

# SuperClash V

November 28th, 2013  
American Airlines Center  
Dallas, Texas

[A black screen. Some legal mumbojumbo appears about not recording and redistributing the Pay Per View that you're about to watch. They mean that too. It's not just talk. You don't want to end up in under the AWA legal team's thumb. Those guys are like junkyard dogs, you hear me?

With the screen still black, we hear the opening piano notes to Guns N' Roses' "November Rain" - a tradition now for the event that you're about to witness.

As the screen fades up onto the SuperClash V logo - strikingly similar to the one above this informational text description - another SuperClash tradition begins... the voiceover provided by the Dean of Professional Wrestling commentary, Gordon Myers.]

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

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

The night when all the biggest matches were held.

The night where careers were built and legends were made.

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

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

...and it has arrived."

[The piano and logo fade in unison only to be replaced by the sounds of "Feel This Moment" by Pitbull featuring Christina Aguilera fills the air. The dance pop track bumps and pulses as we see footage of SuperClash moments of years gone by. A voiceover begins again.]

"It's all about the moment."

[A shot of Alex Martinez and William Craven tangled up in barbed wire from SuperClash IV.]

"Whether it's the moment where the blood starts to pour and you realize you're witnessing the purest form of violence in front of your eyes..."

[James Lynch locking the Iron Claw on Danny Morton's skull during the National Tag Team Title match at SuperClash III.]

"The moment where two incredible tag teams are doing battle to see who truly is the best at what they do..."

[Juan Vasquez waffles "Hotshot" Stevie Scott across the back with the metal briefcase, winning the National Title at SuperClash II.]

"The moment where the history books have a new page written in them..."

[Ten men standing in the ring at SuperClash I - the participants in the very first Steal The Spotlight showcase. MAMMOTH Mizusawa towers over them all, waiting to make history.]

"The moment where it all begins..."

[The shot fades to black.]

"Tonight will be filled with opportunities. Opportunities to do away with longtime rivals. To make history. To capture championships. To cement legacies.

To make a moment. A moment that will live forever."

[The audio fades to silence. Black screen.

And then with a burst of light, we are LIVE inside the quite-large American Airlines Center in Dallas, Texas. The building is rocking as the music continues to blast over the PA system. The production values have obviously been kicked up a notch on this night as special lighting is darting back and forth across the capacity crowd, illuminating the screaming fans.

The panning shot of the building shows the squared circle, surrounded in red, white, and blue ring ropes, is in the middle of the floor. Thin black protective mats surround the ring, covering the concrete floor. There are tons of rows of folding chairs on all four sides of the ring that go from the metal barricade surrounding ringside and run all the way back to where the arena "jumps up" to the second level which is jammed with AWA fans as well. The upper level appears to be completely full to boot which means we are SOLD OUT - SUPER NO VACANCY - sports fans!

The voice of Gordon Myers rings out for those of you watching at home.]

GM: Hello everyone and a Happy Thanksgiving to one and all! You've spent the afternoon stuffing yourself with turkey and pumpkin pie but now it's time

to burn off some calories as you watch the biggest night of the year for the American Wrestling Alliance - SuperClash V!

[Gordon goes quiet for a moment as we pan again across the crowd - showing the full luxury suites where the fans are going just as nuts, revealing the huge ribbon board wrapping around the upper level with "SUPERCASH V" spelled on it. We see the overhead video screens showing the SuperClash logo.]

GM: We are LIVE in the middle of Dallas, Texas in the American Airlines Center on a record-setting night for the AWA! Any record we had, we've broken it here tonight for the biggest show of the year! All-time attendance? Broken! All-time gate? Broken! First time on Pay Per View? We've got it! This is IT, fans! The biggest night perhaps in AWA history and we've got one heck of a show in store for you all!

[More panning reveals the elevated walkway that leads from the entrance stage down to the ring. There are no interview platforms but it looks like the stage would be big enough to host an interview or two if needed. An overhead shot shows off the timekeeper and announce tables at ringside.]

GM: We want to thank you all for taking the time with your families on this special day to watch the greatest show on Earth - the AWA and SuperClash V!

[The shot cuts to a handheld camera down at ringside where our announcers are standing.

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

By his side, as always, is the ever-colorful Buckthorn Wilde. Wilde sports a blinding neon green sportscoat with a dazzling lemon yellow dress shirt underneath. He's foregone the tie this year, opting instead to leave the shirt unbuttoned a few notches to reveal a dangling golden necklace that reads "BUCKY!!!" - yes, with the exclamation points.]

GM: Good evening, fans... and welcome to SuperClash V!

[Gordon smiles as the crowd roars, his voice being pumped in over the PA system for the moment.]

GM: It is the biggest night of the year - some would say the biggest night in AWA history - and we can't think of a place we'd rather be than right here in our hometown of Dallas, Texas! The people of Dallas have always been there for the AWA since Day One and tonight, you've helped us SELL OUT this magnificent facility for what promises to be a VERY special night! And to those of you making history at home by joining us on Pay Per View for the very first time, thank you as well! It's going to be a historic night and I can't wait to get started. Of course, my name is Gordon Myers...

[BIG CHEER! Gordon grins with embarrassment.]

GM: ...and joining me, as always...

[Gordon looks at Bucky, eyeing him up and down.]

GM: Is the man voted least likely to make a End of 2013 Best Dressed list, Bucky Wilde!

[An annoyed Bucky glares at Gordon.]

BW: Very funny, Gordo. Look at this! My mama helped pick this out!

[He gestures at himself as Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: Did your mama pick out that necklace too?

BW: As a matter of fact, it's an early Christmas present, Myers! Don't get me started with you already. We've got a long night ahead of us and you won't like me angry for all that!

GM: I certainly won't. Bucky, we're one year removed from being in Los Angeles for SuperClash IV and this SuperClash promises to be the best one yet!

BW: Of course it does! The AWA doesn't do it any other way! And last year, I had to settle for being Mister Internet Pay Per View but this year...

[Bucky spins to reveal "MISTER PAY PER VIEW!" written across the back of his jacket in sparkling silver glitter.]

GM: Oh brother. This IS going to be a long night. There's so much coming up tonight, fans. Tonight's Main Event, of course, is Champion versus Champion as the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Calisto Dufresne, takes on the World Television Champion, Dave Bryant!

BW: I'm looking forward to that one, Gordo. It's time for the World Champion to prove exactly what I've been saying all along - he IS the best professional athlete in the world today! And if he has to send Bryant to the retirement home to prove it like he did to James Monosso, that's EXACTLY what he'll do!

GM: We've got tag team matches aplenty - The Family Feud between the Martinez family and the Gaines gang... the Stampede Cup qualifying match between Air Strike and the Longhorn Riders... and of course, our World Tag Team Title match pitting the Blonde Bombers against Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds!

BW: The AWA's tag team division has never been as competitive as it is right now and every match counts as these teams try to get at the World Tag Team Titles and as they look ahead to 2014's Stampede Cup!

GM: We've got that big Texas Brawl - the return of Blackjack Lynch to the ring as he teams with his sons against the Beale Street Bullies!

BW: Old Man Lynch should be counting down the hours until he ends up in a hospital bed next to James 'cause the Bullies aren't showing him any mercy later tonight.

GM: Speaking of returns to the ring, we've got two big ones tonight as Steve Spector steps into the ring against Terry Shane III with Shane's future World Title shot on the line! In addition to that, Devon Case makes his return to the ring as part of that enormous twenty-man Steal The Spotlight match!

BW: I can't wait for that one. Twenty men in there trying to earn a future match of their choice? Anything could happen in there, Gordo... anything!

GM: We've got all of that plus so much more but right now, let's head down to the ring for our opening matchup! Take it away, Phil Watson!

[Crossfade to the ring where a tuxedoed Phil Watson is standing, mic in hand, with a big smile on his face.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... the opening contest here for SUPERCLASH V..

[The crowd roars in anticipation.]

PW: ...is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit! Introducing first...

[Hit it, Freddie!]

# Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time.  
# I feel Alllllllll--lllllll---lllllll-vvvveee  
# And the world, turning inside out.... yeaahh.  
# I'm floating around... in ecstasy.. so don't. Stop. Me. Now.  
# Don't. Stop. Me..

[As "Don't Stop Me Now" by Queen kicks in, Alphonse Green steps out onto the aisleway to a surprisingly decent amount of cheers, though it's more than likely that the fans like him better than his opponent.]

PW: From Windermere, Florida, and weighing in tonight at one hundred and ninety-nine pounds.. here is the self-proclaimed "King of the Battle Royals".. ALPHONSE GRRREEEEEEEEEENNNN!

[Green looks out over the audience and flashes a toothy grin as he begins to make his way down to the ring. The camera makes a quick cut to a small contingent of fans somewhere in the arena all decked out in "Gang Green" T-shirts.]

GM: Alphonse Green looking like his usual, way-too-confident for his own good, self here tonight as we kick off SuperClash V!

BW: When you're as good as Alphonse Green has become since he got his start in the AWA, you have every right to be confident! Still, I have to wonder if challenging Dave Cooper was such a good idea.

[Green makes his way to the ring, and slingshots himself over the top rope before he makes his way over to Phil Watson. Green is a small man with long, curly blond hair. A little bit of stubble has formed on his face since the last AWA Saturday Night Wrestling show. He's wearing Kentucky Wildcat-blue trunks, and white boots. He's also wearing a black t-shirt that he's trying to get Watson to notice.]

BW: ...and I don't think getting under Dave Cooper's skin with that t-shirt is a great idea either, Gordo!

GM: That's... the "Party Pooper" Dave Cooper t-shirt Green wanted to show off on SuperClash?

[Sure enough, in block letters on the front of the t-shirt, it says "Party Pooper" Dave Cooper. There's a cartoon face of Cooper on the left side of the t-shirt, wearing a party hat. Dangling out of the cartoon Cooper's mouth is one of those silly party-horns, extended and limp. Green's trying to convince Watson to announce Cooper as "Party Pooper", but Watson shakes his head, having none of it. Green rolls his eyes and shrugs his shoulders, and makes his way to a corner.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of "The Professional" by Leon begins to play over the PA system to big jeers from the Dallas crowd who remember all too well all the chaos and drama that the man about to step through the curtain has caused over the past few years.]

PW: He hails from Albuquerque, New Mexico... weighing in at 260 pounds... he represents Royalty...

The Professional...

DAAAAAAAVE COOOOOOOOPER!

[After a few moments of loud jeers, Dave Cooper walks out from the locker room. He pauses, looking around at the jeering crowd, his hands on his hips. Standing in simple black trunks and kneepads with white boots, Cooper gives a tug to his brown vest with the words "THE PROFESSIONAL" on the back in white lettering.]

GM: It's a big night for Royalty here at SuperClash V. Two titles on the line plus Dave Cooper in this match which many have deemed an unofficial Number One Contender's match for the World Television Title - a status that takes on even greater importance if Dave Bryant is able to capture the World Title later tonight.

BW: That's right, Gordo. O'Connor's office already ruled that Bryant can't hold both titles at the same time so if he flukes his way into the World Title later tonight, he's gotta surrender the Television Title... which just might open the door for someone like Dave Cooper to win the title he's been waiting for for a long time now.

[Cooper makes his way down the aisle, glaring at a pacing Alphonse Green. His eyes are hardened and reveal no emotion as he heads towards the ring, ignoring the continued jeers of the capacity crowd.]

GM: We are sold out here in Dallas for SuperClash V and all of these guys walking through the curtain tonight have GOT to be feeling some butterflies in the stomach over that, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely, Gordo. Heck, I'm feelin' a few butterflies myself so you know the men stepping inside the ring are. Dave Cooper's got a world's worth of experience but that doesn't mean he doesn't get the nerves in a big match atmosphere.

[Cooper steps through the ropes, immediately taking off his vest...

...and throwing it right in the face of Alphonse Green to more jeers!]

GM: Oh, come on! What a show of disrespect out of Coop-

[Green rushes him, leaping up in a Thesz Press as he shoves the vest right into the face, toppling Cooper to a big cheer as referee Marty Meekly signals for the bell!]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[Green winds up, repeatedly slamming his fist down into the vest-covered skull of the Professional.]

GM: Alphonse Green is opening fire on Dave Cooper! Right out of the gates!

[The Florida native is hammering the fists down into the covered head until the referee steps in, forcing him to back off. A blinded Cooper crawls across the ring to the corner, yanking off the vest and throwing it to the floor as Green approaches from behind...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Whoa my! Big knife edge chop out of Green!

BW: And on a big show like this, there's going to be just a little more mustard behind every blow, Gordo. Just a little extra pepper as they lay those chops, punches, kicks... whatever... in.

[Green grabs Cooper by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- no, reversed!

[Cooper uses his size advantage to reverse the whip, sending Green rushing towards the corner as he charges in after him. Green leaps up to the midbuckle...]

GM: GROUND CHUCK!

[...springing back with a kick aimed at the forehead that Cooper ducks under to avoid it, causing Green to land on his feet in the center of the ring. Cooper wheels around in the corner, charging back out...]

...and gets taken down to the mat with an armdrag!]

GM: Armdrag out of Green!

[Both men scramble, trying to get back to their feet first, but Green is the first one there, taking Cooper down a second time.]

GM: Another armdrag by Alphonse Green!

[There's another scramble as the two grapplers race to their feet. Green is the first one there again, instantly leaping up to score with a dropkick that sends Cooper tumbling through the ropes and out onto the elevated wooden entrance platform!]

GM: Green knocks him out to the platform!

[Green pops back up, pumping a fist to a decent amount of cheers from the crowd as he paces around the ring, trying to prepare himself. As Cooper starts to rise, Green races into the far ropes, springing off at top speed...]

GM: HERE! COMES! GREEN!

[The Florida native HURLS himself over the ropes, sailing towards a surprised Cooper...]

...and FLATTENS the Professional with a flying clothesline!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! BIG MOVE BY GREEN AND THIS CROWD IS ROARING!

[Green again gets to his feet with some fist pumps to the cheering crowd. He looks around at the standing crowd, showing a little bit of surprise at their reaction. With a nod, he turns to pull a dazed Cooper up off the wooden ramp...]

...but Cooper slaps the hand grabbing his arm away, burying a knee into the gut of Green!]

GM: Ohh! The veteran was waiting for him!

[Holding Green with a handful of hair, Cooper buries a right hand into the midsection. A second one doubles up Green as Cooper slams the point of his



elbow down into the back of Green's head, knocking the Kentucky Wildcat down to the ramp.]

GM: And just like that, Dave Cooper manages to turn the tide in this one.

BW: Cooper's one of the most underrated grapplers in the entire AWA, Gordo. He's a former National Tag Team Champion and is in the discussion as one-half of the greatest tag team in AWA history. He's seemed to be on the verge of singles gold for quite some time now but just can't see to get over the top. 2014 could be the year for him though, Gordo.

GM: A victory here tonight would certainly seem to get him on the way. He just might earn another World Television Title shot if he beats Green.

[Cooper stomps Green viciously a few times, ignoring the referee protesting from inside the ring. The referee starts up his ten count anew, reaching three as Cooper hauls Green off the ramp by the hair, throwing him back over the ropes into the ring. The Professional follows suit, stepping in and absorbing some reprimands from the referee as he does.]

GM: Marty Meekly's letting Cooper have it for not getting the action back into the ring.

BW: A bit of a double standard if you ask me. I didn't hear Meekly flipping out when Green dove out over the ropes onto Cooper.

GM: Maybe Marty Meekly's fully aware of what Cooper's capable of out there. Ask Sultan Azam Sharif or Glenn Hudson.

[Back in the ring, Cooper delivers a soccer kick to the ribs of a rising Green, rolling the youngster back onto his back.]

GM: Hard kick to the ribs there. Alphonse Green comes from a family of bodybuilders and is the son of former pro wrestler Anthony "Dead Lift" Green.

BW: More like "Deadbeat" Green. That guy was as useless as can be, Gordo.

GM: Alphonse's father was quite the popular wrestler up in the Pacific Northwest, Bucky.

BW: Popular, sure. Successful? No way.

[Cooper pulls Green up, throwing him back into the corner where Green wraps his arms around the top rope to stay on his feet. A trio of hard shots to the body has Green falling down to his knees as Cooper glares at the protesting official.]

GM: Dave Cooper continues to work over the midsection of Green, repeatedly going after the ribs, maybe trying to take a little wind out of his rival.

[Cooper winds up, smashing his closed fist down into the eyebrow of the kneeling Green. A second one follows suit, knocking Green back into the buckles as the referee steps in again, calling for a break.]

GM: Cooper steps back... and then right back in...

[The Professional raises his leg, pressing his boot down on the throat of Alphonse Green, strangling the air out of him to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: He's choking him in the corner! Get in there, referee!

[Marty Meekly's right back in, starting a count. Cooper breaks off the choke at the count of four, sneering as he walks across the ring, leaving a gasping Green down on the mat.]

GM: Cooper's dragging Green out by the foot, right out to the middle of the ring... and drops a big elbow down into the ribs!

[Cooper pushes up to a knee, hammering the ribcage of Alphonse Green with repeated right hands.]

GM: Cooper's continuing to hammer away at the ribs!

[The Professional slowly pushes up to his feet, gesturing at the jeering crowd, encouraging them to boo louder...

...and then drops down, driving his knee into the ribs!]

GM: Ohh!

[He grinds his kneecap back and forth into the ribs, smirking at the jeering crowd. The referee forces him to step back, giving Green the chance to roll to all fours, crawling towards the ropes...

...but Cooper rushes in, grabbing the ankle with a shake of his head.]

GM: It looked like Green was trying to get out of the ring, trying to get a chance to get a breather but Cooper cut him off. Green back to his feet...

[A hooking right hand sends Green falling back into the ropes, clutching at his ribs as Cooper grabs an arm...]

GM: Irish whip...

[As Green rebounds, Cooper raises a leg for a knee to the gut...

...but Green leaps over, cradling Cooper and dragging him down in a modified schoolboy!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Cooper kicks out strongly, throwing Green off of him and back down to the mat. Both men move quickly, trying to get back up but Cooper is there first, burying a boot into the midsection as he rises...]

GM: Oh! Cooper cuts him off before he can get all the way back to his feet!

[Cooper SLAMS the point of his elbow down into the back of the neck again, knocking Green down to a knee.]

GM: Dave Cooper is just methodical in there, slowly breaking down his opponent's ribs and neck, trying to soften him up for moves like the spinebuster or the Gourdbuster - the signature weapons in the arsenal of the Professional.

BW: Those are devastating moves that can spell the end of someone's night in a hurry, Gordo.

GM: You better believe that Alphonse Green knows that and knows what he has to do to avoid them.

[Pulling Green up by the hair, Cooper shoves him back into the ropes where he rebounds out towards a kneeling Cooper who SLAMS his palm into the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Palm strike to the solar plexus and down goes Green to all fours!

BW: A shot like that to right there will really knock the wind out of your sails, Gordo.

GM: Certainly will.

[Cooper sneers at the official as he pulls Green off the mat again, shoving him back into the corner where he lays in a few boots to the abdomen before grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whip coming up. He shoots him across...

[Cooper runs in after him, looking to deliver a big shot...

...and runs RIGHT into a back elbow to the chin!]

GM: OHH! Green caught him by surprise there!

[Green leaps up to the middle rope before springing back, twisting around into a crossbody...]

GM: BIG CROSSBODY!! ONE!! TWO!!

[But Cooper again kicks out with authority, avoiding a pinfall. He slips up to a knee as Green struggles to get off the mat...

...and BURIES a right hand into the midsection! Cooper shakes out his hand as he rises to his feet and drills Green with a haymaker, sending him stumbling back into the corner again.]

GM: Cooper backs him down into the corner... he may try it again, Bucky. We're just about to the five minute mark in this - our opening contest here at SuperClash V!

[Grabbing the arm, Cooper looks for another Irish whip...

...but Green reverses it, sending Cooper slamming backfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: REVERSED!!

[The crowd cheers as Green falls to a knee, grabbing at his midsection. He struggles to get up, moving slowly towards Cooper who is stunned in the corner...

...and leaps up to the second rope, raising his clenched right hand to a big cheer!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Green switches his stance on the middle rope, stepping off onto Cooper's upper thighs and grabbing the Professional by the back of the head before leaning back, flipping Cooper halfway across the ring!]

GM: Monkey flip out of the corner and Cooper FLEW across the ring!

[Green rolls to all fours, pushing off the mat with a grimace on his face. He slowly stumbles towards Cooper, shoving the Professional into a seated position as he rears back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Three spine-rattling kicks to the back leave Cooper wincing on the canvas as Green looks out at the cheering crowd who seem to be imploring him to do it again. He looks around, raising a finger to a big cheer.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd roars as Green rushes to the ropes that Cooper is facing, rebounding off...

...and connecting with a low dropkick to the face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ALPHONSE GREEN IS TAKING CONTROL!

[Green lunges into a lateral press as Marty Meekly drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH- HE KICKS OUT!! COOPER'S OUT IN TIME!!

[The Kentucky Wildcat climbs slowly off the mat, shaking his head in disappointment as he wobbles towards the ropes, ducking through them to the elevated ring ramp...]

GM: Green's on the ramp! Cooper's trying to get to his feet...

[With the Professional rising, Green leaps into the air, springing off the top rope to a big cheer, arm outstretched...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!!

[...and FLATTENS Cooper with a flying springboard clothesline!]

GM: Green LEVELS Cooper!

[The crowd roars for the high flying move as Green drops down to his knees, diving into another pin attempt!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP!! COOPER GETS THE SHOULDER UP!!!

[Green pushes up to his knees, slamming his hands together in frustration. He shakes his head as he gets back to his feet, hands on his hips as he looks at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Marty Meekly says it was just a two and Alphonse Green can't believe it.

BW: Believe it or not, he needs to stay on focus and try to find a way to finish off Dave Cooper, Gordo. He can't get distracted by the referee, by the count, by the crowd... whatever... because if he does, a veteran like Cooper will take advantage of it.

[The Wildcat leans down again, dragging Cooper off the canvas.]

GM: Big right hand by Green... and another!

[Grabbing Cooper by the arm, Green goes for an Irish whip but the ever-ready Cooper reverses it...]

GM: Cooper reverses and-

[The crowd gasps as he elevates Green by his upper thighs, rotating, spinning, and DRIVING Green into the canvas!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER!! SPINEBUSTER!!

[Cooper swings his arms apart in front of him in a "it's over" gesture before crawling into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as Green's shoulder just BARELY shoots off the canvas in time!]

GM: Kickout! Cooper almost had him but Green just barely got the shoulder out of there in time!

BW: That was razor thin close, Gordo.

GM: It certainly was. Green's been close. Now Cooper's been close. But who will find a way to pull this out in the end and get one step closer to the AWA World Television Championship?

[Back on his feet, an angry Cooper buries a pair of knees into the ribs of Green as he pulls him up. Cooper looks out at the crowd before slinging Green's arm over his neck...]

GM: He's looking for the Gourdbuster, fans!

BW: If he hits it, it's over!

[Cooper is about to lift Green up for the big move when Green suddenly drops down, pulling Cooper with him.]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE ALMOST GOT HIM, BUCKY!

BW: That was too close, Gordo.

[A shocked Cooper rolls from the ring, perhaps looking to regroup...

...but he doesn't get the chance as Green builds a head of steam by hitting the far ropes, bouncing off, and charging at top speed across the ring before throwing himself through the ropes in a suicide dive!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG DIVE TO THE FLOOR BY ALPHONSE GREEN!!

[Green gets up on the floor, raising an arm towards the cheering fans before pulling Cooper up, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. He pumps the arm again before climbing up on the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: Green's on the apron... what's he looking for here?

[As Cooper staggers to his feet, Green deadleaps to the top rope, springing off again...]

GM: CROSSBODY OFF THE TOP!!

[He connects solidly with the chest of Cooper, knocking the Professional down to the mat...

...where Cooper uses the momentum to roll through, grabbing a handful of trunks and pulling hard!]

GM: He's got the tights! He's got the tights!

[Not seeing the illegal edge, the referee drops to the mat and slaps the canvas three times.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Ahh... you gotta be kidding me!

[Cooper promptly rolls out to the floor, bailing out of the ring. The Professional looks back to the ring, smiling as Green looks on in shock at the official. The Kentucky Wildcat gestures, tugging at his trunks to show what Cooper did as the Professional starts walking towards the locker room.]

GM: Dave Cooper wants no part of what comes next! He wants no more of Alphonse Green on this night! What a way to start off SuperClash V but coming up next, it's time to find out who will be the first tag team entered into the 2014 edition of the Stampede Cup! Will it be the Longhorn Riders or will it be this team... Air Strike? Take it away, Mark Stegglet!

[Green climbs to his feet, angrily protesting the match decision as Cooper backpedals down the ramp, hands raised above his head in triumph as we crossfade to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing next to the

duo of Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz, Air Strike. Aarons has on a pair of long purple tights with a black vertical stripe going down each leg. Mertz is wearing long black tights with a vertical purple stripe going down each leg. Both members are wearing their brand new Air Strike tee short and both have smiles from ear to ear.]

MS: I'm standing here with Air Strike who are set to take on the Longhorn Riders, and gentlemen, no question you guys are excited for this.

MA: Excited?

[Aarons looks over at Mertz who shrugs.]

MA: Ecstatic?

[Aarons again hams to the camera as he looks at Mertz who shakes his hands back and forth.]

MA: Pumped up?

[Aarons simply shakes his head.]

MA: How about all of the above!

[Mertz and Aarons exchange a fist bump.]

MA: Stegs, anyone who dreams of stepping into that squared circle – dreams of wrestling on the biggest stage of them all! That's SuperClash, baby! The biggest of the big; the best of the best; the brightest of the bright and in just a few short minutes, Cody and I get to wrestle on that very stage. Making the first of many Air Strike moments!

CM: It's an honor, an absolute honor to be here; to be in front of my home state fans, living the dream. The pinnacle of professional wrestling today is SuperClash and going from last year being some kid at the Combat Corner watching the event to being in the event, it's surreal.

MS: Any thoughts on your opponents tonight, Pete and Jim Colt, the Longhorn Riders?

MA: The Riders have been going on and on for the past month about how we don't deserve what we have. They're jealous of this (tugs his shirt) and they're jealous of the Air Strike action figures. But mostly – they're just jealous because they know that the future is Air Strike and we're just better than them!

CM: (laughs) And frankly we're tired of hearing that we don't deserve to be where we are. Jim, Pete, I worked to get here, fought to get here. You guys have the size and the legacy – me? I had some run down old gym in El Paso and Todd Michaelson's face on the TV every Saturday telling me that if I wanted it bad enough that I could be a star. So I worked, I sweat, I trained



and I'm here – at SuperClash living that dream the commercial told me I could have. And I'm not going to let –

[Mertz stops and looks over at Aarons. Mertz smiles and slaps his partner on the back.]

CM: We're not going to let that dream get taken away from us.

[Aarons nods in agreement as he takes over.]

MA: Those two walking bags of ugly think that they can pick on people because they're smaller and they think attacking people with whips and chains makes them bad. It hasn't, it made them a target. They wanted Air Strike. They wanted the high-flying; they wanted the death defying! They wanted the Teenage Dream Team! But I can promise you Stegs... they aren't going to want the results!

[Another fist bump from Air Strike and the duo walk off.]

MS: Air Strike and the Longhorn Riders with the winners qualifying for the Stampede Cup is mere moments away and right now, let's go right back to ringside to Gordon and Bucky!

[Crossfade back to our announcers at ringside.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. 2013 has just over a month remaining in it but already, we're hearing talk of 2014 which is just around the corner. More specifically, we're talking about the Stampede Cup.

BW: The Stampede Cup is THE premier event for tag team wrestling. Teams come in from all over the wrestling world for a shot at winning the whole thing because not only do you get that big sparkling trophy... not only do you get the right to call yourselves the best tag team in the world... but you get that big ol' check for one million dollars, daddy!

GM: In 2009 - the very first edition of the tournament saw Calisto Dufresne and Adrian Freeman win it all. In 2010, it was Violence Unlimited. 2011 saw VU get to the Finals again but it was the Lynches who were victorious that weekend in Atlanta. And after a year break, the Cup returned earlier this year when the Blonde Bombers won it. Four teams in the record books at having won the biggest tag team tournament in our sport... and in 2014, another team will join the list.

BW: The tag team division is arguably the hottest it has ever been so the teams are going to be lining up to get their crack at the Cup... and tonight, we're going to find out who the first team in that field will be, Gordo.

GM: We're going to have more details about the tournament in the days and weeks ahead but for now, let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

[Crossfade to the ring.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is a qualifying match for the 2014 Stampede Cup tournament!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The driving guitar beat of Joe Satriani's "Ride" plays over the PA, and immediately two men stride from the back. Clad in white dusters (over black Harley Davidson T-Shirts), blue jeans, brown leather cowboy boots, brown leather cutoff gloves, and black motorcycle helmets with a red "Longhorn Riders" logo airbrushed on each side, this is "Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt... the brothers known as the Longhorn Riders. They are side-by-side and almost in step as they power-walk straight to the ring.]

PW: Coming down the aisle... from Gun Barrel City, Texas... at a total combined weight of five hundred forty two pounds...

..."Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt...

...THE LONGHORN RIDERS!

[The cowboy bikers reach the ring at the same time and go straight in to the boos of the crowd. Though the Colts have different builds, they do have similar facial features and the same reddish-brown 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: Two of the toughest men you'll find in the AWA locker room and a serious threat inside that ring every time out, fans.

BW: The Riders have been in the AWA for quite some time now and quite frankly, I think they're one of the most underrated teams we've got, Gordo. They could easily win this match, put a run together in the tournament, and really surprise a lot of people.

[The Riders back into the corner, huddling up to discuss strategy as the music changes to "Can't Hold Us" by Macklemore and Ryan Lewis to a big cheer from the AWA faithful in Dallas.]

PW: From Carson City, Nevada and El Paso, Texas respectively... weighing in at a total combined weight of 420 pounds... Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz...

AAAAAAAAIR STRIIIIIIIIKE!

[Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons come racing out of the back to the cheers from the crowd.]

GM: One of the most popular tag teams in the entire AWA, Air Strike have really come out of the gates strong since graduating from the Combat Corner.

BW: It can be a tough for a rookie to start off hot and keep going hot. You look back at names like Aaron Anderson who started hot and then spiraled down to nothing until making his return as part of the Shane Gang. You look at someone like Eric Preston who went from wrestling Juan Vasquez in his debut to getting caught up in a blood feud with James Monosso that many would argue seriously damaged his career. So far, Aarons and Mertz are keeping momentum on their side but it remains to be seen how long they can keep it up.

[All smiles and sprinting down the aisle, Air Strike slap the hands of all the fans that stick their arms out. Aarons has a well-toned, tanned small size frame with shoulder length brown hair. He is wearing long purple tights with a black vertical stripe going down the leg.

Mertz is a similar size if not a little smaller with short, messy dirty blonde hair. Mertz has on long black tights with a purple vertical stripe going down each leg. Each is wearing the brand new Air Strike tee shirt! Both members sling themselves over the top rope and then rip off their shirts before throwing them into opposite sections of the crowd...

...which leaves them wide open for a Riders sneak attack as Jim and Pete rush forward, hammering both men with forearms across the shoulderblades!]

GM: Ohh! The Longhorn Riders attack before the bell and the match is underway!

BW: Air Strike didn't look too bright there, Gordo. Everyone knows the Riders like a fast start. Air Strike was distracted playing to the fans and it cost them.

[A barrage of heavy blows to the back of the head and neck sends Aarons and Mertz into the ropes. Jim and Pete each grab an arm on their victim, preparing for a double whip...]

GM: Each Rider sends his man in...

[As Mertz and Aarons rebound, they baseball slide between the legs of the Colts in unison before popping back up to their feet and uncorking a double dropkick that sends the Colts stumbling backwards!]

GM: Nice move by Air Strike!

[Mertz and Aarons spring back up, racing to the ropes together, springing back...

...into a double sidestep that allows the Riders to ROCKET Air Strike over the top rope!]

GM: Over the- Air Strike hangs on!

[The crowd cheers as Mertz and Aarons use their agility to hook the top rope, landing on their feet on the apron. The Riders come rushing in on them as they use the top rope to catapult over, each hooking a headscissors, twisting and throwing the Riders down to the mat to another big cheer!]

GM: Tag team specialists! That's what Air Strike are, Bucky!

BW: They work well together. They make quick tags. They cut the ring in half. And to top it off, they've got some great doubleteam moves. It's all a part of being a great tag team. But the Riders are in that category as well. They may not be as flashy as Air Strike but when it comes to top notch teamwork, the Riders have to be on the top of list too, Gordo.

GM: They certainly do.

[The Riders roll out to the floor, looking to regroup as the official steps in, forcing Mertz and Aarons back to their corner so they can get one man in and one man out of the ring.]

GM: Referee Ricky Longfellow looking to establish his authority early on in this one as he gets Michael Aarons to stay in while Cody Mertz goes to the apron. The Colts are still looking fired up on the floor but as they discuss strategy, it looks like the bigger brother, "Texas" Pete, will be starting off for them... and as he climbs up on the apron, the fans are really letting him have it, Bucky.

BW: He's from this state! They should love him!

GM: The fans of Texas are hugely loyal to those from the state usually but with a bad seed like Pete Colt, they'll make an exception.

BW: Yet they'll cheer those no-account Stenches and their drooling old man father!

GM: I'd love to see you can Blackjack Lynch that to his face.

BW: I'd love to do it but I'm busy out here with you, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure.

[Colt steps through the ropes, a mean glare on his face as he stares across at Aarons who hops back and forth, swinging his arms across his chest to stay loose. The referee signals them together and Pete Colt comes quick, tying up Aarons in a collar and elbow. The two men move around the ring a bit, Colt basically dragging his much smaller opponent.]

GM: Whew, Michael Aarons is giving up a lot of size to Pete Colt.

BW: Colt is six foot three and nearly three hundred pounds of solid mass while Aarons is six one and tips the scales at two and a quarter. But wait until Mertz gets in there. He's two bills soaking wet if he's lucky.

[Colt pushes Aarons out to the center of the ring and then angrily shoves him off, putting Aarons down on the mat where he scampers back to his feet instantly.]

GM: Pete Colt showing off that power advantage as he shoves Michael Aarons down to the mat!

[A smirking Pete Colt looks across at Aarons, slapping his biceps with a nod to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: The big man sure is proud of himself after that.

[The two men come together into another tieup with Aarons instantly pulling his opponent into a side headlock.]

GM: Aarons takes him into the headlock but not for long as Colt shoots him off to the ropes...

[A wild swinging right hand is ducked by Aarons who keeps on running, hitting the far ropes where he rebounds off...]

GM: Ohh! Leaping back elbow right on the chin and down goes Pete Colt!

[Aarons scrambles up, a blur of motion as the crowd cheers him on. Colt is slower to recover, a hand on his chin as he gets back up to his feet. He stands still, glaring at Aarons who is bouncing from foot to foot, staying active...

...and a look of panic crosses Michael Aarons' face as Pete Colt rushes him, tying him up for a split second before bringing a knee up into the body.]

GM: Big knee... and another... and a third backs him into the corner...

BW: I believe the feeling out process is over, Gordo.

GM: You're absolutely right- ohh! Big heavy forearm across the back of the head takes him down to a knee...

[The referee steps in, warning Pete Colt as he stares out at the cheering crowd, ignoring Aarons trying to climb back to his feet off the mat. He leans down, pulling Aarons up by the arm...]

GM: Big whip coming up...

[But as Aarons approaches the corner, he extends his arms to slow his approach, kicking his legs up and going parallel to the canvas as a surprised Pete Colt tries to follow him in, smashing into the buckles as he does so!]

GM: Nice counter by Aarons and he takes him down with a hiptoss!

[Aarons swings around as Colt climbs to his feet, rushing at him as Colt rushes towards him...

...and leaps up, landing on the shoulders of Colt where he quickly takes him over in a Victory Roll!]

GM: Oh my! He's got one! He's got two!

[But Colt powers out at two, sending the Carson City native sprawling.]

GM: Air Strike is coming on hard and fast here in the opening moments of this one as Michael Aarons has Pete Colt struggling to stay on his feet.

[Pete Colt looks steaming mad as he gets up, slamming his arms down on the top rope in anger.]

GM: The tempers on both members of the Longhorn Riders is something to watch out for. It can carry them on offense but it's also likely to cause them to make a mistake at any given time, Bucky.

BW: Red hot tempers on them both, Gordo.

GM: Air Strike is one of the hottest tag teams on the roster right now and the Longhorn Riders are going to need all the power, all the size, all the toughness they can manage if they want to knock off Aarons and Mertz.

BW: Everyone's trying to jockey for position. They all want to be the Number One Contender to the World Tag Team Titles currently held by the Blonde Bombers.

GM: For now. Remember, the Bombers will put the gold on the line later tonight when they meet Hercules Hammonds and Skywalker Jones. The winner of that one is going to have their work cut out for them as both of these teams along with squads like Anderson and Strong, the Rave, the Young Bloods, the Moonshiners, the Baddest Thangs Runnin', and so many others are lining up for their shot at the titles as well.

BW: Don't forget about Steal The Spotlight later tonight as well. Remember, that's why Jones and Hammonds have their shot at the titles tonight at all. The winner of that one might insert themselves into the tag title mix as well... especially if it's someone like one of the Bishop Boys.

GM: Only one man can win Steal The Spotlight but it could quite easily be Cletus Lee Bishop or the returning Duane Henry.

[While the announcers were providing further hype, we saw another tieup result in Pete Colt securing a powerful side headlock, squeezing the melon of Michael Aarons for several moments before Aarons backs him blindly towards his own corner, slapping the outstretched hand of Cody Mertz.]

GM: The first tag of the match for Air Strike brings Cody Mertz in as Aarons shoots him off...

[Aarons drops down, forcing Colt to leap over him before promptly ducking down as he goes under a leapfrog out of Mertz. As Colt hits the far ropes, both men drop down to their backs, lifting their legs...

...and LAUNCHING Pete Colt into the air before dumping him down to the mat with a double monkey flip!]

GM: Oh my! What a doubleteam out of Air Strike, fans!

[A furious Jim Colt steps through the ropes, coming in fast towards the rising Air Strike who stop him cold with a double hiptoss that takes him up and over to the mat! Big cheer!]

GM: Air Strike takes down Jim Colt as well! They're showing exactly why they're one of the teams to beat here in the AWA right now, rocketing up the Top Ten rankings towards the World Tag Team Titles.

BW: They're currently #6 but a win here at SuperClash would go a long way to breaking into the Top Five if you ask me, Gordo.

GM: The rankings constantly under consideration by the Championship Committee as they look at who is deserving of a shot at the titles.

[Both down on the mat, the Colts roll out to the floor again, huddling up as they stare up at Cody Mertz who paces around the ring, calling for them to get back in.]

GM: The Longhorn Riders are looking for some regrouping time outside the ring as they try to figure out what's gone wrong with their strategy in this one so far.

BW: They're just too fast at this point in the match, Gordo. The Colts need to find a way to trap one of them in there with them so they can wear 'em out. Beat 'em down, keep 'em down, and keep it that way has always been a winning strategy against high flying, speedy tag teams.

[Mertz waves Jim Colt in and they oblige as Pete rolls under the ropes just to tag his brother into the match.]

GM: "Slim" Jim Colt brings himself legally into the ring for the first time in this one as he looks to find a way to succeed where his brother could not.

[Mertz and Jim Colt go back into a collar and elbow where Jim quickly hooks the side headlock.]

GM: Jim to the side headlock. A little smaller than his brother, Jim tips the scales at 251... still a fifty plus pound weight advantage over the much

smaller Cody Mertz but where Jim gets a size edge is he stands six foot six in there.

BW: That height will really help the leverage in a hold like this side headlock too.

[Mertz throws a pair of forearms into the ribs, loosening the grip before firing Jim Colt off into the ropes...

...but gets knocked flat with a running shoulder tackle!]

GM: Oh my! Big tackle by "Slim" Jim puts Mertz down on the mat!

BW: Did anyone get the license on the truck that just ran down Mertz? The kid got knocked halfway across the ring!

[Looking a little rattled, Mertz struggles to his feet as Colt hits the ropes again, looking to deliver another one...]

GM: Armdrag takedown by Mertz!

[Mertz, using his speed, is back to his feet in a flash, ready to strike again as Jim Colt lumbers off the canvas. Colt stumbles, wandering towards the wrong corner...

...and gets cracked with a right hand by Michael Aarons to a big cheer!]

GM: Oh my! He went to the wrong part of town right there!

BW: Aarons had no business hitting him and-

GM: And Mertz takes him back down with another armdrag, switching right into an armbar this time.

BW: Don't interrupt me, Myers! You're trying my patience and it's the second match of the night!

[Kneeling on the mat, Mertz yanks on the arm a few times as the referee checks for a submission. Getting none, Mertz quickly finds himself back on his feet as Jim Colt shakes off the effects of the right hand to get back to a vertical basis...

...where he grabs a handful of hair, walking Mertz over towards the neutral corner while still stuck in the armbar.]

GM: To the corner...

[Colt attempts to slam Mertz' head into the top turnbuckle but Mertz lifts a leg, blocking the attempt...

...and then SLAMS Colt's head into the buckles instead!]



GM: Ohh! Headfirst to the corner!

[Colt staggers out into another armdrag, ending up back on the mat with Mertz kneeling over him, tugging on the arm.]

GM: Air Strike's doing a fantastic job of cutting the ring in half and keeping their opponents on their side of the ring.

BW: So far, yes, but this one's far from over, Gordo... far from over.

[Proving Bucky correct, Jim Colt almost instantly gets back to his feet again, pushing at the chest of Cody Mertz and driving the much smaller man backwards from the center of the ring, ending up pulling off a switch into a standing full nelson.]

GM: Full nelson hooked in by Jim Colt, again using that leverage to his advantage as he stretches out the arms and the neck of Cody Mertz who-how about that?! A reversal by Mertz!

[The crowd cheers as Mertz shakes Colt's upper body up and down with the full nelson...

...which brings in Pete Colt, rearing back a right hand as Mertz turns towards his corner!]

GM: Pete Colt from behi- hah!

[Pete pulls up as Mertz turns suddenly back towards him, narrowly missing Pete blasting his own partner...

...who switches back into his own full nelson!]

GM: Jim hooks it in again... and now here comes Pete with the right!

[The crowd cheers as Mertz drops down out of the hold, causing Pete to blast his own partner across the jaw, knocking him flat! There's a big cheer as the referee forces Pete out of the ring and Mertz dives atop for a cover.]

GM: The referee's trying to get Pete Colt out of there so he's out of position for a one... there's a two... but Jim Colt's out the back door.

BW: I don't care how out of position the referee was. You weren't about to get a pinfall on a Colt off a right hand... even if it's the other Colt throwin' it, Gordo.

[Mertz grabs the arm of Jim Colt, twisting it around into a wristlock as he reaches out to tag his partner.]

GM: Aarons in off the tag... hops up on the middle rope...

[And comes off with a forearm across the twisted arm!]

GM: Aarons hits the arm... and ties it right back up into an armbar.

[Grabbing the wrist, Aarons twists it around again, causing Jim Colt to wince in pain before grabbing a handful of hair...]

GM: Takes him down with the hair!

[...but as he tries to get away, Aarons hangs on to the wrist, causing Colt to flop back down to a knee, clutching at his arm as Michael Aarons gets back to his feet, hanging onto the hold.]

GM: Aarons hangs on - such determination in there!

[A swift kick to the back of Colt's leg sweeps him out, dropping him down to his back and allowing Aarons to drop a leg across the hooked arm!]

GM: Oh! Air Strike has turned their focus onto the arm of Jim Colt as they try to wear the smaller man down in the Longhorn Rider duo.

BW: It's a sound strategy. You don't want to trade blows with the Riders and this could take some of that offense away from Jim Colt... although I'd look at taking out the leg and eliminating Boot Hill as an offensive weapon if I was drawing the gameplan for a team facing the Riders.

GM: A very good idea as well.

BW: You don't get to be a multiple time Southern Manager Of The Year for nothing, Gordo.

[Holding the arm, Aarons backs to his corner again, tagging in Mertz who comes in and promptly uppercuts the twisted arm, causing Colt to slump down to a knee, grabbing at his arm.]

GM: Good tags, great doubleteams. Air Strike is looking great tonight here on the biggest stage in the wrestling world, SuperClash V, Bucky.

BW: They certainly are. I thought the Riders might be in for a quick night against these two baby-kissin' Boy Scouts but this is a toughest fight than I expected.

[Mertz twists the arm again but as he does so, he allows Jim Colt's lanky frame to slip too close to the other corner as Jim reaches out and catches Pete's outstretched hand.]

GM: Tag! I'm not sure if Mertz saw it!

[Pete comes in quickly, clenched fists at the ready.]

GM: Here he comes and-

[The crowd cheers as Mertz lets loose a flurry of right hands to the incoming Colt, cutting off his offensive attack...]

...and then leaping up, catching him around the head with his legs...]

GM: Beautiful headscissors out of Mertz! One of the best you'll ever encounter at throwing a headscissors, Bucky.

BW: Looked good and it caught Pete Colt flat-footed!

[As Pete climbs back off the mat, Mertz snares him in a side headlock. But the powerhouse of the Riders isn't in it for long as he shoves Mertz off to the ropes, taking a big swing with a right hand that Mertz ducks, heading for the far side...]

...where Jim Colt slides down the apron, swinging his knee up into the lower back!]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot by Jim Colt from the outside!

BW: Beautiful, wasn't it?!

GM: Not really, no.

BW: No? He just turned the tide in this match, Gordo!

GM: With a blatantly illegal maneuver!

[Pete Colt smirks as he turns around, looking at Cody Mertz down on the canvas as Michael Aarons protests to the official. Colt turns to taunt Aarons which brings him a couple of steps into the ring before Longfellow forces him back to the apron.]

GM: Michael Aarons is hot under the collar at what just happened in there and who can blame him, fans?

BW: In the meantime, Pete Colt is looking to extract a little payback for what they've been going through here tonight so far in this one.

GM: Colt drags him off the mat... there's the tag to "Slim" Jim...

[With Jim on his way into the ring, Pete hooks a full nelson on Mertz, hoisting him high off the canvas before throwing him down to the mat!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SLAM BY PETE COLT!!

[And Jim immediately leaps into the air, extending his lengthy leg and dropping it down across the chest of Mertz!]

GM: And a big legdrop as well!

BW: Jim Colt has INCREDIBLE leg strength, Gordo. You see it in the float kick he uses as well as Boot Hill and you just saw it on the amazing height a man of his size just got on that legdrop.

[Jim Colt makes a cover, not bothering to hook a leg or really put much weight on the torso of Mertz at all.]

GM: He covers for one... and two... but that's all. A sloppy cover by the veteran if you ask me. The arm was out of there from the get-go and you're just not going to beat Air Strike like that.

BW: It's just an opening shot though 'cause now the tide has turned in the Riders' favor and they've got Mertz at their mercy... and they ain't got a whole lot of that, Gordo.

GM: At least those bullwhips are out on the floor out of reach.

BW: For now.

GM: Absolutely right. You never can tell when the Riders will attempt to get those involved in the match.

[Dragging Mertz to his feet, Colt pastes him with an overhead elbow down between the eyes! A second one knocks Mertz down to a knee as Jim Colt stands over him.]

GM: Jim Colt with a pair of elbows and he's got Cody Mertz reeling off that.

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Jim Colt winds up, drilling him between the eyes with a right hand... and another... and another. The fourth shot knocks Mertz down to his back as the official steps in to reprimand for the closed fists.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow's telling him he has to strike with an open hand.

BW: Fat chance of that happening, Gordo.

GM: You're absolutely right about that.

[Dragging Mertz back off the mat, Colt pulls him into a side headlock...

...and then turns his body to shield the referee's vision before slamming him thumb up into the throat of Mertz, causing a gasping fan favorite to collapse to all fours.]

GM: Oh! A shot to the throat!

BW: Did you see the way Jim Colt hid that from the referee? Brilliant!

GM: You really enjoy a good cheater, don't you?

BW: It's an art form, Gordo. You might not appreciate it but I sure do.

[A soccer kick to the ribs rolls Mertz onto his back, allowing Jim Colt to make another pin attempt, only gaining a two count before Mertz lifts his shoulder

off the mat. The fans cheer as Michael Aarons claps his hands over his head, trying to rally his partner. Shaking his head, Jim Colt pulls Mertz off the mat again...]

GM: Right hand by Mertz!

[The crowd cheers - Aarons echoing them - as a haymaker finds the mark!]

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

[As the time of the match is called, a second right hand lands but Colt fires back with a knee to the gut before using a snapmare to take Mertz down into a seated position...

...where he SLAMS his knee into the back of Mertz' head!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot by "Slim" Jim Colt as he goes for another cover!

[But again, Colt only gets a two count before the spunky Mertz lifts his shoulder.]

GM: Another two count... Cody Mertz just refusing to stay down here in front of his home state crowd! Straight out of El Paso, Mertz dreamed of this moment - wrestling in front of a gigantic crowd on the biggest stage in the business - and tonight, he's getting that opportunity!

[Mertz battles up to his knees, taking shot after shot to the head from Jim Colt who grabs an arm, dragging Mertz towards the corner where he slaps the hand of Pete Colt.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes the near three hundred pound big man...

[Each man grabs an arm, backing Mertz into the ropes...]

GM: The Riders fire him across...

[He ducks under a double clothesline attempt, hitting the ropes fast as he rebounds...]

GM: Off the far side...

[Leaping up for a crossbody, Mertz finds himself caught by both Riders who look at each other for a moment...

...and then fall back, throwing Mertz across the ring in a double fallaway slam!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! You don't see something like that too often, fans, and Cody Mertz is in some serious trouble!

[With Jim exiting the ring, Pete slowly gets back to his feet, approaching the ropes where Mertz is on his stomach, dragging himself down the ropes towards his waiting partner...]

GM: Cody Mertz is trying to get to the corner where Michael Aarons is waiting for him... trying to make that tag...

BW: No chance Pete's letting that happen.

[Grabbing a handful of the back of Mertz' tights, Colt drags him to his feet, spinning him around into an Irish whip...]

GM: Shoots him in again...

[Stepping out to the center of the ring, Pete Colt grabs an incoming Mertz by the torso, shoving him high up into the air...

...where Mertz twists his body around, wrapping his legs around Colt's head on the way down and snapping him over into a hurricanrana!]

GM: WHAT A COUNTER!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Pete Colt uses his power to break out of the cradle, hurling Mertz off of him and towards his corner...]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ROARS for Michael Aarons who slingshots over the top rope, landing on his feet where he immediately highsteps in place a few times before smashing a rising Pete Colt with a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand!

[A trio of right hands has Colt backing down towards the neutral corner where Aarons pursues. He grabs an arm, shooting Pete Colt across...

...and knocking him flat on the rebound with a flying forearm! He pops to his feet, pumping a fist as Jim Colt comes in from behind with a double axehandle to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! We've got a mess on our hands now!

[Jim is stomping Aarons repeatedly as the referee steps in, forcing him back. Aarons slowly gets up as Pete does the same. With a grin, Aarons dashes to the ropes behind him, charging in hard. He leaps up, flattening out for a flying tackle as Cody Mertz throws himself at the back of the legs, taking him down!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Pete Colt is down!

[Jim Colt shoves past the referee, charging in towards Air Strike who rises up in unison and flattens him with a double dropkick in stereo!]

GM: DOUBLE DROPKICK CONNECTS!!

[With Jim Colt down and rolling to the floor, Michael Aarons climbs to his feet, grabbing a rising Pete Colt in a front facelock...]

GM: Aarons is setting up for something here... maybe a DDT or-

[Aarons pulls Colt to the center of the ring and then seems to change his mind, switching into an Irish whip into the corner. He gives his partner a wave as they both approach the buckles, the referee shouting at them...]

BW: These two have been in there together for AGES now! Come on, Longfellow! Do your job!

GM: He's trying to get Cody Mertz to clear out as Air Strike sets Pete Colt up on the top turnbuckle...

[Michael Aarons takes a step out of the corner as Mertz dashes to the opposite corner, wheeling around and charging back in...

...where Aarons elevates him up, throwing him into rana position as Aarons drops flat to the mat and Mertz flips the big man off the top, dropping him down to the canvas!]

GM: MERTZ EXPRESS!

[With Pete Colt down, Michael Aarons slingshot leaps up to the top rope, arms held high over his head for a split second...

...and then hurls himself into the air, flying halfway across the ring, and BURIES his elbow into the chest of Colt!]

GM: Mertz clears out! Aarons covers! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

BW: Ahh, what a ripoff!

[The bell sounds as Aarons leaps to his feet, the crowd roaring as they celebrate the big win.]

GM: Air Strike scores the victory!

BW: Yeah, after being in the ring together for a half hour using all sorts of illegal doubleteams! The referee just HANDED this win to Air Strike, Gordo! Admit it!

GM: The referee's discretion was certainly put to the test in the closing moments of this one but in the end, Air Strike picks up a victory and gains the very first spot in the Stampede Cup tournament! What a win!

[Mertz and Aarons are embracing in the ring, the crowd roaring as Jim Colt protests the decision to the officials and we crossfade back to the locker room area where Jason Dane stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

JD: All right, fans, we've got a lot more action yet to come here at SuperClash V, but there's been a certain individual who has been eluding me for some time, even as he continues to try to meddle in everyone's affairs -- and speaking of which...

[That's when Dave Cooper walks into the camera shot, and from the way he's walking, it doesn't look like he's coming in for an interview, but Jason steps into his path anyway.]

JD: Dave Cooper, you seem to be doing everything you can to get under the skin of Dave Bryant, tried to deny him his opportunity to challenge for the World Title, and keeping quiet about the challenge Alphonse Green issued you...

DC: [interrupting] Now, you wait just a minute, Jason... you start firing off remarks left and right like you are entitled to a response for any of them! But since you are out here acting like the AWA's version of Bob Woodward, I'll humor you by talking, but it's on my terms and not yours, and that's all I have to say on that subject!

[Dave then turns to the camera as Jason shakes his head, but continues to hold the mic toward Dave.]

DC: Dave Bryant, I made my request clear a few weeks ago when I told you to go roll Yuma Weaver out of the closet and get him into that ring, but when you refused to acknowledge that request, I decided I needed to show up in person to make you sure you understood that request. And only because Alphonse Green decided to stick his nose where it didn't belong, the message never got through.

As far as Alphonse Green is concerned, I warned you, son, that you weren't at the level of the likes of Royalty and you needed to step away if you valued your health. Instead, you kept pushing the issue, calling me a party pooper and demanding I get into the ring with you. Well, after what I did tonight, there's only one thing left to say.

Turn out the lights, Alphonse Green, because your party is over.

[A quick glare from Dave to Jason is enough to keep Jason quiet, but still shaking his head.]

DC: Now, regarding Dave Bryant, congratulations on getting your World Title shot. Doesn't matter that it just meant you would become the latest statistic in the Calisto Dufresne winning streak, but congrats nonetheless. But after Dufresne takes care of you later tonight, I'm gonna be there to finish the job. I just beat the top contender to your TV title, the last guy who had a TV title shot had his chance and blew it, so now you have no choice but to come face me again.



Putting myself into the top spot for the TV title rankings is just the first step for Royalty tonight. The Blonde Bombers are gonna take care of MC Hammer version 2.0 and his brainless bodyguard and Dufresne will still be World champ. And it will continue to send the message that Royalty is the most dominant force in professional wrestling today.

And Jason... that is the END of the discussion!

[With that, Cooper walks off. Jason shakes his head again.]

JD: That man avoids more questions than a college football coach. Perhaps my good friend, Mark Stegglet, will have a little more luck with one of the participants in our next match - the very first Hyperstyle Wildbrawl!

[We fade back to the locker room area - more specifically the trainer's room where Mark Stegglet is standing next to Shadoe Rage. Rage is on the table dressed in his wrestling gear, fuchsia and lavender today, except for his left ankle which is raised up on the table and looks like a pin cushion with three acupuncture needles sticking out of the flesh. Rage smears his eyes with the black kohl, completing his look and making his already intense eyes pop for the cameras.]

MS: Thanks, Jason. I am standing back here in the trainer's room where Shadoe Rage is getting some last minute treatment on his injured ankle before heading out to the ring to participate in what - while new to the AWA - promises to be a very dangerous match. The Hyperstyle Wildbrawl. Six men climb inside a steel cage and to win, they've got to get their entire team out of the cage. Shadoe Rage... you've got your work cut out for you tonight as you step inside that cage with this injured ank...

[Stegglet's words trail off as he spots another person walking into the room. The camera turns slightly to reveal Marissa Monet, dressed in close-fitting black jeans and a simple V-neck white T-shirt, and looking on with concern. Her hair frames her face in a large afro puff held in place by a black hairband. She touches Rage's injured ankle gently, studying the still faintly swollen parts.]

MM: I wish you would reconsider this. You know you're not ready to go out there and compete at full strength. Let alone are you ready to compete in a .. what is this again?

SR: Hyperstyle Wildbrawl, Riss. We're making the future happen right here in the past.

MM: Don't you mean the present?

SR: With my partners, the Rave, it doesn't even matter. You'll like these guys, Marissa. I mean they talk a bit funny and they dress a little weird if you ask me, but they're solid.

MM: They say they're from 2032.

SR: Do you know that they're not?

MM: (eyes narrowing) You believe that they are?

SR: Doesn't even matter what I believe. I believe they believe they are from 2032 and that makes it so.

[Marissa sighs. Any wives or girlfriends out there who've tried to argue a point with their man knows what that sigh means. Any man out there who has heard that sigh has probably made the same mistake Shadoe Rage makes when he asks.]

SR: What's wrong?

[We know the reply. You can see it coming from the way Marissa sits back, arms folded across her chest passive aggressively.]

MM: Nothing.

[Oh boy.]

SR: So why you acting like this?

MM: Because I don't want to see you get hurt out there when you're not ready.

SR: I'm about to make history. I'm about to rewrite the future. When we get to 2032 they're going to be talking about me, Riss. Shadoe Rage, first winner of the Hyperstyle Wildbrawl. I'm going to be the blueprint from which all the other Hyperstyle Wildbrawls are mapped out. Think of the possibilities. I'm going to create the future. What more could you want?

MM: You to be competing on a healthy ankle.

[Touche.]

SR: You're just determined not to be cool about this, aren't you?

MM: The Shane Gang is no joke. And that little... [air escapes through her clenched teeth]... that Sandra Hayes hit you with a branding iron. You think they won't hesitate to put you on the shelf again? And your partners ... they're flakes. What happens if they just climb out the cage leaving you alone in there with the rest of the Gang? Then what.

SR: Just say it.

MM: Say what?

SR: You love me.

MM: Of course I love you, you twit. I hate seeing you get hurt. And I don't want to sit there and watch it and be helpless. You know we know a little something about stables and the Gang is as deadly a stable as you've seen in your career even if they are a little goofy.

SR: And?

MM: And what? They've got me worried.

SR: You don't think I can win?

[Marissa takes his hand.]

MM: Of course I think you can win. In my mind you're the uncrowned World Champion. You're the best in the business. But those bafflespeaking Ravers. I swear if they let you get hurt.

SR: So why don't you come down to ringside with me?

[Marissa looks up, eyes searching his.]

MM: What?

SR: Why don't you come down with me and watch my back?

MM: I thought you wanted to forge your own path for a while.

SR: And I have. Here I am about to make the future. Why wouldn't I want my woman beside me when I do it?

MM: Because people have a tendency to poke fun at how devoted you are to me. And you tend to get distracted looking at my behind rather than at your opponents. And I haven't forgotten what was going on between you and Sandra when you debuted.

SR: My ankle.

MM: Stop it.

SR: Are you coming or what?

MM: Try and stop me.

SR: (smiling) Now who can stop us?

MM: Your Achilles heel, maybe.

[Shadoe pulls a face.]

SR: All right, so you're smarter than me and you can speak a lot of fancy words. That's even better to have you out there at my side.

MM: Really? Why?

SR: Maybe you can communicate with the Rave. Aside from Yokeydoke chuckaboos I don't have a clue as to what they're saying.

[Marissa leans forward to pat him on the knee.]

MM: I don't think they do either. Now, if it comes down to it that you're the last one in the cage with anyone of the Gang, here's what I want you to do.

[Shadoe holds up a hand.]

SR: Wait a minute.

[He jerks his thumb towards the camera and Mark Stegglet.]

MM: Right, I keep forgetting when they're around.

[She leans in to whisper in his ear.]

MM: Right, so here's what you do.

[And we fade out with Marissa Monet conspiring in Rage's ear. Will it be enough to beat the odds and win the world's biggest wildstyle hyperbrawl to date? Who knows? But tune in to find out. We fade away from the backstage area where Mark Stegglet looks very uncomfortable at being still in the room during this moment...

...and up to Jason Dane who is surrounded by four individuals who hardly need much of an introduction. To his left stand Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong who are adorned by linebacker sized green shoulder pads with black spikes jetting out in fifteen different directions. Both men are shirtless with black tights that disappear into shin-length green boots. Their faces are splashed with war paint which is much more exuberant than the small white shadows cast around the eyes of Donnie White. Donnie's stark blonde mohawk splits down the center of his black scalp, towering over a foot high. A long glimmering sleeveless trench coat hugs his shoulders much like a white choker clings to his neck.

To their right is the Siren. The at times whimsical but always dangerous Miss Sandra Hayes, dolled up in an after-dark dress worthy of a Grecian goddess. A head-turning ensemble of stunning sheath is embellished with sparkling rhinestones at the crisscross back and tie at the waist. An alluring deep plunge down the center of her chest is both revealing and inviting. Her usual black braid unravels over her left shoulder while her florescent pink handled branding iron rests calmly over her other.]

JD: I am standing backstage with the a faction that debuted one year ago in the very same setting at SuperClash IV. Yes, I am talking about the Shane Gang. I am talking about Aaron Anderson, Lenny Strong, and Donnie White who are moments away from stepping inside the steel cage and going to war with the likes of the Rave and Shadoe Rage. Three men who have

conquered them individually and as a team in the past few months. But tonight is different. Tonight is SuperClash V. Tonight the playful antics of Miss Sandra Hayes and the Shane Gang will be useless --

MSH: Useless?

[Miss Hayes slithers in front of the group, positioning her lips inches away from those of super reporter Jason Dane. The same Jason Dane who is now uncomfortable in his own skin.]

JD: Well, what I meant was --

MSH: I'm very well aware of what you meant. In fact, I am very well aware of the perception cast upon the soldiers beside me and myself. Shenanigans. Childish. Ridiculous. How about hanky-panky? Or is that word too vulgar for the G-Rated television of the AWA, Jason?

[Her sultry eyes widen as she lifts her fingertips to her mouth.]

MSH: You, like everyone else, have made a grave mistaken, Mr. Jason Dane. You saw the antics two weeks ago between Steve Spector and myself and you begin to let your guard down. You no longer saw us as a threat but rather a carnival sideshow here to entertain to you between the grand acts here at SuperClash V. But I must warn you. No, scratch that....

...I must ADVISE you.

[Pause.]

MSH: Do not mistake my playfulness for weakness, Jason. Just as you shouldn't mistaken these men beside me for mere henchmen. We are SO much more than that. Are you forgetting that I was willing to take a lead pipe to the head from Hannibal Carver to protect my client? Are you forgetting that I once looked Sultan Azam Sharif dead in the eyes and blasted him with my branding iron? I may ooooooze femininity and you can make all the wise cracks and vile sexual innuendo remarks about the very idea of THAT and it will not change the fact that when I put my mind to something that not only do I make it happen but I make it memorable.

I may look the part of commando black haired barbie just as the world sees these men as the goons to Terry Shane III but I promise you that when push comes to shove that we are as dangerous and volatile as they come. Do you think Terry Shane III would embark on the AWA with nothing more than a glamorous trophy doll and negligent muscle at his side amidst his mission to restore wrestling as we once knew it within these walls?

Or would he search the world ten times over and collect himself an Army of vigilantes and individuals willing to go to the most extreme lengths humanly imaginable in order to carry out his order?

[Jason lifts the mic to his mouth, Miss Hayes shoves it away.]

MSH: ASK yourself that before you insult my actions with words like playful.

JD: I didn't --

MSH: Save it, hun. This is SuperClash. This is the biggest event of the year and quite possibly of this little shindigs' very existence. You can point all the fingers and slap our hands as much as you want. Shadoe Rage can claim that we are cheaters, rulebreakers, and a walking hypocrisy of Terry's wrestling commandments.

And ya know what? He'd be absolutely right.

I'm really ecstatic that Miss Monet's hand puppet Shadoe Rage can stand in front of a camera and point out the differences between himself and who we are. Because I'm sure that was something that needed to be brought to light. I'm sure Karl O'Connor lost hours of sleep this week laying in bed and thinking, "gee golly, I thought Donnie White was the guy that gave suck-up speeches to the fans" and Marissa Monet was the vivacious girl next door who hits people in the face with branding irons."

[Hayes pursed lips form a wry smile.]

MSH: Fact is, Jason... the world is tired and bored with Shadoe Rage. He could stand here and compare himself or the man he once was to us and talk about how the old Shadoe Rage and Donnie White are really similar...they both wear shirts! They're both African-American! They both suffer from small man syndrome!

DW: Donnie White does not --

MSH: It's true, Donnie. It's probably why you talk in third person.

[White shrugs.]

MSH: These men at my side have taken their shots in this business and success certainly has not come easy to them or as immediate as it has to Shadoe and his family. But since it's been awhile since you've achieved success I'm going to let you in on an earth shattering truth. That and I just sorta feel bad for you since it's been like ten years since you've accomplished anything worthwhile. Are you ready?

[The camera pulls up close on the Siren.]

MSH [low]: We are going to cheat again, and we are going to win again. So you can taunt us, and be as smarmy as you want... but it's not like we're going into this match and being all, "boy we better put on a grand ole show out there tonight, it's SuperClash!" Fact is, my boys can flat out go and from what we've experienced over the past six months so can Jerby Jezz, Shizz Dawg OG, and yes...even Shadoe Rage. Congrats, you're professional wrestlers, and I'm sure you can slap on a mean fujiwara armbar.

Me? I could care less.

I wish I could be a fly on the wall when you crawl back into the locker room later tonight and apologize to your dominatrix puppet-master and explain to her that you just got your rear end kicked by a bunch of [miming quotes] goons.

[Her thin sneer is now absent.]

MSH: I'm just looking forward to the next time we see you all in the ring, when the next schmuck says, "you cheat when you beat the Rave and Shadoo Rage, but I'm better than you!" as if that was appalling to us. So continue to throw around words like cheat, robbed, tricked just like Jason here uses "playful" like it's a four letter word as if we are some kind of 80's wrestling super-villains.

Tonight isn't about proving we are the better wrestlers, gentlemen. We'll save that for Terry...

...tonight is about doing what my Warriors and Donnie White do best.

[The camera pans back allowing all four figures to encompass the screen.]

MSH: We wreck things, Mr. Dane.

[Their faces are emotionless, it's almost bizarre to see them without a single smirk.]

MSH: The entire world is going to witness first hand that what started one year ago was more than just a beatdown on Hannibal Carver.

More than just a "gang of thugs" making themselves known.

It was the birth of the heirs to this business.

And tonight we begin to take what is rightfully ours.

[Cut...

...and back up into the arena bowl where the crowd is going nuts at the sight of the steel cage erected around the ring, spotlights dancing across the steel mesh.]

GM: There you see it, fans... the cage is up and the lights are out and it's time for the first ever Hyperstyle Wildbrawl!

BW: I can't believe we're actually humoring them by calling it that.

GM: Why not?

BW: The Rave are obviously out of their minds, Gordo!

GM: You didn't think that before!

BW: I WAS SENATOR WILDE BEFORE!

[A fuming Bucky falls silent as Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Six men are about to go through hell and back inside that steel prison in what could be the final showdown in this long-time rivalry between Shadoe Rage, The Rave, and The Shane Gang. They've met in singles matches, tag team matches, six man matches... you name it. But tonight, this is an escape the cage six man brawl for the ages! Let's go down to Phil Watson for the introductions!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing in the middle of the cage.]

PW: The following contest is the first ever WILDSTYLE HYPERBRAWL!

[Big cheer!]

PW: This match has no countouts, no disqualifications, and no time limit. It can only be won when one of the teams has all THREE members escape the cage by going through the cage door or by climbing over the top, all the way down, and having BOTH feet touch the floor!

And now... Team #1...

[Static.]

BW: Get the padlocks and the chains ready, Gordo.

GM: I think there's about a dozen men in the back that would love to trade places with the Rave or Shadoe Rage tonight and get their hands on these thugs.

[Woodwinds, check. Violins, check. Loud noises soon replaced with piannissimo and soft strokes of string instruments, check. Sergui Prokofiev's haunting tune, "Dance of the Knights" trumpets over the airwaves.]

PW: Being accompanied to the ring at this time by Miss Sandra Hayes here are the team of...

AARON ANDERSON....LENNY STRONG....AND THE "ATOMIC BLONDE"  
DONNIE WHITE!

THE SHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANE GANG!!!

[Ladies first. The "Siren" Miss Sandra Hayes steps out first and plants the rip of her florescent pink branding iron into the steel ramp. She is looking as alluring and lustrous as ever. Still wrapped in the shimmering gown fit for a Greek Goddess that we saw her in earlier. The cuts seem deeper, the slits seem higher, and the soft lace seems painted onto her curvilinear statuesque



feminine frame. Her tar colored hair now spills over both shoulders as she stands center stage under the bright Texas arena lights.]

BW: I - I...

GM: Cat got your tongue?

BW: Something like that, Gordo. That woman is absolutely stunning tonight.

GM: Stunning? Perhaps. Twisted and capable of quite anything in a setting like this? Most definitely.

[Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong are next to step out. Green and black spiked pads hug their broad shouldered frame. Strong's mullet is wrapped up into a tight knot on the nape of his neck. Anderson's wild buzzcut is patterned into seven long streaks. Both men's faces are decorated in warpaint that is splattered over their foreheads, nose, and cheeks. They wear long black tights which are airbrushed with one simple word on the left leg, "GANG".]

GM: These guys are an abomination. Over the past year they've gone from --

BW: Gone from being unknown to unforgettable, daddy!

GM: I wouldn't go that far.

BW: Before they came out of the shadows at SuperClash IV you knew nothing about these guys, Gordo. You knew Aaron only for failed attempt after failed attempt at being some All-American posterboy for Todd Michaelson and his Combat Corner. You knew Lenny for working night after night and town after town...taking hits and slams in front of crowds of no more than a few hundred folks! Now look at these two, Gordo. A top caliber team in the toughest tag division in all of wrestling!

[Fourth and finally to step out is the AWA's resident high flying menace, the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White. White's signature stark blonde mohawk resembles sharp icicles jetting out of his black scalp. His eyes are lined in white shadows, fingernails painted a dark black. He has a three-quarter inch wide choker wrapped around his neck and a sleeveless trench coat that falls to the floor. White's chest is bare and his thighs and waist are covered by mid-length bright green tights that match his kneepads and the trim of his white boots.]

BW: And here comes the breakout star of the year if you ask me!

GM: I think Dave Bryant holds that honor, Bucky.

BW: I think you've had one too many jack and colas!

GM: Not yet but the night is still young! Fans, it was one year ago that the Shane Gang became an entity in shocking fashion. Tonight, they stand on

the cusp of greatness. If they can defeat Shadoo Rage and The Rave here tonight... if Terry Shane III can defeat the new Hall of Famer, Steve Spector, later tonight... then the Shane Gang truly will become a major power here in the American Wrestling Alliance.

BW: Add in Miss Sandra Hayes who in just over a year has become the most powerful woman in all of wrestling and this is a group destined for the top of the sport, Gordo.

GM: But they've got two big obstacles in front of them here tonight. Two very big obstacles. Step One is trying to get past three men who've haunted them for months... and they're about to hit the ring...

[The trio have entered the cage, leaving Miss Sandra Hayes out on the floor as they circle around, tugging at the mesh to test the strength as the music fades into "So Whatcha Want" by the Beastie Boys to a very loud reaction from the AWA faithful.]

PW: And their opponents... the team of Shizz Dawg OG and Jerby Jezz...

THE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE!

And their partner... being accompanied by Marissa Monet...

SHAAAAAADOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The curtain parts as all three men walk into view to a big reaction, trailed by a cheering Monet. Rage steps away from the group, pointing a menacing finger down the aisle as he stands on the entrance ramp. The Rave are their usual rainbow-colored selves as they look to each side of the ramp, trying to get the crowd on their feet.]

GM: One of the most unique pairings we've ever run across, The Rave has turned themselves from a show-opening comedy tag team to one that the fans and the locker room seem to be taking seriously for the first time with their lengthy feud with Anderson and Strong this year.

BW: And just like every other tag team in the business, they've gotta be looking ahead to the 2014 Stampede Cup where they can cement themselves as one of the teams to beat in this industry.

GM: And then you have Shadoo Rage, wrestling against doctor's orders tonight, to try and settle this long-standing rivalry with the Shane Gang. It began so many months ago with Sandra Hayes trying to bring Rage into the Gang and getting snubbed. Ever since then, Rage has been battling the Gang at every opportunity - especially Donnie White.

BW: And if Rage wants to get on track towards a championship here in the AWA, he's gotta settle this issue with the Gang... perhaps right here tonight, Gordo.

[As they reach the ringside area, the three men pause. Rage is the first one forward, flinging himself at the steel mesh as he shouts at the Shane Gang waiting inside the enclosed square circle. With a grin, Jerby Jezz gets a running start, leaping up a few feet up the cage and starts climbing. Shizz Dawg OG does the same, circling the corner of the cage so that they're climbing adjacent areas. The Rave quickly reaches the top of the cage, pointing their arms to the sky and letting the streamers fly to a big cheer from the crowd.]

GM: The streamers are flying and soon enough, I believe the bodies will be as well... and Shadoe Rage is climbing as well!

[The crowd buzzes as Rage tests his ankle right away, scaling the steel mesh as a concerned Marissa Monet steps down the ringside staircase, glaring at Miss Sandra Hayes who backpedals away, making sure there's as much as possible between her and Monet.]

GM: Miss Hayes is beating a retreat. She wants no part of Marissa Monet.

BW: Can you blame her? Look at the size of that lady!

[Reaching the top of the cage, Rage steps one foot on top of the corner of the cage, swinging his arm around in a circle to another big cheer. He smiles, nodding his head as he steps over the top, slowly scaling down the steel mesh as his partners do the same. Referee Davis Warren steps in the middle, trying to prevent the Shane Gang from attacking before the bell.]

GM: All six men are in the cage... seven counting the referee inside the cage whose job it is to enforce this as an actual tag team matchup. We've got Davis Warren inside the cage for that and Ricky Longfellow is out here on the floor to check to see who has escaped the cage. Remember, now that all six are in, this match must continue until all three members of one of the teams has made it to the floor.

[The Shane Gang huddle up, discussing some final strategy as Shizz Dawg OG and Jerby Jezz step to the ring apron, leaving Shadoe Rage inside the ring without a single word.]

GM: It's quite obvious who is leading the team of Rage and The Rave... and he's made it clear that he wants to start this match and test out that injured ankle. The AWA's medical team cleared him from this match but I've heard that it was a fight. Dr. Ponavitch himself believes that Rage is risking serious further injury by competing here tonight but Shadoe Rage would NOT be denied. He wanted this match... he wanted a chance to compete on the grandest stage of them all.

BW: Hey, you heard Marissa Monet backstage. They believe that Shadoe Rage is the uncrowned World Heavyweight Champion. If he really wants a shot at Calisto Dufresne or Dave Bryant after tonight's Main Event, he needs to come out ahead in this one. And you gotta be in it to win it, Gordo.

GM: That's for sure. Shadoe Rage is in it... and look at this, Bucky.

[Donnie White, the Atomic Blonde, is defiant as he points his partners out to the apron with a "I GOT THIS... I! GOT! THIS!" A smirking Anderson nods, stepping out as Strong does the same, glaring across the cage.]

GM: It's going to be Donnie White, the Atomic Blonde himself, starting out for the Shane Gang.

[A grinning White steps from the corner, gesturing to himself, strutting out to the middle of the ring with his mohawk spiked especially high on this night. He walks right up to a waiting Rage, still running his mouth.]

"Ya ready, little puppy?! Ya ready, ya mutt?! I'm gonna put ya down! Put ya down hard! Put ya down for good! And when I'm done..."

[He turns his head, looking out at Marissa Monet.]

"I'm comin' for her."

[That's enough for Shadoe Rage as he rears back and pops Donnie White in the mouth, knocking him down to the mat. The crowd roars as Rage dives on top of White, hammering away with right hands to the skull!]

GM: RAGE IS ALL OVER HIM!

[The big heavy fists land repeatedly on White's head as the Atomic Blonde desperately tries to cover up and avoid them. Rage peels off as White gets his arms over his face, winding up and driving the point of his elbow down into the throat as he drops to his knees!]

GM: Oh! Big elbow by Rage!

[White tries to roll away from Rage...

...and rolls right into the steel mesh!]

GM: Haha! Nowhere to run and nowhere to hide for Donnie White here tonight!

[White rolls back in, taking a knee as Rage smirks at him from several feet away, gesturing for him to bring it on. A nervous-looking White climbs to his feet as Rage rushes him, barreling him back into the ropes and into the mesh before bouncing back towards the middle of the ring where White slips his fingers into the eyes, raking down hard!]

GM: White goes to the eyes!

[Grabbing rage by his corn rows, White drags him towards the Shane Gang's corner, slamming him headfirst into the top turnbuckle before slapping the hand of a determined-looking Lenny Strong.]

GM: The Knockout Kid, Lenny Strong, tags into the match...

[A pair of elbow strikes sends Rage back into the corner where Aaron Anderson reaches in, wrapping an arm around the throat and throttling Rage as the referee shouts a warning.]

GM: That's a blatant choke right in front of the referee, Bucky.

BW: It is but there's no disqualifications in this one so they can do this all night if they want.

[Or COULD do it all night if it wasn't for a wild-eyed Jerby Jezz barreling across the ring, ducking a chop from Lenny Strong, and throwing himself into a dropkick that knocks Anderson's upper body back into the mesh, freeing Shadoe Rage who stumbles, gasping for air, out of the corner.]

GM: Oh my! Jerby Jezz takes to the sky, breaking up the choke!

[But before he can get back to his feet, an angry Strong buries a boot into the ribs of Jezz. A few more follow before he grabs the top rope, leaning into a boot choke on Jezz who kicks his feet to try and escape.]

GM: Rage is down and Jerby Jezz is getting choked by-

[The crowd roars as Shizz Dawg OG rushes in, leaping onto Strong's back and flailing at him with swinging forearm smashes to the face and neck. Donnie White steps up on the second rope, slamming a fist in between the eyes of Shizz Dawg and sending him falling back down to the mat.]

GM: The referee's already losing control in this - the first ever Hyperstyle Wildbrawl!

BW: What're the rules in this thing again? I get that they have to escape the cage but they gotta tag in and out too?

GM: That's right... and my understanding is that only the legal men in the match at any given time have the right to try to escape the cage. You can't just be standing on the apron and try to make a dash for it.

BW: This sounds like something the Rave would create alright.

[With Shizz Dawg down on the mat, Strong turns back towards him, stalking him as he butt-slides back towards the middle of the ring, luring the Shane Gang member closer and closer...

...which allows Shadoe Rage to come barreling out of the corner, leaping into the air, snaring Strong's head in a side headlock, and SMASHING his face into the canvas!]

GM: FLYING BULLDOG OUT OF THE CORNER!! OH MY!!

[Rolling to a knee, Rage grabs Strong by the hair, jackhammering his fist repeatedly into the forehead of the former Combat Corner student. Climbing

off the mat, Rage drags Strong to the corner where Shizz Dawg has made it back to the apron, slapping the hand.]

GM: The tag is made to the Dawg.

[Stepping back, Rage holds Strong's arms behind him as Shizz Dawg uses the mesh to climb the middle of the ropes, leaping off with a forearm smash down between the eyes of Strong!]

GM: Nice doubleteam work between Shadoe Rage and S-DAWG, showing that it won't just be the Shane Gang who works well as a unit here tonight.

[Rage nods as he steps to the apron, leaving Shizz Dawg to push Strong back against the ropes, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Strong!

[Strong whips Shizz Dawg out to full extension before yanking him right back towards him into a lightning quick fireman's carry slam!]

GM: Ohh! Nice slam by Strong... quickly to the ropes...

[Strong does the slightest of small jumps, landing with both feet squarely in the midsection of Shizz Dawg. He turns, looking like he's about to go for a pin...]

...and then shakes his head, pointing to the corner.]

GM: Lenny Strong had to fight his instincts there. He wanted to make a cover but that does him no good in a match like this.

BW: What the heck is with The Rave, Gordo?

GM: What do you mean?

BW: Well, they beat the Ring Warriors a while back in a match where you could ONLY win by a countout... completely killing the years of instincts built up in guys like Anderson and Strong. Now, they're in a cage match that you can only win by escaping!

GM: Pretty smart, isn't it? If they can keep changing the rules to things that benefit them, why is that a bad thing?

BW: It's... it's just... it's not fair!

[Strong marches to the corner, tagging in Aaron Anderson.]

GM: The tag is made to Aaron Anderson and here's another two men who are hoping to put together a run and make the field for the 2014 Stampede Cup. The former Ring Workers... now apparently known as the Ring Warriors... have had mixed success in 2013 since getting mixed up in this

war with The Rave. They're hoping to end 2013 on the winning side of the column tonight and turn things into championship gold in 2014.

[Anderson comes in as Strong pulls Shizz Dawg OG off the canvas, each grabbing an arm, whipping the much-smaller man to the far side of the ring and greeting him on the rebound with a Strong spinning sole butt to the midsection that doubles him up.]

GM: Anderson coming in hard... ohh! Running boot to the temple puts him down!

[The original Combat Corner graduate stands over Shizz Dawg, taunting him. He leans down to deliver a slap across the face to jeers from the crowd. Anderson straightens up, slapping his open palm on his chest, giving a "I'M THE MAN!" shout to even more boos before pulling the Rave member off the mat.]

GM: Anderson paintbrushing the Dawg across the face, pushing him back into the ropes...

[He yanks the Rave member's head down for a few moments, taunting Jerby Jezz who is pacing outside the ropes...

...and SMASHES Shizz Dawg with a European uppercut!]

GM: Good grief! He nearly took his head off with that one!

[Shizz Dawg, now down on a knee, is easy prey as Anderson grabs the top rope with both hands, yanking himself into a knee strike to the side of the face that knocks S-DAWG down to the canvas.]

GM: Anderson and Strong are two of the hardest hitters you'll run across in the AWA rings, Bucky.

BW: These guys are the future right here, Gordo. Hard hitting, great as a unit... Anderson's a former collegiate star who really has developed into a heck of a pro wrestler since getting out of the Combat Corner. His partner, Lenny Strong, toiled in tiny little independent promotions for years and is recognized as one of the best in the world already. He just needed the big break and now he's got it under the tutelage of Terry Shane III who has future World Champion written all over him.

[Anderson grabs Shizz Dawg by the ankle, dragging him out to the middle of the ring... then deeper towards the Shane Gang's corner. Hooking the legs under his arms, Anderson falls back into a catapult, right into a hard elbow strike from Strong that sends Shizz Dawg falling back onto Anderson's raised knees as Anderson reaches up, slapping Donnie White's hand...]

GM: The tag is made again...

[White steps in, hopping up on the middle rope. He does a little rump shaking action to a few squeals from some ladies in the corner...

...and then leaps off, dropping the elbow down into the chest of Shizz Dawg, driving him down onto Anderson's knees!]

GM: Ohh! Another impactful doubleteam by the Shane Gang!

[White sits up on the mat, a big grin on his face as Anderson steps back out to the apron. He looks out to Sandra Hayes who points up.]

GM: And it looks like Donnie White is going to try and escape the cage, fans! Miss Sandra Hayes is directing traffic out on the floor and she says now is the time for White to get out of there.

[Nodding his head, the Atomic Blonde climbs to his feet, pointing to the cage wall. He grins widely, showing off his freshly-whitened teeth as he heads for what he hopes will be his exit.]

GM: White's heading for the opposite side of the cage where he'll look to climb all the way over the top of it, down the other side, and drop to the floor where he'd become the first member of the Shane Gang to escape the cage.

BW: It's a weird situation they find themselves in, Gordo, because by escaping the cage, they actually put their team at a numbers disadvantage. So, you have to beat down your opponent enough to hope that having a numbers edge won't even matter.

[White slips his fingers into the mesh, using the cage to pull himself up as he scales the ring ropes, stepping first to the middle rope... then to the top rope, grabbing the cage to steady himself. He nods at Sandra Hayes who is encouraging him to keep climbing.]

GM: White's about halfway up the cage...

[A desperate Shizz Dawg OG pushes up to his knees, hearing Jerby Jezz scream across the ring at him. He wobbles up to his feet, staggering towards the climbing White...

...and gives his ankle a tug, yanking him off the side of the cage and SMASHING White's throat down on the top rope, snapping him back down to the mat.]

GM: And he brings him down the hard way!

[S-DAWG collapses against the ropes, leaning against the mesh as he looks towards his corner where Jerby Jezz has his hand outstretched...

...and falls into a tag!]

GM: The tag is made to Jerby Jezz... and he's scaling the ropes!



[Jezz reaches the top, balancing himself as Donnie White gets back to his feet, turning towards the corner as the Rave member flings himself off the top in a somersault, tackling White down to the mat!]

GM: Oh my! High flying dive off the top...

[Jezz rolls to his feet, charging the corner, leaping into the air to smash a forearm into the ear of Aaron Anderson. He swings back to the side, driving his elbow back into Lenny Strong's jaw!]

GM: Jerby Jezz is taking on the entire Shane Gang!

[He swings around, turning back towards White who is trying to get off the mat, throwing a big knife edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Jezz lights up Donnie White with that chop... and another one sends him back to the ropes.

[Grabbing an arm, Jezz fires White into the ropes, hitting the ropes behind him to charge back out, flinging himself into a leaping leg lariat under the chin!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Donnie White's having some trouble since getting interrupted climbing that cage wall. He needs to make a tag and let the Ring Warriors get back in there to re-establish dominance.

[Jezz pulls White up by the mohawk, lifting him up into a bodyslam position...]

GM: Look at that! 195 pound Jerby Jezz muscles White up, moving to the neutral corner... and he hangs him upside down in the buckles!

BW: He's tying him to the Tree of Woe.

[Jezz marches across the ring, slapping the hand of a waiting Shadoe Rage...  
...and then charges across, dropping into a baseball slide dropkick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A nodding Rage approaches the corner quickly, stepping up onto the middle rope...

...and then firmly placing his foot down on the groin of White, causing him to wail in pain as he bounces up and down on the nether region of the Atomic Blonde!]

GM: An illegal move but the referee can do nothing but tell Rage to get down from his perch! White's screaming in pain!

[Rage is chuckling to himself as he drops down off the ropes, waving at a protesting Sandra Hayes. He untangles the legs, allowing White to fall down to the canvas in the corner.]

GM: Shadoe Rage, a second generation star out of Halifax, Canada. He's the son of Adrian Rage, one of the most violent grapplers on the history books of Canadian wrestling. He's looking to showcase some of that same violence here tonight inside of this cage.

[Pulling White off the mat by the hair, Rage approaches the side of the cage, winding White back...

...and SLAMMING him facefirst into the steel mesh!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: White falls backwards, collapsing down to the mat... but Rage is coming for him, pulling him right back up...

[Rage turns White's head, taking a look. With a shake of his head, he approaches the steel mesh again before SMASHING White's face into it!]

GM: Down he goes again, Bucky.

BW: Rage is like a rabid dog in there... a wild animal of sorts. He just keeps coming and coming.

[Rage pulls White off the mat again, turning to take a look. With a shake of his head, he smashes his elbow down over the forehead... and again... and again...]

GM: What the heck is he doing, Bucky?

BW: This sick freak is trying to bust Donnie White open!

GM: I think you're- he's biting him! He's biting him, Bucky!

[The crowd cheers as Rage gnaws at the forehead of Donnie White before shoving him back into the corner. Rage squares up, lashing out with a series of jabbing punches to the face before grabbing White by the arm...]

GM: Rage shoots him from corner to corner... man, what impact!

[White stumbles out of the neutral corner, getting caught under the chin with a back elbow, sending him falling right back into the corner. Nodding, Rage steps up on the second rope, raising his clenched right fist...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"  
"SEVEN!"  
"EIGHT!"  
"NINE!"  
"TEN!"

[Rage jumps back down...

...and a buzz ripples throughout the American Airlines Center as Rage winces, reaching down and then hobbling out towards the middle of the ring, trying to avoid putting weight on his injured ankle.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: We've got trouble, Gordo!

GM: Rage jumped off the second rope, landed on the injured ankle, and is hobbling across the ring on it. The referee is checking on him.

BW: Why? He can't stop the match. He can't submit his way out of it.

GM: Marissa Monet is looking quite concerned as well.

[Monet steps closer to the cage, wrapping her fingers in the steel mesh as she shouts to Shadoc Rage from her spot on the floor.]

GM: Monet is telling the referee to check on Rage but-

[Rage shoves the official aside, shaking his head angrily as he falls against the side of the cage, wincing in pain.]

GM: Rage is refusing to allow the referee to check his ankle.

[Referee Davis Warren tries to lean down again but Rage shoves him back, rearing back a right hand...]

GM: Look out here! Rage is threatening the official!

[White stumbles out of the corner towards Rage who lashes out with a stiff right jab, knocking the Atomic Blonde back a step. Rage grabs White by the hair, approaching the neutral corner, looking for a faceslam...]

GM: White blocks!

[And with a vicious stomp right on the ankle, White causes Rage to collapse in pain on the mat. The Atomic Blonde smirks as he reaches out, slapping the hand of Lenny Strong.]

GM: The tag is made to Strong...

[Strong comes in quick, grabbing Rage by the ankle...

...and SWINGS the leg down, smashing the ankle into the canvas!]

GM: The Shane Gang is going right after the ankle! Look at Strong, just stomping the ankle over and over!

[Monet slams an open hand against the mesh, shouting at Strong who just looks up to glare at her for an uncomfortably long moment...

...before dropping a knee down on the ankle!]

GM: OHHH! Come on!

BW: Come on what?! Rage got into this match with an injury - an injury he knew full well would be exploited by the Shane Gang at the earliest opportunity. Unfortunately for him, it came just under ten minutes into the match.

[Strong climbs to his feet, staring down at Rage who is rolling back and forth, grimacing in pain. A focused Strong simply walks to his corner, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: Anderson back in on the tag... what in the...?

[The crowd begins to buzz as Anderson and Strong each grab a wrist and ankle on the downed Rage who cries out as Strong roughly snatches the injured ankle in his hands. They wait a moment...

...and then lift him with the arms and legs, flinging him up into the air and then stepping back as he plummets back down to the canvas, smashing backfirst into the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! What a doubleteam out of Anderson and Strong!

[Strong trades a high ten with his partner before exiting the ring, leaving Anderson alone with Shadoe Rage. The very first graduate of the Combat Corner stands over Rage, raising his arms triumphantly to loud jeers from the Dallas crowd. Miss Hayes applauds proudly as Anderson leaps up, stomping Rage's sternum. He leaves the foot on the chest, turning to Marissa Monet...]

"This your big man? Your hero?"

[Another hard stomp to the chest. Monet grips the steel mesh with white knuckled fingers.]

GM: The Shane Gang is just tormenting Shadoe Rage and Marissa Monet in turn.

[Grabbing the ankle, Anderson lifts the leg off the mat, taking a wide stance as he turns the ankle.]

GM: Ah! Anklelock slapped on by Aaron Anderson!

[Rage again howls in pain, clawing at the canvas as a smirking Anderson twists the ankle with his considerable strength.]

GM: This is getting out of hand for Shadoe Rage, Bucky.

BW: Too bad! The doctors told him to stay home and he refused to listen. You ask me, he's getting what he had coming to him right about now!

[Anderson breaks the anklelock, throwing the leg dismissively down to the mat as he walks around the ring...

...and then signals for the referee outside the ring to open the cage door.]

GM: Anderson's heading for the door!

[Nodding at the jeering crowd, Aaron Anderson approaches the corner where the door is being unlocked and opened for him. The Rave can be heard shouting to Rage, begging him to do something before the Shane Gang exits their first member, taking the first step towards winning the match.]

GM: The Rave is trying to implore their partner to stop Aaron Anderson but I don't know if Shadoe Rage is in any sort of shape to do anything!

[Pushing himself to a knee, Rage catches a glimpse of Anderson nearing the door...

...and shoves himself to his feet, throwing himself towards Anderson but falling short, ending up on his knees behind him where he frantically wraps his arms around the legs of his opponent! The crowd cheers for the near miss as Anderson hangs on to the ropes.]

GM: Rage cuts off the escape!

BW: For now. The cage is still open and Rage is just hanging on for dear life.

[Turning his body, Anderson throws a short forearm to the jaw of Shadoe Rage. An overhead elbow catches him on top of the skull, knocking him back down to the mat...

...and allowing Anderson to turn back around, walking down the steel steps to the floor! The cage is shut behind him, leaving five men inside the ring.]

GM: Anderson is out! Aaron Anderson is out!

[Anderson moves to join a gleeful Miss Sandra Hayes at ringside as Lenny Strong comes back in, rushing across to kick a rising Rage in the gut, shoving him back into the neutral corner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Oh my! Three big chops in the corner out of Lenny Strong... "Lights Out" is the nickname he earned on the indy scene with the string of opponents he knocked out with those devastating elbow strikes of his.

[Grabbing Rage by the arm, Strong looks to whip him across but Rage only makes a few steps before collapsing to the mat, clutching at his ankle as the fans in Dallas buzz with concern. Strong looks extremely confident as he gestures to the downed Rage, ignoring Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG shouting angrily at the Shane Gang member from the corner.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is in some serious trouble at this point in the matchup and he desperately needs to make a tag to one of his partners. Both members of The Rave are out there on the apron, waiting to get in there and help him out.

BW: But with Rage's ankle a wreck, can he even get up and make the tag? It looks like Strong could just walk out of the cage right now to join Aaron Anderson on the floor and put the Gang just one man away from a clean sweep.

GM: Donnie White's calling for the tag.

[Strong nods, pulling Rage off the mat, walking him towards the corner where he makes the exchange. White immediately scales the ropes, hanging onto the steel mesh to steady himself as Strong lifts Rage by the upper thighs, turning him to face White who leaps off the top, catching Rage on the chin with a flying dropkick that sends him sprawling backwards to the mat!]

GM: Oh my! Another impressive doubleteam by the Shane Gang who have obviously been putting in their time in the gym to get ready for this matchup, Bucky.

BW: Between Terry Shane and Sandra Hayes, there will NEVER be a match that the Shane Gang is not prepared for. You better believe these three have been in the gym together for quite some time now, turning into a well-oiled machine in anticipation of a situation just like this.

[White climbs to his feet, grinning at the crowd's jeers. He looks out at Marissa Monet again, gesturing at the downed Rage...]

"Don't worry, baby. When I'm done with him, I'll make room for you in my entourage tonight."

GM: Absolutely distasteful!

[Monet is seething as she stands at ringside, staring into the ring at her man who is taking a tremendous amount of abuse... just as she'd feared.]

GM: Donnie White is certainly earning the ire of these fans in Dallas as he struts around the ring, acting like the result of this match is a foregone conclusion.

[Leaning down, White grabs a leg and drags Shadoe Rage away from the corner and out to the center of the ring. With a quick chest slap, White dashes to the ropes, springing off into a rolling front somersault, kicking himself up into the air...

...and CRASHING backfirst across the downed Rage!]

GM: OHHHH! What a maneuver out of Donnie White!

[White sits up on the mat, gesturing at the jeering crowd which only makes them boo louder. He slowly climbs to his feet, looking out to Sandra Hayes who is gesturing for him to make the climb.]

GM: And it looks like... yes, Donnie White is looking to escape the cage!

BW: Aaron Anderson is out on the floor, shouting encouragement to him. If White gets out, the Shane Gang will have two men out with only one to go to wrap this thing up.

[White is moving slowly though, taking his time to properly taunt the downed Shadoe Rage... both frustrated members of The Rave... as well as the entire crowd in the American Airlines Center as he makes his way towards the cage wall, nodding his head and pointing up.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is hurt badly, fans. I'm not sure he can do anything to stop Donnie White from escaping the cage at this point of the contest. That ankle is in bad shape and it's led to him taking a lot of other punishment as well.

[The Atomic Blonde reaches his target - the wall of the cage. He slaps it a few times, causing the cage to tremble a bit before he steps up on the second rope, wrapping his fingers in the mesh. Sandra Hayes is cheering wildly on the floor, rooting him on as he steps up to the top rope...

...and pauses to shake his tailfeather to a big jeer from the crowd!]

GM: Donnie White is taking his sweet time in scaling the cage to exit it. That could be a mistake, Bucky.

BW: It could be but Rage is still laid out on the mat, grabbing at that ankle. Man, he must feel like the biggest goof in the world right now.

GM: Why is that?

BW: EVERYONE told him not to wrestle tonight. The front office, the medical team, the boys in the locker room... even his ol' lady. But here he is, in the

middle of the ring, and getting his tail kicked for it. He's just too proud and thinks he's too tough.

GM: It certainly seems to be a mistake right about now.

[With Jerby Jezz down on his knees, screaming between the ropes at him, Shadoe Rage rolls to his stomach, using his powerful arms to push up off the mat, looking across the ring at Donnie White who is halfway up the wall of the cage.]

GM: Rage is pushing up off the mat! He's up on a knee!

[Looking up at Donnie White, Rage shakes his head, clenching his teeth as he pushes up to his feet.]

GM: He's up! Shadoe Rage is up!

BW: The idiot should make the tag while he can!

[But instead, Rage starts to hobble across the ring, trying to keep the weight off his bad ankle as he heads towards where White is climbing. Spotting an incoming Rage, Hayes and Anderson are screaming at Donnie White who doesn't seem to hear them as he pauses near the top of the cage to strike a double bicep pose...]

GM: Shadoe Rage is almost there!

[The Canadian grappler flings himself into the side of the cage, causing White to slip down a notch or two, clinging to the top of the cage as Rage uses his arms to pull his body up the side of the cage.]

GM: Rage is trying to get there! He's trying to get to White!

[Stretching out a muscular arm, Rage's hand wraps around the back of White's trunks...

...and tugs down, exposing White's rear end for the entire world to see! Big cheer for the embarrassing moment!]

GM: Oh my! It's a full moon over Dallas!

[A hard back kick to the face sends Rage falling off the side of the cage - not very high since he hadn't gotten too far up - and down to the mat below!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Rage!

[Without pulling his trunks into place, the mohawked White grabs the top of the cage, turning himself around...]

GM: Oh my stars! What in the world is Donnie White thinking of here?! He's halfway up that cage wall! He's gotta be... what? Eight feet up?



[White shouts something off-mic at the downed Rage...

...and then pushes himself off the side of the steel fence, plummeting downward with his arm cocked to the side...]

GM: ELBOW!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[White flails about on the mat, clutching the arm that just slammed into the canvas. He winces in pain as Shadoe Rage, who had rolled back onto his stomach, is now crawling towards his corner where both Shizz Dawg OG and Jerby Jezz are awaiting the tag. The crowd is roaring, urging him on to make the tag that will flip the momentum in the matchup.]

GM: Rage is crawling! Donnie White is down and Rage is crawling!

BW: But White's heading for his corner as well. It's a race now, Gordo!

GM: Both men are heading towards their respective corners. Lenny Strong is waiting for the tag in one corner and The Rave are waiting in the other!

[Rage is literally dragging himself with his arms, barely able to use his legs at all to get him towards the corner. Donnie White is still clutching his elbow at his side as he pushes himself towards the waiting Lenny Strong.]

GM: Who is gonna get there first? Who can make the tag?!

[With the crowd on the edge of their seats, Rage pushes up to his knees, steadies himself...

...and LUNGES!]

GM: TAG!

BW: Wait a second! He tagged them both! That's not legal!

[And as Lenny Strong tags in on the other side of the cage, he finds both members of The Rave rushing towards him!]

GM: They're both in! And you're right, it's not legal but... well, I'm not sure they can stop 'em!

[The Rave is hammering away with a flurry of chops, punches, elbows, and kicks that knock him back into his own corner. Jerby Jezz and S-DAWG grab an arm each, rocketing him across the ring.]

GM: Double whip to the corner...

[Jerby Jezz goes sprinting across, leaping into the air to land a flying forearm to the jaw. Shizz Dawg OG follows in hot pursuit, throwing himself into a leaping back elbow in the buckles, leaving Strong staggered in the corner.]

GM: Strong's in trouble!

[Jerby Jezz leans down, slinging Strong up over his shoulder. He walks him out to the middle of the ring as Shizz Dawg follows behind him. Jezz spontaneously drops back for a flapjack as Shizz Dawg jumps, grabbing the hair, and assists in SLAMMING Strong's face into the mat with a split-legged faceslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! Strong's head just got SLAMMED into the canvas and The Rave have completely turned this around, fans!

BW: It's not fair!

[Sandra Hayes is slamming her branding iron into the wall of the cage outside the ring, screaming at the referee for allowing the illegal doubleteam.]

GM: Miss Hayes isn't too happy about what she's seeing right now... and neither is Aaron Anderson. He's shouting at the ringside officials who are making sure he stays outside the cage. He is NOT allowed to get back into the cage once he exits.

BW: Well, that hardly seems fair either! Who made the rules for this thing?!

[The Rave exchange a high five as Lenny Strong pushes up off the mat, wobbling towards them. Jerby Jezz throws a kick to the gut that Strong catches. Shizz Dawg moves in, doing the same kick... and getting the same result.]

GM: Strong caught 'em both!

BW: How d'you like that, Gordo?!

[With both his hands tied up, Strong has no defense as Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG leap up in tandem, cracking Strong in the back of the head with simultaneous enzuigiris!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A DOUBLETEAM!!!

[Back on their feet, The Rave look out at the roaring crowd. They huddle up for a moment, turning back towards Strong.]

GM: Lenny Strong has taken a few brutal doubleteams from The Rave and right now, he looks completely out of it!

BW: Get one of them out of there, referee!

[The official steps in, trying to force one of them to exit the ring but they promptly ignore him, pulling Strong off the mat by his arms. They execute a double armtwist in unison before whipping Strong into the ropes...]

GM: Double clothesli- ducked by Strong!

[Strong hits the far ropes, rebounding back towards an off-balance Rave...

...who suddenly drop down to the mat, taking Strong down with a double drop toehold!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst into the mat!

[Shizz Dawg promptly rolls up the back, grabbing Strong by the arms as he plants both feet between the shoulderblades and drops back, holding Strong in a makeshift Camel Clutch position as Jerby Jezz rushes to the ropes, rebounding back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: DROPKICK TO THE MUSH!! GOOD GRIEF!!!

[The Rave pop back to their feet again, soaking up the big roar from the crowd as they trade another high five. The official again steps in, this time physically forcing Shizz Dawg OG back into the corner where he angrily protests, stepping out to the apron.]

GM: We're back down to one-on-one as Jerby Jezz pulls Lenny Strong up off the mat.

[A pair of knife edge chops has Strong in retreat, falling back into the ropes. Jerby Jezz grabs him by an arm.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Strong manages to turn it around, sending Jezz into the ropes as he doubles over for a backdrop...]

GM: Backdr- ohh! He set too early and Jezz saw it coming!

[The kick to the face straightens up Strong, allowing Jezz to grab the arm again, this time completing the whip into the ropes.]

GM: Jerby Jezz shoots him in... backdrop, no! Strong caught him with a kick to the face in a mirror image of what Jezz did to him just seconds before!

[The kick sends Jezz falling back into the ropes. Strong gives his elbowpad a slap before dashing to the ropes behind him, springing back...]

GM: ELLLLLB000000-

[But at the last moment, Jerby Jezz ducks down, using his shoulder to muscle Strong into the air with a backdrop...]

...RIGHT into the cage where Strong slams into the mesh before slumping down to landing on top of his head on the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS!! HE GOT BACKDROPPED INTO THE CAGE!!

BW: I think he landed on his head too, Gordo!

GM: I think you're right! Lenny Strong might be on Dream Street after that one and this might be an excellent time for Jerby Jezz to try and escape the cage!

BW: Under ordinary circumstances, I'd say you're right but if Jezz leaves right now, he's leaving Shizz Dawg in there with a wounded partner against two very tough competitors. He could leave the ring but he's taking a big risk in doing it!

[Jerby Jezz looks to the corner where Shizz Dawg is imploring him to exit the ring.]

GM: S-DAWG wants him to do it! He wants him to make the climb!

BW: That's either really brave, really confident, or really stupid!

[Jezz turns to the crowd who cheer loudly. He nods, turning to grab the cage wall right above where Lenny Strong is laid out on the ring apron, clutching the top of his head. Jezz quickly is up the ropes, standing on top of them as he hangs onto the steel mesh.]

GM: He's already halfway up the cage! These guys are SO fast, Bucky.

BW: He's climbing higher... Strong's still down... Donnie White can't do a thing...

[Out on the floor, Aaron Anderson positions himself underneath where Jerby Jezz is trying to exit. He shouts up at him, pointing at Jezz.]

GM: Aaron Anderson, the former All-American, is trying to intimidate Jerby Jezz... trying to prevent him from coming over the top of the cage and down the other side.

[And the momentary distraction is enough for Lenny Strong to climb to his feet and start climbing the cage right under Jerby Jezz. A shouted warning

from Shizz Dawg catches Jerby Jezz by surprise but he instantly starts raining down stomps on top of Strong's head!]

GM: Jezz is trying to stomp him down!

[Jezz continues to stomp, stomp, stomp - trying to force Strong back down to the mat but the guy known as "Lights Out" continues to climb, absorbing the stomps.]

GM: Strong's right under him!

[Strong keeps on coming, ending up with Jezz' legs draped over his shoulders as Strong assumes an Electric Chair position, gripping the thighs...]

GM: Oh my... oh my stars... what in the world is he...?

[With the crowd buzzing in anticipation, Strong pushes off the side of the cage, falling backwards with Jezz upon his shoulders...

...and DRIVES him down into the canvas with an Electric Chair suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!! What a move out of Lenny Strong!

[Anderson claps his hands together for his partner, shouting to Donnie White who instantly sticks out his hand, looking to tag back into the match.]

GM: Donnie White's looking for the tag! He needs to get Strong out of there after that hard fall off the side of the cage... and the Dawg needs to get in there as well.

[The crowd comes to their feet, cheering on Jerby Jezz as he crawls towards the corner while Lenny Strong does the same.]

GM: Both men trying to get to their respective corners once more.

[Donnie White excitedly slams his hand down on the top turnbuckle a few times as Strong draws closer. Jerby Jezz is having a much harder time of it, barely halfway across the ring as Strong pulls himself to the buckles, slapping the Atomic Blonde's hand.]

GM: Strong makes the tag... and in comes Donnie White!

[White moves in quickly, grabbing Jerby Jezz by the ankle and hauling him back out to the middle of the ring. He pauses, pointing a finger at Shizz Dawg and then miming some tears.]

GM: What a jerk this guy is!

BW: Donnie White's had a hard life... a hard road to walk before getting here to the biggest stage in professional wrestling so give him a break, Gordo. He grew up in the inner city of Memphis which ain't the safest place to be a kid. But while his classmates were joining gangs, he was becoming a three-time All State tailback in football before becoming a two-time all-conference selection at Delta State University in Mississippi. So, excuse him if he wants to enjoy this moment...

GM: Enjoy the moment... give me a break. He's taunting his opponents, taunting these fans...

[Dragging Jezz off the mat, White snapmares him down into a seated position before promptly leaping high into the air, driving his feet into the back with a leaping dropkick!]

GM: Ohhh! That'll knock the wind out of Jerby Jezz and S-DAWG looks like he's having a real hard time watching this, fans. He needs to make a tag... Shadoo Rage is in the corner as well, trying to keep the weight off the injured ankle but I don't think anyone should tag him in.

BW: Not a chance.

[White struts around the ring, looking down at Jerby Jezz. He looks out to the floor where Anderson and Hayes are waving towards the cage door but he shakes his head, turning back to Jezz and dragging him off the mat.]

GM: It looks like Donnie White's not done with Jerby Jezz yet. He's not ready to get out of this cage right now.

[Grabbing an arm, White fires Jezz into the ropes, leapfrogging over him on the rebound. Jezz hits the far ropes behind him as White doesn't even turn around...

...before spinning slightly and uncorking a thrust kick to the chest that sends Jezz falling back down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh! Nice kick to the chest... and now will Donnie White scale the cage or walk out the door?

[Sandra Hayes can be heard shouting at White to do exactly that as he walks around the downed Jezz, running his mouth. He turns to the corner, shouting at Shadoo Rage who grimaces as he points at him.]

GM: Shadoo Rage would love to get in there with him again but I'm not sure that's the best idea.

[White turns to look at Aaron Anderson who suddenly seems to have had an idea. He leans closer to the mesh as White approaches, gesturing to him and speaking quickly. The pearly whites of Donnie White are quickly on display as the Atomic Blonde approaches the corner of the ring.]

GM: He just told them to open the door! White's going to exit the cage right out the door!

[The door swings open and White approaches...

...then pulls back, shaking his head and wagging a finger at the puzzled crowd. He suddenly leans down, pulling Jerby Jezz off the mat...]

GM: What's he...?

[...and HURLS Jezz through the open cage door and out to the floor to a shocked reaction from the crowd!]

GM: What in the world...? Donnie White just tied it up!

BW: I don't... oh yes, I do! I get it! It's genius!

GM: Huh?

BW: White tossed out Jezz... which makes it two on two but it makes it a strong two in White and Strong against a weakened two in Shizz Dawg and Shadoe Rage!

[Shizz Dawg takes the moment to dash into the ring, leaping up onto the back of Donnie White, hammering him with fists and forearms that barrel him chestfirst into the turnbuckles.]

GM: The Dawg's on the attack! He's all over Donnie White!

[Swinging White around, Shizz Dawg opens fire with right hands to the midsection before grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[The reversal sends Shizz Dawg crashing backfirst into the turnbuckles, causing him to stagger out. White steps forward, hoisting Shizz Dawg up onto his shoulders...

...and DRIVES him back down with a Samoan Drop!]

GM: Ohh!

[White instantly kips back up to his feet before leaping sky high, dropping backfirst onto a stunned Shizz Dawg!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: He calls that the Memphis Mashup, daddy! BEEEE-YUUU-TEEE-FUL!

[White kips up again, smirking at the reaction of the crowd as he full on Fargo Struts across the ring, getting right up in the face of Shadoe Rage who

takes a swipe at him before White backpedals away, shaking his head and wagging a finger again.]

GM: Donnie White's got the Shane Gang in control of this with the Dawg laid out at his feet...

[A laughing Lenny Strong slaps the cage wall, asking for the tag. White struts over, obliging.]

GM: Lenny Strong's back in off the tag.

[Strong muscles Shizz Dawg off the mat, shoving him back into the neutral corner. The Knockout Kid winds up, blasting him with a knife-edge chop... and another... and another. He switches to forearm strikes, then overhead elbows. He mixes in a pair of headbutts, causing the Rave member to slump into a seated position in the corner.]

GM: Strong whips him across... charging in!

[He leaps up, connecting with a leaping forearm to the jaw! He grabs Shizz Dawg by the rainbow-colored hair, rushing across the ring with him...

...and FLINGS him headfirst into the steel mesh!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Shizz Dawg collapses to the mat in a heap as Strong stands over him, gesturing at the fallen Rave member. Outside the ring, Jerby Jez is shouting encouragement to his partner as Strong strides around the ring, confidently slapping his elbowpad.]

GM: He's looking for that knockout blow - that devastating elbowstrike to the head!

[The crowd buzzes as Shizz Dawg slowly stumbles off the mat, barely able to keep his balance as Strong rushes to the ropes, rebounding back with his arm cocked as he goes into a full spin...]

GM: ELLLLLB0000-

[But the faster Shizz Dawg avoids the elbowstrike, grabbing the arm as he goes by to leap up, sliding across the back of Strong into a front facelock that he twists around and DRIVES Strong headfirst into the canvas, going nearly vertical on the tornado DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS, WHAT A COUNTER!! THE DAWG JUST LAID OUT LENNY STRONG!!!

[Pushing up to his knees, Shizz Dawg is breathing heavily as he points to the cage door. He signals to it, watching as the door is swung open...



...and then begins rolling Strong's body across the ring!]

GM: They're going to do to the Shane Gang what the Shane Gang did to them! S-DAWG is pushing Lenny Strong out of the cage, fans!

[The crowd is roaring as the Shizz Dawg continues to roll Strong across the ring, over and over again until...]

GM: HE'S OUT! LENNY STRONG IS OUT!

[Big cheer for the strategic move...

...which quickly turns to a shocked reaction as Shadoe Rage hobbles across the ring, throwing himself at Shizz Dawg's back, shoving him out of the cage and to the floor. He reaches through the ropes, slamming the door behind him!]

GM: WHAT THE HECK JUST HAPPENED?!

BW: Shadoe Rage threw his own partner out of the cage! We're down to two men! The next one out wins the match for his team!

[Donnie White wastes no time in barreling through the ropes, charging the exposed back of Shadoe Rage...

...but slamming on the brakes as Rage turns around, pointing a finger at White who raises his hands, shaking his head!]

GM: Oh yeah! Shadoe Rage wanted this down to one-on-one with Donnie White after all the garbage that White has spewed in his direction over the past several months and who can blame him?!

BW: What a selfish move though, Gordo! He threw his own partner out of the ring, risking the whole match for his team, to chase some stupid grudge and glory for himself!

[Rage hobbles towards the backpedaling White who soon finds himself pushed back against the turnbuckles and springs out, firing a right hand that Rage blocks before connecting with one of his own!]

GM: Big right hand!

[Rage surges forward, throwing haymakers at the stunned White. The crowd is roaring for the barrage of offense before Rage breaks off, hooking White under the arm and around the head before throwing him halfway across the ring with a biel!]

GM: Oh my! What a throw from the corner!

[White rolls to his knees, waving for the cage door to be opened.]

GM: He's trying to escape!

[Rage hobbles across, grabbing White by a foot and dragging him back to the center of the ring before dropping an elbow to the back of the head. The Canadian wildman rolls to a knee, grabbing two hands full of White's mohawk, dragging his torso off the mat before SMASHING his face into the mat!]

GM: Big faceslam!

[Flipping White to his back, Rage takes the mount on him, hammering him with right hands to the skull!]

GM: He's opening up on Donnie White and these fans are loving it! This is everything that White's had coming to him for months and Shadoc Rage is giving it all he's got!

[With White motionless on the mat after a well-placed right hand, Rage climbs to his feet, throwing an arm into the air to the cheers of the crowd. The camera catches a shot of a smiling Marissa Monet at cageside, clapping for her man as he drags White off the mat by the mohawk.]

GM: Rage pulls him up!

[And using the same handful of hair, he HURLS White facefirst into the steel mesh!]

GM: Ohhh! Into the cage!

[White staggers back out to the center of the ring where Rage grabs the hair again, swinging around to throw him into the opposite side of the cage!]

GM: AGAIN!!

[White staggers out and gets flattened with an overhead elbowsmash, knocking him down to the mat. He again raises an arm, drawing more cheers...

...until he points to the corner at which point, the crowd begins to buzz with concern!]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Are you kidding me?! This gloryhog's gonna try to jump off the top with a banged up ankle?! Unbelievable!

[Rage steps through the ropes to the apron, slowly scaling the turnbuckles with the aid of the steel mesh, pulling himself higher and higher as he tries to get to his perch.]

GM: It's taking him an awfully long time to get up there, fans. This can't be good.

[With Rage climbing, White rolls to a knee, throwing his head back to reveal that his forehead has been split open, revealing a healthy flow of blood coming from his skull.]

GM: He's busted wide open! Shadoo Rage has split open the head of Donnie White as he tries to scale the turnbuckles...

[But Rage is still trying to steady himself when White comes on fast, running up the turnbuckles, and getting caught by Rage who cracks him with a right hand before grabbing the hair, pushing White's face into the steel...

...and drags his bloody forehead back and forth across the mesh!]

GM: AHHHH!

[The shredding of the skin continues for several more seconds before Rage uses the grip on the hair to fling White off the buckles and back down to the canvas.]

GM: Shadoo Rage throws him down to the mat... and he's trying to get in position to drop that elbow off the top!

[Winching with every movement as he attempts to steady his feet, Rage clings to the mesh to keep his balance. He slowly raises his right hand up into the air...

...just in time to see Donnie White climbing to his feet off the canvas again, blood now streaming down his face!]

GM: Rage is up but so is White!

[Switching his idea, Rage leaps off, clasping his hands together as he comes sailing towards a waiting White...]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[...who leaps into the air, lashing out with both feet, and catching the plummeting Rage square in the chest, knocking him flat on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE COUNTERED! WHITE COUNTERS THE AXEHANDLE OFF THE TOP!!

[Marissa Monet SLAMS a hand into the steel mesh, shouting at her man as Sandra Hayes screams with joy.]

GM: We can hear Hayes as clear as day telling Donnie White to get the heck out of there. She wants to end this and she wants to end it right now!

[Nodding his head, the bloodied White climbs to his feet, staggering over to the corner where Rage just leaped from and starts climbing the turnbuckles.]

GM: Now White's going up! Is he... Anderson and Strong are right out here telling him to come over the top of the cage! He's nodding his head at them. He's trying to escape, fans! He's trying to win this match for his team!

[Stepping to the top turnbuckle, White pauses to wipe the blood from his eyes with the back of his hand before continuing the climb, stepping up into the steel mesh.]

GM: White's climbing the cage and Shadoe Rage hasn't moved a bit since hitting the mat after that dropkick! The physical toll may have finally been too much for Rage to handle. He's been through a lot in this one, battling with that injured ankle, and he may have finally hit the breaking point.

BW: White's almost to the top! All he has to do is swing that leg over the top and start climbing down the other side! Anderson, Strong, and Sandra are waiting for him at the bottom to start the party! This is the Shane Gang's night and we're all privileged to be witnessing it!

[White swings a leg over the top of the cage, sitting atop the ten foot cage to look out on the crowd. He pumps his fists, holding his arms over his head for several moments to the jeers of the crowd as Marissa Monet and The Rave shout encouragement to the downed Shadoe Rage to get up and do something...]

GM: White's celebrating atop the cage but he hasn't won a single thing yet, Bucky!

BW: Give it some time, Gordo! He's about to win this thing for his team!

GM: That's what I'm saying though - he hasn't done it yet and shouldn't be celebrating like he has!

[White looks out at the crowd... then down at his partners-in-crime... then down at the unmoving Shadoe Rage...]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Oh my god.

[The crowd begins to buzz as White throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before swinging his leg back into the cage, sitting on top of it. He wiggles over slightly to where the two walls of the cage meet...]

GM: Is he-

BW: He's gonna make himself a SuperClash moment, daddy!

[White slips his feet up under him, slowly... very slowly... rising to stand atop the ten foot high steel cage. The crowd is roaring with anticipation now, flashbulbs firing from all over the American Airlines Center as White raises his arms over his head, his mohawk slightly soaked in blood in places as he stands tall, looking down...]

GM: You've gotta be-

[...and throws himself off the top, plummeting through the air with his arms outstretched to full extension as he drops down, down, down...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! THE FLYING MOHAWK MISSED THE MARK!

[White BOUNCES off the canvas before settling back down on his chest, unmoving as Shadoe Rage, who had rolled to his stomach...

...slowly starts crawling towards the cage door!]

GM: Rage is going for it! Rage is trying to escape!

[Shadoe Rage uses his arm strength to push up off the mat, looking across the ring towards the cage door. He waves a hand, causing the outside-the-ring referee to open the door.]

GM: The door is open and Shadoe Rage could be about to win this match!

[Rage crawls closer, inching his way across the ring as Miss Sandra Hayes throws herself at the mesh, shouting at the bloodied and motionless Donnie White.]

GM: Hayes is beside herself out here, screaming at Donnie White! Shadoe Rage continues to get closer and closer to the cage door, closer and closer to victory for his team!

[Shizz Dawg and Jerby Jezz position themselves in Rage's eyeline, shouting and encouraging their partner to make the big escape and win the match for them...

...when suddenly Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong assault them on the floor!]

GM: Uh oh! We've got a fight on our hands on the floor! We've got a fight out here right beyond the door!

BW: But Rage is still coming and White still ain't moving, Gordo!

[The Ring Warriors and The Rave start battling all over the ringside area, trading blows as Rage inches closer, just a few feet away now. Marissa Monet shouts encouragement as her man pushes up on his arms, lunging a

bit further as Donnie White finally rolls to his back, showing the first signs of life since hitting the canvas.]

GM: Rage is just a couple feet now from the door... he's so close... he's so close that he's gotta be able to taste it!

BW: I don't even know if he realizes where he is, Gordo.

GM: He's near the ropes... just a little bit further...

[Hanging onto the bottom rope, Rage drags himself towards the open door, just out of reach of it now.]

GM: He's got the edge of the ring, pulling himself through the-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd reacts in shock as Rage rolls back into the ring, clutching his skull as Miss Sandra Hayes slid into camera view, grabbing the cage door in both hands, and SLAMMED it shut on the skull of Shadoe Rage, slamming the mesh into the top of his head!]

GM: SANDRA HAYES OUT OF NOWHERE!

[And NOW here comes trouble!]

GM: Uh oh!

[Marissa Monet is suddenly on the scene and she is steamed, stalking a backpedaling Sandra Hayes who is trying to get away from the much-larger woman.]

GM: Monet's coming for Hayes!

[The crowd is roaring as Marissa Monet has her eyes locked on the fleeing Sandra Hayes who is backing away, hands raised as she begs for mercy!]

GM: Miss Hayes is looking for mercy but I don't think she will find any in Marissa Monet after what she just did!

[Hayes backs around the corner, turning to run...

...and finds herself face to face with the wooden ramp blocking her path.]

GM: Now we've got a problem, Miss Hayes!

BW: This isn't right! Somebody stop this! Somebody protect her!

[Hayes, fearing the worst, grabs hold of the steel mesh and starts climbing the cage from down on the floor!]

GM: She's climbing for it! She's trying to escape!

[Monet circles the ringpost as Hayes gets a few feet up on the cage. She looks out at the crowd before reaching up and grabbing Hayes by the hair! Big cheer!]

GM: She's got her! She caught Hayes and-

[The crowd ROARS as Monet yanks hard, pulling Hayes down off the side of the cage and THROWING her down on the barely-padded floor to a huge reaction...]

...all the while, Donnie White is crawling towards the exit of the cage, pushing himself over the downed Rage...]

GM: NO!

[...and right out the door to the floor below, falling to the padding with a thud.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: YES! YES! YES!

GM: What a sham! They just stole this match right out from under Shadoe Rage and The Rave!

[The sound of the bell stopped the ringside brawling, leaving Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG stunned at the sight of a celebrating Strong and Anderson who rush to their colleagues' sides. Anderson lifts a limp Hayes up in his arms, heading up the aisle as Strong drags a barely-moving and heavily bloodied White up onto the ramp.]

GM: The Shane Gang has done it... by hook or by crook, they've done it. They've won the Hyperstyle Wildbrawl and... could this be a sign of things to come here tonight in Dallas? Could this be - as Bucky Wilde stated - a big night for the Shane Gang? Later tonight, Terry Shane III will attempt to keep that guaranteed World Title shot in his pocket when he takes on the Hall of Famer, Steve Spector... and if he manages to do that, 2014 really may be the Year of the Shane Gang, fans!

BW: This is gonna be one heckuva night, Gordo!

GM: The Shane Gang picks up a big victory here at SuperClash V... and speaking of big victories, Jason Dane is standing by with a man who is no stranger at all to big victories. I'm speaking, of course, of the two-time National Champion - "Hotshot" Stevie Scott!

[Crossfade to Jason Dane standing alongside one of the foundations of the American Wrestling Alliance, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Scott is dressed in a faded SuperClash I t-shirt that has his photo and Juan Vasquez' photo splashed across the front of it.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Stevie Scot-

[Scott raises a hand.]

HSS: I'm not in the mood, Jason. So, if you please...

[Stevie takes the mic away from the backstage interviewer and then gestures with his hand, dismissing Jason Dane. An annoyed Dane shrugs and backs out of view.]

HSS: I can just hear the Number One question going through the minds of all those Steviemaniacs out there right now.

"Stevie, you mad, bro?"

[Scott nods.]

HSS: Damn right I'm mad. You know why I'm mad?

[Scott holds up a SuperClash V poster.]

HSS: Where's my face on this?

[He tears it in half, throwing it aside. He reaches off-camera, pulling out a SuperClash V official program.]

HSS: Let's page through this, shall we?

[He flips through the pages far too fast to be reading them.]

HSS: Now, either Bucky's mom sent a batch of her special pineapple upside down cake to Karl O'Connor's office or something's out of whack in that building. Because the way I look at it, we're here tonight - the night that's the biggest night of the year for this company and some might say, the biggest night this company's EVER had... the biggest crowd we've ever had... LIVE on Pay Per View for the very first time... and I look through this lineup and I feel a bit like \_I'VE\_ had some of that upside down cake.

Steve Spector, a former World Champion and Hall of Famer comes out of retirement... to face Terry Shane. No offense to the young pup. We all think real highly of your ringwork, son... and we think you've got Main Event potential. But right now, that's all it is... potential. You ain't done squat to earn that spot except piss off a legend.

[Scott is obviously seething.]



HSS: Oh, look here...

[He holds up the program to show Alex Martinez' face.]

HSS: Another legend. Another Hall of Famer. Another former World Champion who says he just might be wrestling the last match of his life here tonight in Dallas... in the company that I helped BUILD... and who is standing across the ring from him? An 18 year old brat with an attitude problem and his old man who should've retired ten years ago...

[Stevie snaps his fingers.]

HSS: Oh wait... he did!

[Stevie flips through the program again, essentially talking to himself.]

HSS: Lynches... sure, it's Texas... I get it. Supreme Wright's not even on the show. Makes perfect sense. Detson and Nenshou out in the cold while the Longhorn Riders and the new guys got a spot... crazy.

[He stops at the page that reads STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT, looking back at the camera.]

HSS: TWENTY FRIGGIN' GUYS! Twenty guys in this match and we couldn't find a spot for a former World Champion in Johnny Detson or Ricky Marley. We couldn't find a spot for Supreme Wright who just might be the future of this whole company. We couldn't find a spot for Nenshou who... well, he's kicked my tail pretty hard the few times we've gotten in there together.

[Stevie shakes his head.]

HSS: I suppose I should be grateful that Juan Vasquez, my old friend and greatest rival, dug down deep and forced O'Connor to put him on the show.

Like the song says, there's something happening here and what it is ain't exactly clear... when Juan Vasquez, another Hall of Famer and former World Champion and the other guy who helped build this whole damn thing... when he has to show up on the last show before the big night and DEMAND a damn spot...

[More head shaking, this time with disgust.]

HSS: But I get it... I do. Onward and upward. It's time to spotlight the new, fresh faces that are going to lead the company into the next decade like...

[He holds up the program again, showing the challenger for the World Title - Dave Bryant.]

HSS: Really? Look, no offense, Dave. What you've managed to do since coming back to wrestling last summer is nothing short of astounding. What you did for Wug... that was real nice of you. And the run you put together

to win this tournament... whew. You beat the who's who of the AWA and you deserve that spot.

But so do I.

[Stevie glares at the camera.]

HSS: So does Juan Vasquez. So does Supreme Wright. So does Johnny Detson. So does Ricky Marley. So does Nenshou.

Need I go on?

I wish you the best of luck, Dave... I truly do. But if you think you've been through hell trying to become the World Champion, you're only just beginning to understand what hell truly is if you get that belt around your waist.

Because I'm coming for you... Juan's coming for you... Supreme... Nenshou... Detson... Marley... everyone who is anyone in this company is coming for you and you better be ready because if you're not, it's going to be a cold, hard end to a real nice story.

[Stevie throws the program over his shoulder.]

HSS: The people at home are puzzled right now. They don't get it.

"Why, Stevie? Why are you so mad?" They're thinking about all the mainstream publicity this match tonight with this Internet twerp has gotten. They're thinking about me on just about every radio show in the country delivering the hype. They're thinking about me on Access Hollywood and Entertainment Tonight and TMZ and all that crap.

They're thinking about my face on the cover of US Magazine.

And you know what? The front office may be thinking about all that too. They may be smiling real big grins as they line their pockets with the hard-earned money of the masses who expect me to climb in there and put on quite the show with Joshua Dusscher tonight.

[Scott raises a hand, pointing at the camera with a fury.]

HSS: I don't give... one... single... damn about any of that. All I ever wanted to be was a pro wrestler. I wanted my face on the cover of Pro Wrestling Illustrated... Wrestling Superstars... heck, I'd even settle for my contract disputes to be in the Observer.

And anyone who is expecting a "show" tonight is sadly mistaken. To all of those lured in by the mainstream media in hopes of seeing a mat classic or even a memorable moment between Dusscher and myself, you were snookered... hoodwinked... bamboozled.

It's going to be short. It's going to be painful. It's going to be over.

I will not entertain you.

[Stevie shrugs.]

HSS: Hey, we've got your money... might as well speak the truth. Joshua Dusscher is going to regret the day that he ever saw a pro wrestling match. He is going to wish the EMWC never existed to get him interested in the sport that I love.

He is going to wish he'd never heard my name.

And then he's going away... forever.

[The camera zooms in on the focused eyes of Stevie Scott before slowly fading back to the arena bowl and a panning shot of the fans. After a bit, the bell sounds and we crossfade to Phil Watson in the ring.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. It has NO RULES!

[Big cheer!]

PW: And if Mr. Dusscher is victorious, Stevie Scott will walk across the ring, declare him the better man... and KISS! HIS! FOOT!

[The boos pour down at the idea of that.]

PW: Introducing first...

[The lights in the American Airlines Center go out.]

PW: Weighing in at a self-proclaimed 230 pounds... he is the one... the only... the Internet sensation...

JOSHUA AAAAA DUSSSSSCHHHERRRRRR!

[A dazzling sparking "JOSHUA" sign lowers above the entryway, pyro lighting it up to spell out his name as a half dozen muscular African-American men walk through the curtain, completely enveloping the man about to walk the aisle.

Pyro bursts fire on either side of the ramp and the entourage unfolds into a single straight line, revealing Joshua Dusscher for the very first time. Dusscher stands in a full-length red singlet with white straps and matching white boots with red stars on them. His arms are crossed as he attempts to strike an intimidating pose in his dark black sunglasses.]

GM: There he is, fans. You will remember way back at Homecoming that the AWA had agreed to a special mini-concert with Mr. Dusscher's representatives and he took advantage of that live mic to make some rather disparaging comments about the AWA. It was "Hotshot" Stevie Scott who

was the first in line to take exception to those comments... and the fight was on. Tonight, we hope to settle it inside the ring.

[After a few more moments delay, the sounds of "Say Hey" burst to life over the PA system...

...and out come the backup dancers!]

GM: Well, this is quite the entrance for Mr. Dusscher.

BW: He'd better enjoy it while he can. Did you hear Stevie Scott? He sounded like a guy determined to rip this kid apar-

[The crowd roars as Stevie Scott comes tearing into view, racing past Dusscher's security guards, through the backup dancers (who scramble out of the way), and LEVELS Dusscher from behind with a forearm to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Stevie Scott out of nowhere has assaulted Joshua Dusscher!

[Scott puts the boots to Dusscher's ribcage, kicking him over and over and sending him rolling down the ramp towards the ring as the protesting security team for the infamous Internet pop star follows close behind.]

GM: The Hotshot is wasting no time in delivering exactly what AWA fans all over the world came to see!

[Dusscher rolls under the ropes into the ring as Scott pursues. He doesn't get far though as Scott reaches over the top rope, leaning down to snare a rising Dusscher by the hair, dragging him to his feet.]

GM: Uh oh!

[With a twisted grin, Scott leans over again, scooping Dusscher up into his arms. He does a full turn with him, facing the incoming bodyguards who are begging Scott to relent...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BODYSLAM ON THE RAMP!! Good grief!

BW: There's no rules in this one, daddy! Stevie can do whatever he wants to this chump!

GM: You've gotta believe there are some record label executives looking on a bit nervous right now, Bucky. I know that Mr. Dusscher has a major tour lined up for 2014 and it'll be hard for him to do if he's in a body cast.

[Scott pauses, glaring at the bodyguards who are creeping a little too close for comfort. He shakes his head, pointing a warning finger at them as he pulls Dusscher off the mat, throwing him through the ropes into the ring. He

steps in after him, turning to check that the bodyguards aren't coming for him.]

GM: Back inside the ring... and there's the bell to start the match as Ricky Longfellow will be in charge of the action in this one.

BW: Right up his alley, Gordo. There's no rules so there ain't a whole lot for him to do.

[The Hotshot pulls Dusscher off the mat, blasting him across the chest with a knife edge chop, sending the pop star sprawling back into the turnbuckles. Stevie shakes his head as the chop was partially blocked by Dusscher's t-shirt that reads "SAY HEY, STEVIE!" across the front...

...or did under Scott tore it from his chest and promptly lashes out with another chop!]

GM: Oh my! That's going to leave a welt!

BW: Millions of little girls around the world just shed tears at that.

[Scott switches his stance, lifting up an open hand to a big cheer from the fans...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: OHHH! What a chop!

BW: Look at that palm print on the chest of Dusscher!

[Smirking, Scott grabs the young man by the arm, whipping him across the ring into the far turnbuckles. Dusscher staggers out...

...and gets launched sky high into the air, flipping over and down hard to the canvas with a backdrop!]

GM: Oh my! Dusscher goes down hard again and-

BW: Here comes trouble!

[With his employer in danger, one of the bodyguards comes charging into the ring, rushing Stevie Scott who greets him with a boot to the gut. He steps forward, hooking a front facelock...

...and DRIVES the man's skull into the canvas with a snapping DDT! Stevie promptly rolls the unconscious man to the floor, turning to hold up one finger to the bodyguards who are huddled up, trying to plan their next move.]

BW: That's one, daddy! Five more left!

GM: And in the meantime, he's dragging Dusscher off the mat, right into a double underhook...

[Scott lifts him up into the air, flipping him over, and dropping him across a bent knee to a loud "OHHHHHH!" from the crowd!]

GM: Spinal Tap! He nearly broke the man in half with that!

BW: And Stevie's having a good time in there, Gordo. He's been waiting months to do this... ever since Dusscher first ran his mouth back at Homecoming.

[Grabbing the pop star by the legs, Scott looks to be attempting a Boston Crab but as soon as he turns it over, he gets attacked from behind by a pair of bodyguards who push him down to the mat and start stomping him over and over. The crowd jeers the blatant interference as the Hotshot tries to cover up.]

GM: And here's where the lack of rules benefits Joshua Dusscher. He's down, he's in trouble... but now his thugs... his goons are in there trying to get an advantage for him.

BW: Even if they get one, I'm not sure he can take advantage of it. He looks out flat to me already!

[With Stevie stomped down, the two bodyguards muscle him up, each holding an arm as a third man comes in, pulling Dusscher off the mat and trying to steady him.]

GM: We've got a four-on-one in there against Stevie Scott right now and that hardly seems fair at all, Bucky.

BW: He agreed to the stipulations, Gordo. You can't start feeling bad for him now.

GM: I don't believe that's how that works at all.

[With his arms trapped, Stevie struggles to escape as Dusscher measures him, throwing a light thrust kick into the ribs. He nearly falls over, having to be helped to stay steady by his guard.]

GM: Dusscher claims to have a karate background and obviously, that's what he was trying to prove to us right there.

[Steadying himself, he spins to the side, throwing a knife edge chop of his own that has nowhere near the same level of impact as Stevie's did earlier in the match. Dusscher makes a few gestures, then watches as his guards push Stevie back into the corner...]

GM: It looks like Joshua Dusscher is going to attempt an Irish whip. I hope the paparazzi at ringside have their cameras ready.

[We do see a huge amount of photographic press surrounding the ring as Dusscher grabs Scott by the arm, preparing for the big whip.]

GM: Irish whip.... no, reversed!

[Dusscher slams into the corner, Stevie barreling in after him. He ducks a grab attempt by a bodyguard, leaping up to drive his knee into the face of Dusscher!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big flying knee in the buckles and-

[Scott wheels around, drilling a bodyguard with a right hand. The other two rush him in tandem, causing him to duck down to avoid them...

...and then wheels around again, throwing a split-legged dropkick that catches both in the chest, knocking them back into the ropes.]

GM: Stevie's back up and-

[He barrels forward, connecting with a double clothesline that takes both men over the top rope and down to the floor!]

GM: HE CLEARS 'EM BOTH OUT!!

BW: That's three, daddy! Halfway to a one-on-one matchup!

[Scott grins at the crowd's reaction, then sidesteps in time to avoid a charging bodyguard who was aiming at his back...

...and throws him over the top as well like he's tossing people from a battle royal!]

GM: Another bodyguard out of the picture... that leaves just two out of them out on the ramp...

BW: Yeah, but one of 'em is a big ol' hoss.

[Stevie turns back towards the corner, rushing in to connect with a clothesline on a stunned Dusscher. He pulls him from the corner by the hair, tugging him into a front facelock. He smirks before flipping him over, driving him down with a swinging neckbreaker!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: And that was no sweat for the Hotshot!

GM: Clever.

[Scott swings a leg over the prone Dusscher, grabbing a handful of hair and hammering away with right hands to the skull, each one landing the mark and leaving a red welt where the knuckles are smashing into the skin. He rears back for one more shot...

...when the fifth bodyguard grabs him by the arm, pulling him down to the mat as the aforementioned "big hoss" steps over the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Look at the size of that guy! He's gotta be at least six foot ten, fans!

[The big guy hits the ropes, bounding off to the center of the ring where he leaps high into the air..

...and drops over three hundred pounds down on the chest of Scott, crushing the other bodyguard underneath the Hotshot at the same time!]

GM: Ohhh! Big splash!

BW: And that wasn't some glorified thug doing that, Gordo. That was a move from a trained professional wrestler. Dusscher went out and got himself a ringer, daddy!

GM: He may have done exactly that... and Stevie Scott is in a bad way.

[The big man gets back up, leaning down to drag his employer's limp form off the mat. He pulls him over, throwing him down on top of Stevie Scott and ordering Longfellow to count.]

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

[But Scott's shoulder fires up out of the back door. The big man looks irritated as he shoves his employer to the side, pulling Scott off the mat, and yanking him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: He's got Stevie hooked! Maybe a powerbomb of some sorts?

[But before he can deliver it, the Hotshot straightens up, knowing where he is at all times like the ring general that he is, and elevates the big man over the top rope and down to the wooden ramp!]

GM: OHHHH! Backdropped him right over the top and-

[And as Joshua Dusscher struggles to his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEATSEEKER! HEATSEEKER! HE LAID HIM OUT!!

[Scott steps closer, looking down at the motionless Dusscher. He shakes his head back and forth a few times, looking out at the crowd who are buzzing...

...and then pulls Dusscher off the mat, tugging him right into the standing headscissors...]

GM: Oh no... oh my stars, no!



[The Hotshot wastes no time in elevating Dusscher off the mat, holding him straight up and down...

...and DROPS him down on top of his skull with the piledriver!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[He flips Dusscher over, slapping an open palm down on the chest for a one... two... and easy three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Stevie Scott breaks out the piledriver - the most devastating move in our industry - to send a very clear message to Joshua Dusscher. Get out... and stay out.

BW: Oh, I don't think we have to worry about that. Dusscher just got dropped on his head in a move that puts professionals out of action for months... maybe even longer. It put Stevie Scott in the hospital needing neck surgery. It put James Monosso in a wheelchair. It put James Lynch on the shelf indefinitely. Dusscher is done, Gordo.

GM: He certainly- wait a second!

[The crowd breaks into a roaring buzz as four masked men hit the ring fast and hard, going straight for Stevie Scott.]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: Who the heck is this?!

[The foursome swarm the Hotshot, who tries to defend himself with some haymakers before getting overwhelmed, knocked down to the canvas.]

GM: We've got four guys out here in masks attacking Stevie Scott!

BW: Are these more of Dusscher's goons?!

GM: I have no id-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[One of the masked man snaps off a somersault legdrop, crashing it across the chest of the downed Hotshot. Another pulls Stevie up by the hair, taking a few weakened blows to the torso before cracking him with a rolling elbow upside the temple!]

GM: This is a mugging! These aren't Dusscher's thugs! These are trained professionals, Bucky!

[With Scott dazed, two of the men lift him up into the air, driving him down with an assisted powerbomb!]

GM: Oh my! These men have hit hard, they've hit fast, and they've hit in a devastating fashion right here tonight in Dallas! Stevie Scott has been laid out by... where are they going?

BW: They're leaving through the crowd and they're taking Stevie Scott with them, Gordo!

GM: Wait a second! Stevie Scott is being abducted by these masked men and-

[Suddenly, the arena lights darken and the video wall lights up with a burst of static. It remains for a few moments, just to get everyone's attention before switching to a blood red solid display with a black line in the middle of it. A voice begins, causing the black light to pulsate with the voice.]

"The biggest night of the year, they say. The biggest night of all time, they say."

[The voice chuckles softly and very, very darkly.]

"And they forgot to invite us.

You've heard the name for some time now.

Wise Men."

[The crowd suddenly starts buzzing as realization washes across them.]

"You know we're out there. You know we're ALWAYS out there and you know we're ALWAYS watching.

Tonight, we have elected to send a message. To all of those calling our names. To all of those seeking to expose us and oppose us.

Stevie Scott was an original. A founding father of this company so to speak. He was protected. He was a chosen one."

[Another chuckle.]

"But WE did not choose him. And now, we use him to show the world how serious we are... how far our reach stretches... and how we cannot be stopped.

The Wise Men choose this night to remove Stevie Scott from the gameboard. And if HE can be taken out by us..."

[The next words escape almost in a hiss.]

"Anyone can."

[The video screen fades to black as we cut back to ringside where a shocked Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: The Wise Men have struck right here tonight! An attack on Stevie Scott... an abduction of Stevie Scott! And for the first time... truly for the first time, they have taken credit for this attack!

BW: It's like a terrorist group wanting the world to know what they've done. The Wise Men say that Stevie Scott is their victim on this night and they want EVERYONE to know it, Gordo.

GM: But where did Stevie Scott go? What happened to him? Can we get security to go look for him? Someone must have followed those men who grabbed him!

BW: Would you?

GM: Fans, this situation... well, we need more information. We need someone to go out there and find Stevie Scott. We need...

BW: A hero? Let's not start that again.

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: Fans, we are just moments away from one of the biggest matches - quite literally - in AWA history - this year's edition of the Steal The Spotlight showcase. Twenty men are about to step inside that ring in the biggest elimination match on record with the winner earning that treasured Steal The Spotlight contract - the right to make any match of their choosing at any time in the next year. We caught up with many of the competitors in the match throughout the past few days so let's hear what's on the minds of these men as they prepare for one of the biggest matches of their lives!

[We head to the locker room, where seated at a bench is Hannibal Carver. He's dressed in his usual ring gear, as well as his usual hooded sweatshirt with the hood obscuring much of his face. His head bowed, he slowly wraps his fists in athletic tape as he begins to speak.]

HC: For the second year in a row, here I am for Steal The Spotlight. And for the second year in a row...

[Carver pauses the wrapping of his hands momentarily to nod.]

HC: ... the hunt is on. Of course, that doesn't make me special. There isn't a man that can't say the same here tonight.

My own team, for starters. Bar Guy and Armbar Guy... or as yeh might know them, Sawyer and Mahoney. Week in and week out they've come out here and made a name for themselves the only way there is... by putting whoever's in their path down on the canvas. That hasn't been enough to get the respect they've already earned... so here we are. If yeh think I won't do

all I can't make sure the suits sit up and take notice of these boys tonight, yeh haven't been paying much attention to ol' Carver. And then there's the monsters. The Hangman with his eternal hunt for justice and punishing the wicked. That's something I can get behind... in spades.

[Carver nods.]

HC: And then, MAMMOTH. His hunt never changes. Whether he's battering the hell out of some poor chump in the opening match or going toe to toe with the likes of Supreme Wright, what he wants is very simple, easy and unchanging.

[Carver smirks.]

HC: The world.

[Carver tosses the tape back into a locker behind him.]

HC: Then across from us, what do we have? Juan Vasquez. Demanding to show the world and everyone here in the back that he is THE man. The face of this company, despite what faces from the past like me or scumsuckin' interlopers ganging up on this company to drag it down to the muck and mire may come and go. His partners may be a mystery, but where his heart and soul lie never is.

The First Night Fighters. Each one of them is hunting for the chance to prove they belong here. To prove they have what it takes to make a name for themselves. With one exception. Devon Case. He's gonna try his damndest to prove he still has what it takes to get it done inside those ropes. To throw THAT fact in the face of one man.

[Carver begins to wrap his fists once again.]

HC: Chris Blue. Coming in with his army to bring it back when he had an Empire at his beck and call. To be THE MAN in this sport. But the one man missing from this equation? My sole interest?

[Carver scowls.]

HC: Rick Marley. I told yeh not to make me ask again, but I don't see yer name listed on the marquee here tonight. Yeh might ask, the world might ask... why? Why did I come out at the request of Todd Michaelson to smash yer face in the dirt? Because it's what was right after yeh spit in the face of this company? To finish what a good man, a better man than me, Supernova began? It is that, all of that... but at the core of it?

[Carver grins.]

HC: I was stalking through the woods... and the scent of a scared, sniveling rabbit hit my nostrils. That was yeh, Marley. I tried to deal on yeh like a man, but yeh took off like a thief in the night. Run rabbit, run.

[Carver gets to his feet.]

HC: But I took it in stride. I figured yeh were a little too cowardly to take yer licks out in the streets. Where it's so easy for a fight to become assault and battery. And I don't want the boys in blue to ruin this dance, Marley. So I gave yeh the chance to bring it to where yeh shine. The squared circle. All rules enforced. I'd have to beat yeh by being the better athlete. But instead, yeh brushed it off. Run rabbit, run!

[Carver nods, starting to shake with anger.]

HC: So tonight, if yeh know what's good for yeh... yeh WILL be the member of the Unholy Alliance in that ring. Because if not, the blood of yer running mates will be on YER hands, Marley. And that won't be nearly enough for me. Not if I break every other man in the ring in half will that be enough.

[Carver balls his hands into fists.]

HC: Not until I take this elbow and turn yer brains into mush for denying me will it enough, and nothing short of it will call me off my hunt...

[And sure enough, berzerker-like rage takes over.]

HC: RUN RABBIT, RUN!

[Carver lets out a primal. animal-like bellow as the camera wisely cuts out, as we switch to...]

"What have you gotten yourself into?"

[On those words we fade in to see Tony Sunn backstage. Sunn looks ready for action, with his dirty blond hair pulled back into a pony tail and wearing a black, silver and white ringlet with matching wristbands and black boots. He gives the camera a quick nod.]

TS: That's what folks are saying to me. Well, if they're not telling me that I don't deserve to be in this match or wondering who I am again.

[Tony shakes his head, a faint, but wry smile on his face.]

TS: Twenty men in this match and no one's thinking I've got any shot at this. Too many men, too many egos and agendas...this could all blow up in my face!

But only if I \_let\_ it happen.

[Tony cracks the knuckles in his right fist, jaw clenched in determination.]

TS: Sawyer, Mahoney, MAMMOTH -- even Vasquez...I know why you guys are upset. And I'm not taking anything away from your respective skills in the ring! But I've got just as much reason and right to fight in Steal the Spotlight -- in the AWA -- as anyone -- and I refuse to back down!

Blue, I'm not one of your little pawns. I don't care who your fifth man is or how many strings you think you can pull to get yourself an advantage. I guarantee that all your schemes will fall like a house of cards while I'm around!

And as for my team...heh. [Tony flashes a skeptical grin.] I've got one guy who's outed himself as a wannabe bad boy and Grade A jerk already, two wild cards in Sai Fong and Rey Estrellata and the one and only Devon Case himself. If I was a cynic, I'd be asking when should I expect the knife in my back...

[Sunn shakes his head again, offering now a more honest smile.]

TS: ...but I'm not. Case, Fong, Estrellata, if you're all on the up and up, I've got your backs out there if you have mine. As for Eli Slater...

[Sunn's smile drops, his brown eyes hardening into a warning glare.]

TS: ...you reap what you sow.

"What have you gotten yourself into?"

[Sunn's gaze looks up slightly, confidence clear on his face.]

TS: I just hear my dad say "Let's go give the bastards what for!"

[We fade from the confident Sunn to...

The words "Recorded 10-26-13" flash across the top left corner of the screen as we fade into a shot somewhere backstage in the Crockett Coliseum. Suddenly, the camera is pulled sideways by an unseen force, taking us directly into a close-up shot of...Juan Vasquez. The former two-time National champion gives the camera a big grin.]

JV: Hey, cameraman...you want an exclusive story?

[The cameraman must've given Juan a confused look, because the former National champion immediately frowns.]

JV: Jason Dane isn't the only one that can report all the super-secret important news that goes on around here, you know.

[Juan nudges his head towards the end of the hall.]

JV: Follow me.

[The camera follows Juan, as he hurriedly walks down the hallway and then opens a door, stepping right into the dressing room of...

Supreme Wright.

Wright appears to be shell-shocked by his defeat in the night's Main Event to Dave Bryant. He is seated on the floor, with his back leaning against the locker, still dressed in his wrestling attire. There's a blank, despondent look on his face. Even as Vasquez walks in, Wright doesn't bother acknowledging his presence, content to stare straight ahead. This doesn't deter Juan, who seems oblivious to Supreme's indifference.]

JV: That was a hell of a match, amigo.

[Absolutely no response.]

JV: I know that's probably the last thing you wanna' hear after a loss, but it had to be said. And as one of the people responsible for training you and molding you into the wrestling machine you are today, you might as well hear it from me.

[Supreme is lost in his own thoughts. Juan soldiers on.]

JV: So what if Dave Bryant beat you? Hell, he beat ME. You think I'm not frustrated? But the way he was wrestling tonight, I'm not sure there's many people in the history of this sport that could've stopped him. Sometimes in this business, there's just things that happen that you can't do a damn thing about-....

[Without looking up, Supreme breaks his silence and cuts Juan off in mid-sentence.]

SW: You'll have to excuse me, Mr. Vasquez, but the last thing I want to talk about right now is that match.

[Juan smiles. He finally broke through.]

JV: I'm not here to talk about the match. Besides, I know there's no point. You've probably already replayed that match in your head at least two or three times by now.

SW: Four.

JV: ...Right.

[Supreme still hasn't bothering looking up at Juan.]

SW: But it's not even the fact that I lost that's bothering me. I can accept a loss. I can accept the fact that someone was the better man. But Dave Bryant said he wanted the World title more than I do, Mr. Vasquez...

[His eyes narrow dangerously.]

SW: ...and that's just something I can't accept.

All the hard work, all the sacrifices I've made...is it just not enough? I always thought that there wasn't a man more devoted to this sport than I was, but...

[Finally, Supreme breaks away from his thousand yard stare and raises his head up towards Juan with a confused look on his face.]

SW: ...was I wrong?

[Juan is silent for a second, before quickly shaking his head.]

JV: You're not wrong.

[He takes a seat on the floor next to Wright, the both of them now leaning against the lockers and staring straight ahead into the void.]

JV: Kid, do you know WHY you weren't the first graduate of the Combat Corner? Todd probably never told you, but I'll tell you point-blank...

It's because you loved wrestling too damn much.

[Supreme's reaction is...no reaction at all. Juan keeps on talking.]

JV: Veterans like me and Todd, we'd seen it a million times before. A kid comes in absolutely obsessed with wrestling, swears up and down that they're completely devoted to it, that they're willing to work as hard as humanly possible to be worth a damn...but the moment they run into adversity or failure...they can't cope. They lose their nerve. They end up broken inside and they got no idea what to do after they've taken that big fall.

It might sound stupid to hear it now, but we were afraid the same thing would happen to you.

And silly us, the thing we thought would hold you back turned out to be the thing that's gonna' make you great.

[...]

JV: I'm glad that you proved us wrong.

[Juan leans his head back against the locker, staring up into the air.]

JV: So don't give me this crap about your faith being shaken, because the Supreme Wright I know is just gonna' pick himself back up, dust himself off, and keep moving towards his goal of being the greatest damn wrestler that ever lived. All this is, is just another bump in the road.

I know you believed with all your heart that the Main Event of SuperClash belonged to you. I know you feel like you just had your destiny ripped away from you...



...but you LOVE this sport. More than anyone I know. Hell, probably even more than \*I\* do.

And honestly, that scares the HELL out of me.

[Juan smiles to himself.]

JV: That scares the hell out of EVERYBODY.

[A beat.]

JV: And that's \_exactly\_ why I want you on my team at SuperClash.

[\_That\_ got Supreme's attention. The Combat Corner alum turns his head towards Vasquez with a mildly surprised look on his face.]

JV: Dave Bryant might have taken away your SuperClash moment, but I'm gonna' give it right back to you, kid.

I'm gonna' give you an opportunity to steal the spotlight.

[Juan smiles big and holds out his hand for a handshake.]

JV: What do you say?

[Supreme looks down for a moment, before allowing the faintest of smirks to paint the corner of his mouth. He looks up at Juan...]

SW: I say you've got yourself a team member, Mr. Vasquez.

[...right before taking his hand and shaking it. Fade out to...

Jason Dane who is standing next to the towering "Black Tiger", Demetrius Lake. The six-nine dark-skinned black man is wearing a silver cape with a black rope clasp around the neck, silver trunks with his initials in dark blue, and dark blue boots. He's got a black fedora atop his large afro, and a mean scowl on his bearded face. Lake's beard is long and vaguely conical, and he's hunched forward in a menacing stance.

Standing next to Lake is his manager, the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes. The short,squat bald manager is dressed in a nice black suit, white silk undershirt, and red power tie. His crystal-tipped cane is in his hand, and there's a solemn expression on his goateed face. Also standing here is Lake's valet, Radiant Raven. The six-foot-tall exotic beauty is wearing a cobalt-blue strapless full length dress, lavender lacy gloves that extend up above the elbow, a very thin lapis lazuli tiara and matching necklace, and some thick bluish makeup on her face in the shape of a snow crystal. She's carrying a round mirror, and has a totally disinterested look on her face, as is common for her.]

JD: Percy Childes, on the last Saturday Night Wrestling, there was a great deal of confusion as to who would get the last spot on Chris Blue's Steal The Spotlight squad.

PC: No, there was not. I stated that it was Demetrius Lake. Nenshou did not wish to accept this, but I am his manager. Regardless of what he may desire, I couldn't terminate my contract with Nenshou even if I wanted to.

JD: Would you please stop being cryptic about that and tell us why...

[Dane is roughly interrupted by the heavily taped hand of Demetrius Lake clamping on his hand and moving the microphone towards him.]

DL: Mister TV Announcer, it ain't none of your business what Percy Childes' dealings are. You are wasting my time, the valuable time of the king Of professional wrestling, Demetrius Lake. I can assure you that there are more immediate issues than that spoiled brat Nenshou, and that is Steal The Spotlight.

I saw how that bunch of drunks begged and cried their way into the match. They probably offered to clear old man O'Connor's tab down at the Musty Hole or wherever those bums get drunk at. This sport has no room for drunks! In the office or in the ring! So after I run these bums, Norm Peterson, Cliff Clavin, and HOMER Simpson out of town... maybe I'll run old man O'Connor out of town. He must be a drunk just like the others to let them in the match. And then they dug up the Cryptkeeper to be their partner. I will hang that man with his own rope and bury him in a Kleenex box! And then you got these rookies. To be honest, I can see that one or two of them will be a challenge. They'll get their chance. But I have a whole team of men with me that are proven. One or two men with potential having to carry dead weight? That's no match. That's just an exhibition. And for that masked fool? What kind of a man wears a mask? Only a criminal wears a mask, Mister TV Announcer. A criminal must be unmasked.

JD: Well, not everyone on that team is a rookie.

DL: True. Eli Slater, I like his style.

JD: I was referring to Devon Case.

[Lake turns and gives Dane an incredulous glare.]

DL: De-Von Case?

JD: Yes.

DL: The man they called the Golden God?

JD: Yes. You must know he's in the match.

DL: De-Von Case is dead! He can't be in the match. He is dead and buried.

JD: Uh, no, he was on Saturday Night Wrestling and he's here tonight.

DL: Mister TV Announcer, I just don't think you understand. The man you THINK that is? He's dead. He died when his knees gave out. He died when his back wore out. He died when he became unable to jump like he did, fly like he did, move like he did. What you saw on TV was a dried up old man who don't know he's supposed to be in a grave. He's just another rookie on that rookie team. Nobody has ever seen THAT man wrestle. And when I get my hands on him, nobody ever will. You can be sure of that.

So when we whip those two teams... the drunks and the punks... we won't have stolen the spotlight. We'll have taken what we already owned. No doubt about it!

JD: And then there's the fourth team.

DL: There is no fourth team.

JD: Uhm, yes, there is. Juan Vasq...

DL: Juan Valdez ain't got no friends. All he got is a blind mule and a bunch of bums who left town after he led them right into the meatgrinder at War Games. The Unholy Alliance broke any bonds Juan Valdez had. Him talkin'... all he does is talk. He's all talk. Maybe he used to be somebody, but just like De-Von Case, that man is dead. If Juan Valdez shows up, he'll be alone. Only a fool shows up alone to a gang fight. The Black Tiger Demetrius Lake does not suffer fools, Mister TV Announcer. If Valdez walks in, he won't walk out. Believe that.

PC: I believe that's all that needs to be said, don't you?

[Lake and company exit the area, leaving Dane to wrap up.]

JD: Demetrius Lake is certainly confident. Very, very, very confident. We'll see tonight just how well that serves him.

[We fade away from Jason Dane to...]

V/O: It must be told... that I do not expect nor do I want to win Steal the Spotlight.

[Crossfade to a backstage locker room. A man sits on a slightly leaning over a wooden bench that stretches the length of the room. The man has a black t-shirt draped over his right shoulder and is wearing quite familiar black and dark blue wrestling pants. He is not the Golden God. But he is Devon Case. His trademark short-slicked black hair is now more of a buzz job leaving it very close to the scalp. To his right on the bench lies two different styles of tape: one for his wrists, and a second one that has become more popular in many sports recently, Kinesiology tape.]

[Case grabs the basic black tape and begins to get his body ready for war as he eyes the camera. His icy-blue glare tells all. He is in no festive mood.]

DC: This battle, and a battle it will be, is not one I predict to come out a victor... or even a survivor.

I do not care about what treasures await the winner.

I do not care about how many people the AWA wants to throw into this match to make it an even bigger mess than it already is.

All I care about...

...is ending the reign of Chris Blue and all those men associated with that hypocritical, deceitful, and abhorrently pitiful piece of garbage.

[He rips a piece of tape with his teeth and begins to wrap his left wrist. Padding it down rather aggressively and then deciding to flex his hand and wrist joints for comfort... Case continues his tape job.]

DC: That singular thought has run through my mind since getting that first call from Blue himself oh so many months ago. But I had to play my cards right. Show my hand too early and the game is lost before it was ever set in motion. Play them too late and well...

...anyone who has known Chris Blue as long I have can tell you... the more time you give him to feed you his lies... the more susceptible you are to believe them.

[He throws a knowing sigh towards no one in particular. With the wrapping of his left wrist almost complete... he does the same routine as before. After that he sets the roll aside and grabs the KT tape.]

DC: I believed your lies for a very, very long time... heck... many men under your employ did. And for years you raked in cash hand over fist at the expense of the same men you called your friends, your family... your brothers. You put courageous men, loyal men, men willing to sacrifice time with their families... their loved ones... into the most heartless of matches all for the sake of an extra buck. But the Empire was loved so greatly by the industry that your crimes continually went unpunished. And then the Empire crumbled...

...and did any of those men who bled, who sweat, who damn near died for you get anything in return for their loyalty? Did any of us get a pat on the back, even a simple thank you?

[As if a "pat on the back" was a reminder of his new found pre-match routine... he takes a strip of the KT tape and turns his torso slightly to the left... placing one edge of the tape on his lower right back area before pressing it across his entire lower back. He begins to pull another smaller strip out.]

DC: No, that was never your style, though, was it? Instead you spit forth a bunch of lies about how we'd all be fine, about how the guys who didn't

quite make the big bucks would be able to use their credentials to keep their dreams and their credit alive.

It took me years away from the sport to realize something that should have been so crystal clear from the moment I met you, Blue... you never were a wrestling promoter...

...you are and always will be a con-artist.

[This time he gingerly starts the tape in the lower center of his back and runs it about five inches up just on the right side of the spine. With that he stands up... eyes locked on the camera as he pulls the shirt off of his shoulder.]

DC: But, you see, tonight? The scam is up. And I've come to collect for all those that won't ever have a chance to... for all those long past their prime... I've come to take everything you hold dear...

...and leave it smoldering in front of you. After tonight you will leave without a lackey to hide behind, without a leg to stand on, and without any hope to recuperate what I shall take from you.

[Case quickly pulls the shirt on over his head... for those expecting a "Golden God" t-shirt, tough. It's a simple black athletic shirt. Nothing more, nothing less. He's focused not on what he was... but what he plans to do.]

DC: And don't think I'm unaware of the target, Blue. I heard you loud and clear, as loud and clear as my knee busting Eric Preston in the skull. You are hellbent on a fight to the death and why not? You still have men like Craven and Preston in your employ... you have the Bishop Boys... you have a wild card as well. Your hand is loaded.

I guess that's what brought out the honesty. Or was it?

[Case finally flashes that hard-not-to-like Vegas smirk. His eyes go slightly wider as he speaks.]

DC: Washed-up? Should have been a multi-time World champ? Would have been in the Hall of Fame? If what, Blue?

If I donned a cowboy hat and threw a solid lariat?

We both know what you expected of me and where you saw me going and where you damn well never wanted me to be able to go. And as I reached the pinnacle... you ripped the brass ring from my grasp.

[A slight dismissive sigh. emotions as so hard to fight.]

DC: So, ten years later, I am chomping at the bit to rip that brass ring back from you. All of your men shall suffer for your sins, Chris.

Every last single one of those foolhardy automatons.

[He pulls closer to the camera... a small bead of sweat drips down from his forehead as he glares forward.]

DC: So, for the rest of you, from Juan Vasquez to the men on my very own team... I can only offer but a single warning... stay out of my way. My beef... my concern is not with any of you. Let me do my thing... let me end the tyranny of Chris Blue and I promise I'll lie down for the pin not a moment later. Like I said, the spotlight is for someone else to ultimately steal...

...but the \_redemption\_...

...belongs to me.

[Fade out to...

...the back where William Craven stands before the AWA banner. Calm, seemingly collected, yet clearly smoking with a clear and severe kind of disappointment, he shakes his head silently, having seemingly been struck dumb. Eyes squeezing shut, the green-tattooed, bald man-beast's face fairly cracks apart; his advanced years showing now more than ever as he searches for how to begin.]

WC: Why...?

[Simple yet unsatisfying, Craven's seeming inquisition is nothing more than a longer inquest cut short. He struggles, having apparently not collected himself before his segment began after all.]

WC: Each year that has gone before Steal the Spotlight has been between two teams. The formula was simple and no one questioned it. Two teams battle until one man among them remains, that man was lauded, heralded as victor and given a great prize. Now...? Not only was another team thrown together from random newcomers in a wild swing that somehow connected with those in charge but Vasquez ... a man who has Stolen the Spotlight from those more deserving for too many years ... simply walks up and takes the last unclaimed corner, granted his request without having to first declare his team.

[Frustration seeping from him, this is a Craven we've seen before and yet not. He remains coherent, his breathing remains steady and does not turn ragged.]

WC: Such is the status, the hubris and the unmitigated GALL of the man who rolls from opportunity to opportunity like the rotund child of a billionaire making his way between dessert plates at a fancy party, never questioning why he has so much or how the other half lives. Why does Juan Vasquez, a heartbeat after losing his latest opportunity, demand his own team mere moments later? Why is his request, without due consideration, granted immediately!?

[For the merest of moments Craven's sharpened teeth show and he licks chapped lips with his surgically split tongue. Absentmindedly he switches the microphone from his right hand to his left and puts his hand over his heart, muttering something under his breath. Looking back to camera he returns with slightly less intensity.]

WC: In a land where talented men struggle for every drop of opportunity yet still go parched Juan Vasquez lavishes in golden pools. Make of that what you will ... but I call it an injustice and a disservice to those of us who pay our dues in exchange for nothing but the glory we can snatch. It was supposed to be simple ... the Emperor did what he does; shaping the future of the wrestling industry. We, as his army, would stand against five wretches that would be pitied as we tore them asunder. Then ... betrayal; as Devon Case broke ranks, turning from the Emperor for having not been given, that is GIVEN, equal status with that man who made him the star he is. Ten years on vacation this man and Chris Blue hands him an opportunity, just holds it out, undeserved, and he takes it but gives nothing back. Devon Case goes to the other side, paycheck in hand, a paycheck arranged for him by the man whose blood yet drips from his proverbial chin.

Then ... sheer lunacy. They came from all directions it seemed. A third team, unbidden, starts a brawl with their betters and amid the fracas finds themselves given equal status. They stole their Spotlight, having made it into the match at all. The Hangman, of course, for her feels that I am the greatest of evils in the AWA or so he is told by that cursed Judge Parker and even if it's true IT IS NONE OF THEIR BUSINESS! None of those men had any reason to expect such a handout and yet there they stand as seeming equals to my own team. They ... they took their places in the third corner. Case, the fifth man, the one who made us a whole unit took his place beside those strangers and against those who knew him and they occupy the second. We have our first, this is still true; it was bought and paid for not just with the Emperor's lucre but also with the dues paid by we who serve him. My dues...

[A pregnant pause as Craven rubs his face, dragging a palm down, tugging the loosening skin there.]

WC: One has to question the wisdom shown; was life too simple? Was the event itself not enough of a spectacle? Or was it the hand of the Wise Men raised in the over-simple fury of blind persecution? They lash out from the shadows and dilute the impact that we have by adding too easily a third team and then, thoughtlessly, a fourth. Twenty. Men. To Steal the Spotlight one must rise to the pinnacle high over the heads of all others. Twenty...

The more that is added the more is taken away. Chances to shine, time to bask in the glory of the undertaking. So many are they that it is impossible to plan for every man in this debacle with a population that can only be compared to a battle royal contested under tag rules. So now ... I will speak to you of those that I must consider captains; be it true or not and the fates I wish for them.

[Staring straight into the camera lens as it zooms in.]

WC: First ... the Hangman. A foolish boy claiming to channel the supernatural. Long ago I felt myself the same kind of creature possessed in equal parts by the divine and the profane. I could be struck with blows that would fell lesser man that they would never rise again and laugh at the men who thought themselves the dealers of my death. Time, torment and failure taught me the folly of my beliefs as I learned that a tolerance for physical pain is nigh unto meaningless when the physical world holds no pleasures for you. Looking to you quickens my heart and fills me with sadness as I see in you not only a reflection of my past but ... a man young enough to be my son with sights set on my position in this business.

And you do believe yourself my equal, don't you? Surely the Judge, a manipulator who certainly could have had my service in my late twenties, does. Why? Because you grew to a great height and hired a mouthpiece who decries the sins of man you believe that you stand on equal footing with me!? When I am noticed on the street the people take the Lord's name in vain and wonder aloud if truly they do behold William Craven! You? Most likely they would wonder aloud if you could play basketball.

No, Hangman ... in ten years, perhaps, I will look at you and say that you are my equal. As it stands you are a newcomer. Even if your resume is longer than I've seen you've still barely set foot in my domain and you'll not displace me without killing me and even then not until I've taken my pound of flesh.

[Deep breath. Craven curls his lip.]

WC: Then the traitor; Case. Oh ... Devon, how ruefully I do remember you, the child on the playground watching from the periphery of the Empire as I vacated my high perch within. You and that hilljack Courtade licking your chops as I faded and you each became the next big thing. Talented aerialist, well-rounded competitor and a threat to anyone that dared step into the arena on any given night.

As the old saying goes "the candle that burns twice as bright lasts half as long". So you became a dominant force, traveled the world, lapping up the applause the accolades ... then ... in a great conflagration your career died.

[Eyes narrowing to slits Craven shows his teeth again; this time in a sick grin.]

WC: Just as you pointed out the Emperor wasn't watching, Devon and, aheh, neither was I. It was ugly though, as I understand, and seemingly permanent. Kudos on finding your way back into the limelight in spite of yourself. May it last long enough for me to snuff your candle one \_final\_ time...

[Pause. Shakily Craven's smile fades.]

WC: Finally, we have the man who declared himself as leader of a team that, at the time, perhaps didn't even exist; Juan Vasquez. A man whose roots lie



far outside of the AWA yet a man who claims now that his team is one that represents it. Why, Juan, do I not represent AWA? I've been here for nearly three years, 'though sometimes in secret, and the man for whom I fight, the Emperor, Chris Blue, helped to create this company.

I will not claim to know everything that goes on around me, Juan, because I do not hear every word and see every event in every arena that the AWA but I do know why you have forced your way into my chance to prove my greatness; Dave Bryant. That ... I saw. Saw him flip you over and pin you, eliminating you from the tournament that would have given you yet another Main Event; yet another chance at a title you've already had too much time to hold.

So you took another...

[Pacing like a lion Craven does nothing to hide his disgust at this revelation.]

WC: At this moment it could be said that I'm beating a dead horse but if ever there was someone that needed an excess of beating it's Juan Vasquez. He does not need this opportunity but he could not stand to be out of view for the biggest event of the year for professional wrestling; SuperClash. He failed to claim the Spotlight when Bryant, a man I made my name destroying in my early career, pinned him ... so now he makes a play for mine.

You'll not have it, Vasquez. I'd sooner hand it to the lowliest unknown drunkard on the first team to invade these proceedings than have you reign above all others yet again. You get nothing and you deserve less. When I myself Steal the Spotlight, however, I will deserve it ... for I serve a higher purpose. I serve the Emperor.

[Stroking the AWA banner as he is sometimes known to do Craven's voice turns somewhat wistful.]

WC: Even still, a year removed from the beginning; when the Emperor finally returned and I first stood at his right hand, people decry my loyalty to him. They say that he is not so loyal to me as I am to him but that is not how devotion works. I drank deep the drug called belief ... but I did so with eyes wide open. Belief in the Empire that was forged by the Emperor to shape what we know as Professional Wrestling today. Yes, we had moments where his anger would cloud my mind and make me doubt but it was only because I could not see his wisdom or understand his message. He tempers my violence and guides me to focus on what prizes I deserve.

All transgressions passed between us are resolved. Yes, he did not give me the rewards I was promised those many years ago in the Empire and, yes, I did fall short of his expectations, leaving in a youthful fit of pique. But I fought all the years since to return to his good graces so that, at last, I might wear the crown. Yes, he objected when I spoke of violence and revolution and grew angry as I was distracted by old grudges but I understand now. We understand each other.

He sees that I require no mouthpiece and I recognize his wisdom. He understands that I require freedom and I respect his authority. This is why I am his Dragon. This is why he is my Emperor. He is why our team is united, even with a fifth wheel trailing us, because his greatness makes it so. For the Emperor I fight, I win and I Steal the Spotlight.

[Hard glare at the camera as Craven lowers his gaze, ever focused on the lens and the fans at home.]

WC: Amen...

[Cut to...

Black screen.]

V/O: Serious wagers have been placed in this upcoming match; this chance to steal the spotlight.

[The lights come on and it is a hunched over man in what looks like a a very stiff cloak that obscures his face. This is the Voice and behind him is Sai Fong.]

V: We have no wager, other than the opportunity to spread our wings and blaze a path towards recognition here, the world beyond our world.

[Sai Fong cracks his neck.]

V/O: Others are looking to avenge past slights, others must prove to themselves that they are relevant. And then there are those who only wish to wish to bring misery to everything they touch.

[The Voice mutters something, looks behind him, then lurches forward.]

V: We have remained quiet. We observe, taking in the words and deeds of those we temporarily ally with and those who we temporarily are sided against. Everyone has an agenda. Ours just happens to cross paths with men who all have their reasons for wanting victory.

[Sai Fong holds a list out for the Voice.]

V: Ah yes. Tony Sunn, ironic last name considering he fights for himself and his father.

Eli Slater. Doubts are cast on him and his trustworthiness... but for one night, we can live with him.

Rey Estrallato. The king of stardom, but still anonymous. We have something in common, yet are very different.

And, finally, Devon Case. You denounced the man who made you a star, then burned you up. We think you will be the hardest to understand, but the easiest to work with.

[The Voice sighs.]

V: There is no unity, no teamwork, nothing but wants and desires to keep this team together... nothing save for hope. That should suffice to lay low not one, but three other sets of men looking for their days in the sun. There will be turmoil, blood, and strife. However, I am confident that the little phoenix shall rise from the ashes of war, and burn brighter than before.

[Fade to...

...Jason Dane who is standing by backstage in front of the AWA backdrop.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time, Callum Mahoney...

[Callum Mahoney comes striding into the shot, a white tracksuit jacket over his wrestling attire. In his right hand is a distinctively-shaped glass filled with a dark brown, almost black, beverage, with a layer of foam on top.]

JD: Callum, tonight you attempt to Steal the Spotlight, not just against one team, but three other teams; how do you prepare for something like that?

CM: Same way I prepare for any other fight, Jason: drink a pint of Gui-

[He is interrupted by a bellowing voice coming from off-screen.]

"YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!"

[The husky frame of MAMMOTH Maximus enters the shot. He is dressed to compete in a black singlet, with a silver M across the front. Maximus does not have his mask on. Instead, it is bunched up in his meaty right hand. With his free hand, he pulls the drink away from Mahoney, spilling some of it.]

MM: Give 'er here!

CM: Watch it!

MM: You can save that drink for later, armbar guy! Because, you see, I didn't sign up to be a part of Team Liquid Courage!

CM: Is that what they're calling us?

MM: Darn right that's what they're calling us, and the addition of Carver to the team isn't helping the image, but that's fine by me, because everyone knows we're not about the image. We're not about the video packages and I'm sure between the five of us, we've got some semblance of a working brain going. NO! I didn't sign up to be a part of Team Liquid Courage! I

signed up to stand alongside two of the fightingest men there are in the AWA right now...

CM: Fightingest?

MM: Did I stutter, boy?! Anyway, I signed up to stand alongside two of the fightingest men there are in the AWA right now, Curt Sawyer and the armbar guy, and one scary as heck man, if indeed a man he is, in the Hangman and the addition of Hannibal Carver ups the capacity for violence by a factor of ten! I know you guys are more than capable of handling yourselves in a fight and I know you guys can handle the enemy coming from all sides! Which is exactly what we're going to do: take the fight to the other three teams and get rid of them the way we know how, until only our team is left and then we'll sort things out between us. Until then, eyes on the prize, armbar guy, because it doesn't matter if Juan Vasquez thinks his team is Team AWA, because WE are going to show them who the REAL Team AWA is! It's OURS, armbar guy...

THE SPOTLIGHT IS OURS!!!

[Maximus walks off, leaving Mahoney staring.]

CM: He knows there can only be one winner, right?

[Dane shrugs.]

CM: [Shrugs.] I guess I'll just take it as payback for the spilled drink.

[Fade to...

Backstage at SuperClash V, Jason Dane stands resplendent in his finest, holding his microphone and standing next to Eric Preston. Preston is not yet dressed to wrestle, in black jeans and an undone black long sleeve shirt, sleeves rolled up and shirt tails untucked.]

JD: Fans, we are standing here hours before SuperClash is about to begin, and Eric Preston actually requested this time to speak. Eric, this is the first ever four team Steal the Spotlight match, which has the fans all around the world wondering who Juan Vasquez will have on his team, and who can possibly emerge from this chaos with their choice of a title match. Can it be your time at SuperClash V?

[Preston is taken aback, and ponders.]

EP: My time. Is it going to be my time?

[Eric steps back and thinks again.]

EP: That's a question I'm gonna answer with this:

When I came back to AWA, this time last year, I was filled with venom and rage. And I still am. I tried to help that twit Supreme Wright win the World

title from that sack of garbage, but you can only lead a horse to water, y'know, can't make him drink. Supreme Wright needs the help of a man much more educated than me.

But when I came back, I was on shaky ground. I didn't have any confidence and I didn't feel good about myself. At all.

I had forgotten who Eric Preston was. Truth be told, I don't know if I ever really found out. I've had people on my shoulder, in my ear, giving me unwanted advice since Michaelson rolled me out of the Combat Corner to make a buck off me.

[Eric holds up his hand to count them off.]

EP: Todd Michaelson, Vernon Riley, Brent Maverick, Anton Layton, Chris Blue. They all wanted a piece of Eric Preston, they all wanted to ride the coattails of the Combat Corner's very first, and ONLY, five star, blue chip prospect.

Everybody wanted a piece of that pie, Jason Dane, you know that. I've had vultures circling around me since I first set foot in the WKIK Studios. And do you know what I found?

[Dane shakes his head.]

EP: The first person, the FIRST person I have met in my career who wanted to give me advice and not get a kickback or a percentage or a damn RV, like Vernon Riley?

Chris Blue.

Since I signed him on as my agent, the one constant thing I've heard from Chris Blue has been, "you're the best in the world. You're made to be a champion. This is what you were born to do. You're the best in the world."

"You're the best in the world."

"This is what you were born to do. Time to live up to your potential. Time to be The Man."

[Preston looks at Dane.]

EP: And once you start hearing that, over and over and over again, you start to believe it. You start to remember why the world was your oyster at the tender age of 21. You start to remember what it's like to be a man in control of his life, and his destiny, and not some friggin' puppet on a string, being guided by his baser instinct for revenge.

I'm Eric Preston.

I was BORN to be AWA World Heavyweight Champion. I was trained, I was prepped, I was BRED to lead this sport into it's next boom period.

I just forgot that, somewhere along the way.

[Eric shakes his head ruefully.]

EP: But Chris Blue reminded me. And now look at me.

[Preston beckons the camera to look at him.]

EP: I'm a new man.

And I can guarantee that the odds on favorite to win this match is ME. And if I don't, if the stars align, the earthquake swallows me up or the bus crashes, the only breakout performance you're gonna wanna talk about afterwards is ME.

Is it my time, Jason?

[Preston looks at the interviewer for a moment, rubbing the palms of his hands together.]

EP: My time is way past due. Now it's up to me to collect.

[We crossfade from Eric Preston's face to a shot that says "LIVE!" in the bottom corner. It is Mark Stegglet standing alongside the AWA President, Karl O'Connor.]

MS: President O'Connor, we are mere seconds now from heading out to the ring for Steal The Spotlight and... well, I'm told that there are some last minute changes to the lineup of twenty men competing in this matchup. Can you clarify this situation for us?

[O'Connor nods solemnly.]

KOC: I can, Mark. Unfortunately, there were a pair of injuries that have altered the lineup. Eli Slater suffered a neck injury during training and will be unable to compete here tonight. He will be replaced by a young man that has received rave reviews inside the Combat Corner - someone that we all feel has quite the future ahead of him. When this injury situation came up, he was the first one knocking on my door and asking for this opportunity. Tonight, he's going to get it. Willie Hammer makes his AWA debut here tonight at SuperClash V!

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: Willie Hammer is a locker room favorite for sure. Always a big smile on his face, always looking to break into the next level. I'm sure I'm not alone in being very happy to see him get this shot. But Mr. Slater was not alone in getting injured?

[O'Connor shakes his head.]

KOC: Unfortunately not. We received word that Curt Sawyer suffered an arm injury just a few days ago and tried to train through it. Our doctors, however, will not allow him to compete and he too is being replaced in the match.

MS: With whom?

KOC: Mr. Sawyer's replacement is none other than Ricky Lane.

MS: Wow! That really tips the scales - so to speak - for that team as they now have two four hundred plus pound competitors on their side of the ring.

[O'Connor raises a finger.]

KOC: But that team has suffered another change, Mark. The Hangman is NOT in the building.

[Stegglet looks surprised.]

KOC: We were informed earlier today that his manager never signed the contract for this match and apparently we were all under the wrong assumption that he intended to compete in this matchup.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: So, who is the final member of their team then?

[O'Connor cracks a grin.]

KOC: In news that I'm quite sure Mr. Percy Childe will be unhappy to hear... it is the Asian Assassin, Nenshou!

[The crowd inside the building breaks into cheers!]

MS: Nenshou joins Team Liquid Courage! That turns that team into a real powerhouse with Nenshou, Ricky Lane, Callum Mahoney, MAMMOTH Maximus, and Hannibal Carver! But... who will make up Juan Vasquez' team? We already know that Supreme Wright is on the squad. Who else will join the newest member of the Hall of Fame? Let's find out right now!

[We crossfade to the entrance stage, where we hear a huge roar from the crowd, as Jason Dane stands by with former two-time National Champion Juan Vasquez and one of the members of his Steal the Spotlight team, Supreme Wright. Juan is dressed in his trademark white tracksuit with black trim, ready to compete. Wright is wearing a black, velour fighter's robe with "SUPREME WRIGHT" on the back in capital letters. Vasquez and Wright have contrasting demeanors: Juan is relaxed and all smiles, while Wright is as stoic and intense as ever. The duo stand there as Dane begins to speak.]

JD: Juan Vasquez, you caused quite a stir when you asked...no, DEMANDED a team for Steal the Spotlight from Karl O'Connor and got it! Almost immediately after, you wasted no time in keeping your name in the headlines

by recruiting the current number one contender to AWA World Title, Supreme Wright [POP!] to compete in Steal the Spotlight with you. The question going through everyone's minds since then is..."Who are the rest of the members of your team?"

[Juan lowers his head and laughs to himself.]

JV: Heh.

[He looks back up with a smile on his face.]

JV: We'll get to that in just a second, Dane...but I have something I need to address.

[Juan's expression becomes serious.]

JV: Now, I know I might've ruffled a few feathers with what I said a few weeks back, but I meant every single word. I have nothing against any of those men taking the opportunity to be in Steal the Spotlight, but NONE of those teams truly represent the history, the tradition, the heart \_or\_ the soul of the AWA!

[There's some scattered cheers in the crowd, along with a lone voice shouting, "You tell'em, Juan!"]

JV: You might think that sounds arrogant or pretentious coming from me, but when you ask anyone what they think of when they think of the AWA, they sure as hell don't think...

..."Chris Blue!"

NO!

HELL NO!

[There's a timbre of anger in his voice, as he begins to speak more excitedly.]

JV: They're sure as heck not thinking of five guys that have never even wrestled inside an AWA ring until tonight! NO! They're thinking of the talent produced by our very own Combat Corner; the men that will be the future of this sport, like THIS man...Supreme Wright!

[There's a huge cheer from the crowd as Juan points to Supreme, who raises his hand to acknowledge them.]

JV: They're not having their hearts set aflutter by a man that wanted to destroy this promotion, like William Craven! NO! They think of the proud history of the AWA! They think of the National title! And they think of the man that held the National title longer than anyone else...



[Metallica's "Creeping Death" begins to play as the crowd erupts into a huge roar for the man that steps through that curtain. It's the Russian War Machine...]

JV: ...KOLYA SUDAKOV!

[The former National champion is dressed in a red windbreaker jacket and black MMA style tights with "WAR MACHINE" written down the legs. He throws his arms apart and roars, bringing another big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: OH MY STARS! What a coup by Juan Vasquez!

BW: Supreme Wright and Kolya Sudakov on the same team? That's two of the baddest men walkin' the planet fighting on the same side, Gordo!

[Sudakov joins Vasquez and Wright on the stage as Juan turns his attention back to the crowd.]

JV: They're not having fond memories of someone that hasn't been around for almost a decade like Devon Case! NO! They're thinking of the wrestlers that have entertained them, amazed them, that they've cheered and cried for these past five years! Men like...

#WHO WAN' SIT ON SWEET DADDY'S LAP TONIGHT?!#

[HUGE CHEER!]

GM: OH YEAH!

BW: OH NO! ANYONE BUT HIM!

[The crowd erupts in cheers for the rotund fan favorite as he dances through the entrance curtain into view. He pauses there, a big grin on his face as he looks out at the roaring fans. He shakes his head, wagging a finger to the crowd before he starts trotting down the aisle in his dark blue wrestling trunks and white windbreaker jacket with "SWEET DADDY" written across the back in red script.]

JV: ...SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS!

[Sweet Daddy greets all his teammates with high fives on the stage as the crowd's cheering dies down slightly enough for Juan to continue on.]

JV: And here in the AWA, you never needed to get a little liquid courage in you to jump right into a brawl. Nah, every AWA fan knows that if you ever wanna' get into a fight, all you needed to say was...

[A big grin forms on Juan's face as he throws his head back and shouts...]

JV: "HOOK'EM UP!"

GM and BW: NO WAY!

["Ain't No Grave" by Johnny Cash begins to play over the PA as the crowd gasps in shock and a HUGE cheer comes from the Dallas faithful when they see the fifth member of Juan Vasquez's team striding into view.]

JV: And the final member of my team..."BIG" JIM WATKINS!!!

[The former AWA President is clad in cowboy boots, blue jeans, and a wifebeater tank top covered in the Stars and Stripes of the American flag. He joins the rest of the team on the stage, as the crowd lets loose their loudest cheer of all, finally seeing the entire team assembled for the first time.]

JD: This is incredible.

JV: Yeah, ain't it?

[Juan laughs.]

JV: I said I was gonna' form a team that truly represented the AWA and I did! These are men that fought and bled for this company! These are men that helped build the AWA into the greatest wrestling promotion in the world! And judging by the reaction I'm hearing right now, Dane, I guess you could say...

...the spotlight belongs to us.

[Big Pop!]

JV: Hell, who am I kidding? it's always belonged us! It's ALWAYS belonged to the AWA!

[An even bigger roar!]

JV: And tonight? The spotlight ain't something to be stolen.

If you want it?

[Juan looks at his teammates standing by his side and turns his attention back to the camera, grinning dangerously.]

JV: Just try and take it.

[With a whoop, Vasquez waves his team towards the entrance ramp. The fivesome make their way down the aisle, heading towards the ring where the other fifteen competitors have already made their entrances.]

GM: Juan Vasquez has, once again, shocked us all here tonight in Dallas with the introduction of his team.

BW: I didn't even know Kolya Sudakov was in the building!

GM: Nor did I. I knew Jim Watkins was here but he was just visiting friends, I was told. Apparently we were wrong because Big Jim looks dressed for a fight, fans.

BW: And just as the news of Nenshou and Ricky Lane joining Team Liquid Courage seemed to tip the momentum in their favor, now you have to wonder if Vasquez just managed to tip the scales back in his team's direction.

[As Team AWA approaches the ring, Phil Watson takes the mic.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... it is now time to STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT!

[Big cheer!]

PW: There are four teams of five in the ring. Two men will begin in the ring under elimination match rules. The teams may tag in and out freely, tagging any member of any team. When one man is eliminated, the first man in will replace him. This will continue until only one team is remaining. If more than one competitor remains on that team, they will square off as well until there is only ONE MAN STANDING! That man will receive a contract that guarantees the match of their choice any time in the next year.

[Watson pauses, taking a deep breath as the five men walking the ramp step into the ring. AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger greets them, forcing them all back into the only empty corner in the squared circle.]

GM: Look at the mass of humanity inside that ring right now - all of them chomping at the bit to get this thing going and to attempt to survive it all to be the last man standing and this year's Steal The Spotlight winner.

BW: When you look back at the history of this match, Gordo, the winners are truly some of the Who's Who in AWA history. Men like MAMMOTH Mizusawa who won the match two years in a row... men like Sultan Azam Sharif. Who is going to add their name to the history books tonight? We're about to find out.

GM: The fact that twenty men... well, twenty-three men actually if you count the men who had to be replaced in the match due to injury or what not... wanted to be in this match just goes to show how important this match has become over the years.

[Jagger can be seen talking to each team in turn, getting nods all around.]

GM: Johnny Jagger's informing them that he's under strict orders to keep the doubleteaming to a minimum. The AWA wants clean tags in this one and is hoping to avoid a total breakdown of the rules. He's probably also informing them of the coin toss results from earlier tonight to determine which two teams will be starting off the match.

BW: Lots of guys getting out of the ring now... who's going to be left in there?

GM: It looks like it's... yes, Chris Blue's squad is still standing in there. Blue is up on the apron, perhaps with some final words of guidance for his team.

BW: Guidance that Demetrius Lake seems to be ignoring.

GM: A lot on the line for Chris Blue here tonight who swears that when his team wins, he'll host a victory celebration in the middle of the ring where he will unveil the identities of the Wise Men to the entire world.

[A quick cut shows Percy Childes speaking to Lake who kneels down on the apron to listen.]

BW: You gotta wonder how Percy feels about that.

GM: Are those two egomaniacs actually on the same page? That could come into play here tonight as well. So, as more bodies filter out of the ring, it looks like it'll be Duane Henry Bishop, fresh off that face injury he suffered when driven into that car windshield several weeks ago starting things off for Team Blue.

[Duane Henry tugs on the ropes, swinging his arms back and forth as his big brother pats him on the back from the ring apron. Duane Henry looks across the ring as the man who he'll be facing comes into view...]

GM: Oh my.

[Much to the enjoyment of the fans, the second man electing to start the match is none other than the man formerly known as the Golden God and now-sworn enemy of Chris Blue and his band of mighty men... Devon Case.]

BW: As my good friend Samuel Jackson once said in Jurassic Park, hold on to your butts!

[The bell sounds, cueing both men to come storming out of their respective corners, clashing in the center of the ring where the fists immediately start flying!]

GM: Here we go! The fifth annual Steal The Spotlight showcase is underway!

[Duane Henry's barrage of blows proves to be a little bit stronger than Case, forcing him back several steps towards the ropes. The redneck switches his stance, throwing a big knife edge chop across the pectorals.]

GM: Duane Henry's shaking off the ring rust he might have from all that time on the shelf by taking on a guy who has even MORE ring rust most likely.

[One-half of perhaps the greatest tag team in AWA history, Duane Henry grabs Case by the arm, attempting an Irish whip. Case bounces off the far ropes, ducking under a clothesline attempt by Duane Henry to hit the ropes again.]

GM: Case building momentum here...

[And leaves his feet, lashing out with a spinning heel kick to the jaw of Duane Henry, knocking him flat to a big cheer from the crowd! Case climbs back up, pointing a finger at Chris Blue who is stalking the ringside area, a confident-yet-cautious look on his face as Case turns back towards a rising Duane Henry, throwing a side kick into the midsection.]

GM: Devon Case's striking ability really grew for him during his rivalry with the legendary Hall of Famer, Tiger Claw, so long ago.

BW: It had to, Gordo. He had to find a way to adapt because the laundry list of injuries that has hit him over the years is becoming as long as the list of awards I've landed over the years. And by the way, how much do you think it burns him up to hear you call Claw a legendary Hall of Famer when Case can't even sniff the ballot?

GM: Devon Case is looking to cement a legacy in this return to the world of wrestling. But tonight, he wants to kick off that legacy by ridding the AWA of Chris Blue.

[Case throws a pair of chops of his own, backing Duane Henry into the ropes. The former Golden God quickly grabs the top rope, burying a trio of knees into the midsection before hurling Bishop into the far ropes.]

GM: Duane Henry off the far side... oh! Case sweeps the legs out from under him!

[Climbing to his feet fresh off the crouching legsweep, Case stands over Duane Henry, looking down at him. There is a distinct buzz in the air as many in the building feel like they know what's coming next...

...but the crowd deflates as Case simply leaps up, dropping a leg down across the chest.]

GM: Obviously that wasn't what this Dallas crowd had in mind. They were perhaps expecting Devon Case's legendary standing 450 splash.

BW: Fat chance. With his bad knees?

GM: Case says the condition of his knees that we've heard Chris Blue and some others mention is overblown. He told me that his knees are perfectly fine.

BW: Of course he'd say that. Who are you going to believe, Gordo? Devon Case or Chris Blue?

GM: Sounds like a pretty loaded question, Bucky.

[Case climbs back to his feet, again pointing at Blue who gestures with one hand "yapping" back at Case who stalks over to the ropes, shouting over them at Blue.]

GM: Devon Case clearly has one goal here tonight and that's to embarrass the former owner of the EMWC.

BW: Which is sure a great, big case of being an ungrateful punk if you ask me.

GM: I'm not sure anyone did. Case has made some good points about Blue though, Bucky.

BW: You know what Blue made? A lot of money for Devon Case. He made Devon Case a household name. He made him an international superstar. It's not his fault that Case thought it was better to burn out than to fade away.

[Case drags a recovering Duane Henry off the mat, tugging him into a scoop slam, throwing him down to the canvas.]

GM: Big slam and-

[Big cheer!]

GM: Case points to the corner! He's gonna fly!

[Case marches across the ring, grabbing the top rope with both hands and leaping up to the top turnbuckle in a single bound. He straightens up, holding both arms over his head...

...only to find Demetrius Lake talking trash at him from his spot on the apron, causing a temporary distraction.]

GM: Case is jawing with Lake! He needs to keep his eyes on the ring where Duane Henry is getting off the mat!

[The smaller Bishop wobbles towards the corner, looking to take advantage of the distraction when Case spots him coming in, leaping into the air, clearing Bishop, and landing on his feet behind him.]

GM: Oh my!

[Lake is still jawing at Case as the Las Vegas native wheels around, throwing a thrust kick into the chest, knocking Bishop back into the corner. The five members of Team AWA step back, giving Case room to work as he grabs Bishop by the arm, firing him across into the First Night Fighters' corner. He rushes in...]

BW: YAAAAAKUUUUUZAAAAAA!

[The running thrust kick to the jaw rocks Duane Henry Bishop, sending him staggering out of the corner as Case leaps up to the second rope, giving a shout as Bishop stumbles in a circle...

...and then springs off, DRIVING his knee into the skull of Duane Henry!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a shot! That's one! That's two! Oh my, that's three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Duane Henry Bishop has been ELIMINATED!

[An irate Blue starts screaming at his team which is apparently Cletus Lee Bishop's cue to step over the ropes.]

GM: Here comes the Redneck Wrecking Machine looking to avenge his brother's elimination from the match!

[Cletus Lee comes in hot, rushing towards Case and lifting his lengthy leg for the Charging Big Boot...

...but Case flattens out, causing Cletus Lee to sail past him towards Team AWA's corner where Juan Vasquez winds up, throwing the Right Cross!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: VASQUEZ CRACKED CLETUS LEE WITH THE RIGHT HAND!!

[Case grabs the stunned Cletus Lee from behind, pulling him into an inverted facelock...

...and DRIVES the back of his head into the canvas!]

GM: STRIP! THE STRIP CONNECTS!

[Case gets back to his feet, rushing towards the corner where he leaps to the top again...

...and quickly leaps off, pumping his arms and legs before CRASHING down on the torso of the Redneck Wrecking Machine!]

GM: FROG SPLASH!

[Case tightly cradles the lengthy legs as the referee counts one... two... and three!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Cletus Lee Bishop has been ELIMINATED!

[Outside the ring, Chris Blue is in hysterics, screaming and shouting at his team.]

GM: Blue's lost it, fans! He can't believe that two of his men are already gone from this twenty-man match in such short order.

BW: Can you blame him? Before this match turned into the crazy twenty man affair, it looked like Blue had this thing in the bag and now forty percent of his team is heading for the showers already!

GM: He's down to three men... and one of those isn't even one of his clients!

[Case pushes off the mat to a knee, grinning at the exasperated Blue who is throwing the proverbial fit at ringside...]

...which is Ricky Lane's cue to step through the ropes, rushing the kneeling Case from behind and smashing him down to the mat with a forearm to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Sneak attack by the big man! Ricky Lane... formerly Richter Lane... the man now known as the Big Uneasy.

BW: What a physical beast this guy is, Gordo. Six foot six, 475 pounds out of Baton Rouge... and with Willoughby Tremblay in his corner, he's a force to watch out for in 2014.

GM: And what a force he'll be if he can emerge victorious in Steal The Spotlight here tonight.

[Standing over Case and tipping the scales at nearly a quarter ton, Ricky Lane is a behemoth of a man. He has cropped black hair, shaven short on the sides except for a few small designs that are shaved into the scalp. There is a faded Lion tattoo that is barely visible on his left bicep as he begins to stomp the downed Case.]

GM: Lane continues to assert himself against Devon Case. What do you know about Ricky Lane, Bucky?

BW: He's got a background in amateur wrestling and boxing and played football for LSU on a full ride scholarship before he just walked away from the game in his senior year to pursue sumo wrestling in Japan. He was a huge star over there doing that before becoming a pro wrestler there as well. It was during his time in Tiger Paw Pro that the door opened for him to come back to the States and the AWA.

GM: I suppose the rest - as they say - is history.

[Finally dragging Case off the mat, he grabs the back of his victim's head before slamming his own into it, sending Case stumbling back into the turnbuckles. A smirking Lane approaches the corner - Team Liquid



Courage's corner - and turns his back on Case before slamming his hindquarters into the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Big shot to the gut!

[Case clutches the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as the near five hundred pound beast slams back into him again... and a third time knocks Case down to a seated position in the corner. Lane arrogantly walks out of the corner, ignoring the referee's protests as he steps out to the middle of the ring, looking out at the jeering crowd.]

GM: In a short amount of time, the fans in the AWA have really taken a strong disliking to this man as he's put countless opponents on stretchers already.

[Stepping back in, he pulls Case from the corner by the ankle. He backs into the ropes, hitting them and walking back out slowly...

...before dropping a high impact elbow into the chest!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Lane rolls over, all smiles as he takes the lateral press.]

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

[Case's shoulder shoots up off the mat!]

GM: No, no! Two count only!

[Lane glares at the official as he rises to his feet, backing towards the ropes again...

...where Demetrius Lake tags himself into the match!]

GM: Lake's in on the blind tag!

[Lake steps through the ropes, waving Lane aside, gesturing towards the other corner. A disgruntled Lane obliges as the referee forces him out, leaving Lake to rain down stomps on the stunned Case as he trashtalks all the while.]

GM: Demetrius Lake surprised many wrestling observers when he left the St. Louis territory back at Unholy War and aligned himself with the Unholy Alliance. Six foot nine and 317 pounds, Lake is also quite the physical specimen.

[As Case battles back to his feet, Lake leaps high into the air, smashing his forearm down on the back of Case's neck, putting him right back down to the mat.]

GM: Devon Case is trying to get up, trying to get back on his feet and keep the fight going but Lake is staying right on him.

BW: Did you know that Lake went to LSU... just like Ricky Lane?

GM: I was aware of that, yes. Demetrius Lake is quite the athlete - a three-star sports star in high school before focusing on football in college. He actually was drafted by the Dallas Cowboys but didn't make the team which led him to Hamilton Graham in St. Louis.

[He stomps Case several more times before planting his boot down on the throat, choking Case as the referee reprimands him.]

GM: Come on, referee! Break that chokehold!

BW: Lake's telling the official that he has no idea what he's talking about.

GM: I'm sure.

[With Case gasping for air, Lake breaks the hold, grinning at Percy Childes as he walks around the ring...

...and cracks Willie Hammer with a right hand, knocking the surprised youngster off the apron!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Hammer pulls himself up on the apron, trying to get into the ring but gets blocked by the official. This gives Lake a chance to pull Case into a side headlock, showing the taped thumb to the crowd before jamming it into Case's windpipe!]

GM: Another illegal shot out of Demetrius Lake... and Percy's telling Lake to tag out.

[Nodding at his manager, Lake walks over to the corner, smirking at Willie Hammer before he reaches out and slaps the hand of Callum Mahoney.]

GM: The tag is made to the fighting Irishman!

[Mahoney steps in, going right after Case with a boot to the gut. He pulls him into a side headlock, turning a full circle before swinging his knee up into the face...]

GM: Oh!

BW: I've seen knees from a front facelock before but not from a side headlock.

GM: The ever-evolving unique offensive style of Callum Mahoney, the Armbar Assassin.

BW: I think it's just "the armbar guy."

GM: Hehe... I know a lot of fans have taken to calling him that but if you ask any of his colleagues back on the fighting circuits in the UK, it's the Armbar Assassin for sure.

[Mahoney shoves Case into the ropes, burying a forearm into the sternum that causes Case to grab onto the top rope to stay on his feet. The Irishman backs away before charging back in, delivering a running kick to the chest that knocks Case through the ropes, crashing down to the floor outside of the ring.]

GM: Devon Case spills through the ropes to the floor!

BW: Case is having a rough night since eliminating the Bishops. For someone who hasn't been inside the ring for ten years, he's been in there way too long, Gordo. He needs to make it a priority to make the tag and get out of there real soon.

[Mahoney steps through the ropes to the apron, stomping his foot a few times before leaping off, stomping the downed Case!]

GM: Leaping stomp off the apron! More unusual offense out of Mahoney!

[With the crowd cheering him on, Mahoney pulls Case up off the floor, throwing a trio of forearms to the ear before grabbing Case by the arm, turning him towards the steel barricade...]

GM: Irish whip!

[But as Case approaches the railing, he leaps over it, landing on his feet behind it. A surprised Mahoney approaches...

...and Case leaps up on the barricade, balancing himself before springing off with a clothesline on the approaching Irishman!]

GM: OH MY!!

[Case pumps a fist at the cheering fans before pulling Mahoney off the mat, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. The former Golden God rolls back in, turning to his corner and tagging in a still-fuming Willie Hammer.]

GM: And young Willie Hammer makes his first appearance in the match and in the AWA!

[Hammer, a bulky African-American with not a lot of muscle tone, pulls Mahoney up, throwing a stiff jab to the jaw. A second follows... and a third... and a fourth. He backs off, wiggling his hindquarters to a big cheer, and then cracks Mahoney with an uppercut that sends the Irishman falling backwards and down to a knee.]

GM: Willie Hammer is a young, charismatic, athletic, and strong competitor who certainly has a bright future in this business, Bucky.

BW: He likes to screw around a lot in there though. Just like his mentor, Sweet Daddy Williams.

[A quick cut shows the veteran watching his protege, a smile on his face.]

GM: And this moment has to feel good for Sweet Daddy Williams as well, looking on and seeing the young man he's spent so much time training in action. Hammer has spent quite some time in the Combat Corner now and many believe he's ready to make an impact in 2014.

[Hammer hooks a side headlock on the kneeling Mahoney, holding up a clenched fist to some cheers. He throws a series of exaggerated right hands to the skull before dropping Mahoney facefirst with a standing bulldog!]

GM: Ohh!

[The youthful Southern California native flips Mahoney to his back, diving across in a pin attempt. But he only scores a two count before the brawler lifts a shoulder.]

GM: Mahoney, who will celebrate his 30th birthday next year, has come on strong here in the AWA since his debut this past summer and has really established that armbar as something to fear.

BW: He can hook it on you at any time from any place and it always means a submission, Gordo.

GM: 240 pounds out of County Cork, Ireland, Mahoney's one of the toughest guys in the locker room.

[Dragging Mahoney off the mat, Hammer hooks him under the armpits with both hands...

...but Mahoney breaks up whatever is coming his way with a stiff headbutt to the eyebrow!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Grabbing Hammer by his jet black hair, Mahoney pastes him with two overhead elbows to the crown of the skull before dragging him into Team Liquid Courage's corner, slamming him facefirst into the top turnbuckle before slapping the hand of MAMMOTH Maximus.]

GM: Uh oh! Here comes trouble for Willie Hammer!

[The 420 pound Maximus comes through the ropes quickly, burying a right hand in the ample midsection of Hammer. He spins the youngster around, shoving him back into the turnbuckles before squaring up...]

GM: Look out here...

[The crowd groans in sympathy for Hammer as Maximus hammers away with rights and lefts, first to the midsection and then to the head, forcing the young man down to his knees where Maximus PASTES him with a knee to the jaw, knocking him down to the mat.]

GM: Maximus just laid out Hammer in nothing flat!

[Maximus swings around, looking at the other men in the match with a "THE WORLD IS MINE! MINE!" before turning back towards the corner where Hammer springs up, throwing a right hand to the chin!]

GM: Ohh! Hammer fires back!

[Hammer throws a series of rights and lefts of his own, knocking Maximus back out to the center of the ring, showing a little stagger in his step before Hammer leaps up, lashing out with a boot to the ear!]

GM: Oh my stars! The nearly 300 pound Willie Hammer with a leaping kick like he's a light heavyweight!

[The kick knocks Maximus down to a knee as Hammer pops back to his feet, pumping both arms to bring the crowd to their feet. The young man dashes to the ropes, swinging an arm around...

...and THROWING himself into a clothesline that topples the big man to a big cheer!]

GM: WHAT A CLOTHESLINE!!

[Hammer pops up to his feet, celebrating the big move...

...and then highsteps across the ring to the corner, stepping up to the middle rope from inside the ring. He looks about to step to the top when someone slaps him on the shoulder.]

GM: The tag is made from the outside... and it's Sai Fong!

[Fong slips into the ring, looking all of about six foot three and 240 in his yellow tracksuit with black stripes going down the sides. He sports a yellow mask with black piping as well as he hops up to the middle rope, throwing his arms around in what could best pass as someone mimicking something they've seen in a martial arts movie...

...and leaps off, dropping an elbow on the chest of Maximus!]

GM: Leaping elbow off the middle rope!

[The masked superstar throws himself across the chest of Maximus, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE! TWO!!

[But Maximus powers out, pressing Sai Fong off him and throwing him halfway across the ring where the masked man scampers up to his feet, reaching out to slap the hand of the nearest competitor.]

GM: The tag is made and...

[The crowd roars as Kolya Sudakov tags in!]

GM: The former National Champion is in off the tag!

[Sudakov steps in, catching a rising Maximus with a rounding kick to the sternum. A few clubbing right hands follow, battering the bigger man back into the ropes. The Russian War Machine grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Irish- reversed!

[Sudakov comes bouncing back, ducking a clothesline attempt to hit the far ropes, rebounding off...

...and LEAPING into the air, catching him with a flying shoulder tackle and knocking Maximus back down to the canvas!]

GM: SUDAKOV DROPS THE BIG MAN!!

[Sudakov drops back, falling to the corner with his arm cocked for the Russian Sickle...

...and gets his shoulder slapped.]

GM: CRAVEN!

[The One Man Revolution steps in, shoving Sudakov aside. The Russian looks about to attack when the referee steps in, forcing him back as Craven measures the downed Maximus.]

GM: William Craven, one of only three men remaining on Chris Blue's squad, steps in... and Craven just recently celebrated his 47th birthday, Bucky.

BW: Forty-seven years old and he's never held a World Championship. You better believe he wants to win this match and change all that in 2014, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely.

[As Maximus gets to a knee, he gets swarmed by Craven who uncorks the whole barrage of strikes - forearms, elbows, punches, kicks, shins, knees...

...before sinking his sharpened teeth into the masked man's forehead!]

GM: He's biting him! He's biting Maximus!

[The powerhouse shoves him off, battling up to his feet as the Dragon comes at him again, but Maximus catches the incoming Craven with a hooking blow to the ear.]

GM: Oh! What a shot by Maximus!

[Two more hooking shots knocks Craven back into the ropes where he bounces off, throwing a forearm shot of his own that seems to stun Maximus!]

GM: Craven might not have the precision of a man like Maximus but he's got the ferocity and then some.

[Craven surges forward, throwing a series of short forearms, knocking Maximus back against the ropes. The One Man Revolution spins away, rushing to the far ropes, rebounding off...

...and goes falling over the top rope, crashing down in a heap on the floor.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Did Eric Preston just pull the top rope down?!

GM: I don't- that wasn't intentional, was it?

[Preston looks down at Craven in surprise... but with the slightest hint that he's not really all that surprised. Chris Blue races around the corner to check on Craven, looking up in dismay at Preston who shrugs his shoulders. With Maximus leaning on the ropes, Rey Estrellata slaps his shoulder.]

GM: Tag!

[The masked man from Mexico steps in, waving his arms up and down for the crowd to rally behind him and then hits the near ropes, rebounding off and rushing across the ring at top speed...

...and HURLS himself through the ropes, flipping in mid-dive to connect on a recovering Craven!]

GM: WHAT A DIIIIIVE!

BW: TOOOOOPE CON HIIIILOOOO!

[The masked man springs to his feet, throwing up his arms to a cheer from the crowd. He grabs Craven off the ringside mats, shoving him under the ropes into the ring before climbing up on the ring apron...

...where he drills Nenshou between the eyes with a right hand before leaping up to the top rope, springing off with a high impact splash!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!!

[Craven powers out, throwing the masked man off of him!]

GM: He couldn't hold him down for three after the big dive so he'd better think of something else and do it quickly because Craven's getting back to his feet!

[As Craven gets up, he finds a superkick heading in his direction. He crouches though, coming up under the leg to get it up on his shoulder. The monster reaches out, hooking the masked man around the head with the other arm, clasping his hands together behind Estrellata's back...

...and HURLING him up and over the top, bouncing off the canvas with a capture suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a suplex! What a throw!

[Craven gets back to his knees, grinning a toothy serpent-like smile at the nearest camera as the masked man crawls towards the corner...

...where Sweet Daddy Williams tags himself into the match to a big cheer!]

GM: In comes Sweet Daddy on the tag!

[The fan favorite pulls Craven off his knees, hammering away with rights and lefts, driving him back into the corner. Williams grabs an arm, flinging him across...

...and barrels in after him, connecting with a big clothesline!]

GM: Clothesline in the corner! And you know what comes next!

[Williams hooks the side headlock, looking for the Riley Roundup!]

GM: He's got him hooked and-

[But as the big man stampedes out of the corner, Craven stops short and muscles Williams up into the air, dropping him on the back of his head with a suplex!]

GM: Craven counters the Roundup!

[Climbing to his feet, Craven slowly turns towards Team Blue's corner, glaring at Eric Preston.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Blue doesn't like the looks of this! He's trying to wave off Craven, trying to convince him not to do what he's thinking of doing!



[As Blue attempts to play peacemaker, Sweet Daddy Williams crawls across the ring, trying to find an open hand to tag...

...and finds an outstretched hand!]

GM: Devon Case tags back in!

[Case rushes across the ring, leaping up to slam his knee between the shoulderblades of Craven, sending him sprawling forward, crashing into Eric Preston and sending him falling off the apron to the floor!]

GM: OHHH!

[This time, it's Preston who gets up, shouting at Craven. He slaps his hands down on the ring apron, turning to shout at Blue who tries to settle him down as Case spins Craven around in the corner, hammering at the torso with right hands to the body...]

GM: Case is all over Craven, continuing his war with Team Blue!

BW: He's already eliminated half of Blue's men in this match. I'd say he's winning the battle right now but Chris Blue may find a way yet to win this war!

GM: That remains to be seen because right now, William Craven is taking a pummeling at the hands of Devon Case!

[With Craven trapped in the corner, Case uncorks a series of roundhouse kicks to the ribcage before whipping Craven across the ring. He backs to the corner, charging across...]

GM: Case charges in! HE LEAPS!

[But Craven snatches him out of the sky around the head and neck, throwing him violently down to the canvas with a uranage slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! What a slam!

[Craven stands over the downed Case, glaring at him as Blue celebrates on the floor. He shouts "FINISH HIM! FINISH HIM!" repeatedly at the One Man Revolution. The Dragon looks out at Blue, nodding his head before dragging a green-skinned thumb across his throat.]

GM: Craven's looking to finish off Devon Case and end Case's night right now.

BW: Well, if Case didn't want to win this match, tangling with Craven is a surefire way to make sure he doesn't!

[With Case struggling to push off the mat, Craven stares down at him.]

GM: Craven's setting up for something...

[Case gets to all fours, completely unaware of what's standing over him.]

GM: Oh my stars... I think Craven's looking for that Executioner's Axe! That standing axe kick to the back of the neck!

[But before he can deliver it, Supreme Wright slaps Craven on the shoulder.]

GM: Tag!

[Wright steps in, glaring at Craven whose eyes glow with rage.]

GM: Uh oh! Wright just stopped Craven from fulfilling the wishes of his Emperor and-

[The referee attempts to step in but gets shoved aside by Craven who quickly attacks Wright, flailing at him with rights and lefts, connecting with any part of the arm that he can...

...but Wright absorbs the blows and battles back, throwing short elbowstrikes to the temple, battering Craven backwards before connecting with a rolling elbow to the jaw that knocks Craven through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Wright clears him out! The Number One Contender to the World Title is NOT messing around here tonight and-

[He turns back towards Case who is still down on all fours...

...and slips behind, reaching down for a rear waistlock.]

GM: What's he-?!

[Wright powers him up, jerking him off the mat, and then taking him over his head with a German Suplex, bouncing the back of Case's skull off the mat!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: Wow! I was going to say that Wright might be a little bit star struck in there against Case. I know that Michaelson used to show some of Case's matches to the kids in the Corner so you better believe that Wright is REAL familiar with Devon Case's talents.

[Wright gets back up, looking around the ring, glaring at the other competitors.]

GM: He's almost daring someone to try him, Bucky!

[A nodding MAMMOTH Maximus steps in, dragging Case to the corner and slapping his hand.]

GM: Uh oh... we've seen this before, Bucky!

BW: These two men have had their share of brutal exchanges and it looks like it might be time for another one!

[Wright nods in response, waving Maximus forward. The crowd is buzzing as two of the hardest hitting competitors in the AWA circle one another...

...and then come together in a clash!]

GM: Here we go! Here we go!

[The crowd is roaring as Maximus throws the heavy fists, catching Wright in the sides of the ribcage as Wright throws forearms to the ear of Maximus as quickly as he can.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands!

[Maximus' heavy blows get an edge, battering Wright back against the ropes. He grabs Wright by the arm, whipping him out...

...but taking him down with a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Maximus takes him down!

[Maximus again gives his trademark shout of "THE WORLD IS MINE!" as he pulls Wright into a standing position, throwing a knee to the gut to double him up before tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Maximus is looking for the powerbomb!

[The big man powers Wright up into the air, looking to drive him down into the canvas...

...but Wright tenses up, scissoring his legs around the head and neck of Maximus while driving the point of his elbow down between the eyes of the big man!]

GM: Wright's trying to counter! He's trying to take the big man off his feet!

[A well-placed elbowstrike staggers Maximus, causing him to slump backwards down to the mat as Wright hangs on to the triangle choke, now from the mounted position!]

GM: Wright's choking him out! He's got the head trapped!

BW: And in this mount position, Maximus has got nowhere to go! He's in trouble, Gordo!

GM: The referee's stepping in... checking the arm...

[Johnny Jagger spins to the side, waving for the bell.]

GM: That's it!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: MAMMOTH Maximus has been... ELIMINATED!

[Wright climbs to his feet, staring down at the unconscious Maximus.]

GM: Three men have been eliminated from the match - still seventeen men remaining in there and-

[With his back turned, Wright gets caught as Rey Estrellata rushes in, leaping up onto his shoulders, giving an excited whoop as he attempts a victory roll...

...but Wright shoves him off, dropping him down to his feet in front of the Combat Corner alumni who cracks him with a forearm in the back of the head before attempting to secure a Cobra Clutch from behind!]

GM: He's going for the Crossface!

[Estrellata struggles against it, trying to find an escape, his arm flailing...

...where Eric Preston slaps the hand, promptly stepping through the ropes unseen and BLASTING Wright in the back of the head with a forearm smash, forcing him to release the luchador who rolls out to the floor.]

GM: Ohh! What a shot from the blindside!

[The crowd buzzes as Wright slowly rises from his knees, turning to see a grinning Preston.]

GM: Remember back to the Rumble where Supreme Wright, for reasons still unknown, chose to eliminate himself rather than face off with Eric Preston.

BW: That's right, Gordo. And Preston obviously thinks something like that is about to happen right now. Look at the grin on his face.

[Preston waves Wright forward, taunting him as Chris Blue cackles out on the floor.]

GM: Wright's staring a hole right through him... what's going to happen here?

[Preston shoves Wright back a step, shouting "COME ON!" at him. He balls up his fists, doing a little Ali Shuffle as he flicks out a few jabs at the air, waving Wright forward.]

GM: Supreme Wright is just staring at him, Bucky. Not moving towards him one bit.

BW: I don't know what's going on between these two but-

[Preston suddenly reaches out...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE SLAPPED HIM! HE SLAPPED HIM!

[Wright's head whips back towards Preston. For a split second, Preston is able to tell from the look in his eyes that things aren't about to go well for him but the split second isn't long enough to respond before...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HIGH KICK! WRIGHT KICKED HIM RIGHT IN THE SIDE OF THE HEAD!

BW: Kolya Sudakov got a chuckle out of that one. Looked just like one of his high kicks, Gordo!

[The blow spins Preston around, allowing Wright to sink in a rear naked choke on him that he uses to spin Preston around, facing Chris Blue who looks stunned...]

...right before Wright elevates him, dumping him on top of his head with a dangerous suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Preston falls back into the corner, having rolled through the suplex. Wright points at him to a big cheer from the crowd before slapping the hand of "Big" Jim Watkins who steps in for the first time, pumping his right arm up and down before barreling across the ring, crushing Preston in the corner with a running lariat!]

GM: OHH!

[Watkins peels off to the corner, slapping Kolya Sudakov's hand.]

GM: In comes the Russian...

[Sudakov too charges from corner to corner, connecting with a running high kick to the jaw!]

GM: Big kick by the Russian War Machine!

[The former National Champion marches to the corner, tagging Sweet Daddy Williams in. The fans cheer the jigglin' fan favorite as he struts in, pointing to the corner where Preston has slumped into a seated position...]

...and then barrels across the ring, turning his back at the last moment to drive his rear end into Preston's face! Williams steps out, sheepishly shrugging before slapping Supreme Wright's hand.]

GM: Wright back in... across...

[Wright goes into a front flip, driving his heel into the top of the seated Preston's skull!]

GM: Ohh! Flipping kick by Supreme Wright... and in comes Juan Vasquez to polish it off!

[Vasquez backs to the far corner, slapping his knee a few times to a big cheer from the crowd. He turns towards a stunned Chris Blue.]

"HEY BLUE!"

[Blue looks at Vasquez who flashes him a middle finger that the camera quickly cuts away from before he too charges in...

...and DRIVES his knee into the face of the seated Preston, knocking him through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! PRESTON GETS SENT TO THE FLOOR!! Team Vasquez, Team AWA, whatever you want to call 'em, just ran a series of brutal attacks on Eric Preston and he's out to the floor!

[The camera cuts to the floor, revealing a horrified Chris Blue outside the ring, trying to tend to Eric Preston as we spot Team AWA celebrating inside the ring.]

GM: This night is NOT going as Chris Blue had intended, I promise you that.

BW: No way, Gordo. He's down to three guys on his squad... only two of which are actually his guys. And to top it off, Eric Preston may not have much left in him after all that.

[Blue manages to pull Preston to a knee, using Preston's arm across his shoulders to help him up...

...and promptly gets shoved down on his rear!]

GM: What the-?!

[Preston glares down at Blue.]

"I'm tired of this! This is all on you!"

[Waving Blue off, Preston turns, walking up the wooden steps onto the elevated platform and makes his way towards the locker room.]

GM: Eric Preston is leaving! He's walking out on this match!

BW: Are you kidding me?! Where is he going?!

GM: I have no idea but Preston seems to have had enough. The referee has started his ten count and Chris Blue is about to find his hopes to winning Steal The Spotlight pinned on the shoulders of William Craven!

[Shaking his head, Preston makes the long walk up the ramp, ignoring the booing fans, the pleas of Chris Blue, and the count of the official until...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Eric Preston has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd roars as an unbelieving Chris Blue stares at the fleeing Preston's back.]

GM: Sixteen men remain in this match with a chance to Steal The Spotlight... and Eric Preston is NOT one of them, Bucky!

BW: I can't believe that just happened. He just abandoned Chris Blue... and look at Case! Devon Case is laughing at what just happened!

GM: Of course he is! He said his goal tonight was to make sure no one from Blue's team won this thing and he's one man away from making that happen. William Craven and Demetrius Lake are the final two members of that squad while there's only one other team who has lost ANYONE to this point.

[Juan Vasquez, still the legal man, turns to stare at the laughing Devon Case.]

"Something funny, Golden God?"

[Vasquez has a very serious expression on his face as he glares at Case who seems a bit reluctant to step inside the squared circle with the newest member of the Hall of Fame.]

GM: Oh yeah! Listen to the reaction of these fans! This is what they want to see, Bucky! This is the kind of thing they were hoping to see in a match like this!

[Case looks around at the cheering crowd, nodding his head and is about to step in when...]

GM: Maybe not!

[Shaking his head, Tony Sunn steps into the ring for the first time.]

"Hope no one forgot I was here!"

[There's a grin on his face as he says it but the expression in his eyes is quite serious.]

GM: Tony Sunn said he would not be overshadowed on this night and considering this is his first time in the ring in this match, I'd say he's not succeeding at that quite yet.

BW: Maybe not but stepping in there with Juan Vasquez is a heck of a way to start your night, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is. Tony Sunn, 28 years old out of Ithaca, New York, has been out of the professional wrestling spotlight for a few years now but is hoping to steal that same spotlight here tonight.

[Sunn is still grinning as he stands, running a hand through his shoulder-length wavy dirty blonde hair. He is clean shaven and sports a slightly-tanned well-developed body as he looks at Vasquez...

...and slowly raises his right hand.]

GM: Is he... is he asking Juan Vasquez to engage in a test of strength with him?

BW: Sure looks like it!

GM: Why in the world would he do that?! Sunn is six foot six and about three hundred pounds! Vasquez would stand no chance at all of overpowering Tony Sunn!

[Vasquez cocks his head at Sunn... and then gives the slightest of nods to a cheer from the crowd.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! Vasquez is accepting!

[The two-time National Champion steps forward, raising his left hand to meet Sunn's. The two fan favorites entwine their fingers together...

...just a split second before Vasquez wrenches the arm, twisting it around into a hammerlock!]

GM: Vasquez hooks the arm. I knew he was too smart for that test of strength but he found a way to use it to his advantage. He's got the hammerlock applied, cranking up on the arm...

[With the arm trapped, Vasquez backpedals to his corner, slapping the hand of Sweet Daddy Williams who steps in, hops up to the middle rope, and leaps off with a forearm across the twisted arm.]

GM: Down on the arm... and now it's Sweet Daddy Williams who hooks a wristlock...



[But Sunn uses his tremendous power to use the wristlocked arm to throw Williams towards the ropes, dropping him with a shouldertackle!]

GM: Wow! A whole lot of power in Tony Sunn's arsenal.

[Sunn looks down at Williams who gets quickly back to a knee, rubbing his shoulder as he rises. He nods, racing to the nearest set of ropes to bounce back from...

...and runs right into a powerful scoop slam, getting thrown down hard in the center of the ring!]

GM: Sunn lifted the three hundred pound Williams like he was a sack of potatoes!

[Williams rolls to a knee again, wincing as he reaches around to grab at his back. From the corner, Willie Hammer looks on with a concerned expression as he watches his mentor take some punishment from his partner.]

GM: Willie Hammer has to have some mixed feelings right now. On one hand, he wants his partner in this match, Tony Sunn, to do well and get him closer to victory but on the other, that's his friend and mentor in there taking some punishment.

BW: If Hammer wants to succeed in the AWA, he needs to push down feelings like that. If you're winning the match, you can't care about how you're winning or who you're winning against.

[Williams gets up, sizing up the powerful Sunn. He nods his head, this time lunging into a collar and elbow tieup that Sunn easily uses to muscle him back against the ropes before breaking cleanly.]

GM: Clean break by Tony Sunn, the son of a former wrestling referee. You better believe he's got loads of respect for the men in the striped shirts.

[Sunn backs off, waving Williams towards him. Williams grimaces for a moment before Kolya Sudakov slaps Williams on the shoulder.]

GM: Well, now... this could get REAL interesting.

[The Russian War Machine steps into the ring, glaring across at the powerful Sunn. Sudakov steps in, striking a big double bicep pose of his own to a grin from Sunn.]

GM: The former National Champion hasn't been seen in the AWA for quite some time but there's no better way to make a return than to win Steal The Spotlight. With the Steal The Spotlight contract in his pocket, Sudakov would make a very dangerous challenger for either Calisto Dufresne or Dave Bryant.

BW: Or he could pull a Skywalker Jones and challenge for the tag team titles like Jones will do alongside Hercules Hammonds later tonight.

[Sudakov surges forward, tying up with Sunn. The two powerful competitors struggle for an advantage, bouncing off ropes and turnbuckles as they take turns shoving one another back. Finally, Sunn plants his feet and with a roar, throws Sudakov down to the mat!]

GM: Wow! Sunn continues to impress me with his power, Bucky! He just threw the 270 pound Sudakov down to the mat like he was nothing! Nothing!

[An angry Sudakov gets up, showing a bit of embarrassment as he glares at the big powerhouse. He shouts something in Russian before gesturing with his right arm.]

GM: Sudakov's warning Sunn, telling him that one shot from the Sickle would turn his lights out in this one.

BW: The Russian Sickle from Sudakov is one of those one-hit knockout blows that can turn a match around in an instant. If Tony Sunn has learned anything at all coming into this match, it better be to avoid the Sickle.

[Sudakov again gestures with his arm as he marches out to the middle, again wrapping up in a collar and elbow. They again go around and around the ring, trying to outmuscle the other. Sudakov takes an edge, forcing Sunn back into the corner of the First Night Fighters where Sai Fong slaps the shoulder, tagging himself in.]

GM: In comes Fong off the tag...

[With Sudakov still tangled up, Fong delivers a trio of quick knees to the ribcage of the Russian - much to the annoyance of Sunn who was trying to disengage and exit the ring. Fong spins Sudakov around by the arm, firing him into the ropes...]

GM: Irish whip... ohh! Side thrust kick downstairs finds the mark!

[Fong approaches, arms cocked back, and throws a Mongolian chop, each hand striking the sides of Sudakov's neck and forcing him down to a knee. He backs off, measuring him...

...when Tony Sunn slaps the shoulder, tagging himself back in.]

GM: Sunn's back in!

BW: And things are getting a little testy in the corner of the First Night Fighters as Sai Fong and Tony Sunn exchange some words.

[Sunn grabs Sudakov in a front facelock, pulling him to his feet and slinging an arm over his neck. He turns, facing the crowd before powering Sudakov up and over with a vertical suplex!]

GM: Spine-rattling suplex by Tony Sunn!

[Sunn rolls over, taking a lateral press for a two count before Sudakov powers out of the pin.]

GM: Two count only but Tony Sunn is staying right on top of the man, pulling the Russian War Machine off the mat by the arm. He muscled him into a whip into the corner!

[Sudakov slams chestfirst into the buckles, staggering backwards towards Sunn who hooks a rear waistlock...]

GM: Perhaps another suplex here...

[But Sudakov lashes out, connecting with a quick one-two back elbow to either side of Sunn's head, breaking the waistlock. The Russian quickly hooks his hands behind the neck, securing a Muay Thai clinch.]

GM: Sudakov hooks him... ohh! Big knee to the head! And another! There's a third!

[The Russian delivers the powerful knees, forcing Sunn to the center of the ring where he uses the Clinch to throw him down to the canvas. He gives off a roar as he steps back, measuring him.]

GM: Sudakov is looking for the high kick, the blow that made him a superstar in the world of Mixed Martial Arts in Japan! If he hits it, it might knock Tony Sunn into the middle of next week!

BW: Or back into whatever hole he climbed out of!

[As Sunn wobbles up off the mat, Sudakov throws the big kick but Sunn raises his arms, catching the blow solidly on the left forearm. He immediately grabs at the arm, falling back into the corner where he urgently forces a tag onto Callum Mahoney.]

GM: Another interesting matchup as the Armbar Assassin takes to the ring to take on-

[Gordon doesn't even get to finish the hype as the man who loves a good fight dives into a forearm smash to the jaw of Sudakov, rattling the former MMA star.]

GM: Mahoney's going right after him!

[A barrage of short forearms is punctuated by a headbutt to the bridge of the nose that sends Sudakov falling back to the corner. Mahoney throws a series of kicks into the gut before the referee forces him back.]

GM: Mahoney gets backed down by the referee and-

[The Irishman nudges him aside as Sudakov comes barreling out of the corner, arm extended!]

GM: SICKL-

[But Mahoney sees it coming, leaping up to scissor the outstretched arm, dragging Sudakov down to the mat!]

GM: ARMBAR! ARMBAR!!

[The Russian struggles against the swiftly and smoothly applied submission hold, trying to find a way out of it...

...but fails, quickly tapping out!]

GM: Oh my stars! Callum Mahoney just tapped out the former National Champion!

[Mahoney rolls out of the armbar, ready for a fight if Sudakov tries to give him one but the dejected Russian War Machine just rolls from the ring, shaking his head in dismay as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Kolya Sudakov has been ELIMINATED!

[A mixed reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Fifteen men remain in the match... and can you believe it? Team First Night Fighters are the only squad still at full strength after over twenty minutes of action!

[Mahoney's balled up fists quickly find a home as Willie Hammer comes in, trading fisticuffs with the Irish brawler.]

GM: Willie Hammer is bringing the thunder in on Mahoney who-

[Mahoney backpedals, catching the incoming Hammer with a knee to the gut. With Hammer doubled up, Mahoney leaps up, driving both knees into his face and sending him falling back into the ropes.]

GM: Was that a DOUBLE kneelift?! Where does Mahoney come up with these things, Bu-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big knife edge out of the Irishman!

BW: That'll leave a mark!

[Mahoney reaches out, slapping the hand of Hannibal Carver for the first time.]

GM: Carver's in for the first time and these fans are happy to see him.

[Each man grabs an arm, firing the youngster across and dropping him with a double back elbow under the chin.]

GM: Nice doubleteam out of Carver and Mahoney, two angry Irishmen if there ever were any.

[Carver gives Hammer a few stomps to the chest, keeping him down on the mat as he backs off, swandiving into a headbutt!]

GM: Falling headbutt! Carver rocked him with that!

[Rubbing his own forehead, Carver crawls into a pin attempt, earning himself a two count before Hammer kicks out.]

GM: Carver's back on his feet... looking around the ring. We know he was hoping to see Rick Marley as part of Team Blue so he has to be disheartened that it's Demetrius Lake over there... and Lake's giving him some trash talk right about now.

[Carver shouts something in response to Lake as he backs to the corner, hopping up to the middle rope. He slowly raises his right hand, closing it up into a fist...]

GM: Carver sets... fistdrop!

[The crowd cheers as the fist is driven down between the eyes of the rookie. Hammer recoils into a seated position but gets shoved back down as Carver attempts the pin again.]

GM: Carver's down.. he's got one! He's got two! He's got- no! Hammer raises the shoulder again!

[Showing a little fire now, Carver grabs Hammer by the short black hair, hammering his fist into the forehead several times... and earns a shout of anger from Sweet Daddy Williams for it. Carver gets to his feet, glaring at Williams and invites him in to do something about it...

...which Williams obliges!]

GM: Hang on now!

[The referee dives in front of one of the most popular men in the AWA, blocking his path as Carver pulls Hammer off the mat, dragging him towards the corner where he slaps the hand of Nenshou.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes the Asian Assassin, again for the first time in this match...

[Holding Hammer's arms back, Carver exposes him for a pair of spinning back kicks to the gut by Nenshou. With Hammer gasping for air, Nenshou somehow leverages him over in a snap mare, putting the youngster in a seated position as Nenshou winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big kick to the back!

[Nenshou dashes past the seated Hammer, hitting the far ropes, rebounding off...]

...and DRIVES his feet into the face of Hammer!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Nenshou dives into a cover, pushing the shoulders down as the referee dives down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! T-

[But again, young Willie Hammer gets the shoulder up, avoiding the pinfall. Nenshou steps away from Hammer, reaching out a hand towards his corner and slaps the hand of Ricky Lane.]

GM: Uh oh. The Big Uneasy is in off the tag!

[Lane pulls Hammer effortlessly off the mat, wrapping his massive arms around him.]

GM: Oh no...

[Lane lifts Hammer up, pivoting with his hips, and DRIVING Hammer down with his weight on top of him!]

GM: What a belly to belly suplex that was!

[Lane climbs back to his feet, slapping Hammer in the chest as he rises. He looks out to Willoughby Tremblay who shouts "END GAME!" at him. Lane nods before jumping up and down, repeatedly landing around the upper body and head of Hammer, shaking the mat underneath him. Lane races to the far ropes, rebounding off to hit the ropes closest to Hammer's feet...]

GM: He's looking to finish him right n-

[...and leaves his feet, connecting with a sitting splash on the chest!]

GM: OHHHHH! BLACK CRUSH!

[Still seated and with a big ol' grin on his face, Lane earns the easy three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Willie Hammer is ELIMINATED!

[The crowd jeers the announcement.]

BW: So much for the First Night Fighters being at full strength, Gordo.

GM: We're down to fourteen competitors and yes, now every team has lost at least one memb- SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS!

[Williams rushes Lane, trying to get some payback for his young friend but finds himself lifted up off the mat under Lane's massive arm before being driven down to the mat in a sidewalk slam!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Lane presses two powerful hands down on the chest of Williams, forcing all his weight into the cover which earns another three count.]

PW: Sweet Daddy Williams has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd boos again!]

GM: Wow! And just like that, Team AWA is down to three men! Ricky Lane, a late addition to this match, has just turned the tide in a major fashion for Team Liquid Courage!

BW: This guy is the real deal, Gordo! And Willoughby is overjoyed out here at ringside!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Tony Sunn slides into the ring behind Ricky Lane, wiggling his arms...]

GM: Lane's slowly getting up and he's going to find Tony Sunn waiting for him!

[Lane turns to get caught with a right hand to the skull... and another... and another!]

GM: Sunn's hammering away on the big man!

[The powerhouse ducks down, slipping an arm between Lane's legs.]

GM: He's trying to slam the big man!

[Sunn gets Lane's feet just slightly off the mat before setting him back down, grabbing at the arm that he used to block the high kick from Sudakov earlier in the match. He stumbles away, shaking the arm...]

...and Demetrius Lake grabs the arm, dropping off the apron to snap the arm down over the top rope!]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot from the Black Tiger out on the apron! We're creeping up on the thirty minute mark of this match and still have over half of the competitors inside that ring.

[Sunn wobbles out to the middle of the ring, swinging his arm in pain as Lane stumbles to a corner, slapping the hand of Supreme Wright who is quickly in, rushing towards Sunn who wisely falls away, slapping the hand of Nenshou.]

GM: Double tag! Lane tags in Wright while Sunn tags in Nenshou.

BW: Sunn saw Wright coming for him like a shark that smells blood. Wright wanted to grab hold of that arm and wrench it six ways from Sunday to force a submission out of him but Tony Sunn wisely got the heck out of there in a hurry.

[Wright and Nenshou circle one another in the middle of the ring for several moments before coming together in a collar and elbow tieup. The two jockey for position in the center of the ring before Wright slips out into an overhand wristlock.]

GM: Wright takes the edge with the wristlock, pushing on the arm of Nenshou who-

[Nenshou prepares to dazzle, flashing past Wright with a cartwheel that relieves the pressure, landing on a knee where he sweeps out Wright's legs with a swinging right arm. Nenshou quickly snares a leg, flipping Wright over into a half Boston Crab.]

GM: Whoa! Nice mat wrestling by both men as they-

[But before Gordon can go any further, Wright rolls to his back, throwing a pair of upkicks into the chest of Nenshou before grabbing a handful of hair, using the trapped leg to flip Nenshou over in a monkey flip, rolling through to take the mount on him.]

GM: Wright to the mounted position...

[The crowd roars as Wright rears back and lays in an elbow on Nenshou from the mount. He does it a few more times as Nenshou tries to cover up to avoid it. The referee counts to four, finally stepping in and forcing an overzealous Wright to back off. Demetrius Lake can be heard running his mouth in Nenshou's direction as Wright stares down at the Asian Assassin.]

GM: Nenshou's crawling away, sliding backwards as Wright stalks towards him. There's something different about Supreme Wright tonight, Bucky.

BW: The gloves are off, Gordo. Look at the focus in his eyes! He realizes that most wrestlers will never get ONE shot at the World Title in their lives. He's gotten more than one and gotten so close he could taste it. He could very easily be in the World Title match tonight as well.



[Nenshou reaches the ropes, using them to get to his feet as Wright approaches, cocking back a right arm to clock him in the jaw with a European uppercut!]

GM: Big uppercut connects!

[Wright hooks an arm, whipping Nenshou across...

...but Nenshou drops into a baseball slide, going right under the ropes to the floor. The Combat Corner alumni looks irritated, moving to pursue as Nenshou drops to a knee on the floor.]

GM: Wright leans over the ropes to-

[With Wright leaning out, Sai Fong runs along the apron, lashing out with a leaping knee to the temple!]

GM: Ohh! Where the heck did THAT come from?!

[A stunned Wright slumps to a knee where Nenshou reaches under the ropes to drag him to the floor. He delivers a few hard kicks to the ribs before grabbing an arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wright gets sent into the steel!

[The camera cuts to Juan Vasquez who is huddled up with Jim Watkins, pointing out to the floor where Wright slumps back against the steel. Nenshou is in pursuit, throwing a pair of knife edge chops across the chest, nearly knocking Wright over the railing into the crowd.]

GM: The referee starts up a count on both men on the floor. Remember, if they both get counted out, they would BOTH be eliminated from this match and neither one of them want that, Bucky.

BW: No chance. Supreme Wright dropped the ball in the Chase For The Clash so he's gotta be sitting there wondering if he'll EVER get another shot at the World Title if he doesn't win tonight.

GM: And Nenshou knows very well that Percy Childes has no intention to ever sign a contract for a World Title shot for him. If he wants to get an opportunity to fulfill what he believes is his destiny, he needs to win this match as well.

[As the count reaches four, Nenshou drags Wright away from the steel barricade, slamming his head down into the wooden timekeeper's table!]

GM: Good grief! Nenshou has taken this to the floor where it's gotten very, very physical!

BW: But against the right opponent to do it with. You wouldn't want to get on the floor with someone like Craven or Watkins... even Vasquez. But Wright? This is outside of his comfort zone for sure, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely.

[Dragging Wright towards the ring, Nenshou smashes his face into the ring apron before pulling himself up on the apron at the count of seven...

...where he back kicks Wright in the face, sending him falling backwards as Nenshou ducks in!]

GM: The count is up to eight! Nenshou's trying to get Wright counted out here and-

[Wright stumbles forward as the count hits nine.]

GM: Wright's in trouble! Wright's about to be-

[He makes a lunge, throwing himself under the ropes...

...and just BARELY beats the ten count!]

GM: He made it! Supreme Wright just barely beat the count!

[A frustrated Nenshou looks down in disbelief, stomping Wright several times before marching towards the corner, and slaps the hand of Ricky Lane.]

GM: Uh oh! Nenshou's looking for Lane to finish off Supreme Wright!

[A grinning Lane jumps up and down again.]

GM: He's calling for the Black Crush! It already eliminated one competitor... it could very easily do the same to Supreme Wright if he gets hit with this!

[Lane rushes to the ropes, bouncing off one set as he charges towards the second...]

GM: To the ro- OHHHHHHH!

[The crowd ROARS as Jim Watkins pulls down the top rope, sending Lane falling over the top rope and down to the floor!]

GM: WATKINS YANKED DOWN THE ROPE!!

BW: What the...?! Ring the bell! DQ him for that!

GM: I don't think the referee saw it, Bucky! I don't think he saw it at all!

[Watkins turns away, grinning as the referee approaches the ropes, starting a ten count on the floored Ricky Lane.]

GM: The referee is starting a count on Lane. Lane went all the way over the top and his five hundred pounds SLAMMED into the barely-padded floors here in the American Airlines Center! I'm not sure he's getting up from that any time soon, Bucky!

BW: Tremblay's over there by him, trying to get him off the floor. Shouting at him, screaming at him...

GM: That takes a lot out of a big man to hit the floor like that. Tremblay can shout all he wants at the big man but I'm not sure he's going to beat this count that's up to three... now four...

[Tremblay is looking up at the ring, screaming at the official and gesturing angrily at Jim Watkins.]

GM: Tremblay is demanding that Watkins be disqualified but like I said, I think the official missed it. Johnny Jagger didn't seem to notice "Big" Jim getting involved.

BW: I suppose that has nothing to do with Watkins' former position of power in this company!

GM: I wouldn't think so, no. Fans, this count is at six...

[Lane pushes up to a knee, breathing heavily as Tremblay shouts "GET IN! THEY'RE COUNTING! GET IN!"]

GM: Lane is trying to get off the floor... trying to...

[But as he attempts to get up, he falls down to a knee again.]

GM: Eight... nine...

[Tremblay falls to his knees, begging the referee to stop counting but Johnny Jagger shouts "TEN!" to a big cheer!]

GM: That's it! Lane's counted out!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ricky Lane is ELIMINATED!

[Big cheer!]

GM: Twelve men remaining! And the First Night Fighters are once again the strongest team in the match with four competitors remaining!

[Back on his feet, Supreme Wright gets spun around and smashed in the gut by Callum Mahoney. A few more blows to the gut follow before Mahoney abruptly grabs Wright by the arm, leaping up and falling to his back as he attempts to scissor the arm between his legs...]

GM: Mahoney's looking for the armbar!

[Still on his feet, Wright struggles against the armbar attempt, grabbing an ankle under the armpit of his free arm and twisting, flipping Mahoney over into a half Crab as he yanks his arm free. He quickly twists around, dropping down for an STF attempt!]

GM: Wright looking for an STF here!

[Devon Case shouts something to Wright... or Mahoney from the corner.]

GM: What was that about?

BW: Case is pretty familiar with the STF from all the famous matches he had with Jake Shaw. Maybe he's giving some advice one way or the other to one of those guys.

[Mahoney lifts both hands, fighting off the crossface attempt as Wright tries to secure the hold...

...and then pulls one of Wright's hands to his mouth, sinking his teeth into a finger.]

GM: He's biting him!

[Howling in pain, Wright yanks away from Mahoney. He checks his finger, quickly getting to his feet as Mahoney does the same. The Combat Corner alumni greets the rising Mahoney with a pair of quick headbutts, sending him falling back to the ropes as Wright slaps Juan Vasquez' hand.]

GM: Tag!

[Vasquez and Wright decide to work together, double whipping Mahoney across the ring. As he bounces back, Vasquez shoves him up into the air while Wright PASTES him with a European uppercut on the way down!]

GM: Ohh! Big shot out of Wright!

[Vasquez looks out at Blue, waving mockingly at him as he pulls Mahoney off the mat, scooping him up and slamming him down to the mat before dropping an elbow into the chest.]

GM: Big slam right into an elbowdrop... and another... and another!

[The former two-time National Champion rains down elbow after elbow after elbow into the chest of Mahoney before he finally rolls into a cover, getting a two count before Mahoney escapes.]

GM: Two count only...

[From outside the ring, Sai Fong takes a swipe at Vasquez as he gets too close but Juan trots away, turning to waggle a finger Dikembe style at the

masked man. He's still saying something to Fong as he leans down to retrieve Mahoney...

...who rolls back onto his shoulders, swinging his legs up to hook them around Juan's arm!]

GM: Whoa! Whoa! He got the arm! Mahoney got the arm and-

[Vasquez grabs the legs of Mahoney, flipping over the top in a double leg cradle.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Callum Mahoney has been ELIMINATED!

[The surprised crowd cheers for Vasquez who narrowly avoiding the deadly armbar that has claimed so many victims in such a short period of time. He shakes his arm, almost as if having a hard time believing how close he came to getting locked in the hold.]

GM: We're down to eleven men remaining after thirty plus minutes of action here in Dallas, fans! One of these eleven men remaining will be this year's Steal The Spotlight winner. We've got William Craven and Demetrius Lake representing Team Blue... Sai Fong, Tony Sunn, Rey Esrellata, and Devon Case for the First Night Fighters, Nenshou and Hannibal Carver for Team Liquid Courage, and Juan Vasquez, Jim Watkins, and Supreme Wright for Team AWA. One of those eleven men will earn the right to challenge for any match of their choosing in the next year.

[Vasquez looks around the ring, waiting to see who is going to join him. There's not an immediate rush to make it happen...

...until Hannibal Carver steps into the ring. The crowd begins to buzz again with newfound interest.]

GM: The crazy thing about this match, Bucky, is all the fascinating combinations we've seen and this is another! Juan Vasquez and Hannibal Carver could tear the roof off any building the AWA travels into and tonight, they're just a part of this monstrous matchup!

[Carver is all grins as he stares into the eyes of Vasquez...

...and then slaps him across the face!]

GM: Oh my! That'll get Juan Vasquez' attention!

[Juan wheels around, fire in his eyes for the split second before he throws himself into a double leg takedown, putting Carver down on the canvas!]

GM: Here we go! Vasquez and Carver in the middle of Steal The Spotlight!

[The Latino superstar is throwing bombs from the top, hammering away at a surprised Carver who quickly regroups, flipping the Los Angeles native over onto his back where he quickly returns the favor!]

GM: They're trading right hands down on the canvas!

BW: And I'm not sure who is going to come out on the better end of that exchange, Gordo. Traditionally, you'd say it's Carver but Juan Vasquez has proven himself to be quite the brawler in recent times.

[Carver pulls out of the mount, getting to his feet where he viciously stomps Vasquez in the chest several times before the official backs him away. Vasquez instantly starts to get back to his feet as Carver moves back in.]

GM: Ohh! Vasquez goes downstairs on Carver!

[Vasquez pulls Carver's head back, laying in a knife edge chop across the chest, knocking Carver back into the ropes. Moving in quickly, Juan grabs him with two hands, blasting Carver with a headbutt between the eyes!]

GM: Headbutt!

[An angry Carver fires back, throwing a headbutt of his own that staggers Vasquez.]

GM: Carver returns fire!

BW: That might not be the best idea!

[Vasquez grabs Carver by the ears, hammering his skull into Carver's. Carver falls back into the ropes, bouncing off and just ramming his skull into Vasquez!]

GM: Good grief! These two are butting heads like two bulls!

BW: I can't imagine this is going to end well.

[Vasquez tees off, stomping down on the mat as he smashes his head into Carver's forehead, sending him stumbling back.]

GM: Gaaah. It's hard to watch something like this.

BW: It's an easy way to end up with a concussion, Gordo. And a concussion can really tear up your world. Just ask Terry Shane. It cost him a shot at the World Title here tonight in Dallas.

[Vasquez moves in, wiping a hand across his brow...

...but as he gets close enough, Carver just throws himself at him, smashing the crown of his skull into Vasquez' eyesocket!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Vasquez stumbles back, falling to a knee as he grabs at his eye. He straightens up after a moment, revealing a small gash in the corner of his eyebrow. He looks, quite frankly, pissed off.]

GM: Uh oh.

[Grabbing Carver by the head again, Vasquez lets loose a horrific scream as he smashes his head over and over into the skull of Carver, unleashing a half dozen skull-splitting headbutts that sends Carver falling back into the ropes, his arms draped over the top to stay on his feet.]

GM: OH! MY! STARS! Juan Vasquez with a series of headbutts unlike any I think I've ever-

[The crowd ROARS as Vasquez hits the far ropes, rebounding back with a clothesline that takes Carver over the top rope, dumping him down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JUAN VASQUEZ WITH AN EXPLOSION OF OFFENSE ON HANNIBAL CARVER AND-

BW: HE AIN'T DONE, GORDO!

[The crowd somehow gets louder as Vasquez dashes to the ropes behind him, bouncing off again to charge across at top speed...

...and HURLS himself between the top and middle ropes, wiping out the rising Carver with a tope dive!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUICIDE DIVE THROUGH THE ROPES TO THE FLOOR!!

[The crowd is on their feet, roaring for one of the foundations of the AWA as he climbs to his feet, letting loose a roar that the fans in the American Airlines Center echo with joy. He pulls Carver off the floor, heading back towards the ring...

...but Carver cracks him with a right hand to the ribs!]

GM: Oh! Carver goes downstairs and-

[He ducks down, lifting Vasquez up over his shoulder, twisting around and DROPS down to his tailbone, smashing Vasquez' face into the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a counter by Carver!

BW: That ring apron... that's the hardest part of the ring, Gordo. Very little padding right there and Vasquez just took it flush on the face.

[As Juan rolls to his back, we see a nice flow of blood pouring from the previously-cut eyebrow now. Carver, leaning on the ring apron, kicks at the cut forehead, smashing the sole of his boot repeatedly into the wound before he drags Vasquez up off the mat...

...and waves for the front rows of fans to clear out.]

GM: Wait a second! Carver's telling our fans to get out of town! He's-

[With a handful of hair, Carver races towards the railing...

...and HURLS Vasquez over the steel barricade and into the second row where he slams into the vacated steel chairs at ringside!]

GM: Oh my! Vasquez just smashed into the steel!

[Carver leans over the railing, breathing heavily as the crowd surrounding him fans out to give some space for the well-renowned brawler as he steps over the railing into the front row.]

GM: Carver's going out after him!

BW: That doesn't seem like the best idea, Gordo.

GM: It certainly doesn't. The referee just started a double count on both of these men and as we said earlier, a double countout would eliminate both of these competitors from the match.

[The Boston Brawler steps over the first row into the second row of seats, pulling a dazed Vasquez off the chairs as the referee's count hits three.]

GM: Both men are up on the floor but I'm not sure they're aware of the ten count.

[Carver smashes his fist into Vasquez' cut forehead a handful of times before turning back towards the ring where the count is at five. He seems about to start moving back to the ring when suddenly Rey Estrellata steps into the ring, grabbing the top rope with both hands.]

GM: What's he...?

[The luchador deadleaps to the top rope, balancing precariously for a long moment...

...and then HURLS himself off the top in a front flip, completely wiping out both Carver and Vasquez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"



GM: OH MY STARS IN HEAVEN, WHAT DID I JUST SEE?!

BW: REY ESTRELLATA JUST WIPED 'EM BOTH OUT!!

[The crowd is roaring for the death-defying dive...

...but the referee stands on the middle rope, suddenly uncertain about what to do next.]

BW: What the heck is Jagger doing? Count 'em out!

GM: He seems like he doesn't know if that's the right thing to do... and I can't blame him. Both men looked like they were heading back towards the ring at the count of five when Estrellata dove out onto both of them. I believe that luchador is TRYING to get them both eliminated, Bucky!

BW: They SHOULD both be eliminated! Count, Jagger! You fool!

GM: The referee certainly is using his discretion here and...

[The crowd cheers!]

GM: He's waving it off! He says there won't be any count thanks to Estrellata's interference!

BW: INTERFERENCE?! He's IN the match!

[A dazed Carver is the first to rise, throwing a glare down at the luchador before he grabs Vasquez by the arm, dragging him towards the railing and shoving him over it.]

GM: Carver's heading back to the ring and it looks like he's bringing Juan Vasquez back in there with him.

[Carver shoves Vasquez under the bottom rope before rolling himself in. The referee waves for the match to continue to another big cheer from the fans.]

BW: I can't believe this, Gordo. Like Juan Vasquez needs any more preferential treatment from this company!

[A wobbly Carver pulls Vasquez off the mat, tugging him right into a full nelson. He lifts Vasquez into the air, swinging him back and forth a few times before lifting him higher...

...and then leaping up, dropping down with his legs split and DRIVING Vasquez' tailbone into the canvas!]

GM: DORCHESTER DROP!

[Carver rolls Vasquez to his back, flipping over him with a lateral press.]

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

[The crowd ROARS as Vasquez lifts a shoulder off the mat to break the pin!]

GM: Near fall right there for Vasquez, the two-time National Champion who would love to kick off 2014 with the match of his choosing in his back pocket. You better believe he'd use it to challenge the winner of tonight's Main Event for the World Heavyweight Title to boot.

BW: Speaking of boots...

[Back on his feet, Carver leaps up, stomping the shin of Juan Vasquez. He does it again, this time landing on the hip...]

GM: Hannibal Carver is throwing a Boot Party for Juan Vasquez!

[Carver stomps his way around the body of Vasquez, ending up with a leaping stomp to the side of the head to a decent sized reaction before dropping down into another lateral press.]

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

[And again, the shoulder just barely comes up off the mat in time!]

GM: Two count only! Carver can't hold him down for a three!

BW: Carver should probably tag out and let someone else take a crack at this before he wears himself out trying to do it.

GM: I think this is becoming a personal challenge for Carver now, Bucky. He wants to be the one to eliminate Juan Vasquez from this match and he wants to do it right now!

[With Vasquez down on the mat, Carver backs up...

...and slaps his exposed elbow to a big cheer!]

GM: Carver's looking for the Mind Eraser!

BW: If he hits it, Vasquez will NOT be kicking out again! That's a promise!

[Carver crouches lower, trying to stay out of Vasquez' vision as the dazed Latino works his way off the canvas, rubbing the blood from his eyes as he climbs to his feet...

...and just before Carver can strike, Rey Estrellata slides headfirst under the bottom rope, springing to his feet.]

GM: What in the...?

[Estrellata spins Carver around, kicking him downstairs. He quickly hooks a front facelock, spinning to the side...

...and DRIVING Carver skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: HEY! I KNOW THAT MOVE!

[The entire American Airlines Center crowd seems to as well as they react negatively to it, watching the luchador slide out to the floor as a dazed Vasquez, completely unaware of what just happened, rushes to the corner nearest the flattened Carver.]

GM: Vasquez has no idea what just happened to Carver!

[Stepping up on the bottom rope, Vasquez flips backwards, crashing down onto Carver with a moonsault. He gets up, pointing to the corner as he steps up on the second rope, flipping off again!]

GM: Two backflips off the ropes... and he's going for the third!

BW: It's the Moonsault Trilogy, Gordo! We don't see it often out of Vasquez anymore but when we do, you know he's really looking to put someone away!

[Vasquez steps to the top rope, leaning down to steady himself, and then throws himself backwards in a backflip, crashing down solidly across the chest of Carver!]

GM: Off the top... ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd responds with a mixed reaction - cheers for Vasquez, jeers for the elimination of Carver, another one of their favorites.]

PW: Hannibal Carver has been ELIMINATED!

[The boos intensify as Estrellata jumps up and down out on the floor.]

GM: Carver's gone. That means that Team Liquid Courage is down to one man - and that one man wasn't even supposed to be on the team - in Nenshou! Ten men remaining in the match. The proverbial halfway point in the matchup.

BW: Gordo, something ain't right here.

GM: You're telling me. Estrellata is out on the floor acting like he won the whole thing and-

[Suddenly, Jim Watkins informs Vasquez what happened, pointing out to the floor where the luchador is celebrating. Vasquez spins around, looking out at Estrellata. He points at him to a big cheer from the fans.]

GM: Vasquez just realized what happened as well! He's not happy about it either!

[With Estrellata still celebrating, Juan Vasquez scales the turnbuckles, ready to dive off onto him...

...but Sai Fong has other ideas, slipping into the ring and sweeping out Vasquez' leg from behind!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Vasquez gets crotched on the top turnbuckle! An uneasy landing for the Los Angeleno!

[Fong delivers a pair of hard forearms between the shoulder blades before stepping up on the middle rope, wrapping his arms around Vasquez' torso...]

GM: Fong's setting up for something up on the second rope there...

[The masked man lifts Vasquez into the air, falling backwards with him, and dropping him down on the back of his head with a belly-to-back suplex off the middle rope!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: That might do it!

[Fong rolls over into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg as Tony Sunn looks on with disdain.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Vasquez lifts the shoulder up to a huge reaction!]

GM: Oh my! Sai Fong was a half a count away from perhaps one of the biggest upsets we've ever seen here in the AWA, Bucky!

BW: It was close... real close. Now Fong needs to stay on him. He needs to find something else to put Vasquez down hard and get that three count.

[Fong climbs back to his feet, glaring down at the floored Vasquez as Rey Estrellata takes his spot on the ring apron. He can be seen having words with Tony Sunn yet again as Devon Case steps away from the corner, trying to stay out of the dispute.]

GM: We are just beyond the forty minute mark in this marathon of a matchup and there's still ten men remaining in this matchup, Bucky.

[Fong backs to a corner, slapping the hand of William Craven and quickly backing away, gesturing at the downed Vasquez.]

GM: Uh oh! Craven just got tagged in!

[A grin crosses the face of Craven - a sickening, disturbing grin as he steps into the ring, looking down at the prone Vasquez.]

GM: This is what he wanted, Bucky. Craven wanted Vasquez in there and he wanted a chance to destroy him.

BW: Well, he's got it! Vasquez is laid out thanks to Carver and Fong! He's at the mercy of the One Man Revolution.

[Craven reaches down, pulling the bloodied Vasquez off the mat by the hair. He holds him at arm's length, speaking off-mic to Vasquez where no one else can hear him...

...and then grabs him by the throat with both hands!]

GM: Craven's got him! He's got Vasquez by the throat!

BW: Thunder Melter, daddy!

[Craven pulls Vasquez by the throat out to the center of the ring...

...and hoists him straight up in the air with both hands wrapped around the throat!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[But at the peak of the lift, Vasquez slips out, snaring a front facelock, and DRIVING Craven skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: DDT! DDT BY VASQUEZ! ONE HECK OF A COUNTER!!

[Vasquez starts crawling towards the closest set of outstretched hands, looking for someone to tag in...

...and finds one with a wild lunge!]

GM: TAG!!

[The crowd roars as Tony Sunn steps into the ring, rearing back with a big right hand.]

GM: Big right hand on Craven! And another! And a third one!

[Sunn backs Craven to the ropes. He reaches for the arm, flinging the Dragon across...]

GM: Craven off the far side...

[The powerful Sunn grabs him under the armpits on the rebound, powering him straight up into the air, turning his body slightly...

...and DRIVES him down with a split legged slam!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: RYDEEN BOMB! HE DROPPED CRAVEN LIKE A BAD HABIT!!

[Sunn grabs the legs, making the pin attempt as the referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Craven slips the shoulder off the mat, breaking up the pin.]

GM: Two count only for Tony Sunn who would love to make a big impression on the AWA front office by pinning someone like William Craven here in the center of the ring at SuperClash V!

[Sunn pushes up to his feet, shaking his head as he drags the green-skinned Craven off the mat, hoisting him up across his chest...]

GM: Sunn hoists him up... what's he-?!

[The crowd cheers as Sunn drops to a knee, delivering a backbreaker on Craven...]

...and then stands back up!]

GM: Power! Pure power on display by Tony Sunn!

[Sunn drops to a knee again, driving Craven down with a second backbreaker.]

GM: Two backbreakers!

BW: He ain't done, Gordo!

[The big New Yorker powers Craven up again, turning a full circle to show the trapped Craven off to all sides of the American Airlines Center...]

GM: Sunn's STILL holding him up!

[He drops Craven down for a third time, drawing big cheers from all over the building...]

...and stands up yet again!]

GM: This is an incredible show of power by Tony Sunn! Absolutely incredible!

[Sunn suddenly lurches backwards, throwing Craven halfway across the ring where he bounces off the mat and rolls out to the ring apron!]

GM: Wow! What an overhead throw!

[Sunn slowly gets up, soaking up the cheers from the capacity crowd who are just as impressed by Sunn's power as Gordon seems to be. With a nod, Sunn approaches the ropes where Craven is now laid out, leaning down to pull him up off the apron into a front facelock...]

GM: Sunn's got Craven... he's gonna bring him in the hard way!

[Tony Sunn powers Craven up into the air...

...and suddenly topples down to the mat, Craven down on top of him.]

GM: Blue! Blue pulled the leg out from under Sunn!

[But the referee is shielded from it by Craven's torso as he counts.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Tony Sunn has been ELIMINATED!

[The fans jeer the blatant interference.]

GM: Nine guys left! Tony Sunn got cheated out of advancing thanks to Chris Blue's blatant interference and we're down to nine guys. Craven, Lake, Fong, Estrellata, Case, Nenshou, Vasquez, Watkins, and Wright! One of those nine men will win this Steal The Spotlight matchup and win the contract for the match of their choice.

[With Craven down on the mat, Devon Case rushes in, diving on top of him and hammering away with clenched fists to the skull!]

GM: Case is attacking Craven! Case is trying to finish off the final member of Team Blue and take him out of the picture!

[Case takes the mount, hammering Craven over and over until the official backs him off.]

GM: Case is shouting at Blue, telling him he's going to finish this right here and now.

[The former Golden God moves in, pulling Craven off the mat by the arm, firing him into the ropes.]

GM: Craven comes off... big boot downstairs...

[With Craven doubled up, Case hits the ropes, rebounding back into a baseball slide that puts him right underneath Craven...]

...where he SNAPS off a kick to the ear of Craven!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Case pushes up to his feet, glaring at the staggered Craven who has fallen back into the ropes...

...and has his shoulder slapped by Rey Estrellata!]

GM: What in the...?

[The masked man suddenly leaps up to the top rope, posing atop the buckles for a moment. Case is standing on the mat, staring up at him. He watches as the luchador leaps into the air, tucking his arms and legs...

...and CRASHES backfirst on the chest of Craven!]

GM: Oh my! High flying backsplash!

[The luchador climbs up to his feet, celebrating his big move...

...when Case jumps on his back, locking in the Kata Ha Jime!]

GM: What the-?! What the-?!

BW: Get him off the man, ref!

GM: The referee is shouting at Case but Case is assaulting his own tag team partner! He's trying to choke him out!

[The luchador pushes backwards, trying to get him cleared out. He staggers forward, again looking for an escape...]

GM: Case has got it locked in tight! He's got-

[Suddenly, Case switches his grip, hooking his fingers under the mask of Estrellata!]

GM: Case is trying to take the mask off! Case is-

[And off it comes!]

GM: IT'S RICK MARLEY! WHAT THE HELL?!

BW: Hah!

GM: He's part of the First Night Fighters! He's part of the team that's supposed to be all newcomers! Another slap to the face of AWA management by Rick Marley!

[Case backs off, shaking his head as he holds the mask in his hand]



GM: Rick Marley got involved in this match. Rick Marley pulled one over on all of us... including-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: HANNIBAL CARVER WHO IS HEADING TO THE RING!

[The crowd roars as a pissed-off Carver is stomping down the aisle towards the ring as Rick Marley, looking frantic, tries to find a way out of the ring.]

GM: Marley's got Craven right where he wants him but he's spotted Hannibal Carver and he wants NO part of the Boston Brawler!

[Marley steps out of the ring, trying to flee over the railing...

...but Jim Watkins grabs him by the tights, dragging him back towards the ring where he shoots him back under the ropes.]

GM: Marley was willing to lose the match! He was willing to run for it to avoid Hannibal Carver!

[Carver reaches the ring, stepping through the ropes. Marley tries to defend himself, fists at the ready. The Human Highlight Reel opts to fire first, throwing a haymaker that Carver easily swats aside, throwing one of his own...]

GM: Big right hand! Another! Carver's hammering him back into the ropes.

[Carver grabs Marley by the arm, firing him across...]

GM: Marley off the far side and... OHHHH! He gets elevated and down to the mat! A high back body drop!

[Carver stares down at Marley, rage on his face as the official waves his arms, begging Carver to stop. Carver slaps his elbow...

...and as Marley staggers to his feet, Carver goes into a full spin, CRACKING Marley in the back of the head!]

GM: MIND ERASER!

[Marley pitches forward, crashing in a heap on the canvas as Carver looks out at the roaring crowd.]

GM: CARVER JUST LAID OUT RICK MARLEY!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Huh?

[The referee steps forward, pointing at Carver...

...and then pointing at William Craven.]

GM: Wait a second.

[Phil Watson confers with the referee and makes the official announcement.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, due to the outside interference of Hannibal Carver in his attack on Rick Marley, referee Johnny Jagger says he has no choice but to DISQUALIFY the legal man who was in the ring with Mr. Marley at the time of the attack.

William Craven has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd bursts into a mixed reaction - not caring so much that Craven was eliminated by chicanery but booing Marley for engineering it.]

GM: Craven's gone!

[We cut to the floor where Chris Blue's jaw has dropped.]

GM: Blue can't believe it! He had the odds stacked in his favor and he STILL couldn't get the win here tonight at SuperClash V...

[With Marley laid out, Nenshou bursts into action, springing up to the top rope, and throwing himself off in a breathtaking moonsault!]

GM: MOONSAULT!

[Nenshou hooks the leg as the referee drops down.]

GM: ONE! TWO!! THREEEEEE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Rick Marley has been ELIMINATED!

[Outside the ring, Percy Childes flips his lid at the sight of one of his charges eliminating the other before the end of the match. He immediately begins shouting at Nenshou who seemingly couldn't care less as he springs back up, ready to compete again.]

GM: We're down to seven! Seven men battling it out for the Steal The Spotlight contract!

[Case ducks back into the ring, charging at Nenshou who ducks down...

...and keeps on going, throwing himself through the ropes at a stunned Chris Blue!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CASE DIVES OUT ONTO BLUE!!

[The crowd is roaring as Case dishes out a pummeling to the downed former owner of the EMWC as Nenshou looks over the ropes at him...

...and then opts to catapult himself over the top, crashing right down on top of Case!]

GM: OHHH! Nenshou had seen enough of Case worrying about someone other than him and he took the fight right to him!

BW: Devon Case said he'd lay down when Blue was taken out. Why's he still standing?

GM: He's not right now as Nenshou puts the boots to him.

[Nearby, Percy Chiles continues to verbally berate Nenshou as the Asian Assassin drags Case off the ringside mats, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: We are closing in on the fifty minute mark of this match, fans, and we're down to seven men. Demetrius Lake, Sai Fong, Devon Case, Nenshou, Juan Vasquez, Jim Watkins, and Supreme Wright. One of those seven men are going to walk out the sole survivor and the man who stole the spotlight at SuperClash V!

[With Nenshou climbing up on the apron, Demetrius Lake rushes forward, throwing a big right hand into the side of Nenshou's head, knocking him off the apron and down to the floor!]

GM: Wait a second! Did Percy order him to do that?!

BW: The Black Tiger acts alone when the mood strikes, Gordo!

[The referee's ordering Lake to step back as he hops off the apron, dropping a big elbow down across the shoulderblades of the rising Nenshou, putting him back down on the floor.]

GM: Lake's putting the boots to him on the floor! Percy Chiles is looking on silently. He's not putting a stop to this if he didn't order it.

BW: Maybe he's okay with Lake teaching this ungrateful punk a lesson!

GM: Ungrateful?! Nenshou's done Percy Chiles' every bidding since he showed up here!

BW: Percy's every bidding was designed to make Nenshou the World Champion! Think about what happened with Monosso... with Vasquez... that was all built around Percy Chiles trying to get the World Title around Nenshou's waist but Nenshou just couldn't get the job done when it counted!

GM: I can't believe you're even saying that. Nenshou is one of the best wrestlers in the entire AWA!

BW: Oh, I agree one hundred percent with that. But I also say he's a choke artist!

GM: He was the original Longhorn Heritage Champion! He made it almost to the end of the World Title Tournament! He's one of the-

BW: But has he held the World Heavyweight Title? Did he hold the National Title when it was the top title? The answer is no, Gordo... he didn't... and he hasn't...

[Lake continues to stomp Nenshou into the floor as the referee reprimands him from inside the ring. Finally, the big man backs off as Devon Case struggles up to his feet. Case grabs the top rope with both hands, stepping up on the middle rope as he looks down at Blue...]

BW: Come on, Case. Lay down like you said you would. Let's get this down to REAL athletes who dream of being the World Champion and not some pathetic old hack on a revenge mission!

GM: Wow.

BW: I'm serious, Gordo. This guy took a spot in this match - a match designed to get the winner the match of their choice any time in the next year. A match that most of these guys would use to challenge for the World Title in a heartbeat. And Devon Case says he doesn't want ANY of that. He doesn't want to win this match! He doesn't want to steal the spotlight! And THAT'S why he's exactly what Blue says he is!

[Nenshou struggles up to his feet, looking up at Case who is still shouting at the downed Blue. The Asian Assassin moves towards the ring which is Case's cue to leap off the middle rope, using the top to swing down, throwing his feet between the middle and bottom ropes!]

GM: OHH! He kicked Nenshou right in the mush!

[Nenshou goes sailing backwards, slamming into the barricade!]

GM: Case is out on the floor going after Nenshou. Apparently he didn't take too well to Nenshou coming after him when Case was beating Blue into the floor.

[Backing Nenshou into the steel, Case lights him up with a series of stiff chops across the pectorals. He grabs an arm, turning Nenshou towards the wooden entrance ramp...]

GM: Uh oh! Case is gonna send him into the ramp!

[But as the former Golden God whips Nenshou towards the entrance platform, Nenshou leaps up in a front flip, rolling into a somersault on the ramp and right up onto his feet.]

GM: Incredible athleticism by Nenshou!

[Case looks surprised before attempting a pursuit, moving towards the ramp where Nenshou wheels around. He charges the few steps, dropping into a slide as Case nears...]

GM: OHH! Nenshou returns the favor with the baseball slide!

[Case stumbles, falling to a knee as Nenshou climbs back to his feet, standing on the edge of the ramp. The Las Vegas native struggles to his feet...]

...and Nenshou leaps off the ramp, flipping backwards and taking Case down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Moonsault off the ramp to the floor! Nenshou takes Case off his feet and down again!

[Having seen enough, Johnny Jagger starts a ten count on both men anew.]

GM: Jagger was giving these guys lots of leeway to get back inside the squared circle but they're refusing to listen to him so now he starts up the count.

BW: That'll either get 'em back in or get 'em both out of this match.

[Climbing to his feet, Nenshou drags Case off the floor by the hair, throwing him under the ropes into the ring. He steps up on the apron...]

...and again has Demetrius Lake charge him. This time, Nenshou is ready though, throwing a knife edge chop back into the throat of Lake, sending him coughing and gasping back down the apron.]

GM: Aha! Nenshou was ready for him this time!

[Grabbing the top rope, Nenshou uncorks a full somersault before dropping a leg squarely across the chest of Devon Case!]

GM: Excellent execution on that flipping legdrop!

[In a seated position, Nenshou leaves the leg across the chest and gestures to the official who drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Case lifts the shoulder!]

BW: I knew it, Gordo! I knew it that when it came down to it, a gloryhog like Devon Case could NEVER lay down for a three count.

GM: He's got a one in seven shot at this point. Maybe he thought he'd never be here at the end with all of Blue's goons gunning for him but here he is with a legitimate chance to win this match, win the Steal The Spotlight contract, and win the match of his choice anytime in the year to come.

[Nenshou climbs off the mat, again stomping and kicking Case as he gets up. Case starts to rise as well, grabbing at the kicking leg to prevent it from doing any further damage as Nenshou switches to overhead elbow strikes to the back of the head and neck.]

GM: Nenshou's hammering away, trying to keep Case down on the mat but Case keeps fighting back... he just keeps on coming back to his feet.

[Back up, Case throws a forearm to the jaw of Nenshou. A second one makes the Asian Assassin backpedal as Case throws a weak kick that Nenshou easily catches.]

GM: He caught the kick and-

[Case leaps up, cracking Nenshou in the back of the head with an enzuigiri!]

GM: OHHH! CASE CAUGHT HIM GOOD THERE!

[And with both men down on the mat, they both start looking to crawl towards a corner and make a tag. Demetrius Lake backs off, holding up his hands and refusing to offer a tag. Sai Fong is pacing back and forth on the apron, watching as the two men struggle. Juan Vasquez slaps the turnbuckle, all three men in that corner with their arms already outstretched.]

GM: Both men are looking for a tag... and perhaps predictably, the one person who looks like he has no interest in a tag is Demetrius Lake who, I believe, hasn't been in the ring since the opening moments.

BW: Percy's always got the best strategy in place. He knows that Lake could get winded quickly so he's going to let him sit it out until he has no choice but to get in there.

[Case's crawling gets him across the ring to where Sai Fong is waiting, still pacing back and forth. Case pushes up to his knees, reaching his hand out towards the waiting masked man who instead of making the tag, steps through the ropes into the ring...

...and BURIES a boot into Case's unprotected face with a sickening impact!]

GM: What in the-?!

[Sai Fong delivers kick after kick after kick into the face of Case, knocking him down to the canvas. The masked man grabs Case by the hair, pulling him off the mat into a front facelock. He quickly hoists him up, dropping him so that his legs bounce off the top rope, snapping him down with a slingshot suplex!]

GM: Ohh!

[Moving across the ring, Fong grabs Nenshou by the arm, dragging him over near where Case has been laid out and flings Nenshou across him.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Devon Case has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd jeers the announcement as the official rolls Case out of the ring.]

GM: Sai Fong just directly caused the elimination of Devon Case... but why? Why would Fong assault his own partner in this match?

BW: We're getting down towards the end of this. Maybe he felt the time for partners is over. We're down to the final six, Gordo.

GM: We certainly are...

[Fong, still in the ring, turns his focus to Nenshou. He pulls Nenshou off the mat with two hands full of hair, throwing him bodily into the corner. The masked man lays it in with several kicks to the torso before the referee steps in, forcing him back...]

GM: Fong grabs an arm... Irish wh- reversed!

[The reversal sends the masked man crashing into the buckles nearest Team AWA. Nenshou backs to the corner before charging out, tumbling across with a cartwheel, and handspringing back before smashing his elbow into the heart of Fong!]

GM: The handspring elbow connects and-

[A dazed Fong spins to the side, slapping Jim Watkins' shoulder.]

GM: That's a tag! The referee signals that it's a tag and Jim Watkins is coming in!

BW: Watkins has managed to stay on the apron for the majority of the match which he'd need to considering his age. He knew that if he tried to keep up with the others in this match, it'd be a short night for him but by letting everyone else do his dirty work, he's in there at the end and at this point, just about anything could happen, Gordo.

[Watkins steps in, moving quickly as Nenshou spins around, spotting the former Chairman of the Championship Committee. The veteran has his fist cocked back before Nenshou can react, blasting him between the eyes with a haymaker that sends him reeling!]

GM: Listen to these fans rally behind Jim Watkins! They remember last year at SuperClash IV and that brutal Retirement Match between Watkins and Joe Petrow.

BW: Petrow's STILL in a wheelchair from what I've heard. Watkins may be an oldtimer but he's got plenty of fight left in him. You put him in a World Title match, who knows what might happen.

[Watkins is throwing big heavy bombs as quickly as he can, battering Nenshou back against the turnbuckles where Demetrius Lake steps back, trying to avoid getting involved.]

GM: Big whip across...

[Nenshou SLAMS back into the turnbuckles, arms flopping over the top rope as Watkins backs up, pumping his right arm a few times before barreling across the ring...

...and CONNECTING with a big running lariat in the corner that nearly takes Nenshou off his feet!]

GM: The fresh Jim Watkins is taking the fight to Nenshou and-

[Watkins backs up, raising his right hand.]

GM: He's calling for the claw!

[As Nenshou staggers out, Watkins brings the right hand forward, gripping the skull of the Asian Assassin!]

GM: He locks it in! The Claw is locked in!

[Nenshou's arms pump and flail wildly as he searches for an escape from the punishing hold...

...and then abruptly swings his leg at the back of Watkins' knee, sweeping the leg out from under him and forcing him down to a knee!]

GM: Ohh! Cobra Kai legswipe-

[Nenshou rushes forward, pushing off the bent knee to drive his own knee into Watkins' skull!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: SHINING WIZARD!

[With Watkins down, Nenshou dives across him, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"



PW: Jim Watkins has been ELIMINATED!

[Boos all around the Dallas arena rain down.]

GM: We're down to five! Demetrius Lake, Sai Fong, Nenshou, Juan Vasquez, and Supreme Wright! One of these five men will steal the spotlight and win that big contract!

BW: After nearly an hour of wrestling action, we're down to five men!

GM: Any surprises for you here, Gordo?

BW: Well, we knew nothing about Sai Fong going into this match and still don't... so he's a surprise to me. Nenshou was a last minute entry but when you saw him come out here, you knew he had a chance. How about Demetrius Lake shaking off that newcomer status to show the world that Percy Childe has got another jewel in the Alliance?

[With Nenshou struggling to get off the canvas, Juan Vasquez steps back into the ring, smashing him across the chest with a knife edge chop that sends him back to the buckles.]

GM: The bloodied Vasquez is trying to take the fight to Nenshou and there's a lot of history there thanks to Vasquez' time both in the Unholy Alliance as well as battling them!

[With a shout, Vasquez steps up to the midbuckle, crimson pouring down his face as he raises a right hand.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[The former two-time National Champion hops down, grabbing the dazed Nenshou by the arm and shoots him across the ring to the opposite corner. As Nenshou staggers out, Vasquez switches his stance, hooking his arm up under Nenshou's armpit.]

GM: HIPTOSS!

[But the athletic Nenshou lands on his feet, instantly snapping a kick backwards into the jaw of Vasquez!]

GM: Ohh! Crescent kick connects!

[This time, it's Vasquez who falls back into the corner, slapping the hand of Supreme Wright who comes in fast, throwing European uppercuts that force Nenshou all the way back across the ring.]

GM: He's got Nenshou back in the corner... now it's Wright with a whip...

[But as Nenshou gets out to full extension, Wright tugs him back into a bearhug before popping his hips and HURLING Nenshou into the turnbuckles with an overhead belly-to-belly!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wright with a devastating throw into the corner!

BW: Nenshou's a wreck after that one. He got bent over the buckles and really tweaked his back something fierce.

[Wright slowly turns, pulling Nenshou back to his feet again, firing him into the corner where Nenshou slams into the buckles. The Combat Corner alumni backs into the corner, glaring across at Nenshou before sprinting in...

...and BLASTING a stunned Nenshou with a running European uppercut!]

GM: Wright nails him again!

[He drags Nenshou from the corner out into the center of the ring, ducking down underneath to hoist him up across his shoulders in a fireman's carry...]

GM: He's looking for Fat Tuesday!

[But as he prepares to dump Nenshou onto his knees, the Asian Assassin elbows out, sliding down to a knee behind Wright and giving a big push to send him into the ropes.]

GM: Nenshou battles out!

[The rebounding Wright gets caught with a thrust kick to the chest that sends him staggering back into the ropes where he falls between the top and middle ropes, uses them as a pendulum to straighten himself out and spring back off the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LARIAT!! LARIAT!!

[Wright dives down on the stunned Nenshou, tightly hooking both legs.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Nenshou has been ELIMINATED! The first team has been eliminated from the matchup!

[There's a mixed reaction for Nenshou's elimination but mostly cheers for Wright who sits up on the mat, looking around for a moment before Sai Fong rushes back into the fray, attacking him from behind!]

GM: We're down to four! Just shy of an hour and we're down to a Final Four at long last!

[Fong drops to his knees and abandons all pretense of being a "nice guy" by wrapping his hands around the throat of Supreme Wright and throttling him.]

GM: Fong's choking him! He's choking him down on the mat!

[The masked man digs his fingers into the windpipe, causing Wright to claw at his wrists as the referee finally forces him back.]

GM: Sai Fong, still the mystery in this match, is going right for Supreme Wright, trying to get into that final three and beyond.

[Fong backs off before tugging up his sleeve a bit and snapping off a length of wrist tape that he goes right back after Wright with, looping it around the throat and choking ferociously!]

GM: He's got tape off his wrist that he's using now!

[The referee again steps in as Fong backs away, throwing the tape out to the floor as Wright struggles to get air into his lungs. Demetrius Lake can be seen clapping for the blatant cheating.]

GM: Lake likes the look of that. It's right up his aisle.

[As Fong walks away, nodding at the grinning Lake, Wright starts to crawl towards the corner where Juan Vasquez is recovering.]

GM: Wright's looking to make the exchange again.

[Fong turns back, spotting a crawling Wright and drops an elbow into the back of his head. He grabs Wright by the cornrows, pulling his head back to deliver a series of forearm strikes to the bridge of the nose to the jeers of the crowd...

...and then hooks Wright by the ankle, dragging him back to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Fong pulls him back to the middle... reaching down for-

[But suddenly, Wright surges off his back, spinning to grab the arm of Fong and tying him up in a Cobra Clutch. He drags the masked man down to the mat, pulling back hard!]

GM: COBRA CLUTCH CROSSFACE!

[Sai Fong claws at the mat, knowing his time is numbered before the hold renders him unconscious. Wright grits his teeth, pulling back harder and harder...

...until Fong's arms are no longer moving.]

GM: He's out! He's out!

[The referee agrees, diving in and forcing Wright to break the hold. The Combat Corner graduate instantly releases it, climbing to his feet and looking down at Fong. He scratches his chin...

...and then steps forward, grabbing the mask by the eyeholes...]

GM: Wright's going to unmask him! He's going to-

[But before he can, Demetrius Lake slips into the ring, hammering Wright across the back with a massive double axehandle!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: That's a shame. I was kinda wondering who Fong was myself, Gordo.

GM: As was I.

[Fong is rolled out to the floor by the referee as Lake buries boots into the ribs of Wright. The blows force Wright to roll under the ropes and out onto the raised entrance platform...

...which is apparently Radiant Raven's cue to climb up on the ring apron, distracting Johnny Jagger!]

GM: Raven's on the apron and-

[The crowd jeers as Johnny Detson suddenly appears on the ramp, jogging down the raised platform towards the ring!]

GM: That's Detson! He's coming to help his ally!

[Detson grabs a dazed Wright off the platform, looking to attack when Juan Vasquez suddenly steps into the ring, charging across as he ducks under an attempted Lake clothesline...

...and **THROWS** himself over the top rope, wiping out both Wright and Detson with a somersault plancha!]

GM: OHHH! I don't know what Johnny Detson had in store for Supreme Wright but for the time being, Juan Vasquez just took him out of the picture!

[Vasquez stays on the ramp, hammering away on Detson as Wright rolls back under the ropes into the ring where the Black Tiger is waiting to stomp him into the mat. With Wright down, Lake approaches the ropes to start in on Vasquez.]

GM: Lake's over here by the ramp, letting Juan Vasquez have it.

[The Black Tiger fires off a few words in Vasquez' direction before turning back towards Wright. He lays in a few kicks to the chest of the kneeling Wright before dragging him up off the mat, leaning down to hoist Wright up, and drops him down on a bent knee!]

GM: Ohh! Inverted atomic drop by Demetrius Lake!

[Lake backs off, swinging his arms around in a "martial arts" pose before connecting with a double thrust chop to the throat, sending a coughing Wright back down to the mat. The official steps in, warning about the strike to the throat as Lake shouts him away, moving in on Wright.]

GM: He's standing over Supreme Wright... ohh! Three hundred plus pound kneedrop... and again...

BW: He doesn't even leap up for those, Gordo... just falls down to a knee and drives it into the ribs over and over again.

[Wright rolls away from Lake, ending up out on the apron where the 27 year old from St. Louis pursues him, looking to take him out and leave only two men remaining.]

GM: Lake's going to bring him in the hard way...

[Leaning over to grab a handful of cornrows, Lake pulls Wright up, tugging him into suplex position...]

GM: He lifts him up!

[He backs out towards the middle of the ring, still holding the 225 pound Wright straight up and down...

...and DROPS him with a spine-rattling suplex before rolling into a lateral press.]

GM: Lake gets one! He gets two! He gets- no! Wright's out at two!

[Lake gets up, barking at the official as Wright again rolls across the ring. Out on the entrance ramp, we spot Johnny Detson being dragged back down the aisle towards the locker room by AWA security as Vasquez threatens him from afar...

...and gets his arm slapped from behind!]

GM: Lake just tagged in Vasquez!

[Vasquez turns around, looking puzzled. He gestures at the downed Wright, shaking his head at the official. Johnny Jagger looks at all three men...

...and then signals for the match to continue!]

GM: Wait a second! Is that legal?!

BW: We're down to three men, Gordo! Seems fair to me!

[Vasquez steps through the ropes into the ring, still arguing with the official as Wright slowly struggles up to a knee. The former two-time National Champion looks down at Wright, shaking his head with his hands on his hips. He finally leans in, checking on him...]

GM: Vasquez isn't sure if he-

[Suddenly, Wright springs up, grabbing Vasquez around the head and neck, using his right leg to sweep out the legs and DRIVE the back of Vasquez' skull into the canvas. Dropping down with him, Wright reaches around the arm of Vasquez before hooking his hands together in a head-and-arm triangle!]

GM: THE BIG EASY!

BW: We don't get to see all of the submissions in Wright's playbook very often, Gordo... and some we rarely get to see at all but this one is locked in and it's locked in tight!

[Vasquez is struggling against it, pumping his free arm, scrambling to look for an escape. He reaches up, grabbing a handful of cornrows with his free hand. He plants his feet underneath him, forcing his body up into a bridge as Wright struggles to keep the hold applied...

...and then kicks his body up and over, rolling out of the hold to break free! Big cheer!]

GM: Vasquez slips out of the hold!

[On his knees, Vasquez secures a front facelock, throwing a series of hard knees to the crown of Wright's skull, smashing his head over and over with the blows. He climbs to his feet, landing a few more shots before dragging Wright off the mat, throwing him into the corner.]

GM: Wright gets put back into the buckles...

[Reaching back into right field, Vasquez lands a hard haymaker across the jaw of Wright before grabbing an arm, firing him across...]

GM: Wright hits the buckles... here comes Vasquez!

[The newest member of the Hall of Fame leaps into the air, lifting both legs up...

...but Wright dives aside, causing Vasquez to slam his own knees into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Wright avoids the knees!

[As Vasquez stumbles back out, Wright ducks down, lifting Vasquez up over his shoulder as he reaches down to cross the LA native's legs over each other. He takes two steps out to the middle of the ring and sits out, driving Vasquez knees-first into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That'll send a jolt through both of the knees!

[Wright climbs back to his feet, letting loose a shout as he snaps off a roundhouse kick aimed at the skull!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG KICK!!

[Vasquez slumps down to the mat, Wright diving atop him.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd buzzes with surprise as Juan Vasquez lifts the shoulder just before the three count comes down. Wright pushes up, looking on in shock that he managed to kick out of the roundhouse to the skull. He shows a flash of anger as he drags Vasquez off the mat, shoving him back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Wright backs him up into the corner...

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Wright uses it to keep Vasquez' head in position as he tees off with a solid forearm shot to the ear of the fan favorite. He delivers blow after blow, snapping Vasquez' head to the side before grabbing an arm, firing him across...]

GM: Juan hits the corner... in comes Wright!

[Another big crowd cheer as Wright PASTES Vasquez with the running European uppercut in the corner! He grabs the arm again, pointing to the opposite corner...]

GM: Irish... reversed!

[This time, it's Vasquez who sends Wright smashing into the corner where he staggers out.]

GM: HIPTOSS!

[But as Vasquez sets, Wright blocks the hold, quickly spinning around, hooking his former teacher's arms, and dragging him down to the mat in a backslide!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Again, the crowd reacts with surprise as Vasquez lifts a shoulder in time to break the pin attempt.]

GM: Another near escape by the Hall of Famer as we cross the sixty minute mark of the match!

[Wright scrambles to his feet, easily getting there before Vasquez as he lifts him up across his shoulders in a fireman's carry...

...when suddenly, Sai Fong grabs the ankle from outside the ring, stopping Wright cold!]

GM: What the-?!

[Wright tries to kick loose which throws him off-balance enough for Vasquez to wriggle free. The Los Angeles native grabs a rear waistlock, racing towards the ropes for a running reverse rolling cradle...

...but Wright ducks down just as Demetrius Lake swings his taped thumb, catching Vasquez RIGHT in the throat with it!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: TIGER STRIKE! TIGER STRIKE!!

[Vasquez collapses down to the canvas as the referee steps in, shouting at Lake for the outside interference. Wright backs off, watching the two argue...

...which leaves him wide open as Sai Fong rolls into the ring, climbing to his feet to bury a quick boot into the gut of Wright.]

GM: What the heck is he...?

[Fong laces his leg over the back of Wright's head before leaping up and DRIVING his face down into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! What a son of a...



[Gordon's words trail off as Fong gets up, looking down at Wright...

...and yanks off his own mask to reveal...]

GM: You have GOT to be kidding me!

[...a man of mixed ethnic backgrounds with curly black hair left up in an afro. Clean shaven, he glares with a cold, cold stare down at the motionless Wright.]

BW: That's Gibson Hayes, daddy! Gibson Hayes just stole the spotlight for himself!

GM: He was eliminated by Wright earlier in the match but he may have just taken Wright out of the match right now! Gibson Hayes has shocked the world by showing his face at SuperClash V!

BW: I can't believe he's here, Gordo. That man is persona non grata around these parts from what I hear!

[Turning to walk away, Hayes ducks through the ropes, walking past the puzzled official as he heads back up the entrance ramp towards the locker room.]

GM: Both Juan Vasquez and Supreme Wright are completely laid out on the canvas. Both men are down... both men could be out after the two brutal moves they just took by men not even in the ring competing with them at that moment.

[Outside the ring, Demetrius Lake leans down to huddle up with Percy Childes. Both men gesture at the ring as the referee checks both competitors.]

BW: If they're both out cold, does Lake win automatically?

GM: I suppose he might. Perhaps that's what he and Childes are discussing right now. Perhaps it's-

[Seizing the opportunity, Demetrius Lake steps through the ropes, marching across the ring. The referee steps in front of him, protesting, but gets shoved aside as Lake grabs Wright by the ankle, dragging him towards the corner...

...and then steps out to the apron before slapping Wright's hand!]

GM: Lake tags himself back in!

[With Vasquez down, Lake starts to climb the corner turnbuckles, looking to finish off Percy Childes' hated rival.]

GM: We've seen this before, Bucky! Lake's looking for that Big Cat Pounce off the top... that three hundred plus pound splash off the top turnbuckle. If he hits it, I think it's lights out for Juan Vasquez!

[Lake steps up to the middle rope, pounding his chest a few times with a clenched fist as a dazed Vasquez pushes up to all fours, crawling towards the corner where Lake is rising.]

BW: He's gotta hurry up, Gordo! These idiot fans are rallying Vasquez to get back into this thing!

GM: You can hear Percy screaming for Lake to climb faster!

[But Lake is still running his mouth, trashtalking everyone in sight as he puts a foot up on the top turnbuckle...

...only to find Juan Vasquez on his feet, throwing a right hand to the midsection! Big cheer!]

GM: Juan caught him with the right!

[Vasquez rears back, throwing another big haymaker to the torso, stunning Demetrius Lake. With the fans rallying behind him, Vasquez steps up onto the middle rope, throwing another hard shot to the body!]

GM: Vasquez is up on the second rope, trying to chop Lake down to size!

[With Lake struggling to keep his balance, Vasquez grabs him by the hair, pasting him with a headbutt!]

GM: Good grief!

[Switching his stance slightly, Vasquez slips an arm up under Lake's armpit...

...and HURLS him off the top rope, sending him crashing down to the canvas with a king-sized hiptoss!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd roars as Vasquez pitches forward, barely able to keep his balance as he looks back at the floored Lake. He nods to the cheering crowd, leaning over as he steps up to the top rope, his back turned to the ring...]

GM: Vasquez is going for the moonsault! He's-

[The referee spins around, shouting at Radiant Raven again, ordering her down off the apron as Percy Childe rises up on the other side of the ring, rearing back with his crystal-topped cane...

...and SMASHES it over the temple of Juan Vasquez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Vasquez dead man falls off the top rope, falling down to the mat right next to Demetrius Lake.]

GM: Vasquez is down! Percy Childes just smashed him with that cane and he's down on the mat... no, no, no!

[The crowd jeers as Lake tiredly rolls over, throwing an arm across the chest of the two-time National Champion.]

BW: ONE!! TWO!! HE GOT HIM, DADDY!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Juan Vasquez has been ELIMINATED!

[Big jeers pour down from the sold-out crowd all over a grinning Percy Childes and Radiant Raven as a dazed Demetrius Lake rolls to a seated position, nodding his head and raises his arms wearily.]

GM: Lake's acting like he's won something, Bucky, but he's still got to beat Supreme Wright if he wants to win the contract for the match of his choice any time in the next year!

[Lake pushes up to his feet, listening to Percy Childes who is frantically gesturing at the dazed Supreme Wright who is out on the apron. The Black Tiger grabs Wright in a front facelock...

...but Wright is waiting for him, grabbing Lake around the neck, dropping down to his knees to snap his throat down on the top rope!]

GM: Ohh!

[The crowd cheers as Wright gets back up, stepping through the ropes into the ring. He throws his head back, giving a howl as Lake turns back towards him, stumbling at him with his right hand cocked back...]

GM: Big righ- blocked!

[Wright hooks the wrist with both hands, cranking it around into an armtwist. He places a hand on the back of Lake's neck, managing to leverage him over and down to a seated position on the mat. He grabs the arm again...

...and kicks him hard in the arm!]

GM: Ohh!

[The crowd roars as Wright unleashes a half dozen hard kicks to the tricep before releasing it, allowing Lake to roll away clutching his arm. Shaking his head, Wright grabs an ankle, dragging Lake back to the middle of the ring...

...but Lake rolls to his back, lashing outward and upward with a lanky leg, catching Wright in the chin and sending him stumbling back.]

GM: Lake fights him off... back up on his feet now...

[A double axehandle across the back pitches Wright forward, sending him chestfirst into the ropes. Moving in, Lake squares up, throwing a forearm into the kidneys. He hammers away with several shots to the lower back before muscling Wright into a whip...]

GM: Big boot!

[But Wright ducks under it, rushing to the far ropes where he rebounds back towards Lake...

...who surprisingly leaves his feet, lashing out with a dropkick on the chin!]

GM: OH MY!! Demetrius Lake... all three hundred plus pounds of Demetrius Lake just threw a dropkick like a light heavyweight!

[Lake crawls over towards Wright, nodding his head as he attempts a cover but only gets a two count before Wright kicks out.]

GM: Two count only...

[Lake gets back up, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture...

...and as Wright pushes up to his knees, Lake hits the ropes, bouncing back with a running big boot to the face!]

GM: OHH! Big boot connects!

"NOW... IT'S OVER!"

[The crowd jeers Lake as he pulls Wright up off the mat, nodding to the crowd as he scoops the smaller man up into the air...

...but Wright flips out, landing on his feet behind him.]

GM: Wright's out and-

[He ducks down, catching the turning Lake in a fireman's carry, hoisting him up into the air...]

BW: NO!

[...and steps out to the middle of the ring, shoving Lake up and over his head as he falls to his back, bringing Lake crashing down on his bent knees!]

GM: FAT TUESDAY!

[Wright rolls Lake to his back, tightly hooking both legs!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! HE DID IT!

BW: You gotta be kidding me!

[An exhausted Wright rolls to his back, chest heaving as a furious Percy Childes slams his cane repeatedly into the ring apron outside the ring.]

GM: Supreme Wright continues to make history here in the AWA as he becomes the first ever winner of the Rumble AND Steal The Spotlight! Incredible!

BW: And Calisto Dufresne and Dave Bryant are sitting backstage with a chill running down their spine because they just realized they've got a Number One Contender with a guaranteed match of his choice waiting for them, Gordo.

GM: Supreme Wright has won himself one more shot at the World Title - you gotta believe that's what he'll use it for. And now, he's got that World Title match in his sights. Who will win? Who will walk out as the World Champion? And who will Supreme Wright use his Steal The Spotlight contract to challenge at any time in the next year?

[Wright is helped to his feet by Johnny Jagger, raising his arm in victory as the crowd roars in celebration for him. The Combat Corner alumni falls into the ropes, celebrating his victory in the sixty-five minute matchup.]

GM: One of the longest matches in AWA history is in the books and fans, we're just really getting started here tonight! We've still got the big showdown between new Hall of Famer Steve Spector and Terry Shane III. The enormous tag team title showdown between the Blonde Bombers and the team of Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds. The Texas Brawl with the Bullies taking on the Lynches... and of course, our huge Main Event - the World Title clash between Calisto Dufresne and Dave Bryant. But coming up next, we've got what many have speculated will be the final time that Alex Martinez steps inside the ring as he teams with his son, Ryan, for the very first time to take on the Baddest Thangs Runnin' - Gunnar Gaines and his son, Justin. We've caught up with both teams tonight - let's hear what they had to say!

[Fade to the backstage area where Jason Dane is standing near a chain link divider.]

JD: Thanks, Bucky and Gordon. Backstage with me at this time...

[The camera pulls back to show three men — a gray-haired, bearded man in a leather jacket, a taller man in jeans shorts and a black leather vest, and the tallest — a young man in jeans and a warm-up jacket.]

JD: ...are Larry Gaines, Gunnar Gaines and Justin Gaines. Gentlemen, tonight you face a formidable challenge in the form of Ryan and Alex Martinez...

[Gunnar shakes his head, while Larry rolls his eyes...]

JD: ...but more importantly, this is a battle of two families. Two much storied families in the history of professional wrestling. But honestly, Gunnar, the record of Alex Martinez is more impressive than yours, and Ryan Martinez has done a lot more in this business than Justin. So it appears to me that you have your work cut out for you. Your thoughts?

[Gunnar starts to open his mouth, but Larry beats him to it.]

LG: Well, Jason, that's where you're wrong. See, you're comparing individual records against individual records. People against people. But as you yourself said, this isn't a battle of people against people. It's a battle of family against family. And in professional wrestling, the Gaines family goes back FOUR generations. The Martinez family goes back two.

GG: But Jason, it's more than that. The Gaines family isn't just more experienced, it's more together. When I got tired of carrying RyGunn by myself, and I decided it was finally time to do something about it, I knew this was going to come down to a two-on-two match. I knew it was going to be me and Justin against Alex and Ryan. But it took them MONTHS to get around to accepting the match. Why? Because Justin and me are tight. Ryan and Alex? They're simply not. They don't have that connection, that communication. And they know that. That's why they didn't want this match.

JD: They certainly sounded like they wanted it on the last SNW.

GG: Yeah, well, I gotta tell you I disagree, Jason. Alex might have wanted it — he's had a bur in his saddle about me for a long time, in fact — but this is most certainly NOT the match that Ryan Martinez wanted. That ungrateful punk wanted Gunnar vs. Ryan. That's why he wanted so badly to end my son's career before it even really got started. That would free him from having to get a partner, the thing he least likes to do. You see, I found out the hard way that Ryan doesn't LIKE partners. His ego can't withstand it. The fact is he's stubborn, and his ego insists that he's gotta do everything on his own.

JD: What do you mean?

GG: Well, let me give you an example. When we were still a tag team, Ryan Martinez and I used to travel together. One fine morning we were hungry and we went to a bakery. Lady behind the counter says, 'Can I help you?' Well, Ryan took offense. He told this poor woman, 'What makes you think I

need help? I don't take help from no one!' She says 'You pulled a number. Number 47. That means it's your turn.' He got all huffy and he left. I was so embarrassed I had to leave. I couldn't order my bear claws. That punk kid cost me my breakfast!

[Larry, Justin and even Gunnar laugh at Gunnar's joke.]

JD: As amusing as that story was, I have a feeling it's going to be no laughing matter tonight when Alex and Ryan Martinez get their hands on you. Particularly given the inexperience of half your team.

[Justin clenches his teeth and begins to pull back his elbows slightly, before Gunnar puts a hand on his son's shoulder in an attempt to calm him. But it's ineffective.]

JG: Listen, Jason Dane. I've heard enough from you. I've got Ryan Martinez calling me a boy, and now you calling me inexperienced. Well you know something? Inexperience doesn't matter when you're this tall, this muscled, this athletically gifted, this blessed with the best bloodlines in the business, and when you're taught by not one, not two, but three of the greatest teachers in the game -- those being my grandfather Larry, my father Gunnar and my uncle George.

JD: I --

JG: Let me clue you in on something, Jason. You talk about experience? I've been getting ready for this my entire life. My entire -- life. And to some people that would mean sitting in the living room, watching wrestling on TV, and wishing someday that that could be me. Well I didn't WISH that one day that could be me. I knew, that one day that WOULD be me. I knew that because I spent every day training, studying, working out and preparing for it, starting when I was five years old.

JG: But --

JG: You look up and down this entire AWA roster. What do you see? A bunch of talented people. That's what YOU see, Jason. You know what I see, Jason? I see a lot of people who debuted in this business after I did.

JD: What are you --

JG: What am I talking about? You ever hear of a guy called Jimmy "Meatman" Steele? Well, I helped my dad outsmart him and beat him when I was three years old back in the Double Eye -- that's right, the legendary IIWF. So really, I've been in wrestling rings going back farther than most of the people on this roster. Now that's not just me talking. That's a fact. You can look it up.

JD: It's not the same thing as competing for years, as Ryan Martinez has. You, frankly, haven't done that.

JG: No, I haven't. Yet I shaved his head and got him to take a match he didn't want to take. How good does that make me? Pretty good, I would say. And now, tonight, I'm going to beat him and his Hall of Fame father, with help from my own Hall of Fame father. You have the Chainsaw at ringside supporting us, the Grizzly in the ring by my side, and then you have me — "Scion of Greatness" Justin Gaines.

[Dane can't believe what he's hearing, and exhales a sigh of exasperation.]

JG: You know why I am the "Scion of Greatness?" Because at an event like SuperClash, some people try to MAKE their name, but I arrive with mine already made. Tonight's the night we EXTEND the Gaines name to the next generation, and we do it by defeating Alex and Ryan Martinez.

[Jason turns to Gunnar, then Larry, offering each of them the mic. They shake their heads. He turns back to Justin.]

JG: Beat THAT — if you can.

[The Gaines family vacates the premises, leaving Jason Dane behind. The investigative journalist shakes his head in dismay.]

JD: There is certainly no confidence lacking in this part of the locker room, fans. But what about from Alex and Ryan Martinez? I spoke to them earlier tonight so let's find out right now!

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where Jason Dane stands still, as two men, one in front, and one behind, pace back and forth.]

JD: Later tonight, these two men will be in tag team action. Mr. Martinez...

[Both men stop for a moment, staring at Dane, who, realizing his mistake, clears his throat.]

JD: Alex, if we could begin with you.

[As Ryan begins to pace once more, Alex comes to a stop. As he always is before going to the ring, Alex Martinez is wearing his black leather jacket. His dark hair has been slicked back, held in a tight ponytail. Under his jacket, he's shirtless. He's in his ring trunks and boots as well. Overhead lights glint off the silver lenses of his mirrored sunglasses, and those same shades break up the red line of the scar that runs diagonally across his face, from temple to chin.]

AM: Then let's start with where we are. This is SuperClash.

Before there was Steve Spector, special enforcer, there was me, two years ago, playin' the same role. And on that night, I watched as my friend Juan Vasquez took the National Title from Stevie Scott. And last year at SuperClash, well, you all know what I said last year.

Last year, I slew the damn Dragon.



Last year, at SuperClash, I stepped through barbed wire ropes, and Craven and I spilled damn near every drop of blood in our bodies. Last year, I went to hell, and barely made it out the other end.

And this year?

[Martinez turns to regard Ryan, his son before turning back to Dane.]

AM: This year, it's a family affair.

JD: As you announced two weeks ago, this is your last match in the AWA for the foreseeable future. And it might just be the very last match of your career. In your own words, you've lost something. You're not who you used to be. Are you at all worried, because the two men you are facing are coming in to this match with that knowledge? They saw what Supreme Wright did to you. They know you've lost a step. And there can be no doubt that they'll be coming at you with everything they have. Given that this is your last match, and given that you have a lucrative future in Hollywood waiting for you, how ready are you for what is bound to be a war tonight?

AM: Ya wanna know how ready I am? It's a fair question.

I know what's bein' said. I know what's on everyone's mind. And like I said, it's a fair question to ask. Because look, I understand what we're facin' tonight.

Gunnar Gaines has got even more experience than me when it comes to wrestlin'. He might be the only man alive who has been in more fights than I have. He might be the only man walkin' the earth who can match my accomplishments, note for note. Not only that, but Gunnar is in good ring shape. He's been in wars. He's primed and ready to go. And Justin Gaines? Well, we all know he's a snotty nosed punk jerk who talks too much.

[Martinez smirks.]

AM: But he's also at the start of his career. He's a big kid with a lotta raw potential. He's not beaten and battered. His body is young and fresh. He's got a full tank of gas.

And we also know that Gunnar and Justin have been in the ring together before. They know each other. Gunnar has been trainin' Justin. They got what all great tag teams have. They understand each other on a deep, instinctual level. Me and Ryan? This is our first time teamin' up. We don't have, as a unit, what Gunnar and Justin got. So, advantage Gaines, right?

Not so damn fast.

JD: You're saying that all of the advantages that Gaines family has doesn't outweigh what you and Ryan bring to the table?

AM: That's exactly what I'm sayin'. Because Ryan and me? We got somethin' that Gunnar and Justin gave us.

Motivation.

This ain't just a match. This is about somethin' very deep. This is about gettin' justice for what you two did. This is about me doin' one last good thing in the ring before I step away. You understand what happens when I'm motivated?

Motivation won me four World Titles.

Motivation put me in the Hall of Fame.

Motivation carried me through the Dragon's gauntlet, and all the way through that damned barbed wire.

And nothin' has ever motivated me like this.

Blood trumps everything. Blood is more important than pinfalls. Blood is more important than title belts. You cross a man's family, and you best believe that nothin' short of death is gonna stop a man from gettin' his due.

Don't believe me? Just ask old man Lynch why he's getting in there tonight. Or ask yourself Gunnar, if someone did to your boy what you two jerkoffs did to mine, what would you do? I'll tell ya what you'd do. Just what I'm gonna do tonight.

Punch, kick and stomp until there's nothin' left but a grease stain on the mat.

So yeah, maybe I've lost a step. Maybe I ain't the man I used to be. But for one night, for my one chance to make right all the wrongs you two did, well, I may not be the man I used to be.

But tonight, I can be better than I ever was.

JD: And Ryan, if I could get a word?

[Ryan, who has been in nonstop motion until now, pauses, and comes close to Dane. Ryan's chest is covered by a red hoodie, the Tiger Paw Pro promotion's logo emblazoned across the front in white, with kanji lettering up and down both arms. Ryan's bald head is dusted with a small bit of light brown stubble.]

RM: Gunnar, Justin... I want you to understand. What happens tonight?

This is what you wanted for yourselves.

Ever since Unholy War, this is what you wanted. You wanted me to choose a partner. You wanted me to choose my father. You said I couldn't do it. You said I wouldn't do it. And for a time, you were right.

[Ryan falls silent a moment, gathering his thoughts.]

RM: All you two have ever have ever done is take from me.

You took my help when you needed it. At every match in the Stampede Cup, you took every chance to rest you could get. You took advantage of my desire to win.

You took away \_three\_ chances I had to win a title in the AWA.

You took away my hair.

[Ryan's hand runs over his bald head.]

RM: And tonight, you're going to take one more thing.

You two are going to take one hell of a beating.

I want you both, right now, to close your eyes and imagine it. Imagine, Gunnar, what its going to be like, watching my father, the only true living legend in this sport, beating the snot out of your little boy Justin. I want you think about how deep into your gut your heart is going to sink when you see him going up in the Firebomb, and then come crashing down to the earth.

And I want you to think about what I'm going to do when I get my hands on you.

This has been a long time coming. You and I, Gunnar. You have to pay for what you did. You have to suffer as you've made me suffer.

Sometimes people say "it's nothing personal." Not this time. This time, its nothing but personal. This time, its about what you did and what you deserve because of it.

You can say anything you want about me. You can tell whatever lies make you feel better. But my conscience is clear.

And I am going to feel so good, bringing you both down.

[Another pause from Ryan, as he exhales.]

RM: Gunnar and Justin? You say "beat us if you can." Well, we can, and we will.

Count on it.

AM: And count on this. Not only can we beat ya. Not only will we beat ya. But you two? You're gonna get...

[Alex pauses, as both men say it together.]

AM/RM: BURNED!!!

[We fade from the shot of father and son to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first... at a total combined weight of 516 pounds... from Fairbanks, Alaska... they are accompanied to the ring by Larry "Chainsaw" Gaines...

Gunnar Gaines... Justin Gaines...

THE BADDEST THANGS RUNNIN'!

[The unmistakable sounds of "Bad To The Bone" kick in to a very negative reaction from the Dallas crowd. After a few moments pass, the curtain parts as Larry Gaines, the eldest of the Gaines clan, steps into view. He's dressed just as we saw him earlier, gesturing angrily at the fans who get on his case right out of the gate.]

GM: There is is, fans... Larry "Chainsaw" Gaines... the man responsible for Ryan Martinez losing his hair to Justin Gaines a few weeks back.

BW: What a coup to have this guy in their corner tonight, Gordo. Think of all the experience he brings to a team that, quite frankly, is lacking in that area.

GM: Gunnar Gaines, the Hall of Famer, is certainly not lacking in experience but his son, however, is just a few months in to his career as a professional wrestler and can use all the advice and help he can manage if you ask me.

[Larry pauses, jerking a thumb over his shoulder as his son and grandson emerge through the curtain as well. Both Gaines boys are dressed in their ring gear, ready to get things going. Justin is irate at the crowd's negative reaction and can be seen shouting at several members of the AWA fanbase as Gunnar keeps his cool, glaring out at them.]

GM: This is an interesting father-son tandem... and one you know that the rest of the AWA roster is going to need to keep an eye on as we approach the Stampede Cup.

BW: You think the Baddest Thangs Runnin' can do what RyGunn failed to do last year?

GM: Quite frankly, no... I don't. But I'd also bet the house that they're going to try.

[All three generations of the Gaines family steps through the ropes into the ring as the music starts to fade.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The lights in the arena dim as white spotlights kick in, flashing back and forth over the buzzing crowd, building the anticipation before...]

#It's alright...#

#It's alright...#

#It's alright...#

#I'm just a...#

[On cue, the fans respond with "LITTLE CRAZY!" as they have so many times over the years. But instead of Fight's "Little Crazy" kicking in at this moment, we get "Yell Fire" by Michael Franti and Spearhead to a huge reaction from the sold-out crowd!]

PW: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 605 pounds... the team of Ryan and Alex...

THE MARTINEZ FAMILY!

[Another huge reaction echoes out for father and son as the curtain parts. Ryan is the first one through, giving an excited whoop as he walks into view. Tall and muscular, the young Martinez runs a hand over his stubbly head. He stands in long black wrestling tights with a red inseam and a pair of black and red boots. He claps a few times, turning towards the curtain to witness perhaps the final entrance in the career of his legendary Hall of Fame father.]

GM: And if you're a wrestling fan of any age with any appreciation for the history of this sport, you should enjoy this moment. Take this moment in because this could be the final time you see perhaps the greatest competitor in the history of our sport walk into an arena for a match.

[Gordon lays out, allowing the music to set the stage. Ryan stays clapping, a smile on his face.

And then... the curtain parts.

What follows is one of the loudest ovations you will ever hear in your life. The American Airlines Center crowd is instantly on their feet, screaming their lungs out in tribute for one of the greatest superstars they've ever had the pleasure to see compete.

Alex Martinez stands, a look of something approaching surprise on his face at the reaction. He beams at the cheers, slowly raising an arm which sparks even more cheers. Finally breaking the stoicism of his usual entrance, Martinez appears to be legitimately touched by the reaction, falling into a quick embrace with his son at the top of the ramp. Alex is wearing his usual black leather jacket and long black tights. His hands are covered in black fingerless gloves and his right elbow is covered in a black elbowpad as he joins his son in taking the long walk down the aisle.]

GM: Whether you've been following Alex Martinez since his early days in New York or when he set the world on fire in Los Angeles or maybe even in his later days in Toronto or many other places, you can never doubt that you are watching one of the best of all time compete.

BW: All week long as we got ready for this show, people kept telling me that this was the match they were looking forward to the most. This was the match that they had to see. The World Title match is the Main Event, daddy, but this might be the one they're all talking about tomorrow. The final match... perhaps... of Alex Martinez.

GM: He has refused to use the word "retirement." He has not said he'll be hanging up his boots forever. But he has said that this is the final match on his AWA contract and after that, he plans to take a lengthy time off to pursue some Hollywood options. But if it IS his final match, I say he's earned the rest, Bucky.

BW: Think about the wars the man has been in over the years. The battles with Langseth... with the Gremlin... with Jeff Matthews... with Caleb Temple... and so, so, SO many others. These people in the building tonight and the people at home watching? So many of them became fans BECAUSE of Alex Martinez. So many of them associate Martinez with their early days in loving this sport. This is a major moment in our history, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is.

[The crowd is still roaring as the duo reaches the ring. Ryan steps through the ropes as Alex swings a lengthy leg over the top, coming in over the top rope to join his young son.]

GM: Wow. What a moment this is!

[Alex and Ryan share another quick embrace before settling back into their corner. Alex tugs off his jacket, dropping it down to the floor as he stares across the ring.]

GM: And now that the pomp and circumstance is over, we settle down to business. The business here tonight is what these Gaineses have done to Ryan Martinez. Fans, we all remember the success of the team of Ryan and Gunnar - the team known as RyGunn. They made it to the Finals of last year's Stampede Cup... they fought for the World Tag Team Titles this summer. But in the end, Gunnar and Justin turned on Ryan in brutal fashion. Then, just a few weeks ago, Justin defeated Ryan in a one-on-one match with help from Larry Gaines and they shaved Ryan's head as a result!

BW: One of my favorite moments of 2013.

GM: Tonight, it's payback time for Ryan Martinez and he's got his Hall of Fame father by his side.

BW: He ain't the only one though, Gordo. Justin's got his Hall of Fame father by his side too. And as much as people want to think Justin's some

wet-behind-the-ears rookie, he's trained for this moment since he was old enough to stand! This is Justin Gaines' night, Gordo! It's time to make a SuperClash moment, daddy!

[Both teams of father and son huddle up, going over some last minute strategy.]

GM: The first decision to be made is - who will start this match?

BW: You gotta figure that Ryan desperately wants to get his hands on both of them... but Gunnar Gaines most of all. Gunnar is his former partner. Gunnar engineered the hit on him. And you better believe that Gunnar was behind Larry helping out and getting Ryan's head shaved clean as a whistle.

[Ryan seems to be pleading his case to his father, pointing across the ring at their opponents. But Alex shakes his head, giving his son a pat on the chest. We cut to the other side of the ring where Gunnar Gaines has taken his spot in the ring, clenching and unclenching his fists.]

GM: It appears as though Gunnar Gaines is starting off for his team and-

[The crowd ROARS as Ryan steps out, leaving his Hall of Fame father inside the ring.]

GM: Oh my. This just got REAL interesting.

[Alex Martinez turns his gaze onto his fellow Hall of Famer.]

GM: Two former World Champions. Two Hall of Famers. Two men who've given their entire lives... even their families' lives... to this business. Both men have had a wife in the business. Both men have had their sons in the business. But, to the best of my knowledge, these two men have never-

[The bell sounds and Alex Martinez stalks across the ring like the angry father that he is.]

GM: Here we go! Here we go!

[Gunnar doesn't seem about to back down, rushing a few steps out of the corner to greet Martinez with a big right hand!]

GM: The fight is here!

[Gaines lands three quick right hands before Martinez slips his left hand around Gaines' neck, holding him steady as he starts throwing his right to the head of Gaines!]

GM: Martinez is firing back!

[The two titans of the industry stand in the center of the ring, relentlessly hammering each other with short punches right into the face. Gaines' fist

bounces off Martinez' eye over and over as Martinez lands short right hands to the cheek.]

GM: We've got a slugfest on our hands and-

[The crowd gets louder as Martinez continues to land blows, forcing Gaines to stumble back against the ropes...]

...and the seven footer charges, connecting with a big clothesline, taking Gaines over the top rope and down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Martinez sends Gaines to the floor and...

[Big cheer!]

GM: And the big man's going out after him! These two are not wasting any time in getting right down to it.

BW: This is NOT where you want to be with Alex Martinez, Gordo. Gaines may be a real dirty player but Martinez made his name in the land of Extreme and knows how to fight on the floor.

[Martinez drops down off the apron, grabbing Gaines' ponytail from behind, dragging him back towards him to hook an arm...]

GM: Look out!

[The seven footer throws Gaines across the ringside area, adding a little extra oomph on it and sending the three hundred pounder sailing through the air, flying over the barricade and crashing into the front row of steel chairs at ringside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez looks out at the cheering crowd, nodding his head as he approaches the railing. Larry Gaines slowly moves around the ring, staying the heck away from the incoming seven footer.]

GM: Martinez is heading after him. Referee Ricky Longfellow may need to keep the rulebook in his pocket for this one. There's just so much emotion surrounding this match.

[The seven footer reaches the railing, stretching his arm over...]

...and gets fingers dug into his eyes, raking across!]

GM: Ohh! Gunnar Gaines rakes the eyes!



[Martinez staggers back, rubbing his eyes as Gaines steps over the railing, grabbing the bigger man by the hair, and SLAMMING him headfirst into the steel barricade!]

GM: Down goes Martinez after having his head smashed into the railing!

[Gaines smirks at the jeering crowd before stomping Martinez into the floor a few times. He grabs a handful of hair, pulling the big man off the thin protective ringside mats.]

GM: Gaines brings him back to his feet, dragging him over... wait, they're coming over here...

[A quick camera cut shows Bucky bailing out of his seat as Gaines steps up and SLAMS Martinez headfirst into the wooden announce table!]

GM: Gaah... get out of here, Gaines!

[Ignoring Gordon, Gaines lifts Martinez off the table again and promptly SMASHES his head back onto the table!]

GM: Good grief!

[Gaines pulls Martinez away from the table, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. We cut to the corner where Ryan slaps the turnbuckles, shouting encouragement to his father. Gunnar glares at him before stretching a hand out, slapping Justin's hand.]

GM: The tag is made... and in comes Justin Gaines.

[Justin comes in hot, stomping Martinez' head repeatedly. He gives a big shout to the jeering fans before dropping an elbow down across the chest of Martinez. He slips to a knee, grabbing Alex by the hair. Justin turns Alex's face towards Ryan so he can see it as Justin hammers away with closed fists to the forehead.]

GM: What a disgusting individual Justin Gaines is! He turned the man's head so that his son would have to witness his attack!

[A smirking Justin gets to his feet, waving Ryan in at him. The hot-headed Ryan paces back and forth on the apron, knowing that charging in will not help his father one bit. Justin points to his head, shouting "You're not as dumb as you look, KID!" ]

GM: Justin Gaines is trying to get under the skin of Ryan Martinez as he hauls Alex back to the corner... and he tags his father right back in.

[Gunnar circles Alex back into the corner of the Baddest Thangs Runnin'. He squares up, throwing a left hand across the cheek followed by three snapping right jabs. He grabs a handful of hair, delivering a stiff uppercut...

...and as the referee calls for the break, Gaines punctuates the assault with a forearm smash to the bridge of the nose, knocking Alex down to a knee.]

GM: Gunnar Gaines has some of the best punching ability in the entire AWA and never hesitates to demonstrate it when he gets the chance.

[Grabbing Martinez by the arm, Gunnar looks like he's going to whip him towards Ryan...

...but he slams on the brakes, turning Alex around and throwing him right back into the Gaines' corner! Larry applauds on the outside as Gunnar leans over, grabbing the middle rope.]

GM: Gunnar's going for the ribs... ohh! Big tackle in the corner... there's a second one... and one more leaves Alex gasping for wind!

[The referee steps in again, forcing Gunnar to back off...

...which is Justin's cue to slip an arm around the throat of Alex Martinez, choking him as Gunnar keeps the referee distracted with an argument. Ryan is screaming from the corner, gesturing at the illegal choke. Finally, the referee turns around just as Justin is told to "let it go" by his grandfather, Larry Gaines.]

BW: Did you see that, Gordo? The presence of Larry Gaines pays immediate dividends as he instructs Justin to let go of that choke just a split second before the referee turned around. Larry's using some of his experience to help out his grandson.

GM: Generational cheating. I suppose that's impressive.

[Gunnar drags Alex out of the corner, hooking him in a front facelock before slapping his son's hand.]

GM: The tag is made to Justin... quick tags in and out by the Gaines family.

[Justin buries a big kick into the chest of Alex. A second one connects before Gunnar lets him go, shoving him down to the mat. A grinning Justin stomps Alex over and over as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Justin Gaines is taking the fight to Alex Martinez in the early moments of this one.

BW: You've gotta be impressed with the Baddest Thangs Runnin' so far.

GM: Nice teamwork. Nice quick tags. They're looking good so far but it's very, very early in this matchup.

[Justin Gaines squares up, holding up a clenched fist and kissing it. He smirks at Ryan Martinez before dropping the fist down between the eyes of Alex!]

GM: Fistdrop by Justin... and a cover.

[Justin pushes down on the chest of Alex, earning barely more than a one count before Alex powers out.]

GM: Only a one count. It's going to take a lot more than that to put someone like Alex Martinez down for a three count and if he's not aware of that, he'd better figure it out quickly!

[Justin sneers at Alex Martinez as he pulls him off the mat by the hair, tugging him into a front facelock again... and slaps his father's outstretched hand.]

GM: The tag is made again... Gunnar in, to the second rope...

[He leaps off, smashing a double axehandle across the back of Martinez, putting him down to a knee on the canvas. Gunnar nods as he grabs a handful of hair, smashing his fist in between the eyes of Martinez, knocking him down to the mat.]

GM: After that early flurry of offense by Alex Martinez, he's been really worked over by both members of the Gaines family.

BW: We should make this a handicap match. Then Larry can get some licks in on him too.

[Gunnar kicks and stomps Martinez into the mat as Ryan continues to shout encouragement from across the ring.]

GM: Fans, back in 1996, Gunnar Gaines was considered the best wrestler in the world. Many years have passed since then but every time he steps into that ring, he reminds us of that time when he was widely considered the best to lace up boots.

[Dragging Alex by his foot to the corner, Gunnar slaps Justin's hand.]

GM: Another tag.

BW: How many is that now? Six? Eight?

GM: A whole lot, for sure. The Martinez family hasn't had the chance to make one tag yet but the Gaines clan is trading in and out at will right now.

[Justin steps in, leaping up to drop a knee across the chest as Gunnar holds the legs. Justin kneels on the chest, gesturing to the official who delivers a two count before Alex lifts a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Two count for Justin Gaines.

[Justin gets to his feet, angrily stomping Alex over and over into the mat. Reaching down, Justin hauls Martinez off the mat, tugging him into a front

facelock. He yanks up on the hold, trying to crimp the neck of the Last American Badboy.]

GM: Alex turns him around... and the seven footer is trying to push his way back to his corner!

[The crowd cheers as they realize where Alex is trying to go. Ryan slaps the buckle, stretching his arm out as far as it can go...]

GM: Ryan's looking for the tag! Alex wants to make the tag!

[Justin looks nervous as Alex starts pushing him back, back, back towards the corner...]

GM: Justin's trying to hang on! He's trying to keep Alex back!

[A frantic Justin Gaines finds himself a few steps away from the corner...

...when Alex Martinez suddenly stands tall, flipping Justin over the top and backdropping him down to the canvas! Big cheer!]

GM: BACKDROP! BACKDROP!

[Alex lunges towards the corner, falling to his knees as he slaps the hand of Ryan Martinez who comes in hot, drilling a rising Justin Gaines with a clothesline that flattens him!]

GM: Ryan drops Justin!

[Ryan wheels around, charging Justin again...]

GM: Another clothesline takes him down!

[With Justin down on the mat, Ryan gets pumped, throwing both arms up into the air with a whoop that the crowd echoes. He leans down, grabbing Justin by the arm and winging him into the ropes.]

GM: Justin off the far side... UP!

[And Ryan DRIVES him down to the canvas with a thunderous Samoan Drop!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[Ryan pops back up to his feet, giving another war whoop...

...and then LUNGES at the corner, taking a swipe at Gunnar Gaines who just barely is able to bail out to the floor, wagging a finger at Ryan Martinez.]

GM: Ohh! Gunnar got clear just in time. That was REAL close, Bucky.

BW: Like we said, Gordo, Ryan wants to his get his hands on Gunnar Gaines and-

GM: HE'S GOING AFTER HIM!

[The crowd roars as Ryan slides through the ropes, stepping out to the apron where he leaps off in pursuit of Gunnar Gaines.]

GM: He's hot on the heels of Gunnar Gaines!

[The cheering crowd urges Ryan on as he circles the ringpost, chasing Gunnar around the ring...

...and suddenly comes face to face with him as Gunnar runs into the wooden entrance ramp, stopping short. He wheels around, throwing up his hands and begging for mercy.]

GM: Oh, NOW he wants mercy!

BW: He ain't the legal man, Gordo!

GM: I don't think Ryan Martinez CARES, Bucky!

[Gaines drops to his knees, shaking his head with his hands up, begging Ryan for mercy. Ryan stands over him, fists clenched as he looks out at the cheering crowd.]

GM: The fans want to see it! They want to see him take out all those months of frustration right on the noggin of Gunnar Gaines!

BW: Who cares what these idiot fans want to see?!

GM: Martinez rears back with that right hand and-

[Suddenly, Justin Gaines comes barreling across the ring, dropping down into a baseball slide. His feet catch Ryan in the side of the head, pitching him sideways and into the steel barricade!]

GM: Ohh! Justin Gaines took advantage of the distraction!

[Justin helps his father off the floor, turning their attention to Ryan Martinez. They quickly lift him up off the ringside mats, scooping him up in their arms into a double gorilla press...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROP him facefirst onto the elevated wooden entrance ramp!]

GM: Good grief! An illegal doubleteam on the flo- look out!

[The crowd gasps as Alex Martinez storms into the picture, steel chair in hand. He takes a swing, smashing it into the barricade and sending the Gaines clan fleeing from view, rolling back into the ring. Alex stands on the floor, pointing a warning finger as he throws the chair aside.]

GM: Ryan Martinez got brutally assaulted by father and son Gaines on the floor and Alex couldn't get there in time to prevent it.

BW: He should be disqualified and sent packing to Hollywood for swinging that steel chair out there!

GM: You can take the man out of the Extreme but you can't always take the Extreme out of the man!

[Alex leans down, helping his son up off the ringside mats...]

GM: Oh no. Fans, Ryan Martinez has been busted open!

[The crowd buzzes with concern as Alex helps his son stand on the floor, blood pouring from a cut on his forehead.]

GM: They dropped him facefirst on the wooden ramp and Ryan Martinez got split wide open because of it!

[The referee informs Alex to get his son back into the ring. Alex shakes his head, refusing to oblige as the Gaines family implores Ricky Longfellow to start a ten count.]

GM: The referee just started counting. And I bet Gunnar and Justin would just love this. They'd love for Ryan Martinez to get counted out and lose this match.

BW: He SHOULD be counting! That's the right thing to do, Gordo, and you know it!

GM: Perhaps it is but Ryan Martinez was the victim of an illegal doubleteam on the floor. I believe the referee should show some discretion and allow Ryan some time to get back inside the ring.

[Alex walks his son around the ringside area, speaking softly to him as Gunnar exits the ring and Justin taunts the Martinez family from inside the ring. He sits on the middle rope, inviting Ryan back into the ring. As the count reaches six, Alex turns his son slightly, wiping the blood from his forehead. He speaks to him again, gesturing at the ring. Ryan gives the slightest of nods as the count hits eight and gets shoved towards the ring.]

GM: Ryan pulls up on the apr- ohh! Justin caught him with a right hand!

[Knocking Ryan down to a knee on the apron, Justin tees off with a series of short right hands to the cute forehead, causing the blood to flow even heavier. The referee steps in, ordering Justin to back off and let Ryan back into the ring.]

GM: Get him back, Ricky.

[Justin takes a few steps back, allowing Ryan to get back to his feet again. Gaines charges in, delivering a big kick to the chest, sending Ryan falling off the apron and back down to the floor.]

GM: Ohh! Come on, referee!

[The referee steps in, warning Justin again as the youngest Gaines backs off...

...and Larry Gaines moves (somewhat) quickly on the floor, pulling Ryan up, and SMASHING his face into the ring apron. A sneering Larry Gaines shoves Ryan under the ropes, leaving a bloody streak on the apron as the fans jeer and Alex Martinez complains to the official.]

GM: Alex is letting the referee know what happened but he didn't see any of it. He can't call something he didn't see, fans.

[Justin drags Ryan off the mat, pulling him over towards the corner where he signals to his father who raises a boot, allowing his son to smash Ryan's head into the boot.]

GM: Justin tags in his father again... in comes Gunnar. And you notice that Gunnar has no problem coming in when Ryan is down, bloodied, and hurting.

BW: It's the perfect timing.

[A smirking Gunnar shoves Ryan back into the corner, throwing a right hand... another booming right followed by a snapping left jab... and a brutal right handed uppercut that snaps his head back.]

GM: Good grief! Back to the fisticuffs for Gunnar Gaines and this time, it's Ryan Martinez who is the victim of them.

[Grabbing Ryan by the back of the head, Gunnar presses his face down on the top rope, dragging him along the ropes, burning the flesh of Martinez with the friction.]

GM: Ahhh! Another illegal move by Gunnar Gaines, earning another warning from the official as he shoves Ryan back into the neutral corner... here comes the big whip...

[Ryan slams hard into the neutral corner as Gunnar sets in the opposite corner, pumping his right arm a few times before breaking into a charge across the ring...]

GM: Here comes the near-three hundred pound Gaines!

[Gaines turns his back, looking for a running back elbow...

...but Ryan tugs the top rope, yanking himself clear and causing Gunnar to SLAM backfirst into the corner!]

GM: OHH! HE MISSED! RYAN GOT OUT OF TOWN AND GUNNAR HITS THE BUCKLES!!

[Down on his knees, Ryan keeps his hands on the ropes, dragging himself across the ring towards his legendary father...

...and makes a lunging tag!]

GM: TAG! IN COMES THE BIG MAN!!

[Alex steps over the top rope, already looking angry as he charges the stunned Gunnar...

...and AVALANCHES him into the corner with a running clothesline!]

GM: Oh my! 350 plus pounds in the corner!

[Martinez backs off, throwing three big right hands that batter Gaines down to a seated position on the mat. He switches his stance, raining down stomps on Gaines instead!]

GM: He's stomping Gaines into the canvas!

[With Gunnar laid out and sitting back against the buckles, Martinez raises his long leg, pressing his boot laces to the face of Gaines...

...and shoves it down, ripping the flesh of Gunnar Gaines!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Get him out of the corner, ref!

[The referee shouts at Martinez, trying to clear him out as he repeatedly rakes his bootlaces against the face...

...and ultimately rips the skin of Gaines wide open with one final, brutal bootsrape!]

GM: Alex returns the favor and Gunnar Gaines has been ripped open!

[Grabbing the legs of Gaines, Alex hauls him out to the center of the ring. He yanks Gaines to his feet...

...and wraps his hands around the throat of the Hall of Famer! Big cheer!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: The crowd knows what's coming! The whole world knows what's coming!



GM: Could this be the final time we see it?! One of the most infamous moves in the entire wrestling world!

[Martinez easily powers the near three hundred pounder into the air, holding him high above...

...for just a little TOO long as Justin Gaines slips in at the shout of "NOW!" from grandfather Larry. Justin shoves past the official and THROWS himself, shoulderfirst, into the back of Martinez' left knee!]

GM: OHH!

BW: HE CLIPPED THE BIG MAN!

[Martinez collapses to the mat, screaming in pain as he grabs his left knee.]

GM: Justin Gaines got the order from his grandfather! They had it planned! He went right after the left knee from Martinez which has been injured so many times in his career!

BW: That thing is basically made out of tissue paper at this point, Gordo!

GM: It certainly is... and as the referee forces Justin Gaines back out of the ring, Alex Martinez is in a very bad way down on the mat. We just hit the ten minute mark in this match but Martinez is in a lot of trouble right about now.

[We cut to the corner where a bloodied Ryan Martinez looks on with concern.]

GM: You can see the look on Ryan's face. He's obviously worried for his father. The Gaines family had a gameplan and I think we just saw it. They went right after that knee as soon as they got the shot.

BW: Gunnar Gaines is legendary for his ability to know his opponents' weaknesses and now he's passing that along to his son just as, you'd assume, Larry passed it on to him.

GM: Gunnar Gaines is back on his feet, grabbing that ankle.

[He tucks the leg under his armpit, flipping Martinez over onto his stomach, leaning back in a half Boston Crab.]

GM: Half crab slapped on by Gaines... and you can hear Martinez instantly start screaming in pain. That knee has been through the wrecker throughout his career and he's feeling the effects of all that punishment right about now.

BW: You sit here and watch Alex Martinez and I have to wonder, Gordo... how much of this is William Craven's fault? How much of this is because of the Dragon? How many years did Craven take off the career of Martinez?

GM: He certainly hasn't been the same since then.

[Gaines leans back, shouting "ASK HIM!" to the official as Justin Gaines gleefully jumps up and down in his spot on the apron, giving his own shouts of encouragement to his father. Martinez grits his teeth, shaking his head at Longfellow.]

GM: Alex Martinez is one of the toughest men we've ever seen compete and you have to wonder... what would it take to make this man submit?

BW: We may be about to find out.

[Gaines slips out of the hold, putting his foot behind the knee while holding the foot...

...and STOMPS the kneecap into the canvas from a few feet high off the mat!]

GM: Good grief!

[As Martinez howls in pain on the mat, Gaines walks across the ring and tags in young Justin.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes the eighteen year old Justin Gaines.

[Justin stomps and kicks at the knee several times before breaking away to taunt the bloodied Ryan from across the ring. The younger Gaines leans down, pulling Alex by the foot towards the corner where he slaps his father's hand.]

GM: In and out they continue to go... Gunnar up to the second rope...

[With Justin holding the foot, Gunnar leaps off, dropping an elbow on the outstretched knee!]

GM: Ohh! That could do all sorts of serious damage.

[Ryan covers up his head, pushing his face down against the top turnbuckle at the sight of his father being punished by the Gaines family.]

GM: The Gaines family - father and son - are trying to do more than win a match tonight. They want to make sure that Alex Martinez' final match in the AWA is his final match PERIOD!

[Getting back to his feet, the Hall of Famer drops Martinez' foot down on the bottom rope, stretching it out again. He smirks at the jeering crowd as he steps up to the second rope, ready to drop all his weight down on the injured leg...

...when suddenly Alex raises his good leg, pressing his foot into Gaines' rear end, and SHOVES him over the top rope, sending him crashing down into a heap on the floor below to a huge reaction!]

GM: OH MY! MARTINEZ SHOVES HIM TO THE FLOOR!!

[Alex promptly rolls over to his belly, starting the long crawl across the ring to where his son is waiting for him. The fans begin chanting "AL-EX! AL-EX! AL-EX!" is the Hall of Famer tries to inch his way to the only man who can help him at this stage of the match.]

GM: He's trying to get across the ring... trying to get over there to his son...

[Justin drops to a knee, huddling up with his grandfather who is frantically gesturing at the ring, gameplanning something for him.]

GM: I don't like the looks of that. Who knows what that old man has up his sleeve?

BW: You seem pretty bitter towards Larry Gaines. You two have a history we don't know about?

GM: I'd prefer not to discuss that.

[As Alex gets a few feet out from his son's outstretched hand, Justin Gaines steps into the ring, rushing across, leaping into the air and stomping the back of Martinez' knee!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The referee steps in, shouting at Justin Gaines who backs off, hands raised as Ryan Martinez screams at both Gaines and the referee.]

BW: I don't know if that was enough to stop the tag! I'm not sure if it'll prevent-

[Suddenly, Ryan Martinez finds himself ripped off the apron, pulled down to the floor.]

GM: That'll do it! Larry Gaines just-

[Martinez doesn't hesitate, coldcocking the senior citizen with a right hand!]

GM: Ohh! Ryan Martinez just laid out Larry Gaines!

[Ryan pulls himself back up on the apron. Justin Gaines looks stunned from across the ring, dropping down to shove his father under the ropes.]

GM: Gunnar's back in... crawling to try and stop Alex...

[A lunging Gunnar wraps his arms around the legs of Alex Martinez, dragging him back from the corner to the middle of the ring. He gets to his

feet, raining down overhead elbows on the head and neck of Alex Martinez as he pulls him up off the canvas...]

GM: Gaines with a few right hands, stunning Martinez...

[Gaines rushes to the ropes, springing off. He does a full on Fargo Strut, pointing at Ryan Martinez which turns the referee's attention away...]

GM: ALASKAN UPPERC-

[But before Gaines can drop to his knees, Alex grabs him under the arms, shoving the three hundred pounder into the air, parallel to the canvas as Martinez turns, reaching up to hook him around the head and neck...

...and DRIVES him skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: WHAT IN THE-?!

BW: KNIGHTRIDER! That's one of Martinez' old signature moves! The Knightrider!

GM: He didn't get a lot of elevation on it. He couldn't get a lot of lift with that injured knee.

[Alex sits up on the mat, breathing heavily as he looks up at his son who is dying to get in there, slapping his hand repeatedly into the top turnbuckle, getting the fans to clap in rhythm with him.]

GM: Alex is looking to the corner, trying to drag himself over there!

[Gunnar Gaines rolls to his side, also trying to drag himself across the ring towards his son's outstretched hands.]

GM: Both of these legendary competitors. Former World Champions. Hall of Fame superstars! Both men are trying to tag in their sons - the men they hope will carry their legacy into a whole new generation of the world of professional wrestling! But who can get there first? Who can make the tag first?

[Martinez stretches out, trying to avoid putting too much weight on his injured left knee as Gaines rolls again, getting closer as he stretches his hand up...]

GM: Both men are drawing closer. They're getting real close, Bucky!

BW: I still can't believe Ryan Martinez punched an old man! You better be careful, Gordo!

GM: I'm not concerned.

[Gaines sits up, swinging his hand.]

GM: TAG! IN COMES JUSTIN!

[Justin Gaines steps in, moving his six foot seven frame across the ring at top speed as Alex stretches out...]

GM: TAG!

[HUGE CHEER!]

GM: RYAN MAKES THE TAG AND-

[Martinez is in and he comes in hot, lighting up Justin Gaines with a big chop, taking him down. Gaines staggers up but gets caught again, taken off his feet with another big chop!]

GM: Ryan Martinez is in and he's looking to exact a little bit of payback on the Gaines boys!

[Justin is up again, throwing a weak right hand that Ryan ducks under, hooking him around the waist from the side. He powers him up before dumping him on the back of his head!]

GM: Belly to back suplex! He dropped him hard!

[Ryan rolls over, taking the mount on Justin, and opens fire with right hands to the skull!]

GM: He's pounding away on Justin Gaines! I hope Justin thought it was worth it to shave Ryan's head right about now because he's paying for it in spades!

[The referee steps in, ordering the break, but for perhaps the first time ever, Ryan Martinez ignores him, continuing to hammer the younger Gaines into the canvas.]

GM: He's not letting up! The referee's counting... up to three... to four... to fi-

[Martinez suddenly backs off, hands raised as the referee threatens him.]

GM: Ryan Martinez almost let his temper get the better of him, fans. He just about got his team disqualified!

[Ryan wheels around...

...and CRACKS a rising Gunnar Gaines with a right hand between the eyes, sending him sprawling off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Big right hand on Gunnar as well!

BW: What the heck has gotten into this kid?!

GM: Weeks and months of frustration and anger are spilling over right in the middle of the ring here at SuperClash V!

[Ryan turns back to the ring where Justin Gaines is staggering back to his feet, getting hooked in a rear waistlock...]

BW: GERMAN!

[...and gets powered over, dropped on the back of his head as Martinez bridges!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! TH-

[The crowd deflates as Justin Gaines lifts a shoulder JUST in time, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: He almost got him, fans! But Gaines was able to get a shoulder up and allow the match to continue!

[Ryan slaps the canvas as he gets back, glaring down at Justin Gaines who is attempting to crawl away from him. With a shake of his head, Ryan drags Justin up off the mat, wiping the blood from his eyes before he spins the younger man around.]

GM: Ryan turns him around, big boot to the gut...

[Ryan steps behind Justin, taking a moment to point to his father who is trying to recover out on the apron. The younger Martinez grabs Justin's arms, crossing them over one another. He ducks down, slipping his head between Justin's legs and straightening up, standing tall with Justin Gaines up in electric chair position...]

GM: What's he-?!

[...and then DRIVES him back to the mat, hanging onto the arms and bridging again!]

BW: That's his dad's old move - the Knight's End! Ryan busting out a tribute to his old man and-

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[A diving save from Gunnar Gaines breaks up the pin, preventing defeat for his son!]

GM: Ohhh! So close!

[With Ryan down on the ground, Gunnar balls up his fist, slamming it down like a hammer into the torso of his former partner. That's the cue for Alex Martinez to step back into the ring...

...and get cut off by the official!]

GM: Oh, come on! He's trying to even the odds and-

[With Alex Martinez being held back, the Gaines clan pulls Ryan off the mat. Each Gaines grabs Ryan by the throat to a huge reaction...]

GM: Wait a second!

[The crowd roars, encouraging Ryan to break free, but the Gaines family lifts him up in unison...

...and then drop down to their knees DRIVING Ryan down to the canvas!]

GM: DOUBLE GRIZZLY SLAM!! GOOD GRIEF!

[Gunnar rolls out to the apron, leaving his son alone inside the ring with Ryan Martinez. Justin kneels on the mat, breathing heavily for several moments before falling forward into a very loose lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd roars as Alex Martinez makes a big save!]

GM: And this time, it's Alex Martinez who makes the save! Both fathers have managed to save the match for their son so far!

[Alex again gets escorted back out of the ring as Ryan rolls to his stomach, trying to crawl away. But Justin is having none of that, dragging him back to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Justin pulls Ryan up... and right into the standing headscissors!

[The crowd buzzes as the younger Gaines hoists Ryan up off the mat, throwing him back into a crucifix powerbomb position...]

GM: He's looking for the Justifier!

[Gaines holds him high...

...and then DROPS him down in a reverse neckbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it! It's over right there, fans! What a devastating move!

[Justin Gaines sits on the mat, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture...

...only to hear his father calling his name, arm outstretched.]

GM: Gunnar wants the tag! He wants to finish Ryan off once and for all!

[A nodding Justin rises to his feet, slowly moving towards the corner where he slaps the hand of his father.]

GM: There's the tag... and Gunnar's going up top! Gunnar's looking for the Grizzly Splash!

[A grinning Gunnar Gaines steps up to the second rope outside of the ring, waving his hands to clear his son out of the way. He puts a foot on the top rope, gesturing at the downed Ryan Martinez!]

GM: Gaines is up top! He wants to finish this now!

[Gaines steadies himself, looking down at the unmoving Ryan Martinez, pointing over to Alex who is staring across the ring, silently urging his son to get up.]

GM: GAINES LEAPS! OFF THE TOP!

[Gunnar Gaines sails through the air, his three hundred pounds plummeting down, down, down towards the prone Martinez...

...who lifts his knees, smashing them right into the falling Gaines' midsection!]

GM: HE GOT THE KNEES UP!! MY STARS!!

[A gasping Gaines rolls off, clutching his torso as Ryan Martinez grabs at the back of his neck, rolling over to a knee. He stares across at an angry Justin Gaines who is shouting at him. The referee points a warning finger at Justin, trying to keep him back...]

GM: Ryan Martinez slowly to his feet, pointing out at Justin Gaines...

[The crowd ROARS as Ryan pulls Gaines into a front facelock.]

GM: He's going for the brainbuster!

[Justin Gaines steps through the ropes, rushing in towards Ryan...

...and gets FLATTENED with a running big boot out of Alex Martinez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Martinez drops to a knee, grabbing at his injured left knee. He winces, shaking his head and waving for his son to keep going. Ryan nods, slinging Gunnar's arm over his neck...]

GM: He's going for it!



[Ryan grits his teeth, tensing his muscles as he powers Gunnar Gaines up into the air, holding him straight up and down...

...and DROPS him headfirst to the canvas!]

GM: BRAINBUSTER!!

[Ryan rolls over, flattening out. The referee dives to count.]

GM: ONE!!

[Justin Gaines makes one final attempt to break the pin, ending up caught in a double choke from Alex Martinez. The referee hits the mat a second time as Martinez lifts Justin skyhigh to a tremendous roar...]

GM: TWO!!

[...and DRIVES him down to the mat with an enormous Firebomb as the referee hits the mat the third time!]

GM: THREEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd EXPLODES for the victory as the bloodied Ryan pushes up off the mat, throwing his arms into the air. Alex Martinez looks down at the laid out Justin Gaines before turning his gaze onto his victorious son.]

GM: What a win for the Martinez family! Ryan and Alex - side by side, father and son!

[Ryan slowly gets to his feet, approaching his father with his hand outstretched. Alex accepts, shaking his son's hand... and then pulling him into an embrace.]

GM: What a moment! And if this truly is the final time we'll see Alex Martinez inside an AWA ring, well... what a way for him to go out, Bucky.

BW: I don't have kids, Gordo... but seeing this even jerks my heartstrings.

GM: An emotional moment for sure. A big win as Ryan finally gets some payback for the hell that he's been put through by the Gaines family over the past several months but even better, he got to do it with his father by his side.

[Slowly, a chant starts to build...]

"THANK - YOU - AL -EX!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"THANK - YOU - AL -EX!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"THANK - YOU - AL -EX!"

clap clap clapclapclap

GM: Thank you, Alex... you got that right. Thank you, Alex Martinez, for that you've been and all that you've done. And on this night, it also feels right to say... thank you for the man you leave behind to carry on your legacy, your son Ryan.

[With the chant still echoing through the American Airlines Center, Ryan steps to a corner, pointing to his father and doing the same chant, leaving his father standing in the center of the ring to hear the chant. Alex grins, closing a fist and pressing it to his heart as he looks out at the capacity crowd. He mouths "thank you" several times...

...as we fade from the ring to the locker room area where Jason Dane stands with Eric Preston, who is freshly showered and ready to leave, duffel bag over his shoulder.]

JD: An emotional moment out there in the ring with the Martinez family but I'm standing back here with Eric Preston who is about to-

EP: Leave for the evening, yeah yeah. What's it to ya?

JD: You said previously to me, earlier tonight, that it was your time. This match was your time to shine. And then you walked out! What am I not connecting here?

EP: It's real simple, Jason. Once again I have to sit back and watch while Supreme Wright wins another title shot he'll choke away, after taking a beating I didn't have coming to me. And why?

Why is it that I had 16 pairs of eyes shooting a hole through me, why is it that I've been caught up in games and turmoil and wheels within wheels like I was a guest star on Days of Our Lives? It's because my manager thinks he's building his second Empire, and keeps throwing my name in to fight his battles.

I'm not interested in fighting battles that don't end with me holding that AWA World Title, I'm not gonna waste another second with that damned failed science experiment by my side, trying to work out his daddy issues. Chris Blue did a whole lot to get me back onto the right track, but his schemes and plans and age old vendettas keep getting in the way of what's important.

\_Me\_.

[Preston hooks a thumb at himself.]

EP: I'm hereby relieving Chris Blue of his managerial duties, and I wish him well in his future endeavors. I hope he builds a tower to the sky and builds a moat and let's his dragon eat people, or whatever his heart desires. He's a good man and did a lot of good for me, but I can't be attached to...

[Preston searches for the word, gesturing with his hands.]

EP: ...\_that\_.

I stood on that ring apron and watched a bunch of people who should have to apologize when they woke up if they ever dreamed of beating me, guys who couldn't HOPE to be one tenth of the athlete or the wrestler that I am, and it all hit home, Jason.

I'm sick of biding my time. I'm sick of playing the team game and hoping it all works out in the end. I've been my own worst enemy, and that's my fault, but I'm not just gonna stand around while everyone else takes their shot at what is rightfully mine.

I am the man who retired James Monosso, I am the man who set the standard for the Combat Corner. I am the man...

...period. And now it's time to act like it.

[With that, Preston turns on his heel and exits, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: Eric Preston with an apparent attitude change here tonight. He has relieved Chris Blue from his duties as his manager and you better believe that will not sit well with...

[Jason's words trail off. He clutches at his earpiece, a look of concern growing on his face.]

JD: Oh... no.

[Dane suddenly gestures to the cameraman, breaking to his right and running off-camera. The camera quickly tries to pursue, trying to keep up with Jason Dane as he turns a corner, shoving his way through a set of double doors that leads out into the Dallas night.]

GM: Where is he going, Bucky?

BW: It looks like they're out in the wrestler parking lot. Where is he...

[The announcers fall out as we pull to a stop, revealing a scene all too familiar. A crowd of individuals are standing around a car. The wail of a siren is heard approaching in the distance as Jason Dane shouts.]

JD: Let me through! Guys, let me through!

[Dane shoves his way through the mass of people, the cameraman following him. And as they break through...]

JD: Oh dear God.

[The cameraman pans up to reveal the form of "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, slammed facefirst into a spider-webbed broken windshield. Scott's face is

actually THROUGH the window, leaving a hole where his face is pressed through. Bright crimson streaks are dripping down the broken glass all around the impact mark...

...as we abruptly cut back inside the building where a stunned Mark Stegglet is standing silent, obviously looking at a monitor at the scene we just saw. It is silent for far too long.]

Cameraman: Mark... Mark, we're on...

[Stegglet's eyes, slightly glazed over, drift to the side.]

MS: I'm... I'm sorry. Sorry, fans... but... well, that was "Hotshot" Stevie Scott who has been missing since earlier tonight when the Wise Men... presumably... abducted him. But now... just like so many before him... we see Stevie Scott's face driven into that windshield... like Duane Henry, like Matsui, like Supernova...

[Stegglet shakes his head, looking like he might be sick.]

MS: But as many in our industry have said over the years, even in the darkest of times, the show must go. In a few short minutes, the man I'm standing next to will step inside the ring in front of a nationwide audience for the first time in many years. On this night, he will try to take Terry Shane III's guaranteed World Title shot away from him. Please welcome Steve Spector.

[One of the newest inductees to the Hall of Fame, Steve Spector, stands with has his hands on his hips, staring off at nothing in particular. Spector's wearing his Carteret Ramblers hoodie, with his wrestling gear underneath.]

MS: I have to ask, Steve.. I imagine you're still surprised that tonight's going to turn out much differently than you expected when you signed up to be the enforcer in tonight's World Title contest. Instead.. you've pretty much had to have a crash course in catching up on things over the last two weeks.. how are you feeling?

[Spector lowers his head, turning towards Stegglet.]

SS: I wish I could simply roll an inspirational training montage, set to "Chariots Of Fire". The wind whipping through my hair as I jog in slow motion, the camera catching every single grimace on my face as the thoughts of what I want to do to Terry Shane run through my head.. me, standing at the end of the video, arms raised to the sky as people chant my name.

Unfortunately, Stegglet, in a perfect world I'd feel like Rocky Balboa, but I don't. On one hand, Shane's got it all wrong. I certainly don't look like hell for a guy that's just a whisker away from turning forty., but yeah, I feel like hell. I hear chants, all right.. from my own body, chanting something else that's two words over and over that I shouldn't repeat from the moment I dropped Shane with my Cherry Blossom Bomber.

Makes you think, doesn't it? You've heard the words earlier tonight from guys like Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez..

MS: The both of them had a lot on their minds, that's for sure.

[Spector nods his head in agreement.]

SS: They're not wrong. The AWA.. heck, the whole wrestling game right now's simply for those who still have all their working parts in order. There's more than enough deserving guys back there who deserve the shot at a big pay per view payday. You've got the best young wrestler in the game, a guy who just won the Steal the Spotlight match in Supreme Wright.. There's a lot of guys who've been around a long time, looking to finally get that World Title they got comin' to 'em in Dave Bryant. Hell.. I hate to say it, but you even got Terry Shane...

..and here I am, getting a shot on the biggest Pay Per View of the year.. a guy who's been soaking himself in hot tubs for an hour or two just so I don't feel like I wanna die when I crawl into bed. Go figure.

[Spector shrugs his shoulders.]

MS: From the tone of your voice so far, I've got to wonder. Do you have second thoughts about stepping into the ring tonight?

[Spector narrows his eyes, shaking his head in disagreement.]

SS: Mark, that's a question you should be asking Terry Shane.

For all the ready-made excuses I seem to be making here, Mark, I'm honestly worried more about Shane than I am about myself.

MS: You've said before that you're concerned about Terry Shane..

[Spector nods his head.]

SS: You figure a guy who got cracked in the head over and over by Hannibal Carver would know better. Carver throws some pretty wicked rolling elbows, I couldn't even throw stuff like that even in my prime! Those are the kinds of blows that make you want to reconsider your choices in life..

Instead, Shane recovers, comes out and decides he wants to try to put one over on a guy like myself. Like he never missed a beat. Makes you wonder where the hell it all went wrong, right? He comes out and thinks that getting his name back in the spotlight.. getting all that momentum back he lost would be easy, right? Sure, throw the ol' near cripple in the pile with the Chris Quigleys and Steve Kowalskis of the world, huh?

I'm used to that sort of thing, Mark. I've been a target... left laying, a broken and bloody mess by bullies and cowards my entire career. Shane's half right when he said I used to leave people laying myself, ruining careers..

it's people like him I did it to, not guys like Johnny Skye. He's not the first one that's tried to put something like that over on me, and I sure as hell want to make sure it's the last. Second thoughts, Stegglet?

[Stegglet nods his head.]

SS: I can't back out at this point. It's a whole different ballgame when I'm busted wide open while my kid's watching at home, frightened at what those men are doing to his daddy..

MS: Your wife and child are in the building tonight, are you concerned about another Shane Gang beatdown? You just know that the Shane Gang are going to be nearby, especially after their victory earlier tonight.

SS: Having to deal with people like the Shane Gang's something my son's going to have to learn sometime, Mark. You can't back down from cowards and bullies, even if you're all by yourself. I actually thought about bringing a little bit of backup, just in case the Gang wanted to make their presence felt.. too bad Karl O'Connor told me to leave my ol' friend Tubey at home.

[Stegglet's eyes go wide as Spector smirks.]

SS: That's okay, I don't wanna teach my kid how to bash some dude over the head with a light tube anyway. Those days are long over. I'm gonna have to tear Shane and his Gang apart limb from limb with my own bare hands, and that's fine by me. My kid gets to learn a valuable life lesson.. a situation I hope he never finds himself in, but it's good to know if some kid wants to claim that he beat up the son of a Hall of Famer on the playground. Can't reason with a bully? Rip out their scalp and carry it around as a trophy to send a message.

[Stegglet's eyes go even wider, somehow.]

MS: Wow.. thanks for the imagery.

[Spector pauses, realizing that it might have been a bit too much.]

SS: Sorry, that's my time in Los Angeles showin' itself, ya know?

[Stegglet nods his head, having done time in the same locker room.]

SS: I kind of find it unfortunate that I'm not gonna be carrying out the duty I signed up for in the first place. I'd love to have seen guys like Royalty, the Unholy Alliance, and even the Wise Men themselves try something tonight, but we can't always get what we want, can we? Oh well...

I guess I'll have to settle for Terry Shane and his gang of merry misfits, and at this point, that's fine by me. I don't really care right now if my doctor, or my ol' broken down body itself protests. It's time I put an end to the Shane Gang's bullying once and for all.

Shane.. I'll see you in the ring.

[Spector walks off, heading off towards the entrance, ready for a fight. Stegglet turns back to the camera.]

MS: It took a few minutes, but I think Spector's finally ready to step back into the squared circle! Earlier today, we also caught up with his opponent in just a few moments time. Of course, I'm speaking of the third generation grappler - Terry Shane III!

[Crossfade to shoulder length black hair that falls flat over a pair of broad shoulders. Shoulders clothed in a bright emerald robe which is lined with gemstones that stretch from cuff to cuff and all the way to the seams that drape over the concrete floor. Terry Shane III adjusts his chin, turning it to the left, as the camera fixates on the left side of his face and a single chestnut colored eye.]

Terry Shane III: Thirty minutes.

[The words fall from his mouth. Flat. Emotionless. Cold.]

TS3: Thirty minutes to defeat Steve Spector and walk out of SuperClash V the same way I came in...

...as the Number One Contender to the AWA World Title.

[Shane centers his body to the lens of the camera. His robe is loosely fastened, barely revealing his athletic frame. His chest is hairless, tone, and barren of any tattoos or markings. Pearl white ring trunks with his initials in a metallic green are somewhat visible.]

TS3: Thirty minutes to tangle with a man who found fame, glory, and gold in this same Longhorn state so many years ago. A former EWA North American Champion...a former MLWO World Champion...a former EMWC World Champion. A man who the first time I looked him in the eyes was a future Hall of Famer who now resides in the very same Hall I told him he did not deserve to be in nor ever would be a part of.

Congratulations, Steve.

[Shane nods.]

TS3 [dry]: You made it.

After all the hard work...the blood...the chairshots...the barbed wire, broken glass, splintered tables, panes of glass, and above all else...the light-tubes. Who could forget the light-tubes when you mention a name like Steve Spector?

NO ONE.

No one is going to forget about any of those things within the next thirty minutes, Steve. Nobody is going to question your heart, passion, or success

during the next thirty minutes when I expose you as the wrestling JUNKIE who fumbled and bled himself dry on his way too fame and fortune. Nobody is going to ignore what you have put your body through for all those years because they are going to relive every second, every moment, every fatal blow over and over and over again as I PUNISH you in that ring tonight.

Because I do not need thirty minutes to beat you, Steve Spector.

I could finish what is left of you in five.

But during this next half hour I am going to torture you. I am going to pick you apart limb by limb. I am going to beat on your ailing back...crack down on your fused up spine...wrench on your neck...CRIPPLE, MAIM, AND RIDICULE you in that ring. I am going to destroy you, Steve. I am going to embarrass you...MANGLE you, and break your will in front of your wife, your son, and every little boy and girl who cheered your name for the past fifteen years.

Tonight I mutilate and END a World Champion...

...and tomorrow I begin my path to becoming one.

[Shane moves closer to the camera. His face now encompasses our screen.]

TS3: You see, this has never really been about you, Steve. This is not some feel good story about a young up-and-comer challenging a historic warrior in a battle of wits, will, and determination. I DO NOT NEED YOU, Steve. Not like you need ME. I am not here to make a name off the great Armitage. I am not waiting for you to pass me the proverbial "torch". I did not call you out because I needed you to propel me to the elite level of this business.

I made my first mark the night I eliminated Stevie Scott and Eric Preston from the Memorial Day Rumble despite that maniacal Hannibal Carver's best efforts to stop me. But what I did do was drag you out of retirement so I could showcase to the world what the future of this business holds and what better way to do that than by humiliating someone from its' past. Someone who represented the era that is held in this magical regard and mystical beam of light as if it were untouchable and we dare not speak of it.

[Shane scoffs.]

TS3: Those were the dark days lit by monsters such as yourself.

Disgusting, despicable, wretched human beings and even worse wrestlers who contaminated our industry.

You and your army of friends and foes were the real thugs.

What my Gang and I represent are a change for the better. We represent wrestling purity. We are the REAL royalty of this business no matter who bears the colors and cute name. With me at the helm and leading the way



we are taking this company to a place that you were never able to take the EMWC.

The AWA will be the undisputed elite wrestling company of this industry. Past, present, and future.

And I, Terry Shane the Third, will be its Leader.

So I welcome you tonight and everything you stand for. I will be on the other side of the ring, stake in hand, ready to drive it through your heart as you walk out to the ring for the first time in your life not as a champion but as something so much more. Something your family is undoubtedly so proud of. Something your son will remember you by when you are long past gone. You will step through those ropes, plant your feet in that ring, stretch out your limbs and breathe in the Dallas air for the FIRST time as a member of wrestling's elite Hall of Fame...

...and unfortunately for you, it will also be the last time.

Your Golden Era is gone, Steve Spector.

[Pursed lips. Cold stare.]

TS3: Your thirty minute death march begins now...

...I just hope that you can make it.

[We crossfade back to the interior of the American Airlines Center. It's a beautiful panning shot of the building, the crowd still buzzing about all they've seen so far but still realizing they've got four big matches to come.]

GM: Strong words from both combatants. We've seen a lot here tonight. A lot of great action. A lot of big moments. But this... this promises to be something special. Much like Devon Case earlier tonight, we are about to witness the return to the ring - after a decade or so away - of Steve Spector. Earlier today, we learned that Spector had joined an elite class of athletes in the annals of our sport's history... he is now a Hall of Famer.

BW: Which makes it even sweeter for Terry Shane to put him down in the center of this ring and defeat him one-two-three to win this match and more importantly, to keep the World Title shot that he won back at the Rumble this summer.

GM: Terry Shane III has made no secret of it. He intended to use that title match to challenge the World Champion here tonight but due to the concussion he suffered against Hannibal Carver, the AWA front office was NOT willing to wait to see if he'd recover. In addition, he was kept out of the Chase For The Clash tournament for the very same reason. Shane found himself on the verge of being left off the lineup for the biggest show of the year... until he found himself face-to-face with Steve Spector, a former World Champion and one of the all-time greats in our sport. But to get him here, he had to put that title shot on the line. He had to risk it all.

BW: The stakes are sky high for Terry Shane here tonight, Gordo. A victory over a Hall of Famer is a big achievement but most of all, he MUST keep the World Title shot in his clutches. To lose that at this point... would be to lose everything. It would turn 2013 from a successful year for Terry Shane to a failure.

GM: And of course, whenever you speak of Terry Shane, you have to also talk about the Shane Gang... that band of thugs who were victorious earlier tonight. Wherever Shane is, wherever Shane goes... you know they will be close behind. The moment is upon us... it's time to see if Terry Shane can do the unthinkable and spoil the return to the ring of Steve Spector.

[We slowly 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 Terry Shane's future shot at the World Heavyweight Title is ON THE LINE!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[Static.]

BW: Here comes the leader of the pack, Gordo!

GM: Calling him a wolf would be a compliment, my friend. This man is a rat. He doesn't deserve to be in the same ring as someone like Steve Spector. Hall of Famer Steve Spector at that.

[Watson continues.]

PW: Hailing from Independence, Missouri... standing six foot two and weighing in at two hundred and twelve pounds.

Here is the RING LEADER...

TERRY! SHANE! THE THIIIIIIIIIIIRD!!!

[It's haunting, it's creepy, it's classical music at its very best. It is everything that today's pony pop music is not. It's "Dance of the Knights" and it is one of Serguei Prokofiev's greatest works. The callous and eerie music begins to trumpet over the airwaves. The delicate string instruments are first and then followed by the bursting horns and the woodwinds layered on top which signals the moment that the Ring Leader steps through the entrance portal.]

GM: Here he comes...

BW: Perhaps the next AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

[Shane glides into view, pivoting on one foot with an effortless spin with his arms stretched out wide. His emerald robe is laced with jewels and flair from top to bottom and his name is spelled out in sparkling gemstones on his back. The inseam to the decorative robe is pearl white, matching his selection of ring trunks and knee pads for the evening. His dark green wrestling boots are nearly laced up to the top of his shin just as every single dark black hair on his head seems to be in perfect place tonight as it sits neatly over the top of his shoulders.]

GM: Terry Shane is putting a lot on the line here tonight just to even be a part of this match. You have to wonder if he's really sat back and thought about what happens if he loses.

BW: Oh, he knows. Believe me, he knows. That's why it ain't gonna happen, daddy.

[Just as Shane begins his long way down the elevated ramp, the walkway gets a bit more crowded. Following in pursuit of their fearless leader are Aaron Anderson, Donnie White, and Lenny Strong. The Shane Gang filter out one by one and then flank Shane at his sides as he makes his way down to the ring.]

GM: I see the rest of the rat pack are out in full force but noticeably absent is—

BW: Where is my leading lady?!

GM: Miss Sandra Hayes. Hayes has been rumored to have suffered some injuries following her encounter with —

BW: What did that Amazonian woman do to her?!

GM: Bucky is, of course, talking about Marissa Monet and the Wildstyle Hyperbrawl that we witnessed earlier this evening which saw the Shane Gang come out on top but at the expense of their manager.

BW: She is no manager, Gordo. She is the Public & Talent Relations Executive Coordinator to the Shane Gang!

[Shane and the Gang hit the ring and the Ring Leader is the first one through the ropes.. In fact, he is the only through the ropes as Marty Meekly quickly intervenes and begins pointing back to the locker rooms.]

GM: Wait a minute, Bucky. Meekly is — YES! He is demanding that the Shane Gang leave the ringside area immediately!

BW: This is an outrage! They have done nothing wrong!

GM: I'm getting word from the back and, uh huh, it seems as though Karl O'Connor has informed Marty Meekly that the Shane Gang are officially BANNED from ringside! Shane has his World Title shot on the line and not

only is Miss Hayes not here but now the Gang are being told to leave immediately!

[Shane begins shouting at Meekly as several ringside officials do their best to escort White, Anderson, and Strong away - much to their dismay.]

GM: The Shane Gang is out of here and that's gotta do wonders for the odds of Steve Spector walking out of Dallas, Texas with a guaranteed shot at the World Heavyweight Title in his pocket.

[Terry Shane is fuming mad as he settles back into the corner, glaring at Marty Meekly who is explaining that he shouldn't shoot the messenger.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening to "Ricochet" by Faith No More begins to play over the PA system as the crowd starts to murmur. After a few seconds, the voice of Mike Patton comes over the PA. The crowd EXPLODES in a huge reaction as Steve Spector walks onto the elevated entrance platform. He looks down at the floor and appears to be shaking with intensity as the fans welcome him back to the wrestling world.]

PW: From Carteret NJ... weighing 226 pounds...

STEEEEEEEEEEEEEEVE SPEEEEEEEEEEECTORRRRRR!

[Spector begins his walk down the aisleway as the huge pop continues. He looks towards the ring with an icy stare, not taking his eyes off his opponent - who is pacing the ring now - for a second.]

GM: This is the first in-ring appearance for Steve Spector in over ten years, fans.

BW: That's a whole lot of ring rust to shake off... and unlike Devon Case, Spector can't hide behind nineteen other men to buy some time to get into the groove.

GM: Case looked pretty "in the groove" when he was eliminating the Bishop Boys.

BW: A fluke. A major fluke.

[Spector reaches the ring, looking out over the roaring crowd with a nod. He turns back to the ring, grabbing the top rope, and slingshotting over the ropes inside. Shane looks a little surprised by the show of athleticism, taking two steps back towards his corner as Spector raises a hand, pointing a finger at Shane.]

GM: What started off as Shane just trying to goad Spector into a match has turned very personal with Spector being bloodied with his wife and son watching... by the way, the new Hall of Famer has his wife and son watching here live in the building tonight.

[A quick camera cut shows a woman and young boy at ringside, presumably the aforementioned wife and son.]

BW: That could be a big mistake. Shane's not above crippling a guy in front of his wife and kid, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure he's not but this is the first - and perhaps - the last and only time that Spector's son will ever get the chance to see him compete inside the ring. He wanted his son to get that opportunity, that chance to see what his father did for a living for so long. To see what his father did to earn a spot amongst the greats in our sport in the Hall of Fame.

[Spector falls back, tugging the ropes before swinging his arms around and around, trying to stay loose as Shane shifts his weight from foot to foot, eyeing Spector from across the ring. Referee Marty Meekly steps to the middle, waving both men to the middle of the ring.]

GM: They come together in the center of the ring for some final instructions from referee Marty Meekly... and you can feel the tension in the air between these two men, Bucky.

[The referee stands between them, giving the final instructions...

...when Shane suddenly winds up, slapping Spector across the face!]

GM: OHHH!

[Spector's eyes go wide as he lunges forward, hooking Shane around the torso and bullrushing him back against the ropes. Spector steps back, throwing rights and lefts to the ribcage as Shane tries to cover up.]

GM: Spector's going to town on Shane!

[He breaks off, whipping Shane off the ropes but the Missouri native reverses, sending Spector into the ropes. Shane sets, throwing a backhand chop that Spector ducks under, hitting the far ropes.]

GM: Spector off the far side!

[And the former World Champion leaves his feet, catching Shane flush across the chest with a crossbody, taking him down to the mat where Spector rolls right off, getting back to his feet as Shane scampers to get up off the mat...

...and gets armdragged right back down to the mat!]

GM: Deep armdrag out of Spector!

[Spector gets back up, waving for Shane as the Salience gets back up as well...

...and gets armdragged right back down!]

GM: Down he goes again!

[Spector slips out, shoving Shane down where he stomps the arm three times before Shane rolls away, rolling out onto the elevated ramp.]

GM: Shane bails out to the ramp... look out!

[A fired-up Spector dashes to the far ropes, rebounding back to sprint across the ring...]

BW: PLAAAAAANNNNCHAAAA!

[The crowd ROARS as Spector front flips over the top rope, crashing down onto a shocked Terry Shane, knocking him back down to the top of the platform.]

GM: Good grief! Steve Spector goes flying through the air in the opening minutes of the match, completely wiping out Terry Shane who has got to be stunned at this sudden and ferocious flurry of offense out of a man he literally dragged out of retirement!

[Spector climbs to his feet, throwing up his arms and letting loose a crazed scream as he looks out to the crowd who roar in response.]

GM: Steve Spector is furious! He wants to show Terry Shane how big of a mistake it was to drag him back into the ring!

[The former World Champion drags Shane off the mat by the hair, moving to throw him back into the ring...

...and then pauses, looking out at the cheering crowd.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: What? Wait! NO! Don't do it! DON'T DO IT, YOU MANIAC!

[Spector turns on his heel and HURLS Shane off the elevated platform, sending him flipping over before he CRASHES down to the thinly-padded concrete floor in a heap!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY GOD! MY GOD IN HEAVEN! TERRY SHANE IS BROKEN IN HALF!

BW: Get a doctor! Get a stretcher! Get an ambulance!

[Shane is lying on his back on the floor, his chest heaving as the referee slides out to the floor, kneeling down next to him.]

GM: This match might be over right here, Bucky. This match may be over before it really even got started. Steve Spector channeled his inner extreme right there and he may have ended this match!

[Spector stands atop the ramp, looking down as the referee continues to kneel next to Shane. The official seems to be questioning him repeatedly about his condition.]

GM: Can Terry Shane continue? That seems to be the question right now. The referee repeatedly is checking him...and yes, he's waving for Dr. Bob Ponavitch.

[The AWA's head doctor comes jogging down the entrance ramp, moving quickly past Steve Spector to step down to the floor using the wooden steps. He takes a spot next to Terry Shane as well, checking his condition.]

BW: If the doctor stops the match, does Spector win the title shot?

GM: I would assume so. The bell rang - the match is official.

BW: I bet that was Spector's plan all along! He knew he couldn't beat Terry Shane one-on-one so he tried to injure him right away so he wouldn't have to!

GM: I highly doubt that.

[Spector slowly steps down the wooden steps, moving closer to where Shane is sprawled on the floor. The referee stands up, getting in Spector's path as Dr. Ponavitch continues to check the condition of the leader of the Shane Gang.]

GM: Marty Meekly is making Spector stand back until the doctor makes a determination and- yes! The doctor says the match can continue! Terry Shane says he can go!

BW: Man, look at the heart and guts of Shane to keep going after a fall like that.

GM: It certainly says something about his desire to win this match, Bucky. You better believe he's had the desire to win, to fight down pain and get the "w" ingrained in him from an early age by his father Terry Shane Jr.

BW: Terry trained under his father's tutelage along with Mister Oliver Strickland's instruction at their joint school down in Amarillo, Texas called The Yard.

GM: It's rumored to be one of the hardest training schools for wrestling in the world. Some real horror stories coming out of that place.

BW: You try training in a Texas summer in a school that's literally Shane's backyard. They own a ranch down there and all training is down in the hot

Texas sun. Absolutely punishing. If you can survive that and walk out of there a graduate, you can be a real star in this sport.

[The referee continues to hold Spector back as the doctor helps Shane back to his feet. Shane leans against the ring apron, his back against the edge of it as he tries to regroup...

...and finally, Marty Meekly steps aside, signaling for the match to continue.]

GM: And here we go again, fans!

[Spector rushes Shane, throwing rights and lefts at the ribcage again, rocking the injured third generation grappler.]

GM: You have to believe that Spector's worried about his stamina here tonight and that's why he's going for the quick victory.

BW: You can do all the cardio in the world but there's nothing that can prepare you for time in the ring except for time in the ring, Gordo.

[Spector spins Shane around, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. The former World Champion reaches up, dragging himself up onto the apron as he eyes Shane trying to get up off the mat.]

GM: Shane's stirring to his feet... grabbing at the back...

BW: I just had an odd thought, Gordo.

GM: What's that?

BW: What if Spector did that to... even the odds so to speak?

GM: Huh?

BW: Well, Spector's back injury history is well-known. Maybe he wanted Shane to have to wrestle with the same weakness here tonight.

GM: You may have a point there, Bucky.

[Suddenly, Spector uses the ropes to leap up to the top, springing off with both feet cocked...

...and DRIVING them into the chest of Terry Shane, sending him sprawling down to the canvas again as Spector SLAMS down to the canvas backfirst!]

GM: Ohh! A beautiful springboard dropkick but Spector hit the mat very hard... and right down on his back. You just mentioned it but we know Spector has had severe back injuries for quite some time. It actually was directly responsible for the end of his career.



BW: Not taking a beating to it for ten years will make it feel better but you better believe falling directly on it right there isn't exactly going to feel great.

[Steve Spector is obviously moving a little slower as he gets off the mat following the dropkick, trying to pursue Shane who has rolled out onto the apron, trying to recover.]

GM: Spector's the middle of three children from what he calls a hard working middle class family. He's always been considered undersized for everything physical he's tried to do in life from his early days on the gridiron in New Jersey when he was five foot seven and a buck fifty-eight to even now when he five-eleven and a shade over two hundred pounds inside that ring.

[Grabbing Shane's arm, Spector twists it around as he pulls him up on the apron. With the wristlock applied, Spector slams his elbow down into the elbow joint over and over, leaving Shane holding his arm as well.]

GM: First the back, now the arm... Steve Spector is physically breaking down Terry Shane.

[Spector dips down, scooping up Shane, and slamming him down to the canvas. He pauses a moment, reaching around to grab at his back as he looks down at Shane.]

GM: Spector grabs at the back and you instantly begin to worry about his physical condition.

[A quick camera cut to Spector's family shows his wife looking on with concern before we cut back to Spector just before he delivers a pair of stomps to the chest of Terry Shane.]

GM: Spector might be trying to buy himself a little bit of time with those stomps. He might be trying to avoid any kind of serious physical exertion to that back.

[Leaning down, Spector pulls Shane off the mat, grabbing an arm.]

GM: Here comes the whip...

[Spector falls to a knee as he puts some extra mustard on the whip, rocketing Shane backfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! If Shane's back was starting to feel better, that might've ended that in a hurry.

[With Shane staggering out, Spector cocks his right arm back, ready for one of his trademark elbow shots...

...but Shane sidesteps it, hooking the arm as it goes by, and SLAMMING his knee up into Spector's lower back!]

GM: Oh! Nice counter by Shane and-

[Grabbing a handful of the Hall of Famer's hair, Shane drops to a knee, jerking Spector's back down onto the bent knee!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: And that could COMPLETELY change the momentum in this match!

[With Spector draped over his knee, Shane places one palm on Spector's thigh and one on his face, pushing down to bend Spector over the bent knee.]

GM: Look at that... can you imagine what that feels like?

BW: I don't even want to imagine that, Gordo. Especially with a history of back injuries like Spector's got.

[Spector refuses to quit after being asked by the official. Shane gives a shove, pushing Spector down to the mat just before the third generation star flips the former World Champion to his stomach.]

GM: Spector gets flipped over and- ohh! Kneedrop to the back!

[Kneeling down on the back, Shane places his hands on the mat, kicking his legs up into the air and smashing the knee down again... and again... and again.]

GM: Shane's going right to work on the back. There's no mistaking his strategy here tonight. He wants to bust up the lower back of Steve Spector and hope that those old injuries come rushing back to the Hall of Famer here tonight.

[Still kneeling on the back, Shane grabs a handful of hair, yanking Spector's upper body back in a punishing hold.]

GM: Get the man off the hair, ref!

[The referee starts a count, reaching four before Shane releases, sneering at the official. He rises to his feet, wincing as he does so. The wince seems to remind him of what Spector did and causes him to stomp the back a half dozen times as Spector tries to roll away from him, rolling out onto the entrance ramp.]

GM: Spector's on the ramp... and Terry Shane's going after him.

BW: Maybe Shane will get the chance to do to Spector what Spector did to him.

GM: Maybe he will.

[Shane slowly pulls Spector up off the wooden ramp, ducking down to scoop him up...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BODY SLAM ON THE RAMP!! MY OH MY!

[Spector rolls to his side, an arm slipped around to his lower back as Shane stands over him, glaring at the former World Champion.]

BW: I believe some part of Terry Shane is actually angry he's in this match with Spector, Gordo.

GM: Angry? He asked for this match. He practically begged for it!

BW: Yeah, but it was as a last resort. I think Shane believed that this was his night... his big night to challenge for and win the AWA World Title. He wanted Dufresne in that ring tonight in the Main Event. He wanted to end 2013 in the Main Event of the biggest show - arguably - in AWA history.

GM: Terry Shane very well may be one of the hottest rising stars in our industry. He shocked the world earlier this year when he won the annual Rumble and his lengthy rivalry with Hannibal Carver has GOT to be a top contender for Feud Of The Year. The son of former World Champion Terry Shane Jr., you have to think the son wants to know how that feels.

[Pulling Spector up off the mat, Shane fires him into the ropes outside of the ring, causing him to rebound back as Shane leans over...]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT DOWN ON THE RAMP AGAIN!!

[Spector instantly arches up, his face etched in agony as he grabs at his lower back. Terry Shane glares down at him, not a single sign of mercy as he torments his SuperClash opponent.]

GM: The referee's ordering them to get this match back inside the ring and Shane obliges, throwing Spector through the ropes into the ring. He steps back in after him.

[Shane immediately grabs the crawling Spector - who is on all fours - in a rear waistlock, jerking him up to his feet...]

GM: He's got him hooked and-

[Sensing a German Suplex on the way, Spector throws a right elbow to the temple followed quickly by a left.]

GM: Spector's trying to battle out!

[But Shane simply breaks the waistlock, grabbing the shoulder with one hand and SLAMMING his right forearm into the lower back. Spector takes a few steps forward but Shane follows, delivering the forearm blow a second time.]

BW: This is simple but effective, Gordo. Shane just stays right on him, delivering that forearm shank over and over again...

[Shane keeps pace with Spector, following him all the way around the ring before shoving him down to the canvas. The crowd jeers Shane as he raises his arms triumphantly.]

GM: You haven't won anything yet, Mr. Shane.

[The Missouri native grabs the top rope, stomping the lower back of Spector repeatedly, forcing him under the ropes and out onto the timekeeper's table.]

GM: Shane forces him right out to the floor... right down on top of the timekeeper's table and you can see our timekeeper, Dale Carr, getting the heck out of there and no one can blame him for that.

BW: But here comes Shane out after him.

[Terry Shane steps out on the apron, looking down at Spector who is sprawled over the timekeeper's table, not moving a bit. He taunts the unmoving Spector.]

"That's all you've got, Hall of Famer?! My father's not in that damn Hall of Fame but they let the likes of YOU in there?!"

[Shane drives a stomp down onto the back, shaking the entire table. A second one causes Spector to roll off onto the floor. Shane leaps off the table to join him on the floor, dragging him up by the hair...]

GM: Shane pulls him up to his feet...

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND WHIPS HIM INTO THE STEEL!

[Spector leans against the steel barricade, his arms slung over it to stay on his feet as an angry Terry Shane approaches. He lays in a few kicks to the midsection, forcing Spector to stay against the railing.]

GM: Outside the ring is usually to the benefit of Steve Spector throughout the course of his career but tonight, this could be his ultimate undoing, fans.

BW: We're just under ten minutes into the match and Spector already looks a physical ruin.

[Grabbing two hands full of hair, Shane drags Spector off the railing. He swings him around, tugging him into a front facelock, and quickly slinging Spector's arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: He's gonna suplex him onto the railing! Onto the edge of the railing at that!

GM: He can't do this, Bucky! He'll cripple the man! He'll put him in a wheelchair!

[Shane seems set to do exactly that, nodding his head to the buzzing crowd which is more concerned than ever for the welfare of one of the all-time greats.]

GM: The referee's telling him not to do it... but Terry Shane doesn't care! Terry Shane might be risking disqualification here, Bucky, but he doesn't seem to care!

BW: Shane's mental state could have crossed over from wanting to do anything to keep his shot at the title to wanting to do anything to cripple Steve Spector. I guess Spector wouldn't be able to use the title shot if he couldn't walk, could he?

GM: Are you kidding me? You think THAT'S the gameplan of Terry Shane at this point? To cripple the man so he can't cash in the title shot if he wins?!

BW: Hey, I don't know... and without Miss Hayes out here to calm him down, who the heck knows what's going through his mind? You saw some of the stuff he did during the feud with Carver. Maybe we're going to see more of that right now.

[Shane prepares to lift Spector, straining his muscles...

...but pulls up, grabbing at his own back and falling back against the railing in pain.]

GM: The back! Terry Shane suffered a tremendous blow to his own back earlier in the match and he obviously has not recovered from that, Bucky.

BW: You try recovering from being thrown onto concrete from some ten feet in the air, Gordo! Let me know how it goes!

[Spector hobbles away, leaning against the ring apron for a moment, trying to catch his breath...

...and then surges forward, dashing the few steps before leaping in the air and clubbing a stunned Shane with an elbowstrike to the temple!]

GM: OHHH! What a shot out of Spector!

[Grabbing Shane by the hair, Spector walks him over towards the ring where he promptly SLAMS Shane's head into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Into the apron headfirst! That'll ring your bell for sure!

[Spector keeps his grip, approaching the timekeeper's table that he laid on moments ago...

...and SMASHES Shane's face into the wooden table, sending the timekeeper scattering again!]

GM: Into the table now as well!

[With Shane staggered, Spector grabs him by the arm, whipping him the length of the ring...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE RAILING FROM DISTANCE!!

[Spector looks out at the cheering crowd as he slowly moves towards Shane who is clinging to the steel railing, trying to stay on his feet. As he gets there, he lays in a few knife edge chops across the chest, keeping Shane immobile as he grabs the arm again...]

GM: What in the world is he...?

BW: No, no, no! Don't do it, Spector!

[With the slightest of grins, Spector falls to his knees with a high speed Irish whip that sends Shane back the length of the ring...

...where he SLAMS into the edge of the wooden ramp!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHANE'S DOWN! HE HIT THE RAMP AND DOWN HE GOES!!

[The camera cuts to a shot of Terry Shane, down in a heap on the barely-padded concrete floor. He's grabbing his head from the impact of hitting the wooden ramp.]

GM: You can see Terry Shane holding onto his head and you have to be reminded of the concussion that changed the path of his career that he suffered back at Homecoming in September. It took him out of action for quite some time and if he gets another one, he could be in some serious jeopardy.

[Spector slowly approaches again, this time noting that the referee has started a ten count on them. He gives a quick nod before dragging Shane to his feet and chucking him under the ropes.]

GM: Shane's back inside... and Spector's back up on the apron, stepping in to pursue him.

[Shane is literally crawling away from Spector at this point, trying to put some space between himself and the former World Champion.]

GM: If Terry Shane was looking for a fight here tonight, Steve Spector is happy to oblige him!

[Pulling Shane off the mat, Spector tosses him bodily into the corner, stepping up to the second rope with his fist raised...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NI-"

[But before he can complete the pummeling, Spector loses sight of Shane who slips out from between his legs, reaching up to hook him around the thighs...

...and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a powerbomb!]

GM: OH MY!! Terry Shane with a big time counter right there! Spector had control of the situation but Terry Shane saw an opening and boy, did he ever take it!

[Shane collapses back into the corner, still grabbing his head. The referee steps in to check on him...

...and gets shoved away to a shower of boos.]

GM: Apparently Shane wants no part of Marty Meekly checking to see if he can continue. He may have a concussion again but if he does, he's going to try and fight through it which is a huge mistake.

BW: He's gotta be careful though. You can't lay hands on an official like that. Marty Meekly could easily have disqualified him for that and on a disqualification, Spector would win that title shot.

[Shaking his head back and forth and blinking his eyes rapidly, Shane grabs the legs of Steve Spector, falling back...

...and catapulting him chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: He puts him into the corner... slowly getting back to his feet now...

[Shane steadies himself on the climb, glaring at the official who again is trying to check on him...

...and SLAMS his forearm into the lower back of Spector!]

GM: Ohh! Big shot to the back again!

[Shane winds up, delivering the forearm again... and again...]

GM: The referee backs him off, trying to allow Steve Spector a chance to get out of the corner...

[But Shane moves back in, leaning over to grab the middle rope, and slamming his shoulder into the lower back. He does it a second time, bringing groans of sympathy from the crowd. A third one has Spector clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet... but the fourth one brings him down to the mat in a heap.]

GM: Terry Shane has painted a bullseye on that lower back and he's going for it hard with each and every shot he's throwing right now.

BW: That bullseye has been on Spector's back for around fifteen years, Gordo! Shane's just taking plenty of shots at it... driving the arrows deep if you will.

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Shane viciously stomps the lower back of Spector over and over again until the referee physically steps in, shoving Shane back out to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Spector's down and hurting and Terry Shane is staring daggers right into him. I don't know what Shane's motivation is in this match any longer. Is he trying to win the match? Is he trying to keep his title shot? Or is he trying to cripple Steve Spector?

[Shane drops to his stomach, sliding under the ropes and out to the floor. He approaches the corner where Spector is lying, a wicked gleam in his eyes. Reaching under the ropes, he grabs Spector by the hair with one hand and by the foot with the other...]

GM: What in the world is he...?

[He yanks back, pulling Spector's back into the steel ringpost!]

GM: Ohh! Come on, referee! This is blatantly illegal!

[Shane places his boot on the ringpost, pulling back with both arms, bending Spector's back on the steel post!]



BW: He's got a five count, Gordo! Shane can hold this brutal, punishing hold until five!

[The referee's count is quick, not at all measured as he tries to get Shane to break the hold swiftly... and succeeds. Shane glares at the referee as he steps to the side, grabbing Spector by the hair and pulling him clear of the ring.]

GM: Shane's back out on the floor with him. Who knows what he's got planned out there?

[Grabbing Spector around the head and neck, Shane uses some semblance of a biel throw to bodily hurl Spector backfirst into the side of the elevated wooden ramp!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: This is... this is getting hard to watch, fans. There is some absolutely brutal and vicious tactics being used... by both of these men, quite frankly.

BW: That's right, Gordo. Remember that. It was Spector who started this thing by throwing Shane off the ramp and trying to break the man's back! It was Spector who tried to show his kid what a good human being he is by trying to cripple his opponent! Spector raised the bar and Terry Shane's just trying to keep up at this point!

[Shane slowly approaches, again looking out at the jeering crowd. He points at Spector...]

"THIS is your hero? THIS is a former World Champion?"

[Shane drives a boot into the chest of Spector. A second one forces him back against the wooden ramp. Shane steps back, spreading his arms wide and doing a full spin so that the entirety of the American Airlines Center gets the chance to see what a jerk he is.]

GM: Steve Spector's leaning against the ramp, trying to stay conscious at this point with the beating he's been taking.

[Grabbing the top of the ramp, Shane lays in a few more hard stomps to the chest to the jeers of the crowd. The referee shouts at Shane from inside the squared circle, ordering him to get back into the ring. The leader of the Shane Gang glares at Marty Meekly before pulling Spector off the ringside mats by the hair.]

GM: Right hand to the gut by Spector!

[Shane backs off a step before kicking Spector in the gut in response.]

GM: Spector's trying to fight back but he just didn't have enough in him to put more than that one haymaker together.

[With a handful of hair, Shane whips Spector under the ropes into the ring. The Salience climbs up on the apron, again posing to the jeers of the crowd. This time, he slowly raises a hand, pointing into the crowd...]

GM: What is he...? Oh, that son of a- he's pointing at Spector's family!

[A quick cut to the crowd shows Spector's wife looking VERY concerned at this point as her son tries to look away from the man pointing in his direction.]

GM: Leave them out of this, Shane! You've got no business getting them involved in this!

BW: Spector got them involved in this when he brought them here tonight! They could've watched at home but Spector wanted them in the building to feed his massive ego! How's that turning out for ya, Stevie?!

[A smirking Shane steps through the ropes, stalking Spector who is trying to crawl away from him...

...and stomps the lower back!]

GM: Big stomp by Shane... right on the back!

[With Spector's crawl stopped cold, Shane raises his right arm slowly to the sky and then drops a big elbow to the lower back.]

GM: Ohh, two hundred plus pounds being dropped into the lower back with that elbow. Shane's on a mission now.

BW: Spector had this coming, Gordo. He had ALL of this coming.

GM: How the heck do you figure that?!

BW: He should've walked away! He didn't belong here at SuperClash V - on a night when we showcase the best wrestlers in the world, Steve Spector is no longer part of that class! He's no longer one of the best wrestlers in the world. He's a washed up hasbeen who trotted himself out here to feed his ego and to feed his bank account! He took a spot from someone who belonged on this lineup from Day One - someone like Nenshou or Johnny Detson.

GM: Terry Shane issued the challenge! Spector didn't want to be here tonight.

BW: That's what he tells you... that's what he tells the whole world. Hell, he may even tell HIMSELF that, Gordo. But you know that the moment he showed his face on Saturday Night Wrestling, he was trying to figure out how he could get on this show.

GM: Give me a break!

[Slipping to the side, Shane uses his arms to hold Spector's torso down to the mat while Shane DRIVES the point of his knee into Spector's back.]

"QUIT!"

[He slams the knee home again, shouting at the back of Spector's head!]

"GIVE UP, YOU CRIPPLE!"

[A third knee has the entire crowd jeering him like crazy as he gets back to his feet, looking down at the Hall of Famer at his feet. Spector again tries to drag his body away from Shane, looking to create some space as Shane pursues very slowly, very methodically.]

GM: We're just about to the fifteen minute mark of this match. There's still another fifteen minutes in the time limit but I don't know if Spector can make it that long, Bucky.

BW: I'm POSITIVE that he can't, Gordo. Time is running out on the match... and most likely the career... of Steve Spector. Enjoy it while it lasts, kids. You're witnessing a legend going out on his shield.

GM: Shane leans down, pulling Spector up by the trunks...

[Shane wraps his arm around Spector's waist, muscling him up into a position parallel to the mat...

...and DRIVES him down over a bent knee in a backbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief.

[Spector cries out in pain, writhing around on the canvas as Shane looks down on him - not a sign of mercy on his face. A desperate Spector attempts to throw an upkick at Shane's face but Shane swats it away before grabbing a handful of Spector's hair, hammering his skull with a closed fist repeatedly!]

GM: Come on! Get off the man!

[The referee's count reaches four before Shane lets go, shoving Spector back down to the canvas. He leans closer to Spector.]

"You're nothing anymore, Spector! Nothing! I've taken everything you've got left in your pathetic body!"

[Spector throws a right hand from his back, knocking Shane back to a seated position on the mat to a big cheer. With Shane falling back, Spector slides on his back, trying to get away as Shane scampers back to his feet, glaring down angrily.]

GM: Spector's trying to fight back but- ohh!

[The crowd groans along with Gordon as Shane delivers a soccer kick to the ribs, forcing Spector to roll to his side where the rulebreaker delivers a second blow - this time to the back.]

GM: Another blow to Steve Spector's surgically repaired back! And Shane stays right on top of him... stomping the back repeatedly!

[Spector manages to crawl away from Shane, throwing himself over the ropes as he tries to escape. An irate Shane plants his knee against the back of Spector's neck, leaning in to a choke.]

GM: The referee's right there, counting the choke...

[At the four count, Shane backs off.]

BW: Terry Shane is really putting a beating on Spector right now, Gordo. I don't see you pointing that out.

GM: He is, I'll admit it. You have to start wondering at this point in the match if Steve Spector has bitten off more than he can chew here tonight, Bucky. He came out of retirement, coming off a back surgery that effectively ended his career, and challenged one of the top competitors in the game. We're over fifteen minutes into this match and I can't imagine Steve Spector can survive much more of this.

[Shane backs into the corner, hopping up onto the midbuckle. He glares at the official, backing him off as he stands tall on the second rope...

...and then leaps off, dropping a knee down across the back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! That's the kind of move that might require another back surgery for Spector!

[Shane suddenly flings Spector down to the mat, diving into a lateral press.]

GM: And it looks like Shane has had enough of this as he goes for the cover.

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Spector weakly lifts a shoulder to cheers from the crowd. Shane pushes up to his knees, shaking his head before hammering Spector with a closed fist between the eyes!]

GM: Goodness! Big right hand from his knees!

[Shane climbs to his feet, dragging Spector off the mat by the hair. Holding him by the hair, Shane cracks him with a pair of European uppercuts before shoving him back into the buckles. The leader of the Shane Gang steps forward, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Big whip coming up...

[Shane goes for the Irish whip but has it reversed, rocketing across the ring and slamming into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Into the buckles!

[As Shane staggers out, Spector ducks down, elevating him up and over with a sky high back drop!]

GM: BIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP!

BW: Spector's trying to rally! He's trying to string something together here, Gordo.

GM: But is it too late?

[Spector falls into the ropes, clinging to them to stay on his feet as he waves for Shane to get back up. The Missouri native is a bit slow to get to his feet and as he does, he's greeted with a flurry of short forearm shots to the jaw!]

GM: Spector hammers him back against the ropes!

[This time, it's Spector who grabs an arm, going for an Irish whip but Terry Shane manages to reverse it, bouncing Spector off the ropes...]

GM: Reversed!

[As Spector rebounds back, Shane lifts him off the mat, spinning him around and DRIVING him down across a bent knee in a backbreaker!]

GM: OHHHHH!

BW: Down South of the border, they call it a quebradora... and I call it a damn effective. Spector's done. Stick a fork in him, Gordo.

GM: Shane covers again! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Again, Spector fires a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Oh my! Shane almost had him there... he almost got the three count!

[An angry Shane gets to his feet, leaning down to shout at Steve Spector. He slaps him across the face a couple of times before using his boot to roll Spector over onto his stomach.]

GM: Spector's down... and Shane's pulling him back off the canvas.

BW: Oh, you know what's coming here!

[The crowd buzzes as Shane wraps his arm around Spector's head and neck. He arrogantly lifts a finger to his lips, shouting "SHHHHHH!" to the capacity crowd who roars with jeers in response.]

GM: It's the Salient Night Breaker coming up and if he hits this, I think it might be all over, fans.

[Shane drags Spector bodily out to the center of the ring, holding him for all to see...

...and then suddenly hoists him off the canvas, dropping to a knee and DRIVING Spector's spine down across his bent knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: That's it, daddy! Ring the bell!

GM: Shane with a cover! ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Shane pulled him up! That son of a-

[The crowd jeers Shane as he holds Spector off the mat by a handful of hair, shaking his head at the protesting official who demands that Shane attempt another cover.]

GM: He pulled the man up so he can torture him... so he can punish him pure and simple. So he could even cripple him!

BW: And in front of Spector's wife and kid. You gotta love that.

GM: I certainly do not. I think Terry Shane's going too far here. I think he's going too far and I think someone needs to stop this match right now.

[Shane pulls Spector into a double underhook, throwing knees up into the upper chest and face...

...and then SNAPS him over into a butterfly suplex, bouncing Spector backfirst off the canvas! He pops back to his feet, throwing his arms wide, doing a full spin and soaking up the jeers of the crowd with an arrogant smirk on his face.]

GM: Boy, he sure is proud of himself, isn't he?

BW: And why shouldn't he be, Gordo? He's a top contender to the World Heavyweight Title, he's beating the tar out of a Hall of Famer, and if this continues to go like this, 2014 will be the year he becomes a World Champion, daddy!

[Shane strides towards the downed Spector who is writhing on the mat in pain. He looks down at Spector, shaking his head.]

"Pathetic! Just pathetic!"

[A hard kick to the ribs rolls Spector to his stomach.]

"This is why you came back?! This is why you dragged your wife and kid to see you?!"

[Another hard kick punctuates the question. Shane slowly turns his head, turning his gaze onto Spector's aforementioned family.]

"How about you, sweetheart? You like what you see?"

[Shane gestures at himself.]

"You need a new man at home? A new father for that brat over there?"

[The fans are all over Shane as he berates Spector's family.]

"I'll tell you what, princess. I'll give you my number and-"

[Shane is cut off as he suddenly goes sailing over the top rope, flung to the floor by a furious Spector!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[Spector, leaning against the ropes, slips out onto the apron. He hangs onto the ropes, raising his right arm into the air...

...and then throws himself the apron, crashing elbowfirst down onto the midsection of Terry Shane!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With both men down on the floor, the referee starts a double count as the fans rally behind Spector, trying to encourage him to get back inside the ring.]

GM: We're creeping up on the twenty minute mark of this match and Steve Spector just came out of nowhere! He's trying to turn this thing around and he's using the love of his family to do it! Shane crossed the line! He went too far and-

[A badly hurting Spector climbs to his feet, leaning down to pull Shane off the ringside mats. The former World Champion shoves Terry Shane under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Spector rolls him back in...

[The Hall of Famer climbs up on the apron, pointing to the turnbuckles as he slowly makes his way towards them. He inches up the turnbuckles, grabbing at his back as he steps to the second rope. He winces, clenching his teeth as he steps up top.]

GM: Spector's up top! He's gonna fly!

[As Shane pulls himself off the mat, Spector flings himself into the air, catching Shane across the chest, knocking him down to the canvas with a flying crossbody!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Shane kicks out, rolling Spector off him. Both men plant their hands on the canvas, trying to get up before the other. Shane is not surprisingly the first one up, throwing a pair of right hands that knock a rising Spector into the ropes...

...where he bounces off, throwing a right hand of his own that knocks Shane for a loop!]

GM: Oh my! Big right hand!

[Grabbing the kneeling Shane by the hair, Spector unleashes a barrage of short forearms to the skull...

...and then does a full spin, throwing a rolling elbow that CRACKS Shane in the forehead, snapping him backwards and down to the mat!]

GM: ROLLING ELBOW! ROLLING ELBOW!!

[Spector dives across the prone Shane, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd groans as Shane inches a shoulder off the mat, just in time!]

GM: How close was that, Bucky?!

BW: Too damn close... and I don't like Shane taking more of those rolling elbows after Hannibal Carver concussed him with one of them back in September!

[Spector pushes up to his knees, slapping his hands down on the canvas as he looks at Marty Meekly who holds up two fingers. He climbs up off the mat, leaning down to pull Shane to his feet. The Hall of Famer turns his body, reaching up to hook a three-quarter nelson...]

GM: He's looking for the Goddess Cutter!

[But in mid-attempt, the crowd erupts in jeers at the sight of Miss Sandra Hayes hobbling down the entrance ramp.]



GM: It's Miss Hayes!

BW: Oh, thank god! Hurry, Sandra! Do something!

GM: Sandra Hayes who got banged up during the cage match earlier tonight when Marissa Monet yanked her down off the side of the cage... and she's bringing that branding iron with her!

[Spector gets distracted by her approach, shouting at her from a distance as he allows Shane to slump down to the mat.]

GM: Steve Spector needs to keep his focus on his opponent and on the match but the arrival of Miss Hayes seems to have thrown him off guard.

BW: Can you blame him? I mean, look at her!

[Hayes reaches the ring ropes, reading Spector the riot act from outside the ring on the ramp...

...when Shane suddenly surges from his knees, shoving Spector towards the ropes.]

GM: Spector stops short!

[He spins around, glaring at Shane who practically drags the referee to the mat, pulling him to his knees by the shirt...

...which exposes Spector to outside interference from Miss Hayes as she rears back with the branding iron!]

GM: NO!

[But Spector knows it's coming, wheeling around to catch the swung branding iron in his hand to a huge ovation!]

GM: Spector caught it! He caught the branding iron and-

[The former World Champion rips it out of her hand, throwing it angrily down to the canvas. She raises her hands, begging off as a furious Spector glares at her...

...and then reaches out, grabbing her by the hair! The crowd roars in a mixed response!]

GM: Oh my stars! He's got Sandra Hayes by the hair!

BW: Let her go! You let her go, you brute!

GM: I don't condone this one bit, Bucky, but you can't be surprised that after all of her interference for the past year, that someone wants to make her pay for it!

[The referee gets to his feet, turning around to shout at Spector, begging him to let her go...

...and he does, shaking his head in disbelief at what he was doing as Hayes slinks away, shouting at the official.]

GM: Spector thought better of it. He seems surprised at what he- NO!

[The crowd explodes in jeers as Shane scoops up the fallen branding iron, using Hayes' distraction to his advantage...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CLUBS Spector across the back with it!]

GM: Down goes Spector!

BW: Cover him, Terry!

[Throwing the branding iron to the floor, Shane dives across the prone Spector.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Spector's foot gets draped over the bottom rope.]

GM: He kicked out! He got the foot on the rope just BARELY in time, fans! Spector lives to fight again!

[A furious Terry Shane rolls out to the floor, approaching the timekeeper's table where he shoves the timekeeper to the ringside mats, snatching up the folding chair and rolling back into the ring with it.]

GM: Terry Shane's got a chair! The referee's still tied up with Miss Hayes and Shane's got another steel weapon in his hands!

[Shane gets to his feet, swinging the chair back over his head...

...but the referee snatches it, blocking the swing!]

GM: The ref stopped him! Marty Meekly grabbed the chair!

[Shane wheels around, trying to rip the chair out of Meekly's hands. The two men are arguing, struggling for control of the chair as Steve Spector slowly climbs to his feet...

...and rushes forward, throwing a forearm at the back of Shane's head, knocking him into the official who gets sprawled out on the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Marty Meekly!

[Spector is hammering Shane up against the ropes while Miss Sandra Hayes turns, screaming towards the locker room...

...which is the cue for the arrival of the Shane Gang!]

GM: No, no, no! Get them out of here! They were banned from ringside tonight! They've got no right to be out here!

BW: The referee's down so they're perfectly legal now!

GM: How in the world could you even BEGIN to figure that?!

[Donnie White is the first one past Hayes and into the ring...

...but pulls up as he spots a now chair-wielding Spector with wild eyes who rears back and SMASHES White across the back, sending him tumbling over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: DONNIE WHITE GETS KNOCKED TO THE FLOOR!!

[Aaron Anderson steps into the ring just as Spector dashes towards him, leaping up and SMASHING the chair into a stunned Anderson's forehead, sending him tumbling over the ropes and down to the ramp!]

GM: Spector cleared out Anderson as well!

[Spector, eyes crazed with rage, glares at Lenny Strong who suddenly pulls up, shaking his head.]

GM: Strong wants no part of Spector!

BW: Spector's got a damn chair! No one wants any part of him while he's got the chair in his hands!

[With Strong backing off, Terry Shane comes wobbling out of the corner. Spector stares him dead in the eyes...

...and then swings the chair straight back over his head before swinging it quickly and violently down towards Terry Shane who lifts both arms, trying to block it...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR!! RIGHT ON TOP OF THE HEAD!!

[Shane drops, collapsing to the canvas as Spector stands over him, dented chair in hand...

...when suddenly the bell sounds!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has sounded but...

BW: Hey, we've got a second ref out here!

GM: You're right. Ricky Longfellow is out here and... he's the one who called for the bell apparently. He's speaking to the ring announcer now... maybe we can get some sense out of this.

[Phil Watson nods, lifting the mic.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... due to use of a steel chair, Steve Spector has been... DISQUALIFIED!

[The crowd roars with disappointment at that decision.]

PW: Your winner of the match... and still holder of a guaranteed World Title shot... TERRY SHANE III!!!!

[Miss Hayes screams in jubilation, grabbing hold of Lenny Strong to celebrate as a dazed Donnie White and Aaron Anderson grab their Ring Leader by the feet, trying to pull him from the ring...

...but Spector HURLS the chair at them, causing them to scatter!]

GM: What the-?! Spector's hot!

BW: This lunatic has snapped! He's lost it, Gordo!

[Spector pulls the victorious Terry Shane off the mat by the hair...

...and HURLS him over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OVER THE TOP GOES SHANE... and wait a second... Marty Meekly's over here talking to Phil Watson now as well. The referees are conferring and-

[Phil Watson's voice rings out again.]

PW: Referee Marty Meekly says that due to the interference of the Shane Gang who were banned from ringside, your winner is... STEEEEEVE SPECTOR!

[Cheers from the fans but Spector doesn't seem to care, exiting the ring and chasing both officials and the timekeeper away from the timekeeper's table.]

GM: Steve Spector is absolutely livid and he's clearing everyone away from the ringside area. He's got that chair and is swinging at everyone in sight!

[Spector angrily throws the chair down to the ringside mats before pulling Shane off the floor...

...and throwing him up onto the wooden ringside timekeeper's table.]

GM: Oh no... oh my god, no.

BW: Spector's looking AND feeling California, daddy!

[Spector delivers a few hard shots to Shane's chest, making sure he stays on the table before the Hall of Famer rolls back into the ring, moving to the corner...]

GM: He's going up top! He's gonna try and put Terry Shane through the timekeeper's table and-

[But just as Spector gets a foot up on the top rope, ready to throw himself from his perch, Miss Sandra Hayes dives across the prone Shane, covering him up and shaking her head back and forth as a flood of AWA officials hit the ring, trying to talk down Steve Spector.]

GM: The Shane Gang's trying to get their leader out of there... and there he goes, Bucky.

BW: Thank heavens for that. Spector's deranged!

GM: He wanted to put Shane through that table no doubt. Like you said, he was feeling a little bit of his days in Los Angeles right there it appeared. He used that chair... he wanted to use that table. Spector snapped at some point in this match tonight and... well, I can hardly think this result is what he had in mind when he brought his family to the arena tonight.

BW: What IS the result of this match, Gordo? Both referees called for a different winner. Ricky Longfellow says Terry Shane won due to the steel chair usage. Marty Meekly says the Shane Gang's arrival cost Shane the match and Spector won. If that's true, then Spector just won a shot at the World Title.

[The referees and Phil Watson continue to converse until...]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... after conversations with both officials, it has been ruled that this match has been THROWN OUT due to being OUT OF CONTROL!

[The referees both wave their arms to signify no winner at all as the crowd boos loudly.]

GM: Well, the fans certainly don't like that decision but it seems like a good one to me. Terry Shane had a DQ-worthy offense but so did Steve Spector. There is no winner-

BW: Which means that Terry Shane is the winner because he gets to keep his title shot!

GM: That's one way to look at it, Bucky.

[The camera cuts to the ramp where Shane is slung between Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson, being literally dragged up the ramp towards the locker room as Miss Sandra Hayes continues to celebrate her man's triumph.]

We cut back to the ring where Spector is being spoken to by several AWA official who are trying to settle him down.]

GM: A very controversial no decision there, fans... but when you look at Terry Shane being dragged out of here, you have to believe this isn't how Shane wanted this night to end either. No decision, no clear winner... and if Steve Spector's to be believed, no chance of a rematch. This was it for him, Bucky. One match, one night... and that was it.

BW: I'm not sure either of these guys would even want a rematch, Gordo.

GM: You could be right. Well, fans...in our next match, there is no shot of a rematch... not for quite some time. It's the Texas Brawl pitting the Beale Street Bullies against the Lynch family... and whatever team loses will cease to exist as a team for one whole year. The Bullies and the Lynches have been at war since one year ago at SuperClash IV... and tonight, it comes to an end. Let's hear from both teams right now!

[An abrupt cut to the locker room brings us an infamous trio. On the left, Adam Rogers, clad in his wrestling gear and a black t-shirt with cutoff sleeves that simply reads, "Bullies". On the right, Dick Wyatt, resplendent in his sparkling confederate flag cape, also dressed to compete. Finally, in the center is the big man, Rob Donovan, wearing his usual wrestling gear and a black t-shirt with "Welcome to Beale Street" scrawled across it in blood red lettering. Wyatt is smirking at the camera, Rogers is eyeballing it with contempt, and Donovan is simply glaring.]

RD: Heard a few people been askin' where I've been...where've I been, fellas?

[Rogers chuckles.]

DW: Tell 'em, Rob!

RD: I went lookin' for whatever hospital they stuck James Lynch in. I wasn't plannin' on layin' a hand on 'im, nothin' like that, just wanted to let him know that he was gonna have company soon, that the Bullies planned on fillin' any other beds that he might be sharin' the room with.

[Donovan chuckles in truly ugly fashion.]

RD: Never could find the lil' bastard, though. Shame, too, 'cause seein' a Lynch strapped to a hospital bed woulda made the whole past year an' all the assorted horsecrap I had to put up with worth every minute. They hid him real good, though...probably because the Bullies ain't the only people who would've hunted that piece of garbage down if they happened to know where he was.

AR: Hell, Rob, they probably just stuck him in whichever part of the stable in that broken-down ranch they put all the other lame horses.

[Rogers smirks with that one, while Wyatt and Donovan share a laugh.]

RD: Damn, never thought of that. Oh well, suppose it doesn't matter now. I just wanted to show James the courtesy of lettin' him know he was gonna have visitors, but hell, I bet he don't mind surprises. Speakin' of which, I ain't really had a chance to talk about the Lynches' "big surprise" yet...that they were gonna dust off the old man himself to meet his maker tonight.

[Donovan's voice just got oddly quiet.]

RD: See, I'm sure he thinks that's real noble an' all. I'm sure he thinks it's his duty as a father, as the patriarch of the Lynch family, to stand up for his boys when some bunch of mean ol' Bullies takes one of 'em out of the sport for what I damn sure hope is forever, but you got it backwards, Blackjack. Your boy, James? He got dropped on his head 'cause he picked a fight against better men. Jack, Travis, they spent the night in county because they picked a fight with better men. They ain't got the stroke you had, Blackjack, they can't run cryin' to a promoter an' get anybody named Donovan, or Wyatt, or Rogers run the hell outta Texas because they can't deal with 'em in the ring.

[Donovan spits on the ground.]

RD: I'm gonna tell you somethin' right now, Blackjack -- I don't understand why you'd finally stick your own old, decrepit neck out after all those years of hidin', backbitin', cowerin' behind the Lynch name. You ain't ever been nothin' worth worryin' about yourself, so I figure you think Jack and Travis are gonna be your human shields, that they'll keep you from any real harm an' you can just show up, get your name back in the spotlight at the Bullies' expense, an' walk back off into the sunset, never to set foot in a wrestling ring again, somethin' like that?

[Donovan sneers.]

RD: Boy, I'm gonna beat you until every bone in both my hands is broken. You ran my old man out of the state of Texas, out of a whole hell of a lot of paydays. I felt that, Blackjack, an' I been thinkin' about it a long time now. Thinkin' about all the times I went to bed hungry, wore some ratty second hand shoes, got laughed at because my clothes fit funny. You put hard times on us, Blackjack, an' while other territories saw past your horsecrap an' my dad went on to a career that shoulda put him in the Hall of Fame, I still remember everything that you did to us, to the Donovan family, to the Wyatts an' the Rogers'. I'm takin' ALL of that out on you and your two bastards tonight, old man. The Bullies are gonna leave you a broken heap, leave your boys in pools o' their own blood, an' best of all...

[Donovan laughs.]

RD: Rob Donovan, Adam Rogers, an' Dick Wyatt are gonna ride off into that sunset, free to do whatever we damn well please, while your boys rot on the sidelines, waitin' a year before they can be in the same ring together. It's gonna be glorious, Blackjack, because while you an' anybody else named Lynch is somethin' damn close to a disease in this business...we, the Beale Street Bullies?

[Donovan looks to Wyatt, who nods, and over to Rogers, who smirks.]

RD: We're the cure.

[Fade away from the Beale Street Bullies, perhaps together for the final time for a lengthy period...

..and back up to the backstage area , where, standing in front of a wall draped with an "AWA" banner stand the three members of the Lynch family - Blackjack, Travis, and Jack.

Blackjack stands in the foreground, between his sons. He wears a plain white shirt, the sleeves pushed up past his elbows, a pair of blue jeans, and a pair of brown leather cowboy boots. To his right and behind him is his eldest son, Jack. Jack leans against the wall, his black cowboy hand tilted down to conceal his face. As always, Jack Lynch is dressed head to toe in black. This time wearing a plain black T-shirt, a pair of black jeans, and a pair of black cowboy boots. The only accents being the silver buckles on his boots and the steel toes.

To his left stands Travis wearing a super smedium black AWA Travis Lynch T-shirt (showing off the guns per usual), a pair of blue jeans, with a brown belt with a buckle shaped like Texas, and his trademark ostrich cowboy boots.

Blackjack has a microphone in his right hand. And on that same hand? A fingerless glove of black leather. The fabled, and possibly loaded, glove that makes the Iron Claw something to truly be feared.]

BJL: The first child I ever had was named Michael.

[Blackjack's gravelly voice sounds like the roar of a chainsaw.]

BJL: Michael was born with a congenital heart defect. He came out with a hole in his little heart. The doctors told me he wouldn't ever come out of the hospital.

Them doctors were right.

I wasn't there when he was born. I was in the ring as he was being delivered. I was in the ring to take on a man called Tenzan Yama, The Tibetan Terror. Sixty minutes I fought that man. Sixty minutes covered in blood and sweat. I found out about Michael's birth, and Michael's condition as I was on my way into the showers.



I never got to that shower. I came into the hospital a complete mess. It took me an hour to get to the emergency room to see my boy. If I live to be hundred, I'll never forget that sight. My tiny little son laying in a tiny little bed, tubes sticking out of him, watching as his little heart began to fail.

Not that I need to remember... you Bullies brought it all back to me.

[Blackjack's hand begins to tremble, not in fear, but in mounting rage.]

BJL: What you did to my boy... to my Jimmy. It brought it all back. Seeing my son in a hospital bed, hooked up to monitors, doctors coming in every hour to see if he could feel his arms and legs. You brought it all back to me...

And I swear you're gonna pay for it.

That's why I'm here tonight Bullies. Because you tried to take my son from me. I've seen all of my sons wrestle and fight. I've seen them take their licks, and I've never done anything but let them fight their own battles.

Until now, until you tried to cripple Jimmy.

It was evil, and I don't use that word lightly. So now, Bullies, you learn the cost of the evil you did. You can't pay for your sins by being pinned for three seconds or by tapping your hand on the mat. What you did calls for bloody retribution.

The scales only balance when the Beale Street Bullies come to an end.

And one way or the other, I swear that by the end of tonight, there will be no more Beale Street Bullies. For my Jimmy... for my boy, I'll see to it that you not only lose, but that you're erased from the AWA.

Travis, you tell them what they can expect.

[Travis looks at his father and then at Jack for a moment before he turns back to face the camera.]

TL: Beale Street Bullies, it's really simple what you can expect ... a complete and utter FIGHT!

And that's exactly the way we want it. You see, we could take the insults, the jumpings and the smear campaign as tried to drag the good Lynch name through the mud ... but what you did Jimmy ...

[Travis pauses as he runs his hand over his mouth.]

TL: What you did to Jimmy ... that's a damn line you don't cross! Even in this business there's an unwritten code you don't try to cripple another man. Hell, I was hung by the Lost Boy 'till I passed out yet that sick sonuvabitch didn't try to cripple me.

You three snakes though took his livelihood away from Jimmy and took joy in that fact.

[Seething in anger, Travis continues to stare at the camera.]

TL: The AWA thought what Jack and I did to the three of you at the Rusty Spur was a bit over the line ... well, it's time they see what a real brawl is all about.

Tonight it's time to pay the pipers! And when all is said and done, if you three aren't in a hospital getting blood infusions ... well then we didn't do our jobs!

[After his brother has spoken, Jack steps forward.]

JL: No offense to my father, but Blackjack Lynch shouldn't be here tonight.

Trav... you're my brother. And Blackjack, you're my father.

But Jimmy?

[Jack bends his head and removes his hat. When his head lifts, he's staring straight at the camera.]

JL: But Jimmy was my partner.

When we won the Stampede Cup, it was Jimmy at my side. When we won the National Tag Team Titles, it was Jimmy at my side.

Tonight, the Bullies get broken up. And this is the night when my father should be at the Rusty Spur, watchin' his sons triumph over those sons of bitches. But instead, my father is here, in the arena, where he shouldn't be.

You Bullies saw to that.

Right now, Jimmy is sittin' at the bar of the Rusty Spur. Knowin' Jimmy, he's payin' for all the rounds, and I know that when we get in the ring, Jimmy will be the one cheerin' the loudest. But I also know this.

Jimmy is strugglin' to put his hand around that glass to lift it to his lips.

Every time Jimmy has to get out of his chair, he needs help.

Every mornin', Jimmy brushin' his teeth is a thirty minute ordeal.

One day, with grace and luck, Jimmy will be back in the ring, and Jack and James will be partners again. But not tonight. Tonight, at SuperClash, on what \_should\_ the best night of our careers? Jimmy ain't here.

Now I ask ya, 'cuz I confess I don't know... what do you say to the people who tried to cripple your own flesh and blood? You took my brother out, and

you took my partner away. You made it so that an old man had to come in and take his son's place.

You robbed Jimmy of his dignity, of his profession, and nearly put him in a wheelchair for life. So what do I say to that? Here's what I say:

Jimmy...

[Jack places his hat back on.]

JL: Tonight, this is for you.

You can't be here tonight, where you're supposed to be. So you watch. You watch as your dad proves to the world that he's still the meanest, most ruthless bastard God ever put on this green earth. And you watch as Travis pours his heart and soul into that ring, fightin' in your name.

And Jimmy? You watch as your big brother gets the revenge you couldn't take for yourself. I can't see ya, and I don't have ya in my corner, watchin' my back and cheerin' me on, but I know you're here in spirit. I know you'll be screamin' in the Rusty Spur. I know you believe in me. And I know that tonight, I gotta prove myself worthy of that belief. And I'll be damned if I let them Bullies get the last word.

I love you partner. And I swear to God and everyone listenin'... I won't let ya down.

[Having said their piece, the Lynches step away, and towards the ring as we crossfade out into the arena bowl where Phil Watson is standing in the center of the ring.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and has NO RULES and NO TIME LIMIT! It is the TEXAS BRAWL!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The controversial sounds of "Texas Stinks" starts up to a deafening downpour of boos from the Dallas crowd.]

GM: Well, if they were hoping to gain some cheers from this partisan crowd here tonight, I'm afraid this choice of theme song is going to put these fans even deeper into the corner of the Lynches.

BW: The Bullies don't give a lick about these fans. They know all these inbred rednecks are going to be in the Lynches' pocket... just like the referee, the front office, and the entire state of Texas.

GM: Bucky!

BW: I'm just telling it like it is, Gordo!

[With the song reaching the chorus, the curtain parts and out strides the quarter known as the Beale Street Bullies into view.]

PW: They are accompanied to the ring by Sunshine.

[A bottle blonde with waist-long hair steps into view. She's in a tied off Bullies t-shirt, showing off her toned stomach and a super-tight, super-short Confederate flag skirt. A set of high heels rounds out the ensemble as she tucks a black purse under her arm, gesturing behind her.]

PW: From Beale Street... they are the team of "Dangerous" Dick Wyatt... Adam Rogers... and Robert Donovan...

THE BEALE STREEEEET BULLLLLLLLIIIIIEES!

[Donovan raises his massive arms, soaking up the jeers of the crowd. He stands in a white wifebeater tanktop, a pair of blue jeans with a leather belt, and a set of what appear to be steel-toed boots.]

GM: Donovan's dressed for a fight, Bucky.

BW: As he should be. This ain't a wrestling match. There won't be any headlocks or wristlocks in this one. But there's gonna be plenty of haymakers and boots to the mouth. And don't forget, this is anything goes. This is come as you are, where what you want! This is a damn fight, Gordo! And in a fight, I take the Bullies every day of the week and twice on Sunday.

GM: I understand that the Bullies celebrated Thanksgiving earlier today at their hotel suite down the road... and left quite the bill behind due to damage.

BW: And liquor, I'd imagine.

GM: That too.

[Rogers, his face still covered in a grizzly beard, looks out on the jeering crowd with a chuckle. He slaps big Donovan in the chest, gesturing to a pair of fans unrolling a huge "LYNCH COUNTRY" banner that several fans end up holding. Donovan shakes his head as Rogers turns around, slapping his rear end in their direction. Rogers is in a similar attire as Donovan with the boots and jeans but he's sporting a "BEALE STREET" black t-shirt instead.]

GM: Adam Rogers has gone through quite the transformation in the past year. He's gone from a former World Champion, a technician admired throughout the wrestling world for his skills in the ring and on the mat, and quite frankly, one of the most popular wrestlers in the history of our sport, to a cheater, a liar, a drunk, and someone who'd rather throw a right hand than apply an armbar.

BW: But has he been successful?

GM: He's won his share of matches for sure but there is no gold around the waists of the Beale Street Bullies, Bucky.

BW: The Bullies have been busy stomping the Lynches into the ground. They haven't had time to win championships. But with 2014 around the corner and a 2014 where the Lynches are out of the picture, I'm predicting a big year for the Bullies!

GM: We'll see about that. They've got to get past the Lynches here tonight first.

[The boos pick up as "Dangerous" Dick Wyatt thrusts his hips in the direction of the fans. He's got jeans and boots on as well but is wearing a sparking Confederate flag cape over his bare chest.]

GM: This guy's a real piece of work, Bucky.

BW: The son of Steve Wyatt, the man with the Hands of Stone. The nephew of the infamous Blackwater Bart. This kid's got the pedigree to go the distance in this business.

GM: If the Lynches don't put him out of the sport first.

[The quartet enters the ring. Wyatt hops up on the midbuckle, again thrusting his hips as Sunshine slides up behind him, wrapping an arm around his waist. Rogers steps on the ropes in the middle of the ring, pointing at the "LYNCH COUNTRY" fans and screaming at them while Donovan simply backs into a corner, cracking his knuckles and waiting as the music fades...

...and is replaced by "Hard Row" by the Black Keys to a DEAFENING ROAR!]

GM: And here come the Lynches!

[The cheering crowd nearly drowns out Phil Watson as he strains to be heard over them.]

PW: And their opponents... from Dallas, Texas...

[Somehow, the crowd manages to get even louder at the announcement of their home city.]

PW: Jack... Travis... and for the first time in years, returning to the ring, Blackjack...

[Still this earsplitting ovation manages to get even louder!]

PW: THE LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH FAMILY!

[The curtain rips open as Jack tears through it, throwing his gloved hand up into the air to a tremendous reaction. He clenches his fist, pounding his chest and pointing to the the roaring crowd as his younger brother, Travis,

follows through the curtain. The two brothers stand side by side, a sheepish grin on their faces at the deafening ovation they're receiving. Travis slaps his brother on the shoulder before reaching up and literally tearing the shirt off his body, throwing the remnants to the crowd as the women in the crowd go nuts at his chiseled physique.]

GM: Two of the most popular men in the entire AWA and obviously, perhaps two of the most popular men to ever lace a pair of boots in the great state of Texas!

[Travis stands in blue jeans and boots with his chest now bare as he stares down the aisle at the taunting Bullies. Jack Lynch is in black from head to toe, also staring at the Bullies. Jack slowly turns, pointing his gloved hand towards the curtain...

...and after a long moment, the patriarch of the Lynch family, Blackjack Lynch steps into view to a standing ovation from the American Airlines Center crowd!]

GM: Whether you grew up worshiping him or fearing him, every man, woman, and child in this building tonight has heard the name "Blackjack Lynch" their entire life! He is an icon in this state, a hero to many, and the man that many throughout the world associate with professional wrestling in Texas!

BW: Blackjack Lynch was the featured star and later the owner of Premier Championship Wrestling based out of Dallas, Texas until a few years back when the AWA bought the company from him, making him a very wealthy man and bringing his sons into the spotlight of modern day wrestling! So this reaction doesn't surprise me in the slightest... but what will the reaction be when the Bullies send this old man out of here on a stretcher?

[Blackjack embraces his two sons, standing in a something resembling a white dress shirt with the sleeves pushed up past his elbows. He's also wearing blue jeans and pair of brown cowboy boots as he waves for his sons to join him in walking the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: And here comes the Lynches for this final battle with the Beale Street Bullies - the Texas Brawl! The story has been well-told by this point as Robert Donovan turned on Jack Lynch after they failed to win the National Tag Team Titles at SuperClash IV. From there, we saw Adam Rogers and Dick Wyatt come to the AWA to stand by their "brother" against the Lynches. These men have traded wins and losses, they've traded backjumpings, and bloody brawls... but this came to a head back at Homecoming when the Bullies decided to try and cripple James Lynch with a spike piledriver.

BW: Try? You seen James Lynch since then?

GM: I have not, no. They may have ended James Lynch's career as a pro wrestler but you better believe the fighting spirit in that young man continues to live on in his brothers and his father... and tonight, James Lynch is certainly here in spirit to take the fight to these animals!

[Upon reaching the ring, the Lynches find that Robert Donovan has ordered his allies out to the floor and is now standing alone in the ring...

...where he slowly raises a hand, pointing right at Jack Lynch.]

GM: Oh yeah! This is how this whole thing got started... with those two men right there. Donovan and Jack Lynch started this bloody rivalry that has cost both squads so much over the past year... and you better believe that Jack Lynch has no problem with stepping in there with the big man!

[Blackjack and Travis take the steps down to the floor, taking up a spot in the corner as they cheer on Jack. Wyatt and Rogers are doing the same thing on the opposite side of the ring as Davis Warren steps up to the two men, ready to tell them some final instructions...

...when Robert Donovan shoves him aside and gets pasted with a right hand from Jack Lynch's gloved hand for his efforts!]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand and here we go!

[The crowd is roaring as the bell sounds and Jack Lynch unleashes a barrage of right hands to the skull of Donovan who stumbles back before slamming a knee up into the gut of the approaching Lynch. He grabs a handful of Lynch's hair, throwing a right hand of his own into the jaw, which sends Lynch falling chestfirst into the ropes.]

GM: Donovan caught him good there and he's moving in on him...

[Donovan reaches down, swinging a right hand into the ribs of Jack Lynch from behind. He spins Lynch around, laying in a big forearm across the sternum.]

GM: Lynch and Donovan are starting this one off one-on-one but that could change at any moment, fans. This is NOT a tag team match. It is perfectly legal for all six men to be in there at the same time.

[Donovan rears back, laying in another heavy forearm shot before grabbing Lynch by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip sends Lynch to the far side...

[He ducks under a clothesline attempt by Donovan, hitting the far ropes as he rebounds back, leaping up to score with a flying knee to the chin that causes the seven footer to topple down to the canvas! Big cheer!]

GM: Lynch caught him with the knee!

[Donovan rubs his chin, rolling to a knee as Lynch stands over him, waving for him to get back to his feet.]

GM: Lynch is ready for this fight, fans! He wants every piece of Robert Donovan that he can manage!

[The six foot seven, 250 pound Lynch is ready to keep on fighting, standing above Donovan as the seven footer struggles off the mat, getting greeted with another right hand!]

GM: Another hard shot by Jack Lynch... and another... a third sends Donovan back into the ropes...

[This time, it's Lynch's turn to whip Donovan across the ring. The big man hits the far ropes, loping back across the ring as Lynch swings a clothesline into two raised arms that Donovan uses to block it...

...and then promptly lifts Lynch up into the air with his massive arms, pressing the 250 pounder over his head!]

GM: Whoa! Whoa!

[Donovan does a full turn, showing off his power to the jeering crowd, and flings Lynch effortlessly to the mat!]

GM: Oh my! He throws him down like a sack of garbage!

BW: How fitting!

GM: Would you stop?!

[Jack Lynch grabs at his lower back as he arches up off the canvas, struggling to get back to his feet...

...where Donovan runs him over with a clothesline, sending Lynch toppling over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: Wow!

BW: Well, I'd say Round One of this one goes to the Bullies!

GM: This isn't being fought in a rounds system, Bucky, and you know that.

BW: Of course I know that. I'm not an idiot Stench boy. But I also know that that's a mental win for the Bullies as well as you do. The Lynches are rattled right now.

[Travis Lynch checks on his older brother and then pulls himself up on the apron, wiping his boots on it before stepping in...

...and then pointing right at Adam Rogers.]

GM: Travis wants a piece of the man we used to call the Natural!



[Rogers jerks a thumb at himself disbelievingly. Sunshine approaches, rubbing a hand over his chest as he glares at Travis. The crowd cheers, urging Rogers to accept the challenge...

...and then the former World Champion climbs the steps, pausing to embrace his "brother" as Donovan steps over the top rope, dropping down to the floor as Rogers steps in.]

GM: In comes Adam Rogers... and Travis Lynch actually defeated Rogers in one-on-one action recently. Perhaps Travis is looking to prove that was no fluke victory right now.

[Travis steps forward, wiggling his fingers in the air.]

GM: Travis is calling for the test of strength!

BW: No way, Adam! Turn that one down cold! This guy might be a moron but he's built like a brickhouse!

[Lynch nods his head, stepping closer as Rogers looks around at his allies at ringside, staring at Lynch with concern on his face. With Dick Wyatt urging him on, Rogers steps in, slowly raising his hand up...]

GM: Rogers is going to do it?!

[But just as they're about to tie their hands together, Rogers lashes out with a boot to the gut...

...that ends up being caught by Travis Lynch! Big cheer!]

GM: Rogers tried the cheapshot but Travis was ready for him!

[Rogers raises his hands, trying to beg off as he bounces on one foot around the ring, Lynch holding him off-balance by the foot...

...and then swings the leg, spinning Rogers away from him where he scoops him up in his powerful arms, dropping him down in an atomic drop that sends Rogers pitching forward chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Rogers hits the corner hard!

[The former World Champion stumbles out towards Travis who again scoops him up in his muscular arms, spinning around in a full circle before viciously slamming Rogers down to the canvas to another big cheer!]

GM: Big bodyslam by Travis Lynch! Six foot three, 260 pounds of solid muscle!

[With Rogers staggering back up to his feet, Lynch catches him with a hiptoss on the way to his feet...

...and then connects with a clothesline that takes Rogers over the top, dumping him to the floor!]

GM: OHHHH MY! TRAVIS TAKES HIM TO THE FLOOR!!

[Travis slams his arms down on the top rope, backing away with a double bicep pose as the Bullies get angry down at ringside. Dick Wyatt is immediately outraged, pulling himself up on the apron and gesturing at Travis with his cast-covered arm.]

GM: Dick Wyatt STILL has that cast on his arm.

BW: He's still injured. Ask his doctors.

GM: I'm sure. But now Wyatt's stepping in there with Travis and-

[But before Travis can approach, Wyatt raises a hand, shaking his head...

...and then points right at Blackjack Lynch who is out on the floor.]

GM: Oh yeah!

[The crowd roars as Blackjack looks around at them, jerking a thumb at himself.]

GM: Blackjack wants to know if the fans want to see him in there with Wyatt and that answer, without a doubt, is heck yes!

[Nodding, Blackjack climbs the ringsteps, getting up on the apron. He pauses to embrace his son, sharing a few words with Travis as Travis steps out. The crowd is whipping into a frenzy at this point as the Texas legend steps through the ropes, staring across at Dick Wyatt who is bouncing from foot to foot, looking very confident.]

BW: This is hardly fair, Gordo. Wyatt's some thirty years and change younger than Old Man Lynch is. He's gonna tear this senior citizen apart.

GM: Like he did on the last Saturday Night Wrestling?

BW: That was different. They surprised Dick Wyatt and then used that loaded glove on him.

GM: Allegedly loaded glove.

BW: Whatever.

[With Wyatt all worked up and ready to get some payback for the humiliation that he received at the hands of the eldest Lynch recently, he strides out to the center of the ring, bobbing and weaving...

...and then SPITS right in the face of Blackjack Lynch to a huge negative reaction from the Dallas crowd!]

GM: Oh, come on! He spat right in the eye of Blackja-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Lynch surges forward, cracking Wyatt with a right hand that knocks him off his feet. Wyatt scrambles up to get caught with another haymaker that puts him right back down!]

GM: Blackjack Lynch is taking the fight to Dick Wyatt!

[A third haymaker puts Wyatt down. This time, as he gets up, he charges at Lynch who sidesteps, flinging him OVER the ropes and down onto the elevated wooden platform with a thud!]

GM: OHHH!

[A furious Adam Rogers scrambles up on the apron, ready to attack Blackjack Lynch...

...but Travis Lynch is ready for him, under the ropes, on his feet, and throwing a barrage of right hands that knocks Rogers right back down to the floor!]

GM: Rogers tried to get in there and get a cheap shot in but Travis sends him packing... and now Jack is back in as well and the Lynch family is standing tall in the middle of the American Airlines Center!

[Jack Lynch gives a big shout, waving for the Bullies to get back into the ring but it's Dick Wyatt who gets thrown back through the ropes and into the squared circle by Travis Lynch.]

GM: Travis brings Wyatt back in...

[The powerful Lynch pulls Wyatt into a front facelock...

...and the crowd erupts as Blackjack Lynch takes off the heavy leather belt around his waist!]

GM: Ol' Blackjack's about to take this punk kid to the woodshed!

[Lynch pulls the belt free, holding it high to a big cheer as Rogers and Donovan protest out on the floor. With a twisted grin, the retired brawler rears back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE LASHES HIM ACROSS THE BACK WITH THE STRAP!! GOOD GRIEF!

[A red welt quickly forms on the pale flesh of Dick Wyatt's back as Sunshine howls in rage at ringside. Lynch winds up a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A second hard shot across the back with that belt!

[Wyatt kicks his legs, flailing about as he tries to free himself from Travis' powerful arms before Blackjack can strike again but before you know it, the belt is going back one more time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Ahhh!

[Travis lets go, allowing Wyatt to slump to the mat where he kicks and flails before rolling out to the floor where Sunshine kneels down beside him.]

GM: Sunshine's checking on Wyatt and once again, the Lynches are standing tall!

[Blackjack wraps the leather strap around his fist, holding it at the ready as he calls for Rogers and Donovan to climb into the ring.]

GM: They want the Bullies back in there.

BW: Of course they do. They've got a numbers advantage right now with Dick Wyatt down on the floor with his back all lashed up with that leather belt!

[The eldest Lynch leans over the ropes, shouting at Adam Rogers who backs off, hands raised as he pulls Donovan into a huddle.]

GM: The Bullies look to be rethinking their gameplan here a little bit. I'm sure whatever they had planned out didn't involve a whipping for Dick Wyatt in the early moments of this one.

[Rogers suddenly climbs up on the apron, swinging a right hand at a surprised Blackjack Lynch...

...who blocks the blow before throwing a leather-wrapped fist of his own, bouncing it between the eyes of the Natural and sending him falling back down to the floor!]

GM: These fans in Dallas, Texas are LOVING what they're seeing right about now, Bucky! The Lynches are taking the fight to the Bullies at every chance and- oh, look out!

[A furious Robert Donovan starts reaching over the railing, blindly throwing steel chairs over his head and into the ring!]

GM: Donovan's out here near us, throwing chairs like a crazy man.

BW: Hey Rob... throw 'em a little harder! Keep 'em away from me!

[A chair bounces off the mat near Travis Lynch who has to sidestep to avoid the second bounce. He shouts at Donovan who throws another chair, this one swatted down by Jack before it can get close to his father...

...and suddenly, Jack's seen enough, bailing from the ring and charging Donovan from behind!]

GM: Ohh! Jack clubs the seven footer from the blindside!

[Grabbing the back of Donovan's head, Jack SMASHES his forehead into the ringside barricade! He spins Donovan around, shoving him down to a seated position against the railing before raining down heavy right hands from his feet!]

GM: Jack's pounding Donovan into the mat... and Travis is going out after Adam! Blackjack's after Wyatt! We've got fighting all over the ringside area, fans! Bear with us - this is going to be difficult to call the action for but we're going to give it our best shot!

[The camera is holding on Jack continuing to pound Donovan into the floor before an abrupt cut shows Travis and Rogers jockeying for position near the elevated wooden platform, trying to get an advantage. Rogers buries a knee into Travis' chiseled abdomen before grabbing a handful of hair and SMASHING his face into the entrance ramp!]

GM: Ohh! Rogers sends Travis facefirst into the ramp!

BW: Lift your feet up, Gordo.

GM: Why?

BW: I wouldn't want your shoes to get wet with the tears of the stupid Stench fans at Travis' face getting busted up.

GM: Give me a break.

[Rogers shoves Travis up against the ramp, lighting up his pectorals with knife edge chops before grabbing him by an arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TRAVIS MEETS THE STEEL!

[The fans are all over Rogers as he slowly moves to approach the stunned Travis Lynch...

...and another abrupt cut shows Dick Wyatt sprawled over the timekeeper's table with Blackjack Lynch opening up a series of right hands to the face and head of Wyatt!]

GM: Wyatt's on the table just getting hammered by the oldest man in this match by far!

BW: He's got a lot of years of frustration at his sons' horrible grades and getting busted by the police for trying to do inappropriate things to cows out in the fields.

GM: Cow tipping?

BW: You wish.

[Blackjack grabs a handful of hair on Wyatt, dragging him off the wooden table, sending the ring bell, a stack of papers, and the house mic flying. Using the handful of hair, Lynch rings Wyatt's bell by smashing his skull into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHH! HEADFIRST TO THE POST!!

[Wyatt stumbles away, falling chestfirst into the steel barricade at ringside. Lynch pursues, grabbing a leg and upending Wyatt into the front row at ringside to a big cheer.

Cut back to the other side of the ring where Jack Lynch is shoving Robert Donovan under the ropes before sliding back in himself.]

GM: We've got Donovan and Jack Lynch back in... and Jack's picking up one of those chairs that Donovan threw in!

[Jack slaps the chair against the mat a few times, measuring Donovan as he slowly gets to his feet.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The big blow across the back sends Donovan falling chestfirst into the ropes as Jack throws the steel chair aside... for now.]

GM: What a shot by Jack Lynch! It only takes one three count or submission to win this thing but it's gotta be inside the squared circle and so far, this one's been outside the ring as much as it's been inside the ring!

[With Donovan stunned, Lynch spins him around, grabbing his head with both hands and smashing his own skull into Donovan's!]

GM: Ohh... a headbutt by Lynch!

[A camera cut to the floor shows Travis Lynch down on his back and getting stomped into the ringside mats by Rogers. With Travis out of the picture for the moment, Rogers rolls into the ring, rushing across to drive a knee up into the kidneys of Jack Lynch!]

GM: Oh! Rogers gets him from behind!

[The former World Champion throws a series of hooking blows to the right side of the ribcage on Lynch before turning him around, whipping him across the ring...

...and lifting him up, holding him around the upper thighs as Donovan straightens up...]

GM: What's he-?!

[The seven footer charges a few feet towards Rogers and Lynch, throwing his arm out and knocking Lynch down to the canvas with a high impact clothesline!]

GM: What a doubleteam!

[Donovan and Rogers take turns stomping Jack Lynch into the canvas as Blackjack rolls under the ropes, clutching a wooden broom in his hands.]

BW: Where the heck did he get that?!

GM: It must have been under the ring but-

[Blackjack comes swinging the broom handle but Rogers gets his hands up, blocking it before he buries a boot into the gut of the much older man. The seven footer steps into the fray, grabbing Blackjack's arms and holding them behind him...]

GM: Uh oh. Blackjack's in trouble here...

[Rogers steps back, swinging the broom back over his head...

...and SLAMS it down over the skull of Blackjack Lynch, knocking him down to the mat as the broom handle cracks in half!]

GM: Oh my! He broke the broom over Blackjack's skull!

BW: With any luck, he cracked the old man's skull in the process, Gordo!

[Rogers throws one half of the broken broom aside, turning to stomp the downed Blackjack a few times before Donovan drops a big knee down into Jack Lynch's chest, keeping him down on the mat.]

GM: They're turning this into a two-on-one on the patriarch of the Lynch family!

[Rogers leans over, flipping Blackjack Lynch to his back...]

GM: Oh my stars... Blackjack Lynch has been busted open!

BW: Back in the day, the old man would bleed a gusher if the wind blew right. It don't take much to bust open all that scar tissue on his head these days.

[Lifting the broom handle, Rogers drives the splintered end of it into the cut forehead, worsening the flow of blood that is coming out of Lynch's wound.]

GM: Rogers is ripping and tearing the skin of Blackjack Lynch and these fans are all over him for it!

[Rogers screams as he digs the splintered wood into the forehead. A quick cut to the floor shows Travis Lynch digging under the apron. He pulls a metal toolbox into view, throwing it over the ropes before rolling back in...

...and throwing himself into a tackle that knocks Rogers down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Travis takes Rogers off his feet!

[With Rogers flat on his back, Travis lowers the boom over and over on him with clenched fists from the mount position.]

GM: Travis is all over Rogers and-

[An angry seven footer grabs Travis from behind, pulling him off his partner...

...where Donovan promptly takes a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Oh, Travis fires one in there!

[A series of haymakers backs Donovan up against the ropes. Travis gives a whoop, going into the full spin for the Discus Punch but as he turns...

...he gets hooked by the throat!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT TRA-

[The crowd ROARS in surprise as Donovan deadlifts Travis into the air before THROWING him down to the canvas with a chokeslam!]

GM: Chokeslam! Donovan plants him and that might be all she wrote right there, Bucky!

[Back on his feet, Rogers is shouting encouragement at the seven footer, waving at him to finish off Lynch. Donovan throws a look at Rogers before moving in, pulling Travis off the canvas...

...and walking over towards the ropes with him.]

GM: What in the world is this?



[With Travis doubled-up and in powerbomb position, Donovan hoists him up into the air, slipping him into a crucifix powerbomb position...]

GM: Oh no... oh heavens no.

BW: He's gonna throw him out onto that ramp, daddy!

[But a bloodied Blackjack Lynch struggles to his knees, grabbing Travis by the ankle and pulling him out of the lift. An angry Donovan turns...

...and OBLITERATES Blackjack with a cowboy boot to the mush!]

GM: OHH! What a shot!

[A fired-up Travis Lynch dives at Donovan, bullrushing him back into the corner where he opens up with rights and lefts to the body. Rogers rushes in again, smashing Travis from behind.]

GM: The Lynches keep trying to get back into this thing but the Bullies keep finding a way to re-establish control.

[Rogers hooks a full nelson, dragging Travis back to the middle of the ring. He tugs him to straighten him up as Donovan slaps his leg...]

GM: Donovan coming out!

[But Jack Lynch grabs Rogers from behind, causing the surprised former World Champion to release Travis who ducks...

...causing Donovan to KICK Rogers right in the chin!]

GM: OHHH! ROGERS GOES DOWN OFF THE BIG BOOT!!

[With Jack and Travis on their feet, they go to work on Donovan with a series of big right hands, forcing him back against the ropes. Soon, a bloodied Blackjack joins them...]

GM: Look at this!

[The crowd is on their feet, cheering and screaming as each Lynch lands a blow on Donovan in turn. First Travis... then Jack... then Blackjack, each landing a haymaker that rocks the seven footer!]

GM: Robert Donovan started this war with the Lynches and it looks like the Lynches may be about to finish it right here and now, Bucky!

BW: Donovan needs help. Rogers is down on the floor after Donovan accidentally kicked him in the jaw... but where the heck is Dick Wyatt?

[A quick cut answers the question as we spot Dick Wyatt lying on the ringside mats, pushing up into a crouch as he watches what's going on inside the ring.

Cut back to the ring where Blackjack has stepped aside, allowing his sons to each grab Donovan by an arm.]

GM: Double whip by the Lynches... and they run Donovan down with a double clothesline!

[Donovan is down on the canvas, Jack and Travis standing over him with a high five as Blackjack barks at his sons.]

GM: He said it's not time to celebrate yet and he's absolutely right. This match - this fight's not over yet, Bucky.

BW: It's definitely not.

[Jack nods to his father, dragging Donovan off the mat and holding his arms back as Travis uncorks a series of right hands on him. The muscular Travis nods, pumping a fist to the crowd as he charges to the ropes...

...and a stunned Adam Rogers pulls down the top rope, bringing Travis toppling down hard to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! ROGERS PULLS TRAVIS OUT!!

[With Jack caught by surprise, Wyatt pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes. Blackjack turns to confront him again but this time, Wyatt is ready for him...]

GM: Wyatt charges in... LEAPING LARIAT!

[The clothesline drops the Texas legend as Wyatt rolls through it, climbing to his feet where Jack has shoved Donovan aside, greeting the incoming Wyatt with a pair of right hands. He reaches around the torso, lifting Wyatt up and dropping him with an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Jack hits the ropes...

[He charges back, leaning over for a spear tackle when Donovan steps in, muscling him up in one motion...

...and DRIVING him down with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: OHHH! THE SEVEN FOOTER PLANTS JACK LYNCH!!

[Donovan throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as Wyatt staggers towards him, embracing the big man who shrugs him off, gesturing at the downed Blackjack.]

GM: Uh oh. Jack Lynch is down. Travis Lynch is down. And it looks like the Beale Street Bullies are going to take a piece of out of Blackjack Lynch's hide, fans!

[A jubilant Wyatt takes off his own leather belt as Donovan muscles Blackjack off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Oh no.

BW: Payback's a you-know-what, Gordo!

[Wyatt is practically ecstatic as he rears back with the leather belt...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Across the back of Blackjack Lynch!

[Three more hard lashes land on the back, actually shredding the white dress shirt and leaving crimson welts that start to ooze blood onto the formal wear.]

GM: They're taking the hide off the legend!

[Wyatt stomps Jack Lynch a few times, forcing the eldest son to roll out to the floor where Adam Rogers is choking Travis Lynch with a television camera cable, keeping him out of the picture as Wyatt and Donovan continue to destroy their father.]

GM: Donovan shoves Lynch down to his knees...

[Donovan gives a shout to Wyatt who quickly sits down, removing his boot.]

GM: Wyatt's taking off that cowboy boot and giving it to Donovan!

[The seven footer digs the leather boot into the cut forehead, grinding it back and forth to cause the cut to bleed more. Wyatt is jumping up and down, celebrating as Donovan rips Lynch's forehead apart.]

GM: Donovan backs away at last... but that's the cue for Dick Wyatt to move in on him.

[The crowd jeers as Wyatt tugs Blackjack Lynch into a front facelock, slowly turning him over so that they're standing back to back...]

GM: He's looking for the Dangerous Curve!

BW: If he hits it, the Lynches are done for a year, daddy!

[Wyatt is about to drop to his knees, about to deliver the big reverse neckbreaker...

...when Blackjack Lynch turns out of it, shoving him into the corner.]

GM: Wyatt hits the buckles!

[The wild-eyed Wyatt wheels around, cocking back his cast-covered arm, rushing out of the corner..]

...and as Blackjack Lynch ducks, he CRACKS Donovan between the eyes with the cast!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[The big man staggers... stumbles... and slowly does a full-on chopped down redwood collapse to the canvas to an enormous reaction!]

GM: WYATT KNOCKED OUT DONOVAN! HE KNOCKED HIM COLD!!

[A shocked Wyatt stands over his seven footer "brother", looking down in disbelief at what he's just done. In the corner, Blackjack Lynch digs into the pocket of his blue jeans, retrieving a black leather glove that - by the reaction of the crowd - is still remembered by the people of Texas!]

GM: Blackjack's putting on the glove! He's got the leather glove!

BW: THE LOADED LEATHER GLOVE!

GM: Alleged!

[And as Wyatt comes towards Blackjack, a big right hand cracks him across the jaw, knocking him flat!]

GM: Oh my stars! Blackjack laid him out with a right hand...

[The crowd ERUPTS as Blackjack raises the leather glove high over his head. A desperate Adam Rogers rolls into the ring, charging towards Blackjack Lynch from behind...

...but the veteran senses him coming, wheeling around and locking his steely grip on the skull of the former World Champion! EXPLOSIVE REACTION FROM THE CROWD!]

GM: CLAW! THE IRON CLAW IS SUNK IN DEEP!

[The blood-covered Blackjack Lynch squeezes the skull of Adam Rogers in his legendary black glove. Rogers is flailing his arms, screaming as his head is squeezed by the Texas wrestling legend!]

GM: Rogers is trapped! Can he get out?! Can he escape?!

[Rogers is squealing in pain as crimson starts to pour out from under Blackjack's glove.]

GM: He's ripped the skin open! Rogers is trapped in the Iron Claw and he's bleeding like a stuck pig because of it!

BW: Donovan got laid out with the cast!

[With Blackjack hanging onto Rogers' head, Travis Lynch slides back into the ring where his father uses the gloved hand to fling Rogers towards Travis who goes into a full spin...

...and CRACKS Rogers with a Discus Punch, knocking him flat in a crimson-covered mess!]

GM: Rogers is out! Donovan's out!

[Jack Lynch staggers through the ropes, looking weary as he pulls Dick Wyatt off the mat.]

GM: Wyatt can barely stand after the right hand!

[Donovan has rolled out to the floor, clutching his head as the bloodied Rogers curls up on the canvas, leaving plenty of room for the Lynches to move. Jack looks at Wyatt, holding him up by the hair at full arm extension. He raises his gloved hand, staring dead in the eyes of the last member of the Beale Street Bullies standing...]

GM: Lock it on him, Jack! End this thing!

[But suddenly, Blackjack Lynch steps in, yanking Wyatt out of his eldest son's hands.]

GM: What the-?!

[The Texas legend buries a boot into the gut of Dick Wyatt, quickly stepping into a standing headscissors. Before anyone can say a word, he's got Wyatt up in position, dangling upside down, pleading for mercy...]

GM: Wait! Don't do-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts quite split as Blackjack Lynch spikes Dick Wyatt's skull into the canvas with the piledriver. There's initially a large explosion of cheers for the Bullies getting what they had coming to them that settles into an uncomfortable buzz at what they just saw. Even Jack and Travis look a bit shocked as Blackjack kneels on the mat, planting a gloved hand on Wyatt's chest as the referee counts a quick one, two, three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It's over. Dick Wyatt's skull was just driven into the canvas by Blackjack Lynch... payback for his son, James, who presumably is watching this somewhere. The Beale Street Bullies took James Lynch away from his wrestling career... and Blackjack Lynch may have just returned the favor.

[The patriarch of the Lynch family climbs to his feet, wiping the blood from his eyes with his gloved hand before the official raises his hand in victory...

...and then promptly signals for medical help for Dick Wyatt.]

GM: Blackjack Lynch pulls his sons together, speaking to them now so that only they can hear him.

[We can see nods from both Travis and Jack as Blackjack pulls them to the ropes, exiting the ring and leaving the Beale Street Bullies bloodied and broken.]

GM: The Bullies are done! For one year, the Bullies can no longer team together.

BW: Dick Wyatt's probably done for more than that!

GM: Blackjack Lynch said that one way or another, this was ending tonight... and I think he meant it, Bucky.

BW: That man is a coldhearted son of a bitch, Gordo.

GM: Bucky!

BW: I'm sorry but it's true. He may be a hero to these people but the pages of history are soaked in the blood he's drawn from countless opponents all over the globe... and especially here in Dallas.

[The Lynch family makes their exit, now drawing more cheers as the crowd starts to absorb what's going on. A medical team comes rushing down the aisle, pushing a stretcher in front of them.]

GM: Dr. Ponavitch's team is on their way out here. I think Dick Wyatt's heading to the hospital after that, Bucky.

BW: No doubt about it. Dick Wyatt may have just been finished right here and now.

GM: We need to clear some room from our spot here at ringside for the medical team, fans. Let's go back to the locker room where I'm told Mark Stegglet is trying to get a word with Supreme Wright! Mark?

[We crossfade to a shot backstage, where we see Mark Stegglet standing by with Supreme Wright. The new "Mr. Steal the Spotlight" is wearing his fighter's robe, but it is left open, showing that he is still in his wrestling gear.]

MS: Hey there folks, I'm here with Supreme Wright, who earlier tonight, won that amazing twenty man, four team "Steal the Spotlight" match! With this victory, Supreme, you've earned the right to make any match of your choosing...and there's really no doubt on anyone's mind what you intend to use the contract for.

[Looking like a man that had a tremendous burden lifted from his shoulders, Supreme manages a slight grin.]

SW: Am I really that predictable, Mr. Stegglet?

[And just as quickly, that miniscule smile on Supreme's face disappears, replaced by an all-too-familiar impassive glare.]

SW: But then again, I've hardly made it a secret what my goal has been all along. You're absolutely right, Mr. Stegglet. When I have the opportunity to do so, I'm going to use the contract I've won, to challenge for the AWA World Heavyweight title.

MS: Do you know when you plan to challenge for the title?

[A dangerous smirk forms on the corner of his lips.]

SW: That's confidential information, Mr. Stegglet. I should be able to keep at least one secret to myself, shouldn't I?

[His eyes narrow.]

SW: By winning Steal the Spotlight, I've taken control of my own destiny. I don't have to jump through any more hoops to convince the Championship Committee that I'm "worthy" of a title shot. I don't have to win a tournament or another battle royal to earn my shot. No...the next time I step into that ring to challenge for the AWA World Title, it's going to be under MY terms.

[He visibly relaxes.]

SW: But for now, I'm gonna' sit back and enjoy the rest of the show.

[Stegglet smiles and nods, before extending his hand to Supreme.]

MS: Well, Supreme congratulations on your win and good lu-

[Just then, Karl O'Connor walks into the shot, drawing a look of surprise from both Stegglet and Wright.]

MS: President O'Connor, what are you doing here?

[O'Connor stares directly at Wright.]

KOC: Supreme, I need to have a word with you.

[His eyes move towards Stegglet and then towards the camera.]

KOC: Alone.

[Supreme nods and the duo walk off, leaving behind a confused Mark Steggle.]

MS: A puzzling development back here in the locker room. We'll try and see if we can find out what that's all about. Fans, coming up next, the World Tag Team Titles will be on the line when the challengers, Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds, take on the champions, the Blonde Bombers for the gold. Speaking of Steal The Spotlight, Skywalker Jones is cashing in Steal The Spotlight here tonight for this title shot so that just goes to show how important that win is for Supreme Wright. Let's hear first from the challengers and then from the champions!

[The words "RECORDED EARLIER TODAY" flash across the top of the screen as we open to a shot of Jason Dane, standing by with Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds. Jones is dressed stylishly in a tailor-made charcoal pinstripe suit and designer sunglasses. Standing behind him, with his arms folded over his chest is the monstrous Hercules Hammonds, dressed in an all-black suit.]

JD: Gentlemen, tonight you face The Blonde Bombers for the AWA World Tag Team titles. This match has become deeply personal, as The Bombers attacked and injured your personal ring announcer, Buford P. Higgins. Your thoughts going into tonight's match?

[Jones removes his sunglasses and places them in his suit pocket, looking quite serious in his demeanor.]

SJ: Lets get one thing straight, little man... it didn't JUST become personal. Call it ego...call it professional jealousy...call it whatever ya' please, but it HAS been personal between us and The Blonde Bombers for a good, long while.

We NEVER forgot about what happened at The Stampede Cup.

JD: You faced The Bombers in the semi-finals of The Cup in what many have called the Match of the Year...but you've held a grudge against them for THAT long?

SJ: Of course we have, Dane! What self-respecting competitive athlete wouldn't? There's only ONE blemish on our record and it was because of The Blonde Bombers!

Make no mistake about it, The Blonde Bombers are a great team. I repeat... a GREAT team. The Stampede Cup champions. The first-ever AWA World Tag Team champions. The consensus NUMBER ONE TAG TEAM IN ALL THE WORLD!

But before there was a Stampede Cup in their trophy case, before there were World Titles around their waist...The Blonde Bombers gamed the system! Lied, cheated and stole their way to a second round bye in the Stampede Cup! Stepped into the ring with Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds after we'd gone to war with The Bishop Boys...and \_still\_ they



had to go through hell and BACK to win that match!

[Jones isn't loud and boisterous as he says this like he usually would be, but there's fire and passion in his words.]

SJ: And I know the result must've shook Larry Doyle. In his little mind, it SHOULDN'T have been that close. He must still feel that chill deep in his bones even now, because ever since his boys escaped by the hairs of their chinny-chin-chins against us at the Cup, they've AVOIDED us. They've ATTACKED us at every opportunity. They've done everything in their power to CRUSH us...

...but we're still standing!

[He turns his attention back to Dane.]

SJ: Ya' see, they've hurt ME, they've hurt HERC, they've hurt BUFORD...but this is about SO much more than just simple revenge!

[Standing behind Jones, we suddenly hear the booming, bass voice of Hercules Hammonds.]

HH: It's 'bout PRIDE.

[Hammonds' expression is about fifty shades of mean and bad intentions.]

HH: It's 'bout beatin' some RESPECT into 'dem boys.

[He doesn't raise his voice, but his forceful tone is filled with intimidation.]

HH: It's 'bout layin' a WHUPPIN' on Royalty and showin' 'dem that this AIN'T their playground no more.

[Herc stares straight into the camera.]

HH: Ya' see, Larry Doyle's gotta' sharp tongue. That little Canuck will say any lie 'til you start to believe it. And he's told you from day one, VERSION one...that his Bombers were the greatest tag team in the world. And he said it every day. EVERY DAY. Again and again. Said it 'til he was blue in the face and y'all started to believe it.

"The Bombers are the best in the world."

[He laughs a short laugh, without mirth.]

HH: But we'll show you...we'll show the WORLD...that the greatest team was ALWAYS me and Jones.

[Jones nods approvingly at his tag team partner's words.]

SJ: This time, Larry Doyle, when your boys step into that ring...there ain't no tournament bye to protect'em! There ain't no snot-nosed Alaskan punk

kid barely outta' his diapers to throw in the towel to save'em! There ain't no fat man with creaky knees standing across from you in that ring!

NAH!

Bradley Jacobs and Kenny Stanton! It's time to wake up! The dream is OVER! Open your eyes and face reality! Walk into that ring and confront your destiny! Larry Doyle can't protect and coddle you forever! You're a facing a team that gave you the greatest fight of your lives! You're facing two elite athletes at the PRIME of their lives! You're facing the two men in the world that you DON'T wanna' face!

[Jones loosens his tie and leans in closer towards the camera.]

SJ: And by the time me and Herc get through with you, there ain't gonna' be a debate! There ain't gonna' be any doubt on anyone's mind who the greatest tag team in the world is! It ain't gonna' be a question of who's the best, anymore! The only questions that people will askin' after SuperClash are...

HH: Who Larry Doyle?

[Jones shrugs his shoulders.]

SJ: Not a clue!

HH: Who The Bombers?

[Jones shakes his head.]

SJ: Can't even remember!

HH: Who Royalty?

[Jones cups a hand to his hear.]

SJ: Mind repeating that for me, Herc?

[Hammonds says it slightly louder.]

HH: Who Royalty?

SJ: Can't quite hear ya'!

[He says it again, loud enough to almost be a shout.]

HH: WHO ROYALTY!?!?!?

[Jones smiles and laughs.]

SJ: \_Exactly.\_

[And with that, Hammonds and Jones walk off as we fade back to a live shot of Mark Stegglet who is standing alongside the manager of the World Tag Team Champions, "Hollywood" Larry Doyle.]

MS: Mark Stegglet here with Larry Doyle, manager of the AWA World Tag Team Champions, the Blonde Bombers. Larry-

LD: I'll take it from here, Stegglet, go eat yourself some turkey.

[Doyle grabs the microphone, and shoos Mark away.]

LD: It's been one year since Larry Doyle brought the Blonde Bombers back from the Orient. It's been one year since I unleashed the greatest tag team y'all have ever seen, and we cut a swathe through the AWA.

Whether it was here in an AWA ring or elsewhere around the world, the Blonde Bombers had a year like none other. The Blonde Bombers set a template that every other tag team wishes they could follow, an' I'm lookin' right at you when I say that, Jones and Hammonds.

Lookit your style, an' then look back at the Bombers. In Stanton and Jacobs, ya go the perfect combination of size and speed, style and strength, sizzle and steak. An' then ya got yours truly, Sir Lawrence of Doyle, the Mayor of Larryland. The brains of the operation.

[Larry points to his head and laughs, and then points at the camera.]

LD: Then I see you three impostors, you three wannabes, and it doesn't take the head cashier at WalMart to see who you're trying to be like. Except y'all ain't got what we got. You're just pretenders to the Royalty throne.

I'll take Kenny Stanton every day of the week over Skywalker Jones. Wasn't too long ago that you were tradin' holds and emojis with a moody flyweight from Seattle, Clarence, don't think we forgot that. And Hercules Hammonds, pale imitation of your old man. Maybe no one else knows that but me, but I was IN the Gulf Coast with your pops, I managed your daddy and I'll tell ya right now if he saw who you was hangin' around with, he'd be ashamed.

The REAL Hercules Hammonds, the one I knew in Louisiana, he would NEVER let some second rate, hooked on phonics worked for me, pants wettin' windbag do his speakin' for him!

But me, Larry Doyle?

Hahaha, after this demolition, I'd love to talk business with ya, see if I can get ya out of the doldrums you're currently holed up in.

See, what you two don't understand...

[Doyle jabs a finger at the camera.]

LD: Is that there's a bigger world these Bombers have dominated. We're talkin' retiring the War Pigs, slappin' around those Lynch Boys, re-breakin' Danny Morton's arm, all overseas. And that wasn't even televised! You can name every brass ring there is to grab, and the Bombers took it.

Stampede Cup? Won it.

AWA World Tag Team Titles? Won 'em.

AWA National Tag Team Titles? Retired 'em.

The Bishop Boys, hands down the greatest tag team the AWA's ever seen til us? Split 'em up and now they're a shell of what they ever were!

We've done more in one year than most teams have in a lifetime. So when you wonder why we pulverized that puny piefaced pipsqueak named Higgins, it was to give you boys an inkling of what it takes to be the best.

And when you look across this ring tonight at SuperClash, at the team you're gonna have to beat to win these tag team titles...

[Stanton and Jacobs now materialize, flanking Doyle on either side.]

LD: ...don't look at the men. Look at the belts, look at the history, look at the mystique. Look at the monsters who have redefined greatness in tag team wrestling, who set a template that you two have tried to copy and failed...

...and remember a line our good friend Todd Michaelson used to say around this time every year.

No Imitations Accepted.

Happy one year, Blonde Bombers. Here's to many more.

[We fade away from the champions to a live shot of the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a one hour time limit and it is for the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM TITLES!

[The crowd responds with a loud roar for the title match!]

PW: Introducing first... they are the challen-

[Suddenly, a familiar voice booms over the PA system...]

"WAIT JUST ONE, SINGLE, SOLITARY COTTON-PICKIN' MINUTE THERE, PLAYA!"

[HUGE POP!]

GM: OH MY STARS! HE'S BACK!!!

BW: Impossible! The Bombers took him out! Larry Doyle said he was gone for good!

[...and the crowd roars HUGE at the sight of Buford P. Higgins! SkyHerc's personal ring announcer is dressed to the nines in his usual all-white suit and a stylishly decorated neckbrace complete with wrapped around bowtie. Not seen since he was attacked by The Blonde Bombers, Higgins is greeted by a loud ovation from the fans as he makes his way down to the ring, gold microphone in hand.]

BPH: If any of you thought for a single moment that anything was gonna' stop the oratorical master, the lyrical miracle, the man who speaks so divine...that the experience is downright \_spiritual...the man with the silky smooth delivery that makes your lips quiver and your body shiver, BUFORD P. HIGGINS, from fulfilling his ring announcing duties tonight, then you were sorely mistaken!

[The crowd gives a round of applause for Buford, as he enters the ring. He walks up to Phil Watson with a big smile on his face.]

BPH: Now then, Philly Watson...say your line!

[Phil blinks in confusion for a moment, before grinning and turning his attention back to the crowd.]

PW: And now, Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds' personal ring announcer...Buford P. Higgins!

[Big Pop!]

BPH: To the fine ladies and the dapper gents in the crowd...to the people watching live and worldwide on pay-per-view!

[Higgins motions for the crowd to stand up.]

BPH: UP! UP! UP!!! Outta' your seat and on your feet...because it's ONCE AGAIN, time to witness, the greatest, most amazing, deft-defying, breathtaking show on Earth! These are the men who will be your next AWA World Tag Team Champions!!!

[The crowd roars ever louder!]

BPH: They come in tonight weighing in at a universally pleasing, lust inducin', female arousin'...FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN POUNDS! I'm talkin' about the man with more cuts than a congressional budget! The lady's number one selection! The personification of physical perfection! He is the strongest man in ALLLLL the land!

HERCULES!

HERCULES!

HERCULLLEEEEEEESSS HAMMONDS!

And his tag team partner...with all due respect Supreme Wright, this man will ALWAYS be Mister "Steal the Spotlight"! You gotta' raise your heads to see him, 'cause quite simply, he's on a whole different level! The man with the skills of a god and the charm of the devil! The man of your daughter's dreams and Larry Doyle's nightmares! THEE most excitin', thrillin', wish fulfillin' showman in alllllll of wrestlin'!

Sing along with me, 'cause I know you all know the lyrics, people!

[A big obnoxious grin forms on Buford's face as the crowd roars their approval.]

BPH: Sky.

"SKY!!!"

BPH: Walker.

"WALKER!!!"

[Deep breath now!]

BPH:

JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE  
EESSSSSSSSSS!!!!

["We Own It" by 2 Chainz and Wiz Khalifa begins to play, plays as a throng of cheerleaders burst through from the entrance, cheering on the men that emerge from behind the curtain. Dressed in a full-length furcoat, worn over his well-chiseled, bare torso is Skywalker Jones, seated atop the shoulders of the massive Hercules Hammonds. From his seat, high atop the world, Jones "makes it rain", tossing a large handful of dollars into the air as it floats back down into the crowd. While Hammonds is dressed in no-nonsense, standard black wrestling trunks and boots, Jones is wearing full-length black tights with "Mr. Steal the Spotlight" written on the sides.

Stopping about halfway down the rampway, Jones removes his furcoat and hops off Hammonds shoulders. He then takes a step back and suddenly breaks out into a sprint, before leaping over the top rope in a somersault, landing on his back and rolling back up to his feet, before grabbing Higgins in a huge bearhug!]

GM: Reunited and it feels so good - the gang's all here, Bucky!

BW: I love me some Buford as much as the next man but he oughta watch his step tonight. The Bombers took him out of the picture once and you better believe they'll be perfectly willing to do it again right here tonight with the whole world watching.

GM: I have a feeling the Bombers have BIGGER problems to deal with tonight - like their challengers who seem to be primed and ready to win the gold right here tonight.

BW: They can stand back there in the locker room and shout "Who Royalty?" all day long but that don't mean they're gonna make anyone ask that question when this night's over. We just as easily could be sitting here in a year's time saying, "Whatever happened to Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds?"

GM: The challengers have hit the ring... these fans are solidly behind them here tonight. But now, it's time to meet the champs. Phil Watson, the floor is yours, my friend.

[Phil Watson steps up, gripping the mic in hand once again.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The sounds of "F\*\*\*in' In The Bushes" by Oasis comes across the PA to a big negative reaction from the sold-out crowd.]

PW: Being led to the ring by their manager, "Hollywood" Larry Doyle...

[Boos pour down on the outspoken manager.]

PW: And representing Royalty...

[More boos for the dastardly faction.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 504 pounds... they are the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

Kenny Stanton and Brad Jacobs...

THE BLONNNNNNNNNNDE BOMMMMMMMBERRRRRRRS!

[The curtain parts as Larry Doyle strides through first, shouting at anyone in earshot. He gestures wildly at the ring, screaming about "that loudmouth ham and egger."]

GM: I'm assuming he's talking about Buford P. Higgins. I don't think Doyle had any idea that he was returning here tonight.

BW: I heard he was still laid up with that neck. I'm as surprised as Hollywood Larry is.

[Doyle shouts a few more times at the ring, standing in one red cowboy boot and one dress shoe. He turns to point to the curtain where the World Tag Team Champions emerge.]

Kenny Stanton is the first one through, a young kid with an athletic build that has put on some muscle over the past year. He's got long blonde hair that hits his shoulders. He gestures to the title belt secured around his waist and then jerks a thumb over his shoulder to his larger partner.

Brad Jacobs is a mean looking African-American man, built to the hilt. His bulging biceps reveal a "305" tattoo on his left shoulder and a barbed wire tattoo wrapped around his right bicep. His blonde faux hawk rounds out the ensemble as he slaps the title belt slung over his right shoulder.]

GM: Larry Doyle recapped the last year for this team in excellent fashion. They returned to the AWA at SuperClash IV after spending a lengthy period of time in Japan honing their skills. It wasn't long after that they won the Stampede Cup, becoming the very first World Tag Team Champions in the process. Shortly after that, they defeated the Bishops Boys to unify the World and National Tag Team Champions.

BW: Essentially, for the past year, these guys have been THE TEAM in all of wrestling. No one else has even come close.

GM: Until tonight as Skywalker Jones makes the ultimate sacrifice. He could have cashed in his Steal The Spotlight contract he won earlier in the year from November to take his shot at Calisto Dufresne and the World Heavyweight Title but it was more important for him that he and Hercules Hammonds would get their shot at the Bombers. Will that strategy pay off? We're about to find out.

[Stanton slips through the ropes as Doyle walks along the apron to their corner. Brad Jacobs steps in, instantly barking loudly across the ring at Hercules Hammonds who returns fire with some strong words of his own.]

GM: There's definitely some bad blood between these two teams, fans... and it's about to boil over right here at SuperClash V with the entire wrestling world watching!

[Doyle waves his team to their corner, not wanting them to jump the gun. The trio huddles up, discussing strategy as referee Marty Meekly holds the two title belts high over his head, presenting them to the crowd.]

GM: That's what this is all about, fans. The World Tag Team Titles. The symbol of excellence in tag team wrestling. If you wear those titles, that means you're the best in the world at what you do and over the past year, the Blonde Bombers have proven to be exactly that.

BW: And with the Stampede Cup just around the corner, you're also fighting to be a top seed in the tournament and get yourself a favorable first round matchup.

GM: That's exactly right.

[The belts are handed off to the timekeeper as the two sides figure out who will be starting off for their squad.]



GM: It looks like it'll be Skywalker Jones starting for the challengers... and Kenny Stanton for the champions.

[The two teams trade final words with each other before the referee calls for the bell to start the match.]

GM: And we're off and running here in the World Tag Team Title match at SuperClash V!

[Jones and Stanton circle one another, jawjacking a bit as they try to get into the heads of their opponents. We can hear Larry Doyle running his mouth from out on the floor as well.]

GM: Larry Doyle making his presence known as well. Let's hope he's the only member of Royalty we get out here during this one. Dave Cooper and Calisto Dufresne are certainly watching, fans.

BW: If their brothers-in-arms need them, they'll be out here in a flash.

GM: That's what I'm afraid of.

[Jones and Stanton come together in a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Stanton is six foot two and 231 pounds while Jones checks in at six one and 220. A little shorter and a little lighter which could come into play as Stanton tries to muscle him back towards the ropes.

[But instead, Stanton ducks under, twisting Jones' arm up behind him in a hammerlock.]

GM: Stanton slides into the hammerlock. Remember, fans, Kenny Stanton is an AWA original. He was on the very first show - the very first AWA Saturday Night Wrestling. He had a competitive match and really impressed AWA officials with his fight and heart. He was brought into the Combat Corner for further training shortly after it.

BW: Of course, everyone knows about Skywalker Jones' days in the Combat Corner. You think they crossed paths there?

GM: They would have had to, Bucky. All four of these men, in fact, spent some time under the watch of Todd Michaelson in that warehouse training facility.

[Stanton continues to crank on the arm, forcing Jones out to the center of the ring where Jones attempts to throw a back elbow or two but comes up empty. He ducks under once, relieving the pressure, and then does it again to turn the tables with an overhand wristlock.]

GM: Jones with the reversal. We don't see a lot of mat wrestling out of Skywalker Jones who prefers the flashier, high flying, high risk, high impact offense but you better believe that if he did time in the Corner, he can go on

the mat as well. Todd Michaelson would expect nothing less out of his students.

[Jones grits his teeth, forcing Stanton down to a knee as he pushes down on the arm. Stanton reaches out, grabbing a leg and yanking it out from under Jones.]

GM: Nice single leg takedown out of Stanton.

[Back on his feet, Stanton uses his grip on the leg to attempt a half Boston Crab.]

GM: He's trying to turn Jones over in the half Crab!

[But Jones is fighting it, wiggling and struggling...

...which causes Stanton to abandon his plans, splitting the legs and stomping right down the middle!]

GM: Oh! The referee might want to check on that one... it looked like it might've hit low!

[Meekly is accusing Stanton of exactly that but Stanton gestures at his belt line, waving upwards to insist it was legal.]

GM: Stanton says it was a clean shot but I've got my doubts on that one.

[The camera cuts to Larry Doyle who professes it was "clean as a whistle!" to the cameraman.]

BW: If Hollywood Larry says it was clean, I believe it, Gordo.

GM: You would.

[Back on his feet now, Stanton grabs a rising Jones by the hair, dragging him backwards to the corner where he slaps Brad Jacobs' hand.]

GM: And in comes Big Bad Brad off the exchange.

[Jones quickly backpedals, wanting no part of Jacobs in the Bombers' corner. Jacobs comes out quickly, looking for a tieup but Jones ducks under, causing Jacobs to sail past him to a cheer from the crowd.]

GM: Skywalker Jones will certainly have a speed advantage against Brad Jacobs who is carrying around 275 pounds of muscle.

[Jones makes sure he doesn't back into the Bombers' corner, shouting something at Larry Doyle who fires off a few words in response as Jacobs catches up to Jones, rushing into a collar and elbow, pushing Jones backwards towards the ropes...

...where Jones ducks out, causing Jacobs to fall chestfirst into the ropes. Embarrassed, he slams his powerful arms down on the top rope to cheers as Jones scampers away, waving for Jacobs to try again.]

GM: Skywalker Jones likes to use his speed and quickness to frustrate his opponents and that's what he's doing to Brad Jacobs right now. Jacobs has a hot temper and Jones knows it.

[A frustrated Jacobs even takes a moment to threaten Hercules Hammonds who is standing out on the apron. Hammonds is ready for action, drawing back his fist as Jacobs steps back.]

GM: If Brad Jacobs is looking for a fight, Hercules Hammonds isn't about to back down from one.

BW: Jacobs needs to keep his cool. He's got the matchup he wants in there. He wants the smaller man in there so that he and Stanton can work him over, tire him out. He doesn't want any part of Hammonds... not yet.

[Jacobs is fuming as he steps out to the middle, tying up with Jones yet again. This time, the big powerhouse from Miami backs Jones into the corner with ease. The referee steps in, calling for a clean break as Jones wedges his knee between he and Jacobs, trying to create some space...

...when suddenly Jacobs steps back, throwing an overhead forearm smash that Jones ducks under, racing out of the corner as Jacobs' arm slams down into the turnbuckles. The crowd cheers again as an annoyed Jacobs kicks the bottom rope in anger.]

GM: Jones continues to do a good job of using his speed to his advantage.

BW: Yeah, but what happens when Brad Jacobs finally catches up with him?

GM: I'm sure Skywalker Jones is hoping we don't even find out.

[Jacobs turns, stalking towards Jones who backpedals, walking right back into the neutral corner.]

GM: Uh oh. Jones ran out of room and-

[Big Bad Brad comes in swinging, throwing another overhead forearm that Jones ducks under, avoiding it as Jacobs hits the buckles. Jones swings him around, cracking him with a right hand on the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Big shot by Jones!

[Jones immediately scampers back, a big grin on his face as Jacobs rubs his jaw. The referee warns Jones for the closed fist as Jacobs howls in anger, causing Larry Doyle to gesture for him.]

GM: Jacobs and Doyle are going to have a little pow wow here.

[Doyle whispers to Jacobs, gesturing at Jones repeatedly. The big man nods as he rises back to his feet, suddenly a lot calmer.]

BW: Good idea by Hollywood there to settle his man down. He saw him losing his cool and knew it could cost them in a big way if he couldn't get him under control.

[The two men come together again. Jacobs immediately uses his strength to bully Jones up against the ropes, pushing hard as the referee steps in, calling for a break...

...but Jacobs throws a knee up into the gut of Jones as he steps back!]

GM: Oh! Not a clean break by Brad Jacobs as he throws that knee to the midsection. He's going to shoot him across here.

[Jacobs grabs an arm, whipping Jones across the ring.]

GM: Jones hits the far side, ducks the clothesline...

[Jones bounces off the ropes again, coming on fast as he leaps into the air, throwing himself into a crossbody...

...but Jacobs snatches him out of the sky, catching him across his body!]

GM: Oh my! Jacobs caught the 220 pounder like he was nothing, holding him up there across his chest and... boom! Big bodyslam down to the canvas!

[Jones flails about on the mat as Jacobs strikes a big most muscular pose before dashing towards him, leaping up for an elbowdrop...

...but Jones rolls aside, causing Jacobs to slam armfirst into the mat!]

GM: He misses the elbow!

[The big man rolls to his feet, clutching his arm as Jones gets to his feet, grabbing at his lower back.]

GM: Both men took a bit of damage on that exchange... and it looks like Hercules Hammonds has seen enough! He wants in there and he wants in there right now!

[Jones grins as he slaps the big man's hand, bringing him into the match for the first time to big cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Six foot five, 296 pounds from Tupelo, Mississippi! Hercules Hammonds is the powerhouse of his squad... and despite Kenny Stanton asking for the tag, it looks like Brad Jacobs is staying in there. He wants to go power for power, muscles for muscles with Hammonds!

[The two men circle one another, the crowd roaring with anticipation as they prepare to do battle...

...and then surge into one another, locking up in a collar and elbow. The fans continue to cheer as they jostle for position, trying to outmuscle the other. Suddenly, Jacobs grabs hold of Hammonds' wrist, twisting it around into a full armtwist.]

GM: Surprising move right there.

BW: A smart one though. Hammonds has all that strength and power but if you take away his arm, you can forget about him deadlifting the combined weight of the world!

[Jacobs backs to his corner, slapping Kenny Stanton's hand.]

GM: The Bombers make the tag and-

[Stanton slingshots over the top, trying to grab the arm but Hammonds pulls it free, backing off before the Bombers can doubleteam him. The crowd cheers as Hammonds grins at the frustrated World Tag Team Champions.]

GM: They couldn't get in a doubleteam! Hammonds saw it coming and bailed out of their corner in a hurry... but Stanton grabs the arm, twisting it right back around.

[The powerful Hammonds easily reverses it, turning it into an armtwist of his own. But Stanton has better execution, grasping the wrist to reverse the hold once more...

...but Hammonds pulls his captured arm towards him, yanking Stanton into a shouldertackle that takes him off his feet!]

GM: Haha! Hammonds' power game is more than Kenny Stanton can handle at this point of the matchup. It's just too much for him.

BW: Stanton just needs to find a way to neutralize it. Once he does that, he can work Hammonds into the mat.

[Jacobs steps in, ready to throw down with Hammonds but Jones comes in on his partner's side, bringing all four into the ring to a big reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Uh oh! We've got trouble here! Marty Meekly wades right into the middle of all of this, trying to break this up before it gets ugly.

BW: Do your job in there, Meekly. Two men in and two men out. That's the way this works.

GM: I'm pretty sure Marty Meekly doesn't need you to tell him how a tag team match works.

BW: Coulda fooled me.

[Reluctantly, Jacobs and Jones both step back out to the apron. Again, we can hear Larry Doyle barking at the official who turns to shout something in response.]

GM: Doyle's already on the case of the referee who is doing an excellent job in this one so far if you ask me.

BW: Nobody did.

[Stanton strikes a double bicep pose, taunting Hammonds from across the ring. But then Hammonds returns fire with one of his own to a big cheer from the crowd. An annoyed Stanton rushes at Hammonds who sidesteps, throwing him chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Whoa!

[Stanton wobbles out, turning around to get grabbed under the arm and around the head...

...and HURLED three-quarters of the way across the ring with a massive biel throw, bouncing Stanton off the canvas!]

GM: What a throw by Hammonds!

[Stanton scrambles up off the mat to his feet, grabbing his back for a split second before charging in on Hammonds again...

...and bounces off him, falling down to the mat in a heap!]

GM: Haha! He tried to hit Hammonds with a shoulder tackle but there's not enough bulk behind that to do any sort of damage to the big man from Mississippi.

[Hammonds approaches the downed Stanton, pulling him off the mat where he twists the arm around, backing to the corner and slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes Skywalker Jones once again.

[Jones grabs the same arm, twisting Stanton's arm around a second time. Stanton winces in pain, hopping up and down on tip toe as he tries to find a way to free himself.]

GM: Jones is hanging onto the arm...

[With the arm trapped under his armpit, Jones continues to put pressure on the elbow and shoulder until Stanton buries a knee into the gut of Jones, breaking the hold. He grabs an arm...]

GM: Irish whip into the neutral corner.

[Stanton charges in after him but Jones leaps up, allowing Stanton to rush in under him...

...and then rolls through, taking Stanton down in a sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Stanton kicks out, the crowd going nuts for the pin attempt as both men scramble up to their feet, fists drawn back and at the ready but standing off with one another instead of attacking.]

GM: Jones caught him by surprise with the sunset flip but it wasn't enough to get a three count this early in the contest. I have a feeling this one could go for a while, Bucky.

BW: Two very strong teams that understand the stakes on the biggest show of the year. If this is anywhere close to their match at the Stampede Cup, we're in for quite the treat.

GM: One of the best matches of 2013 took place in the Semifinals of the Cup when the Bombers defeated SkyHerc to move on to the Finals. This is, of course, a rematch of that night.

[Stanton slowly extends his hands.]

GM: Is he looking for a test of strength?

BW: That's not really the game for either of these guys so that's a little unusual, Gordo.

[Jones looks puzzled but nods, stretching out his hands to meet Stanton's...

...who buries a boot into his gut instead!]

GM: Ohh! Stanton lured him in and goes downstairs!

[Winding up, Stanton throws a big right hand to the jaw, sending Jones falling back into the ropes. Stanton shakes out his hand as he approaches, grabbing the top rope and laying in a big knee to the gut.]

GM: Stanton's got him on the ropes, opening up here with a series of knees to the midsection. The referee steps in, forcing him to step back.

[But Stanton steps right back in, grabbing Jones by the arm.]

GM: Irish whip shoots him across...

[A big swinging haymaker from Stanton comes up empty as Jones does a front somersault roll underneath it, popping back up to his feet...

...and CRACKING Stanton on the chin with a back elbow!]

GM: Ohh!

[A stunned Stanton quickly gets caught with a pair of chops, knocking him back into the ropes where Jones grabs an arm, firing him across.]

GM: Stanton off the far side... ducks the chop...

[The Blonde Bomber hits the opposite ropes, springing off again. Jones leaps up, causing Stanton to go under him.]

GM: Leapfrog by Jones avoids Stanton who comes off a third time...

[Jones blindly leaps up this time, again leapfrogging over the incoming Stanton to a huge reaction.]

GM: Whoa! He didn't even see him and he still cleared him!

[And as Stanton bounces off the ropes one more time, he runs headlong right into a picture perfect dropkick to the chin that wipes him out. Jones gets up to a big cheer, grabbing Stanton by the arm and twisting it around before backing to the corner.]

GM: The tag is made... in comes Hammonds...

[With Stanton's arm trapped, Hammonds raises his muscular arms overhead, clasping his hands together...

...and SLAMS them down in a double axehandle on the arm!]

GM: The challengers are working well together, going after the arms of their opponents. Hammonds twists the arm around... and again! That puts a load of pressure on the arm as Hammonds applies the wristlock.

[Stanton backpedals, wincing in pain as Hammonds backs him towards the neutral corner...

...but Stanton fires a right hand to the jaw from his free hand!]

GM: Oh! Nice shot!

[The Dallas native grabs Hammonds by the back of the head, dragging him towards the neutral corner, smashing him facefirst into the turnbuckles. Hammonds wobbles out to the middle of the ropes where Stanton grabs an arm.]

GM: Stanton with the whip...

[He sets to hiptoss the rebounding Hammonds who easily reverses it, throwing Stanton down to the mat!]

GM: Reversal! And right back to the arm.



[Hammonds twists the arm again, reaching back to tag in Jones who slingshots over the ropes before smashing his elbow down on the trapped tricep.]

GM: Jones is back in. These two are making quick tags, continuing to attack a bodypart. And you have to be a little bit surprised by this gameplan from the challengers, Bucky.

BW: I am, Gordo. It's a lot more reserved and strategic than I expected. When you picture Skywalker Jones coming into a match, you imagine him flying around, diving from the rooftops. When you picture Hercules Hammonds coming into a match, you imagine him throwing people across the ring and doing unbelievable feats of strength. You don't picture them doing quick tags, wristlocks, and armbars.

[Jones uses his leg to trip up Stanton, shoving him down to the mat. He quickly pins Stanton's wrist to the mat, holding the arm down as Jones leaps up, dropping a knee onto the pinned arm!]

GM: Ohh!

[Stanton can be seen wincing in pain as Jones kicks up into the air a second time, driving his knee down on the limb. He stretches the arm out, planting a foot against the side of Stanton's head as he drops down to the mat, stretching the arm out.]

GM: A modified armbar there out of Jones - again showing the mat wrestling talents that he learned inside the Combat Corner.

BW: This is more of a stretch than an armbar. He's not going to get a submission out of a hold like this but he might do some more damage to that limb and at this stage of the match, that's just as important.

GM: Absolutely.

[With a foot under the armpit and one on the side of the head, Jones yanks on the hand and wrist, causing Stanton to cry out in pain. Doyle slides over near that side of the ring, shouting at Stanton, trying to give him advice as Stanton rolls to his side, rolling Jones' shoulders onto the mat as Stanton takes a knee.]

GM: One! Two!

[Jones slips a shoulder off the mat as Stanton pushes up to his feet. Stanton tries to push the shoulders down again but Jones uses his neck strength to bridge up off the mat, preventing another pin attempt. Annoyed, Stanton steps on Jones' face, raking his boot across the eyes!]

GM: Ohh, come on!

[The referee steps in, reprimanding Kenny Stanton who backs up, raising his hands as Jones rubs at his temporarily blinded eyes. Stanton shoves past Meekly, leaping up to drop an elbow down into the chest of Jones. He rolls to a knee, grabbing Jones by the afro to slam his fist repeatedly down between the eyes.]

GM: Stanton with a flurry of right hands, hammering Jones down to the mat... but pulls him right back up, shoving him back into the corner where Brad Jacobs is waiting.

[Jacobs slips an arm around the throat of Jones, choking him as Stanton opens up with a series of rights and lefts to the midsection of the Steal The Spotlight winner. The referee steps in, forcing Jacobs to let him go. Jacobs steps back, hands raised as Stanton slams a forearm into the sternum.]

GM: The Blonde Bombers are working Jones over in the corner, fans! This is where they wanted him all along and- there's the tag to Big Bad Brad!

[Jacobs comes in fast, smashing a forearm into the fleeing Jones' back, knocking him into the neutral corner. The big former football player winds up, slamming a second forearm into the kidneys.]

GM: Jacobs hits hard as Skywalker Jones would be able to attest to right about now. The former defensive tackle from the University of Miami is really hammering away at Jones.

[A big double axehandle knocks Jones down to a knee. Jacobs looks out at the jeering crowd, yanking Jones off the mat by the arm, flinging him into the closest set of turnbuckles.]

GM: Jones hits the corner hard and- ohh! Big back elbow takes him off his feet!

[Jacobs looks out at the crowd again, gesturing at them before doing the "belt" gesture.]

GM: Brad Jacobs is reminding these Dallas fans exactly why he's one-half of the World Tag Team Champions, Bucky.

BW: Jacobs is strong, he's tough, he's young and athletic. This kid's got a bright future in front of him, Gordo.

GM: He certainly does.

[Reaching down, Jacobs drags Jones off the mat. He ducks down, scooping him up into his powerful arms...

...and presses the smaller man up into the air!]

GM: Military press! He's got Jones waaaaay up high!

[Jacobs walks around the ring, holding the helpless Skywalker Jones high over his head. The crowd is buzzing at the impressive show of power before Jacobs hurls Jones down to the canvas. He nods at the jeering crowd, flexing his powerful right arm to even more boos.]

GM: Brad Jacobs with an impressive show of power and Skywalker Jones should start looking at getting across that ring and bringing Hercules Hammonds back into this match.

[With the arm flexed, Jacobs drops the right arm down in an elbow across Jones' chest. He scrambles up, dropping it again. He gets back up, dropping a third elbow into the chest!]

GM: Three big elbows... and Jacobs goes for the cover!

[Jones easily kicks out at two as Jacobs quickly transitions into a front facelock, grinding Jones' face into the canvas!]

GM: Jacobs slaps on that hold... and now he'll make Jones carry nearly three hundred pounds around the ring for a bit. That'll continue to wear down the gas tank of Skywalker Jones.

[As Jones battles to a knee, Jacobs switches his stance, grasping Jones under the chin with both hands, yanking back on the neck in a chinlock.]

GM: Jacobs is trying to wear down Jones as Stanton cheers him on from the corner. Brad Jacobs... Big Bad Brad if you will... is- ohh!

[The crowd groans as Jacobs slams a forearm down across the chest. Several similar blows land on the sternum before Jacobs shoves Jones down to the mat. Larry Doyle is applauding at ringside before shouting, "Bigger than Godzilla! Bigger than King Kong! Bigger than Calisto Dufresne's little black book!" to a nodding Jacobs.]

GM: Jacobs drags Jones off the mat...

[With Jones trapped in a front facelock, Jacobs muscles him up into a vertical suplex, holding Jones straight up and down...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...]

GM: Look at this, fans! Look at the power!

BW: Incredible! Skywalker Jones ain't a small man, Gordo, but Brad Jacobs is holding him up in that suplex forever!

[Jacobs continues to hold Jones upside down, actually starting to draw some impressed cheers from the crowd before finally bringing Jones down in a spine-rattling suplex after about thirty seconds delay!]

GM: Oh my! And Jacobs goes right to the cover!

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The shoulder comes up immediately, breaking the count. Jacobs pushes up to his knees, glaring at the referee before grabbing Jones by the ankle, dragging him back towards the Bombers' corner. He looks over to Stanton who gestures to his partner. Another nod follows Jacobs drags Jones off the canvas.]

GM: I thought we were getting a tag there but it looks like the Bombers have other ideas.

[Jacobs pumps his powerful right arm a few times, nodding his head as he moves into a high step running in place. He breaks into a sprint, racing towards the far ropes, rebounding back towards the staggered Jones...

...but Jones ducks under the running lariat, causing Jacobs to sail past. He slams on the brakes, wheeling around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PELE!! THE PELE KICK!!

[The crowd ERUPTS for Jones doing a backflip, catching Jacobs right between the eyes with a kick! Jacobs stands stoic for a moment before collapsing facefirst to the mat.]

GM: Jones caught him with the flipping kick... and he's crawling for the corner!

[But he doesn't get anywhere near it as a dazed Jacobs slaps Stanton's hand. Stanton rushes in, leaping up to drop an elbow down on the back of Jones' head.]

GM: Stanton cuts him off! The Bombers aren't about to allow the tag!

[Stanton is on his feet in a flash, stomping the back of Jones' head repeatedly...

...and then swinging around to crack Hammonds with a right hand!]

GM: Ohh!

[A furious Hammonds steps in as Stanton ducks behind the official, dropping to his knees to throttle Jones, choking him with both hands as the fans jeer.]

GM: He's choking him, ref! He's choking him!

[The referee forces Hammonds from the ring as Buford P. Higgins is screaming at the referee, pointing at the choke. Stanton breaks before the official can spot it, grabbing an ankle to drag him back to the Bombers' half of the ring.]

GM: Stanton drags Jones off the mat...

[Stanton SNAPS him over in a lighting-quick suplex. He floats over, applying a lateral press but again only gaining a two count.]

GM: Two count only again! The Bombers are working Skywalker Jones over at a relentless pace but they've only been able to gain a two count so far in this World Tag Team Title matchup.

[Stanton climbs to his feet, slapping Jacobs' hand.]

GM: The tag is made to Big Bad Brad.

[With both Bombers in the ring, Jacobs grabs Jones by the arm, whipping him into the neutral corner. Stanton rushes across the ring, leaping into the air to squash Jones in the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Shades of Supernova with the flying splash in the corner!

[Jacobs comes tearing across the corner after his partner, smashing Jones into the buckles with a running avalanche!]

GM: Big doubleteam!

[Jones comes wobbling out of the corner into Jacobs' waiting arms as he hoists the smaller man up...

...and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a standing spinebuster!]

GM: OH MY!! That might be it!

[Jacobs drops to his knees, planting his palms in the chest of Jones.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Hammonds steps in, burying a boot into the ribs to break up the pin attempt.]

GM: I don't know if that was going to be a three count but I know that Hercules Hammonds didn't want to take any chances with it.

[Jacobs rises to his feet, pointing a menacing finger at Hammonds who waves him forward, stalking up and down the apron, jumping up and down with eagerness to get into the ring.]

GM: Hammonds is a wreck out there. He wants in there so badly!

[Big Bad Brad pulls a dazed Skywalker Jones off the canvas, wrapping both hands around Jones' throat...

...and lifting him high into the air in a double choke!]

GM: He's choking him again! Jones is struggling to breathe and-

[At the count of four, Jacobs hurls Jones down to the canvas. He dusts himself off, glaring at Hercules Hammonds who grabs the top rope with both hands, shaking it and shouting at Jacobs.]

GM: We're closing in on the fifteen minute mark of this match. Plenty of time remaining for these two magnificent teams as they battle to be recognized as the best tag team in the world today.

[Jacobs drags Jones off the mat into a front facelock, pulling him to the corner where he tags in Kenny Stanton. Stanton quickly scales the buckles, leaping off with a forearm across the back!]

GM: Ohh! Nice doubleteam by the champions.

[Stanton stomps Jones several times, turning to glare across at Hercules Hammonds who paces back and forth down the apron.]

GM: Hammonds is going to explode out there on the apron. He wants inside there to help out his partner in the worst possible way.

[Stanton is all grins as he struts out to the middle of the ring, grabbing the back of his head and thrusting his hips in Hammonds' direction. An enraged Hammonds steps in again, getting cut off by the referee.]

GM: The referee's trying to hold Hammonds back and-

[Jacobs steps into the ring, helping Stanton in muscling Jones up into the air, dropping him throatfirst on the top rope before stepping back out!]

GM: Oh, come on! Illegal doubleteam behind the referee's back!

[Jones is down on the mat, gasping for air as Stanton smirks, strutting around the downed Skywalker Jones. The referee shouts at Stanton, gesturing at Jones' throat but Stanton ignores him as Hammonds and Higgins are shouting.]

GM: Stanton's dragging Jones off the mat by the hair...

[But Jones swings his legs up, lashing out and kicking Stanton in the face, knocking him down to the mat!]

GM: Jones is trying to get to his feet!

[Jones rolls to his knees as Stanton rushes back in at him, slamming a fist into the gut. A second right hand to the midsection sends Stanton stumbling back. The crowd is roaring as Jones tries to rally back to his feet.]

GM: Jones to his feet... another right hand downstairs!

[With Stanton doubled up, Jones grabs the top rope, turning towards the corner where Hercules Hammonds has his arm outstretched, begging for the tag.]

GM: He's almost there! Almost to the corner!

[Stanton rushes in again as Jones sidesteps, reaching out with his arm. He hiptosses Stanton TOWARDS the ropes, bouncing Stanton's legs off the top and sending him flipping back, smashing facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT IN THE WORLD WAS THAT?!

[And with Stanton down, Jones DIVES towards Hammonds!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as the Tupelo Terror stepping through the ropes, giving a roar as he pounds at his chest a few times...

...and rushes forward, knocking a rising Stanton right back down with a clothesline!]

GM: Hammonds is- OHHH! HE DROPS JACOBS OFF THE APRON TOO!

[A running leaping shouldertackle sends Jacobs sailing off the apron to the floor as the crowd ROARS in response! A pumped-up Hammonds spins around, stalking towards the rising Stanton, hooking a half nelson from behind...]

GM: Hammonds hooks him!

[The Mississippi native powers Stanton up off the mat, dropping down to a knee and DRIVING Stanton backfirst into the bent knee!]

GM: BACKBREAKER!! OH MY!

[Stanton is down on the mat, flailing about, kicking his legs as Hammonds stands over him, throwing his arms apart with another huge roar.]

GM: Hercules Hammonds is taking the fight to the Blonde Bombers!

[Hammonds grabs the rising Stanton off the mat, hooking the champion's arms under his own arms...

...and SLAMS his head into the chest of Stanton!]

GM: Headbutt! Another! Another!

[The crowd is roaring now as Hammonds lays in headbutt after headbutt after headbutt to the chest of the stunned Stanton...]

...and then steps back, using his grip to FLING Stanton up and over with an armtrap suplex!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! HAMMONDS IS BRINGING THE THUNDER TO STANTON!

[A furious Brad Jacobs slides into the ring, rushing towards Hammonds but the Tupelo native wheels around, spotting him in time to catch him coming in, turning to HURL Jacobs back into the corner!]

GM: He tosses the three hundred pounder to the buckles like he's nothing!

[Hammonds stomps into the corner, leaning down to grab the middle rope...]

GM: Shoulder to the gut!

[The crowd is roaring as Hammonds delivers shoulder after shoulder to the midsection. After a half dozen shoulder tackles to the ribs, Hammonds straightens up, holding a finger to his lips to silence the crowd...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OVERHEAD SLAP TO THE CHEST! MY GOD!

[Hammonds backs off, shrugging his shoulders several times and spinning around, charging in on Jacobs...]

...but Jacobs sidesteps, HURLING Hammonds shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost, sending him sailing through the ropes and all the way down to the barely-padded concrete floor below!]

GM: OHHHH! INTO THE STEEL!

BW: The referee's telling Jacobs to get out to the apron. He's ordering him out there. Remember, Kenny Stanton is still the legal man, Gordo!

GM: That's right. He is.

[Stanton rolls out to the floor, pulling Hammonds off the floor by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: Irish whip into the steel by Stanton!



[Stanton slumps to a knee from the effort behind the whip. Larry Doyle slides alongside him, shouting and gesturing at Hammonds who is leaning against the steel railing for support.]

GM: Stanton's on his feet, waving a hand to clear the fans out...

["Smooth" Kenny goes rushing across the ring, leaving his feet with a spectacular running dropkick that topples Hammonds over the railing into the front row of ringside!]

GM: Ohh! Stanton puts him into the crowd!

[Stanton climbs to his feet, rolling back into the ring...

...where he immediately tells the referee to start a ten count.]

GM: Stanton wants the ref to start counting! He wants the countout to end this thing!

BW: Of course he does! Why shouldn't he want the countout to end it? He's a ten count away from walking out of SuperClash V as one-half of the World Tag Team Champions!

GM: You'd love to see this one end in the middle of the ring with a pinfall or a submission but countouts and disqualifications are part of the game, fans. And Hercules Hammonds needs to find a way to get back over that railing and back inside the ring or the Bombers are going to retain the World Tag Team Titles.

[Climbing to his feet, Stanton waves for a count to go faster.]

GM: The count is on. It's up to three... now to four as Hammonds starts to stir in the front row...

[Hammonds slumps over the railing, dropping down to the floor at the count of five.]

GM: Hammonds needs to get up. He's down on the mat. The count is up to five but-

[With Higgins shouting encouragement from around the corner, Hammonds climbs to his feet, shaking his head as he slowly makes his way back towards the ring. As the count hits seven, Hammonds pulls himself up on the apron...

...where Stanton grabs the top rope, catapulting Hammonds over the ropes and down hard onto his back!]

GM: Ohh! Nice move by Stanton... and he makes a cover!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!!

[But the crowd ROARS as Hammonds shoves him off, powerfully tossing Stanton through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Hammonds powers out!

[And with Jones shouting to his partner, Hammonds shoves himself up to his knees, crawling across the ring as Stanton tries to recover out on the floor.]

GM: Hammonds is heading for the corner and-

[Stanton throws himself under the ropes into the ring, rushing towards Hammonds and burying a kick into the ribs!]

GM: Ohh! What a kick! Soccer style kick in the ribs!

["Smooth" Kenny grabs a foot, dragging Hammonds back towards the corner where he slaps Brad Jacobs' hand.]

GM: There's the tag and Big Bad Brad comes back in...

[Jacobs muscles Hammonds off the mat, whipping him across the ring, and knocking him flat with a running double axehandle across the chest!]

GM: Whoa! Shades of Ivan Kostovich with the Russian Hammer!

[Jacobs stands over Hammonds, striking a double bicep flex to the jeers of the crowd. His head snaps around, glaring at the fans before reaching down to drag Hammonds back to his feet.]

GM: There's the tag again... and Jacobs lifts Hammonds up in a bearhug!

[Stanton slips in, rushing to hit the far ropes, bouncing off to hit the near ropes...

...and leaves his feet, throwing a huge leg lariat across Hammonds' face!]

GM: OHHH! STANTON DELIVERS!

[Jacobs slips out as Stanton makes a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! T-

[Hammonds lifts a shoulder off the mat to break the pin. Stanton immediately grabs him by the head, hammering away with closed fists to the skull...

...and then slides over to tag Jacobs again.]

GM: The tag is made once more and the Bombers are working in tandem incredibly well tonight. They're showing why they're the best tag team in

the world. They're showing why they wear those World Tag Team Titles around their waists.

BW: They're doing everything you want a professional wrestling tag team to do, Gordo. EVERYTHING! They're making quick tags, they're cutting the ring in half, they're keeping the weakened man in. This is tag team wrestling at its finest!

[Jacobs muscles Hammonds up off the mat, nodding as he pulls him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: He's gonna powerbomb Hammonds!

[But Hammonds has other plans, first blocking the lift, and then straightening up, backdropping Jacobs down to the canvas to a huge cheer!]

GM: He backdropped him! Hammonds backdrops Jacobs to the mat!

[Hammonds turns to the corner, stretching out his hand and wobbling across the ring to where Skywalker Jones has his hand out, looking to make the exchange.]

GM: Jacobs tags in Stanton!

[Stanton slingshots over the top rope, rushing in to slam a forearm into the back of Hammonds' head, knocking him to his knees. "Smooth" Kenny winds up, raining down right hands on Hammonds, moving in front of him to put his body between Hammonds and Skywalker Jones.]

GM: He cut him off! Stanton cuts off Hammonds as he tries to get to the corner and-

[Suddenly, Hammonds rises up from his knees, holding Stanton up in powerbomb position!]

GM: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!!

[Hammonds surges forward, towards the corner, flinging Stanton towards the turnbuckles as Jones swings his legs up. Stanton slams backfirst into the corner as Jones throws an enzuigiri to the back of the skull at the same time!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A MOVE!! WHAT A DOUBLETEAM!!

[Hammonds lunges forward, slapping the hand of Skywalker Jones. The big man drags Stanton out of the corner, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip and-

[As Stanton rebounds back, Hammonds shoves him sky high as far as he can into the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK ON THE WAY DOWN!! DEAR GOD!!

BW: THE CALISTO KILLER!

[With Stanton laid out on the mat, Jones dives across his chest as Hammonds steps out of the ring.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! STANTON GETS THE SHOULDER UP!!

[Jones pushes up off the mat, burying his head in his hands for a moment before climbing back up to his feet. He leans down, slapping the canvas with both hands with a roar before pulling Stanton up, shooting him the short distance to the neutral corner...]

...and DROPPING one-half of the World Tag Team Champions with a cross chop throat thrust, knocking Stanton to the mat where he coughs violently!]

GM: Jones takes him down...

[Standing over Stanton, Jones reaches up to brush imaginary dirt off his shoulder before putting his impressive vertical to good use, driving an elbow right down into the heart of Kenny Stanton!]

GM: WHAT AN ELBOW!!

[Jones rolls to a lateral press, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! TH- SHOULDER UP!!

[Jones is quick to his feet this time, shaking his head as he drags Stanton off the mat by the arm, whipping him into a neutral corner before backing the distance to the far corner...]

...and sprinting across at top speed, leaping into the air to drive BOTH knees into the chest of a stunned Stanton!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[Stanton staggers out to a boot in the gut. Jones smirks, stepping forward into a standing headscissors as he double underhooks the arms to a TREMENDOUS reaction!]

GM: JONES HOOKS HIM UP!

[The former Combat Corner student lifts Stanton up into the air, flipping him over, and dropping down to his knees in his version of the Billion Dollar Bomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JONES DROPS HIM ON THE BACK OF HIS HEAD!!

[Grabbing the legs, Jones flips over the top in a double leg cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[A diving Brad Jacobs breaks up the pin with a forearm across Jones' chest!]

GM: Ohhh! Jacobs breaks up the pin!

[An irate Jacobs yanks Jones off the mat, hammering him with right hands as the referee shouts at Jacobs, trying to get him out of the ring...

...when suddenly Hercules Hammonds comes flying into the ring, hitting the ropes without anyone aware...]

GM: TUPELO TORPEDO!

[...and CONNECTS with a huuuuuge running tackle from the blindside, knocking Jacobs halfway across the ring and sending him falling out to the floor!]

BW: PERIOD!

GM: HAMMONDS CLEARS OUT JACOBS!!

[Turning back towards his partner, Hammonds grabs him abruptly, lifting him up into a Canadian backbreaker...

...and SWINGS him gutfirst down onto a prone Stanton!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[Hammonds aggressively marches across the ring, stepping out to the apron as Jones reaches back, grabbing a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd groans as Stanton lifts the shoulder, just barely breaking the pin in time!]

GM: He got the shoulder up! Stanton got the shoulder up! Just barely but he got it up in time!

[Jones climbs to his feet, shaking his head with surprise as he pulls Stanton off the mat, scooping him up and slamming him down to the mat.]

GM: Big scoop slam... and Skywalker Jones is about to make a SuperClash moment I have a feeling, fans!

[Jones steps out to the apron, the crowd buzzing with anticipation as he starts to scale the turnbuckles.]

GM: Skywalker Jones is heading to the top!

BW: This is his turf, daddy! This is what made him famous to begin with!

GM: Jones with a foot on the top rope... he's got so many weapons from that perch. What could be coming here? What does he have in his arsenal to finish off Kenny Stanton and win the World Tag Team Titles?!

[Jones steps to the top, steadying himself as he looks out on the soldout crowd, the flashbulbs firing at a feverish pitch...]

"IN YOUR FACE DISGRACE!"

[Jones prepares to leap...

...when suddenly Brad Jacobs is back in the ring, charging across at top speed!]

GM: JACOBS!

[Jones leaps off the top, doing the full somersault that he intended...

....and lands right on the shoulders of Brad Jacobs, his legs wrapped around Jacobs' head...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[...and SNAPS Jacobs over his head, throwing him bodily upside down into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: 450 RANA OFF THE TOP!! MY GOD!

[Jones springs back to his feet, grabbing a recovering Kenny Stanton by the the long blonde hair as he slaps the hand of his partner!]

GM: Tag to Hercules Hammonds! In comes the big man and he's looking to finish this thing!

[Grabbing Stanton by the hair, Hammonds tugs him into a wheelbarrow, muscling him up. Jones slips in, leaping up and dropping back down to drive Stanton's face into his raised knees!]

"OHHHHHHH!"

[The momentum bounces Stanton back up as Hammonds elevates him, tossing him overhead with a wheelbarrow suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That might be enough!

[Hammonds turns, crawling across Stanton's chest as Skywalker Jones stands guard, looking to the fans and counting along with the referee.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOYLE PULLS OUT THE REF!! DOYLE PULLS THE REF FROM THE RING!!

[Larry Doyle looks extremely happy with himself as he turns away from the shocked official...

...and gets BOOTED right between the legs by Buford P. Higgins!]

GM: BUFORD GOT HIM! PAYBACK IS A YOU KNOW WHAT!

[The referee slides back, gesturing for the match to continue as Skywalker Jones steps out to the apron, leaving his partner in the ring with Kenny Stanton.]

GM: Hammonds pulls Stanton off the mat...

[But before he can strike, Brad Jacobs comes tearing across the ring, flattening out and OBLITERATING Hammonds with a spear tackle!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!!

[Jacobs gets forced from the ring by Marty Meekly as Stanton slumps down, throwing himself across Hammonds.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ROARS as Buford P. Higgins gets even, yanking the referee from the ring!]

GM: Hah! Higgins returns the favor!

[The referee shouts at Higgins who begs off, pointing to Doyle. A frustrated Marty Meekly slides back into the ring as Stanton stumbles across, tagging in his partner.]

GM: Jacobs in on the tag...

[Jacobs yanks Hammonds off the mat, shoving him back into the Bombers' corner where he uncorks a standing clothesline... and another... and another...]

GM: A series of clotheslines in the corner!

[A whip sends Hammonds into the far corner where he stumbles out into a high speed spinning powerslam out of Jacobs!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Hammonds just BARELY lifts the shoulder to a roar from the crowd!]

GM: He almost got him! He almost got the three count right there!

[A frustrated Jacobs climbs to his feet, marching to the corner where he slaps the hand of a dazed Kenny Stanton who looks surprised but nods, slowly climbing the turnbuckles.]

GM: Stanton's headed up top and I think we know what that means!

[As the staggered Stanton FINALLY reaches his peak, Jacobs reaches back, hooks him...

...and HURLS him off the top, sending him sailing across the ring where he CRASHES down on Hammonds' raised knees!]

GM: THE ROCKET LAUNCHER IS COUNTERED!

[Stanton is on all fours, cradling his midsection in pain as Hammonds rolls to his side a few times, reaching up to slap his partner's hand as a furious Brad Jacobs steps out to the apron.]

GM: The tag is made to Skywalker Jones!

[Sucking up the pain, Jones deadleaps to the top in one bound, posing for a moment before a shout of "ZERO G!" gets a huge roar from the crowd. With a deep breath, Jones leaps into the air, sailing forward while flipping backwards...

...and CRASHES down on an on-all-fours Stanton's back!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[Jones flips Stanton over, diving across him.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE-

[A DESPERATE dive by Brad Jacobs breaks the pin attempt!]



GM: Unbelievable! Back and forth these two teams continue to go in this battle to be the best tag team in the world! Who can survive? Who can put the other team away?!

[Hammonds comes back in, lumbering in to drill a rising Jacobs with a right hand, knocking him back into the ropes. He steps back, throwing a bigger haymaker but Jacobs ducks, backdropping Hammonds over the ropes and down onto the ramp!]

GM: JACOBS SENDS HAMMONDS OUT!

[The referee gets in Jacobs' face, trying to get him out of the ring but Jacobs shoves him aside, grabbing a stunned Jones, and hoisting him up in an electric chair lift as Stanton rolls out to the apron.]

GM: Jacobs has got him up! This is how they won at the Cup!

[A dazed Stanton steadies himself and then leaps up, springing off the top rope...

....but Jones throws himself backwards, SPIKING Jacobs on top of his head with a reverse rana as Stanton sails over the top...]

GM: HAMMONDS!

[Right into the waiting arms of Hammonds who had crawled back into the ring, burying a boot into the gut of Stanton before muscling him up into the Canadian backbreaker. Jones scampers up, rushing to the corner where he deadleaps to the top...

...and then leaps off, driving his feet down onto the face of a trapped Stanton just before Hammonds HURLS him facefirst down in the Hammonds Hammer as Jones collapses to the mat!]

GM: OH MY GOD!!!

[Jones rolls to his side, making a wild lunge for a cover!]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of the bell as an exhausted Jones shoves himself to his knees, burying his face in his hands. Hammonds stumbles forward, lifting his partner off the canvas for a huge embrace as a very happy voice makes it official.]

BPH: YOUR WINNERS....AND NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEWWWWWWWWW AWA  
WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

[The sound of twenty thousand voices speaking in unison? You're hearing it now.]

BPH: HERCULES!

HERCULES!

HERCULLLEEEEEEESSS HAMMONDS!

AND...

SKY! WALKER!

[Deepest breath ever!]

BPH:

JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE  
EESSSSSSSSSS!!!!

[The sold-out crowd is on their feet, roaring in tribute to the new World Tag Team Champions who are celebrating their triumph alongside a leaping Buford P. Higgins who snatches up the title belts from Marty Meekly, handing them over to the new champions.]

GM: We've got new World Tag Team Champions in Hercules Hammonds and Skywalker Jones and what a moment this is here in Dallas, fans! Larry Doyle tried to interfere. Brad Jacobs and Kenny Stanton gave it everything they had! But in the end, the Steal The Spotlight contract was cashed in and to great success!

BW: It was a helluva match... a helluva run for the Blonde Bombers and you better believe we haven't seen the last of them. They'll be back and those titles could be right back around their waists, daddy.

GM: It wouldn't surprise me in the least. What a showing by both of these fantastic teams but we have new World Tag Team Champions, fans!

[The celebration is ongoing in the ring as a seething Brad Jacobs stares across at the new champions. Larry Doyle crawls to check on Kenny Stanton as we fade from the ring to the announce table with Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde.]

GM: What a show this has been so far, fans, and we're still one Main Event away from completion. The World Heavyweight Champion and the World Television Champion collide! It was just one year ago when Dave Bryant captured the Longhorn Heritage Title in that classic ladder match against Glenn Hudson. Shortly after, he ushered in that title's change into the World Television Title and with the exception of a short period of time, Bryant's held the title ever since. That title is NOT on the line tonight, fans, but Calisto Dufresne's World Title that he's held since May. It is!

BW: Bryant battled through one of the toughest tournaments on record to earn the title shot tonight - beating Juan Vasquez AND Supreme Wright in the same night to win it all. He's written a fresh new page in the history

books for himself as he attempts to live up to the promise that his career once had by becoming the World Heavyweight Champion.

GM: No competitor in AWA history has ever held two titles at once. Tonight could be Dave Bryant's night. But before we get to that, let's go backstage where I'm told Jason Dane has a special guest! Jason?

[Cut to backstage where Jason Dane stands, alone for the moment.]

JD: Fans, what a night we have had so far! Supreme Wright stole the spotlight. Alex Martinez stood triumphant with his son in what might be his very last match. Steve Spector and Terry Shane fought to a double disqualification! We've got new World Tag Team Champions. And not long ago, we saw the Lynches standing tall, which means the Beale Street Bullies cannot team together for an entire year! Now, I understand that Jack and Travis Lynch have already entered the showers after that wild match, but, I've been told that we can have a few minutes with the third member of that team.

So ladies and gentlemen... Blackjack Lynch!

[The cameras pick up the roar of the Texas fans as Blackjack steps to the interview area. Blackjack is covered in both sweat and blood, and looks exhausted. But though he's moving with slow, ginger movements, there's a faint smile on his normally taciturn face. It's not much, especially given the method of his victory, but Blackjack, despite his fatigue, is feeling the rush of victory.]

BJL: Jason Dane... they said you were lookin' for old Blackjack.

[As Lynch greets Dane in his familiar gravelly tone of voice, he throws an arm around Jason's shoulder, leaning in for support, pausing to suck in a breath. Dane visibly frowns, trying to pull away from the bloodstained and sweat soaked Lynch, but Blackjack isn't letting him go, his grip tight even if his stance is unsteady.]

BJL: This has been some damn night, ain't it? And let's hear it for the old timers! Jim Watkins put more than one kid down on his butt, and then we saw Alex Martinez and Gunnar Gaines come out and kick some serious tail.

[Dane finally manages to disengage, straightening his tie.]

JD: Mr. Lynch, you must be feeling some real relief. And the reason is obvious, you and your sons have seemingly written the final chapter in your family's long, storied rivalry with the Beale Street Bullies. Especially with what happened to Dick Wyatt.

BJL: Listen Jason. What happened to Wyatt... I ain't gonna apologize for it, cuz I don't feel sorry. I gave him what he gave my Jimmy. I won't come out here and smile and laugh, but ya ain't gonna get old Blackjack to apologize for doin' what needs to be done.

As for the future, well, Jason, I'll be honest with ya. I don't know that its over between the Lynches and Bullies. I don't know that it could ever end. But I do know this. For the next year, them Bullies have had their teeth pulled. No more gang attacks. For the next three hundred and sixty five days, if Rogers or Donovan wants one of my boys, they'll have it do it straight up, one on one.

And I know them odds favor my boys.

[Lynch claps Jason on the shoulder.]

JD: I know you're eager to shower, and I know you're even more eager to join your sons in driving to the Rusty Spur, where you can join your son James in celebrating. But if you don't mind, I was hoping you might want to tell us what the future holds for Blackjack Lynch. Have you gotten the itch to come back? Can we expect to see you on the next SNW?

[Blackjack pauses a moment, his silence fading into a more serious, contemplative expression.]

BJL: Ya know somethin' Jason, I think...

Voice: It don't matter what an old man thinks.

[Coming in from stage left is the "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake. Lake has showered since the Steal The Spotlight match, and is now wearing a charcoal grey sportcoat, black slacks, white undershirt, and navy blue tie. For some reason, his left thumb is still heavily taped. He sports his black fedora, and that mean, sour look on his face. Upon arriving onscreen, he glares at Dane.]

DL: Now, the King Of Wrestling has something to say. And since you got nothing better to do than talk to an old man who isn't even a professional athlete at this stage in time, and who wasn't much of one ten years ago anyway, you can turn that microphone this way.

JD: This is Blackjack Lynch's time.

DL: His time was over years ago. Now, I'm here to talk about how I was cheated at Steal The Spotlight. You all saw it. I...

[Suddenly, Blackjack is standing up a little taller. He moves forward.]

BJL: Now you lissen here Lake. This is my time. You wanna talk, you wait your turn. For now, you need to get out of here and let me answer Jason's questions.

[Lake doesn't even look at Lynch. He's ignoring him completely, trying to pretend that he's not there.]

DL: I hear somethin', Mister TV Announcer. Sounds like some old dog howlin' at the moon. Is that your dog?

JD: I have no idea how to respond to that.

DL: If that's your dog, you better shut him up before he gets put down. As I was sayin', I took on two men singlehandedly. Juan Valdez and Pipedream Wright, they were teammates, and I was left to face them myself. As I have been saying, it takes two men to give me even a warm up, and I proved that when I pinned Juan Valdez in the middle of the ring, one two three. Now, in a handicap match, that would have been over. But I went on to give Pipedream Wright the beating of his miserable excuse for a career. And then I slipped on a puddle of urine that formed when he realized he was alone against the King Of Wrestling, and the referee gave me a fast count!

BJL: I saw that match. Ya know what I saw? I saw ya get pinned, Lake.

[Lake is still pretending not to hear him.]

DL: Mister TV Announcer, that old dog is goin' on again. Yap yap yap. It reminds me of a mutt, a mongrel I found once in Saint Louis. It was a Mexan. He come in like any Mexan does, all full of hot air and promises. Yap yap yap. He would use his illegal hold where he tries to crush a man's skull with his hand. I can assure you that no such move would even work on me, and I proved it when I run him out of town. He ran back to Mexas with his tail between his legs, and joined up with his brothers. But those mutts couldn't even get anything done, and one of them got put down like he deserved. So they had to bring their old dog back from the pound to fight their battles for them. Just like a Mexan, all a bunch of windbags, all a bunch of mutts. Probably the reason they didn't work so well together is they all had different mothers.

[Blackjack seems to have found a second wind, as his face turns red, and he roughly pushes Dane aside, going nose to (almost) nose with Lake.]

BL: I've heard enough outta you. You wanna call me old? Yeah, I'm old. But let me show you what this old man can still do.

[With those words, Lynch rushes at Lake, who immediately backpedals, putting his arms up in a blocking position. Blackjack fires off three punches before security moves in to pull him away. In that instant, before anyone can get in between them, Lake explodes from a defensive stance to an attack, swinging his left arm around in a wide arc to drill his taped thumb right into the windpipe of Blackjack Lynch!]

JD: HEY!

[Blackjack falls, held up by the security members who were trying to remove him. They now advance on Lake, who is backing away with his arms outstretched.]

DL: You don't put your hands on me! He started it, I ended it! Like it always goes with those Lunches. No doubt about it!

[The voice of Demetrius Lake trails off as he's pushed out of the area by security. Medical personnel check on Blackjack as Dane wraps up.]

JD: What a cowardly attack! Gordon, Bucky, back to you!

[We cut back to the broadcast booth.]

GM: That was an outrage! Demetrius Lake had no business trying to steal Blackjack Lynch's airtime to begin with, and then he baits him. Deliberately trying to bait Lynch into attacking to give him an excuse to use that Tiger Strike on the windpipe!

BW: If that old man had shut up and let the star of today speak, it wouldn't have happened. Demetrius didn't even get to explain what he was going to do about being cheated in Steal The Spotlight!

GM: His lies are as shamelessly blatant as his cheating, and do not even deserve the dignity of being discussed. And when Jack and Travis Lynch see what just happened...

BW: You heard what Lake said! He ran Jack Lynch out of one territory already!

GM: Fans, there was a... controversial Loser Leaves Town match in the St. Louis territory a couple of years ago. Demetrius Lake cheated Jack Lynch in that encounter, so there is a lot of history between those two men already. So Lake should know better. He should know what he's just done.

BW: Maybe he knows and just doesn't care. Ever think of that?

GM: Then he's a bigger fool than I realized. It's been a tremendous night of action here in Dallas on the biggest night of the year for the AWA, SuperClash V. So many thrilling matches, so many heartstopping moments. And with all that in the history books, there's only one thing remaining. The AWA World Heavyweight Title Match between Calisto Dufresne and Dave Bry-

[Abruptly, Gordon gets cut off by a booing crowd. After a few moments of Gordon looking puzzled, we cut to a shot of the entrance ramp where "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson is walking down the aisle with purpose. He's in a olive colored stylish suit with a white dress shirt underneath. Waterson ignores the booing fans, stepping through the ropes into the ring and producing a house mic from his jacket pocket.]

ATTSBW: It didn't have to go down this way. When I came back to the AWA, I came back for a simple reason. To stop Royalty with the aid of the individuals known as the Wise Men. In the time since then, the so-called Wise Men have proven to be anything but... ignoring my warnings about Royalty... and in fact, even going so far as to refuse to meet with me about them.

Tonight, on the biggest show of the year, I'm making a statement.

Wise Men, I'm calling you out!

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation.]

GM: After all these months, are we finally going to discover the identity of the Wise Men?

BW: Don't say that, Gordo. Don't mention them. It's not too late to forget all about this and let them live in peace.

GM: But they haven't let anyone live in peace, Bucky. In fact, it was earlier tonight that they assaulted "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, a founding father of the AWA, in a brutal fashion by putting him through that car windshield just like they did to Supernova and Louis Matsui and-

BW: You've got no proof!

GM: Stevie Scott gets dragged out of the building by masked thugs who claim to be affiliated with the Wise Men. He ends up getting put facefirst through a windshield. Who do you think did it?

BW: No comment.

[Waterson is pacing a bit now, still seeing no one.]

ATTSBW: This isn't how I wanted to do this but I have no choice.

[The crowd's buzzing grows louder.]

ATTSBW: We need to settle this. You and I. Right now.

[All eyes turn towards the entrance curtain, waiting to see who emerges from the locker room...

...but it's the owner of Empire Sports and the former operator of the Empire Wrestling Council, Chris Blue, who walks into view.]

GM: What in the world is he doing out here?

[Blue looks exactly like you'd expect him to considering the night he's having. His dress is disheveled, his hair is messy. And quite frankly, he looks pretty angry. He makes his way quickly down the ramp, stepping through the ropes to snatch a mic from ringside.]

CB: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no... NO!

[On the last "no", he turns to point at Waterson.]

CB: This may go down on record as the worst night of my professional career and considering some of the stuff I've been through, that's a pretty significant list. The team I used to call the best team in the world... the best team this place has ever seen? Well, they got beaten by a guy who hadn't

been in the ring in ten years... and immediately informed the suits backstage that they were going home.

[Blue shrugs.]

CB: Eric Preston. The guy I planned to build my new Empire around? He decided that my services were no longer needed, walked out on the match he was in, and then walked out on me as well.

[Another shrug.]

CB: Sure, I've still got Craven hanging around like a stray dog but...

[Blue pauses, staring at Waterson.]

CB: This was supposed to be a big night for me. A HUGE night for me. Instead, I've got the bitter taste of ashes in my mouth. I was perfectly satisfied with getting in my car, going to the airport, flying home to Los Angeles, and spending a month figuring out what's next for me.

But then you showed up, Waterson.

[Waterson smirks at the effect he's had on formerly the most powerful man in the sport.]

CB: And after all I've been through tonight, I'll be DAMNED if you're going to take the one thing I've got left away from me.

I said I was coming to SuperClash V to at long last reveal the Wise Men...

[Dramatic pause.]

CB: ...and that's exactly what I intend to do.

Starting with you...

[Blue stares at Waterson.]

CB: I suppose that's no secret though, right? You came back talking about the Wise Men, talking about needing to rally them to your side to fight Royalty. You've been here for years... certainly long enough to form a secret alliance with the hidden powers here in the AWA.

You're the first Wise Man.

[Waterson shrugs, mic in hand..]

ATTSBW: Like you said, not much of a secret. Yes, you're right. I'm one of the Wise Men.

[The crowd's volume level rises as they have the first part of this long awaited mystery revealed. Blue nods, pacing a bit around the ring now.]



CB: The second one? Well, that one puzzled me a bit. And in all honesty, this may be old news because after what you guys did to him, I can't imagine he'd EVER stand alongside you again.

But my sources stand firm. They said that the second Wise Man was the one who was the face of this whole thing at the beginning.

[Waterson arches an eyebrow.]

CB: Because just as important as it is to reveal your identities... we need to know the rest too. We need to know why you came together... how you came together...when you came together.

And if my guess is right, it was not long before Wrestlerock. It was the three of you in some shadowy corner of a building... maybe a parking lot somewhere. But you three stood together and said, "Something's gotta be done about Vasquez."

[Blue raises his hands.]

CB: I'm sympathetic to it. I tried to keep the guy on the ring crew for years but he just kept on coming back until he made the main roster. That kind of drive... that determination... you just knew he'd change the sport someday.

So, you decide to take him out... and you decide you need a front man for the job. A lot of people thought it was you. You waltzed in at the end and slammed the door shut on Vasquez' title reign by bringing back Dufresne but from what I hear, you acted alone on that.

The other guy... he was the face. He was the one who got the ball rolling with that hit on Vasquez.

[Blue pauses, grinning now.]

CB: Louis Matsui is the second Wise Man.

[Waterson mockingly applauds.]

ATTSBW: Very good. You're batting a thousand so far.

[Blue nods.]

CB: Dane and I worked real hard to break this open. I wouldn't be out here if I wasn't positive that I'd nailed them all.

But the last one... well, the last one was the easiest one of all. You and Matsui made sense but when I sat back and looked at the big picture, there was only one guy who made sense as the third and final Wise Man.

There was only one guy who was the true power broker in this company... the straw stirring the drink.

In fact, the more I thought about it, the more I figured him as the real power behind the group all along.

[Dramatic pause.]

CB: And since he's in the building, let's invite him down to join you in the ring and address this situation himself.

[One more pause.]

CB: Percy Childes... come on down...

[After a moment, the short, slightly overweight "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes marches through the curtain. He has a smirk on his face as he power-waddles to the ring with the aid of his crystal-tipped walking stick.]

GM: Percy Childes? But I thought Nenshou said that the Wise Men had been threatening him!

BW: Percy did say that Nenshou didn't have all of the information he needed to come to that conclusion.

[Childes steps through the ropes, and produces his own wireless microphone. He certainly seems chipper for someone whose big secret has just been outed.]

PC: Speak of the devil, and he shall appear. I have watched with great interest as the two of you have played detective for months now, inching closer and closer to the truth. And even when you thought you had the truth, you decided to wait until the time was right to reveal it.

The biggest secret in AWA history unveiled on the biggest night in AWA history.

[Putting his mic under his arm, Childes gives the big slow Charles Foster Kane clap.]

PC: Congratulations. Your flair for the melodramatic must have served you well when running the biggest wrestling promotion on the planet...

[Childes grins.]

PC: ...fifteen years ago.

[Blue's eyes flash with rage.]

PC: Selectively oblivious as you are, I'm not sure if anyone has made you aware of this. But I have something of a... dislike for those who cling to the past. Those who put on their rose-colored goggles and imagine the past as having never passed them by. Nostalgia forms an iron gate that allows nothing from the present to take residence. I will not have that, Mr. Blue.

In case you haven't noticed, this is not your land of Extreme. This is NOT the EMWC. And you are certainly NOT in Los Angeles.

This is Dallas, Texas... this is the AWA...

And you are in OUR house now.

[There are some cheers for this as Childes grips his crystal-topped cane, gesturing at Blue.]

PC: You wanted answers when you set upon your quest. You were in search of the truth, and like so many before you, you would not stop at the warning signs. The signs that the truth you sought was too terrible for you to know. Answers, truth... I am prepared, at long last, to give you both.

You call upon the names Waterson, Matsui, and Childes and proclaim them to be the Wise Men... the mystery force that truly is the significant power behind EVERYTHING in the AWA. Waterson, Matsui, Childes. It's like a bizarre game of Clue, and this is your accusation.

I say...

[Childes smirks.]

PC: You're almost right.

[Waterson looks at Percy, a puzzled expression on his face.]

PC: You see, you are correct... it was a shadowy corner of an arena where Louis Matsui had the seeds planted in his head by yours truly. "Something must be done about Vasquez. He's too strong. He's too much the focus of everything." Matsui actually believed the idea came from himself. It was, rather, a shared idea upon which we all formed a base for something greater.

"But Percy, WE'RE the power. WE'RE too strong for him. If we banded together, we could rule this entire place! The suits couldn't stand up to us, the boys couldn't stand up to us, we'd be where the power lies!"

Pardon the pun, but Louis truly was a wise man that night... and it only took the slightest of nudges to send him to Ben here to cement the deal. Suddenly, we had a... significant percentage of the AWA's stars under our contractual control.

[Percy spreads his arms wide.]

PC: The three Wise Men were born. The ultimate power in the AWA. We made deals with a variety of wrestlers... the ones who did not enjoy the job security of fan popularity. We told them that by banding together, we could essentially force the company to do as we wished.

[An off-mic "How?" escapes from Blue who looks fairly curious.]

PC: Easily. If our group either manages the contracts or gains the cooperation of, let's say, fifty to sixty percent of the AWA's stars...

[Percy taps his chin thoughtfully.]

PC: Think of it as our own sort of... labor union.

[The grin grows again.]

PC: In time, people from the office saw what we were doing, and wanted in on the action. Because we could, ah, "negotiate" aggressively with upper management, we'd help people in the office with salary and benefit concerns in exchange for their allegiance. We have people in the front office under our thumb, we have people in payroll who could tell us everything we needed to know about every contract, people in scheduling who could let us know who would be where and when. We even have people in the Championship Committee, willing to exert influence on our command.

Like I said, the ultimate power.

[Percy waves his cane dismissively.]

PC: Stegglet tried to break the group apart, but we were too strong for ownership. We threatened to pull all of our talent collectively from the AWA... a bold and calculated move. We knew the threat had to be real... so Nenshou left the AWA in a contract dispute orchestrated by me. They had to know we were serious.

And we were. We would have crippled the AWA in a single masterstroke. It truly would have been the Juan Vasquez Show Starring Juan Vasquez... but every great protagonist needs an antagonist.

The office buckled. The power remained.

[Percy pauses, looking out at the jeering crowd.]

PC: You remember Wrestlerock... it was the most blatant show of power. It was to announce our presence with authority. Prior to Wrestlerock, we had never directly affected the in-ring competition in any visible, tangible way. Oh, certainly we made matches happen, we brought in talent...

After it was over, we knew we could never do something like that again. It was too risky... too easy to trace back to us.

[The leader of the Unholy Alliance gestures at Blue with his cane, giving a slight bow.]

PC: I was proven correct. But something else happened that night, something that changed the Wise Men immediately.

Someone proved themselves untrustworthy.

[Percy grips his cane tighter, slowly lowering it until it points right at Ben Waterson who looks surprised.]

PC: Ben Waterson went into business for himself that night. He went against the Wise Men and brought in Dufresne to strike the killing blow on Vasquez that night, taking the National Title in the process.

It was... not... part... of the plan.

[Waterson raises his hands, trying to defend himself off-mic.]

PC: Waterson showed Matsui and myself that he would set his own agenda when the mood struck. He made that move to curry favor with Dufresne... to try and bring Dufresne back under his thumb. He hoped to rebuild the Southern Syndicate with Dufresne at the helm. But there were other forces at work...

[ChlIdes grins at Waterson.]

PC: Or did you believe that Dufresne became a part of Royalty overnight? That plan was in motion for months. I had heard the rumors from those close to Cooper... to Doyle... to Langseth... to Petrow.

Petrow even made overtures on his own behalf to join the Wise Men. He knew that his power was limited in the AWA. He knew he had enemies everywhere he turned and that his time was ticking.

We chose to remain neutral. To allow Royalty to exist... for the time being. And the Petrow situation seemed to... resolve itself.

[Percy shrugs.]

PC: But the sting of that night stayed fresh in my mind and when you chose to go plant yourself on a beach instead of stay and redeem yourself in my eyes, you chose to abandon our group, Ben.

[Waterson shakes his head, still talking to ChlIdes off-mic. The fans begin to react as a large shadow rises up over the scene... as Demetrius Lake has crept up on the ring during this exchange, and is now up on the apron, right behind Waterson. And alongside him, Rick Marley and Johnny Detson, who are fanning out to cover multiple angles. The fans try to get Ben's attention, but he's focused on Percy.]

PC: So, you see, Mr. Blue... Ben Waterson WAS a Wise Man.

Now, he is nothing. He has no power. He has no strength. He has no will to ensnare those who would fight his battles. He has spoken loud words upon mute ears for months because no one will rise up in the name of a dead man.

And to the Wise Men, that's exactly what he is... a dead man.

[Waterson makes one final appeal. An appeal that cuts short as he notices the shadow of the man behind him. He slowly turns around, and sees Lake glaring down at him with that mean look in his eyes. Waterson backs up, but Detson and Marley have both rolled into the ring and surrounded him.]

PC: Please. Don't embarrass yourself. Gentlemen?

[It's Marley who strikes first, catching a shocked Waterson under the chin with a superkick that knocks him flat. A gleeful Detson is the next one to strike, stomping and kicking Waterson relentlessly as Demetrius Lake gestures for the Agent To The Stars to get up.]

GM: They're beating the heck out of Waterson! What are we witnessing here?!

BW: This is what you wanted, Gordon! You all wanted answer... you all wanted the truth! Now you're getting it! Is this what you wanted? Is it?

GM: This is a mugging! They've assaulted Ben Waterson for... why?! What reason could they have for this?!

BW: This is to prove a point! The Wise Men don't tolerate insubordination and Waterson's finding that out right now! He crossed the Wise Men and you just don't do that!

[Marley and Detson pull a dazed Waterson off the mat, holding him by the arms between them...

...which is Demetrius Lake's cue to bury his taped thumb into the side of Waterson's throat with the Tiger Strike. Waterson falls back to the mat, coughing and spitting, gasping for air as the trio stands over him. A sick and twisted grin appears on Percy Childes' face as he stands over Waterson, pressing the crystal-topped cane down into Waterson's heart.]

PC: Remove him from my sight.

[Waterson is rolled out of the ring by the boot of Demetrius Lake.]

PC: Which brings me to Mr. Matsui, and his unfortunate... accident.

Louis Matsui is an intelligent man... but he is also a proud and boastful man. He is a man who believed he had the power and influence to tame a giant and suffered severe consequences for it. But worse, he is a man who believed that the Wise Men needed to be public. He is a man who heard your words, Mr. Blue, and believed that force was the proper way to answer them. He was determined to shine the light upon himself as a Wise Man... and to shine one upon myself in turn.

It could not be allowed.

[Childes uses a handkerchief to wipe his sweaty brow.]

PC: I engineered Louis Matsui's downfall. I ousted him from the group he helped found. I put him in a hospital bed...

...and I'd gladly do it again.

[The crowd gives a loud reaction to such a casual statement of betrayal. Childes smirks at the crowd's shocked reaction.]

PC: So, you see, Mr. Blue... in the end, your grand investigation achieved its goal. You have discovered who the Wise Men... were.

You know that at one time, Ben Waterson, Louis Matsui, and myself stood together - aligned as the great power in the AWA.

You and Dane... and now all of these people... you know who the Wise Men were.

[Percy looks down to the canvas, and emits a soft chuckle. A grim look of realization comes over Blue's face at Percy's emphasis on the word "were".]

PC: But besides yours truly, you do NOT know who the Wise Men ARE.

[He raps the cane slightly into his shoulder.]

PC: And I have no intention of allowing you to find out.

[Childes steps back and an alarmed Blue turns towards the entrance ramp, presumably to flee...

...when Johnny Detson levels a man who once stood as a titan among the powerbrokers in the sport of professional wrestling with a clothesline. Detson backs off, allowing Marley - a satisfied grin on his face - to stomp Blue repeatedly.]

GM: Again! Another mugging!

BW: This has got to feel great for all of these guys.

GM: What do you mean?

BW: Like him or hate him, Chris Blue was arguably the most powerful man in our sport at one time. Many believe he still has influence like you wouldn't imagine... but now, he's at the mercy of the Wise Men! He's at the mercy of Percy Childes and his men! What must that feel like? What must it be like to not be afraid of Chris Blue? To feel that you're above him? That you've got more power than he could possibly ever possess again?

[Detson drags Blue off the mat by the hair, kicking him in the gut before double underhooking his arms...

...and DRIVING him facefirst into the canvas with the Hoyle Driver!]

GM: Ohhh! Come on! I'm no fan of Blue's but this is uncalled for.

BW: And the beautiful thing about this is that Blue has no allies left... except Craven. Come to think of it, where is that lunatic?

GM: I have no idea but if he's back there, his Emperor needs him desperately!

[With Blue down on the mat, Marley drags his limp form up to his feet, tugging him into a front facelock. Percy gestures for him to pause as he leans in, addressing the barely-conscious former EMWC owner.]

PC: Is this how you imagined the truth to feel, Mr. Blue?

Oh, and in case you're wondering why no one is coming to save you, Mr. Craven isn't in the building. An AWA official, who has a nice salary and benefits package, told him that you were waiting for him at the hotel.

[A chuckling Percy backs off, waving to Marley who spins and DRIVES Blue's skull into the canvas with the Limelight!]

GM: Oh, gaaah! A brutal headfirst spike into the mat... and where in the world is Demetrius Lake going?!

[Lake steps out to the apron, trashtalking the prone Blue all the while as Marley and Detson grab the arms and legs of the former executive, pinning him to the mat as the 317 pounder steps to the top rope...

...and HURLS himself off the top, splashing down on Blue!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Enough is enough! This is over!

BW: I'm pretty sure it's over when Percy says it's over... and he wants one more!

[Lake nods, stepping out to the apron again. He quickly scales the buckles, soaking up the jeers of the fans as he steadies himself up top...

...and launches himself for a second time, crushing Blue's prone from underneath him!]

GM: Good god almighty. This is awful.

[The fans are roaring down boos as Lake regains his feet, trading a high five with his Unholy Alliance comrades as Percy approaches the motionless Blue, mic in hand.]

PC: And so, the shadows of mystery still hang upon the Wise Men with the slightest of lights shining upon me. But my colleagues... my brothers in arms... they stay hidden in the shadows. They wait. They watch. They



wonder when the time will be right to reveal themselves to the masses and stand alongside me, showing the world what true power is.

But they - and they alone - will choose the time for that revelation. You do not make that decision.

[Percy gestures to the crowd.]

PC: They do not make that decision. And the likes of this irrelevant hasbeen...

[Percy gestures at Blue's motionless form.]

PC: He certainly doesn't get to make that decision.

You will never see us coming if we don't wish it. You will never know we're there unless we announce it.

The Wise Men are the power. Do not seek to challenge it...

[Childes smirks.]

PC: That just wouldn't be... wise.

[Pocketing the mic, and flanked by the Unholy Alliance, Percy Childes exits the ring to a huge round of boos.]

GM: This... this can't be.

BW: It is. You act like something new just happened, Gordo. I could have written down how this was gonna play out months ago.

GM: Bucky! Don't tell me you knew?!

BW: Okay, I won't tell you.

GM: Wait, you were the first one to get agitated when the words "wise" or "Wise Men" were mentioned...

BW: Look, all I'm sayin' is that the... I guess I can say it now... the Wise Men really are good for the AWA. They keep the control of things out of the fans' hands. You know that the fan favorites always get their way because they're big money for any promotion they're in. Well, it was high time that the wrestlers who go out there and compete the right way... the any-means-necessary way... got together and made sure that they get paid, too. It's a win-win from where I sit.

GM: It's collusion and blackmail from where I sit! This is NOT a labor union, Bucky, it's a conspiracy by Percy Childes and god-knows-who-else to get power! And you knew about it the whole time!

BW: I didn't know who they all were! And I sure don't know who they are now!

GM: We've got... yes, Dr. Ponavitch is on his way down here with his team. They're bringing a stretcher for... man alive, I'd have to assume that Chris Blue is heading to the hospital after that. I'd have to assume he may... well, he may be out of the AWA for good after that.

BW: The Wise Men are the power. The true power. Remember that. Blue's got no power here. He's just another former executive who thinks that the world still belong to him. It doesn't. It absolutely doesn't.

GM: Fans, we're... yeah, I've seen enough of this. Let's go backstage to talk to both challenger and champion just moments before the SuperClash V Main Event!

[A cut to the back reveals the current AWA World Television Champion, the winner of the Chase for the Clash and the man who will compete for the AWA World Heavyweight title, "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant. Bryant is bedecked in his brilliant blue robe, shining Television title belt draped over his right shoulder. The Number One Contender has a look on his face that anyone who knows him might find unfamiliar...near serenity. He looks calm, but the tape on his wrists reveals that he is ready for action, ready to compete for a World Heavyweight title for the first time in a decade and a half, ready to headline the biggest show of his career. In short, he looks ready to face the biggest night of his life eye to eye.]

DB: So, this is it, isn't it?

[The veneer of calm is cracked by a grin.]

DB: SuperClash V. The Main Event. Champion vs. Champion...the World Heavyweight Title on the line.

[The grin fades.]

DB: More importantly, finally, the world will see Dave Bryant wrestle Calisto Dufresne, one on one. Right here in the heart of Texas, in the middle of the American Airlines Center, the current, reigning AWA World Heavyweight Champion will defend his title against the current, reigning AWA World Television Champion. History will be made at least once tonight, the first, maybe the only time the Television Champion will get a match for the World Title. It could be made again as the AWA has never seen a double champion. As fond as I am of this Television title belt...

[Bryant reaches up, patting the belt in question.]

DB: There's an empty spot on my other shoulder just waiting to be filled. I have a chance tonight to do what people have been wanting to do ever since Dufresne set foot back in this company after his self-imposed exile, and wanted to do all the more ever since his...victory...against James Monosso -- shut him the hell up.

[The calm cracks again, and this time it's not because of a smile.]

DB: I don't have any illusions about the fans in those seats or the boys in the back cheering me on universally -- there are as many people who want me to win as there are who simply want to see Dufresne beaten, see him laid low, embarrassed, to watch the anguish on his face as he realizes what he's lost and how little he has to replace it. No respect, no comradeship outside of sycophantic cronies, nobody to sympathize or empathize with him about suddenly, so suddenly, not being...champion.

[Bryant trails off for a moment.]

DB: I know a lot of people think they have their heads wrapped around this, think they know me, know my motivations. I'm sure some of them get it -- anyone who has been where I've been, who has had opportunity served up to them on a silver platter and ruined it, they know. This isn't just some quest for a balm to soothe my troubled professional past, though...this is personal. It's personal because every time I look back on the last twelve years, I feel anger. I can still find footage of old matches, old interviews, and every time I see myself that long ago I just grit my teeth because I know how that story ends. Those were the kinds of thoughts that helped me get through the Chase...the thought that with one loss I could fall back into the same pit I threw myself into all those years ago. Two weeks ago, I talked about not wanting to fall after climbing this high right before I wrestled Supreme Wright, and what was true then is still true now. I'm close to the peak, just one match away from shoving an undeserving champion off of his undeserved perch.

[Bryant laughs, somewhat wryly.]

DB: You hear that, Dufresne? A guy who has done things that would turn your hair white, a guy who would step on or over anybody he had to to get ahead, just judged YOU for being undeserving. How does that make you feel? I'm sure you'll put on some grand display of nonchalance, of indifference, but I know that's a load of crap. I know because there's way too much of the old Dave Bryant in Calisto Dufresne. I'm sure you won't be happy to hear that either, but the truth hurts us sometimes. I didn't much care for you before you and your gutless crew ended the career of a man I respect above all others, but after you broke Hudson's leg, after you and Royalty bragged about it, threatened to do it again to whoever crossed your path, I looked at you a little more closely and discovered something that I'm not very proud of.

[Bryant actually looks down at the ground for a moment, then back up at the camera, and boy does he look pissed.]

DB: I actually hate you, Dufresne. I hate you for everything like me that I see in you, I hate you for ending the career of a man who I would have gladly wrestled until we were both too damned old to wrestle anymore, and I hate you because you won your prize, the grandest in this industry, and then stood pat. You wasted so much potential, let so many classic matches pass

you by, and now it's too late. It's too late because I didn't put myself through the Chase for the Clash just to slink home empty handed. I didn't fight my way through three of the best professional wrestlers in the world just to get to SuperClash and fizzle out!

[Bryant reaches up, rubbing his head briefly.]

DB: Two weeks ago, Dufresne, you gave me a taste of what might be waiting for me at SuperClash. You dropped me square on my head, left me in a heap after showing me a prize you swore I could never win, but you screwed up, Dufresne. You screwed up because that was a chance to get me out of your hair, to take me out of the picture entirely...

[Bryant's eyes narrow.]

DB: You should've taken it, because I promise it was your LAST.

[Bryant abruptly turns and walks away as we fade to...

...backstage where the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne is standing alone. He is clad in his wrestling attire, the World Title hanging over his shoulder. His long blond hair is pulled into a tight pony tail, his eyes focused in a steely gaze. He remains silent for a few moments before finally beginning.]

CD: SuperClash. The biggest night on a calendar filled with big nights. The night where the standard-bearer of this industry puts it all on the line. \_My\_ night. I've watched the suits spend the past six months trying to desperately find a challenger to my throne. They've come up with every harebrained scheme imaginable to rip this title from around my waist. Battle royales, three-way dances, and now a tournament designed to weed out the unworthy and hang their hopes and dreams on a single, battle-tested man.

[A derisive snort from the champion.]

CD: You'd think they'd be a little more pragmatic about the whole thing, really. I mean, think about it... Calisto Dufresne has been the cock of this particular walk for the past two and a half years. And in that time, we've gone from being stuck in Dallas every week to touring around the country. From having a National Title to having a \_World\_ Title. From wrestling in bingo halls to selling out world-class sports arenas. Not only am I good \_for\_ business, but I \_am\_ the business.

Which brings me to Dave Bryant. Dave, on a night where we are all supposed to remember what we're most thankful for.. I want to thank you.

[A smirk.]

CD: I remember watching you when I was in high school. Back when you were in Los Angeles, and I thought to myself: now there's a guy with the right mindset. Here's a guy who is willing to do whatever it takes to win and make it to the top of the world. But then, like most of your compatriots, you

eventually faded into obscurity. But your legacy lived on, my friend. And not in a bunch of VHS tapes that you don't receive royalties on, either. But in me, Dave. In me.

You see, when I went to Los Angeles and met Todd Michaelson and he began to train me, I never forgot the lessons you taught me from afar – how to do whatever it took to win.

[Dufresne looks down at the World Title hanging over his shoulder.]

CD: I'd say those lessons paid off pretty well, Dave.

When you came to the AWA to try and fill the void that this organization suffered from following Westwego, I thought it was completely natural for a man such as yourself to be opportunistic and try and make it back to the top of the mountain. You were ultimately unsuccessful, but you had the right mindset, which I respected. But then things started to change. You started to change.

Oh sure, you stole the Longhorn Heritage Title from Glenn Hudson and sent it back to him in pieces. I thought that was a nice touch myself, but the cracks were showing, Dave. The man who used to be so confident was now parading around, desperate for attention and respect.

[A disdainful shake of the head from Dufresne.]

CD: Dave Cooper and I sat and watched as you continued to play turn-back-the-clock day with another fossil from last millennium, Glenn Hudson. It was sad, really. So I decided that I would repay the debt that I owed you. The killer instinct that I learned watching you on Saturday nights 15 years ago was worth something. So we decided to get Glenn Hudson out of your way, for good.

And how did you react to that piece of goodwill? You went completely off the deep end. Every piece of your history went out the window. The fundamentals of what brought you to superstardom years ago were tossed aside so you could pander to these idiot fans. And you went and tugged on Superman's cape. Royalty is not some fly-by-night group that you can trifle with and expect not to get burned. We play for keeps, Dave.

You've wrestled your way through this tournament, telling us how bad you want this...

[Dufresne pats the World Title.]

CD: How badly you need it. Like it's some sort of validation of your career. I think you should be proud to have gotten this far. You couldn't even get a contract from Stegglet and the others a year ago. And now here you are, about to be in the Main Event of the biggest event of the year. Be happy with that, Dave.

Because tonight, you face one of the AWA's Founding Fathers. I am one of two men left in this company who were here on day one. And the other one is off at Dallas Memorial getting glass shards removed from his face after suffering the same loss-of-self as you. You've fought on big stages before, Dave, but never one this big. I've been here every year. I've closed the show before. The only thing Calisto Dufresne isn't familiar with at SuperClash is defeat, and I certainly don't plan on starting tonight.

[A stoic look from the champion to emphasize his point.]

CD: If you hope to have a chance inside that ring tonight, you better hope that the sight of Steve Spector brings you back to your days in Los Angeles and you recapture that killer instinct that left you the moment we ended Glenn Hudson's career. Because if you come inside that ring... \_my ring\_ tonight with nothing more than a desire for these fans to be proud of you after all these years, not only will you not leave with \_my\_ title...but you might not leave at all.

This isn't about \_you,\_ Dave. This company has reached heights unimaginable five years ago. And before I walk away from this sport unfathomably wealthy, I will bring it to even bigger heights. This isn't about your legacy. SuperClash is about the business. Of which you're the past. I'm the future.

[A nod. A wink. A smile.]

CD: And the future is now.

[With that, Dufresne walks off camera as we cut back to ring announcer Phil Watson for the final time tonight...]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit... and it is for the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

[HUUUGE CHEER!]

BW: This is it, Gordo! This is what everyone came to see! Champion vs champion for the biggest prize in our sport!

[Watson continues.]

PW: Introducing first...

[The opening riff of Metallica's "Bad Seed" hits the PA, and the crowd begins to cheer accordingly. 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 bask in the cheers being rained down upon him.]

PW: Coming to the ring...he hails from Las Vegas, Nevada, stands six feet, two inches tall and weighs in at two hundred and twenty-eight pounds... he is the AWA World Television Champion AND the challenger...

He is "The Doctor of Love"...

He is...

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE... BRYYYYYYYYANNNNT!

[The cheers get louder as the Las Vegas native makes his way down the aisle. He pauses occasionally as a particularly loud fan yells at him, delivering his trademark smirk before moving on down the aisle.]

GM: Dave Bryant has arrived to the ring for what is arguably the biggest match of his career. But there can be no argument that it IS the biggest match of the last twelve years for him. This is his moment. This is his night. This is his greatest opportunity to erase years of frustration and futility to become the greatest professional wrestler in the world today.

[Bryant pauses at the edge of the ramp, wiping his feet on the apron before stepping through the ropes into the ring to a bigger cheer. He slowly walks to the middle of the ring, turning slowly with his arms extended. He unties his robe, shrugging it off and allowing it to pool at his feet as he unbuckles the World Television Title belt around his waist, shoving it sky high to a deafening reaction!]

GM: The World Television Title held high in the air... but that's not what this night is about. Win, lose, or draw, Dave Bryant will walk out of the building still the AWA World Television Champion. But the question is - will he be carrying the World Heavyweight Title with him?

[The AWA's Senior Official, Johnny Jagger, scoops up the discarded robe, dropping it out to a ringside attendant. Bryant hands the title belt over to Jagger as well who hands it out to the timekeeper as Bryant heads towards the ropes, leaning against the ropes and facing the ring as his music fades.]

PW: And his opponent...

[As the crowd continues to support Dave Bryant's entrance, their applause quickly turns to jeers as ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" kicks in over the American Airlines Arena's PA system.]

PW: Hailing from Avery Island, Louisiana... Standing six feet, three inches tall and weighing in at 245 pounds... He is the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

"LADYKILLER"

CALISTOOOOOOOOO

DUUUUUUUFRRREEEEEEEESSSNNEE!!

[As the curtain slides to the side, Dufresne emerges, clad in a black three piece suit, his long blond hair pulled back into a pony tail. He reaches his arms into the air, embracing the "cheers" from his "throngs of adoring fans". He takes a moment to look around at the sold-out American Airlines Center, nodding in approval at the biggest crowd he's ever competed in front of.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne has been here since the beginning as he said earlier tonight. He has held the AWA National Tag Team Titles. He has won the Stampede Cup. He has held the AWA National Title. He is UNDEFEATED at SuperClash. But tonight, he puts the AWA World Heavyweight Title against a man who just may want to wear it more than Dufresne wants to keep it.

BW: I wouldn't bet on that.

GM: We're moments away from finding out.

[Despite the massive amount of boos, a few women amongst the Dallas faithful can be seen smiling fondly at Dufresne and his hawkish good looks. Or maybe it's the 15 pounds of gold strapped around his waist. Dufresne saunters down the aisleway before climbing into the ring. He smirks at Dave Bryant, who stands staring at the World Championship like a hungry lion, shaking his head and mouthing "not tonight".]

GM: They have hit the ring - both champion and challenger.

BW: And we should point out, Gordo, that Steve Spector is NOT out here.

GM: That's right. We were informed just before the entrances started that Spector was informed that due to his actions earlier tonight, the AWA was electing to pull him from his role as the enforcer in this matchup. However...

[Phil Watson's voice interrupts Gordon.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... we have just been informed that the AWA President, Karl O'Connor, has elected to withdraw Steve Spector as the enforcer for this match!

[Boos pour down from all over the building.]

PW: However, this match will now be conducted under LOCKED DOOR rules! If any AWA competitor interferes in this match, they will be immediately and INDEFINITELY SUSPENDED!

[The crowd ROARS at that announcement!]

GM: Well, that oughta keep this one a one-on-one matchup!

BW: That's not fair! What about Royalty?! They're his allies! They should be allowed to be out here, Gordo!

GM: That's a matter of opinion and it's not an opinion shared by the AWA front office, the AWA President, this capacity crowd, or myself!

[The crowd is still buzzing as Calisto Dufresne complains LOUDLY to Phil Watson and Johnny Jagger who both shrug in response.]



GM: Dufresne can complain to anyone he wants out here but it does him no good. It's a decision made by Karl O'Connor and it's official!

[Bryant looks pleased at this turn of events, tugging at the ropes to loosen up as Johnny Jagger steps to the middle of the ring, gesturing both men who are now down to their ring gear to the center.]

GM: The World Heavyweight Champion. The World Television Champion. Eye to eye, nose to nose, ready for battle.

[The two men are staring each other in the eye as the referee stands next to them, giving final instructions. The flashbulbs are firing from all over the building as the sold-out crowd prepares for the Main Event of the night. The referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Johnny Jagger calls for the bell and here we go!

[Champion and challenge instantly move to their rights, circling one another, looking for an opening. Around and around the ring they go for about fifteen seconds before finally colliding in a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: They lock up. Bryant stands six two and weighs 228 while Dufresne's just a little larger at six three and 245.

[The Ladykiller instantly uses his size advantage, pushing Bryant back into the ropes. The referee steps in, ordering a break...

...and shockingly, Dufresne gives a clean one, smirking at Bryant as he backpedals to the center of the ring, waving for the challenger to "bring it on."]

GM: There's certainly no lack of confidence in the World Champion despite what we just heard about his allies in Royalty being barred from ringside.

[Bryant nods his head, creeping away from the ropes as the two men begin to circle again. Dufresne lunges at him, looking for another tieup but Bryant is ready for him, grabbing hold of an arm and yanking Dufresne down to the canvas with it!]

GM: Armdrag takedown by Bryant takes Dufresne down to the mat!

[The World Champion rolls to a knee, swinging his arm as Bryant pops up, taking his turn to wave Dufresne towards him this time.]

GM: Bryant's not lacking in confidence either. I suppose that's no surprise from a man known throughout his career as the Doctor of Love.

BW: Dave Bryant's skills have evolved over the years. You don't usually see him come off the top anymore. No nutty suplexes most of the time. He sticks to a submission-based ground game all revolving around the figure

four leglock or one of those armbars. At the same time, you have to be on the lookout for that snap DDT and the Call Me In The Morning superkick as well.

[Bryant and Dufresne clash in another tieup that the Ladykiller quickly transitions into a side headlock. Bryant quickly throws a pair of forearms to the ribs, backing the World Champion into the ropes where he fires him off across the ring.]

GM: Bryant throws him off... drops down...

[Dufresne hops over the top, hitting the far ropes as Bryant gets back up but the Ladykiller runs him right down with a shoulder tackle, sending Bryant sprawling down to the mat as Dufresne rushes to the ropes again.]

GM: The World Champion off the far side and... high elevation on a hiptoss by Bryant!

[Bryant hurls Dufresne up and over, bouncing him off the canvas!]

GM: Nice move by the challenger...

[Bryant backs off, setting his feet as Dufresne starts to get back off the mat.]

GM: Look out here! Bryant's going for the homerun early!

[Dufresne pops up, at the ready...

...and then falls backwards, throwing himself down to the canvas and rolling out to the floor as Bryant starts to attempt what could be a match-ending superkick!]

GM: Oh my! Dufresne got out of there and he got out in a hurry, fans. He wanted no part of whatever Bryant had in store for him right there.

BW: That's the dangerous part of Bryant. You condition yourself to get ready to fight a marathon submission battle and then he switches gears on you and turns your lights out with that superkick. A very dangerous challenger for the best professional athlete in the world to face here tonight.

[Dufresne paces around the ringside area for a bit, settling himself down as he throws a glance up at Bryant who does the belt gesture a few times to big cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Bryant's making it clear that he's here for the title. He's here to become the World Heavyweight Champion... and I've been told he's even got a secret weapon in his back pocket tonight to boot.

BW: A secret weapon?! What are you talking about?

GM: I was talking to Dave before the show and he told me that with so many years of his matches on tape, he felt that he might be a little too predictable against Dufresne who, despite his ego, is known for being a student of the game. So, he went back into his family history and found a relative who was a pro wrestler as well... and he's adopted that family member's signature move.

BW: You're making all this up, right?

GM: I most certainly am not.

BW: You're trying to tell me that Bryant found out about a mysterious relative who used to be a wrestler on the eve of his championship match and then went out and mastered a new signature move?!

GM: I didn't say it EXACTLY like that.

[At the count of seven, Dufresne pulls himself back up on the apron, ducking through the ropes into the ring. He strides across, shoving Bryant in the chest, knocking him back a couple of steps as he shouts a warning at him.]

GM: Dufresne's a little hot under the collar after the mindgames by Bryant and-

[Dufresne goes to give another shove before getting armdragged back down to the mat, tucking the arm under his own in an armbar.]

GM: Bryant goes into the armbar! Putting the pressure on the elbow and the shoulder.

BW: And that's not a bad strategy, Gordo. Dufresne has a noted shoulder injury from his days as a Golden Gloves winning boxer in Louisiana. He tore his labrum and it's given him problems ever since.

GM: You better believe that Bryant knows that if we do and he might be going after that shoulder right now.

[The World Champion gets back to his feet, forcing Bryant back into the corner, up against the buckles.]

GM: The referee's calling for a clean break again. He got one last time.

[Dufresne steps back...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd "ooooohs" as the champion slaps Bryant across the face and then repeats it as the Doctor of Love returns the favor.]

GM: Bryant slaps him back!

[Dufresne backpedals, apparently not expecting the slap. He raises his hands, falling down to his rear and scooting back as the referee steps in, trying to keep Bryant from attacking. The challenger gives the official a shove, raising his fist as he approaches the downed Dufresne.]

GM: Be careful there, Dave. Johnny Jagger is sure to give a lot of leeway in letting these guys get away with quite a bit before disqualifying someone in the Main Event of SuperClash V but every official has a line and usually placing hands on a referee is that line.

[An agitated Bryant's ready to throw bombs as Dufresne hits the ropes, scrambling back to his feet. He grabs the challenger as he comes in, spinning him back into the corner.]

BW: Dufresne's got him back against the buckles!

GM: The referee's calling for the break again. I'm not sure this time-

[Dufresne suddenly steps back, slamming his forearm into the ribcage of his challenger. With Bryant stunned, the Ladykiller lights him up with a big chop across the chest!]

GM: Oh my! Big chop by the champion!

[The Ladykiller smirks at the jeering crowd before pasting Bryant with a right hand across the jaw, snapping his head back.]

GM: There's that boxing experience that you mentioned earlier, Bucky.

[Dufresne squares up, throwing a series of rights and lefts aimed at the ribcage of the challenger before the referee steps in, forcing the Ladykiller to back out to the center of the ring.]

GM: Bryant's reeling after those blows in the corner. Dufresne's moving back in on him, trying to take advantage of-

[Bryant returns fire with a knife edge chop of his own, catching Dufresne by surprise. Balling up his fist, he slams it in between the eyes of the World Champion, knocking him down to a knee.]

GM: The challenger's standing above him.

[Bryant winds his right arm up, smashing an overhead elbow down between the eyes of Dufresne...

...but the Ladykiller fires back from his knee, throwing a right hand into the midsection!]

GM: Dufresne's firing back!

[The challenger throws another chop but Dufresne climbs back to his feet, throwing a right hand to the gut!]

GM: We've got a slugfest underway!

[The crowd is roaring as Bryant throws a right hand and Dufresne throws another one. The Ladykiller smashes a fist between the eyes as Bryant falls back.]

GM: This is a fight, Bucky!

BW: Bryant likes a good brawl but Dufresne's going to have an edge in a slugfest, I believe, Gordo.

[Dufresne throws a knee, catching Bryant in the gut. He grabs a handful of hair, smashing his fist into the skull! A few more blows sends Bryant falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Dufresne backs him down again...

[Holding Bryant by the hair, Dufresne throws a hard uppercut to the chin, knocking Bryant back over the ropes but he manages to hang onto the ropes, staying inside the ring where he returns fire with a snapping jab to the bridge of the nose!]

GM: Hard jab by Bryant... and another!

[Bryant squares up, throwing jabs at the World Champion's face, sending him backwards, falling back towards the turnbuckles where Bryant smashes him with a European uppercut that causes Dufresne to sprawl back into the corner.]

GM: This isn't the battle I expected out of these two!

BW: Bryant's been very clear that this about more than the title to him. He wants payback for Glenn Hudson. He wants to get revenge for Hudson's leg getting broken at the hands of Royalty!

[Bryant grabs Dufresne by the arm, rocketing him across the ring into the opposite corner. The champion staggers out towards Bryant who ducks down...

...and LAUNCHES Dufresne into the air, flipping him over and down hard to the canvas!]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP BY THE CHALLENGER!

[Dufresne sits up on the mat, reaching around to grab at his back as Bryant pumps his fists to the cheering crowd, ready to continue the assault as Dufresne tries to get off the mat.]

GM: The World Champion's a little stunned after that... ohh!

[The crowd roars as Bryant delivers a running clothesline that takes Dufresne over the ropes, dropping him down to the canvas in a heap!]

GM: Oh my stars! The challenger takes him over the top and down to the ringside mats below! Those mats aren't very thick at all so it's roughly like falling on solid concrete, Bucky.

BW: That's right. They're protective mats but I think it's mostly to protect the arena floor from damage. They might as well not even be there.

[Bryant approaches the ropes, shouting at Dufresne to get back into the ring. Johnny Jagger steps in, forcing Bryant back before turning to start a ten count.]

GM: Bryant wants no part of that ten count and he's letting the referee know that right now. He wants Dufresne back inside that ring and he wants that to happen immediately.

BW: Then he shouldn't have knocked the World Champion to the floor to begin with!

GM: Perhaps not but as Dufresne starts to stir out on the floor, Bryant's calling for him to get back inside the ring.

[Bryant continues to interrupt the count, not about to allow the referee to get anywhere close to a ten count that would award him the match but not the World Title that he so desperately seeks.]

GM: Dufresne's taking a walk outside the ring again, trying to collect his thoughts... perhaps trying to regroup a little bit and get back on track. His gameplan hasn't been readily apparent yet in this one.

BW: Bryant's too fired up right now, Gordo. He's lost his cool and if he does that, it could cost him the whole thing. He should be taking this time to settle down as well.

GM: You could be right about that. That clothesline to the floor was effective but it was counter-productive to what Bryant hopes to achieve here tonight which is winning the World Heavyweight Title.

[Dufresne climbs the ringsteps, glaring at Bryant as he steps through the ropes into the ring. He gestures for the challenger to back off as he gets inside the squared circle.]

GM: And Bryant doesn't immediately rush in on him. Perhaps he realized your point and is trying to focus on his goal for this match. As much as he'd like to hurt Dufresne and make him pay for what happened to Glenn Hudson, I think he'd much rather win the World Title.

[The two men circle one another again, going right back to where they were at the outset of the matchup, each looking for an opening to take advantage

of. Suddenly, Bryant lunges forward, tangling up in a collar and elbow for a split second before Dufresne pulls him back into the side headlock.]

GM: Back to a headlock... and you begin to wonder if Dufresne's not using some of this offense as an effort to frustrate Bryant... to make him lose his cool.

BW: It could be. Dufresne knows he's not winning this match with a side headlock but it could contribute to a victory in several different ways.

[Bryant grabs the wrist of Dufresne, wheeling out of the hold and pushing the Ladykiller back down in a overhand wristlock!]

GM: Nice counterwrestling by Bryant, trying to weaken that arm.

BW: The other advantage to going after that arm is that it takes away one of the arms that Dufresne can use to apply the Wham, Bam, Thank You Ma'am DDT, Gordo.

GM: Another excellent point.

[Bryant uses the wristlock to force Dufresne down to the mat where he pins the arm flat to the mat, leaping up to drive his knee down into the tricep!]

GM: Ohh! Right down on the arm!

[The Doctor of Love does it again, pushing his lower body into the air while almost in a handstand, dropping the knee down onto the arm a second time!]

GM: Bryant's drawing himself a bullseye on the left arm of Calisto Dufresne at this point of the match. We know that Bryant has several submission holds in his arsenal that take advantage of an injured arm but what do you think he's leaning towards at this point, Bucky?

BW: It could be anything, Gordo. I know he's a fan of the cross armbreaker. Of course, with all his years working in Los Angeles, you know he saw Jeff Matthews apply that Fujiwara many times over the years... probably ended up in it a few times himself. Or it could be this mystery hold you talked about earlier.

GM: It's definitely not that.

BW: You know what the hold is?

GM: I'm not at liberty to say.

BW: And you give me grief for keeping the Wise Men a secret!

GM: That's hardly the same thing at all.

[Dufresne tries to push up off the mat as Bryant drops a knee down a third time, switching into an armbar on the weakened limb. Holding the arm under his own, Bryant drops to a knee, driving his kneecap into the shoulder joint.]

GM: And there he goes, aiming for the left shoulder joint... the labrum that Dufresne tore in his boxing days.

[Bryant jams the knee into the shoulder a few more times before getting to his feet where he promptly locks his fingers with Dufresne's, twisting the arm from a standing position!]

GM: Oh! Unusual hold here applied by Bryant but you can see the pressure on the arm from here. That's putting the World Champion through a lot of pain.

[The challenger suddenly breaks the modified wristlock, dropping an elbow down on the bicep. He gets back up, dropping it again.]

GM: And another method of attack on the arm and shoulder. Bryant came into Dallas, Texas tonight with a gameplan and we're watching him execute it right now, Bucky.

BW: The challenger's on his game so far in this one. Dufresne needs to figure out some way to turn this around and soon. We're still fairly early in the match but not THAT early. Dufresne's in trouble in my opinion.

[The champion gets his knees under him as Bryant switches back to the armbar, forcing up to his feet...

...where he buries a knee into the gut of Bryant, breaking the hold!]

GM: Dufresne breaks it... to the ropes...

[The crowd cheers as Bryant takes Dufresne off his feet again with another armdrag, going right back into the armbar.]

GM: Into the armbar again! And just when Calisto Dufresne thinks he's found a way out of Bryant's relentless attack on his arm, Bryant gets him right back in jeopardy!

[Bryant stands up, holding the arm at full extension and drops a leg across the weakened limb to cheers!]

GM: Bryant's all of about 230 pounds so he's by no means a super heavyweight but a legdrop on the arm is a legdrop on the arm even if you're the lightest guy in the locker room.

[Back to the armbar, Bryant cranks it on as Dufresne battles back to his feet again. He backs Bryant up into the ropes, pushing his hand into Bryant's face as he does so.]



GM: The referee's ordering Bryant to release the armbar...

[And the moment he does, Dufresne cracks him in the jaw with a right hand. Shaking his left arm, the Ladykiller grabs Bryant's right arm with one hand, going for an Irish whip.]

GM: One-handed whip... easily reversed by Bryant...

[Dufresne bounces off the ropes, on his way back towards Bryant who again ducks the head for a backdrop but gets caught with a boot to the face!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant set too early! A rookie mistake made by a veteran!

[As Bryant straightens up, staggered from the boot to the mush, Dufresne throws himself into a clothesline, knocking Bryant flat!]

GM: Big clothesline by the World Champion!

[Trying to avoid pressure on his left arm, Dufresne makes a cover, cradling a leg with his right arm.]

GM: Dufresne's got one! He's got two! But that's all. It was a nice clothesline - very impactful - but not enough to keep the challenger down for a three count when the World Heavyweight Title is on the line in the Main Event on the biggest night of the year!

[Winching as he grabs Bryant's hair with his left hand, Dufresne swings a leg over him, hammering his foe with big right hands to the skull before the referee's count forces him to back off.]

GM: Dufresne got in some good shots there before Johnny Jagger's count made him break it off.

BW: But you can see how much that arm is hurting Dufresne right now. He didn't even want to use it there but he had to so that he could measure his punches.

[Back on his feet, Dufresne lays in a few kicks to the ribs of the rising Bryant. He grabs another handful of hair, pulling Bryant up...

...but Bryant is ready for him, grabbing the left wrist with both hands and wrenching Dufresne's arm up behind him in a hammerlock!]

GM: And right back to the arm Bryant goes at the first chance he gets. He slaps on that hammerlock, really cranking up on that left arm.

BW: Dufresne didn't keep the arm out of reach. He didn't protect it enough. He was thinking offense right there and forgot to keep one part of his mind on defense.

[Dufresne stands tall, trying to throw his right elbow back to free himself but the wily veteran is crouching low, tucking his chin between the

shoulderblades of the World Champion to avoid the blow. The World Champion moves closer to the ropes, looking to escape that way but Bryant cranks up suddenly on the arm, causing Dufresne to cry out in pain, grabbing at his shoulder with his free hand.]

GM: The challenger's got that arm trapped and he knows exactly what he wants to do with it. Dufresne's struggling to free himself but-

[Gordon is cut off in mid-sentence by Dufresne dropping down to the mat, using a drop toehold to take Bryant off his feet and out of the punishing hold!]

GM: Nice counter by the champion.

BW: Never forget that as much as Dufresne may dislike the man, he was trained by Todd Michaelson as well. That means, as much as I hate to say it, Dufresne learned from one of the best.

[Dufresne goes to secure a rear waistlock on the downed Bryant who grabs the wrist, bending it right back behind a stunned Dufresne.]

GM: And an even better counter by the challenger! The fingerprints of Todd Michaelson as a trainer has been seen all night long here at SuperClash V - especially in our two title matches. Even for the individuals that he's not as fond of, Michaelson must be in the back somewhere incredibly proud tonight.

BW: Right now, the World Tag Team Titles and the World Heavyweight Title are being held by students of Todd Michaelson. That's a helluva accomplishment for any trainer, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is.

[Dufresne struggles up to his feet, battling against the rear hammerlock that Bryant has locked in, trying to completely nullify the left arm of the World Heavyweight Champion.]

GM: We're just over ten minutes into our Main Event and so far, you've got to give the advantage to the challenger. He keeps finding a way back to the arm, trying to really disable the champion.

[Pinning Dufresne's chest to the mat with his arm trapped behind him, Bryant again elevates and drives a knee onto the hammerlocked arm. A second one follows as Dufresne searches for an escape...

...only to have Bryant shoot the half nelson, dragging Dufresne down to press his shoulders to the mat!]

GM: Bryant's got him down for one! For two!

[But Dufresne's left shoulder pushes up off the mat, breaking the pin as Bryant struggles to keep his grip on the arm.]

GM: The challenger's trying to hang on to that limb as Dufresne pushes up off the mat, taking a knee. Bryant switches back to the wristlock, giving the arm a hard yank!

[Dufresne climbs to his feet, throwing a knife edge chop with his right arm, trying to break free.]

GM: Big chop by the champion but Bryant refuses to let go.

[The World Champion winds up again, cracking the Doctor of Love across the pectorals.]

GM: Another hard chop! You gotta be impressed by the focus of the challenger to hang on to the wrist despite being nearly chopped out of his boots by the Ladykiller!

[A third big chop sends Bryant falling back into the ropes, still hanging onto the left wrist as Dufresne flings him across the ring.]

GM: The champ shoots him across...

[As Bryant rebounds, Dufresne hooks him around the leg with his right arm, muscling him into the air...

...and DROPPING him facefirst on the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Flap jack by the World Champion!

[Dufresne again drops to his knees, lunging into a lateral press.]

GM: Covers for one! He's got two! But that's all. The challenger lifts the right shoulder up off the mat.

[An angry Dufresne gets to his feet, stomping the shoulder that came off the mat. He backs to the ropes, barely touching them as he slowly comes back, leaping up into the air, and driving his kneecap down into the forehead of the challenger!]

GM: Dufresne takes flight, scoring with the kneedrop and he covers again... but again, he only gets a two count!

BW: You can sense some desperation on the part of the World Champion. He wants this one done and over with. You have to start wondering about the left arm and shoulder and just how much damage Dave Bryant has managed to do to it.

[The World Champion gets back off the canvas, dragging Bryant up with him...

...at which point, Bryant throws a stiff jab to the chin!]

GM: Oh! Hard shot by the challenger!

[Dufresne returns fire, burying a knee into the gut before smashing his right elbow down on the back of the neck.]

GM: But the champion stays right on him, trying to turn the momentum around in this one after suffering so much damage to the arm in the first ten minutes or so of this one.

[With Bryant slumped over, Dufresne hits the ropes, rebounding off with a kneelift to the jaw, snapping Bryant back and down to the mat!]

GM: Powerful kneelift by the World Champion!

[The challenger crawls underneath the ropes, perhaps looking for a breather out on the ramp but Dufresne cuts him off, flipping him over to his back as he grabs both legs...]

GM: Oh no, this'll-

[The champion falls back, SNAPPING Bryant's throat up into the bottom rope! The crowd jeers as Bryant coughs violently, grabbing at his throat as Dufresne slowly regains his feet, ignoring the protesting official.]

BW: And slowly, you start to see the real Calisto Dufresne creeping back into the picture. The cold, calculating grappler who knows how to strike for the maximum impact at the right time. The man who blinded City Jack and retired James Monosso! He's one of the most cold-blooded competitors I've ever seen in my career, Gordo.

GM: Without a doubt. He will resort to absolutely anything - any tactics he sees fit - to get his way inside that squared circle and as he steps out onto the ramp right now, this can't be good news for the challenger.

[With Bryant still down, his upper body on the ring apron, Dufresne measures him and drops a leaping legdrop down across the back of Bryant's neck!]

GM: Ohh! Big legdrop onto the neck... and if Dufresne starts targeting the neck, you know what his intentions are. He plans on working that neck as much as possible, setting up for that DDT that has finished many a foe in his career.

[Dufresne takes a knee, eyeing Bryant as the challenger grabs at the back of his neck. The champion smirks, shaking out his left arm as he grabs a handful of hair with his right arm, hauling Bryant the rest of the way under the ropes and out onto the elevated wooden entrance ramp.]

GM: The champion's got Bryant out there on the ramp with him and I can't think this is a good thing at all.

[Pushing Bryant back against the ropes, Dufresne again squares up, this time throwing a series of hooking right hands into the ribs. He doesn't even

bother throwing the left before snapping a back elbow up under the chin, causing Bryant to cling to the ropes to stay on his feet.]

GM: Bryant's trying to stay standing under this onslaught from his opponent as Dufresne busts out the boxing again, really working over Bryant with the fisticuffs in this one.

[He pulls Bryant off the ropes a few feet out onto the ramp, applying a front facelock and then slowly turning him over so that both men are facing away from one another.]

GM: Dufresne sets...

[He drops down to his rear, jolting Bryant's neck against his right shoulder before allowing him to slump down to the wooden ramp.]

GM: Ohh! Reverse neckbreaker on the unforgiving wooden ramp!

BW: There ain't no give on that thing, Gordo. That'll jolt Bryant from head to toe and send him to see his chiropractor!

[Dufresne rolls over, pushing up to his feet and looking out at the jeering crowd. He gestures at himself, taunting the fans as he points to the stunned Bryant down on the canvas.]

GM: The World Champion taking some time to belittle the fans here in Dallas.

BW: I don't approve of that. I'm all for talking down to the fans but do it AFTER the match, champ. You gotta win this thing first and then you can run 'em down.

GM: I'm of the opinion you should never run down the people who pay your salary, Bucky.

BW: I didn't say nothin' about the front office brass... this time.

[Pulling Bryant off the ramp, Dufresne arrogantly chucks him through the ropes back inside the ring. He smirks as he steps back through the ropes, now in control of the contest.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne has taken control of this one and now it's the challenger who is in some trouble.

[As Dufresne approaches, Bryant is up to a knee, throwing himself forward and smashing his head into the champion's gut!]

GM: Oh! Bryant with an unorthodox attack there!

[An irate Dufresne fires back, hammering a forearm down across the back of Bryant's head. A second finds its' intended target, smashing into the neck and knocking Bryant down to the mat where Dufresne stomps the back of

the neck viciously a handful of times before backing into the ropes, bouncing off slowly once more...]

GM: Oh no... no!

[Dufresne leaps up, DRIVING his knee down into the back of Bryant's neck, causing the challenger's legs to flail about on the canvas as the Ladykiller rolls him to his back, attempting another cover.]

GM: The champ gets one! He's got two! He's got- no, Bryant is out at two again.

BW: It's going to take something big to beat Bryant tonight. He's got everything to win and nothing to lose here in this one. No one thought he'd be here. No one expected him to be here. If you look back one year ago, the man barely had an AWA contract! If you look back six months ago, he was nowhere near challenging for the World Title. If you look back to the start of the tournament, his inclusion was an honorary thing in the eyes of many. Nobody thought he'd be here challenging for the World Title and Dufresne is right. That should be enough for Dave Bryant. It should be enough that he's here employed in the biggest company in the world in 2013. It should be enough that he's the World Television Champion and has been so for the better part of a year. It should be enough that he beat Juan Vasquez and Supreme Wright in the same night. It should be enough that he's fighting in the Main Event of SuperClash V for the World Heavyweight Title.

GM: But it's not... and you know it's not. It's not enough. We've said it many times before and you hear it in locker rooms all over the world - if you're in this business and your ultimate goal is NOT to be the World Heavyweight Champion, then you've got no right being in this business!

[The World Champion muscles Bryant up off the canvas, throwing him back into the buckles.]

GM: Bryant's head snaps back as he hits the corner, a whiplash-style effect. Dufresne's moving back in on him and- ohh! Bryant explodes out of the corner with a forearm to the jaw!

[Dufresne is stunned but returns fire, going low with a right hand to the midsection.]

GM: The champion fires back... but Bryant keeps on coming!

[The challenger lands another forearm... and another... but Dufresne is ready for him, throwing more blows to the body. Soon, the two warriors are exchanging shots to the roar of the crowd who rise to their feet to see who can emerge victorious in the exchange.]

GM: Ohh! A hard shot knocks Dufresne back!

[But the World Champion charges back in, throwing a high kick to the chest that sends Bryant back into the corner again. A few knife edge chops keep him in the buckles before Dufresne grabs the arm...]

GM: He sends him from corner to corner!

[Bryant's entire body shakes from the impact in the buckles. He loses his footing instantly, slumping down to a knee as Dufresne approaches, arms raised over his head in a double axehandle.]

GM: Ohh! Bryant goes downstairs again!

[With Dufresne stunned, Bryant grabs him in a front facelock. The crowd ERUPTS at the possibility of a match-ending DDT being delivered...

...but quickly deflates as Dufresne charges hard, slamming Bryant back against the buckles!]

GM: Bryant gets put right back into the buckles.

BW: Dufresne had that DDT well-scouted. He felt it coming and he countered accordingly... and oh, man... what a right hand to the jaw that was!

[The World Champion hunches over, elevating Bryant into a seated position on the top turnbuckle. Dufresne backs off, throwing two big right hands to the jaw before stepping up to the second rope.]

GM: What's he got in mind here?

BW: I have no idea.

[Dufresne pulls Bryant's head into a front facelock with his right arm, dragging him into a standing position on the ropes. He uses his left to sling Bryant's arm over the back of the champion's neck. But as he goes to grab a handful of trunks for leverage, Bryant bails out of the hold, grabs the left wrist...

...and throws himself off the top rope, dropping straight down to the floor and SNAPPING the left arm down on the rope, sending Dufresne tumbling down to the mat, screaming in pain as he grabs at his arm!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! WHAT A COUNTER BY BRYANT!!

BW: Bryant threw himself off the top rope to the floor! A body as old as his shouldn't be going for things like that but he took a chance right there. He rolled the dice to see if a big risk would pay off and deliver to him the AWA World Heavyweight Championship!

[The camera cuts to the floor where Bryant is clutching his right knee.]

GM: You can see the World Television Champion grabbing onto his knee out on the floor. It's possible that he could have injured his knee with that fall.

BW: It's absolutely possible. Like I said, a body as old as Bryant's shouldn't be taking a fall like that.

GM: Dave Bryant became a professional wrestler in the late 1990s, wrestling in the Great Lakes and in Alaska before coming to the EMWC in Los Angeles.

BW: He wrestled in Alaska?

GM: That's what my notes say.

[The referee starts a count on the challenger as a howling Dufresne pulls himself on his rear end back into the corner, hanging onto his left shoulder with a white-knuckled grip as pain ravages the expression on his face.]

GM: Dufresne is down in the corner but right now, the question is - can Dave Bryant recover from his offensive move to get back into the ring to continue this match?

BW: I'd call that a defensive move more than an offensive move but the point stands. Bryant's hanging onto that knee like he suffered some major damage with that fall.

[Grabbing a hold of the ring apron, Bryant literally starts dragging himself off the barely-padded floor as Johnny Jagger continues to lay a count on him.]

GM: Bryant's trying to drag himself to his feet, trying to get back in there and break the count and continue his dream of challenging for the World Title at SuperClash!

[As the count hits five, Bryant's arms both come up on the apron, reaching up to grab the middle rope to continue the hauling of his injured body off the floor.]

GM: Dave Bryant's got a foot underneath him. It looks like he's going to beat the count and get-

[Suddenly, Dufresne dashes across the ring from his spot leaning against the ropes, dropping into a baseball slide...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TWO FEET DIRECTLY IN THE FACE OF THE CHALLENGER!!

[Dufresne slips out to the floor, again leaning against the ring apron. He shakes his head, grabbing at his shoulder as Bryant lies on the ringside mats, just a foot or two away from the steel barricade.]

GM: Dufresne went on the attack and just about knocked Bryant into the railing at ringside!



[The World Champion pushes off the apron, moving slowly towards Bryant, dragging him off the floor by the hair...]

...and THROWS him backfirst into the barricade, again snapping Bryant's head and neck back in a whiplash-type movement!]

GM: Good grief! What a vile and sickening move by Dufresne right there!

BW: He continues to go after the neck. He might not even know that Bryant's favoring that knee, Gordo. He couldn't really get a clear shot of it from where he was inside the ring.

[Dufresne leans against the barricade, breathing heavily before pulling Bryant off by the hair, walking him towards the ring...]

...where Bryant suddenly catches him with a back elbow to the jaw!]

GM: Oh! Bryant fighting back!

[Grabbing Dufresne by the hair, Bryant SLAMS his face into the ring apron before grabbing the middle rope with both hands, trying to steady himself. He pulls himself up on the apron, throwing a back kick into the face of Dufresne, sending him pitching back towards the barricade!]

GM: Bryant knocks him back! What is he-?!

[Bryant continues to try and defy age and injury as he leaps into the air, wincing as he lands on the middle rope, springing back...]

...and WIPING OUT a stunned Dufresne with a moonsault!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: Bryant dug WAAAY deep into the playbook for that! That's something that he probably hasn't done since the late 90s, daddy! It wasn't the prettiest moonsault you'll ever see but it was pretty damn effective and the World Champion wasn't expecting it at all!

[The referee starts his ten count anew, laying the count on both men this time as the crowd rises to their feet, trying to rally both men to get off the floor and back into the ring.]

GM: You get the feeling that these fans in Dallas are cheering them BOTH to get back in, Bucky.

BW: Of course they are. They want to see a decisive finish to this too. They don't want a countout or a disqualification... especially a double countout or disqualification.

GM: And as we approach the twenty minute mark of the match, remember that this has a sixty minute time limit. Plenty of time left in this one.

[Bryant is crawling away from the floored Dufresne as the referee's count hits three.]

GM: The count is up to three as the challenger tries to get back into the squared circle and continue his quest to become the World Heavyweight Champion - the first double champion in AWA history on top of that.

[The challenger reaches the apron, stretching up to make a grab at the bottom rope as the count hits five.]

GM: Bryant's to the apron... Dufresne is starting to stir now as well, using the railing to drag himself up off the floor.

[Dufresne shoves himself off the railing, wobbling across the ringside area to the apron. He reaches it just as Bryant gets back to his feet and promptly pastes the challenger with a right hand!]

GM: Dufresne drilled him with the right, pulling himself up on the apron... and Bryant's pulling himself right there next to him!

[The referee's count breaks as the two men reach the apron, allowing for a slugfest outside of the ring.]

GM: Big right hand by the champion... and the challenger responds with a left!

[The crowd groans with every blow thrown by the World Champion but roars at every shot landed by the challenger!]

GM: These fans in Dallas are living and dying with every haymaker these two are throwing at each other!

[A stiff jab to the chin seems to stun Dufresne, allowing Bryant to slip through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: The challenger's back in!

[Dufresne steps through as well, rearing back a right hand as he straightens up.]

GM: Big right- ducked by Bryant!

[Reaching back, Bryant snares the arms of Dufresne, dragging him down in a backslide!]

GM: BACKSLIDE! BACKSLIDE! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars, I thought he had him there!

[Bryant slams a balled-up fist into the canvas as Dufresne crawls away from him, trying to get a breather as the challenger climbs to his feet, noticeably trying to avoid putting weight on his right leg as he hobbles towards the fleeing World Champion.]

GM: Bryant catches up to him, dragging him off the mat...

[Bryant hooks a front facelock, slinging Dufresne's arm over the back of his neck. He elevates him up for a suplex but the World Champion slips out, landing on his feet behind him!]

GM: Counter by Dufresne!

[Dufresne steps forward, grabbing a handful of hair as he slips his right leg around Bryant's left leg, looking for the forward Russian legsweep...

...but Bryant BLASTS Dufresne with a pair of short elbows to the bridge of the nose, sending him staggering away!]

GM: And Bryant counters as well!

[Bryant slips in behind Dufresne, pulling him down with a schoolboy!]

GM: Rolls him up for one! For two! For th- no! No! The shoulder's up at two!

[Both men scramble, trying to beat the other to their feet. Dufresne is the first one up, catching a rising Bryant with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Both men have landed some hellacious punches in this battle!

[This time when Dufresne attempts the forward Russian legsweep, he connects, smashing Bryant's face into the canvas! He flips Bryant to his back, lunging across.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd ROARS as Bryant fires a shoulder off the canvas in time!]

GM: Another near fall for the World Champion and the pace is starting to pick up here in Dallas as these two men hunt for a way to put the other one down and walk out of here with the World Title around their waist!

BW: This one has gone back and forth a few times now. The momentum just keeps switching from man to man as both champion and challenger try to be the last one to have momentum on their side in this one.

[Dufresne is back to his feet, stomping Bryant viciously before Johnny Jagger steps in again, forcing him away.]

GM: Dufresne's walking around, plotting his next- he's calling for it! He says he's going to finish this off right now!

[Dragging a battered Bryant off the canvas, Dufresne pulls him by the hair to the center of the ring...

...and tugs him into the front facelock!]

GM: He hooks it!

[But before he can go any further, Bryant grabs his wrist, spinning out of it, and then yanks Dufresne into a front facelock of his own, extending the champion's left arm...

...and DROPPING down hard to the canvas, causing Dufresne to wail in pain!]

GM: Single arm DDT and that'll rip a shoulder right out!

BW: The boys call that one Divorce Court, Gordo, and you better believe it'll separate a shoulder like nobody's business!

[Down on the mat, Bryant slips to the side, chickenwinging both arms...]

GM: What's he-?!

[...and flipping over the top, applying a bridging double chickenwing on the World Heavyweight Champion!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: The pressure on the shoulder just got cranked up to eleven, daddy! Calisto Dufresne's going to have to dig down deep, dig down to places he never knew he had in him if he wants to survive this hold! The pain's gotta be excruciating for him right now!

[Dufresne is screaming in pain, repeatedly shouting "NOOOO!" at the top of his lungs to Johnny Jagger who is kneeling next to him, checking to see if the Louisiana native wants to submit away his first World Championship.]

GM: Dufresne's trying to hang on but this hold is incredibly difficult to escape! Your arms are trapped so there's no way to battle free, no way to get to the ropes. He's trapped in the center of the ring in this painful hold!

[The World Champion again refuses to quit, the fans on their feet roaring in hopes of seeing the title change hands.]

GM: Bryant's trying to win the World Title in the middle of the ring with this hold and-

[The crowd deflates as Bryant's neck or knee give out on him, collapsing the bridge and causing the hold to break.]

GM: He couldn't stay up in that bridge.

BW: I don't know if it was the knee or the neck but something caused Bryant to break that hold and that may have just saved the World Title for Calisto Dufresne, Gordo.

GM: Unbelievable. These two are putting on a clinic in there.

[Bryant crawls across the ring, using the ropes to drag himself off the canvas to his feet as Dufresne pushes up off the mat. The World Champion wobbles over towards the challenger who is still hanging onto the ropes...

...and violently kicks the back of Bryant's knee, sweeping the legs out from under him and dumping him on the back of his head!]

GM: Ohh! Dufresne just realized that knee is in some trouble and I think he's decided to go after that now!

[With Bryant down on the mat, Dufresne repeatedly stomps the kneecap, causing the challenger to cry out in pain as he clutches his injured limb.]

GM: Dufresne grabs the leg... he might be looking to take a page right out of Bryant's book here!

[Dufresne grabs the leg, throwing it anklefirst down on the bottom rope as he steps up to the middle rope, springing off to drop his weight down on the knee!]

GM: Oh my! Dufresne with a vicious attack on the knee!

[Grabbing Bryant by the boot, Dufresne hauls him out to the center of the ring, giving the leg a few hard jerks before twisting it around his own leg...

...and falling back in the figure four leglock!]

GM: Figure four applied by the World Champion!

[Bryant screams in pain, sitting up and grabbing the shirt of Johnny Jagger who forces his way free, slipping back out of reach but still shouting at Bryant, checking for a submission.]

GM: We had the double chickenwing submission by Bryant and now the figure four by Dufresne! You better believe either one of these guys would love forcing a submission out of their opposition!

[The challenger slumps back to the mat as Dufresne rocks back and forth, applying more pressure with the hold!]

GM: The Ladykiller cranks up the pressure - can the challenger hang on?

[Dufresne leans back, shouting "ASK HIM!" at Johnny Jagger who does, then shakes it off, pointing to Bryant.]

GM: Bryant's refusing to quit!

BW: He's gonna get his leg broken! His career could be in jeopardy right now. There's no shame in quitting and living to fight another day, Gordo.

GM: I absolutely agree with you but in Dave Bryant's head, there is no other day. He came into this match believing that this could very well be his final opportunity to become the World Heavyweight Champion in his career. His last shot! What WOULDN'T you do to become the World Champion in your last shot, Bucky?

[Bryant sits up, pumping his right arm in the air.]

GM: Bryant got a second wind! The World Television Champion got a second wind!

[With the arm pumping in the air like a madman, Dufresne's eyes go wide with shock. He's shaking his head back and forth as Bryant leans to his left, pushing hard as he grits his teeth.]

GM: Bryant's trying to turn it over! It'll reverse the pressure and allow him to escape the hold!

[The crowd is roaring, rallying behind Bryant as he struggles, strains...

...and finally rolls to his chest, shooting the pain back the other way as the World Champion cries out before grabbing the bottom rope, forcing the break.]

GM: Johnny Jagger untangles their legs from one another and Bryant escapes the figure four to keep on fighting. Incredible!

[Bryant crawls towards the corner as Dufresne uses the ropes to drag himself up off the mat.]

GM: Both men are trying to get a breather here. We're approaching the twenty-five minute mark of the match and these guys are both looking a little winded.

[The World Television Champion pulls himself to his feet with the aid of the ropes, collapsing against the turnbuckles as Dufresne comes tearing across the ring towards him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: CALL ME IN THE MORNING! CALL ME IN THE MORNING!

[The lethal superkick catches Dufresne FLUSH on the chin, sending him sailing backwards and down to the canvas...

...as Bryant slumps to his knees, clutching his right knee in pain.]

GM: Bryant got the superkick but he can't take advantage of it!

[Bryant tries to push himself on his knees towards the prone Dufresne, looking to attempt a pin as the World Champion lies flat on his back, his chest heaving with weariness.]

GM: Bryant's crawling across... and he covers!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! My god, Dufresne got the shoulder off the canvas in the nick of time to save the World Heavyweight Title! We almost had a new champion right there!

[Bryant looks up, face covered in frustration as he stares at the official who holds up two fingers confidently.]

GM: Johnny Jagger, the AWA's Senior Official, says it was only a two count so if he says it, you have to believe him.

BW: Tell that to Dave Bryant.

GM: The Doctor of Love, the World Television Champion and challenger in this match has broken out everything he's got and then some in his playbook to try and win the gold but he just hasn't been able to put Dufresne away for a three count or to force that submission out of him.

[The challenger slowly climbs to his feet, pulling Dufresne up with him. He winds up, drilling the champion with a right hand. A second one sends the champion falling into the corner where a weary Bryant scales the turnbuckles, holding up his clenched right fist.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Bryant steps down off the middle rope, wincing as he puts weight on the right knee. He whips Dufresne into the corner, sending him smashing into the turnbuckles. The World Champion staggers out towards Bryant who sets for a hiptoss.]

GM: Hiptoss... no, reversed by Dufresne!

[But the World Champion's attempt is reversed again, flipping Bryant back into the control...

...as he elevates Dufresne over the top rope, sending him crashing down onto the elevated wooden ramp!]

GM: OHH! HIPTOSS OUT ON THE RAMP!!

[Dufresne rolls to his side, clutching at his back as Bryant leans against the ropes, breathing heavily. As the referee starts a new count on the World Champion, the challenger steps out to the ramp...

...and BURIES a soccer style kick into the lower back!]

GM: Bryant lays in a kick to the spine... and another!

BW: It's pretty late in the match to change your strategy but Bryant's taking some shots at the back now after working on that arm throughout the whole matchup. Maybe his super-secret move works the back.

GM: I can feel your sarcasm, Bucky. It doesn't become you.

[Out on the ramp, Bryant drags Dufresne to his feet, tugging him into a side waistlock.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[The challenger elevates Dufresne, holding him high in the air for a few seconds...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BELLY TO BACK ON THE RAMP!! OH MY!!

[Dufresne howls in pain as Bryant sits up on the wooden platform, looking out at the cheering crowd and then up at Johnny Jagger who has his count to five.]

GM: The count is up to five as Bryant climbs back to his feet, pulling Dufresne off the ramp...

[The challenger tosses Dufresne towards the ropes, sending him sailing over them and back down inside the ring. He pursues... and then pauses, turning to look at the turnbuckles.]

GM: No, no... don't do that, Dave! That's too risky at this point of the match!

[But the Las Vegas native gives a nod, pointing to the corner this time.]



GM: I don't think this is the best idea.

BW: The adrenaline may be getting to Bryant. He feels like he's on top of the world and he's just hunting for a way to put Dufresne down long enough to capture the World Champion!

GM: Bryant walks along the apron, looking to scale the turnbuckles.

[The Doctor of Love steps a foot onto the middle rope, again looking out to the crowd as he steps up with both feet on the second rope. He winces, grabbing at his knee for a moment as he tries to keep his balance.]

GM: That knee is bothering him as well. This is a bad idea, Bucky.

BW: Dufresne's starting to stir in there, Gordo.

GM: The World Champion is up to a knee and-

[As Bryant steps to the top rope, Dufresne lunges towards the ropes, throwing himself at them...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Bryant falls on the top rope! His groin slams into the top turnbuckle!

[The camera closes on the sneering face of Calisto Dufresne as the Louisiana native leans over the ropes, sucking air into his lungs. He pushes off the ropes, pasting Bryant with a pair of right hands.]

GM: Dufresne opens fire once more, now stepping up there with him.

[The crowd begins to buzz with concern for the challenger as Dufresne muscles him up onto his well-toned shoulders, holding him in a fireman's carry.]

GM: What in the world?!

[The World Champion slowly turns his body around, facing back inside the ring with Bryant still precariously positioned.]

GM: I don't know what Dufresne is thinking of doing right here but whatever it is, it can't be good news for the challenger!

[Dufresne steadies himself, taking several deep breaths before leaping off the ropes, swinging Bryant out of the fireman's carry and into a snap mare position...]

GM: Oh my stars!

[...before crashing tailbone first to the mat, jamming Bryant's jaw into Dufresne's shoulder!]

GM: Goodness gracious, what in the world was that?!

BW: He jacked his jaw good with that one!

[Dufresne turns over, shoving Bryant onto his back and diving across his chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd collectively gasps as Jagger pulls out of the count, pointing at Dave Bryant's foot which is placed on the bottom rope!]

GM: Foot on the ropes! Bryant got his foot on the ropes to break the pin!

BW: He had him, Gordo! That was it!

GM: I think you're right. Earlier, we talked about the challenger pulling out all the stops, digging deep into the playbook to find the big moves to try and put his opponent away but now we're seeing the World Heavyweight Champion do the exact same thing.

[Dufresne pushes up to his feet, pacing across the ring with annoyance on his face. He turns to the official, pointing at the downed Bryant. The referee again points out the foot on the ropes before being shoved aside by Dufresne who stalks to the opposite corner, turning slowly back to face the challenger...

...and stomps his foot!]

GM: Dufresne's calling for a superkick of his own!

BW: Oh yeah! How humiliating would this be for Bryant to lose the biggest match of his life to his own move?! I love it!

[The Ladykiller stomps his foot again, grabbing the top rope with both hands as he sets for what might be a match-ending superkick.]

GM: Dufresne stomps again... and again... this whole building and everyone watching this show knows exactly what's coming, Bucky.

BW: But none of 'em can stop it!

GM: The question is - can Dave Bryant stop it?!

[The dazed challenger slowly pushes up to all fours, staring across the ring at Dufresne who is looking him dead in the eye.]

GM: This is how Bryant beat Wright! He hit that superkick right on the jaw when Wright was on his knees!

[Dufresne nods at Bryant, gesturing at his waist with the "belt gesture" one more time before tearing towards him, swinging his leg up...]

GM: SUPERKI-

[The crowd roars!]

GM: CAUGHT!

[Bryant straightens up, hanging onto Dufresne's leg as the World Champion hops on one foot, desperately trying to keep his balance as the challenger rises, trying to figure out what's next.]

GM: He caught the superkick and-

[The challenger swings the leg, turning Dufresne away from him...

...where Bryant leaps forward, grabbing the left arm and wrapping his right arm around the face of the World Champion!]

GM: CROSSFACED CHICKENWING!

[Dufresne cries out as Bryant locks his hands together, putting pressure on the left shoulder as he wrenches on the arm. With his right arm free, Dufresne reaches out, stretching his hand out for the ropes but can't quite get there as Bryant holds him back...]

GM: Bryant's got it locked in! Can the World Champion hang on?!

[Dufresne uses his size advantage to pull himself a couple of steps towards the corner, grabbing a hold of the top rope with his right hand. The referee steps in, immediately ordering Bryant to break the hold.]

BW: Break the hold!

GM: The referee gave the order but Bryant's hanging on!

BW: Ring the bell! Disqualify him!

GM: Johnny Jagger's starting a ten count.

[Dufresne pulls his chest into the turnbuckles, trying to free himself. He's screaming in pain as Bryant cranks on the injured shoulder, still tormenting the champion as the referee counts.]

GM: The referee's right in the corner, right there ordering the break. He's screaming at Bryant and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Bryant releases the hold, falling back to the canvas courtesy of a mule kick up into the groin!]

GM: Dufresne kicked him low, fans!

BW: Prove it! Johnny Jagger was shielded and couldn't see a thing!

GM: See it or not, it happened and Bryant's paying the price because of it. And at the thirty minute mark of this marathon battle, Calisto Dufresne may have just turned the tide in his favor for the final time.

[The Ladykiller grabs Bryant by the hair, hauling him off the canvas and yanking him right into a front facelock.]

GM: He hooks him! He's going to finish it!

[Bryant throws himself forward, smashing Dufresne back into the corner.]

GM: Desperation save for the challenger!

[Still hurting from the low blow, Bryant slumps to a knee as Dufresne smashes fists into his skull from a standing position. He reaches up with his boot, raking the laces down the eyes of Bryant before stepping out of the corner again, grabbing him in another front facelock.]

GM: He's going for it again!

[Dufresne notices his proximity to the ropes, shaking his head with a "not this time!" as he walks Bryant out to the center of the ring, ready to put him away with the Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am DDT.]

GM: They're in the center! Dufresne is ready... he's set...

[The challenger suddenly ducks lower, grabbing Dufresne's legs with both arms, and yanking them out from under him!]

GM: Double leg... BOSTON CRAB!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Bryant turns the World Champion onto his stomach in the center of the ring, leaning back in the Boston Crab!]

GM: There is is, Bucky! The Iron Crab that was once used by "Iron" Brett Bryant to such great perfection!

[Dufresne is screaming in pain, shouting at the official as Bryant leans back, trying to bend the back into a submission!]

GM: It's locked in in the center of the ring! Dufresne's got nowhere to run! He's got nowhere to hide!

[He reaches out with his left arm, stretching it out towards the ropes but quickly recoils, switching to his right arm which comes up way short.]

GM: A one-armed man is trying to escape the Boston Crab in the center of the ring - pardon me, the Iron Crab - as Dufresne struggles and fights against it, trying to find a way out!

[The World Champion is clawing at the canvas as Bryant slowly lowers himself to a knee, turning up the pressure on the back of Dufresne!]

GM: Dufresne's screaming in pain! The back is being bent in a way it's just not meant to go! Bryant's kneeling down now, increasing the leverage! He's screaming at the official to check Dufresne.

[The kneeling Johnny Jagger asks Dufresne again but gets a refusal!]

GM: Dufresne's trying to hang on! He says no!

[Bryant grits his teeth, nodding his head as the crowd roars, standing on their feet cheering him on.]

GM: The American Airlines Center is deafening! These 20,000 fans are on their feet, screaming their lungs out for the underdog who fought so hard to get here! The man hunting for redemption... for the glory that has eluded him since the early days of his career! Can Dave Bryant do it? Can he become the first ever AWA double champion? Can he become the World Heavyweight Champion on the biggest night in AWA history?!

[Jagger asks again, flattening out to get right into Dufresne's face who again screams "NOOOOOO!"]

GM: The World Champion is fighting with all he's got! He's got no allies coming to save him! This is just sheer will keeping him in this match at this point. He's trying to fight down the pain, trying to hang on and find a way to keep that title around his waist!

[Bryant leans back again, nearly toppling over on his bad knee as he bends Dufresne, and delivers a loud "ASK HIM!"]

GM: Johnny Jagger is checking again and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Jagger springing to his feet, waving his hands at the timekeeper!]

GM: HE GAVE UP! MY GOD, WE'VE GOT A NEW WORLD CHAMPION!

[Jagger taps an exhausted Bryant on the shoulder. The veteran collapses to his knees, shoving Dufresne's legs aside as he falls to the mat, dropping his forehead down to the canvas.]

GM: After a grueling half hour of action, Dave Bryant got that Iron Crab locked in and Calisto Dufresne had no choice but to give it up! We've got a new World Champion, Bucky!

[The crowd is on their feet, causing permanent hearing loss for many in their midst as they salute the new World Champion. Bryant is still down on the mat, his body heaving as he lies facefirst on the canvas.]

GM: The emotions of the moment are getting to the new World Champion! He's fought for so long and so hard to get to this moment. Think about where he was when he came back to wrestling in the summer of 2012 to where he is now! What a moment! What a moment in the life of Dave Bryant!

[Bryant pushes up to his knees as the referee steps in, handing him the World Title belt. The crowd ERUPTS once more as Bryant embraces the title belt, clinging to it like a drowning man with a life preserver. The AWA's Senior Official helps him off the mat, helping him up to his feet where Bryant thrusts the title belt over his head into the air!]

GM: Dave Bryant has done it, fans! He's shocked the world here tonight in Dallas to become the new AWA World Heavyweight Champion! He's also the first man to ever wear TWO AWA titles at the same time but that's a situation to be settled another day because right now, the Doctor of Love is on top of the world!

[The camera falls on Calisto Dufresne who is down on the mat, clutching his lower back in pain. Bryant steps up to the middle rope, a title belt in each hand, thrusting them into the air as bursts of fireworks explode from the turnbuckles.]

GM: Oh yeah! What a moment for these fans in Dallas! What a moment for those of you watching at home! What a moment for the entire AWA! And most of all, what a moment for the brand new World Heavyweight Champion, Dave Bryant!

[Bryant stands on the buckles, tears in his eyes as he holds his title belts aloft. Confetti begins to fall from the rafters, creating a snow blizzard effect as the cameras peer through at the new World Champion.]

GM: It's been an incredible night for all of us here in the American Airlines Center, fans! One of the wildest, craziest, most exciting nights in AWA history and I can't think of a better way to wrap up 2013 than to celebrate the crowning of TWO new champions here tonight in the AWA's hometown of Dallas, Texas! Wow!

[The wide shot of the American Airlines Center crowd continues to show the massive celebration underway until the sounds of "Step Into A World (Rapture's Delight)" by KRS-One kicks in over the PA system, meaning the arrival of only one man.]

GM: And here comes the man who hopes to be the first to challenge the new World Champion for his title!

[The winner of tonight's Steal The Spotlight contract steps into view, clapping his hands as he walks down the aisle towards the ring. Bryant, surprised by his arrival, drops down off the ropes, turning to face the incoming Number One Contender.]

GM: Dave Bryant looks as surprised as the rest of us.

BW: The lucky thing for Bryant is that Steal The Spotlight has always required someone to give notice before cashing it in. You can't just waltz up with a referee and yell, "Ring the bell!" You get the match of your choice with plenty of notice.

GM: You're absolutely right about that but it's not settling down the brand new AWA World Champion one bit.

[Wright steps through the ropes, still applauding as he grabs an offered mic from the floor.]

SW: Bravo, Mr. Bryant! That was a masterful performance. I had NO doubt in my mind, that you'd be the one standing here at the end of the night with the World Title. After the grit and determination you showed in the "Chase for the Clash," I couldn't expect any less. Mr. Dufresne and Royalty's reign of terror is over and the dark cloud that's been hanging over the AWA is lifted.

[He grins and points at Bryant.]

SW: Finally, the AWA can finally have a World Champion it can be proud of!

[A grin crosses Bryant's face as the crowd roars with approval. He slowly raises the title belt high into the air. Wright slowly raises a hand, lifting one finger to point at Bryant.]

SW: And as the man that will be your next challenger for that title...

[Dramatic pause.]

SW: I just wanted to be the first one to congratulate you.

[Supreme extends his hand towards the World Champion, as Bryant nods and goes to shake Wright's hand...]

GM: A nice show of sportsmanship out of Wrig-

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...only to have Supreme throw a high kick that catches him right in the side of the head!]

GM: OH! OH!!! OH MY GOD!

BW: WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT!?!

[Wright stares down at the fallen World Champion, still clutching the mic in his hand.]

SW: ...and the last.

[He allows himself a chuckle as Bryant rolls to his back, grabbing at his temple where the high impact kick landed.]

SW: You see, Mr. Bryant, I was given an interesting bit of information by Mr. O'Connor earlier tonight.

[Wright pauses, looking down at the writhing World Champion.]

GM: We saw that conversation start to occur but I didn't really think anything of it.

[Wright continues.]

SW: It turns out that in exchange for allowing additional teams into the Steal The Spotlight match tonight, the Championship Committee had to agree to a stipulation from Chris Blue.

[The crowd starts to buzz with concern, not liking the direction this is going.]

SW: And that stipulation, was that the winner of the Steal the Spotlight contract could cash in...

...at ANY TIME and ANYWHERE.

[The crowd roars with disbelief at that revelation!]

GM: WHAT?! That's huge! That's unprecedented! That's-

BW: Do you NOT understand what he's saying?!

[Wright continues again.]

SW: And as you know, tonight... I stole the spotlight. But you?

You stole MY moment.

[A look of deep rage forms on Wright's face as he stares down at Bryant.]

SW: And I'm here to take it back.

[He turns to the referee and the timekeeper.]

SW: Ring the bell.



[The crowd collectively gasps at Wright's cold-hearted statement to the referee as he throws the mic aside. Referee Johnny Jagger steps up to Wright, shaking his head.]

GM: Can we get some conversation that Supreme Wright is telling the truth?!

[Jagger and Wright seem to be arguing about the title match when Wright suddenly rushes forward, punt kicking the skull of the rising Bryant into the middle of next week!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! That might be it right there! Fans, I... are you sure? Okay, fans... we're getting word from the back that Karl O'Connor, the AWA President, has confirmed that Wright is telling the truth. This title shot is officially underway!

[Johnny Jagger seems to be getting the same news as he steps back and waves to the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Supreme Wright has decided to cash in the guaranteed match contract he won earlier tonight! He's going for the World Title against a man who just went through hell for a half hour!

[Wright leans down, dragging a limp Bryant off the mat by the hair, ducking down to sling him across his shoulders.]

GM: He's got him up. This isn't right, Bucky. If you ask me, this isn't right. No one should be winning a title like this... especially not the biggest title in the sport.

[Wright paces around the ring, heading out to the center where he flings Bryant up and over as he falls to his back, jamming his knees up into the midsection of Bryant!]

GM: OHHH! FAT TUESDAY!

[Wright shoves Bryant off his lifted knees and down to his back. The crowd starts to turn on Wright a little bit, booing the Combat Corner graduate as he climbs to his feet, looking down at the new World Champion.]

GM: Wright got that big move but it looks like he's decided not to cover!

[Back up, Wright waggles a finger at the jeering crowd before leaning down to drag Bryant up, ducking into a second fireman's carry. He again walks out to the middle of the ring...

...and drops Bryant across his knees a second time!]

GM: That's two! Two Fat Tuesdays by... well, by the challenger, I guess you can say. Bryant is laid out after that!

BW: This has gotta be over, Gordo.

GM: I can't believe what we're witnessing here. Dave Bryant fulfilled his lifelong dream of capturing the World Heavyweight Title and it appears as though Supreme Wright plans on taking that all away from him.

[Wright climbs to his feet again, looking down at a motionless Dave Bryant. He points to the official, raising a lone finger.]

GM: Oh god, he says he's going for one more!

[Wright leans down, this time raising Bryant up into a torture rack backbreaker. He walks him out into position...

...and then flings him up and over, raising the knees for an impactful backbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it, fans.

[Wright drops to his knees, applying a cover on the motionless Bryant.]

GM: One. Two. I can't believe it.

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen...

[Wright gets immediately back up, waving to the referee who runs to fetch the fallen World Title belt, handing it to Wright.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

[The former Combat Corner student rises to his feet, thrusting the title belt over his head with both hands.]

PW: ...and NEW AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

SUUUUUPREEEEEEEEEEME WRRIIIIIIIIGHT!

[Wright stands in the middle of the ring, title belt raised over his head with both hands. The crowd does not seem pleased at this turn of events despite a decent amount of fans still cheering for Wright. He stands still, the title belt held in the air.]

GM: Dave Bryant made his dream come true right here tonight but Supreme Wright just turned it into a nightmare, fans! We're way out of time! We've gotta go! We'll see you next time... at the matches!

[With Bryant laid out on the mat, Wright stands with the title belt aloft, ignoring the jeering fans... ignoring the cheering fans... even ignoring Dave Bryant as he stands, arms raised over his head...

...and we fade to black on the new World Heavyweight Champion!]