod. A wink. A smile.]

CD: ...It'll be their reality.

[Dufresne waltzes off camera as we fade back to the ring...

...and back up to live action where we find AWA President Karl O'Connor standing in the ring, mic in hand.]

KOC: Ladies and gentlemen, two weeks ago on this very broadcast, we announced that former World Champion Steve Spector would be making a rare appearance at SuperClash V where he will serve as the special outside-the-ring enforcer for the World Title match between Calisto Dufresne and either Supreme Wright or Dave Bryant. That much remains true.

However, during that announcement, Terry Shane III decided to make an appearance and after some harsh words towards Mr. Spector, he has issued a challenge to Mr. Spector for a one-on-one match on Thanksgiving night.

[O'Connor grimaces at the cheers from the crowd.]

KOC: Mr. Spector refused the challenge. Mr. Shane asked me to persist, trying to find SOMETHING that would persuade Mr. Spector to change his

mind. I have had lengthy discussions over the past two weeks with both individuals and... now it's time to find out the RESULT of those discussions.

[With that said from O'Connor, "Richochet" by Faith No More starts up to a huge cheer from the crowd! After a few moments, Steve Spector steps out onto the aisleway, looking out over the crowd briefly before making his way down to the ring. He wastes no time getting into the ring before making his way over to O'Connor, and shakes his hand before taking the mic from the AWA President. Spector takes another quick glance into the crowd, before speaking.]

SS: Let's get right to the point. I was brought on here to be a ringside enforcer for the World Title match at SuperClash, nothing more, nothing less. As tempting as it is to give Terry Shane the 3rd the beating he so richly deserves, I don't think that's going to be necessary.

[The crowd boos in disappointment, expecting Spector to want to get his hands on Terry Shane. Spector nods, understanding the reaction.]

SS: To be perfectly honest, I'm not really all that worried that I wouldn't be able to put on the best possible match that I can anymore. Instead, I find myself worried about Terry Shane the 3rd. The fact of the matter is...

[Static.]

GM: Well, that didn't take long, Bucky.

BW: No point in dragging the suspense out in this one, Gordo. Everyone knew that the second Spector stepped into the ring tonight he was going to have the attention of Terry Shane III whom I guessing might not be out here just to question the former EMWC World Champion.

[Sergei Prokofiev's classical masterpiece, "Dance of the Knights" drifts over the airwaves as it was expected to do. The eerie notes blast and instantly create a dark and foreboding mood that looms over the arena. The loud noises are then replaced with pianissimo and soft strokes of string instruments just as a group of individuals emerge from the entrance portal.]

GM: It looks as though the band is all together here tonight. The Shane Gang want some answers and they want --

BW: Blood, daddy! They want Steve Spector's blood on their hands!

[The Siren leads the way, full of sparkle and sex appeal in a curve-skimming dress with a slip-on style shine of silver and black. Three-quarter sleeves and a keyhole center cut showing off the goods. The black haired vixen swings her florescent pink-taped branding iron around like a cheerleader's baton as the troops fill in behind her. Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson step out for the third show in a row in their spiked shoulder pads, war paint, and god awful haircuts while Donnie White struts out behind them with his bleached blonde mohawk raised to the roof. The mocha skinned high flyer is

rocking his sleeveless trench coat, guy-liner, painted fingernails, and choker necklace.

Spector cracks a grin at the sight of the group coming for him, nodding his head as he presumably expected this just as much as everyone else did.]

GM: Steve Spector can't help but smile as he looks on at the Shane Gang marching down to the ring. He's seen and battled them all, Bucky. The man stood up to some of the most ruthless and cutthroat factions in this business so even though he's outnumbered right now, I don't think he's going to be intimidated one bit.

BW: But he ain't ever been up against these kind of odds, Gordo. All those other teams were full of egos and hunting for the same prize. Backstabbers, cheats, and crooks. The Shane Gang are a single faction with a single goal. Bring gold home to that little mama Miss Hayes.

GM: I'm not so sure about that.

[The Ring Leader is last. As the rest of the cavalry reach the midway point to the ring, Terry Shane III steps out from the darkness. His black hair lays flat against the back of his neck... the green eyes are fixated on the ring... the dime a dozen slogan on his shirt is long gone and replaced by a charcoal bomber jacket and a brown v-neck shirt over slim fitting jeans and black boots. Spector's grin fades as the fearsome five-some and their leader draw closer to the ring and it is replaced with a determined look on his face. The troops stop at the ropes as Terry Shane III and Shane alone steps forward into the ring.]

GM: It's about to get interesting.

BW: Seriously, Spector is a bit rusty out there.

GM: That's not what I meant.

[Shane, now in the ring, steps forward and lifts the mic up to his thin lips but the raised hand of Spector abruptly halts this action which draws a sneer from the Ring Leader who is none to happy about it.]

SS: Before you go off, grabbin' the mic from my hands, you better listen to me and listen good.

[Spector glares into Shane's eyes, and Shane returns the glare.]

SS: You've come out here, interrupting me for the second time now, just to get me to step into the ring with you at SuperClash?

[Spector shakes his head.]

SS: You know, Shane.. I actually considered it!

But.. I wondered.. what's in it for me?

[The former World Champion gestures at Karl O'Connor who has stepped to the side, trying to stay away from this showdown.]

SS: You wanted Karl O'Connor over there to find the old Spector? Me and O'Connor... yeah, we spoke about me putting on my gear one last time at SuperClash. We pretty much threw every single idea we could realistically think of that would appeal to me.. and you know what?

We couldn't find it.

[Shane's fist clench, his fuse shrinking by the second. Spector doesn't seem to care, however, as he shrugs.]

SS: But you know... maybe YOU can find it. Why don't you yourself find that trigger that'll make me risk my own health and wellbeing to step into that ring one last time?

[Shane reaches out and tries to pull the mic from Spector's hands. Spector steps back, yanking the mic away before Shane can take it.]

SS: Oh? You have an idea.. this ought to be good. Blow me away.

[Spector shoves the mic into Shane's chest... Shane stares at it as Spector mouths, "Come on." Shane smirks and calmly backs away from Spector. He turns to the ropes where Sandra Hayes teasingly lowers herself between the bottom and middle rope, whipping her tar colored rat tail around as she eventually steps into the ring, mic in hand.]

MSH: Hey, darling. You wanna try out that last remark on me, Stevie?

[Spector chuckles, shaking his head.]

SS: You've got to be kidding me.

[Hayes' eyes flare but she holds steady.]

MSH: Oh no handsome, this is very much for real. Now I know it's been a long, long time since you have stepped into a wrestling ring but allow me to bring you up to speed. The cute knight in shining armor act has been done to death and eventually the big bad evil guys learned that tying the girl to the train tracks just doesn't work out so well for us so eventually we held a meeting at the local Applebees and decided you know what...

It's just a whole lot easier if we just shoot you down ourselves when we get the chance.

[Anderson, Strong, and White all step up to the ring apron. Spector readies himself, bringing his fists up near his chin.]

MSH: Don't sweat them darling, they aren't out here to "jump" you. I mean, that gets old after awhile.

[She winks at him. He is not amused.]

MSH: See, Terry here brought it to my attention that you might be a...now excuse me if you will...a hard sell. He let me know know that in years past you just weren't as prone to temptation as the rest of the idiots in this business. That's admirable for a lap dog, Steve, but something tells me that even the honorable Steve Spector might have...

[She moves in on him, leaning her lips up to his cheek.]

MSH [whispering]: Weaknesses.

[Spector snaps his head away from Miss Hayes, backing up a step and nearly tripping over himself.]

MSH: Careful, we wouldn't want you to have an accident before SuperClash, now would we?. So we thought long and hard about this, Steve, and Terry and I decided that this isn't really about tricking you with Jedi mind tricks or kidnapping your wife or whatever it is your nutjobs use to do in Los Angeles.

This is about giving Steve Spector a life after retirement.

[Spector looks on, a bit confused.]

MSH: Lenny...the dice!

[Strong, reaches into his shoulder pads and pulls out two fluffy purple dice. He tosses them to Sandra who gleefully applauds herself upon catching them.]

MSH: See, now this is really neat. One dice has six days a week on them...Sundays are rest days of course, and the other dice has fun activities to occupy all your down time. So at the beginning of each week you wake up, take your vitamins, shave your back and nose hair, and then roll the dice and you can plot out your entire week with little thought! Awesome, right? I know it is. For example...

[Sandra rolls the dice. The camera zooms in on the first one that lands on "Wednesday." She quickly snatches up the second one before the camera gets a good look.]

MSH: See..see! Look here. On Wednesday, on now this is real hoot. On Wednesday you are going to....

...learn to rally a shuttlecock in a grueling fifteen minute badminton lesson!

GM: This is ridiculous.

BW: I can't believe it said all that on one dice.

[Spector mouths something to Hayes and Shane yells back at him.]

MSH: Boys, boys! Come on. Okay, I understand your frustration, badminton might not be your things...bad back and all. Let's try this again. alright, hun?

[Sandra rolls the dice once more and this time as they bounce, Spector kicks them out of the ring which draws a loud reaction from the crowd.]

BW: The nerve!

GM: Thank you.

[Hayes glares at Spector.]

MSH: Hey now, that's not very --

[Shane snatches the mic away from Miss Hayes.]

TS3: Not amused, Steve?

[Spector shakes his head, turning his eyes back to Shane.]

SS: I thought you wanted a fight, Terry.

[It's Shane's turn to smile now.]

TS3: See, that is where you have me confused for guys like Chris Courtade or the Gremlin. Guys like Caleb Temple, Casey James, and the like. This is not the nineties... I am not here to fight, Steve. I have NEVER been here to FIGHT as you so eloquently put it. I am here for one reason and one reason only...

...to WRESTLE.

[Hey, there are actually a few cheers for that. Who knew?]

TS3: I AM a wrestler born and bred, Steve. It is who I am, it is what I do. What you saw with Hannibal Carver was me proving a point...that no matter how bad a man wants to change who he is, the truth always sets him free. Hannibal Carver wanted to be a WRESTLER, Steve. He wanted to show the world that he was a new man and had moved on from the despicable path he had paved for himself in this industry and he FAILED.

Just like I know you always wanted to prove that you were the BEST wrestler in the world. But you never could and you NEVER will. What you see in front of you is disturbing, it is frustrating, it is eating you up inside. In less than one year, people began to mention my name as one of the best wrestlers in the world...something in the fifteen years you were in this business you could never get them to do.

Not even when you were at the top of the game.

Not even when you held the biggest prize in our sport.

You were NEVER the best wrestler.

You were just a guy holding a title until it was time for a REAL champion to step forward.

[Spector points his finger out at Shane who points one right back at him.]

TS3: I know that burns you up inside and I know I not only have something you want but something you NEED.

SS: You've got noth --

TS3: I have a World Title shot sitting in my back pocket, Steve.

[The crowd "OOOOOOHHHHHHS" as they realize what's going on.]

TS3: A one way ticket to the Main Event against a World Champion to PROVE that I am the best at what I do. We both know that an opportunity like that comes ONCE in a lifetime. An opportunity that for you came once upon a time and you conquered it. Only problem was...

...nobody cared.

Nobody thought Steve Spector was THE MAN. Not your peers. Not Chris Blue. Not the Hall of Fame committee. Nobody. So what I am OFFERING you...

...is a second chance.

[Shane holds up two fingers.]

TS3: Not redemption, Steve. But SALVATION.

For yourself. For your family. For your legacy.

[Spector interrupts.]

SS: Hold on there, young buck. Let me get this straight... you're willing to give up that Number One Contendership, huh?

[Shane shakes his head.]

TS3: Not give up, Steve, not like you did...

[Spector and Shane begin jawing a few words off-mic before Spector lifts the mic back up.]

SS: Hannibal Carver must have REALLY beaten you stupid or something. I wonder if you even know what you're getting yourself into anymore. You're

willing to give up that spot.. hell, you were willing to beat a young man to such a pulp last week... just to get my attention? Just to get noticed?

[Now it's Shane mouthing, "Come on."]

SS: I think I get it.

[A grin crosses Spector's face.]

SS: As of right now. you're not on SuperClash. No match with Calisto Dufresne for you! You weren't even in the tournament to determine who gets the World Title shot to begin with. You're not in the Steal the Spotlight match, you aren't even booked to take on Charles S. Rant.

[The crowd laughs as Shane looks around angrily.]

SS: No. You're just gonna sit at home on Thanksgiving... stewing in your own juices like the turkey that you are... wondering when your shot is gonna come. You're feeling a bit...overlooked, eh? Like... a second.. no. Third? Fourth? Fifth? I can go on all night. You just wanna snap, don't ya? Go out in the back, beat up Jackie Wilpon just to make yourself feel better.

Yet here we are with you calling ME pathetic? A monster? A tyrant? You know... if you want to put it that way... You might as well be have been looking in a mirror. So, Shane.. what I'm about-

[Miss Hayes leaps in to interrupt.]

MSH: Get to it, old man!

[Spector whirls to address her.]

SS: Can you put that muzzle on her already?!

[The crowd ROARS for the verbal shot. An irate Miss Hayes lunges for Spector but Shane easily snatches her up in one arm, bringing her back to his side.]

SS: You really need to put a leash on your dogs, Terry.

[A fuming Shane shakes his head.]

TS3: No, Steve...

...I think it is just about the time that I take the leashes off.

[Shane snaps his fingers and walks away from Spector who turns his head just in time to cut off a charging Aaron Anderson at the pass...

...leaving him wide open as Donnie White clobbers Spector in the temple with a clubbing double axe-handle swing!]

GM: NO! Cheap shot by the Atomic Blonde and the mugging is on!

BW: No running for Spector now! Time to get a taste of your own medicine.

GM: So much for growing tired of cowardly attacks!

[Despite Spector's best efforts to cover up, the other three members of the Shane Gang stomp away at Spector, while Hayes holds Karl O'Connor back to watch the beating. Lenny Strong grabs a handful of Spector's hair, pulling him up as Shane charges, cracking him across the forehead with a vicious knee!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! You can hear that shot echo throughout the building!

BW: That made me cringe, Gordo!

[Strong and Anderson continue the pummeling, before pulling Spector up again. A cut has formed across Spector's forehead from that knee.]

GM: Spector's been split open by that vicious knee from Shane, oh no... it looks like Shane's going to hit him again.

[Strong holds on to Spector's right arm, and Anderson holds on to Spector's left arm. White reaches over, and grabs Spector by his hair. White yanks Spector's head up, where Shane glares at him, mic in hand. Spector is still conscious, an angry look on his face, waiting for Shane to continue the beating.]

TS3: Is THIS how you wanted it, Steve? Do you need the drama, the blood, the anger, the HATE to FUEL you?!

[Spector squirms, trying to shake his hands free as the black boot of Terry Shane III SMASHES into his ribs.]

TS3: I tried to GIVE you a chance. I tried to play FAIR. I gave you EVERYTHING...

...and now. Now it is time to take it all away. You should have listened to Sandra, Steve. You should have seen this coming. She told you...

[Shane gets right up in Spector's face, shoving his own brow against his.]

TS3: This story does not end well for the hero...

[Shane takes several steps back as Anderson and Strong shove Spector face first into the canvas, pinning his body down. Shane lashes forward, throwing his right heel back behind him.

...and then driving it forward laces up and CRACKING it against the left cheek bone of Steve Spector!]

GM: MY GOD, BUCKY!

BW: WHAT A PUNT TO THE FACE!

GM: Spector is out cold! The Shane Gang have laid out Steve Spector!

BW: With a world class kick and a statement heard throughout all of God's countries!

[The Shane Gang stands over Spector, arms raised in triumph as Shane stands across the ring, glaring at the motionless legend. Karl O'Connor stands in the corner, looking on in shock as Miss Sandra Hayes taunts him, gesturing at the laid out Spector repeatedly.]

GM: They're REAL proud of themselves, aren't they?! Absolutely disgusting! Fans, we've got to get some help out here for Steve Spector. We need medical help in the ring... if anyone in the back can hear me, please send the doctor out to the ring. We're... yes, we're going to take a break but when we come back, the Longhorn Riders will be in action!

[Fade to black...

...and then slowly fade to a graphic that reads and is accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[Cut to the silhouette of a man sitting on a stool, bathed in shadows, talking to the camera.]

"They say too much of a good thing can ruin it for everyone..."

[The camera zooms in on the now illuminated face of the man sitting on the stool, all short blonde hair and blue eyes, dressed to the nines in a tailor made suit.]

Marcus Broussard: ...but they've never seen this DVD before.

["Super Bon Bon" by Soul Coughing plays in the background as Broussard speaks.]

MB: The AWA is proud to present the AWA Superstar Series. A collection of DVDs that focus on the greatest wrestlers the AWA has ever seen. And it's even prouder that the first volume is all about _me_.

[Broussard points to himself as clips from Broussard's AWA career fly by.]

MB: I'll take you to the first Memorial Day Mayhem with never before seen footage as I win the first ever AWA National title.

[A clip of Broussard celebrating in the ring with the title, and hugging his wife backstage.]

MB: I'll take you to the Broussard Estate, and we'll walk through the state of the art fitness center on the South Wing of the house, where I prepared to go one hour with the "Natural" Adam Rogers.

[A clip of Broussard walking through what looks like a gym in warmup pants, and then to the First Year Anniversary Show, where Broussard and Rogers still stood after a 60 minute draw.]

MB: We'll tour the Combat Corner, where men like Aaron Anderson, Eric Preston and Supreme Wright were trained by yours truly and Todd Michaelson, and we'll go behind the scenes as I returned to take on the Southern Syndicate.

[A clip of Broussard announcing his return to the AWA, with the crowd going crazy in the background.]

MB: We'll go to WarGames on the Bayou, we'll go to WrestleRock. We'll Steal the Spotlight at SuperClash and we'll go one on one with Stevie Scott in my last match ever. Over three hours of the very BEST the AWA has ever seen, blazing trails and setting the standard like only I can do. All handpicked by me, so you know you're getting that Broussard guarantee.

From the early days of feuding with Ron Houston, ruling the roost with the Super Ninja, to coming home to preserve the company I built, it's all here. Marcus Broussard...

[The San Jose Shark hooks a thumb at himself.]

MB: ...you can't be me, but you can be just like me. Learn to love it, my friends.

[The camera fades out to the cover of the DVD collection, as the voice of Mark Stegglet speaks.]

MS: Marcus Broussard: Learn to Love It is available at Wal-Mart, Target and wherever AWA videos are sold!

[We fade from the shot of the DVD back to black...

Standing before an AWA banner, dressed for action, the green-tattooed man beast William Craven scowls at the camera. Breathing heavily, he doesn't speak right away, instead rubbing his face and scalp in quick, nervous motions. When he does speak it is in a tense whisper.]

WC: Measured steps taken slowly move us forward towards destiny. Great leaps taken by great men are appreciated by all that observe them ... save the men themselves. Victories taken easily are just as easily lost; just as easily undone. This is what I tell myself...

[Tugging at the red, stiff wrappings that adorn his fingers, Craven tears a scrap and lets it fall, a puff of rusty powder escaping. He shakes his head, frowning deeply.]

WC: How I explain why I have hovered near the top of this industry for so many years without ever taking that penultimate accolade; second only to Hall of Fame status... The crown. World Champion...

In the fifth year of my career, when first I danced on the world stage, I was called "rookie of the year". At the time ... it was laughable, as I'd already been working my way upon the wrestling world for so long. Now, in perspective, the rear view, shows that 1999 was my breakout year. The highlight of my career ... and yet that is not what defines me.

[Beat. Craven focuses his ice blue eyes on the camera lens.]

WC: It was my fall. The event that everyone ... EVERYONE remembers is William Craven leaving the spotlight in the worst way and disappearing. Disappearing back into the hell of bingo halls and high school gymnasiums. Stories circulated throughout the industry of a man so afraid of success that he sabotaged himself after attaining gold in the most prestigious league known to professional wrestling. My chance to attain true success; when I was young, when I was GOOD ... squandered. Thrown away for a handful of coins just out of reach, the gold most sought, the World Championship...

That was it. The root cause of it all. In that hell ... I was as unto a GOD! Set among the lesser creatures in their wild environs I was the beast that crushed and devoured and I relished that. Raging up and down the Atlantic Coast you could not keep the title from my grasp! None could stand before me and hope to survive! My last night in that smaller spotlight was spent pinning two men at the same exact time only to quit after raising that title high overhead!

Then ... the Empire.

[Tugging at his face as a kind of heightened self-awareness grips him, Craven works at a mental 1,000 piece puzzle that's clearly eluded him all these many years.]

WC: There was thunder in the league on the day that I first arrived. They had no clue what they saw. Ezra looked on with disdain, unsure why I'd been brought in. Annis ... I was beneath his notice; a wailing child who thought himself the equal of his father. There was one man ... Gary Grayson ... and he made me understand the world I'd stepped into.

[One corner of Craven's mouth turns up into a slight smile.]

WC: Swinging me, bodily, onto the stone slab of a staged altar after masquerading as "El Jefe", some ridiculous Mexican wrestler, I found myself enraged at how I was beaten. First tricked into believing I knew my enemy and then, bait, switch and brutality. I would spend the better part of two years proving that I was better than that loss. Throughout this, I wondered, as other men had chances, time and again, when I would challenge for the World Championship.

I have already been in AWA for two and a half years. I am still here ... because I have learned _patience_.

[Eyes narrowing to slits, Craven bares his sharpened teeth and flits his split tongue between them.]

WC: Now, finally, I can say with certainty that my time has _come_. This opportunity is mine to lose. I have to believe that nearly nineteen years have led to this... Nearly two decades I've had to wait, my steps measured, to avoid the great leaps that led to my fall. Men who came at my heels, the Vasquez's, the Courtades, the Kinseys and the Cases, they had their moment in the spotlight _before_ me. The time has come to steal it back...

[Oddly somber, Craven turns half away from the camera to caress the AWA logo.]

WC: And who do I steal it from? A series of unknowns? The suddenly resurgent Devon Case? Yes, Case, I see you there. A decade removed and you feel that you can simply step back into the place you never truly deserved at the top of the business. You throw your lot in with these others ... Sunn, Fong, Slater and Estrellato, doubtless seeing them as convenient meat shields to absorb the slings and arrows that the Emperor's men have at the ready to render you a memory once more. You hate the Emperor for casting you aside but then ... you never once asked to return to his good graces, did you? Never once did you sing his praises. No ... the Empire was merely another place to work for you; another job. You had no Hardcore Heart beating within your chest and no part of you died as the Empire fell. The Emperor would see you cast down along the supposed "Wise Men" ... and I am the one with the tools to do this.

And then ... this other team...

[Shaking his head again, Craven looks clearly distraught by the idea of a third team in the STS match.]

WC: Invaders erecting battlements on soil that does not belong to them. Attempting to steal opportunity for themselves. Sawyer and Mahoney, I think their names were, the massive MAMMOTH and ... "Hangman". Am I to believe that those two thrice-soused abominations convinced the charge of Judge Parker to join their quest to benefit himself? No ... I know the truth, and it is evident, stated plainly by the Judge himself.

The Hangman comes for me...

[Pause. Sober anger creeps across Craven's scarred, green face. His voice lowers to a hiss.]

WC: I don't claim to understand this man. Does he believe himself to be some sort of holy avenger, resurrected in the flesh to be lawman to the world of wrestling? If so he is naught but pale pretender to the throne of madness. Enforcer to the Lord, our God Himself? If so he should bear the preacher's collar and not a noose...

Either way he does himself no favors. Hangman ... your foolhardy quest for justice is destined to fail. No holy light shines at your back to press you on towards victory. As a boy my father, a real preacher, told me that I was a wicked child and gave me due punishment time and again in an effort to beat the demons out of me. But, Hangman, it wasn't the demons he beat out of me ... it was the Lord. For if there were an omnipresent source of love and justice that surrounded us in it's influence then why was I given such a life!? Why did I live only to suffer? Better the Lord should not suffer me to be born, to punish me in the flesh. As I grew ever more wicked, if he is real ... WHY DID HE NOT STRIKE ME DOWN!?

In the immortal words of Joseph Conrad: "The belief in a supernatural source of evil is not necessary; men alone are quite capable of every wickedness." Something that you will soon learn. It. Gets. Worse...

[Craven bares his teeth angrily as we cut back to the ring.

Again, we go up to the ring with Phil Watson. He's standing with two individuals: a short Mexican man with curly dark brown hair, colorful yellow full length tights with an intricate red-and-brown pattern on them, and boots and wristbands that match the color scheme. Alongside him is a very handsome young man with a cut physique and white trunks and boots. He has a dusky skin tone, black shoulder-length hair, and a big gleaming smile.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall, with a fifteen minute time limit!

Introducing team number one, to my left. From Montemorelos, Mexico and Altamonte Springs, Florida respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred fifty-seven pounds... here is the team of CASPIAN ABARAN and FLORENZO PRIVERI!

[The fans give some tepid applause, though we hear a bit of female enthusiasm as both competitors are rather attractive.]

PW: And their opponents!

[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. Both men are sporting brown leather bullwhips, just as they did on the last Saturday Night Wrestling. The two men are met with loud boos.]

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 hair color. 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 go to center ring and lift their arms to the fans, as if declaring that this is their turf.]

GM: The Longhorn Riders got their wish, and they'll be taking on Air Strike at SuperClash...

[*CRACK*]

GM: ...hopefully without those bullwhips!

BW: They're just makin' a point, Gordo. They want everybody to see that the future of wrestling should be determined in the ring, not by who looks good on a poster in some teen girl's room.

[*DING*]

GM: The bell has gone, and referee Marty Meekly is insisting that the Colt brothers remove those bullwhips from the ring.

[*CRACK*]

BW: That ought to answer his question.

GM: He's not asking. He's insisting.

[*CRACK*]

BW: Maybe he should be asking.

[The Colt brothers, still wearing their helmets and dusters, are jawing at the referee. Occasionally, one of them cracks his whip (as seen above), but for now, they're not using them on anyone. Meekly keeps himself between the Riders and the opposing team, not allowing them to perform their standard doubleteam ambush that they prefer to start matches with. The crowd boos the bad attitude of the Texan tag team.]

GM: I do appreciate that the AWA is assigning a senior official to Longhorn Riders matches. It takes a very firm hand to keep these two men in line.

BW: Considering that their daddy was a bona fide grade A bada...pple, you know that they grew up understanding just that. They only respect authority if the authority can back themselves up.

GM: Finally, the Longhorn Riders are divesting themselves of their dusters and motorcycle helmets.

[*CRACK*]

BW: But not without letting their opinions be known.

GM: Why would anyone need a bullwhip to express their opinion?

BW: They told me last week that they'd have used red-hot branding irons, but they'd probably get sued.

GM: Finally, we're underway. Pete Colt starting with Caspian Abaran. Collar-and-elbow... no, Abaran diverolls under big "Texas" Pete! The luchadore is giving up eighty pounds plus, so he doesn't want to tie up with Pete Colt.

BW: He already lost his mask. He doesn't want to lose his face, too.

GM: Especially since we saw two weeks ago how the Longhorn Riders feel about "pretty boys". I think they'd have a lot in common with Porter Crowley.

BW: I bet they'd be some of the few people who'd get along with him. Though, the Colts' issue with pretty boys is a business thing; they feel like the AWA Championship Committee is short-arming them in favor of good-looking young guys like Air Strike. It's more... personal with Porter.

GM: Another lockup, and Abaran with a beautiful cartwheel to turn this into an armwringer.

BW: And Pete with a beautiful forearm across the schnozz to make him regret doing it.

GM: Pete Colt with a headbutt, sending the Mexican grappler back into the wrong corner. Tag made by the Longhorn Riders, and "Slim" Jim Colt now in. Pete holding Abaran wide open, and Jim with the hard boot to the ribcage. Those kicks from Jim Colt are devastating.

BW: He's got those long, strong legs. And maybe a steel-toed boot.

GM: His footwear have been checked on that suspicion, but they're clean.

BW: Then maybe a steel-toed foot.

GM: A biel throw by Jim Colt sends Abaran across into a neutral corner. Jim Colt picking up Caspian, and peppering him with some right jabs, and there's a left hook. And a right cross. Abaran has nowhere to go in that corner, he's just taking a beating!

BW: The assault on pretty boys continues apace. You know, Abaran was trained by El Mascara Casanova, who was trained by the late Hall Of famer

Chris Tyler. That's a whole lineage of pretty boys... though I probably wouldn't have called Tyler one to his face.

GM: Finally, Meekly backs Jim Colt up out of the corner. Caspian Abaran to one knee... and Jim Colt moving back in, giving him no breather. Choking him on the second rope!

BW: Right next to the turnbuckle, where the ropes are the tightest. Jim's always looking to optimize the amount of damage he does.

GM: The slender Colt now dragging his neck across the rope! Come on, Marty, you can't let him do that! He's trying to open a cut on the man's NECK!

BW: Jim Colt is an evil man, Gordo. Pete's mean, but Jim's past mean. I believe he'd stab a man if he thought he'd get away with it. And maybe even if he didn't.

GM: I'd rather not speculate on that. Tag made, and big Pete Colt back in. The Longhorn Riders send Caspian Abaran to the ropes and hammer him with a double back elbow to the face! And now both Riders stomping away! Look at this!

[As the fans boo loudly, Pete is pressing his near three hundred pounds on a boot choke to poor Caspian, while Jim methodically stomps at a variety of body parts, not all of which are legal to stomp. Priveri tries to run in and help, but Meekly sends him off.]

BW: And again, a dumb rookie gives an experienced tag team more time. You'd think Michaelson would at least show these kids film in the Combat Corner!

GM: Florenzo Priveri was not trained at the Combat Corner, but there's only so much you can take watching brutal tactics like this! Caspian Abaran knew what he was signing up for, because his first AWA match was against the Longhorn Riders back in July. You have to respect his courage for lining up to face them again.

BW: No, you have to condemn his stupidity for lining up to face them again! Caspian isn't gonna get help from his tag team partner; if he wants to survive, he better ask Aslan!

GM: Aha! I knew you understood the reference of his name!

BW: Uh, I meant he better ask for asylum! That's what I meant to say!

GM: Pete Colt picking up Caspian Abaran, and gorilla pressing him overhead! What power!

BW: To Pete, a two-hundred nine pound guy might as well be a piece of paper.

GM: And he launches Abaran at his own corner! Caspian hits the top turnbuckle chest first! Brutal!

BW: Pete didn't even care that he just let him tag out.

GM: Florenzo Priveri is in now, seeing his first AWA action. Right hand by Priveri! And a left! And...

[And Pete Colt winds up and blasts him with a standing lariat that flips the young Floridian upside down! The crowd reacts loudly to that devastating shot.]

BW: HA HA HA! Welcome to the AWA, junior!

GM: Priveri was blasted! And Pete Colt not letting up at all, pulling up Priveri and applying a full nelson!

BW: We might see a new record for the shortest AWA career here, because Pete's so strong he might break the guy's neck.

GM: Florenzo is fighting it... but he gets PLANTED with a ringshaking full nelson slam! My goodness!

BW: That's what he gets for being called Florenzo.

GM: I understand he's the son of an Italian immigrant and a Cuban defector, hence the interesting name.

BW: Only you would know. Or care.

GM: Another tag. Jim Colt is in, and what's this?

[This is a repeat of a doubleteam we saw last week, where Pete crouches down and cups his hands, Jim steps into Pete's hands, and Pete launches him high in the air. Jim comes crashing down with a big stomp right to the face of the Italian-Cuban competitor, sending him rolling on the mat in pain.]

BW: He musta been ten feet in the air! Wham! Smashed Florenzo's nose flat as a crepe!

GM: Priveri is in big trouble, and the Colts pick him up. They're over five seconds, but they do not care. Jim Colt applying a half-nelson... OH! My stars!

BW: The only stars are the ones that kid's seein', daddy!

[The move in question was a simple one; Jim Colt applied a half nelson with one arm and a handful of hair with the other, reared back, and swung Florenzo Priveri's head forward into a double axehandle blow from Pete... causing a hard collision between Pete's meaty fists and Florenzo's less-meaty face. The crowd begins to chant, as they see that this match is not going to be competitive.]

Fans: AIR! STRIKE! AIR! STRIKE! AIR! STRIKE! AIR! STRIKE!

BW: Listen, these fans want Air Strike to take this kind of a beating, too. They're chanting for it!

GM: That is not, in fact, what they want. Jim Colt pulling up Priveri, twisting him around, and a reverse neckbreaker plants the young man from Florida to the canvas. This match is over any time the Longhorn Riders are done torturing their opponents.

[Jim Colt saunters around the ring, looking at the still chanting fans. He leans over the ropes and motions for them to chant louder. In fact, he joins in, as Pete nods that he wants Air Strike to come out there as well.]

BW: See, now who says the Longhorn Riders and the fans never see eye to eye? Everyone here wants to see Air Strike get plastered all over the canvas!

GM: The fans want to see Air Strike give these two bullies their comeuppance, and they may well see that at SuperClash! Jim Colt, for no reason, punching Caspian Abaran off the apron to the floor!

BW: He had a reason! The guy's his opponent. Opponents are for hitting.

[*WHACK*]

BW: JUST LIKE THAT, DADDY!

GM: BOOT HILL! JIM COLT RUSHED PRIVERI AND SMASHED HIS FACE IN WITH THAT RUNNING KICK!

BW: They call that the Yakuza Kick in Japan, but Florenzo's just gonna call it "eerrrrmmmmuh frrrce!"

GM: Tag is made, and why is this match continuing? Florenzo Priveri is unconscious!

BW: That never stopped the Colts before.

GM: Pete Colt hoisting Priveri up on his shoulders! Jim Colt climbing the turnbuckles! The Longhorn Riders are going for the Colt Revolver on an unconscious man! But Abaran won't stand for it!

[Caspian rushes in and nails Pete with a flying forearm, but doesn't knock him down. Jim Colt sends his flying clothesline at Abaran instead of Priveri, catching him in the back of the head and sending him crashing to the mat.]

BW: Abaran will not stand. You are correct, Gordo.

GM: And Jim Colt climbing up the turnbuckle again... _COLT REVOLVER_! That was completely and utterly unnecessary!

BW: There's the pin you wanted so bad.

GM: Gee, how merciful.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: The Longhorn Riders have won it, and Jim Colt has just retrieved those bullwhips. Not this again! Marty Meekly needs to reverse the decision if they do this!

BW: After some genius reversed the decision on them against the Northern Lights? You want them to have flashbacks to that? While armed?

[*CRACK*]

GM: NO!

[The fans jeer violently as Jim Colt whips the downed and unmoving Florenzo Priveri. Caspian Abaran, still groggy, jumps to shield his partner... so the Colts start whipping him instead.]

BW: Dumb move, kid.

[*CRACK*]

GM: Caspian Abaran is taking this so his unconscious partner doesn't have to! The Colts are disgusting! Someone has to...

[*CRACK*]

BW: Nobody else is dumb enough to...

[Loud cheers cut off Bucky, as Air Strike comes dashing down the aisle. Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons each have a steel chair in hand, and the Colts immediately back up, brandishing their whips at them.]

GM: AIR STRIKE HAS SEEN ENOUGH! They will not tolerate any more of this barbarism!

[*CRACK*]

[Pete attempts to whip Mertz as he advances, but the steel chair makes an effective shield, and the whip cracks loudly but uselessly against it.]

BW: What a coward, hiding behind a chair!

GM: Ridiculous! Aarons is telling the Riders to drop the whips and they'll drop the chairs.

[For a moment, it appears that this will happen. Slowly, the Colts kneel down to set the whips down, and motion for Air Strike to do the same. The

crowd is loud, chanting "AIR! STRIKE!" as Aarons and Mertz follow suit. Both sides move very slowly, not wanting to be the first to disarm while the other team has weapons.]

BW: Air Strike has to be the dumbest two guys since any two random members of the current US legislature! Don't they watch Longhorn Riders matches?! They don't need bullwhips to whip these two kids!

GM: Nobody wants to make the first move. What's this? I think Jim Colt is proposing that they drop weapons at the count of three.

[That's what he's doing. The lanky Colt holds up three fingers and counts... three, two, one... drop!]

GM: DOUBLECROSS!

[*CRACK*]

GM: BUT AIR STRIKE DIDN'T FALL FOR IT!

[The Colts stand and whip at the count of three, but Aarons and Mertz put up the chairs instead of dropping them! They rush Pete and Jim immediately, before they can pull the whips back into position, but the Colts roll out of the ring to avoid the incoming chairs! The fans boo the pragmatic move.]

BW: What a scam Air Strike pulled there, not dropping their chairs on three.

GM: Are we watching the same thing?! Security is out here to put a stop to this, and the Longhorn Riders are heading off. We will see them go at it, with no weapons, at SuperClash!

BW: And Air Strike'll get to have their swan song at the biggest pay per view of the year, just so their soon-to-be-extremely-short careers will be remembered for something.

GM: We'll be back after this!

[We crossfade to a shot of Mark Stegglet standing alongside "Showtime" Rick Marley who has quite the smirk on his face. Stegglet raises the mic.]

MS: Rick Marley, after what went down two weeks ago out in the parking lot and after what we heard from Hannibal Carver earlier tonight, it seems you have a question to answer.

[Marley puts on a puzzled expression.]

RM: Oh? And what's that, Stegglet?

[Stegglet looks frustrated.]

MS: I would think it'd be quite obvious. Hannibal Carver has challenged you to a match - one-on-one - at SuperClash V. Do you accept his challenge?

[Marley suddenly looks enlightened.]

RM: Ah yes. The big challenge.

[He doesn't say anything else.]

MS: And?

[Marley looks at Stegglet.]

RM: And what?

[Stegglet's getting exasperated now.]

MS: And do you accept the challenge?!

[Marley strokes his chin.]

RM: That's a tough one, Stegglet. I haven't really given it much thought.

MS: Are you serious? There are wrestlers all over this building trying to break onto the SuperClash lineup... competitors putting everything they've got on the line to get to compete on the biggest show of the year - arguably the biggest show in AWA history. You've got an offer for a singles match staring you dead in the eye and you have to give it some thought?!

[Marley shrugs.]

RM: I'm a busy man, Stegglet. Has it ever occurred to you that I might have other plans on Thanksgiving night? Places to go, people to see... that kind of thing.

MS: I can't... I don't...

[Marley raises his hand.]

RM: Obviously, you think this should be an easy answer. You think I should fall all over myself like these peasants Sawyer and Mahoney to get a spot on the lineup for SuperClash.

I say that the AWA front office has my number. They've known for weeks that I didn't have a match for SuperClash and they didn't do a damn thing about it, did they?

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

RM: So, when they swoop in at the last second and want me to put more butts in the seats, I have a very simple answer for them...

[Marley smirks again, looking at the camera.]

RM: Sorry. I'm busy.

[Leaving a stunned Stegglet behind, Marley walks out of view as we fade to black.]

A black screen slowly fades to a graphic that reads as follows, accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[And then we cut to an extreme closeup of a pair of bloodshot, angry eyes. Stringy black hair, greying near the roots, hangs down over the area, which is in letterbox format to keep only the eyes in view. A gruff, menacing voice is heard, coming from the person in the picture.]

Voice: They had to cripple me to stop me.

[We see a black-and-white slow motion replay of Eric Preston piledriving the former World Heavyweight Champion, James Monosso, at Memorial Day Mayhem 2013. Monosso is clearly the one speaking.]

JM: The doctors say there's a ninety-five percent chance I'll never walk again.

Maybe so. But through the AWA Signature Series, the memory lives on.

["The Theme From Halloween"'s shrill piano starts in the background as highlights of Monosso's career flash by in rapid succession.]

JM: The AWA World Heavyweight Championship Tournament; all five matches plus Vasquez, from Wrestlerock to Blood, Sweat, and Tears. There's new footage you ain't seen. Commentaries by me, by some of my opponents, by other wrestlers.

[We see a clip of Monosso training, lifting old-style free weights in a rundown gym.]

M: And there's footage from the days before the AWA. From UVW, and the night I first became a World Champion.

[Rare footage of Monosso, much younger and wearing a VERY different set of ring attire (a black, dark orchid, and yellow-colored bodysuit... yes, that was actually what he wore) in a steel cage match fighting an incredibly muscular blond man wearing blue-and-gold trunks and light grey fur boots.]

JM: This is Monosso. Get it. Keep it. It's the only way you'll remember. Remember what I said. Remember what I did. Remember who I was. This isn't just a collectable; it's a legacy.

[Back to the eyes, and only the eyes. The angry, hateful, bitter eyes.]

JM: And you'd have to be INSANE to think otherwise.

[Fade from the shot of Monosso's eyes to the interview platform, where Jason Dane is standing by.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time, MAMMOTH Maximus...

[The massive form of MAMMOTH Maximus is met with jeers, but also a smattering of cheers, as he strides over and takes his place next to Dane. He is dressed to compete in a black mask, with silver markings around the back forming two icy peaks; a black singlet, with a silver M across the front; black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads, and a pair of black boots with silver trim.]

JD: Maximus, you surprised us all by coming out at the end of the last Saturday Night Wrestling to join Callum Mahoney and Curt Sawyer in staking a claim to be part of the Steal the Spotlight match at SuperClash. Now, President O'Connor has yet to address the situation, but what do you think are your chances of appearing in the Steal the Spotlight match at SuperClash?

MM: JASON! DANE! As with most things in life, I will not be denied this opportunity to STEAL _THE_ SPOTLIGHT! Chris Blue keeps yapping about how the Wise Men are manipulating things behind the scene, but isn't it convenient how he's secured for himself four-fifths of a Steal the Spotlight team just by barely lifting a finger to earn any of his four flunkies that shot at the spotlight? Do you seriously think the AWA fans will be satisfied with Team Blue versus Team Who at SuperClash? I mean, people keep pointing out Curt Sawyer's age, but Blue had to go resurrect the ghost of Devon Case, of all people, and even then, he would rather go hang with the Night Nighters than be one of the Blue Men.

So, rather than have the Steal the Spotlight match be all about the Golden God and some other guys taking on the Blue World Order, how about we make this be about the American Wrestling Alliance? How about we make this be about the First Night Fighters versus Team Blue _VERSUS_ Team AWA: the armbar guy, Combat Corner graduate Curt Sawyer, yours truly, and a man so scary, I'm glad he's on our side. With that line-up, Dane, do we even really need a fifth?

[Maximus doesn't wait around to hear the answer, as he leaves the interview platform and heads towards the ring.]

JD: There you have it, folks, MAMMOTH Maximus making a case for his team's inclusion in Steal the Spotlight. The big man will be in action when we come back!

[Cut back to the ring, where MAMMOTH Maximus is pacing, running his mouth towards the crowd and jawing with the men standing in the opposite corner. One of them has a slightly bulky wrestler's physique. He wears grey trunks and black boots, with white knee pads. The other has long black

dreadlocks, dark brown skin, with a solid upper body, but lacks muscular development elsewhere. Phil Watson is in the centre of the ring, mic in hand.]

PW: The following match is a tag team contest and it is scheduled for one fall, with a ten-minute time limit. Introducing first, at a combined weight of 507 pounds, the team of Alex Worthey and J.P. Driver!

[Driver pumps his fist in the air, to some cheers from the crowd.]

PW: And their opponents, first, hailing from the San Bernardino Mountains and weighing in at 420 pounds, he is...

MAMMOTH MAAAXIIMUSSS!!!

[Maximus brings his fists together in front of him, then extends his arms outwards to his sides.]

PW: And his partner...

[The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play over the arena speakers. Ten seconds in, an athletically-built man, with a sandy blond crew cut and lightly-tanned skin, strides through the entranceway. He is dressed in a black singlet, with bright green bands down the side, and the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. In addition, he has on black knee pads and black laceless boots.]

'T WAS IN THE MERRY MONTH OF JUNE FROM ME HOME I STARTED #
LEFT THE GIRLS IN TUAM NEARLY BROKEN-HEARTED #
SALUTED FATHER DEAR, KISSED ME DARLING MOTHER #
DRANK A PINT OF BEER, ME GRIEF AND TEARS TO SMOTHER #
THEN OFF TO REAP THE CORN, LEAVE WHERE I WAS BORN #
CUT A STOUT BLACKTHORN TO BANISH GHOSTS AND GOBLINS #
BRAND NEW PAIR OF BROGUES RATTLED O'ER THE BOGS #
FRIGHTENED ALL THE DOGS ON THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

[As he makes his way to the ring, we see the man's mouth moving, but we are not quite able to catch what he is saying to the fans on either side of the aisle. At some point, it appears as if he is singing along to his entrance theme.]

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE #
HUNT THE HARE AND TURN HER DOWN THE ROCKY ROAD #
AND ALL THE WAY TO DUBLIN, WHACK FOLLLOL DE DAH!

PW: Hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at 240 pounds, he is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[Reaching the ring, Mahoney steps through the ropes. He approaches Maximus, who extends a hand towards the Irishman. They shake hands, to

the approval of the crowd. As the music fades, we see Mahoney lean over and say something to Maximus, to which the big man nods. Once again, we slowly start to hear a "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT" chant building throughout the Crockett Coliseum. It's noticeably louder than in previous weeks, bringing a smile to Mahoney's face. He nods, pointing to the fans as J.P. Driver looks a bit anxious.]

"DING! DING!"

GM: And it's Callum Mahoney and J.P. Driver to start things off! Is this a preview of what could happen at SuperClash, or the beginning of a dangerous alliance between Mahoney and Maximus?

[Mahoney and Driver circle each other. They go for the collar-and-elbow, which is quickly broken up by Mahoney driving a knee into Driver's midsection. He follows it up with two more, before wrapping his arms around the neck of Driver and snapmaring him over, then locking in a chinlock.]

BW: Both these men, along with Curt Sawyer, were angry at being sidelined off SuperClash and decided to take things in their own hands and I've got to give them credit for that. And who knows what motivates the Hangman?

GM: When even MAMMOTH Maximus finds you scary, that's a whole new level of scariness, Bucky. Of course, William Craven might beg to disagree.

BW: I don't think Craven begs to do anything, Gordo.

GM: Driver showing signs of life, trying to fight out of the chinlock here... He's on his feet... Jawbreaker! Driver driving the top of his head into Mahoney's chin!

BW: We've mentioned Mahoney's unorthodox offense before, Gordo, but Driver might just have stolen that one from right out of his playbook!

[A fired-up Driver follows up with another jawbreaker and a snapmare of his own. He locks Mahoney in a side headlock.]

GM: Fans, SuperClash V comes to you live from the American Airlines Center Thanksgiving Night and with all these men vying for a spot on the card, this is an event NOT TO BE MISSED!

BW: Mahoney is fighting out of the headlock... He's getting to his feet...

GM: And he drives Driver into the corner! He follows it up with a hard forearm to the jaw! Another one!

BW: Mahoney pointing to the big man on the outside...

[Maximus holds his leg out over the middle rope. Mahoney pulls Driver over and shoves him face-first into the bottom of Maximus' boot.]

GM: Mahoney tags in Maximus... The big man with a clubbing forearm of his own across Driver's chest and he follows it up with a couple of hard shots to the head!

BW: Between Maximus and Mahoney, they've got lots of ways to hurt an opponent.

GM: Maximus whips Driver across the ring...

BW: AVALANCHE!

[Maximus peels Driver away from the corner and pulls him into a front facelock. He grabs a handful of tights and lifts him straight up in the air, before falling backwards to the mat. He pulls Driver to his feet, into a short arm clothesline.]

GM: Maximus going for another suplex, I think... No! Driver escapes! Driver with a dropkick!

BW: He's still on his feet!

GM: Driver with those rights and lefts... It staggers the big man...

BW: But, Gordo, he is still on his feet!

GM: Driver is heading to the top! Caught! And he slams him to the mat!

[Maximus hits the ropes, leaping off the rebound into a splash across the chest of J.P. Driver. He goes for the cover, but pulls Driver up at one, shaking his head before throwing him helplessly into the corner where Worthey tags in.]

GM: He allowed Driver to tag in his partner and check out Alex Worthey!

[Alex Worthey comes in like a house on fire, teeing off on Maximus' face, but the momentum is quickly stopped by a headbutt.]

BW: So much for that.

[Maximus throws Worthey into the corner, tagging in the Irishman. He holds Worthey in the corner, keeping the ribcage exposed for a big right hand by Mahoney. With a handful of hair, Mahoney drags him to the center of the ring, laying a clubbing forearm across the back, sending him down to a knee.]

GM: Heavy forearm shot by Mahoney to put Worthey down on a knee...

[The Irish brawler looks to inflict more punishment but Worthey springs up, firing a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Worthey battling back! Trying to get something going here with a series of big right hands!

BW: I don't think I'd try slugging with Mahoney... heck, with either of these guys. They might take it as a challenge and turn your lights out in a hurry.

[With Mahoney wobbling, Worthey ducks in, scoops him up and slams him down to the mat to a sprinkling of cheers. He promptly pulls Mahoney off the mat by the arm...]

GM: The big slam got Alex Worthey on the right track but he needs to stay right on him, whipping him in... here he comes!

[Worthey extends the arm, looking for a clothesline and runs right into a pair of raised boots that catch him RIGHT in the chest!]

GM: Ohh! That'll knock the wind out of-

[Mahoney EXPLODES out of the corner with a thunderous lariat that sends a loud "SMAAAACK!" sound throughout the building!]

GM: Good grief! Mahoney lays him out with that!

BW: I don't think clotheslines are supposed to sound like that, Gordo.

GM: I think you're right about that... and there's the tag, bringing Maximus back into the fray...

[Maximus drags Worthey off the mat, slinging him over his shoulder with ease. He takes two big steps towards the center of the ring before slamming him down to the canvas!]

GM: MASSIVE POWERSLAM!! He's got one! He's got two!

[The crowd cheers as Alex Worthey refuses to stay down, lifting the shoulder again. Maximus nods his head before tagging Mahoney back in.]

GM: Quick tags in and out by Mahoney and Maximus, perhaps giving us a preview of what we might expect at SuperClash if they're added to Steal The Spotlight later tonight.

BW: And they shouldn't be, Gordo! What right do they have to be in there? Plus, how does three teams in Steal The Spotlight even work?!

GM: We'll have to wait and hear Mr. O'Connor's ruling on both of those things, Bucky.

[Mahoney pulls Worthey up again, hooking him for a front suplex. But as he attempts the lift, Worthey slips his legs through Mahoney's blocking the lift.]

GM: Worthey blocks the suplex!

[Keeping the front facelock locked in, Mahoney tries again but again has it blocked.]

GM: He can't get him up, Bucky and... oh my! Worthey connects with a suplex of his own!

[There's a decent amount of cheers for that as the crowd cheers on the underdogs. Worthey rolls to his knees, trying to get to his corner to tag in J.P. Driver who looks pretty exhausted out on the apron.]

GM: Worthey's looking for a tag but-

BW: But Mahoney's hanging onto the leg! Now THAT'S the sign of a veteran, Gordo!

[Worthey rolls to his back, lashing out with a trio of well-placed kicks to the bridge of the nose, finally breaking the grip and making a lunging tag to J.P. Driver.]

GM: Driver's in!

[As Mahoney rises, Driver peppers him with a series of left jabs before cracking him with a right hand that drops him!]

GM: Big right hand puts Mahoney down!

BW: He's got Mahoney on the defensive, Gordo.

GM: He certainly- ARMBAR!

[The crowd ROARS as just as Driver went to pull Mahoney off the mat, the Irishman swung his legs up, scissoring the arm between them and dragging him down to the mat!]

BW: The armbar out of nowhere from the Armbar Assassin!

[A recovering Alex Worthey rushes in, trying to break the hold before it's too late but runs right into MAMMOTH Maximus who throws his torso at Worthey, smashing his arms together on his victim's head. Maximus stays standing, watching as Driver makes one effort to escape and then quickly taps out.]

GM: That's it! It's over!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: The winners of this match, by submission, the team of MAMMOTH Maximus and...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play, as Mahoney releases the hold and gets to his feet. The referee tries to raise his hand, but Mahoney very quickly pulls it away. Maximus waves the official away, before taking Mahoney's hand and holding it up alongside his own hands.]

GM: These two men could very well be in the Steal the Spotlight showcase at SuperClash, if President Karl O'Connor and the Championship Committee grant them their wish!

BW: Gordo, dangerous as these two are, they might very well be the final two if given the chance.

GM: Stay tuned, folks... we'll have that situation cleared up later tonight but right now, let's go backstage to Jason Dane!

[Crossfade backstage to Jason Dane, who's standing outside one of the locker room doors.]

JD: Guys, I'm backstage, hoping to get a word on..

[Suddenly, a familiar voice makes it's presence known.]

?: All right, who do I file a complaint with around here now??

[Dane visibly cringes, as the "King of the Battle Royals" himself, Alphonse Green makes an appearance.]

AG: Ya know, ya figure the AWA would have hired someone ever since Charles S. Rant got dragged off to God knows where by that creepazoid Hangman.. and I mean it on a good way, please don't drag me off to wherever it is you drag people, sir.

[Green forces a smile as Dane rolls his eyes.]

JD: I don't think we actually have a complaint..

[Green raises a hand to silence Dane.]

AG: Then who the heck have I been calling, anyway? I have a legitimate gripe, one that I've had for the last few weeks, and it concerns one Dave Cooper.

Dave Cooper.. "Mr. Party Pooper" David Cooper..

[Green pauses, then snaps his head towards Dane, the gears turning in his head.]

AG: Brilliant! I'll debut the "Mr. Party Pooper" David Cooper t-shirt at SuperClash!

[Dane raises his eyebrow.]

JD: I think Cooper would take offense to that..

AG: He takes offense to just about anything around here! You thought I complained a lot, I bet Cooper probably complains that the ice cubes from

the ice machines around here are too cold! Fact of the matter is.. it was pretty obvious from where I'm standing that Cooper had a problem with how great that Dave Bryant/Juan Vasquez match was! I was gonna file a complaint that I was enjoying such a superb match between two Hall of Fame competitors when suddenly.. boom, look who comes shufflin' into view..

JD: A compliment for Juan Vasquez? I don't think I've ever heard you say anything about him before. That Right Cross spook you or something?

[Green rubs his chin in thought.]

AG: Probably.

Anyway, as we all saw.. it was fast paced, edge of your seat action, almost as good as any of my matches. The fans were going nuts, the whole nine yards! Suddenly, a certain party pooper decided to stroll on out to spoil everybody's fun.

[Green frowns.]

AG: Realizing I was going to go nowhere complaining to the AWA Customer Service, I decided to perform a little bit of customer service of my own and make sure that match ended clean as a whistle!

JD: Well, you did the best you could at least. He did get a spinebuster in and almost cost Bryant the match.

[Green nods his head.]

AG: But it didn't, did it? Ya know, Dane, at some point he's gonna have to go "Hey, I would in fact like to ride with Alphonse Green!".. I even offered to allow him to leapfrog me in the Television title rankings if he beats me! Beating me surely would make him good enough to get that chance at the Television title! I don't know how many times I'm going to Ground Chuck him upside his pointy head before he gets the hint.. heck, I'm pretty sure I'm gonna have one more chance to do so before the night is over.

So are ya gonna do it, Dave? Are ya finally gonna do it? Are you finally gonna ride... with Alphonse Green?

[Green raises a fist into the air, looking sternly into the camera. He then turns and walks off camera, fist still in the air.]

JD: Well, there you have it, guys, Green once again laying out a challenge for Dave Cooper. Who knows what else might happen tonight in the Main Event. Will Cooper make another appearance? We'll see! Back to you guys!

[Crossfade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right hailing from Cut'n Shoot, Texas...

CLAYTON COTTONWOOD!

[Cottonwood hooks up a right handed "horns" sign which draws a cheer from the crowd. Clayton removes his long brown duster and reveals his muscular frame. The baby faced Cowboy has brown hair ponied up into a tight tail and blue eyes. Cottonwood has one black elbow pad on his right arm, his wrists are taped, and he has burnt orange tights with white trim on them. Clayton has white knee pads on along with white boots.]

GM: Wet behind the ears Clayton Cottonwood set to make his debut here in the AWA. He's a homegrown talent who has been grinding it out in several local independent promotions recently and looking to get his break here in the AWA.

BW: Looks like Emilio Estevez in Young Guns.

GM: Is that a bad thing?

BW: Depends if that's your type or not, Gordo. I'm not here to judge.

PW: And his opponent...

[Methodical clapping spills out over the speakers just as the gritty, deep voice of Son House's "Grinnin' In Your Face" calls out. Rumbling out of the entrance way without pause is a monstrous sized man. His glare is unmoving, frightening even, as he begins to truck down towards the ring. Beside him is a tall, wire-thin figure who clings to the massive right shoulder of the beast he guides to the ring.]

GM: What a sight, Bucky. It never ceases to amaze me just how MASSIVE this man is, Bucky.

BW: I don't think he's more than a buck ten soaking wet.

GM: Not Willoughby Tremblay, Bucky... him!

[Double wide back. Herculean sized legs. Arms that nearly swallow the red singlet that hugs his gigantic frame. The sides of his head are shaved tight while a one and a half inch flat top sits a top his head.]

PW: Being accompanied by Willoughby Tremblay and tipping the scales at 475 pounds. I present to you...

RICKY! LAAAAAAAAAANE!!!

[Lane reaches the ropes and shoves the middle rope down, forcing his massive body through the ropes. He measures up Clayton Cottonwood who

smartly backs away into a neutral corner after seeing what happened the previous two outings by Lane's opponents who rushed in recklessly.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go, Bucky. Lane's previous outings did not fare well for his opponents who all seemed to think rushing in on the beast was a smart idea.

BW: I can't imagine how that could end poorly.

GM: Not only did Lane literally squash his opponents but he sent them home on stretchers.

[Cottonwood readies himself in a low wrestling stance while Lane stares at the much smaller man across the ring.]

GM: I've been told by multiple sources that the AWA has issued a warning to Lane about his post match actions that have resulted in multiple injuries to the likes of Michael Weaver, El Guapo Diablo, and most recently Rick Scott. Mark Stegglet told me before the show tonight that his sources say if Lane continues to assault opponents after the match that he would be suspended for one month.

BW: Seems like a nice time to take a vacation.

GM: A vacation, yes. But a one month suspension for Ricky Lane would also mean no SuperClash for Ricky Lane.

BW: That's ridiculous.

GM: No man deserves what he put them through. Ruthless attacks for no purpose other than to injure and dare I say cripple his opponents. A suspension is the very least he should suffer after what those men experienced.

[Cottonwood feints to shoot for a leg and Lane doesn't flinch. He looks up at the big man whose sneer morphs into a playful "come and get it" grin. Cottonwood pounces from side to side and eventually he shoots for the leg...

...snatching it, tugging, lifting.]

GM: BIG AXEHANDLE BY LANE!

BW: What was that kid thinking?!

[Lane, clasping his hands, drives them into the center of Cottonwood's back who is relentless is going after the leg as he hangs onto it for dear life. Clayton grimaces with each shot to the spine as he tries to lift Lane's leg up...

...only to have Lane lift wrap his arms around his gut and lift him up over his shoulder.]

GM: Oh my, Bucky! What's he --

[But Cottonwood slides down the backside of Lane's left shoulder and lands on his feet. He instantly darts for the ropes, bouncing back, and charges in on Lane...

...who shoves the oncoming Cottonwood into the air, pivots, and catches him over his shoulder and SLAMS him into the canvas!]

GM: MY STARS, WHAT A POWERSLAM!

[Lane lays over Clayton for a two count before Cottonwood is able to shoot up a right arm.]

GM: I felt the ring rattle with that one, Bucky. This man has deceptively explosive power for a guy his size.

BW: And a belly I would not want to be on the wrong end of.

[Lane peels Cottonwood up and shoves him into the corner. He stalks over towards him and grabs the ropes on either side. Ferociously, he thrusts his shoulder repeatedly into the midsection of Cottonwood who grimaces with each forceful blow. After a sixth thrust Lane stands back and Clayton wobbles forward into the arms of Lane...

...who wraps his arms around him, trapping his arms, and spins to the right.]

BW: Belly-to-belly suplex by Ricky Lane!

GM: What impact, Bucky! It's over!

[Lane covers him for one, two...

...and somehow Cottonwood is able to roll his shoulder up.]

GM: I'm not questioning this kid's heart...

BW: I'll question his intelligence. What is he thinking?!

[Lane smacks the canvas and Cottonwood begins to pull himself up. The crowd cheers as Cottonwood reaches his feet first as the much larger Lane drags his near quarter ton of weight up with him. Clayton tries to rally a comeback as he drives his right fist into the gut of Lane. And again, and again, and again...

...the fifth shot bends Lane over.]

GM: Cottonwood has got the hot hand! Those shots are rattling Ricky Lane!

[Clayton grabs the back of Lane's head and he lifts his knee up, shoving it into the face of Ricky Lane whose head snaps back. Clayton peppers his stomach with rotating rights and lefts and as Lane begins to reel he grabs him by the arm and whips him to the ropes...

...only to have Lane stop dead in his track and YANK Clayton in the other direction!]

GM: Clayton to the ropes, here comes the youngster!

[Clayton fires back, spinning, hooking an arm out, and swinging...]

GM: TORNADO PUNCH BY COTTONWOOD!

[And there's a loud groan throughout the crowd...

...as Lane wraps his hands around the throat of the spinning Clayton Cottonwood!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[And Clayton's face turns pale as he is shoved into the air and then absolutely DESTROYED with a two handed choke bomb.]

BW: So much for the heroic comeback.

[Willoughby Tremblay shouts out at an irate Ricky Lane who snaps the right strap of his singlet down. Angered, he stomps inches away from the chest of Cottonwood...then near the shoulder...then the head...and then he takes off to the ropes where his body stretches the ropes out and sends him firing back in the opposite direction where he steamrolls past Cottonwood and into the ropes on the other side of the ring that snap him back...

...where he charges forward before leaping over the helpless body of Clayton Cottonwood with a four hundred and seventy five pound seated senton!]

BW: BLACK CRUSH!

GM: OH MY! HE'S FINISHED!

[The referee drops down for the count of one, two...

...and Lane rolls off of him.]

GM: What is the world?!

[Tremblay jumps up onto the apron and shouts at Lane, pointing towards the corner of the ring. Lane nods, moving as swiftly as a man of his size possibly could. He peels the limp body of Clayton Cottonwood off the ring mat and HURLS him into the corner where he crumbles down into a seated position. Warren Davis tries to intervene and Lane nearly runs over him as he charges towards the corner...

...running full speed towards Cottonwood before rotating his body around and SMASHING his hip into him!]

GM: STOP THIS!

BW: SOUTHERN WRECKING BALL!

[Cottonwood's body collapses down. Lane begins to step away from the corner but not before STEPPING onto the chest of Cottonwood on the way. The referee waves his hands in the air and goes to signal for the bell...

...only the ring bell is now firmly clutched into the hands of a running Willoughby Tremblay.]

GM: He stole the ring bell! He's gone mad!

BW: The ref can't officially signal the end of the match!

[Lane now snaps the left shoulder of the singlet down off his massive boulder-like shoulder. He turns back towards Cottonwood and straightens him, his legs pointed towards the center of the ring. Tremblay bounces around on the outside, his top hat falling to the floor as he cradles the ring bell with both hands.]

GM: What has gotten into Tremblay?!

BW: The AWA made it clear, Gordo. Lane would be suspended for actions AFTER the match.

GM: But if the match can't end...

BW: Now you're getting it.

[Lane, grabbing the ring ropes in the corner, steps up his massive right foot onto the bottom rope. Then the left, and then he ascends one rope higher with both feet firmly planted on the ropes. Slowly he begins to push down on the ropes, building momentum, building speed, building force as he EXPLODES up, pressing himself into the air...

...and then CRUSHING Clayton Cottonwood as he sits out over his chest!]

GM: My God.

BW: Count it, ref!

[Reluctant, confused, the official drops down and quickly slaps the mat three times.]

"DING!"

[Pause.]

"DING!"

[Longer pause as Tremblay holds the ring bell over his head and then drops it down.]

"DINGDingdingding."

[Tremblay runs into the ring, snatching a ring mic on the way, as Davis remains perched on his knees. Willoughby grabs the arm of Lane as "Grinnin' In Your Face" begins to trumpet over the PA system. Shockingly, he throws down the arm of Ricky Lane which draws a discerning look from the hulking figure beside him.]

WT: Pardon me... Pardon me for one moment of your time!

[Within an instant, the music begins to fade as Tremblay's southern draw calls out over it.]

WT: I doooo apologize. The fortuitous actions of Mr. Lane are [pause] as Mr. O'Connor has told me in a personalized email from his sec-ra-tary... abominable.

[Tremblay lowers head, gingerly shaking it from side to side.]

WT: These heinous attacks are unspeakable. Unfathomable! Abhorrent, even. My client Mr. Lane is in the wrong [looking at him] You are! [whisper] You are.

[Lane's grin flattens into more of a puzzled stare.]

WT: But I assure you, erroneous as they may be...

...they are out of pure NECESSITY!

[Tremblay raises a fist into the air.]

WT: These inexorable actions are the creation of the good people in the AWA front office. The men whom continuously disregard the efficiency and validity of my client. Their bullheadedness, their stubbornness, their IGNORANCE...

...has consequences.

[He points to Clayton Cottonwood, now being dragged out of the ring by a crew of EMTs.]

WT: Look at this poor farm boy. Now imagine... imagine in his place one of your precious Lynches. Imagine if you will if this boy were the lovable Sweet Daddy Williams or dare I say... someone held in the same regard as Juan Vasquez. Would these actions be dealt with by threats of suspension...or held up in the spotlight and glorified by you...the people.

You have been warned already.

Their will be no more cautionary words on our end.

[Tremblay holds his hat against his heart.]

WT: There is a spotlight to be stolen.

An opportunity to be taken.

Mr. Lane here...is ready.

[He pats the near quarter ton man on his back.]

WT: And what Mr. Lane wants...

...he shall have.

[Tremblay drops the mic and "Grinnin' On Your Face" ignites once more. The camera holds on the lifeless form of Clayton Cottonwood as he is loaded up on a stretcher, being wheeled towards the locker room as we 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...

We fade back to a live shot of the Crockett Coliseum crowd, panning across the rabid fans as they settle in once more to see more action leading us towards the biggest event of the year - SuperClash V.

There's no music that announces his arrival. Not that he needs the music. Stepping out into the entrance way, the roar of the crowd is all that Alex Martinez needs to accompany him to the ring. Gone are the Hall of Famer's usual accoutrements. No leather jacket, no mirrored sunglasses. Only the man himself, dressed all in black, his shirt long-sleeved, he wears a pair of neatly pressed and creased dress pants, rather than his usual blue jeans. A pair of black dress shoes standing in for his usual leather boots. His hair is pulled back into a simple ponytail. The four time World Champion strides to the ring, his face locked into a stoic expression, all but ignoring the cheering fans around him. He moves up the ring steps, and throws one long leg, and then the other over the top rope, moving to the center of the ring, microphone in hand. Quietly, Martinez waits until the crowd quiets.]

AM: You all know why I'm here.

Kid, time for you to get your butt in the ring.

[Martinez stares straight ahead. And for a full ten seconds that feels like so much longer, nothing happens at all. The fans are clearly getting restless, the dull roar of their reaction growing in volume as the seconds tick by. And then, finally, the man Alex Martinez has been waiting for steps out.

His son, Ryan.

Young Ryan wears a red, black and white hooded sweatshirt, the word "FOX" written in black with a white background across his chest, a fox-head logo on his right shoulder. The hood is pulled up over Ryan's head, and he moves at a determined pace towards the ring. A hand reaches up and grabs the top rope, Ryan pulling himself up onto the apron, and then into the ring. He moves to the center of the ring, standing almost chest to chest with his legendary father. Ryan reaches up, pulls his hood down, to reveal his shame. His head shaved bald.]

BW: I can't believe this! Alex Martinez has called out Cueball Cortez, the newest graduate of the Combat Corner. What is the legendary Hall of Famer going to do with this blue chip rookie prospect?

GM: Bucky! Will you stop! You know that's Ryan Martinez.

BW: Ryan Martinez? Have you been getting enough sleep, Gordo? Ryan Martinez is a handsome young man with a full head of hair? How could you mistake that bald headed freak in the ring for him?

GM: Give me a break.

[Still staring straight ahead, Ryan reaches for the microphone, but Alex holds his hands up, stopping him.]

AM: Not yet. First, I want you to listen.

BW: Ryan isn't going to talk? Hey guys, we have an extra 45 minutes for tonight's show!

GM: Bucky!

AM: I didn't want to do this in the ring, kid. Ya gotta understand that, first off. But you haven't been answerin' your phone. Now I'd complain about the fact that you got a stubborn streak a mile wide, except that, well, I know that its an inherited trait.

So I want everyone to bear with me for a bit. Because I gotta talk to my boy.

[Martinez looks around at the crowd who seem to be quieting down, waiting to hear this family confrontation.]

AM: Growin' up, you always had to do things your way. And ya always had to do things on your own. Ya never took nothin' from me. You remember when you wanted a bike? I said I'd get ya one. I turn around, and you've gotten yourself a paper route. And you bought that bike for yourself.

And now that you're a man? You're still refusin' to let the old man help ya out. You remember when you called me and said you were gonna be a wrestler? I said, "let me help ya out. Let me get ya into a school."

Next thing I knew, you were in Japan. Doin' it on your own.

You finished trainin'. I said "come on to Texas. I can get ya work." Instead, you went all around this country, wrestlin' in front of a hundred people for fifteen bucks a night until ya earned your way into the AWA.

You find yourself a tag team partner, and you make it all the way to the finals of the damned Stampede Cup. Your partner is hurt. So I say "hey, I'm fresh. Let me help ya win." But you weren't havin' that, were ya? You were determined to do it your way.

And look at where doin' it your own way got you.

[Ryan's eyes open wide in outrage.]

AM: I can see you're hot. But ya know I'm right, kid. Bum shoulder. Lost chances at gold, and now, every time ya look in the mirror, you've got a reminder of all that doin' it your own way has cost ya. I see all this, I see where you're at right now, and I only got one thing to say.

[Alex steps forward, father and son toe to toe now.]

AM: I'm damned proud of you, kid!

[Ryan's expression softens slightly, as he nods his head.]

AM: I ain't always fought on the side of the angels. Plenty of times in my life, I've done the wrong thing to get what I wanted. I've been, in my life, a bad man. But I look at you, and I see someone who insists on standin' on his own two feet. I see someone who knows the difference between right and wrong, and who'll die livin' up to his own ideals before he compromises. Sometimes, I don't know where ya learned that from. But dammit... I hope I had some hand in makin' you the man you are today.

Because, you, kid, you're the best thing I've ever done in my life.

[Cue the "awwwwws."]

AM: And now... we're gonna talk about me for a minute.

[Alex takes a step back, looking beyond his son for a moment, towards the crowd.]

AM: I've gone all around the world a dozen times. Europe, Japan, Africa, New York, LA, Canada, Saint Louis, Las Vegas, and a dozen other places. I've won four World Titles. I'm in the Hall of Fame. When I came to the AWA, I said I had one goal.

I wanted to be immortal.

I took a long journey away from that. Everyone knows what I've been through. And the last time I was in the ring?

I got taken out by a better man.

Supreme Wright choked the life outta me. But there was one second before I went limp and hit the mat when I realized, for the very first time in my life, that I just wasn't as good as I used to be. That against the top caliber in the AWA, I just don't have it. It ain't easy to admit that, but its true.

So I went home. And on my answerin' machine was a message from some big shot movie producer. I returned his call, and, well, you saw what came of that. And that? That's my future.

Because two weeks ago, I negotiated the end of my AWA contract.

[Stunned silence from the crowd. Ryan is stunned too, involuntarily taking a pair of steps backwards.]

AM: I can't do this every two weeks no more. I can't be a day in and day out wrestler. Supreme Wright showed me that. I don't have five years worth of matches in me.

But kid, I do got one more match in this beat up old body.

[A cheer from the crowd.]

AM: What I negotiated was this. One more match from the AWA and then my contract is over.

November twenty-eighth, at the American Airlines Center, Alex Martinez wrestles his last AWA match.

[There's a big reaction to this - one of the most mixed reactions ever. Cheers from those now anticipating Alex Martinez competing at SuperClash V. Jeers from those who REALLY understand what he's saying.]

AM: And on November twenty-ninth? I head back to Hollywood.

I'm gonna be sad to go. But I understand somethin' now that I didn't when I first got here. My immortality? My legacy, my future?

Kid, its you.

You're how I'll be remembered forever. You, the man who stands on his own, fights his own fights, does the right thing, regardless of the cost? That's how I get to live on. The way you carry yourself? The things you do?

That's what carries the name Martinez into the future.

[Martinez takes a step forward, and extends his hand.]

AM: So, I'm not offerin' my help to you anymore, kid. I'm not standin' here as your legendary father, come to pull your fat outta the fryer. You don't need my help. But your old man? He wants to go out in a blaze of glory.

Ryan...

[The camera cuts to the song of the legend, and Ryan seems overcome by emotion, looking straight ahead at his father, swallowing slowly.]

AM: Help me.

Help me win my final match.

Help me beat the hell outta Gunnar Gaines and his punk kid.

[Big cheer!]

AM: Help me walk outta this business that I love so much with my head held high and a "W" next to my name.

Help me take out the two people who hurt my son.

Because I can't do it by myself.

You can stand on your own, Ryan. But your old man? He needs you to lean on. Gunnar Gaines is nothin' but a snake. He's nothin' but a man livin' in the past. He's worthless, and the only reason you two got as far as you did was because you had his big, useless carcass up on your shoulders.

And Justin Gaines? If he lives to be a thousand, he'll never be half the man you are right now. He'll never be anything but someone who got everything handed to him. I never understood why you were so insistent on doin' things your own way, on choosin' your own path until I saw the alternative. I'd rather be the father of Ryan Martinez than Justin Gaines.

But I can't beat them on my own.

So I'm askin' you Ryan. Come to SuperClash with me. Come be my partner. Come stand by your father's side, and help do what I can't do by myself.

[Ryan reaches for the microphone, and this time, Alex hands it over.]

RM: Dad...

[The smallest smile crosses Alex's lips.]

RM: Let's go kick some ass!

[To the overwhelming approval of the crowd, Alex and Ryan shake hands. And then, suddenly, Alex pulls Ryan forward into an embrace. As father and son hug, the announcers speak up!]

GM: My stars, what a moment! Alex Martinez has announced his retirement but on his way out, he's gonna team with his son - his flesh and blood - against Gunnar and Justin Gaines at SuperClash V!

BW: It's a family feud erupting on Thanksgiving Night!

GM: One final night for the fans all around the wrestling world to say "thanks" to Alex Martinez... and when it's all said and done, it'll be a Black

Friday none of us will ever forget! Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, Eric Preston will be in action!

[Father and son are still speaking, now off-mic, peppered with occasional hugs and handshakes as the standing crowd roars their support for the Martinez family and we fade to black.]

Cut to a head and torso shot of a sharply dressed Stevie Scott, who stands alone in the ring in an empty WKIK studio, looking directly at YOU, the home viewer!]

HSS: Hey, you there!

[He taps the air, and inexplicably, a "plink plink" sound is heard, as if he is tapping the inside of your TV set...and your TV set were still one of those old-fashioned models from the 80's.]

HSS: This is the Hotshot talking to ya! Did you miss out on the Heat Wave tour, or do you just want to experience all the HOT action one more time? Well, you're in luck...

[From out of camera sight, Stevie Scott picks his arm up and reveals a DVD, with many small pictures of action surrounding one large picture of AWA World Champion Calisto Dufresne in a pose.]

HSS: ...because the new 2013 Heat Wave tour DVD is now available on AWAShop.com! Whoo, check it out!

[Stevie flicks the DVD towards the camera...which, through the wonders of post-production, starts spinning rapidly at the screen for a second, until it morphs into a shot of Miss Sandra Hayes leading her charge to the ring.]

HSS: Nine matches, over three hours of action from all over the southern states that was just too HOT for television!

[Cut to a shot of BC Da Mastah MC trying a diving splash into the corner...and MISSING, as Yuma Weaver gets out of the way, and comes back with a THUNDEROUS chop.]

HSS: You'll see BC Da Mastah MC and Yuma Weaver in a hellacious Indian Strap Match!

[Manny Imbragno has Dave Bryant up in his patented extended Airplane Spin.]

HSS: The World Television title is up for grabs as Dave Bryant defends against the enigmatic Manny Imbragno!

[In what looks to be shallow center field of a minor league baseball stadium, Juan Vasquez is slugging it out with...something slimy.]

HSS: The best of two eras collide, as Juan Vasquez engages in a no-holds barred brawl with The Mud Monster!

[Kenny Stanton and Brad Jacobs slump in opposite corners, as The Rave hits a running double dropkick on Stanton...then kip up and do the same to Jacobs, as Larry Doyle pounds the mat in frustration.]

HSS: The Rave try to fulfill their destiny twenty years early, as they take on The Blonde Bombers for the World Tag Team Championships!

[Cut to a shot of Calisto Dufresne and Supernova eyeing each other in the ring...followed a shot of Dufresne getting press-slammed off the top rope...followed by a bloody Dufresne trapped in Supernova's Solar Flare leglock.]

HSS: And that's right, it was a SuperClash III rematch as Supernova got his shot at Calisto Dufresne for the big one, the twenty pounds of gold, the World Heavyweight Championship! All this action, plus much, much more!

[Cut to a shot of a screen featuring a DVD player, a screen on the right showing other wrestling action, and a screen on the left back to showing a well-dressed Stevie in the ring, talking directly to the home viewer.]

HSS: Who won? Who lost? My lips are sealed! The only way to find out is to order the DVD from AWAShop.com, right now!

[The URL appears on the bottom of the screen for a second, before fading out...

...and then back up on a shot of Jason Dane in front of the SuperClash V banner.]

JD: Welcome back, fans. Two weeks ago, the AWA presented one of the biggest Saturday Night Wrestling episodes in our history as we saw two men who hadn't been heard from in years back on the scene. One, of course, was Steve Spector who we hope to get an update on shortly. The other? The man known throughout the wrestling world as Mister Match Of The Year... the Golden God if you will. Of course, I'm referring to Devon Case. For those of our fans out there who have never seen Mr. Case compete, I assure you that it is no hyperbole to say that he is one of the most exciting competitors to ever lace a pair of boots.

[Dane smiles.]

JD: In fact, when we found out that Mr. Case would be competing at SuperClash V, I went personally to Chris Blue and requested permission to pull a match from the EMWC archives to show right here tonight on this broadcast so that the AWA fans would know exactly who they're going to see on Thanksgiving Night.

[Dane grimaces.]

JD: Unfortunately...

[He pauses as a voice comes in from off-camera. We quickly realize it belongs to Chris Blue who is accompanied by Eric Preston. Preston's dressed in his ring gear, ready to go.]

CB: Unfortunately, Empire Sports and the American Wrestling Alliance was unable to come to a financial agreement to make licensing the broadcast of that match worth my company's while.

[He beams, his smile twinkling in the lights.]

CB: So, there will be no broadcast of Case vs Claw... no showing of the Three Way Dance that stands the test of time as one of the greatest matches in the history of this business... not even that Case/Vasquez match to make the AWA fans pay close attention since one of their heroes is present.

So sorry, Devon. Your ego will have to find another way to puff itself up on this night.

[Blue pats Dane on the shoulder.]

CB: But in reality, Case... I'm doing you a favor. Remember, I've seen your medical reports...

[Blue cups a hand over his mouth.]

CB: Oh, did you not know that? Did you really think I'd offer to associate myself with you if I didn't think you weren't a total cripple? I know where you stand, Devon. I know the condition of the back that underwent two operations. I know how rickety your knees are. How sore your neck is when you wake up every morning.

I know that you're a shell of what you once were and on Thanksgiving Night, everyone else will know it too.

[Blue pauses.]

CB: It just seemed cruel to show the world what COULD have been. You COULD have been a multiple time World Champion in the greatest promotion ever to exist. You COULD have been a legend, a name spoken in hushed tones as one of the best of all time. You COULD have been an icon, the kind of competitor that young kids went into wrestling schools and said, "That's who I want to be."

You COULD have been a Hall of Famer...

[Blue smirks.]

CB: But none of that happened. You're just a name. A memory. A footnote on the pages of history that say you once had a brush with greatness... you once flew close to the sun...

And you got burned to a crisp because of it.

[Blue pivots, smacking Preston on the chest.]

CB: And he has been given the task of sweeping away the ashes. The man who ended James Monosso's reign of terror and then ended his career just as easily. The greatest competitor to ever come out of Michaelson's training school. The future of this industry...

[A pause.]

CB: The man who will walk down the road on Thanksgiving Night, end the farce of a Devon Case comeback story, steal the damn spotlight, and then assert himself as the NEXT AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

Eric Preston.

Keep your eyes on your screens, people... you're about see true greatness in action.

[Preston flashes a grin at the camera as we fade out to the ring where Phil Watson is ready to go.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... from Tupelo, Mississippi... weighing in at 265 pounds... Tommy Orr!

[The barrel-chested redhead raises an arm to a few cheers from those familiar with Orr's background.]

GM: It's a great honor to have Tommy Orr competing here tonight, Bucky. For those who haven't heard this young man's story, he works his days as a firefighter in Tupelo. Recently, during a bad fire at an apartment building, Orr rescued an entire family from the burning ruins of their living room, carrying the last two children out over his shoulders. He suffered some burns of his own but the family was fine and obviously quite grateful.

BW: The kid's made a lot of headlines all over the country... but that don't mean he can wrestle, Gordo... and now he's getting in there with one of the best in the world.

GM: And a sadistic, cruel man to boot.

[The sounds of The Theme To Halloween kick in over the PA system, drawing big jeers from the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent... being accompanied to the ring by Chris Blue... weighing in at 251 pounds from Greenville, South Carolina...

ERRRRRRRIC PRESSSSSSSTON!

[Preston and Blue emerge through the curtain, soaking up the jeers they've rightfully earned. Blue huddles with Preston and then points to the ring. Preston nods, walking swiftly down the ramp as Blue trails behind, applauding his charge.]

GM: Preston's in... and he goes right after Orr!

[He rears back, ready to throw a haymaker but Orr is waiting for him, blocking it with ease and cracking Preston with a pair of right hands, sending him staggering back to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Orr's taking the fight to him!

BW: No, no... I think it's the smell that's overwhelming Eric Preston.

GM: What smell?

BW: Are you kidding me? Didn't you see all those homeless people outside the building again tonight? One of 'em tried to grab my wallet... had to give 'em the Bucky Buster upside the noggin.

GM: Ah, yes... there certainly did seem to be a lot of Dallas' homeless population in the parking lot of the Crockett Coliseum here tonight. In fact, I've seen a few of them here in the building as well.

[Orr batters Preston back into the corner, grabbing an arm as Blue shouts instructions to Preston. The Mississippi firefighter goes for an Irish whip but ends up getting cut off, a knee driven up into his midsection.]

GM: Oh! Preston caught him and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: OHHH! DREAM MACHINE!!

[Orr snaps back, collapsing to the canvas with Preston standing over him, staring down menacingly.]

GM: Preston laid him out with one shot, Bucky.

BW: Eric Preston just did what a five alarm inferno couldn't!

[Preston stands over Orr, walking around him in a circle as Blue applauds gleefully from ringside. The crowd jeers as Preston lifts an arm, dragging his thumb across his throat...]

GM: He's calling for the end to this one... whatever he intends to do...

[The Combat Corner alumni pulls Orr up off the mat, grabbing a handful of trunks...]

...and ROCKETS him between the turnbuckles shoulderfirst into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh no.

BW: Ain't a soul in the building who doesn't know what comes next, daddy!

[Preston steps out onto the ring apron. He backs into the ringpost, leaning against the steel...

...and then throws a glance down at Blue who is waving him forward, telling him to finish what he started.]

GM: Blue's calling for the Concussionizer - the old signature move of James Monosso, the man that Eric Preston has been taunting ever since he retired him back several months ago.

[Shaking his head, Preston steps back into the ring, approaching Orr from behind. He grabs a handful of trunks, pulling him away from the ringpost in a rear waistlock...

...and then chucks him overhead with reckless abandon, dropping Orr on the back of his head and folding him up! Preston smirks as he lunges forward, jackknifing the legs into a cradle!]

GM: One. Two. And there's the three.

BW: What a German Suplex, Gordo! He dumped him right on his noggin!

GM: Just no concern for anyone but himself. No worry for anyone else's welfare. This is one of the most self-centered men I've ever encountered in this business and a far, far cry from the man he was when he entered the AWA.

[Preston gets to his feet, raising his arms triumphantly as Chris Blue climbs up on the ring apron...

...and then quickly bails out as he spots a sprinting form coming down the ramp!]

GM: CASE! CASE!

[Devon Case is a blur of motion as he slips into the ring, rearing back just as Preston starts to turn.]

GM: Big chop!

[The momentum behind the chop sends Preston sprawling back into the corner where Case quickly grabs an arm, firing Preston across the ring and charging in right behind him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: YAAAAAAKUUUUUZAAAAAAA!

[Preston staggers out of the corner after absorbing the big running boot to the chin. Case promptly leaps up on the midbuckle, watching as Preston stumbles around, turning back towards him...

...and with a shout, the Golden God leaps off the buckles, SMASHING his knee right into the jaw of Preston, knocking him back down to the mat where he falls motionless!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! Flying knee CONNECTS! And he's out, fans! Eric Preston is OUT!

[Case stands over Preston, staring down at him to make sure he's not moving again...

...and then slowly turns his gaze onto a nervous-looking Chris Blue.]

"Did THAT look washed-up to you?"

[Case grins at Blue's reaction before turning to make his exit, walking back up the ramp towards the locker room.]

GM: Devon Case had heard enough from Chris Blue running him down for what he is now compared to what he was ten years ago! He'd heard enough and decided to prove a point of his own!

BW: What?! That he can backjump someone and knock them out?!

GM: That if Blue thinks his team is in for a walk in the park at Steal The Spotlight, he'd better think again! Fans, we're going to take another break but when we come back, we'll hear from the World Tag Team Champions, the Blonde Bombers!

[Fade to black.

After a three second pause, cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloops are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are half-heartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could _really_ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash.
A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Rick Marley?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Stevie Scott running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Stevie Scott!

[And... did Dave Cooper just kick down the front door to attack Alex Martinez from behind while he was grappling with Calisto Dufrense in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Supernova leaping down the staircase at Nenshou? And why are the Blonde Bombers beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Bishop Boys turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAHH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Skywalker Jones is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Chris Staley with a flying clothesline, Juan Vasquez is hiptossing Johnny Detson across your family room, and the Lynches and the Beale Street Bullies are brawling across your driveway.

Percy Childes takes a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Danny Morton as he had Stevie Childes in a headlock while Jackson Haynes is ramming Daniel Tyler's head into the sink in the background, Buford P Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Glenn Hudson tries to dropkick Dave Bryant, who ducks... poor Glenn hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Alphonse Green wanders by and stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Two AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

[RyGunn does a double throw to send The Rave over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the RyGunn and Rave action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Luke Kinsey tries to smash Terry Shane the Third with a kitchen chair, but shane pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Nenshou and Dufrense action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Brian Von Braun and Tully Brawn double-clothesline Vladimir Velikov in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like William Craven is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Alex Martinez. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Colosseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Staley, Green, Marley, and BVB. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably-popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[And fade back to a panning shot of the crowd as Gordon begins to speak again.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, we are back from commercial and we're joined by-

LD: Larry Doyle, baby! Live and in color, into your living rooms by way of that fancy talkin' box we who do not live in poverty call a TV!

[Doyle, red suit, white shirt, black tie, beams as the camera focuses on him at the announcers' desk. Gordon Myers resignedly sighs and shakes his head, while Bucky Wilde claps off to the side.]

LD: You know, up here in a couple days, our country is gonna observe a very dubious anniversary, and no I ain't talking about your wedding to Mrs. Myers, Gordo.

BW: HA!

LD: In a few days, it'll have been fifty years since President John F. Kennedy was assassinated right in Dallas, Texas, where the AWA makes it's home. I myself wasn't around yet, but you've been around since the Bible was a pamphlet, so what do you remember about that day, Myers?

GM: I still remember it clearly, Larry. They announced it over the loudspeaker, and since I went to private school, class was let out and we had to go right to the chapel to pray for the soul of President Kennedy.

LD: Stirring. But Mama Doyle was upset by it, Marilyn Monroe was upset by it, and there's a whole franchise of OBGYN's in Massachusetts named after the guy that put the flag at half mast that day. In fact, you could say that our country never recovered from that day, and the film of that shooting, by Abraham Zapruder, is the most scrutinized piece of footage ever in American film history.

Until today.

What I have for you now is gonna be viewed over and over and over again, much like that Zapruder tape, but with a happier ending. Go ahead guys, let's play that footage.

[The screen cuts to footage from two SNW's ago, as the date "10-12-13" pops up in the lower right hand corner...

...Inside the ring, Stanton leaps into the air, yanking Jones down HARD into the canvas with a neckbreaker! And in all the chaos, no one notices as Larry Doyle makes his way down to ringside...]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[...and punts Buford P. Higgins right between the legs!]

GM: LARRY DOYLE! Larry Doyle just attacked Buford P. Higgins!

BW: You heard what Higgins said about Doyle before the match, Gordo! You better believe Larry Doyle didn't like it one bit!

[Back to Larry, in real time.]

LD: Right again, Buckthorne! And look at that kick to the lower abdominal area, that's perfect form! That would make Michaelson's yoga buddy Tiger Claw real proud! Now here we go, here's a good part...

[Back to the tape... Doyle then barks some orders at Brad Jacobs, who nods and throws Higgins into the ring!]

GM: Wait a minute! What are they doing!?

BW: I think Doyle just told The Bombers to finish Higgins off!

[Jacobs leans down, lifting Higgins up into an electric chair as the crowd screams with panic.]

GM: No, they can't do this!

[Standing on the apron, Kenny Stanton leaps into the air, springboarding off the top rope...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and BLASTS Buford with a clothesline, sending him flipping backwards and landing ugly onto his shoulder on the mat!]

GM: THE BLONDE BOMBERS HAVE JUST TAKEN OUT BUFORD P. HIGGINS!

[Back to Larry in real time, beaming at the monitor as the fans boo incessantly.]

LD: HAHA! You're damn right we did! We took him out, and now look what we've done! His boys can't find the arena! Skywalker Jones, whose real name, I have on good authority, is Clarence, and his overgrown summer camp buddy Hercules Hammonds can't even read the map to figure out where to go! They couldn't find the state of confusion with a GPS!

GM: And THIS is the tape you want to show the world?

LD: Oh, Gordon Myers, you're as decrepit as ya are ugly, and you're dumber than both combined. What I really wanted to show ya, why I came out here, is to show you the professional footage?

GM: Professional... footage? What is that?

LD: Why, I'm glad you asked! Y'see, there ain't much ol' Larry Doyle can't do and it just so happens that I've got some contacts in the CIA who are professionals in surveillance. You know what I mean, Bucky, the type of guys with the long range cameras that operate at about nine trillion pixels per square inch, or some such?

BW: Of course I do!

LD: I knew you would!

[Doyle is in full on rant mode, and Myers can't do much more than hold the microphone and let him go.]

LD: So my buddies at Langley have these cameras that can show you the spandex rippling after Melissa Cannon had a five course meal at Taco Bell, and once they got a hold of my boys separating Buford P. Higgins from his senses, and hopefully a working spine, they slowed it down to look for scouting advice, which I always do after every, uh, encounter.

Can we be better, can we be quicker, how can we improve?

And here's what we found. His senses are not the only thing Buford P. Higgins lost control of when the Blonde Bombers made an example out of him. Here we go now, let's look at it again. This time, it's gonna be in slow motion.

[Back to the tape, as Stanton flies off the ropes and wallops Higgins with the clothesline... the footage slows down, and watches as Jacobs and Higgins slowly fall to the ground, the film having been slowed down considerably...]

LD: I've seen it a thousand times, so have you, but I guess it was ol' Buffie's unlucky day. He didn't wear dark pants! One more time!

[To the tape again, as Stanton hits the clothesline, Jacobs and Higgins fall back... and as impact hits, Jacobs rolls away and gets up to celebrate with Stanton. The camera stays on Higgins as he lays flat on the mat... and to his upper pant area, which seems to have collected moisture.]

LD: HAHA!

GM: What on Earth is that?

LD: Oh come on Myers, you're an old timer, you eat the early bird special! You must have to wear Depends too, but it looks like someone forgot to tell that to Mr. Motormouth Higgins! His mouth is writing checks that his bladder can't cash! Let's see it again!

[The fans watching at the show are booing loudly as the footage shows once more, in ridiculously slow motion, as Jacobs and Higgins hit the deck, and Brad rolls away... and then focuses on the pants of Higgins.]

GM: How embarrassing! That's so degrading, Doyle, this is a new low even for you! That has to be doctored footage!

LD: Of what? Doctored of what? George Lucas can make an Ewok take down the Empire, but even he can't conjure up a vial of urine! It's an embarrassment! Buford P. Higgins, how can you- WHOA!

[The crowd EXPLODES with cheers as we see Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds emerging from behind the curtains, running straight for Larry Doyle!]

GM: IT'S SKYWALKER JONES AND HERCULES HAMMONDS! And Larry Doyle is outta' here!

BW: Where are the Bombers!? Larry Doyle's in all sorts of trouble, daddy!

[The Blonde Bombers' manager quickly tries to find an escape route, only to find himself too physically weak to climb over the guardrail in time before Skywalker Jones has caught up with him, grabbing him by the lapels and tossing him back down to the ground!]

GM: OH!

[As Doyle tries to scramble away, Hercules Hammonds grabs from behind, horse collaring him and pulling him into his grasp, as the big man lifts Doyle over his shoulder and steps towards the ring apron...before effortlessly tossing Doyle inside!]

GM: Jones and Hammonds are about to make Larry Doyle pay for what he and The Bombers did to Buford P. Higgins!

[Surrounded, a panicked Doyle tries to beg off, getting on his knees and clasping his hands together, screaming, "OH GOD, PLEASE DON'T HURT ME!" before being dragged up to his feet and lightly slapped across the face by the massive hand of Hercules Hammonds.]

GM: He slapped him!

BW: Larry Doyle just got slapped by Hercules Hammonds, Gordo! He might as well been hit over the head with a sledgehammer!

[Bucky is correct, as a light slap from perhaps the strongest man in professional wrestling has Doyle spun around, cross-eyed and wobbly kneed... sending him right into the hands of Skywalker Jones, who lifts Doyle up and places him onto the top turnbuckle! He then turns to the crowd the raises his arms into the air, before making a hard yanking motion, as they respond with a loud roar of cheers!]

BW: Oh no! Jones looks like he wants to give Doyle that brainbuster onto the top turnbuckle he used on November!

[As Jones begins to climb to the top, the crowd suddenly begins to boo loudly, as we see the Blonde Bombers, their clothes tattered and looking like they've been through one heck of a fight, run/limp their way down to ringside. Kenny Stanton is quickly met by Hercules Hammonds, who knocks him off the apron with a punch, but the temporary distraction allows Brad Jacobs to pull Doyle off the top turnbuckle and to safety.]

BW: The Bombers! Thank goodness, help has finally arrived!

GM: Yes, I'm sure we were saved from witnessing a tragedy in the ring.

BW: Hey! Larry Doyle is a Canadian hero! Treat him with respect!

[As The Bombers and their manager hightail it for safer ground, Skywalker Jones has grabbed the house mic from Phil Watson.]

SJ: Larry Doyle, we didn't need a map to find our way here, little man! All we had to do was follow the smell of all the crap that's been comin' outta' your mouth! Ain't that right, Herc?

[The big man nods, as Jones sticks the microphone in his face.]

HH: Little Canadian's been talkin' a whole lotta' bull jive, Jones.

[Doyle expresses his outrage, yelling at Jones.]

SJ: Calm down and use your inside voice, Larry! You were just five seconds away from having an out-of-body experience! Check yourself, before I make Herc walk down there slap the taste outta' your mouth again!

[POP! This of course, only causes Doyle to scream even louder.]

SJ: Instead of producing footage more fraudulent than your boys' Combat Corner credentials, Larry, you might wanna' invest in some chapstick and a contortionist; 'cause on Thanksgiving, you're gonna' be bendin' over and kissing your sorry butts goodbye!

[Up the aisle, Jacobs and Stanton yell obscenities at Jones, who grins big at the agitated champions.]

SJ: Do you even understand the situation? Do you even comprehend your predicament? It's bad enough that you got the stench of Royalty on ya'...and as terrible as it was to name one of yourselves Johann...

[Brad Jacobs screams a defiant, "I AIN'T JOHANN!"]

SJ: Jiggadolt, I don't give a damn if your name's Michelle Obama! When Skywalker Jones is talkin', you just stand there and listen!

[POP!]

SJ: So after making a series of terrible life decisions, you two go and compound the problem by laying your HANDS on Skywalker Jones! [Points to Herc.] On Hercules Hammonds! And then...

[The look on Jones' face hardens and he bites his lower lip, shaking his head angrily.]

SJ: ...you put the hit out on Buford P. Higgins.

[Jones points to both Jacobs and Stanton.]

SJ: What we did to you tonight, ain't even CLOSE to what me and Herc got planned for you two.

Ya' stand there with your chests puffed out, too busy pattin' yourselves on the back, acting so damn proud of yourselves; too damn ignorant to realize how it's all gonna' go down.

We're takin' the tag team titles! [Pop!]

We're takin' down Royalty! [Bigger Pop!]

And your boys might've saved you tonight, Doyle, but there ain't NOTHING that's gonna' save YOU or THEM at SuperClash!

[Biggest pop of all as Jones spikes the mic and a disheveled Larry Doyle backpedals with his boys down the aisle towards the locker room as Hercules Hammonds mounts the midbuckle, flashing a big double bicep pose as we crossfade backstage where Jason Dane is standing alongside AWA President Karl O'Connor.]

JD: Mr. O'Connor, SuperClash V is almost upon us. The lineup is shaping up to be one of the best shows we've ever put on and yet, with just days to go until Thanksgiving night in the American Airlines Center, there are questions still in the air. First, do you have an update on Steve Spector's condition after his assault at the hands of the Shane Gang earlier tonight.

[O'Connor nods.]

KOC: Steve's okay. He's mad... steaming mad. But he's okay.

JD: Did that attack convince him to accept the challenge?

KOC: In all honesty, I didn't even ask. He has a lot on his mind right now.

[Dane looks suspicious but opts not to go further.]

JD: Alright, well... the other question on everyone's mind is what in the world is going on with Steal The Spotlight?

[O'Connor chuckles.]

KOC: That one I didn't anticipate a problem with, Jason. For several years now, the AWA has presented the Steal The Spotlight showcase as a five-on-five elimination tag team match at SuperClash with the winner receiving a future match of their choice any time in the next year. It is always a hotly anticipated and contested battle and this year's promised to be no different.

[A deep breath.]

KOC: But this year's version of the match seems to have controversy following it everywhere. First, we made the decision to break down the walls to the AWA - embracing our old Open Door policy - and create one team out of competitors who've never stepped foot inside the AWA. We've done exactly that with what we feel is an excellent team made up of Tony Sunn, Sai Fong, Rey Estrellato, Eli Slater, and of course, Devon Case.

[Dane nods.]

KOC: We knew that decision would rankle some feathers among those on the roster trying to make this match but we felt it was an important attempt to bring some new blood into the mix. Then came Chris Blue. We knew we wanted Eric Preston in the match... and we also wanted William Craven. Mr. Blue leveraged those two into getting us to agree to an entire team made up

of his squad...plus the ability to name the fifth man. So, Preston, Craven, the Bishop Boys, and it now appears Demetrius Lake will make up that fifth team however Percy Childes has yet to make that official to my office.

[Another nod from Dane.]

KOC: We knew that constructing these two teams like this shut out a lot of talent and we were disappointed by that... but there didn't seem to be a whole lot of options.

Then came two weeks ago...

[O'Connor chuckles again.]

KOC: When Team Liquid Courage, so to speak, decided to interrupt proceedings and declare themselves a team for the match. Their team would be made up of Curt Sawyer, Callum Mahoney, MAMMOTH Maximus, and The Hangman... a very strong team for sure although one man short. We were very tempted to include this team and after much debate, we agreed that those men deserved the opportunity to compete. And after we found out that Hannibal Carver wanted to be their partner-

JD: Carver?

KOC: Yes. After Rick Marley rejected his challenge, Carver said, and I quote, "I smell a rat" and promptly asked to join this match. We agreed and... well...

For the first time ever, the Steal The Spotlight showcase will be a three team affair!

[Big cheer from inside the building!]

KOC: There will still only be two men in the ring at a time but those two men can tag a member from their own team or from the third team not in the match at that time. Tags will be strictly enforced. We don't want this to turn into a big mess.

However, in order to get the two teams - especially Mr. Blue's squad - to agree to this change, we had to agree to...

[O'Connor trails off as his gaze drifts off-camera.]

KOC: Can I help you?

[Just then, we see Juan Vasquez walking into the camera shot. The former two-time National champion has changed out of his wrestling attire and is now dressed in the street clothes we had seen him wearing previously. He turns to Karl O'Connor with a serious look on his face.]

JV: Sorry for interrupting you, Karl, but before you make your announcement official, I think you've forgotten one of the teams for "Steal The Spotlight".

[O'Connor looks confused.]

JV: Mine.

[The AWA President blinks in surprise, sputtering in disbelief.]

KOC: What!?!

[Juan chuckles.]

JV: You sold an entire team away to Chris Blue. You allowed an entire team of newcomers and outsiders to get a spot. Hell, you even let a group of guys that got plastered at the Rusty Spur, just walk on in and declare themselves a team! But you know what you're missing?

An actual team representing the AWA!

KOC: Now look here, Juan...

[Juan shakes his head.]

JV: I'm sorry Karl, but "Steal The Spotlight" has always been about showcasing the talent of the AWA! No offense to the other guys involved, but there's plenty of men that have been here for YEARS, that aren't gonna' get an opportunity to wrestle at SuperClash! Men that helped build this company! Men that saw us rise from holding shows in a TV studio in downtown Dallas to selling out stadiums and arenas all over the country!

[A sigh.]

JV: It's because of these men that we're the top of the sport. It's because of them that we even HAVE a SuperClash.

I have my team.

Now give us an opportunity.

[The former National Champion looks O'Connor right in the eye with a smirk.]

JV: I'm asking you, man to man.

Let the _AWA_ show the world why we've been stealing the spotlight all along!

[O'Connor looks around, looking at Dane who shrugs in response.]

KOC: This is... I wasn't expecting...

[The AWA President is obviously flustered by this turn of events.]

KOC: Damndest thing I've ever...

[He trails off, running a hand through his thinning hair.]

KOC: Alright, Juan... you're in!

[The crowd ERUPTS inside the building as Vasquez cracks a grin.]

JV: You won't regret this.

[The former two-time National Champion turns to walk away, leaving Jason Dane with his jaw dropped and Karl O'Connor shaking his head.]

JD: So, uh... four teams?

[O'Connor shrugs.]

KOC: Looks like it. I'm getting out of here before this night gets any crazier.

[The AWA President stalks off, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: That settles that! Let's go back down to the ring for more action!

[Crossfade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The organ open to "So What'cha Want" by the Beastie Boys begins to play over the PA.]

PW: From New Seattle in the year 2032 and being accompanied by Shizz Dawg OG he is one half of the Rave....

...JEEEEEEEEERBY JEZZ!!!

[Bursting through the curtain come the highly unorthodox duo known as The Rave, as the fans give them a loud ovation. Side-by-side, Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG take a moment to jump and dance about at the top of the aisle. Jezz, the pale reddish-skinned Raver, is wearing a lime green raincoat which has many small slits in it, so that ribbons of red, navy blue, shiny silver, and plum can be weaved into it in an almost plaid-like pattern. A pair of bronze-framed goggles have been attached to the hood of the coat, and the blue lenses of these shine in the light. Locks of hair visible under the hood reveal that his hair is presently dyed orange on the left side and pink on the right side. Stonewashed blue jeans, cut off at the calf, adorn his lower body... these jeans have pink blotches of paint all over them, as well as dark green stripes and brown stars stenciled in. He's wearing brown work boots which have many multi-colored spangles stitched into them.

Shizz, the light-mocha-skinned Raver, sports a shimmering orchid lycra vest with a yellow cape sewn onto it. The cape has large shiny sequins of blue and purple glued in many places. He's wearing kelly-green wrestling tights with a pair of red sweatpants cut off at the upper thigh layered over it... both of these have pale orange bandannas tied over them. His footwear consists of blue-and-orange Zips which are so ridiculous looking that they didn't need further adornment. Shizz Dawg OG's afro is currently bleached white with red and pink polkadots dyed in (they're not perfectly round because you can't do that with hair, but the attempted effect is clear) and he wears comically oversized cyan sunglasses with greyish tinted lenses. Both Ravers wear the brass steampunk-looking forearm devices that they always wear.]

GM: Jerby Jezz in a rare singles matchup for him. The Rave has been on quite the roll as of late and many have wondered when and if we'll see them earn a shot at the World Tag Team Titles. I know that the oddsmakers are certainly raising them up the list of teams favored to win the 2014 edition of the Stampede Cup, Bucky.

BW: I don't know why. They've lost it, if you ask me. Senator Myers.

[Gordon chuckles at Bucky's annoyance as The Rave head down the aisle with a movement that is like a cross between strutting, shimmying, and skipping. They stop to salute anyone who is wearing their merchandise, or who has a Rave-related sign, or who is an attractive female. Upon reaching the ring, they hop through the ropes and proceed to dance some crazy-looking dance around the ring.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Static.]

BW: Get your camera ready, Gordo. It's about to get --

GM: Weird?

[Sergei Prokofiev's classical masterpiece, "Dance of the Knights" drifts over the airwaves as it was expected to do. The eerie notes blast and instantly create a dark and foreboding mood that looms over the arena. The loud noises are then replaced with pianissimo and soft strokes of string instruments just as a group of individuals emerge from the entrance portal.]

PW: Hailing from Memphis, Tennessee and weighing in at 205 pounds. He is being accompanied by the Shane Gang....Here is...

"THE ATOMIC BLONDE" DONNIE WHIIIIITE!

[The Siren leads the way, full of sparkle and sex appeal in a curve-skimming dress with a slip-on style shine of silver and black. Three-quarter sleeves and a keyhole center cut showing off the goods. The black haired vixen swings her florescent pink-taped branding iron around like a cheerleader's

baton as the troops fill in behind her. Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson step out for the third show in a row in their spiked shoulder pads, war paint, god awful haircuts while Donnie White struts out behind them with his bleached blonde mohawk raised to the roof. The mocha skinned high flyer is rocking his sleeveless trench coat, guy-liner and painted fingernails, and choker necklace. Beside him matching his strides is the Ring Leader Terry Shane III. Still dressed in a bomber jacket, brown v-neck, and dark fitted jeans just as he was earlier in the evening.]

BW: Weird, maybe, but these guys can go and go hard, Gordo.

GM: There's no doubting that. The Rave are often underrated by many but these guys can fly. Jerby Jezz and...the Dawg, have impressed me as of late to be quite honest, especially with their big win at Uncivil War over the Ring Workers.

BW: Warriors.

GM: Whatever.

[The Shane Gang march down the platform and as they hit the ring Donnie White ascends up the backside of one of the corner turnbuckles, raising his hands into the air. Jerby Jezz pounces around in the ring with Meekly standing between the two. The official orders White to step down from the corner but White soaks in the adoration, or lack thereof, of the vocal Texas crowd. Eventually he jumps down and the pair of wrestlers bounce side to side until Meekly calls for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: These guys aren't wasting anytime, they're charging right for one another!

[Donnie White shoots forward and as he does Jerby Jezz dead leaps into the air, wraps his legs over the shoulders of White, and sends him spiraling over with a well timed rana!]

GM: Jezz with an impressive move! Nobody has ever doubted these guys athletic prowess.

BW: Just their intelligence.

[Jezz insta-pops back up to his feet, grabbing the rising Atomic Blonde by the arm, and throwing him into the ropes. White bounces back and as Jezz awaits the oncoming White, he rifles his arm out, going for a hip toss, but White lands on his feet and walks over to his corner and mockingly brushes his hands off.]

BW: What a counter!

GM: What a joke.

[The Atomic Blonde poses triumphantly in the corner as Jezz stands in the center of the ring with his hands on the hips. The Rave member grows restless and sprints towards White who is turned away from him and it is Miss Hayes who screams out at Donnie to turn back around...

...and as he does is he floored with a leaping cross body block that sends both men crashing through the ropes!]

GM: Down goes White! I've never seen someone showboat for so little and there's no surprise that it cost him there!

BW: Apparently you've been going to the bathroom during Juan Vasquez matches.

[White, now on the floor, crawls towards the steel railing that separates the fans from the ring. He throws his hands over the steel barricade and begins to pull himself up. Jerby Jezz, having landed on the apron on the outside of the ropes, shoots a glance over his right shoulder as he grabs the top rope and then jumps up to the middle rope...propelling himself backwards, flipping, twisting...

...and CRASHING over the body of Donnie White!]

GM: What a corkscrew dive by Jerby Jezz!

BW: It was alright.

GM: You're such a bitter man. Six months ago you would have filled the ring with streamers after a move like that.

BW: Six months ago I was Senator Wilde!

[Jezz rolls off of Donnie White and finds himself half circled by Lenny Anderson, Aaron Anderson, and Terry Shane III. Marty Meekly, leaning against the ropes, threatens the Gang who hold their hands up as Jezz cautiously backs away. Shizz Dawg OG shouts at his partner to return to the ring and he obliges, rolling back under the bottom rope as Meekly begins his count.]

GM: No surprise here, the Rave going for a countout victory.

BW: Someone needs to tell them that they've been trapped in 2032 for three years. I heard in 2033 countout victories are seen as cowardly.

GM: You sure you don't mean 2013?

[Meekly reaches "three" as Donnie White begins to stir on the outside. Anderson and Strong lift him up to his feet and he assures them he's ready to go. White steps up to the apron and as he does, Jezz runs full speed back in his direction...

...and then baseball slides underneath the bottom rope and right through White's legs!]

GM: Jezz has White by the ankles! He yanks him from the apron!

[White falls face first, his jaw SMACKING the side of the ring apron.]

GM: Look at Hayes, she's up on the apron giving Meekly an earful! What's the cause of this?

[With Meekly distracted, it's Aaron Anderson who strikes first...clubbing Jezz from behind with a forearm to the back of the head. Jezz stumbles forward and then snaps around with a spinning backfist that rattles Anderson. Lenny Strong then hammers Jezz over the top of the head with a pointed elbow and it sends Jezz staggering away from him and down to one knee. From around the far side of the ring comes Shizz Dawg OG who comes bursting forward and jumps up onto his own partner's knee and shoves himself into the air, arms spread wide...

....and he SLAMS into both Anderson and Strong with a flying cross-body block!]

GM: My stars! The Dawg went airborne!

BW: Shizz. Say it!

[Donnie White crawls back in while the bodies begin to pile up on the outside. Hayes is still screeeeeching into the ear of Meekly in the adjacent corner and it's White who we now see building momentum as he presses into the ropes, runs forward, and charges towards the ropes until he shoots himself like a cannonball between the top and middle rope...

...and DRIVES his shoulder into Shizz Dawg OG who collides into Jerby Jezz!]

BW: What a suicide dive! THAT'S how you do it, Gordo!

GM: Not biased in the least, are you?

BW: Fluorescent isn't really a good look for me.

[Meekly finally pulls away from Hayes and nearly has a brain aneurysm as he recognizes the carnage on the outside of the ring. Anderson, White, and Strong are down. Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG both down. The only person standing has his arms folded against his chest and he is staring a hole through the head of Meekly... Terry Shane III.]

GM: Meekly has got to get this thing back under control, bodies are everywhere!

[Shane stands to the side of the wreckage as Donnie White begins to move first. The Atomic Blonde steps over the bodies of his Gang members and

stumbles back first into the ring apron. Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG are the next ones up to try and pull themselves up but White intervenes, shoving Shizz to the side and firmly grabbing Jerby Jezz around the waist, hoisting him up in the air...

...and suplexing him INTO the apron and ropes where his feet get caught up on the bottom rope!]

GM: Jezz is hanging upside down! Not only did his upper back get thrown into the apron but now his feet are wrapped over the ring rope!

[Donnie White uncorks a front kick into the chest of Jezz and his body bounces off the side of the apron. He does it a second time...and a third...each shot more ferocious than the first. He grabs Jezz by the arms and takes a big step back, stretching him out...

...and then spikes him forward!]

GM: MY STARS! JEZZ IS SLAMMED BACK FIRST INTO THE SIDE OF THE RING!

[Jerby Jezz unravels from the ropes and collapses on the outside of the ring. Donnie White strikes an Arnold-esque tricep pose which draws a chorus of boos from the crowd. White grabs Jezz and flings him back into the ring and quickly jumps up to the apron.]

GM: White has a hold of the top rope, he's going to slingshot himself back in!

[White leaps into the ring and drapes his hamstring across the neck of Jerby Jezz!]

BW: Slingshot legdrop! He's got him!

[Meekly slides into position and counts two before Jezz pops a shoulder up!]

GM: Donnie White narrowly capturing a much needed victory and --

BW: He's ready to end it!

GM: White is pointing towards the corner, I think he's going to set him up for that big flying headbutt from the top rope!

[White scoots himself up to the top rope and stands himself up...shaking his rump around as Miss Sandra Hayes excitedly applauds him on the outside. He raises his hands to his head, running his fingers through his bleached blond hair and making sure his spikes are camera ready. Finally, he leaps....

...arms out like wings, head pointed down!]

BW: FLYING MOHAWK!

[THUD!]

GM: HE MISSED IT! HE TOOK WAAAY TOO LONG, BUCKY!

[Donnie White's face smacks into the canvas and he instantly clutches his head as the fans roar at the sight of Jerby Jezz rolling out of the way. The florescent-clad Raver scrapes his hands across the mat and finds his way to the far corner of the ring. A rattled Donnie White wanders aimlessly around in the ring before slinking into the corner back first. Jezz rushes towards him, jumping into the air...

...and SMASHES both knees into the chest of the cornered Donnie White!]

GM: Big double running knee strike by Jezz! Donnie White just had the wind knocked out of him!

[Jezz yanks Donnie White back up to his feet and waistlocks him from behind, lifts him, and sits him up on top turnbuckle. Learning from White's mistake, Jezz quickly ascends the turnbuckle after him and brings the both of them standing upright in the corner...]

GM: What in the world -- what does Jerby Jezz have in store for Donnie -- Strong! Now it's Lenny Strong up on the apron!

BW: Meekly doesn't see him!

GM: But look who does! Here comes the Dawg!

[Shizz Dawg, now on the apron as well, sprints forward and leaps shoulder first and COLLIDES into Lenny Strong who goes FLYING from the apron!]

GM: The Dawg buying Jezz time! Now Meekly has his eyes on the outside! He's throwing them out! He's yelling at Lenny Strong and the Dawg to leave the ring!

[As Meekly tries to sort out the chaos, Miss Sandra Hayes slithers up to the apron, grabbing both feet of Jerby Jezz, and yanking them out just as he did to Donnie White earlier...]

"EWWWW!"

[A collective moan from the crowd as Jezz's groin smacks the top turnbuckle!]

BW: That's gonna leave a mark.

GM: This is absurd! Meekly, God bless him, has no control of this match!

[Donnie White, now turned away from Jerby Jezz but still up top, shoots his legs under Jezz's arms and scissors them across his chest as he falls forward, flipping both men over...

...and DRIVING Jezz's shoulders into the canvas!]

GM: WHAT A MOVE! WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?!

[Meekly, hearing the thud, turns towards Donnie White folding Jezz up for a pin attempt...]

BW: Yes!

[One. Two. Three!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Highway robbery!

[Shizz Dawg OG is livid! He storms into the ring, gunning right for Donnie White...

...only to have Aaron Anderson cut him off with a brutal axe kick!]

BW: Here comes Lenny Strong! Payback time!

[Anderson stomps on Shizz Dawg OG as Lenny Strong storms into the ring. Donnie White is slumped into the corner beside Jerby Jezz, both men exhausted from the fast pace and high impact of the match. Aaron Anderson jerks Shizz right into a standing headscissors, lifts...

...just as the crowd EXPLODES at the sight of Shadoe Rage hobbling down the ramp!]

GM: RAGE! SHADOE RAGE IS ON HIS WAY DOWN TO THE RING, BUM ANKLE AND ALL!

[Rage drags his bad leg, doing his best to hustle down the long extended ramp. Behind him comes a pleading Marissa Monet..begging of her longtime paramour to retreat and fight another day!]

GM: It looks as though Monet is trying to call Rage back! She has to be worried about his health and going into a fight this like this might be career suicide!

[Anderson rips Shizz Dawg OG into the air and as he hoists him shoulder-high his partner Lenny Strong hooks his neck in the crevice of his bicep and forearm, wrapping it around his throat...

...and SNAPPING him down with a violent neckbreaker as Anderson powerbombs him down!]

GM: OH MY! THE IMPACT!

[Jerby Jezz begins to stir, pulling himself up, right into the waiting arms of Anderson who SHOVES him into the air...

...where is he DRILLED by a European Uppercut by Strong on the way down!]

BW: They're taking back THEIR ring, Gordo! It's been a long time coming!

GM: It's been months, Bucky. Months since the Shane Gang stood in that ring, full force, and running their adversaries out of the arena. They failed at Opportunity Knocks, they failed at Uncivil War, they failed at Homecoming!

BW: But they sure as heck aren't failing right now!

[Rage yells out to White who shoots up out of the corner. Rage catapults himself into the ring, landing on his good leg, only to be met with a big right hand by the awaiting Donnie White. The two begin exchanging wild blows, neither man known for their brawling or punching abilities, neither man giving an inch or backing down from the fight. Rage spins behind White who blasts him back with an elbow, knocking him into Strong who fires a punch into the jaw of Rage. Shadoe staggers right towards Anderson who doubles him over with a knee. Donnie quickly jumps front and center, holding his hands in a double axehandle grip as he taunts Rage....]

GM: They're playing ping pong with Rage out there! The numbers have caught up with Rave and Rage! Look at Shane, he's just watching like a coward from the outside!

BW: He built a well oiled machine, he doesn't have any business in that --

["Richochet" by Faith No More BLASTS over the PA system.]

GM: SPECTOR!

[Like a runaway train, Steve Spector sprints down the ramp. Everyone stops dead in their tracks, all eyes fixated on the former EMWC World Champion. All eyes including those of Terry Shane III who for the first time shows the slightest hint of emotion...

...an emotion that quickly transforms into scorn-fueled hatred!]

GM: Beaten, bloodied, left for dead in that ring! Nothing and no one is going to stop Steve Spector! Especially not Terry Shane III!

[Spector hits the ring, Shane hits the ring...

...they clash like uncaged lions!]

GM: MY STARS AND GARTERS! WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS, BUCKY! AN OLD FASHION TEXAS SHOWDOWN!

[Spector hammers Shane...Shane shoots Spector's jaw with an elbow...Spector blasts Shane with a forearm...Shane unloads a left cross...Spector clubs him with an overhand right!]

GM: WE'VE LOST ALL CONTROL, BUCKY! THE RAVE ARE BACK IN THE RING! SHADOE RAGE IS HAMMERING AWAY ON DONNIE WHITE! THE RING WARRIORS ARE HITTING ANYONE WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE!

BW: And we've got a World Title shot up for grabs! There's no way Spector is backing down from Shane now, Gordo! Not after that punt to the face earlier! Not even Steve Spector can walk away from that and not feel the least bit --

GM: THE DAWG FROM UP TOP!

[Shizz Dawg flips, and twists, and comes splashing down over a bundle of bodies. Lenny Strong crashes through the ropes to the outside...Jerby Jezz, also a victim of his own partner's wild heroics, spills to the floor! Shadoe Rage is mounted over Donnie White who is pressed in the corner. He hammers him with double fists...

...until White yanks him by the bad ankle and sends him crashing back first into the center of the ring!]

GM: We've got to take a break! We will try our best to sort this out during the commercial but I think we've got our answer out of Steve Spector as to whether or not he accepts Terry Shane III's challenge!

[Abrupt 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 the sea of television monitors that can only mean the return of the SuperClash V Control Center. After a few moments, we fade to Jason Dane standing in said Control Center.]

JD: Welcome to the SuperClash V Control Center, fans! The days on the calendar are tearing off as we get closer and closer to Thanksgiving Night at the American Airlines Center down the road in downtown Dallas, Texas. We are anticipating a record-breaking crowd for the AWA. There are a handful of tickets left as we speak but the building WILL be sold out on November 28th for the big event. If you can't join us, for the first time, the big event will also be LIVE worldwide on Pay Per View! It will truly be a historic night here in Dallas and one that you, the fans, will NOT want to miss!

[Dane grins a shiller's grin!]

JD: Let's run down the lineup for the biggest night of the year! Mark Stegglet is standing by right now with Steve Spector who... understandably is quite upset after what we've seen here tonight. Let's go to Mark and see what's going on!

[We crossfade to the backstage area where an upset Steve Spector is being calmed down by a couple of AWA officials. Mark Stegglet comes rushing up, as Spector paces back and forth. Spector stops once he sees Stegglet, and puts his hands on his hips. Spector lets out a frustrated sigh, as Stegglet cautiously approaches Spector, mic in hand.]

MS: Steve Spector, we just saw you moments ago get into it with Terry Shane III after what had happened earlier in the night.

[Spector glances over to Stegglet, causing him to pause. Spector makes sure to position himself where the camera can't spot the blood soaked bandage on his head.]

SS: Heh.. I think he busted me up again. Can't let little Stevie see that, now can we? It's not like he'd want to miss a Jerby Jezz match, even after I insisted he go to bed. Ya know, that poor kid was crying his eyes out when he saw his old man take that kick to the head.

[Spector looks down, shaking his head.]

SS: I told my old lady that everything was gonna be fine. That I wasn't going to accept Shane's challenge for SuperClash.. All I was going to do was make sure nothin' was gonna happen in the main event, but she was worried that this was going end up being more than me just being a ringside enforcer, that someone would try to rattle my cage..

MS: And that person just happened to be Terry Shane.

[Spector nods his head.]

SS: My kid was watching the blood drip down my face after that cheap shot..

[Spector points to the blood stained bandage on his forehead.]

SS: ...watching the Shane Gang ripping me apart like the dogs that they are... listening to those words that came out of Shane's mouth while I glared at him, unable to do a damn thing about it. I imagine the little guy was frightened out of his mind.

This was something I was hoping my son would never have to see, Mark. I've never really had to sit down and explain what I did when I was a wrestler, nor did I want to. I was hoping to talk everything over when he was a bit older. You know how kids are, curious about what the ol' man did in prehistoric times. Eventually, yeah, we'd sit down and watch some of my old tapes.

Heck, I'd have given little Stevie a taste of what I was like when he wanted to know how I dealt with pathetic bullies. In a way, I guess Shane decided that it was time to talk.

MS: I'm sorry that it your son had to see that...

[Spector pauses, seething.]

MS: But I do have a job to do, and I've finally gotta ask you about that challenge. It got to the point where Shane actually put his Number One Contendership on the line just to get his hands on you at SuperClash. HE put his GUARANTEED shot at the AWA World Title on the line, giving you a chance that I'm sure you never thought you'd get again.

With what has happened tonight, are you willing to step into the ring and give Shane what he wants?

[Spector runs a hand through his hair.]

SS: You know.. Shane came out two weeks ago, and ripped into me, saying that I was a monster.. a tyrant, ruining young wrestlers' careers? If he wants to put everything on the line, everything he had ever worked for up until this point.. willing to risk his own career being ruined just for a chance to put his hands on a man whose best days are behind him?

You know what? You've heard me talk about me not feelin' that I can put on the best possible match for all these people anymore.. talking about how my best days are behind me.. [Scoffs.] Screw that noise. Let's throw another young man's career on the pile! Thanks, Shane. I just might have something left after all.

Terry Shane.. SuperClash.. I'll see you in the ring.

[Spector walks off camera, the officials following close behind to make sure nothing else happens. The camera pans in close to Stegklet's face.]

MS: Wow... there you have it, Steve Spector's finally accepted Terry Shane's challenge for SuperClash! Back to you in the Control Center, Jason!

[Crossfade back to a beaming Dane in the Control Center.]

JD: Thanks, Mark... and that makes it official. On Thanksgiving Night, it'll be the return of a legend as Steve Spector goes one-on-one with Terry Shane III. And if Spector can pull off the victory, he will win Shane's guaranteed World Title shot that he won in this year's Rumble. Wow.

[Dane shakes his head before moving on. A graphic pops up with two tag teams on it.]

JD: The Longhorn Riders will meet Air Strike in what should be a fantastic tag team matchup... and in breaking news, I can now announce that this match has been declared a STAMPEDE CUP QUALIFYING MATCH! That's right - the winner of this one gets sent immediately into the biggest event in tag team wrestling, the 2014 Stampede Cup tournament!

[The graphic fades to reveal the men we just saw brawling all over the ring - The Rave and The Ring Warriors.]

JD: What was once scheduled to be a tag team affair between The Rave and The Ring Warriors has now been escalated. We recently heard The Rave extend a challenge for a Hyperstyle Wildbrawl for SuperClash... that challenge has been accepted. However, we now can confirm that it will be Shadoo Rage and The Rave on one side of the ring and the Shane Gang consisting of Aaron Anderson, Lenny Strong, and the Atomic Blonde, Donnie White on the other.

But what is a Hyperstyle Wildbrawl?

[The graphic gets covered up by STEEL MESH!]

JD: We have learned that these six men will be competing in an ESCAPE THE CAGE MATCH! The first team to get ALL THREE men to the floor will be the winners! That one is going to be wild stuff, fans. Speaking of wild stuff...

[The graphic changes to show the words "TEXAS BRAWL."]

JD: No rules. Six men who simply cannot stand one another inside that ring together. It'll be the Lynch family of Jack, Travis, and their father, Blackjack taking on Robert Donovan, Adam Rogers, and Dick Wyatt of the Beale Street Bullies! And in news we learned earlier tonight, the losing team cannot team together again for ONE! WHOLE! YEAR! Nowhere in the world! The stakes are sky high for this final showdown between two teams who've been feuding since last SuperClash!

[We fade back to Jason Dane.]

JD: Now, let's pause for a moment to talk about a situation that - as of now - is NOT on the SuperClash lineup. "Hotshot" Stevie Scott asked for time here tonight to address - via satellite - the assault by Internet pop star Joshua Dusscher and his gang of thugs two weeks ago. And we've granted that time.

Let's go to the two-time AWA National Champion from his home in St. Louis. Stevie, are you there?

[The scene cuts to show the face of Stevie Scott, sitting in what appears to be a living room. He, obviously, looks none too pleased.]

HSS: Yeah, I'm here, Jason. And luckily for Dusscher, he's not. Or else I'd be hopping around on one foot because my other would be shoved straight up his butt.

JD: No, but he will also be joining us by satellite shortly.

HSS: Of course he is, because he certainly wouldn't face me in person this week despite my attempts to make that happen.

JD: Well, let's try and be realistic here, Stevie. Do you honestly believe he's EVER going to set foot in an AWA arena when you're around again?

[Stevie grimaces.]

HSS: He ain't gonna have much of a choice, Jason. He can run from me, but sooner or later he's going to have to pay the piper. Gorillas or not. In fact, I HOPE he brings those steroid-laced punks with him because they ain't gonna get another drop on me, I can promise you that.

JD: I'm told we've got Joshua Dusscher online now, so let's go to him.

[The face of Internet pop idol, Joshua Dusscher, appears on the split screen. He's wearing dark sunglasses and a big grin.]

Dusscher: Heya, Dane! Good to see you again, buddy! But we've got a bad signal, I think... some kind of static or interference maybe. I'm not so good on all the technical stuff.

JD: No, we can see you fine.

Dusscher: Seriously? 'Cause I can see someone... maybe a stunt double... do you people do those too? I see someone who looks like my old friend, Stevie Scott.

[Scott visibly bristles.]

HSS: You know damn well I'm here, Dusscher.

[Dusscher tugs his sunglasses down his nose.]

Dusscher: Hey! It IS you! I'll be damned. I was SURE after the beating I laid down on you two weeks ago that you wouldn't dare show your face anymore! I mean...

[The pop star raises his right hand.]

Dusscher: You felt this, right?

[Scott laughs loudly.]

HSS: I felt it. I've also felt a fly swatter upside the head that hurt more than what you're punk ass is capable of doing! The next time I see you, I'm going to break every god d-

[Dane interrupts.]

JD: Some control, gentlemen. Please.

[Scott interrupts, raising a hand.]

HSS: Hold on a minute, Dane. Before we go any farther I just want to say, I _do_ have to thank you, Joshie.

[That comments catches the cocky pop star a bit by surprise.]

Dusscher: Uh...you do?

[Stevie nods.]

HSS: Yeah. Because what you did two weeks ago? It woke me up. It helped me to realize that maybe the ol' Hotshot has gotten a little lazy...a

little complacent...a little too trusting and a little short on the killer instinct that made me who I am.

[He grins a little bit.]

HSS: But thanks to you? Hey, I see the need that I have to go back to the old Stevie Scott. The guy that would slap his own momma in the mouth for 50 cents if the ends justified the means. And the one guy, when someone crossed me, would make for-damn-certain that the offending party ended up spending a few days in a local medical care establishment.

Which reminds me, better look into Obamacare if you don't already have good health insurance, junior. 'Cause you're gonna need it. You're going to need it on Thanksgiving Night!

[Dusscher looks shocked.]

Dusscher: I have no idea what you're talking about.

[Scott sneers.]

HSS: Why am I not surprised? I'm talking about the contract that the AWA faxed to your managers today... the contract that says at SuperClash V, I want you... inside that ring.

[It's the pop star's turn to laugh.]

Dusscher: I already beat you down, Hotshot. Where's my motivation?

[Scott nods.]

HSS: I had a feeling you might ask that. I made it nice and clear in the paperwork. I offered you a deal you can't refuse. You show up at SuperClash... you face me in a fight. Not a match... I don't expect you to follow the rules... so bring your thugs if you want.

I want a fight. And to get it, here's my offer...

[Dusscher waits, looking bored.]

HSS: If you beat me, I will give you the kind of footage that you can live off of on YouTube for the rest of your life. I will walk across that ring... I will shake your hand... and I will admit to the world that you are the better man.

[Dusscher's eyebrows raise.]

HSS: If I win... none of that. You can slink off with your tail between your legs and it's over. But if you win, I'll give you one final chance to humiliate me in front of the whole world.

[A slight smile crosses Dusscher's face.]

Dusscher: Intriguing. Very intriguing offer, Hotshot. But allow me to retort...

I accept.

[Stevie looks legit surprised.]

Dusscher: With one addition. Not only will you walk across the ring and shake my hand. Not only will you admit that I'm the better man.

But you will unlace my shoe... removing my stinky, dirty sock...

[Dusscher grins.]

Dusscher: And kiss... my... foot!

[Scott visibly winces.]

Dusscher: Whatdya say, Hotshot?

[There's a long pause as Scott considers what he's getting himself into...
...and then nods.]

HSS: You're on, you son of a bitch!

JD: Stevie, please!

Dusscher: I can't wait for Thanksgiving, Stevie! I can't wait to give thanks for the all the times I get to slam my foot into your ribs... into your stupid face... into your di-

JD: Mr. Dusscher!

HSS: I'm going to break every damn knuckle on my hands punching you in the face! And the only foot that anyone is going to be kissing is where I slam the Heatseeker right down your stinkin' throat so far that your morning trip to bathroom involves my bootlaces coming out of your-

JD: STEVIE!

Dusscher: I dare you! I dare you to try! I'm gonna tie you up in the ropes and make you kiss the inside of my-

[An abrupt cut leaves both sides of the screen in static before we cut back to a nervous-looking Jason Dane.]

JD: Whew. A volatile situation there between those two. We apologize for some the language involved there but now, it's official! It'll be "Hotshot" Stevie Scott taking on Joshua Dusscher in a no rules one-on-one matchup where if Stevie Scott loses, he must KISS Dusscher's foot! How humiliating

that would be for the Hotshot, fans! You better believe that he will stop at NOTHING to keep that from happening.

[The graphic returns, this time showing the words "STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT."]

JD: Wow. The annual matchup turns into something quite different here this year as the five on five becomes a five on five on five on five. This one will be an epic battle between twenty competitors who have their eyes set on a contract guaranteeing the match of their choice anytime in the next calendar year! Four teams of five striving for the ultimate glory but only one man can walk out carrying that contract in his hand. Who will it be? There's only one way to find out.

[Another graphic comes up, this time advertising the World Tag Team Title matchup.]

JD: Speaking of Steal The Spotlight, Skywalker Jones will be cashing in his Steal The Spotlight contract at SuperClash when he teams with Hercules Hammonds to take on Royalty's team, the Blonde Bombers with the World Tag Team Titles on the line! With the bad blood spilling over onto their respective managers, that one should be something else as well.

[The graphic fades to show the Martinez family on one side of the screen and the Gaines clan on the other.]

JD: Earlier tonight, we learned that Alex Martinez would be leaving the AWA at the end of this month. But before he goes, he wants one more match for the road. He wants to team with his son, Ryan, to take on the men that have tormented, assaulted, and humiliated Ryan over the past couple of months - Gunnar and Justin Gaines! It's a family feud of epic proportions on a night that's meant to celebrate family!

[And one final graphic comes up, showing the AWA World Title belt.]

JD: And in the Main Event, the World Heavyweight Title will be on the line as Calisto Dufresne defends against the winner of The Chase For The Clash tournament. We are now just moments away from this epic final battle between Supreme Wright and the World Television Champion, Dave Bryant, with the winner moving on to face Dufresne on the biggest night of the year... and don't forget, Steve Spector will be at ringside as the special guest enforcer to keep the peace!

It's SuperClash V... it's November 28th... and it's LIVE on Pay Per View! You do NOT want to miss this one, fans, I promise you that. For the final time from the Control Center, I'm Jason Dane and we'll see you on Thanksgiving night!

[We fade out of the Control Center...

...and into a shot backstage. There, we see Supreme Wright, standing alone in the dressing room still in the half-black and half-gold wrestling attire he was seen wearing earlier tonight. His torso is now wrapped in white tape,

covering the ribs that Johnny Detson had assaulted during their match. Supreme tries to maintain his usual stoic expression, but there's an obvious level of discomfort etched on his face.]

SW: Don't mind the tape...I've been through worse.

[He shifts his stance, wincing slightly in pain as he does so.]

SW: Some people might think I'm putting a huge bullseye on my back by taping up these ribs, but that doesn't exactly change anything, does it?

I've been making myself a target ever since I got here.

[A slight smirk. The faintest tinge of a chuckle.]

SW: Why?

Because I've never been good enough.

[The smirk disappears.]

SW: Not in my eyes or anyone else's.

I was the student that wasn't good enough to be the first graduate of the Combat Corner. I was the challenger that wasn't good enough to defeat Mr. Monosso last year at SuperClash. And now I'm the Number One Contender that isn't good enough to challenge for the World Heavyweight title based on his own merits.

[The tone in Supreme's voice begins to become excited, rushed, and harsh. He stops himself, trying to maintain control.]

SW: I'm never good enough. I'm never worthy. Every time I'm facing adversity, every time the odds are against me...I'm counted out. I'm given no chance. I wasn't suppose to defeat Jeff Matthews, I didn't stand a chance in the Rumble, I wasn't capable of choking out Alex Martinez, I wouldn't be able to stop MAMMOTH Maximus...

...until I stepped into MY ring and SHOWED the world that I could.

[Deep breaths. Maintain control.]

SW: I've had to scratch and claw every inch of the way. I've had to fight and bleed and struggle just to prove that I belong.

I guess...that means I'm not good enough to be a "golden child", either.

[He rolls his eyes in disgust as he spits out the words "golden child".]

SW: My every success is dismissed. Ignored. Forgotten. I've become a man completely defined...

...by his failures.

[He lowers his head and shakes it slightly.]

SW: And truth be told, it doesn't bother me one damn bit.

I always knew my destiny wasn't to walk a path paved with gold. My road to the World title was never going to be simple. If I was going to ever reach the land of milk and honey...

...I would have to march along a trail of tears.

[He turns his head away from the camera, a thousand-yard stare on his face.]

SW: I'm not gonna' say how much I "need" to win this.

It should be obvious to everyone by now that I NEED to win every time I step into MY ring.

[A drawn in breath. A beat. A colder, more intense look forming on his face.]

SW: I'm not gonna' say how much I "want" the world title.

If you don't understand how much Supreme Wright wants the World Title, then you just haven't been paying attention.

[He turns his attention back towards the camera.]

SW: But understand this. If Mr. Bryant loses, he'll still have won the respect that he wanted. He'll still have gained the admiration that he desired. And he'll be able to walk away with his head held high and with the Television title around his waist.

He'll still have EVERYTHING he's fought so hard for.

But what am I left with if I lose?

[Supreme's face darkens with a frown.]

SW: Another lost opportunity. Another failure. Another year of struggle and sacrifice with nothing to show for it.

[Blink. Beat. Stare.]

SW: I have to win.

[Silence. He lets the weight of those words settle, before continuing on.]

SW: Some would have you believe that this journey is about Dave Bryant's redemption.

[Supreme closes his eyes...]

SW: I respectfully disagree.

[...and reopens them. They're open wide. Wild. Vibrant. His voice, suddenly cutting with a hardened edge.]

SW: It's about MY validation.

[And then, his expression completely changes. The stoic mask shatters. The careful control falls away. The emotions finally pour out, and what we see...is bare-naked rage.]

SW: I AM GOOD ENOUGH!

I AM WORTHY!

I WILL DEFEAT YOU, MR. BRYANT!

AND I WILL...

[Supreme stops himself, squeezing his eyes tight. The desperate, barely-contained look fades, replaced once again by a stoic mask. The rage, receding back below the surface and simmering beneath. His wild eyes, now narrowed, but still filled with life, now once again, focused on the task at hand. His voice controlled, measured and filled with conviction.]

SW: And I will be...

...your next AWA World Champion.

[Fade out...

...and then back to Jason Dane, standing by with the one of the finalists, the AWA World Television Champion, Dave Bryant. Bryant hasn't even bothered to put his robe back on, TV title belt draped hastily over a shoulder, still in his ring gear and ready to go. There's some light bruising on the Doctor of Love's ribs, evidence of both the matchup against Nenshou two weeks ago and the beating Juan Vasquez put on them tonight, and the TV champion seems to be moving just a bit gingerly.]

JD: We've got one of the Finalists back here, folks, a man who -- with all due respect -- I don't think anybody picked to be here by the end of the night.

[Bryant raises an eyebrow, then laughs.]

DB: I'd like to say you're wrong about that, Jason. I'd like to stand here and say that I knew I'd be here all along, but I'm trying to be an honest man nowadays. I wouldn't have picked me against Nenshou, nor would I have given me the nod against one of the foundation stones of this company, yet here I stand. Beaten, bruised, but still standing here.

JD: ...and ready to go against Supreme Wright this very evening?

[Bryant grins wryly.]

DB: Well, that's the thing, isn't it? Can you really be ready for something like this? Four of us arrived here tonight, all four believing that we'd have to win two matches to make it to SuperClash, all four believing that we COULD win twice tonight. None of us really knew what might happen tonight, with Royalty sticking its nose in everybody's business and the Unholy Alliance always lurking, but we knew that no matter what kind of nonsense happened tonight, whoever made it to the main event would be beaten up, either by their opponent or by whoever hasn't got it in them to respect the Chase and respect the people competing in it.

[Bryant's grin has faded by now, replaced by a scowl.]

JD: Speaking of which, Dave Cooper has tried to interfere with your matches in particular, showing up two weeks ago and again earlier this evening. Both times, between Alphonse Green's appearance and your opponent's unwillingness to accept any aid have kept him at bay. Do you think he'll show up again during your matchup against Supreme Wright?

[The scowl deepens.]

DB: Of course he will, Jason! After all, the lowlife holding his leash is going to be seated ringside, waiting to see which of the two of us is coming to beat him silly at SuperClash V. I'm sure Cooper believes in that tired old adage about the third time being the charm as much as the next man, and maybe the third time he tries to screw me out of the Chase, he'll succeed.

[Bryant shakes his head.]

DB: Don't ask me anything else about that piece of crap, Jason. He has no respect for this business and is willing to do things that would've made me sick to my stomach before I made any attempt to change how I go about my business. He's a stain on this organization and a stain on professional wrestling as a whole...

[Bryant trails off for a second.]

DB: I'd much rather talk about the man I'm facing this evening, a man who has repeatedly proven himself to be a man with character, with pride in this business, and with the dignity to treat it, and the Chase, with the respect they both deserve. Sure, he's a ruthless, vicious competitor, a man who wouldn't bat an eyelash about injuring his opponent if he had to do so to win...but at least he'll do it in the ring, and he won't sneak around behind your back to take you out. He'll stand up, look you in the eye, and then chop a wheel right out from under you.

JD: I've talked to a handful of people about the potential matchups for the finals, and there were a of them who had a lot to say about a potential

Bryant/Wright final. They seem to think the two of you might be able to put on a clinic, a match people watch years from now in order to better learn their craft. Stylistically, it seems like the two of you could use each other for shaving mirrors. You've faced some of the best the AWA has to offer and prevailed, but how do you like your chances against Supreme Wright?

[Bryant takes a deep breath, then winces slightly.]

DB: You remember how I described Wright, Jason? Talking about the size of the chip on his shoulder? It isn't any smaller now than it was then, and if anything, I'd guess that being one match, one three count or a few taps of my hand on that mat from another shot at Calisto Dufresne is going to take that desperation and give it a razor edge. Twice he's been on that edge, on the cup of capturing the golden grail of professional wrestling, and twice Dufresne has managed to turn him aside. That kind of thing can do two things to someone. It can turn them into a bitter, resentful wreck...

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: ...or it can make them into an unstoppable monster bent on obliterating everything in their path to greatness. From the looks of things, from what we've seen in the Chase, Wright isn't busy wallowing in self-pity, he's not going behind the backs of his friends to complain to the office, drowning his sorrows in whatever bottle he can get his hands on. He's taken that desperation and turned it into raw, unadulterated hunger, Dane, because he's been so close and just not quite gotten there.

[Bryant's smirk fades.]

DB: I know that feeling. I know what it's like to be told by everybody you know, hear from every analyst, everybody in the business whispering in your ear that you should be the one, that you should be champion, you should be the face of the business. I knew it more than a decade ago, and it got into my head so deep that I burned every bridge I could find until there were no paths left back into the business for me but to wait, to watch, to look in from afar and take whatever wrestling gig I could get, working bingo halls and high school gyms for the seediest people you'll ever meet in your life. I know what Supreme Wright is feeling right now, Jason. Hunger.

Desperation. Anxiety...and excitement. This is the biggest night of his life, the biggest night of OUR lives, and we're both so desperate to prove ourselves that it's a surprise neither of us has snapped from all the emotion we've keeping bottled up inside.

[Bryant lets the TV title belt fall to his side, clutching it in his hand.]

DB: I hold this title now, as much respect as I have for it, and I know it's just not enough anymore. After they told me I was going to be in the Chase, I thought okay, that's pretty cool. I swore I'd leave everything in that ring, that I'd put on a good show, but deep down I never believed I'd make it here tonight.

[Bryant pauses after that admission, his lips tightening into a grimace.]

DB: Now that I'm here...I can't lose this, Jason. I can't climb this far up the mountain and fall again. I have to take the Chase, have to go on to SuperClash and beat that scumbag Dufresne into the dirt, claim what he believes is his and finally realize all the potential my career had before I threw it all away. Supreme Wright, you said something that rang in my ears earlier tonight, and it rings even louder now. You said, and I quote, "...there isn't a man in this world, that desperately wants to hold the World Title more than I do..."

[Bryant stares at the camera, his eyes narrowing slightly.]

DB: You're wrong.

[With that, the Television champion turns his back on Jason Dane and strides out of shot as we fade from the backstage area to a panning shot of the Crockett Coliseum crowd which is buzzing in anticipation.]

GM: For the past two months, we've been working our way through the best wrestlers in the world, trying to find the man who should stand in the center of the ring on Thanksgiving Night and challenge Calisto Dufresne, the World Heavyweight Champion, for his title. After all of that, it's finally time. Supreme Wright. Dave Bryant. One man will go on to challenge for the title. It's time to find out EXACTLY who it will be.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd cheers as the bell sounds and Phil Watson raises the mic.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is the FINAL MATCH in The Chase For The Clash tournament. Introducing first...

[The lights go out as the haunting vocals of Deborah Harry can be heard over the PA system.]

Step into a world #
Where there's no one left #
But the very best #
No MC can test

["Step into a World (Rapture's Delight)" by KRS-One begins to play as the crowd responds with a HUGE roar for Supreme Wright. As the song kicks into high gear, a spotlight hits the entrance, where we see Supreme Wright stepping through, still wearing the same wrestling gear he was wearing in his match against Johnny Detson. His ribs are now wrapped in tape, a sign of the beating they took earlier in the night. Wright has his arms crossed in front of his chest, staring straight ahead towards the wrestling ring..._his_ wrestling ring with an intense focus.]

PW: ...he hails from Baton Rouge, Louisiana... weighing 225 pounds...

SUPREME WRRIIIIIIIIGHTTTTT!!!

[Wright enters the ring and moves to a neutral corner, lacking the usual bounce in his step. He lays back against the turnbuckles, apparently in an effort to relieve the pain from his injured ribs as the music fades into the opening sounds of Metallica's "Bad Seed."]

PW: And his opponent... coming to the ring...he hails from Las Vegas, Nevada, weighing in at 228 pounds... he is the current AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

He is "The Doctor of Love"...

He is... DAAAAAAAAAAVE... BRYYYYYYYYYYANT!

[Bryant moves slowly through the curtain, his bruised ribs slowing his approach. There is no sign of his robe or usual entrance attire. He's dressed to compete, the World Television Title belt slung over his right shoulder. He looks out at the crowd, pointing to them before clenching a fist and laying it upon his heart. Bryant gives a few deep nods before slowly walking down the aisle towards the ring, stepping through the ropes where AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger steps in his path, holding him back. Bryant too eases into a corner, leaning against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Dave Bryant. Supreme Wright. The Finals of the Chase Of The Clash tournament. Make your prediction, Bucky.

BW: I haven't got the foggiest, Gordo. They've both got banged up ribs. They've both been to hell and back in this tournament.

[A loud "CLUNK!" is heard just before another voice joins the broadcast.]

CD: Tell the truth, Bucky. The truth is that it doesn't much matter who is going to win this match or this tournament because come SuperClash, they're staring across the ring at yours truly and all of this means they broke their bodies for a chance to get laid out at MY show.

GM: Quite apparently, we've been joined by Calisto Dufresne, the World Heavyweight Champion, who will be on commentary with us here tonight for this Main Event matchup. Do you care to make a prediction, Mr. Dufresne?

CD: Sure. I predict that I'll stay undefeated at SuperClash when neither of these guys are able to take this sparking piece of gold from around this magnificent waist.

GM: That remains to be seen.

[The referee waves both men to the middle of the ring, giving some final instructions to them both. They stand, staring eye to eye at one another, waiting for the bell to sound that will turn them loose in the biggest match in quite some time for either man.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go!

[As the bell sounds, the two men rush towards one another, tangling up in a collar and elbow as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Right into a tie-

[Wright doesn't waste any time though, quickly securing a go-behind, lifting Bryant up off the mat, and dumping him down on the back of his neck with a sloppy looking German suplex!]

GM: OHHH!

[The Combat Corner alumni instantly grabs at his ribs, falling to a knee, wincing in pain.]

GM: Wright went right to the suplex but at what cost? His ribs are a wreck and he just hurt them himself!

BW: Just like we talked about Bryant and Vasquez trying to get a quick win in the Semifinals, Supreme Wright is showing us right now that he wants this over as quickly as possible.

CD: He tries that with me and he'll end up done before he breaks a sweat, Bucky.

BW: Don't I know it.

GM: Oh brother... this is going to be a long match dealing with the two of you.

[Fighting back to his feet, Wright dives down to the mat, flipping Bryant into a front facelock.]

GM: Front facelock applied... and look at this!

[The crowd cheers as Wright rolls to the side, rolling Bryant all the way over right back onto his stomach. He pauses a moment before doing it again.]

GM: Rolling front facelock. An unusual attack out of Wright.

BW: It's called a gator roll, you ignorant wretch.

[Wright scrambles out to his feet, dropping a quick elbow down on the back of Bryant's neck before he can get up. A second elbowdrop follows, rattling Bryant's spine.]

GM: Two quick elbows to the neck and- look out!

[With Bryant facefirst on the mat, Wright wraps an arm around the right side, slipping it under the face and grabbing the Doctor of Love by the wrist. He goes to slip the left arm under as well...

...but Bryant rolls to his right, feeling it coming and recognizing the small window of opportunity he has to escape before it gets hooked in. He keeps on rolling, heading right out under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Bryant rolls out! He felt the Cobra Clutch Crossface coming and he got the heck out of there in a hurry!

BW: Smart move, Gordo. We've NEVER seen anyone escape that hold once it's applied. If you're gonna get out of it, you've gotta do it before it gets sunk in and that's exactly what Bryant did right there.

CD: I gotta give Bryant credit there, guys. Any hold that managed to choke out Monosso AND Maximus deserves all the respect in the world. It seems that anyone who gets caught in it is getting their lights turned out... which is why you'll NEVER see me in it.

GM: Supreme Wright may make you eat those words at SuperClash, Mr. Dufresne.

CD: He's welcome to try.

[Bryant stands on the floor, hands on his hips, staring back up at Wright who climbs to his feet, waving him back in.]

GM: Wright's telling him to get back in. Bryant's taking his time out there... grabbing at his ribs. He might've hurt himself trying to escape right there.

[The World Television Champion walks around at ringside for a few moments, rubbing the back of his neck and allowing the referee to put a count on him. The count reaches six before Bryant climbs the wooden steps up onto the wooden entrance platform. He nods as Wright sits on the ropes, inviting him back in.]

GM: Wright's trying to get him in to continue the match... and Bryant steps through the ropes.

[The crowd cheers as Wright claps his hands together, taking a couple of steps back to the middle of the ring before Bryant lunges into another collar and elbow tieup...

...and promptly catches Wright with a knee into the injured ribs!]

GM: Oh!

BW: Do you consider that a cheap shot, Gordo?

GM: Not in the slightest. Both of these men are injured and it's going to be hard for either of them to avoid that body part.

CD: If I would have done it, you'd be crying bloody murder right about now.

[Bryant winds up, smashing an overhead elbow down on the back of the neck, knocking Wright down to a knee. He promptly grabs Wright's arms, planting a boot between his shoulderblades and pulling back on the arms...]

GM: Surfboard applied by Bryant!

[Wright winces as his arms are pulled back at an unnatural angle and his torso is pushed forward by Bryant's foot. Keeping the pressure applied, Bryant forces Wright chestfirst to the canvas, the boot still in the back.]

GM: This REALLY looks like a surfboard now. Dave Bryant is hanging ten on the back and arms of Supreme Wright.

BW: A very different approach to trying to break down Wright. Wright went right out of the gate with a German Suplex... rare for him... but Bryant goes for a submission hold... a weardown hold if you will.

CD: Bryant's got some years on Wright. He may have a lot of gas in the tank but he knows that if this match goes long, it may not be his advantage. Going with something like this instead of hurting himself with some crazy throw or suplex might be a smarter strategy at this stage of the match.

BW: That's pretty good analysis. You might have a future in this job years from now when you hang 'em up.

CD: Maybe we could give ol' Gordon here the boot and call matches together. What a dream team that would be!

[Bryant lets go of the arms, stepping back to tie Wright's legs around his own. Standing on the bent legs, Bryant leans down to grab Wright's flailing arms...

...and rocks back, falling to his back and pushing Wright up in a bow and arrow hold!]

GM: Oh my! Now that'll do some damage to the entire body of Wright! It puts pressure on the back, the ribs, the arms, the legs. Since Bryant has changed his attitude earlier this year, we've really seen a renaissance of the wrestling skills of Bryant. No more looking for the cheapshots and the shortcuts. He's using the mat wrestling skills that made him one of the best in the business originally.

[The referee leans in, checking on Wright who angrily refuses to quit. Bryant rocks him a bit more, increasing the pressure...]

GM: Bryant's shoulders are on the mat but he's applying the offense here so the referee seems like he's going to allow this to continue.

[Bryant asks one more time for the submission but when Wright refuses, Bryant allows him to slip down to his knees, perhaps feeling the strain on his own ribs in keeping Wright elevated. Still with the hold partially applied, Bryant reaches forward, hooking a chinlock and pulling Wright back...

...right into an inverted facelock!]

GM: OHHH! Look at that, Bucky!

BW: Incredible pressure being put on the knees, the ribs, and the neck of Supreme Wright as Bryant leans back in this dangerous hold!

CD: Makes my ribs hurt just looking at it. Yeesh.

[Wright again screams his refusal to submit as the referee checks with him. Bryant grits his teeth, pulling down harder as Wright cries out in pain. The referee dives in...]

GM: Referee Johnny Jagger has been right there on all of these submission attempts but so far, Supreme Wright hasn't seemed close to giving up his chance at the World Heavyweight Title, Mr. Dufresne.

CD: I was wondering when you'd remember I was here, Gordon.

BW: Feel free to speak at any time, champ.

CD: Oh, I will. I just expected a little more respect for the greatest professional athlete in the world today from the Dean of wrestling announcing. I mean... would you act like this if LeBron James was sitting here with you? Kobe Bryant? Clayton Kershaw?

GM: My apologies.

[Bryant finally releases the hold, allowing Wright to slump facefirst to the mat. The Doctor of Love climbs to his feet, grabbing at his ribs as he does so.]

GM: Bryant's back up... moving very slowly in there. That match with Juan Vasquez took a lot out of him here earlier tonight.

CD: Not as much as I'll take out of him if he makes it to SuperClash. I've heard some of the boys in the back calling Bryant's run in this tournament a Cinderella story. You know what I take away from that story, Gordo?

GM: I'm afraid I don't.

CD: That Cinderella was a dirty old dust woman who had no respect for her betters until some magic came along and made her a princess for one night only. But at midnight? All her dreams came to a crashing halt. That's what SuperClash will be for both of these guys. The end of their dreams.

GM: Perhaps you forget the end of that particular story where she lives happily ever ever.

CD: They're welcome to live happily ever after when I'm done with them. Maybe Wright can get a job counseling at-risk ghetto kids and Bryant can crawl back to the casino that hired him, get a gig signing autographs for drunk pathetic tourists, their fat wives, and their pathetic kids.

[With Wright down on the mat, Bryant drags him to his feet by the arm, whipping him into the closest set of turnbuckles. His back slams into the corner, causing him to stagger out...]

GM: SUPERKICK!

[But Supreme Wright is ready for it, snatching Bryant's leg over his bicep. He reaches out, grabbing around Bryant's neck with his other arm to grab a cradle...

...and HURLS Bryant down to the mat with a Capture Suplex!]

GM: OHHH! Another nice throw by Wright!

[Wright stumbles forward, falling to his knees and grabbing at his ribcage. He slips down to a seated position, breathing hard as he rubs his taped ribs.]

GM: Those ribs are really bothering Wright. They're really restricting what he's able to do in this match, Bucky.

BW: They both are pretty banged up in the ribs. Bryant didn't go for the tape like Wright did but that doesn't mean that they're hurting him any less. Both of these guys are going to need to change up from their usual offense here tonight. They need to keep those ribs in mind with every move they do.

CD: But at the same time, they can't let the pain limit them from going for it all. You're talking about a shot at the AWA World Title. They need to be willing to do ANYTHING to get it.

[Wright struggles back to his feet, turning towards Bryant who is climbing off the mat to his feet. The Doctor of Love turns right into a high impact forearm to the side of the head, sending him falling back into the corner.]

GM: Wright knocks him back...

[Stepping up, Wright winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big knife edge chop across the chest!

[Wright winds up a second time.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[He plants his feet, grabbing his ribs for a split second before throwing another chop...

...this one aimed squarely at the ribcage of Dave Bryant!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Goodness!

[Bryant crumples out of the corner, falling to his knees and grabbing his ribs as Wright leans against the turnbuckles. He pushes off the buckles, clenching his jaw...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: KICK TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!!

[Bryant collapses forward, landing on his chest on the mat as Wright drops to his knees, flipping the Doctor of Love to his back and leaning gingerly across in a cover.]

GM: Wright's got one! He's got two!

[The World Television Champion pushes a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin in time. With Bryant still down, Wright swings a leg over him, taking the mount. He winds up with his right arm, ready to deliver a big elbow from up top...

...when suddenly Bryant swings his legs up, hooking them under Wright's arms and dragging him down in a sunset flip style pin!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! T-

[Wright kicks out desperately, avoiding a shocking pin. He looks frazzled as he pushes up to a knee.]

GM: Whoa! I think Wright didn't see that one coming and-

[As Bryant gets to a knee, Wright DRILLS him with a stiff forearm to the jaw, sending Bryant falling back down to the canvas.]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Wright attempts another cover, getting another two count before Bryant kicks out.]

GM: Two count only... Wright slowly to his feet.

[Bryant rolls to his stomach, covering up his ribs as Wright snaps off a legdrop across the back of the neck!]

GM: Bryant tried to protect his ribs and took a hard shot to the neck instead!

[With Bryant stunned, Wright takes the mount again, raining down high impact elbows to the back of the neck...

...and with a handful of hair, he yanks Bryant's head back, trying to secure a dragon sleeper!]

BW: Wright's looking for the Dragon Clutch - another move that will attack the neck and the ribs! And in a bonus, it just might put Bryant to sleep as well!

GM: Bryant's fighting it! He knows how skilled Supreme Wright is at submission holds. We've said it before but as many young wrestlers grew up wanting to brawl like Kowalski or fly like Infierno, Supreme Wright grew up wanting to mat wrestle like Lord Byron!

BW: And it shows, Gordo. Byron was one of the best we've ever seen on the mat and Wright's is right up there with him on that list. He just might be the best mat wrestler... the best technician... the best submission wrestler in the world today.

CD: But he'll never be THE best in the world... period.

GM: That remains to be seen as Bryant's struggling, trying to get free...

[And the Doctor of Love lands a desperation back elbow into the taped ribs, causing Wright to fall back, freeing Bryant from the near application of the submission hold. The Doctor of Love scrambles up, holding the back of his neck...]

GM: Bryant leans against the ropes, watching as Wright climbs off the mat as well...

[Bryant again attempts the superkick but Wright ducks under it, narrowly avoiding the Call Me In The Morning. The Doctor of Love wheels around, rushing towards Wright...]

GM: Wright ducks down! He's got him up!

[The crowd buzzes as Wright holds Bryant up in the fireman's carry, looking to deliver Fat Tuesday. He strides out to the center of the ring, holding Bryant aloft...

...but the Doctor of Love returns fire, landing a few elbows in the temple, landing on his feet behind Wright!]

GM: Bryant elbows out!

[Bryant shoves Wright from behind, sending him facefirst into the turnbuckles. The grappler stumbles back out, getting dragged down in a schoolboy rollup...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Wright straightens out his legs, scissoring the arm between his knees, pressing down on the back of Bryant!]

GM: ARMBAR!!

[Bryant's face is shoved down into the mat as Wright attempts to dislocate the shoulder, pushing down with his legs while pushing up on the wrist of the World Television Champion.]

GM: The arm is bent in a dangerous way! Bryant's in serious trouble here!

BW: You just can't relax for a moment in there with Wright. He can hook a submission hold and end your night in a heartbeat!

CD: I bet the armbar guy is steamed at Wright. Stick to your own stuff, chump.

[Forcing himself to a knee, Bryant shifts his weight, taking the leverage away...

...and flips into a double leg cradle!]

GM: ONE! TWO!!

[Wright is forced to release the arm to avoid being pinned, kicking out in time. Both men scramble off the mat again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Ohh! Bryant caught him with the left hand!

[The hooking blow snaps Wright around, allowing Bryant to LUNGE, driving his shoulder into the back of Wright's knee!]

GM: Oh! The veteran clips out his knee!

[Bryant moves quickly, grabbing the downed Wright by the foot, lifting his leg...

...and SLAMMING his kneecap down into the mat!]

GM: Bryant's trying to go after the leg before Wright can recover!

[Lifting the leg a second time, Bryant SLAMS it down into the canvas!]

GM: Again into the mat!

[Flipping Wright over to his back, Bryant goes to apply the spinning toe hold but Wright catches him with an upkick on the chin, knocking him down to a knee.]

GM: Oh!

[Still down on the mat, Wright swings his leg fast, slamming his foot into Bryant's ear, knocking the champion down to the mat. The Combat Corner alumni rolls across him, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two!

[Bryant lifts the shoulder at two. There's a moment of near-rage from Wright as he swings a leg over, taking the mount again, and hammering a palm strike down onto the shoulder!]

GM: Big shot to the shoulder!

[Wright continues to slam his palm into the shoulder, knocking Bryant's torso back down to the mat. The Louisiana native slips over, planting his knee on the shoulder, grabbing the wrist with both hands, yanking the arm up...]

GM: Wright's just trying to rip the arm out of its socket with brute strength! There's no execution on this hold... just sheer force!

BW: You saw Wright in that interview, right? He's cracking, Gordo. He's cracking under the pressure. No more Mr. Cool who respectfully disagrees with everyone. He's a big loss away from snapping if you ask me.

CD: I'd be happy to give him that big loss on Thanksgiving night at SuperClash too.

GM: I'm sure you would.

[Wright gives the arm a few more tugs before suddenly throwing the arm back down to the mat, climbing to his feet. He quickly looks composed again, measuring Bryant as the World Television Champion tries to get up off the mat...

...and gets caught in a rear waistlock again!]

GM: Wright's going for another German!

[But Bryant's got other ideas, lashing out with a trio of elbows to the side of Wright's head, breaking the hold. The Doctor of Love dashes to the ropes, rebounding off...

...and running RIGHT into a stiff forearm smash to the skull!]

GM: Ohh! Another hard shot to the head!

[Wright grabs Bryant by the head, snapmaring him down to the canvas into a seated position.]

GM: Bryant's down... Wright's up and stalking him!

[Wright stops in front of a seated Bryant. He gives a big shout, throwing a roundhouse kick aimed at the skull of the Doctor of Love...

...who managed to duck under it, popping back up just in time to catch a back kick to the mush from Wright!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[Which is the perfect setup for Wright to throw a BIG roundhouse kick to the skull of the seated Bryant!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Bryant collapses on the canvas, easy prey as Wright drops to his knees, applying another lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The World Television Champion lifts a shoulder out from under Wright's lax cover attempt, breaking the pin.]

GM: He couldn't get the three count. It was close.

BW: That kick could've turned the lights out on a lot of wrestlers, Gordo. Somehow, Dave Bryant managed to work up another energy to kick out at two though.

CD: Bryant's impressing me a bit here. I thought he was a pity put in this tournament but he's looked good. Too bad my buddy Dave is going to turn his lights out and take his title from him.

GM: Wright has repeatedly landed big shots to the head and neck of Bryant. He hasn't gone for the ribs as much as you might expect considering the injury there.

BW: He doesn't need to, Gordo. If he hits Fat Tuesday, it's over. No working the ribs needed at all.

GM: You're probably right about that as Wright drags Bryant off the mat.

[Holding a handful of hair, Wright slams his elbow down on the back of the neck, repeatedly driving his elbow into the neck! The referee steps in, warning Wright for the hairpull as the Combat Corner alumni flings Bryant into the corner...

...and then rushes in, landing a surprise clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! We don't see a lot of clotheslines out of Wright but that one caught the target and really shook up the Doctor of Love!

[With Bryant dazed in the corner, Wright hooks a front facelock on him, giving a grunt as he strains his ribs, taking Bryant up and over with a guillotine suplex, really putting the pressure on the neck as he does it!]

BW: Guillotine suplex!

[But Wright can't follow through with the usual choke attempt, grabbing his ribs in pain from the physical effort needed to complete the suplex.]

GM: Wright hits the suplex but he can't take advantage of it! The ribs went through too much strain on the suplex for him to apply that chokehold!

CD: That's what we were talking about earlier. Wright knew it would hurt him to use that suplex but he also knew he had to take the chance there. Ultimately, it didn't pay off for him but he still had to take it.

[Wright looks visibly frustrated as he grabs Bryant by the hair, wincing as he pulls him off the mat by the hair. He tugs him into a front facelock, slowly turning him over for a reverse neckbreaker...]

GM: Neckbreaker coming up!

[...but Wright abruptly breaks the grip, spinning to deliver a punishing elbow strike to the back of Bryant's neck!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

[The Combat Corner alumni settles down onto his knees again, rolling Bryant onto his back for another pin attempt.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But again, Bryant lifts a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin!]

GM: Another two count! Bryant got that shoulder up in time!

[Wright looks up at the official who shows two fingers. With a reluctant nod, Wright climbs to his feet again, leaning down to grab Bryant by the hair, pulling him to his feet. He keeps the hold on the hair...]

...and DRIVES his foot up into a doubled-up Bryant's forehead!]

GM: Ohh!

[The crowd groans for every kick as Wright unleashes ten brutal kicks to the forehead, snapping Bryant's head and neck back with each blow. The final

one knocks Bryant backwards, falling into the turnbuckles where Wright pursues, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whip... ohh! Bryant hits the corner hard!

[Wright charges across, looking to attack...

...and goes into a front flip, attempting a koppou kick!]

GM: FLIPPING KICK!

[But a desperate Dave Bryant LUNGES out of the corner at the last moment, causing Wright to slam into the buckles, his leg smashing into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: OHH! HE MISSED!

[Bryant struggles, crawling across the ring towards the opposite corner as Wright lies on the mat, his chest heaving with exertion.]

GM: Ten minutes gone by in this contest... but after the wars they both went through earlier tonight, I'm a bit surprised that they've made it this deep into the match, Bucky.

BW: Bryant just saved himself from that koppou kick. That'll buy him a little bit of time to recover from the beating that Wright's been laying on him so far.

[The veteran drags himself into the corner, leaning back against the turnbuckles as Wright uses the ropes to get to his feet. He slowly turns, ignoring the official checking on him as he stalks across the ring to where Bryant is grabbing the top rope, trying to drag himself off the mat...]

GM: Wright's moving in on him...

[Bryant seems ready to start an attack but Wright catches him with a knife-edge chop across the chest, cutting him off! Bryant staggers down the ropes, leaning against them for support as Wright pursues.]

GM: Wright hooks him by the arm... irish whip...

[But Bryant manages to reverse the whip, sending Wright into the ropes.]

GM: Reversal!

[The Doctor of Love ducks down, dropping to a knee and throwing a back elbow into the ribs!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Whoa! Bryant hits those injured ribs and-

[Standing up, Bryant loops a leg over Wright's neck and grabs him by the arm, stretching it out and leaping up...

...SMASHING Wright's face into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BRYANT PLANTED HIM!! FACEFIRST INTO THE CANVAS!!

[A dazed Bryant flips Wright to his back, lunging across him, paying no regard to his injured ribs as he grabs both legs in a cradle.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! TH-

[The crowd "OHHHHHHHHHs" as Wright just BARELY shoots a shoulder up off the mat!]

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! WRIGHT GOT THE SHOULDER UP!!

[Bryant pushes up to his knees, burying his head in his hands.]

GM: Bryant thought he won it! He thought that was enough to put Wright down for a three count!

CD: No chance. Now, if he'd executed it like me, it might be a different story. By the way, if Dave Bryant wins this tournament and I have to beat him at SuperClash, I'm challenging Jak Martin for the Anniversary Show... maybe Shawn Adams too. Is Alex Reaver still alive?

[Still dazed and hurting, the Doctor of Love climbs to his feet. He leans down, trying to take advantage of Wright's condition as he pulls him off the mat, right into a front facelock...]

GM: He's going for the DDT! Bryant's looking for the killshot!

[Seeing how close they are to the ropes, Bryant backs out a few steps...

...which is enough of a delay for Wright to reposition himself, muscling Bryant up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[Wright steadies himself, trying to hold Bryant up and suck up the pain shooting through his injured ribs. He takes two big steps, throwing Bryant up and over his head, falling to his back with his legs up...

...but Bryant somehow shifts his body, landing on his feet!]

GM: BRYANT COUNTERS!

[And with Wright on his back, Bryant quickly grabs a leg, spinning into the toehold...]

GM: FIGURE FO- NO!

[The crowd ROARS as Wright drags him down in a small package!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! BRYANT SLIPS OUT IN TIME!!

BW: Wright had it scouted and was ready for it! He's a heckuva ring general in there, Gordo!

GM: He certainly is!

CD: Bryant was too slow in slapping that hold on. If he'd picked up the pace a bit, it wouldn't matter how much scouting Supreme Wright had done.

[With the kickout, both men are scrambling, trying to beat the other to their feet first.]

GM: Both men trying to get there first!

[As they both get up to a standing position, Bryant throws a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand!

[Wright fires back, landing a stiff elbow to the temple!]

GM: Wright returns fire!

[Bryant throws another haymaker!]

GM: Bryant!

[Wright hits a knife-edge chop!]

GM: Wright!

[An angry Bryant grabs Wright by the cornrows, throwing a series of short right hands to the skull!]

GM: BRYANT!

[Wright steps back, uncorking a forearm smash that sends Bryant falling back a step... a chop that knocks him back two steps... and finally, a stiff elbow that sends him sprawling back into the corner...

...just before he hits the flipping kick, his heel smashing Bryant in the face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WRIGHT TAKES CONTROL!!

[Grabbing Bryant by the arm, Wright flings him across to the opposite corner. He backs into the buckles, throwing his head back, and giving a shout as he sprints across...

...and CREAMS Bryant with the running European uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[With Bryant dazed and clinging to the top rope to stay on his feet, Wright leans down, muscling him up to a seated position on the top turnbuckle. He backs off, leaning down with his hands on his knees for several deep breaths before straightening up again.]

GM: This match is taking a lot out of both men, Bucky.

BW: Wright's exerting himself in a big way on everything he does and I think it's taking its toll on him. He's breathing hard. He's having to take breaths between moves. He keeps grabbing at the ribs.

[With one more deep breath, Wright steps up to the second rope. He peppers the Doctor of Love with a pair of short forearms to the side of the head, keeping him unsteady before wrapping his arms around the torso of the World Television Champion...]

GM: What the...? He's looking for a belly-to-belly throw off the top!

CD: Man, that'll REALLY hurt the ribs.

[But Bryant's not having any of it, promptly driving his head into the ear of Wright. A few more headbutts to the ear follow quickly thereafter, stunning Wright before Bryant gives a hard shove, knocking him down off the buckles and down to the mat...]

GM: Wright goes down... Bryant stands up!

[The Doctor of Love hurls himself off the middle rope, looking for the sunset flip...

...but Wright mirrors Bryant's actions from earlier, kneeling down on the arms and reaching back to hook the legs!]

GM: REVERSED!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd collectively gasps as Bryant escapes the pin by rolling an off-balance Wright down onto his own shoulders in the sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Wright kicks out, rolling to his feet, grabbing Bryant by the legs. He promptly goes to tie up the legs, looking for the inverted Texas Cloverleaf he calls the Supremacy...

...but Bryant is again well-prepared, instantly kicking and flailing, breaking out of Wright's grip. Wright stumbles back, dropping to a knee off an upkick to the ribs as Bryant pushes up off the mat.]

GM: Back and forth they go! Both men trying to find a way to finish off the other, win this match, this tournament, and go on to SuperClash V to face Calisto Dufresne for the World Heavyweight Title!

[As Bryant pushes towards Wright, the Combat Corner alumni pivots his body, burying a mule kick into the ribs. He spins back, grabbing the hurting Bryant by the hair and tugging him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: He's looking for the Billion Dollar Bomb! We'd know that setup anywhere!

[Wright reaches down, looking to underhook an arm...

...but finds his legs jerked out from under him as Bryant flips over into a double leg cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as Wright suddenly bridges up!]

GM: BRIDGE!

[Wright flips it over, turning into backslide position...

...and then using his leg to sort-of back sweep Bryant's legs, he takes him down aggressively to the mat, jamming the back of Bryant's head and neck into the canvas!]

GM: WHOA!

BW: Was that a backslide DRIVER?!

GM: I suppose you'd have to call it that!

[But the big slam puts Bryant too close to the ropes where he manages to reach out, grabbing the bottom rope and hauling himself under them, dragging himself out onto the ring apron right by the elevated ramp.]

GM: Bryant escapes! Bryant rolls out so that Wright can't make a cover off that modified backslide!

CD: The true sign of a ring general - always knowing where you are inside that ring. Wright may be a technical wizard but Bryant's the veteran who knows what it takes to win.

[Wright pushes up to his knees, narrowly having missed a possible match-ending pin attempt as he claps his hands together in frustration. He crawls the couple of feet to the ropes, pulling himself to his feet as he looks out at a prone Bryant.]

GM: Bryant's barely moving out there. If Supreme Wright wants to try and finish off the World Television Champion, this just might be the time, fans!

[The Combat Corner alumni reaches over the ropes, wincing as he stretches out his ribs in an effort to pull Dave Bryant up off the apron to his feet.]

GM: He's trying to get Bryant up to his feet but...

[Still on a knee, Bryant lunges through the ropes, connecting with a shoulder tackle into Wright's injured ribs. Bryant grabs the ropes, straightening himself up and grabbing a stunned Wright by the back of the head, dropping down to a knee and snapping Wright's throat over the top rope!]

GM: Ohh! He snapped him good there!

[Bryant steps through the ropes as Wright stumbles away, turning away and grabbing his neck...

...which gives Bryant a window to dive, SLAMMING his shoulder into the back of the knee for a second time!]

GM: He clipped him again! Bryant clipped him! He still wants to soften up that knee and look for the figure four leglock!

[Bryant grabs the hobbling Wright, pulling the leg up as he lifts him into the air...

...and DROPS him down, smashing Wright's leg into Bryant's own bent knee!]

GM: SHINBREAK- OHHH!

[Bryant uses the momentum of the shinbreaker to power Wright over in a back suplex, folding him up on the canvas! The TV Champion quickly grabs his ribs for a heartbeat before rolling and lunging into a jackknife pin attempt, running in place as he tries to apply more leverage!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[Wright again lifts the shoulder as Bryant collapses in a heap on the mat, clutching his ribs again.]

GM: Wow! Another near fall there in this one! It's gone back and forth so many times. Hold and counterhold, move and countermove. These two are showing why they're in this position, fans. They're showing why they are the best in the world at what they did!

CD: No, Myers. I'M the best in the world at what I do.

GM: Nevertheless, we've passed the fifteen minute mark in this match and these two continue to go at it! They both want this win so badly. You heard them both speak before the match. Wright says he doesn't just need the win... he doesn't just want the win... he **MUST** win! Dave Bryant says that he can't lose this one and go back to defending the World Television Title... not after what he's been through to get here over the past decade of his career!

BW: But if he loses tonight, that's **EXACTLY** what he has to do, Gordo. He's gotta wake up, look in the mirror, and realize he lost to a better man... and then go defend the Television Title to the best of his ability.

[With Wright still down off the back suplex, Bryant crawls to his feet, slowly approaching his opponent. He leans down, reaching for a leg...

...but Wright suddenly surges upwards, grabbing the arm!]

GM: Wright was playing possum!

[Wright pulls himself up to his feet using Bryant's body, reaching around to secure Bryant's left wrist with his right hand...]

GM: He's looking for the Cobra Clutch Crossface!

[A panicked Bryant flails at the hands grabbing at him, trying to find an escape before the hold can be applied. Failing to break the grip, he **HURLS** his body backwards, smashing Wright against the turnbuckles!]

GM: That's one way to break it!

BW: IS IT?!

[Ever persistent and determined, Wright hangs on tightly to the wrist, refusing to give up his grip on the arm...]

GM: Wright's trying to get the hold locked in! Bryant's fighting him with everything he's got left in the tank!

BW: Gordo, the producers are saying there's some kind of disturbance in the back!

[We quickly cut to a split screen where, as Bryant slams Wright back into the turnbuckles a second time, we see Dave Cooper and the Blonde Bombers trying to get through the curtain but being blocked off by Skywalker Jones,

Hercules Hammonds, MAMMOTH Maximus, and Alphonse Green - all wielding steel chairs!]

GM: Whoa! How about that?! Royalty is being stopped at the curtain!

CD: WHAT?! They can't do that!

GM: They're doing it! We've got a standoff in the locker room and your boys are trapped, Mr. Dufresne!

CD: This can't be happening. They... they...

GM: Cat got your tongue?

CD: Shut up, Myers!

[We cut back to the ring where Bryant and Wright stumble out of the corner, still tangled together...

...and Bryant reaches back, grabbing the arm and THROWING Wright over his shoulder with all his strength, slamming him down to the canvas!]

GM: Whoa! A martial arts style shoulder throw out of Bryant?!

BW: Wright could've countered it but he never dreamed it might happen! Bryant broke the hold with something we've never seen him even do before. He might've been learning that throw JUST for this match, Gordo! Just for this situation!

GM: You could be right about that.

[Bryant falls back into the corner, breathing hard at the reality of ALMOST getting trapped in the Cobra Clutch Crossface. He doesn't have long to recover, clutching his ribs as Wright easily gets back up, feeling almost no effects from the desperation shoulder throw that had nothing on it because of the injured ribs...]

GM: Wright's back up and-

[Bryant throws himself out of the corner, hooking a front facelock, looking for the DDT again...

...but Wright is ready for it again, DRIVING Bryant back into the buckles, slamming his shoulder into the ribs!]

GM: Ohh! Wright counters the DDT and...

[He muscles Bryant up onto his shoulders, turning back towards the center of the ring. He walks out, edging forward just a small step at a time, showing the exhaustion and the physical pain each step is shooting through him.]

GM: He's looking for Fat Tuesday!

[But as he tries to lift, Bryant slips out the back, landing behind him. He takes two steps back as Wright starts to turn, moving forward...]

GM: SUPERKICK!!

[The Call Me In The Morning CONNECTS solidly but because of the close proximity, it hits Wright squarely in the sternum, sending him flying backwards towards the ropes...]

...where he see-saws backwards on the middle rope like a pendulum, swinging back into the ring, arm extended...]

GM: LARIA-

[Bryant ducks down, catching Wright around the torso, muscling him up onto his shoulder...]

...and THROWING him forward with as much strength as he can manage, sending Wright sailing forward and DOWN onto his bent knees!]

GM: OHHHH!

[With Wright kneeling before him, Bryant takes a step forward and pulls one deep breath into his lungs. He leans down, slapping the mat with both hands and with a hellacious scream, he uncorks a full force Call Me In The Morning RIGHT into the jaw of the kneeling Wright!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wright collapses backwards in a heap, Bryant stumbling and then diving into a pin attempt, jackknifing the legs and kicking and pushing with his legs to try and get enough leverage as the referee dives to the mat to count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Bryant rolls to the side, collapsing on his back on the canvas. His chest is heaving, pulling oxygen into his body at a quick pace as both men lie on the canvas.]

GM: He did it! After twenty minutes of action in this thrilling Main Event, Dave Bryant has done it! The World Television Champion is heading to SuperClash where he will attempt to become the World Heavyweight Champion!

BW: Incredible! What a comeback story it's been for Dave Bryant over the past year and a half-

[Suddenly, a loud "CLUNK!" is heard as Calisto Dufresne, perhaps predictably, removes his headset and slides under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: No, no, no!

[Dufresne pulls Dave Bryant off the mat by the hair, tugging him promptly into a front facelock...]

GM: NO!

[...and hoists Bryant parallel to the canvas for a second before DRIVING him skullfirst into the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Take a good look, Gordo! Take a real good look! That's exactly what you're going to see at SuperClash V... Dave Bryant laid out in the middle of the ring and Calisto Dufresne standing over him like the best wrestler in the entire world that he is, daddy!

[Dufresne slowly raises the World Title belt over his head, looking down at a motionless Bryant.]

GM: The World Title match is set! SuperClash V is set! It's the biggest event in the history of the AWA, fans! If you can't join us LIVE in Dallas on Thanksgiving Night, call your cable or dish operator and tell them that you want to see the best wrestlers in the world! You want to see the AWA! You want to see SuperClash V! For Bucky Wilde, Mark Stegglet, and Jason Dane, I'm Gordon Myers and we'll see you on Thanksgiving Night! So long everybody!

[The World Champion grabs Bryant by the hair, pulling his face right up next to the glittering gold title belt...

...as we slowly fade to black.]