

SUPERCASH VI

NOVEMBER 28TH, 2014
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
NEW YORK CITY

[A black screen.

White text appears to threaten you against recording and redistributing the Pay Per View that you're about to watch. Very serious stuff.

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 logo, 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 Jay-Z.]

#Turn the music up#

[We cut right into the first verse of "Welcome To New York City" by Cam'ron featuring Jay-Z and Juelz Santana as a black and white shot of Ryan Martinez standing in a darkened gym, jumping rope as sweat flies off his drenched body. As the camera pivots around him, we see a poster of Supreme Wright standing with the World Title belt above his head in front of him. Martinez nods, gritting his teeth as he starts swinging the rope faster.]

#Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
Welcome to the Empire State.
Home of the World Trade.
Birthplace of Michael Jordan.
Home of Biggie Smalls.#

[The shot changes to something similar in tone - black and white, a dark gym, Supreme Wright running on a treadmill, eyes focused dead ahead. The World Title belt dangles in front of his eyes, driving him to run faster, to push harder.]

#Roc-A-Fella headquarters.
Ladies and gentlemen, Killa Cam, Young Hov is definitely in the building
Brooklyn, Harlem World
(Welcome to New York City, welcome to New York City)#

[Back to Martinez, throwing his trademark machine gun chops at a heavy bag, his face etched in determination as he slams his arm repeatedly into the swinging bag harder and harder, faster and faster.]

#I'm a B.K. brawler
Marcy projects hallway loiterer
Pure coke copper, get your order up
I bring 'em to Baltimore in the Ford Explorer
It's gonna cost you more if I gotta get 'em to Florida#

[Over to Wright, down on the mat, straddling a heavy bag as he slams his elbow down into where the "head" would be on the bag, throwing his entire body into the elbowstrike, smashing it into the mat. He leaps up after a half dozen strikes, throwing his head back into a slow motion roar, spinning towards the camera.]

#Rucker game attender
With the Bent parked on the sidewalk with the temp plates on the fender
I ain't hard to find you catch me fronting center
At the Knick game, big chain and all my splendor
Next to Spike and the pen left to write
I own Madison Square, catch me at the fight
But damn once again if you pan left at the ice#

[Cut to older footage, showing Martinez and Wright in the ring during the Cibernetico at the Battle of Los Angeles. Wright has a dazed Martinez up in a fireman's carry when the White Knight slips out, lifting the World

Champion up into an electric chair lift for the Knight's End when the ever-resourceful World Champion scissors his legs around the head and neck, raining down elbows on the top of Martinez' head, splitting his flesh with one of the strikes.]

#If you the man that write checks with the hand that don't write
I go off the head when I'm rambling on the mic
And I go off the feds when I'm scrambling at night
And if it's off the set I brought hammers to the fight
But we from New York City, right Cam?
Yeah, damn right#

[A bloodied Martinez has Wright cornered, unleashing chop after chop after chop into the welt-covered chest of the World Champion before he whips him across, tearing in after him with a high impact running Yakuza kick in the corner!]

#It's the home of 9-11, the place of the lost towers
We still banging, we never lost power, tell 'em
Welcome to New York City, welcome to New York City#

[It's a non-stop barrage of shots of battles between the two men. Elbows flying. Chops connecting. Big boots landing. Roundhouse kicks rattling the brain. Chokes being locked in. Big suplexes and slams shaking the body from head to toe.

It's a dizzying pace, matching the beat of the music until...

...a final cut leaves the black and white images of both men, the World Title belt super-imposed between the two. The SuperClash VI logo is in black and white right below their faces, holding for several seconds.

The shot fades to black before being replaced by a shot of the SuperClash logo splashed across the video marquee outside the most famous arena in the world. Fans are filing in through the doors underneath the sign as the music continues to blare out over the arena's PA system.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, we are LIVE on Pay Per View once again for the biggest night of the year and you better believe it, we are LIVE in New York City... we are LIVE in the most famous arena in all the world... we are LIVE in Madison Square Garden... and yes indeed, we are LIVE here at SuperClash VI!

[We cut to the interior of the building which is darkened save for the fairly elaborate (and expensive for the AWA) set that makes up one end of the historic building. An elevated stage has been built with a mockup of a subway train across the back of it. A fairly large video screen has been erected above the train which currently has the SuperClash logo splashed across it, spinning around wildly.]

GM: Happy Thanksgiving to all of you out there who have chosen to spend your holiday evening here with us in the American Wrestling Alliance. We

thank you and we can't wait to bring you all the action here in the City That Never Sleeps!

[A cut to a wider shot of the arena shows that a small and short ramp leads from the elevated stage to the floor where steel barricades are on either side of the aisle, leading to the red, white, and blue roped ring. A freshly created ring apron with the SuperClash logo splashed across it hangs from the ring, falling onto the thin black mats surrounding the ring.]

GM: It is the biggest night of the year here in the AWA and this is - perhaps - the biggest of them all!

[As our camera moves around the ringside area, it comes to rest on the announce tables... yes, tables... that - on this night - stand several feet back from the ring, the barricade at their backs. On our left sits the familiar masked face of SouthWest Lucha Libre announcer El Corazon Negro alongside famed retired luchador Hector Joaquin. They are busy speaking as well as we look to our right and see who we expected to see.

First, it's the Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing, Gordon Myers, in a black tuxedo with white dress shirt and red bowtie. Gordon is obviously happy to be here, a grin across his face. His eyeglasses are in place. His salt and pepper hair has been styled under his headset. The utmost professional is ready to get down to business.

And then there's his partner.

Mr. Buckthorn Wilde has opted for a sunburst yellow suit from head to toe. He's also smiling - freshly polished teeth dazzling our vision. Oh, and don't forget the #ScumbagTravis tuxedo t-shirt underneath his sportscoat. Truly. Don't forget it. It's available on AWAshop.com right now. There are AWA executives with families to feed and Christmas gifts to buy. Make it happen for them.]

GM: Joining me on this jam-packed night of action - as always - is the one and only Bucky Wilde. Happy Thanksgiving, Bucky!

BW: Right back at'cha, Gordo. What a day it's been! You and I were in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade this morning.

[Gordon nods.]

BW: We had a heckuva catered Thanksgiving lunch back at the hotel that we didn't even have to pick up the tab for.

[Gordon chuckles.]

BW: And now, we're here at ringside in the world's most famous arena for what is gonna be a night none of us will ever forget, Gordo. And despite all that, you know what I'm thankful for?

GM: What's that?

BW: I'm thankful that after this night is said and done, we'll never have to hear Ryan Martinez run his mouth about becoming the World Champion ever again!

GM: This card is absolutely stuffed... overflowing... and yet, the main reason that many of these fans are here tonight is the Main Event pitting Supreme Wright defending his World Heavyweight Title against the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez, which should be an absolutely thrilling encounter. And I don't think it would be any exaggeration to say that tonight will see the most highly anticipated World Heavyweight Title match in the history of this company, Bucky Wilde.

BW: Anticipation is one thing, Gordo, but reality is another thing altogether. This whole thing started with a dumb kid standing up to fight those who were better than him and tonight, it's going to end with a dumb kid standing up to fight someone better than him. Tonight, Ryan Martinez will walk down that aisle. He will step into this ring in the most famous arena in the world. He will fight. He will bleed. He will give it everything he has. And he will lose, Gordon Myers. He will lose and Supreme Wright will prove - once again - why he is the greatest professional athlete in the world today.

GM: That remains to be seen but we're a long, long way from seeing that one go down, fans. We've got so much happening here tonight in the AWA's first time in New York City including Steal The Spotlight... including the Texas Death Match... the Six Man Street Fight... the Winner Takes All tag title showdown plus so much more including, we're throwing a birthday party here tonight!

[The camera cuts into the ringside crowd, showing a pair of familiar faces sitting at ringside, discussing the night's action.]

GM: There you can see two former World Champions and Hall of Famers in their own right - Jeff "Madfox" Matthews and "Dreamlover" Trey Porter!

[The two men turn, waving with a smile to the camera as the fans around them and elsewhere inside Madison Square Garden go nuts for their appearance on the big screen.]

GM: It's the 20th Birthday of the legendary Empire Wrestling Council - known as the EMWC, the E, or whatever else you want to call it - and we're going to be paying tribute to that organization all night long as well. It's going to be a night that none of us are going to forget for a long, long time, Bucky, and let's go right up to the ring for our opening matchup!

[The bell sounds as we crossfade to a black tuxedo-wearing Phil Watson who has a big smile splashed across his face as he begins.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight's opening contest is the BRASS RING BATTLE ROYAL!

[Big cheer!]

PW: As I speak, twenty competitors will make their way down the aisle to the ring. Once the bell sounds, they will battle it out. The only way to be eliminated is to go OVER the top rope and have both feet touch the floor. The last man standing will be your winner and will be the first participant in the 2015 Brass Ring Tournament!

[As Watson runs down the rules for a Battle Royal, we see a shot of the aisle where Caspian Abaran, Kyle Houlder, The Lost Boy, Michael Weaver, the Northern Lights, and the South Philly Phighter have all jogged into view, making their way towards the ring.]

GM: The Brass Ring Tournament is a new creation coming in early 2015 from the AWA that'll see some of the future of our sport - those guys just bubbling under the top level, trying to break through - get the opportunity of a lifetime to do exactly that.

BW: And to get into that tournament, you gotta qualify. Twenty guys are about to come out here and feel a whole lot better about their holidays if they know they've already made it and don't have to beat anyone else to get in there.

GM: You've got young prospects like Matt Rogers making his way down the aisle right now who won that Golden Opportunity match earlier this year... and then you've got veterans like Cesar Hernandez who are hoping to earn themselves a chance to get back to the top of the sport.

BW: Traditionally, in a Battle Royal like this, the bigger guys are a better bet so you have to look at someone like The Lost Boy as a strong bet, Gordo.

[A big cheer goes up from the crowd.]

GM: Or how about these guys? Haha! Your nephews, Chester and Buddy, are in this thing as well!

BW: Well, that fat slob Buddy Loney certainly fits the bill as a big guy. It's going to be tough for anyone to get four hundred pounds of lard over the top rope.

GM: Be nice, Bucky. I heard you had quite the family gathering with them earlier today for Thanksgiving.

BW: No chance. I've been ducking them more than a Boston Red Sox player ducking fastballs at Yankee Stadium, daddy.

[The crowd cheers again as "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno walks into view.]

GM: Or perhaps it takes brains to win this one - something that Mr. Mensa is packing in spades.

BW: I used to think that too until he decided to mess with the Walking Dead.

GM: Perhaps it's the veteran instincts of someone like Sweet Daddy Williams or the enigmatic Carl Riddens as they make their way down the aisle towards the ring that will be the secret to victory!

[Casanova with Mickey Cherry in tow sweeps through the curtain to big jeers, dressed in a dazzling gold smock over his wrestling gear. His eye makeup is gaudier (and heavier) than ever, matching the gold dress.]

BW: It could be veteran experience but I gotta think it's youthful fire that's gonna win it. The hunger to pass up everyone else and be the absolute best in the world.

GM: You're talking about Rob Driscoll as he heads towards the ring but the same thing might apply to the strongest man in the Battle Royal... and perhaps the strongest man in the entire AWA, Hercules Hammonds!

[Hammonds walks into view to a big cheer, repeatedly slapping his beefy pectoral as he heads down the aisle.]

GM: A few more remain here...

[Phil Watson's voice booms out again over the PA system.]

PW: New York fans, get ready for a special treat! The next competitor in the Brass Ring Battle Royal is...

[The southern-rock styled cover of "The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly" by Enrico Morricone plays over the PA, drawing HUGE cheers from the crowd as Brent Maverick power-walks out onto the elevated stage of Madison Square Garden.]

GM: OH MY!

BW: What?! What's HE doing out here?!

GM: Brent Maverick, one-half of the legendary tag team known as the Outlaws - the Hall of Fame tag team-

BW: Exactly! He's a Hall of Famer. He's a former champion! He's got no business being in a tournament that's for people trying to break into the next level!

GM: That's debatable, Bucky. Maverick's no stranger to the AWA - in fact, he was in the Finals for the Longhorn Heritage Tournament several years ago, coming very close to being the first man to wear that title belt. So, here in the AWA, he COULD be considered someone trying to break into-

BW: That's a crock, Myers, and you know it! Boy, you managed to get me steamed just moments into this show and that ain't how we should start the night, pal!

GM: Regardless if YOU like it, Bucky Wilde, these fans certainly do! Listen to this reaction here in New York for Brent Maverick. Of course, the Outlaws really became the household name they are working in New York City back in the 90s so that's no surprise that these fans are solidly behind Brent Maverick.

[Garbed in his traditional rust-red knee-length trunks (with a small yellow Arizona Sun logo near the left hip), laceless red leather 'cowboy' boots, and a brown leather vest, the compact physique of Maverick practically launches through the ropes. He raises his fingerless-gloved hands to the crowd to another big reaction as his music fades.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... if that wasn't enough of a surprise... on this night when we will be honoring the competitors and the legacy of the legendary EMWC, the next combatant in this Brass Ring Battle Royal is...

[Watson trails off as Pat Benatar's "Outlaw Blues" kicks in to a BIG CHEER!]

GM: WAIT A SECOND! COULD IT BE-?! COULD IT POSSIBLY BE?!

[The subway doors open and out steps the next man in the Battle Royal...]

GM/BW: MANIAC JACK?!

[Laughter ripples through the crowd as the EMWC's perennial enhancement talent stomps out into view. He's cleaned up from his Japanese garbage wrestling days, standing in cowboy boots, black trunks, and sporting a duster that reads (as he turns it towards the camera) "EXTREME BORN, EXTREME BRED."

A quick camera cut to the crowd shows the masked face of longtime EMWC favorite Mr. Honeydew who gives the sight of his former rival a big thumbs up!]

GM: Oh yeah! If Mr. Honeydew likes it, so do I, fans!

[Maniac Jack comes stomping down the aisle towards the ring as the crowd's laughter turns to cheers.]

GM: The New York fans are happy! The EMWC fans are happy! What a way to kick off this incredible night in Madison Square Garden, Bucky.

BW: I never thought I'd see the day when the office would so blatantly pander to the masses.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Jack gets in the ring, trading a "pound" with Sweet Daddy Williams and the Northern Lights as nineteen of the competitors now stand in the ring.]

GM: Well, that's almost everyone. Who are we-

[And suddenly, the lights go out.]

GM: Of course.

[What sounds like a children's choir begins to sing, cutting through the darkness.]

#This little light of mine...
I'm gonna let it shine.

This little light of mine...
I'm gonna let it shine.

This little light of mine...
I'm gonna let it shine.

Let it shine, all the time, let it shine.#

[And as the music ends, the lights fade back on.

As you might expect, Poet is at ringside with her filled chalice raised over her head.

Jericho Kai is in the middle of the ring, dressed for battle...

...and he's flanked by the Walking Dead.]

GM: Wait a second! They're not in this!

BW: You want to tell them that?!

GM: Allah and LaMarques are NOT in this Battle Royal!

[At ringside, referee Ricky Longfellow and tryout official Otis Poole huddle up...

...and signal for the bell!]

GM: You've gotta be kidding-

[At the sound of the bell, the Walking Dead lurch into action, Allah throwing himself at a nearby Chris Choisnet while LaMarques stumbles towards The Lost Boy, instantly falling into a slugfest. Jericho Kai smirks at his plan unfolding...

...a short-lived smirk as Manny Imbrogno throws himself into a leaping right hand that catches Kai flush on the chin!]

GM: Oh yeah! Here we go, fans! The opening match of SuperClash VI is underway and we've got twenty men - strike that... make it twenty-two men now with the addition of the Walking Dead - vying for the first spot in next year's Brass Ring Tournament!

[The camera crew does their best to keep up with the action, showing Kyle Houlder leaning down, grabbing at the side of his boot just before Chester Wilde clocks him with a double axehandle to the back of the head. Brent Maverick quickly whips the fans into a frenzy as he throws a series of stiff jabs at the jaw of Casanova. Sweet Daddy Williams has Carl Riddens rockin' in the corner with a barrage of haymakers!]

GM: Bucky, how does one win a Battle Royal like this?

BW: The key is survival, Gordo. You can't win a Battle Royal at the beginning but you can certainly lose one. You can throw out nineteen guys and still lose. Eliminations get you nothing but cheers from the fans so don't even bother. Just stay in the middle of the ring or stay down on the mat. Make sure you don't leave yourself vulnerable to gettin' chunked over the ropes. Make allies but don't make friends and be ready to stick the blade in their ribs as soon as it benefits you.

[Another cut reveals Matt Rogers hopelessly trying to upend Buddy Loney over the ropes. Buddy simply smiles, his four hundred pounds secure on the canvas as Rob Driscoll comes over to help. Loney allows it for a while before simply reaching down to pluck both men up to standing positions, clashing their heads together to a cheer!]

GM: It's going to take more than that to get Buddy Loney over the ropes and-

[The crowd is roaring at the sight of Dirt Dog Unique Allah climbing up to the middle rope, leaping off with an elbow to the shoulder of Michael Weaver.]

GM: The ropes are a dangerous place to be in a match like this.

BW: Absolutely... but Allah's a few crackers short of a parrot's lunch.

GM: Huh?

[Dirt Dog Unique Allah is hammering away at Michael Weaver when Rene Rousseau pulls him off, pasting him with a right hand of his own. He drags Allah towards the ropes, looking to shove him out but Henri LaMarques is on the scene instantly to prevent it with a clubbing forearm smash to the back of the head.]

GM: No one's been eliminated quite yet as these men are all trying to get their feet wet in this Battle Royal.

[The fans rally behind Hernandez and Sweet Daddy Williams as they have Carl Riddens trapped between them, battering him back and forth.]

GM: Two of the most popular men in this match are pinballing Riddens back and forth and-

[Riddens slips a knee into Williams' ample gut before sticking a thumb in the eye of Hernandez.]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot by Carl Riddens!

BW: But perfectly legal in a Battle Royal.

GM: Absolutely right.

[Riddens drifts away from the duo, leaving a blinded Hernandez to get choked against the ropes by Rob Driscoll, trying to take advantage of the situation.]

GM: We've got so much action going on, it's tremendously difficult to call it all, fans. We'll continue to do the best we can as-

[The crowd ROARS as The Lost Boy tumbles over the ropes, crashing down to the floor courtesy of a Casanova/Jericho Kai doubleteam!]

GM: Ohh! There's our first elimination of the match as The Lost Boy takes the long, hard fall to the floor before taking the long, hard walk to the locker room knowing you couldn't win on the big stage.

[Casanova winks suggestively at Kai who spins away, catching an incoming Manny Imbrogno with a stiff-fingered thrust into the windpipe, leaving Mr. Mensa gasping for air against the ropes.]

GM: Cousin Chester's got Matt Rogers trapped in the corner, laying in those big knees to the chest. That'll make it REAL hard for the Anarchist to breathe.

[Nearby, Chris Choiset has Kyle Houlder against the ropes, repeatedly hammering him with forearms to the chest, waving over his partner.]

GM: The Northern Lights are looking to get Houlder out of there!

BW: Probably some lingering jealousy over their early days here in the AWA together.

[Ever the opportunist, Carl Riddens slips out of the corner, grabbing Choiset from behind and chucking him over the ropes!]

GM: Ohh! Chris Choiset goes over the ropes to the floor!

BW: See ya later, Schwannee!

[Kyle Houlder goes to thank Carl Riddens for the assist, a big handshake between the two...

...which ends in both men trying to betray the other, sticking their free fingers into the others' eyes!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Hah! They tried to turn on each other!

[Rene Rousseau promptly grabs Carl Riddens by the tights, wheeling him around to throw him headfirst into a blinded Kyle Houlder's midsection, knocking both men down to the mat.]

GM: Rousseau is fired up after his partner's elimination!

[Rousseau leans down, pulling Houlder off the mat...

...but Houlder uses a handful of trunks, yanking Rousseau towards him, sending him through the ropes to the floor!]

BW: Rousseau goes out to the floor!

GM: But he went THROUGH the ropes, Bucky! That means he's NOT eliminated!

[Houlder spins towards him, leaning through the ropes to attack him with a flurry of right hands...

...and gets dragged out to the ropes by Rousseau!]

GM: We've got a fight on the floor between Rousseau and Houlder, neither of which were actually eliminated right there, Bucky!

[Carl Riddens staggers up, looking out to the floor...

...and almost gets thrown over the top by Cesar Hernandez, just barely hooking an arm over the top rope to save himself, landing on the apron. Hernandez stays on him, trying to knock him to the floor.]

GM: If Cesar Hernandez can knock Riddens off the apron, he'll eliminate him!

[Riddens ducks a right hand, using the middle rope to swing himself into a tackle to the gut. He pulls Hernandez' head and torso through the ropes by the hair...

...and BLASTS him with a kneelift, snapping him back and dumping him back into the ring!]

GM: Ohh!

[With Riddens still in danger of being eliminated, Brent Maverick takes a shot at it, throwing a series of right hands that has Riddens reeling, hanging onto the ropes to stay on the apron...

...and gets grabbed by the ankle, dragged under the ropes by Kyle Houlder!]

GM: What the heck..?!

[Houlder cackles as he grabs Maverick by the arm, flinging him into the ringside barricade!]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

GM: Maverick hits the steel!

[Kyle Houlder turns back to the ring, grabbing Caspian Abaran’s ankle, pulling him under the ropes as well!]

GM: What in the world is he doing?!

BW: Houlder’s a prankster! He doesn’t take any of this seriously, Gordo! He just wants to mess with people so he’s not bothering to eliminate anyone... he’s just pulling people out to mess with them!

[But Abaran is angry and he shows it, rifling off a series of right hands that staggers Houlder before pulling himself back up on the apron, throwing a back kick into Houlder’s mush...]

GM: Uh oh!

[Abaran gives a fistpump, firing up the fans before he leaps to the middle rope, springing back in a backflip...

...and WIPES OUT Houlder with an Asai Moonsault!]

GM: MOONSAULT TO THE FLOOR!

BW: You don’t see that too often in a Battle Royal, Gordo! And it’s a good thing he went to the middle rope for it instead of the top because that COULD have been ruled an elimination!

GM: You’re absolutely right about that. Eliminations that are a little less clear are at the discretion of the ringside officials as Abaran rolls back in...

[But as the luchador gets back to his feet, Matt Rogers rushes him, connecting with a clothesline that takes him over the ropes and dumps him to the floor!]

BW: ...and goes RIGHT back out! He’s gone!

[The fans jeer the sudden elimination for Abaran. Matt Rogers leans over the ropes, taunting his rival...

...which gives Cesar Hernandez a chance to upend him over the ropes, earning a big cheer and giving a fist pump with an “OLE!” to the fans!]

GM: Matt Rogers is gone as well and look out here!

[The crowd roars as Abaran and Rogers get into it on the floor, brawling around ringside and back up the aisle as Ricky Longfellow tries to keep 'em separated.]

GM: They're fighting their way back up the aisle and we're down to eighteen competitors striving for this Battle Royal victory to earn their slot in the Brass Ring Tournament!

[With Rob Driscoll trying to get Hercules Hammonds over the ropes, Casanova moves in to assist.]

GM: We've got a two on one, trying to get the crowd favorite over the ropes and these fans are getting very nervous as they've got both legs up off the mat. Hammonds is just barely hanging on to the top rope and-

BW: They're getting more help! Here comes the Phighter! And there's Dirt Dog Unique Allah!

GM: It's a four on one trying to get Hercules Hammonds, the strongest man in the match over the ropes to the floor!

[Hammonds grits his teeth, his powerful arms still wrapped around the ropes as the stained Boston Red Sox jersey wearing South Philly Phighter attempts to pry them loose.]

GM: This is trouble for Hammonds who is in desperate need of an assist here!

[The crowd roars as Brent Maverick slides back into the ring, promptly dishing out haymakers to anyone working on Hammonds. A right hand dispatches the Phighter, sending him falling to the mat. A boot to the ample midsection of Casanova puts him down. An overhead elbow knocks Driscoll back to the mat...

...and with his legs back down on the mat, Hercules Hammonds grabs Allah under one arm as Maverick does the same on the other, LAUNCHING the smaller man over the ropes with a double hiptoss to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DIRT DOG ALLAH IS GONE!

[Jericho Kai delivers an angry shout from several feet away, storming into the fray to blast Maverick with a headbutt between the eyes...

...and turns right into Hammonds lifting him skyward, pressing him over head to a huge reaction!]

GM: HAMMONDS HAS GOT JERICHO KAI UP! HE'S GONNA TOSS HIM!

[Or he would if Henri LaMarques hadn't bulldozed over Michael Weaver and Manny Imbrogno to jerk his leader down to safety...

...and BLASTS the turning Hammonds with a forearm smash!]

GM: Ohh!

[LaMarques throws a heavy forearm a second time!]

GM: Those are two big bulls going at it in there right now, fans!

[LaMarques manages to stagger Hammonds with his heavy shots...

...which gives Kyle Houlder the chance to trip up the former World Tag Team Champion, dragging him under the ropes as well.]

GM: Houlder pulls out Hammonds!

[And gets CRACKED with a right hand for his efforts to a big cheer! Hammonds is fuming mad as he stalks after the fleeing Houlder who is crawling to get away from the much-larger man.

Back to the ring we cut to find Chester Wilde on the verge of being tossed out by Michael Weaver and Rene Rousseau.]

GM: The two technicians trying to upend the big man from Arkansas!

[But Cousin Buddy has other ideas, smashing a double axehandle into Weaver's back, sending him lurching over the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Oh! Weaver's gone!

[And as Chester gets his feet under him, he pivots and hurls Rousseau out as well!]

GM: Rousseau's gone too! Wow! Just like that, the Wilde Bunch eliminates two competitors from this Brass Ring Battle Royal!

BW: And we're down to fifteen men, Gordo!

[Chester and Buddy grab each other's wrists, surging across the ring like a runaway bulldozer, knocking down the South Philly Phighter, Casanova, and Manny Imbrogno in their wake!]

GM: Wow!

BW: Two runaway idiots without a care who they hit? Yeah, that's a good fit for a match like this. Throw in a couple of cows and a keg, it's Saturday night on the farm.

[We cut to the other side of the ring where Rob Driscoll has Cesar Hernandez down on the mat, his throat pushed down into the bottom rope, choking him with all his weight.

A few feet away, Carl Riddens is down on a knee, watching all the action transpire, taking in everything and considering his next move.

Suddenly, a big cheer leads to a cut on the floor where we discover that Hercules Hammonds has caught up to Kyle Houlder and is now hoisting him into a gorilla press!]

GM: Hammonds has got Houlder up! He's got him up!

[The big man HURLS Houlder over the top rope, throwing him back into the ring. Hammonds nods to the crowd, stepping up on the apron. He ducks through the ropes...

...and immediately ducks again, using a backdrop to dispatch of Casanova!]

GM: OHHH! CASANOVA'S GONE!

BW: Ahhh, Mickey Cherry's going to be inconsolable, Gordo.

[As the ring starts to get a little bit more clear, Buddy and Chester take another path back across the ring, using their double clothesline to take down Kyle Houlder, Brent Maverick, and Maniac Jack.]

GM: Those two are a wrecking machine in there right now and someone needs to find a way to stop them!

[Cue Hercules Hammonds who rushes at them from across the ring...

...and uses a double clothesline to knock both men back against the ropes!]

GM: Wow! A double clothesline from Hammonds can't get them down!

[Hammonds runs in again, leaping up with a front kick to the chest that upends the staggered Chester Wilde, sending him toppling over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Chester's gone!

BW: So long, moron.

[Hammonds turns back towards the dazed Buddy Loney who is coming for him...

...and ducks down, looking to slam the four hundred pounder!]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR A SLAM! HE'S GOING FOR A-

[Hammonds falls back, clutching his lower back as he slumps down to a knee.]

BW: No way, Gordo. Herc is strong but he ain't THAT strong.

[Loney grins a sheepish smile, giving a shrug as he pats his mammoth belly...

...and then claps his arms together on the ears of the incoming South Phill Phighter!]

GM: He catches the Phighter coming in!

[The Phighter staggers back into a fireman's carry from Manny Imbrogno.]

GM: Mr. Mensa's got him up... and into the airplane spin!

[The crowd is roaring, counting the rotations as Imbrogno spins the Phighter around and around and around...]

GM: Ten... eleven... twelve...

BW: Well, it's a good thing we're not in Texas, Gordo.

GM: Why's that?

BW: Those idiots can't count past ten without taking off their shoes and the only thing that smells worse than Texan feet is Henrietta's Thanksgiving dinner.

[As Imbrogno reaches about twenty rotations, Jericho Kai intervenes with a thrust kick to the heart, causing him to drop the Phighter. Kai straightens Imbrogno up, patting him lightly on the head before dropping him with a stiff headbutt...

...and then waving his monstrous ally into the fray.]

GM: Uh oh.

[Henri LaMarques shuffles into the middle of the ring, leaning down to grab Imbrogno by his legs...]

GM: The three hundred pound LaMarques grabs the legs... here we go!

[The big man starts spinning, slowly at first, muscling Imbrogno up off the canvas as he spins faster... and faster... and faster...]

BW: IT'S A GIANT SWING!

[With Imbrogno covering a big chunk of the ring with his swinging body, most of the other competitors have backed off, clinging to the ropes to stay out of the way...

...and after a dozen rotations, LaMarques releases, sending Imbrogno crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh!

[LaMarques stumbles off the Giant Swing, falling chestfirst into the ropes...

...where Brent Maverick and Cesar Hernandez duck down, flipping him over the ropes to the floor as Jericho Kai shouts "NO!" in rage!]

GM: LaMarques is gone as well and that means that Jericho Kai is all alone in there for the rest of-

[The crowd jeers as Rob Driscoll lifts the dizzy Imbrogno off the canvas, hurling him over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Imbrogno's gone as well!

BW: We're down to eleven, Gordo!

GM: The South Philly Phighter, Kyle Houlder, Buddy Loney, Cesar Hernandez, Sweet Daddy Williams, Carl Rideens, Rob Driscoll, Hercules Hammonds, Brent Maverick, Maniac Jack, and Jericho Kai are all that remains in this one. One of those eleven men will be the first entry into 2015's Brass Ring Tournament!

[An enraged Jericho Kai throws Brent Maverick back into the buckles, burying kick after kick into the midsection to the jeers of the crowd. A few feet away Carl Riddens is trading blows with Sweet Daddy Williams.

And in the corner, facing away from the ring, Kyle Houlder is doing... something suspicious.]

GM: What is... can we get a camera shot over there? Can we see what in the world this guy is doing now?

BW: What, Gordo? I don't see anything wrong.

GM: If we can get our camera to-

[The camera cuts...

...and the arena ERUPTS in jeers at the sight of Kyle Houlder who has smuggled a tool into the ring. He has the tool out and is using it to loosen the connection between the top rope and the ringpost.]

GM: He's... is he lowering the top rope?!

BW: I... uhh, it's gotta be him trying to fix the incompetent ring crew's sloppy work! Got to be!

GM: Sloppy... would you stop?! You know very well that this is Houlder trying to mess around with the integrity of this match! He's trying to lower that top rope so that it's easier for people to go over the top!

[Houlder finishes his work in one corner, leaving a noticeable sag on the top rope as he moves across the ring to the adjacent corner, going to work again.]

GM: He's going it again! He's trying to just take the whole rope down!

[But Cesar Hernandez spots it, grabbing Houlder by the shoulder, wheeling him around...

...but Houlder jabs the end of the tool into his stomach!]

GM: Oh, come on! Now he's got a weapon!

[Houlder slips the metal tool into his waistband, grabbing a handful of Hernandez' trunks...

...and HURLS him over the slackened top rope for the cheap elimination!]

GM: Houlder tosses Hernandez! He went over the top rope but the rope is hanging down thanks to Houlder! Can we get- yes, the ring crew is coming out here to try and fix the rope!

BW: What?! Houlder already fixed it!

GM: He did NOT!

[Houlder is shouting at the ringside ring crew going to work on his "adjustments" as Buddy Loney hammers Jericho Kai with a flurry of headbutts, staggering him. Loney pumps an arm, looking out to the crowd...]

GM: Wait a second! Buddy! Buddy, don't do it! The rope is-

[But the unaware (and sorta dumb) Buddy Loney slowly backs into the dropped rope...

...and tumbles right over the top rope, falling down hard to the floor!]

BW: AHAHAHAHAHHAHA!

GM: That's not funny, Bucky!

BW: You're right, you're right... it's HYSTERICAL!

[But Bucky and Kyle Houlder are the only ones laughing. Houlder has actually fallen to a knee because of how hard he's laughing, pointing and mocking Buddy Loney who is sitting on the floor, looking puzzled and confused.]

GM: Buddy Loney with a hard fall to the floor and that puts us down to nine competitors.

[Kyle Houlder is loving life at his joke having worked wonders...

...until Hercules Hammonds lifts him right up off the mat in an atomic drop position, rushing towards the ropes, and throws him over the top to the floor!]

GM: YEAH! Houlder's gone as well! What a jerk that guy is!

BW: We're down to eight guys fighting it out for the first spot in the Brass Ring Tournament!

[Hammonds turns around into a knee to the gut from Jericho Kai who promptly grabs him by the hand, pumping it up and down in a handshake...

...and pulls Hammonds into a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Hammonds off that and-

BW: Look at this, Gordo!

[The crowd is roaring at the sight of the South Philly Phighter and Maniac Jack coming toe to toe in the middle of the ring. They're jaw-jacking one another, pointing and shouting, waving their arms, generally having a vocal showdown that the fans are loving...

...a showdown that turns physical as they start throwing bombs in the middle of the ring!]

GM: We've got a slugfest on our hands!

[The crowd is roaring for the brawl unfolding...

...when Carl Riddens and Rob Driscoll each walk up behind one of them. Riddens grabs the Phighter as Driscoll grabs Jack, yanking them back from one another. Riddens swings the Phighter into a side headlock, sweeping his leg back and DRIVING him skullfirst into the canvas as Driscoll drops down in a reverse neckbreaker, only dropping to a knee to really tweak the spine. Both men get up...

...and hurl their respective preliminary talents over the ropes to the floor to big jeers!]

GM: Ohh! The Phighter AND Maniac Jack have been eliminated! We're down to six! Williams, Riddens, Driscoll, Hammons, Maverick, and Jericho Kai! One of these six men will be the first entry into the Brass Ring Tournament!

[Sweet Daddy Williams grabs Driscoll from behind, hurling him over the ropes...

...but Driscoll manages to grab the top rope, his foot skating across the ringside mats!]

GM: His foot touched but only one! He's still in this is if he can get back inside the ring!

[Driscoll is dangling, hanging on for dear life as Williams realizes what's happened, approaching quickly...

...and Driscoll pulls himself up on the apron, raking his fingers across the eyes of Williams. He grabs him in a snap mare position, dropping down to a seated position on the apron, snapping the veteran's throat down on the top rope!]

GM: OHH! What a move out of Driscoll!

[Driscoll rolls back under the ropes into the ring as Williams staggers into Jericho Kai's waiting arms, pushing him back against the ropes...

...and Hercules Hammonds lumbers across the ring, leaning down to throw BOTH men over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! WILLIAMS AND KAI ARE ELIMINATED! We're down to a Final Four! Carl Riddens, Rob Driscoll, Hercules Hammonds, and Brent Maverick are battling it out to see who will be the last man standing, fans!

[There's a pause in the action as the four men square off, one in each corner, considering what's about to happen...

...and it's Maverick who strikes first, charging across the ring, leaning over to tackle Driscoll back into the buckles. He's slamming his shoulder into Driscoll's midsection when Hercules Hammonds comes towards Carl Riddens who looks less than pleased by this development.]

GM: Riddens is backpedaling, trying to find a way out of town...

[But Hammonds gets him back against the turnbuckles, hammering away with heavy forearm blows that smashes the veteran down to his knees. The two battles are in opposite corners as Hammonds pulls Riddens up and Maverick gives a shout over his shoulder...]

GM: Double whip!

[Riddens and Driscoll collide in spectacular fashion with Driscoll flying backwards before crashing down hard to the canvas. Riddens falls back towards the ropes as Hammonds and Maverick turn their attention towards him.]

GM: Hammonds grabs Maverick by the arm... irish whip!

[The New York favorite comes bulldozing towards Carl Riddens who is clinging to the top rope...

...and drops down, pulling the rope with him!]

GM: OHH! MAVERICK IS GONE!

[The crowd HATES that, booing loudly as a smirking Riddens points out at Maverick, pointing to his temple...

...and turns right into Hammonds who runs him over with a clothesline, taking him over the top and down to the floor! Big cheer!]

GM: RIDDENS IS GONE!

BW: Wow! Just like that, we're down to two!

GM: Will it be Hercules Hammonds or Rob Driscoll moving on to take the first spot in the Brass Ring Tournament?!

[Driscoll slips up to his feet, looking on in shock as Hercules Hammonds standing across the ring from him.]

GM: And the usually arrogant "Diamond" Rob Driscoll looks like he'd rather be anywhere else in the world right now, Bucky!

BW: He's trying to lure Hammonds into a sense of overconfidence.

GM: I see.

[Driscoll is backpedaling as a smiling Hammonds is approaching him, rubbing his hands together.]

GM: Both man just one elimination away from really making their 2014! A win here puts them in prime position to win that Brass Ring Tournament early next year!

[Driscoll backs himself into the corner, suddenly trying to find a way out as Hammonds draws near. He makes a dash but Hammonds catches him, shaking his head to the cheers of the crowd as he throws Driscoll bodily back into the buckles, snapping his head back from the impact!]

GM: I think Hercules Hammonds might be enjoying this, Gordo!

[Hammonds piefaces Driscoll back, effortlessly holding him against the turnbuckles...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS him with an overhanded slap to the chest, leaving a red palm print behind!]

GM: Good grief!

[He reaches under Driscoll's armpit, grabbing him around the head...

...and LAUNCHES him two-thirds of the way across the ring, bouncing him off the canvas with a king-sized biel throw!]

GM: Good god almighty! What a throw by the three hundred pounder from Tupelo!

[Driscoll scrambles up off the mat to his feet, rushing towards Hammonds, throwing himself up into the air for a crossbody...

...but Hammonds simply watches as Driscoll bounces off of him, falling down to the mat to big cheers as Hammonds grins again.]

GM: No effect!

BW: "Diamond" Rob's gotta find another strategy and he's gotta find it quickly!

[Hammonds slowly approaches the rising Driscoll, using one arm to throw him back into the corner before he rushes in, burying a shoulder to the gut... and another... and a third...]

GM: Irish whip sends him HARD to the corner... Driscoll staggering out...

[Hammonds builds a head of steam, bouncing off the ropes, charging at the dazed Driscoll from the blind side...

...and CONNECTS with a king-sized shoulder tackle that makes Driscoll take flight, sailing across the ring before he crashes down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! THE TUPELO TORPEDO CONNECTS!

[As Hammonds throws his arms apart with a roar that the sold-out crowd mimics, Driscoll wisely rolls under the ropes to the safety of the ring apron, breathing heavily as the big man approaches, leaning over the ropes with his arm stretched out...

...but Driscoll grabs the arm with both hands, pulling hard, yanking with all he's got, dropping off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Driscoll's on the floor but-

BW: But he CAN be! He went UNDER the ropes! There's nothing illegal about this! Not a thing!

GM: Driscoll's on the floor, pulling and tugging with every bit of his 243 pounds! He's trying to pull Hammonds over the top rope and- OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

[With a shake of his head and a roar of effort, Hercules Hammonds uses one arm to LIFT the dangling Rob Driscoll off the mat, depositing him back on the ring apron...

...where Driscoll stabs out with a eyepoke!]

GM: Oh! To the eyes!

[Hammonds staggers back, clutching at his face, rubbing at his blinded eyes as Driscoll slips through the ropes, rushing at the bigger man from the rear.]

GM: Driscoll from behind!

[He leaps up, driving a knee inbetween the shoulderblades, causing Hammonds to pitch forward, his upper body falling over the top rope. Driscoll scrambles after him, leaning down to grab a leg, trying to upend the former World Tag Team Champion!]

GM: Hammonds is in trouble! Driscoll's trying to get him over the top!

BW: Get there, kid! Get there!

[Driscoll is struggling, straining, trying to lift Hammonds up...

...and eventually manages to get him over, dumping the big man down to the floor! "Diamond" Rob collapses to his knees, throwing his arms up in triumph as the bell sounds.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: DRISCOLL WINS! DRISCOLL WINS! DRISCOLL WINS!

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, your winner - and the first entry into the Brass Ring Tournament...

"DIAMOND"... ROOOOOOOOB... DRISSSSSSCOLLLLLLLLL!

[Driscoll nods his head as he allows the referee to help him back to his feet, throwing his arms up into the air again. Out on the floor, Hercules Hammonds is glaring up at Driscoll, hands on his hips as he nods his head.]

GM: Hercules Hammonds was an inch away from winning this thing but Rob Driscoll found a way to pull it out! Rob Driscoll wins the Brass Ring Battle Royal and he'll be the first man in the Brass Ring Tournament early next year!

BW: It's gonna be a VERY Happy Holiday for Rob Driscoll, daddy!

GM: You can say that again! The celebration is on for "Diamond" Rob Driscoll!

[Driscoll mounts the midbuckle, shouting at the fans and down at Hammonds who shakes his head as he makes his way back up the aisle to a good reaction from the fans.]

GM: What an exciting way to start off SuperClash VI and we're just getting going! Let's go backstage to the two combatants in our next matchup!

[One fade out/in later and we're brought before two men -- one wielding a microphone and...significantly shorter than the man standing next to him. Mark Stegglet and Robert Donovan are standing by, the big man dressed for combat. The look on his face, however, is not born of confidence or even anger. Donovan the elder looks resigned...almost like he's about to walk into a situation he wants no part of but can't avoid. He sighs, audibly, folds his arms across his chest and nods at Stegglet.]

RD: Well, Mark...best get this over with, I suppose.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: I haven't got any idea what you must be feeling right now...so I guess the first question to ask is, well, what are you feeling going into a match against your son tonight?

[Donovan takes a deep breath, then lets it all out at once.]

RD: Well, Mark...I ain't happy.

[Nearly a smirk.]

RD: This oughta be a special occasion. I should be happy my boy's gettin' his chance to shine on the biggest show of the year. I should be pleased as punch that he's gonna get to perform in front of a crowd like this, on a night like this, happy as hell that he's gonna get to show off everythin' he's learned on the biggest stage the AWA could put 'im on...and I ain't. I ain't happy about it at all, Mark...which is why I tried to get out of it.

[That pops Mark Stegglet's eyebrows up a bit.]

MS: ...really? You tried to stop this?

RD: Sounds funny, don't it? A man who's never walked away from a fight in his life, an' damned if there weren't a bunch I wish I had lookin' back, tryin' to call everybody he could to make this not happen, to get the brass to put someone else, anybody else, in the ring tonight...an' they weren't bitin'. My...old friend...well, he owns part of the damn company, Mark. Ain't nobody that was willin' to go against 'im in this, so I'm stuck. Stuck knowin' that no matter what happens tonight, I lose, 'cause either I beat the livin' hell out of my own flesh an' blood, or lose another match on a big stage.

[Donovan chuckles wryly.]

RD: I ain't ever laid a hand on that boy in his life, Mark. Ain't no way to raise a kid...an' here I am, gettin' ready to walk out of here an' put a legal, sanctioned beatin' on that boy. You know how much I hate the hell out of this, Mark?

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

RD: 'Course you don't, an' I hope you never do. I hope you never get put in a bind like this by a man who claims to be your friend. I hope you never get put in a spot where your choices are beat the livin' hell out of your kid or watch somebody else do it in your own damned name! I ain't happy with the boy, don't think he could've picked worse people to run with...but that ain't ever made me wanna hurt 'im, you know? I coulda been happy beatin' up Cain Jackson and maybe gettin' my hands on that paper champion, Wright, one of these days...but that ain't happenin', is it? No, it's not, but I sure as hell am about to walk down that aisle an' face off against someone I've known their whole damned life.

[The big man shakes his head.]

RD: Worst part...the worst part is I know that boy. I know he's gonna do everything he can to piss me off, get under my skin, an' I know I ain't got the damned temperament for it. He's gonna say somethin' or do somethin', an' I'm gonna bust him right in the mouth, an' ain't no tellin' what happens from there. That Donovan temper is no joke, Mark, we fly off the handle, we see red, an' when it clears, somebody's bleedin' for it...us, them, both. Knowin' it's my son ain't gonna stop that.

[Donovan stops talking, goes completely quiet for a moment.]

RD: Hell with this. I'm done talkin'. Bobby wants this match, the boy wants it, an' ain't no way of gettin' out of it now. Gonna go get this over with...an' then get the hell on out of here.

[The grizzled vet storms off abruptly as we fade from one shot backstage to another. This one is of two men -- Colt Patterson, and one Tony Donovan, II. The latter is sporting the Team Supreme hooded track jacket, bouncing back and forth from foot to foot energetically, while Patterson nods slightly in approval.]

CP: Tony Donovan the second! Tonight, you're gonna march out there and you're gonna face off against your old man. This is your first SuperClash match, the first big chance to show the world what Tony Donovan is all about...so tell me, kid...what's on your mind?

[TD2 stops bounding, then reaches up and throws the hood back, revealing a grin that's almost...too tight.]

TD2: How do I feel, Colt? Excited! If I know my dad -- and in spite of the fact that he wasn't there a whole hell of a lot, I'm pretty sure I do -- he doesn't want any part of this.

[Donovan the younger flexes briefly, then laughs.]

TD2: I mean, who can blame him, right, Colt? If, in 25 years, I haul my old bones out here, knowing I'm about to get shown up by my own blood, I

wouldn't want any part of it either! I'm sure he tried to convince everyone that he doesn't want to do this, told the world that he's never laid a hand on me in anger, what have you...and, well, as I am a man of forthrightness and integrity, Colt, I won't lie. He never did. That said, I know for a fact he isn't looking forward to this...but I for damn sure am, Colt, and for lots and lots of reasons.

CP: Well, don't keep us in suspense! Much as I appreciate your enthusiasm, the people want to know -- why does Supreme Wright's star pupil wanna beat the hell out of his old man?

[Tony chuckles.]

TD2: I know that I just got done saying there's "lots and lots" of reasons...but there's two that are the most important. The first is obvious...this is my chance to shine, Colt! My opportunity to step into the spotlight, to beat a man who, despite all his many, many, maaaaany faults, has been referred to as "legendary" by no less an authority than the KING of Wrestling himself. It's easy for everybody to give my father crap for what he should have done, but people seem fond of forgetting what he DID do. He was a champion many times over. He's a man who would, and did, fight anybody who challenged him and then some. He won titles in Texas, in California, he made millions while leaving blood on the floor of every major arena and every little craphole bingo hall that he worked. This is a man who beat Casey James in the Blackheart's last match that anybody cared about...and this is my opportunity to take my foot and stomp that legend into the dirt, Colt! My opportunity to prove that it's time the old man hung up his boots and went home to rest, because the Donovan name is in safe hands with Tony Donovan, II.

[TD2 pauses.]

TD2: The other reason...you know, Colt, you've been around this business for a long, long time. You've seen men come and go, seen their sons come and go. You'd think coming in with a name everybody knows would make it easier, right, that coming from a wrestling dynasty would open every door?

CP: Of course...but just 'cause it opens every door doesn't mean there isn't someone waiting to beat the tar out of you once you walk through it.

TD2: Exactly, Colt. My father got his start because of the blood and the sweat my grandfather shed working all over the south. I'm getting mine because of the work MY father did in Texas, in Japan, in Pennsylvania, in California. You've seen probably hundreds of people come into this sport, and all they've GOT is that name, Colt, and they use it to open those doors and walk through, having no business even stepping into a ring, much less finding any success in it.

[Tony shakes his head.]

TD2: That won't be me, Colt. I refuse to be the sort of man who makes his way on his name alone. I will NOT be the man riding my father's coattails to fame, to fortune...unlike some folks here that I won't name.

[The kid smirks.]

TD2: I won't name him, but here's a hint: Supreme Wright is going to wring him out like a wet towel in the main event tonight.

[Patterson chuckles, and Tony continues.]

TD2: So, tonight is my chance to escape my father's shadow forever, my chance to establish Tony Donovan, II as the man who will lead the Donovan dynasty into the future, the man who will relieve his father of the "legendary" mantle and place it upon his own shoulders.

[Tony stops, the smirk fading.]

TD2: ...and my chance to let him know just how disappointing he was as a father, a sentiment I can only express...

[He raises one clenched fist.]

TD2: ...well, you get the picture, Colt. Time to go. Time to show the world WHY Tony Donovan, II is Supreme Wright's star pupil...and how well he's learned his lessons.

[Tony grins and quickly walks away.]

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit and is a FATHER VERSUS SON encounter!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[A spotlight hits the entryway as the sounds of Pat Benatar's "Outlaw Blues" hits the PA system for the second time of the night.]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me.

BW: Somewhere in the locker room, Bobby Taylor is angry enough to spit nails, Gordo.

GM: Wes Taylor's probably not too happy either at this blatant insult to his father. This music was synonymous with John Wesley Hardin for years - the legendary Hall of Famer who is actually Wes Taylor's namesake.

[After a few moments of synth pop, the lyrics kick in and Tony Donovan emerges through the curtain, throwing a Hook 'Em Horns to the jeers of the New York crowd.]

PW: From Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania... weighing in at 260 pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by Team Supreme...

TOOOOOOONYYYYY DONOOOOOVANNNNNNN!

[Tony Donovan, II is wearing the Team Supreme track jacket over his ring attire, hood over his head, along with black wrestling boots and red kneepads. Cain Jackson steps out of the shadows, flanked by Alex Martin and Matt Lance. The latter two are in their matching Team Supreme track jackets. Cain Jackson is already in his ring gear, ready for action later on in Steal The Spotlight.]

GM: And of course, here comes more of Team Supreme to join him.

[But Tony Donovan surprises everyone as he pulls to a stop, turning to face his allies. He holds up both hands, shaking his head.]

GM: What's going on here?

BW: I have no idea.

[The shot cuts close in time to hear Cain Jackson say, "You sure about this?" and getting a nod from Tony Donovan in response. Donovan embraces Lance and Martin, giving a fist bump to Cain Jackson before the Team Supreme trio walks back through the entranceway.]

GM: Wow. How about that for an early surprise? Tony Donovan has apparently decided that he's going to fight this match on his own! He's sent his teammates back to the locker room!

[Donovan watches, making sure they're out of sight before he turns back to the ring, throwing his head and his hood back before he starts the long walk down the aisle, grinning at the fans as they boo him loudly.]

BW: I'm not sure I like that idea, Gordo. I'm all in favor of being your own man but Tony Donovan's still pretty new to this sport. In his first big supercard showdown, he could use some guidance.

GM: Maybe you're right but the arrogant Donovan has decided otherwise.

[He stops on the ring apron then turns, facing the crowd, raising both hands in the air and drawing another chorus of boos from the audience before unzipping his track jacket, tossing it to a ring attendant and stepping between the ropes, into the ring. Donovan turns and walks to a corner, leaning against it, adjusting the straps of his singlet, a cocky grin still etched on his face.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening notes of the Metallica cover of "Turn the Page" hit the PA...and a few moments later, the looming figure of Robert Donovan steps into the aisle.]

PW: On his way to the ring, hailing from Pensacola, Florida...he stands seven feet, two inches tall and weighs in at 332 pounds...

ROOOOOOBERRRRRT DONNNNNNOVANNNNNNNN!

[Donovan is wearing a pair of loose leather pants with stylized griffins running up the outside of each leg, a dark red double-strapped singlet with the word "Heritage" scrawled across his abdomen, and black boots. His eyes immediately lock on his son who is eagerly pacing back and forth in anticipation.]

GM: Robert Donovan has fought in just about any type of match you can imagine. Barbed wire, light bulbs, thumbtacks... you name it, he's done it. But I can confidently say that none of those come anywhere close to being put in a situation where you have to physically hurt your own son to win.

[Donovan's gaze is locked on his son, not even noticing as Wes Taylor walks out to stand by his side. Taylor is in a silver and black EMWC t-shirt that reads "The Outlaw... Period." across the front of it. He jerks a thumb at it, drawing cheers from the EMWC fans on hand saluting their former favorite promotion. The son of the Outlaw reaches up, slapping Donovan on the shoulder. He leans over, whispering something to a nod from the seven footer.]

GM: Wes Taylor, Bobby Taylor's young son, wanted to stand in Robert Donovan's corner here tonight. He believes that this match is his fault. You may recall that Bobby Taylor was the one who made this match after Tony Donovan and Team Supreme assaulted Wes Taylor... who isn't even a member of this roster! He was there as a fan!

BW: Sure he was, Gordo. You keep telling yourself that. The kid's been in training at the Corner. You think Michaelson wouldn't have slipped him an extra twenty in his paycheck to jump the railing and embarrass Team Supreme who continues to steal his customers?

[Donovan and Taylor walk down the aisle in tandem. Donovan pauses halfway up the aisle to adjust the heavy brace on his left elbow, then finishes the walk, stepping slowly up the ringsteps and pausing on the apron briefly before stepping over the top rope into the ring. His eyes have locked on his son... and have stayed that way even as Tony barks at Wes Taylor who is standing on the apron, returning verbal fire.]

GM: These two second generation competitors have quite a bit of bad blood between them it appears.

BW: Check yourself, Gordo. Tony Donovan is a THIRD generation competitor. Don't forget about "Tough" Tony Donovan who was a major star

back in Mid-South Wrestling in the 70s... one of the original Beale Street Bullies... and of course, young Tony's namesake.

GM: My mistake, Bucky. Of course that's correct.

[Tony Donovan continues to pace back and forth, a ball of constant motion as he shouts at his father and at Wes Taylor out on the apron.]

GM: Robert Donovan suddenly has the numbers edge as Tony Donovan has opted to NOT have Team Supreme in his corner tonight. He told Cain Jackson and the rest that this was something he had to do alone.

BW: But you don't see the old man sending Wes Taylor back to the locker room, do ya? I wouldn't put it past the old man to have Taylor waffle his kid with a chair or something to get the edge. Old Man Donovan can talk all he wants about how hard it is to fight his own kid but at the end of the day, he's as bad as Blackjack Lynch... it's all about the paycheck and if you win the match, even beating your own son to do it, you get more money.

GM: It's been a hard year for Robert Donovan. Of course, back at SuperClash V, he was part of that six man war between the Lynches and the Beale Street Bullies. When the Bullies lost, Donovan lost the only people in the company he still cared about... until his son started hanging around with Supreme Wright, abandoning the Combat Corner. For Robert Donovan, whose career has always been about money and titles, it suddenly was about family... and perhaps his legacy in this sport.

[Donovan turns to exchange a high five with Wes Taylor as the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: Davis Warren calls for the bell and this one is off and running here at SuperClash VI!

[Tony Donovan steps out to the middle of the ring, arrogantly drawing a line with his toe, daring his father to "COME ACROSS IT, OLDTIMER!" as he bounces from foot to foot, rolling his neck as he gets ready for battle.]

GM: If this young man is an example of what's coming out of Team Supreme, our World Champion should be ashamed of himself! No respect for anyone. No respect for his own father!

BW: When's the last time his father stood up and EARNED respect? A year? At least? You gotta earn things around these parts, Gordo. Nothing is handed to you. If the old man wants his kid to respect him, then he needs to do something to make that happen.

GM: That may be about to happen.

[The seven footer sighs heavily, apparently resigned in what he has to do as he slowly walks towards the "line" that his son drew. The camera closes in on his face, a look of pleading in his eyes.]

GM: This doesn't have to happen, kid. It's your father! Look at him! Look him in the eyes, damn it!

[Tony Donovan is still bouncing back and forth, waiting for his father to "cross the line." The elder Donovan pauses on the other side of the line, staring at his defiant son...

...and steps across.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TONY DONOVAN JUST SLAPPED HIS FATHER ACROSS THE FACE!

BW: HAH! Your move, oldtimer!

[The man who once ruled the rings of South Laredo slowly turns his head back, a trickle of blood now coming from the corner of his mouth. Robert Donovan lifts his hand, placing the back of it against his lip. He pulls it slowly away, looking down at the blood on his hand, the same blood running through his son's veins...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and uses the same bloody hand to backhand his own son across the face, knocking the kid backwards and down to his knees to a big cheer from the crowd. An angry Donovan stares down at his son, spitting a bloody wad out on the canvas as he stands over him.]

"Gonna take more than that, boy."

GM: Robert Donovan stands tall! He will NOT go down without a fight.

BW: But he's not going after him. At the end of the day, it's still his son and he can't bring himself to take the fight to him!

[Tony Donovan rolls towards the ropes, pulling himself up, running a hand over his cheek where his father cracked him. He angrily turns, kicking the bottom rope before turning back, charging blindly at his much-larger opponent...]

GM: Tony charging in and-

[The crowd ROARS as Robert hooks a massive hand around his throat!]

GM: He's got him! He's got him hooked!

BW: Wait a second! He's gonna chokeslam his own kid?!

[Rob drags Tony out to the middle of the ring, ready to drive him down into the canvas, stares him dead in the eyes...

...and then shoves him away, knocking him back against the ropes. The elder Donovan lifts his right hand, his index finger and thumb just an inch apart.]

GM: Donovan's telling his son that he was THAT close. That he could have ended this thing right there if he wanted to. He doesn't want to do it though. He doesn't want to hurt his son!

[Tony glares at his father, stomping across the ring to bump chest to chest. He sticks a finger in his father's face, causing Rob to turn his face slightly as his son shouts him down.]

"YOU'RE NOT A REAL FATHER! YOU'RE BARELY A MAN!"

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Tony's letting the world know how he feels about his old man. There's a whole lot of sons out there who can relate to Tony Donovan right now - sons who've always wanted to stand up to their old man and tell 'em where to go.

GM: This isn't right. If you want to do that, do it in private... don't do it on-

[The crowd groans, jeering loudly as Tony Donovan SPITS right in his father's face.]

GM: Ugh! What a disgusting piece of garbage Tony Donovan is!

[Robert Donovan's eyes are filled with fire as he turns back towards his son, staring him dead in the eye. Tony keeps on talking, quieter now so that the mics don't catch it but the look on his face speaks volumes...]

GM: What is he...?

[Tony lashes out, throwing a right hand but his father blocks it, swinging him around...

...and locks in a full nelson, lifting his six foot six son off the canvas with it!]

GM: FULL NELSON! FULL NELSON!

BW: And with the size of Robert Donovan, this hold is absolutely devastating! I've seen him use a version where he swings his victim back and forth with it. That may be what he's setting up for right here!

GM: Donovan's holding him steady, asking Davis Warren if Tony wants to submit but he doesn't even look like he's applying much pressure.

BW: I think I get it, Gordo. This hold immobilizes Tony... it keeps him from attacking Rob... but it also keeps Rob from attacking him. He's just holding him there, not even trying to hurt him... but maybe he can put on enough pressure to get out of this match without having to hurt his son.

[But Tony Donovan sees the mercy as a weakness, slamming his head back into the bridge of his father's nose, breaking the hold. Rob turns, staggering away towards his corner where Wes Taylor is shouting encouragement at him. Tony rolls his neck, moving in quickly behind him.]

GM: And this might be where things pick up a notch in this one.

[Tony grabs his father by the arm, swinging him around to put his back against the buckles. The third generation wrestler squares up, throwing hooking rights and lefts into the ribs of his own father who slips his arms down to his sides to try and defend himself.]

GM: Davis Warren laying a count on Tony Donovan, telling him to get out of the corner...

[Tony obliges, stepping back...

...and then charges back in, smashing his elbow back into the chin of his father!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Tony Donovan backs off again, arms raised as the referee reprimands him.]

GM: Tony Donovan showing a mean streak here tonight in Madison Square Garden.

BW: The same kind of mean streak his father used to show in buildings like as part of the EMWC. On a night we're saluting the E, it's only fitting to point out that Robert Donovan was a former World Tag Team Champion there and one tough son of a gun. He fought in their annual King of the Death Match tournament on more than one occasion, I believe, as well.

GM: Robert Donovan is the kind of guy who can claim to have left blood and spilled blood in nearly every state and in many foreign countries as well. As he nears the end of his career, you can bet that he hopes that he doesn't have to spill some of his own son's blood here tonight to get out of this matchup.

BW: Hey, he can get out of it any time he wants. There's the door. Walk on out. Take the countout.

GM: You know Robert Donovan's too proud to do something like that... and at the end of the day, you know he's also hoping that perhaps he can persuade his son here tonight, knock him back on the right path. He's been unable to get a shot at Supreme Wright. His matches with Cain Jackson haven't swayed Tony's opinion of his training but maybe a firsthand physical encounter with his father might do it.

[Tony steps back in, lifting the leg on his six foot six frame to place his boot against his father's throat, choking him as the referee starts another five count on him.]

GM: Tony's choking him in the corner - come on, ref!

[Tony backs off at the count of four again, arrogantly looking in on his father as he slumps down to a knee. Wes Taylor is quickly to the corner, giving him encouragement as Tony steps in, placing his boot against his father's face...

...and RAKING the laces across his skin!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Good ol' bootscape! That'll rip the skin right off your face, Gordo!

[Hanging on to the top rope, Tony delivers bootscape after bootscape on big Rob, leaving his face red and raw where the brutal assault was delivered. Wes Taylor is shouting at Davis Warren now, demanding that he back Tony away. Tony again backs off at four, hands raised as the official reads him the riot act.]

GM: Robert Donovan's down on the mat and you have to wonder how much of that is due to a lack of willingness to fight back. He's gotta have a lot of fight in him at this point but how far is he willing to go to prove a point to his son?

[Robert pushes up off the mat where Tony is waiting to grab an arm, whipping him across the ring...

...and bulldozes in after him, throwing his 260 pounds into a corner avalanche!]

GM: Avalanche in the corner! A move right out of his father's playbook but with seventy pounds missing!

[Immediately, Tony snags a side headlock, hopping up on the middle rope with it applied...

...and leaps off, DRIVING his father's face into the canvas with a bulldog!]

GM: OHH! Middle rope bulldog!

[Tony muscles his father over onto his back, lunging across in a cover as he plants his forearm against the seven footer's cheekbone.]

GM: Tony covers! He's got one! He's got two!

[But the seven footer muscles out of the pin attempt, breaking free.]

GM: Two count only!

BW: The hypocrite kicks out at two.

GM: Hypocrite?!

BW: Of course! He wants out of this match so bad? Take the pin! Stay down!

GM: You know he won't do that!

BW: Of course he won't. He's an egomaniac like half the locker room... like Juan Vasquez... like Ryan Martinez... like those idiot Stenches. Would it really hurt him that bad to give his son the biggest win of his life?

GM: Well, I-

BW: You know it wouldn't! Everyone knows that Donovan's days left in his career are numbered and a loss to his son might make the kid's career! He should be the father that he claims to be and give his son the biggest win of his life.

GM: What kind of father would he be to just give his son that win instead of having him earn it? And what kind of competitor would Tony be to want that to happen?

[With his father down on the mat, Tony puts the boots to him for several moments before dragging him up by the arm, whipping him towards the turnbuckles...

...and charging in after him, arm extended for a clothesline!]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[The crowd ROARS as Rob lifts one of his lengthy legs, catching Tony flush on the chin!]

GM: OHH! HE RAISED THE BOOT AND TONY GOT CAUGHT!

[Tony stumbles back out of the corner as Rob leans on the ropes, breathing heavily.]

GM: I think that might've been instinct! He may not have even realized he was doing that to his own son!

BW: A likely story!

[A cut to Wes Taylor shows the youngster slapping the canvas, shouting for Big Rob to go on the attack.]

GM: Wes Taylor cheering the seven footer on. Wes says that Robert Donovan is like an uncle to him. Donovan and Bobby Taylor are close friends since their days back in South Laredo together and their families are close as well.

[The elder Donovan pushes off the buckles, shaking his head as he approaches his staggered son.]

"I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS!"

[Donovan shakes his head again as he watches Tony Donovan clear the cobwebs from his eyes...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: HE SLAPPED HIS FATHER AGAIN!

[This time, when the seven footer turns back towards his son, all signs of warmth and fatherly love are gone as he lays into his son with a boot to the midsection.]

GM: Big boot downstairs and-

[Donovan steps forward, securing the gutwrench...]

GM: He's gonna end this right now! A one move finish to put this thing to bed!

[But Wes Taylor leaps up on the apron, shouting at the big man.]

GM: Wes Taylor is telling him not to do! He's telling him he'll regret it!

BW: Telling him? He's practically begging him, Gordo!

[Donovan looks thoughtful at Taylor, locking eyes with his friend's son...

...and with a nod, he lets Tony Donovan slump down to his knees. There are a smattering of boos for the seven footer as he looks up at the ceiling, wondering what in the world he can possibly do to end this and not lose himself in the process.]

GM: Donovan is... he's leaving, Bucky! He's walking out!

[The seven footer turns away from his kneeling son, walking towards the ropes where Wes Taylor is standing.]

GM: I think Robert Donovan has decided enough is enough. He's decided he can't do this!

BW: What a coward!

GM: Oh, come on, Bucky! A little while ago, you were practically browbeating the man for NOT walking out on the match and now you're-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS their shocked disapproval as Donovan steps over the top rope...

...and Wes Taylor JERKS the rope up into Donovan's groin!]

GM: WHAT THE-?! WHAT THE HELL?!

[Donovan is wincing, staring through pain-filled eyes at Wes Taylor who glares at the man. The referee is shouting at Taylor who backs off, watching as Donovan slips off the ropes back into the ring...

...where Tony Donovan EXPLODES from a kneeling position, rushing towards his stunned father, leaping off the mat and DRIVING his foot up under the chin!]

GM: OHH! LEAPING THRUST KICK!

[The elder Donovan collapses in a heap from the high impact blow that snaps his head back. Tony lunges across as a shocked Davis Warren turns away from a cold-eyed Wes Taylor.]

GM: No! Not like this! Not like-

[But Warren slaps the mat once... twice... and a final time before calling for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Tony Donovan ERUPTS to his feet, leaping up and down in triumph as a grinning Wes Taylor steps through the ropes, walking towards the celebrating Donovan...

...and shakes his hand, raising his hand and pointing to him!]

GM: Now what in the hell is THIS all about?!

[The fans are all over the union of Donovan and Taylor as they share an embrace, celebrating Donovan's victory over his father as Robert Donovan lies motionless on the canvas.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! They were in on this together?!

BW: Is Wes Taylor part of Team Supreme?!

GM: I have no... what a- I can't believe this, Bucky. Robert Donovan just got set up by his own son and by his good friend's son.

BW: You think Bobby Taylor was in on this? He set up this match!

GM: I can't... there's no way he could've been involved. And Robert Donovan STILL hasn't moved from that leaping kick! Absolutely devastating!

[As the younger Donovan and his new ally make their way up the aisle to the jeers of the Madison Square Garden crowd, we cut to Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: Great action, shocking surprises, and some of the greatest athletes on the planet - that's what you've come to expect from the American Wrestling Alliance over the past six years and that's what we're going to show you tonight, tomorrow, and every other night.

BW: Hard to believe it's been that long, Gordo.

GM: Six years, eight months, and thirteen of the greatest days of my life, Bucky, and it's a pleasure to be here with you again on the biggest night of the year, SuperClash VI.

BW: We've come a long way from the Dallas Memorial Auditorium and SuperClash I, daddy.

GM: We certainly have. This is a historic night for the AWA and everyone involved with it. We certainly would like to take this moment to thank everyone who has come here to Madison Square Garden tonight and anyone who is watching all over the world. We wouldn't be here without you. And when you talk about people we wouldn't be here without, Bucky, I think you have to include the EMWC in that statement.

BW: Love 'em or hate 'em, the E is arguably the greatest promotion in the history of our sport... well, until now at least.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: In many ways, the EMWC is a direct predecessor to the AWA especially when you consider the original ownership of the AWA - men like Jon Stegglet, the longtime play by play announcer for the E... men like Todd Michaelson, a former EMWC World Champion and color commentator... Bobby Taylor, a former EMWC competitor... even Bill Masterson and Lori Dane. And of course, the man who remained a mystery back in those days - the silent partner so to speak, Chris Blue himself. And when you look at the list of AWA competitors who did their time in Los Angeles, it's a lengthy list to consider.

BW: You're talking about guys in the early days like Marcus Broussard and Stevie Scott. Later on, you'd add Juan Vasquez, Alex Martinez, Adam Rogers, Mark Langseth, Shane Destiny, and the list goes on and on. Even here tonight, we just saw Robert Donovan in action... we've got that big six man Street Fight with Martinez and Vasquez.

GM: But on a night like this, it's not enough to just talk about the E... it's not enough to look back on the legacy of the E... it's not enough to look at the direct links between the AWA and the E... tonight, we want to see the E in action so it's only fitting that the Hall of Fame tag team and former EMWC World Tag Team Champions, the Epitome Of Cool, are coming out of retirement to take on the former AWA World Tag Team Champions, the Lights Out Express! Now, the Hall of Fame duo has been deep in training all week and have actually refused to speak to our camera crews... even here

tonight... but of course, that's never stopped the Lights Out Express and Sandra Hayes from speaking their minds. Isn't that right, "Sweet" Lou?

[We crossfade back to the locker room where the newest addition to the AWA broadcast team is standing.]

LB: You better believe it, Gordon. What a night it is here at SuperClash VI and it's my great pleasure to be a part of it. Now, my next guests making their way in here right now are about to step foot in the ring not against challengers. Not against champions. But against Hall of Famers. I am of course talking about the Epitome of Cool and their opponents tonight... The Lights Out Express!

[Cut to the group standing to the left of Lou Blackwell. Closest to him is the "Siren" Miss Sandra Hayes looking more business than pleasure this evening in a chic presentation dress with a lightly draping white top and a black banded power skirt. Her black rattail coils over the branding iron that rests over her right shoulder.

Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong look the part of former tag team champions. Both men sporting white track suits with gold and black trim. Anderson's head is shaved short with a rugged five day old beard. Strong is clean shaven with strings of long brown hair spilling down the center of his head and neck.

The "Atomic Blonde" is in full villainous crusader mode with a long black leather jacket with the sleeves cut out and hinged at the neck. His blonde Mohawk is as glorious as ever, stretching over a foot high. He has patches of silver eye shadow that matches his fingernails and an abundance of wrist and arm bands buckled up each limb.]

Miss Sandra Hayes: Which team were you trying to introduce there Lou? The former AWA World Champions or the wash outs Andrew Sterling and Dan Thomas?

LB: I was trying to paint a –

MSH: Oh we know what you were trying to do. You were trying to do the same thing everyone else in this place is doing...

...kiss the feet of those has-beens!

[Blackwell gives a half hearted roll of the eye.]

MSH: What's it going to take for my men to get the recognition they deserve, cupcake? They are former AWA World Tag Team Champions and I'm not talking about fifteen years ago either. The Lights Out Express took down the juggernaut SkyHerc and look where they are now. Finished! Skywalker Jones isn't even in the building tonight and Hercules Hammonds can't catch a cold let alone a spot on this biggest show of the year! Do you think they just woke up one day and lost their swag, Sweetheart?

[Hayes vigorously shakes her head.]

MSH: No, hun. They had it beat out of them. They had it dragged from pillar to post, ring to ring, city to city and their swag was ripped out of their flesh and do you know where it went? Do you?

[She gestures to Anderson, Strong, and White.]

MSH: Right here, butterball. SkyHerc is –

LS: Irrelevant.

MSH: Exactly!

LS: No, tonight...it ain't about them. It ain't about nobody but the two men standing in our way. Dan Thomas. Andrew Sterling. The Epitome of Cool. I gotta hand it to ya, jack...you boys made quite an impression on this business. People still talk about your wars with the Frats, they still talk about your matches with the Down Boys, they still mention your name in passin' anytime someone talks about the greatest tag team this sport has ever seen. And ya know what?

Ya earned it.

[Hayes shoots Strong a glare, unsure of his choice of words.]

LS: Ya wrestled in the Mighty E when anyone who was anyone was beggin' for a handout to get through those doors. Vasquez, Rogers, Kinsey, Langseth, all the men who put their mark on the AWA once gave their first born and probably their second to get a crack at the best in the EMWC and that's sayin' somethin'. So from me and the boys to you two...

[Strong slowly, very slowly...breaks out into a faint golf clap.]

LS: Ya did it. Ya did it all. Fifteen years ago you were the talk of the town and tonight...

...we are gonna make people forget ya ever existed.

[There's the coy smirk.]

LS: If all goes as planned in just a few short minutes people ain't gonna EVER call us Shane's boys no more. Oh no. Gone will be ANY memory of the Ring Workers, the Ring Warriors, the Ring Rats, the Ring Robots of Terry Shane. The Lights Out Express will erase EVERY memory of that scum, of your existence, and replace it with something a bit longer but just as catchy.

DW: THE SUPER EXTREME FUTURE WON THE AWA WORLD TAG TEAM TITLES JUST AS MUCH AND SOON TO BE MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE MEGA CHAMPIONS!

[Strong nods approvingly.]

LS: This is the sort of accomplishment that must be put in perspective, I'd say. Don't you boys think so?

[Anderson and White nod.]

LS: Aaron, the photos please.

[Anderson produces a stack of photos. The first one is the Bishop Boys.]

LS: This is Duane Henry and Cletus Lee Bishop and many consider them one of the greatest tag team champions of all time. Hah hah, no. They never won the WORLD tag titles and nobody cares about them.

[Anderson rips the photo up and moves on to the next one. It's City Jack and Tin Can Rust.]

LS: These men are also considered legends. All I see is a fat slob and a guy I picture playing chess with my grandpa while under constant medical attention. Next!

[Calisto Dufresne and Adrian Freeman.]

LS: These guys beat them...I have been told that when we beat the Epitome of Cool tonight that Adrian Freeman has to clean my pool on the weekends. Next!

[Anderson holds up a photo of the Aces.]

LS: These guys never won anything but once, while working late at the office on a warm summer night, me and their ring girl Raven surrendered to temptation on top of Bobby Taylor's desk and I felt that was relevant to my point.

LB: IS there a point to all of this?

[Anderson puffs his chest out at Lou Blackwell who inches away.]

LS: Of course there is. Aaron...it's time.

[Anderson begins flicking the photos into the air one by one and we see shots of the Prophets of Rage, the Blonde Bombers, Dynasty, James and Jack Lynch, and many more.]

LB: Come on guys, this is getting ridiculous.

AA: No, Lou... us not being in the World Tag Title match is ridiculous. All these teams...all these former champions...at one point in time served a purpose. Just like the Epitome of Cool. They were the shiny new toy in the tag team division and fans had googly eyes and foam fingers with their names on it and little children pretended to be them when diving off their sofas at home and crashing through their mother's dinette set and fine

china. That's what is left of Thomas and Sterling. They are out here in our industry's biggest night on the grandest stage...

...pretending.

Pretending to be the team that people lined up to face years and years ago. Pretending to have a shot in hell at beating the Lights Out Express.

DW: Let the Memphis Mohawk tell ya... Dee-Dubbya spent weeks at home after Memorial Day Mayhem needin' one roadie to put his shoe on and another one to tie it for him. While to the common man it might seem like a sweet deal to have an endless surplus of women beckoning to your every demand...

...who is the Blonde Phenom kiddin'...it WAS pretty awesome. But not a day went by where Donnie White couldn't wait to get back into a ring. He knew every workout, every rehab session, every bit of pain and torment was gonna be worth it. What he didn't know was that at the end of the Rainbow was gonna be the Epitome of Cool. Ya think the Tennessee Tomcat was countin' down the days for THAT.

[White shakes his head.]

DW: Nah, nah, nah. We got Gold on our minds, Lou. Tag-Team Gold. Now D-White ain't sayin' we are lookin' past the Epitome of Cool...

...we're saying' we are lookin' right THROUGH them!

[The group start to walk off...]

LB: Guys. Guys! Who is gonna clean up this mess?!

[Strong's cheek turns over his shoulder, his bottom lip coils up into a wry smile.]

LS: After tonight...

...I'll have my new pool boy holler at ya.

[And with that, the Lights Out Express and Miss Hayes walk off as we fade back to live action.

Oh, by the way, the arena is completely black. The lights are off and the crowd is buzzing.]

GM: Fans, moments ago, the lights went out here in Madison Square Garden. We're not sure why. We're not sure if-

[A crazy deep voice... perhaps digitally enhanced... rings out over the PA system to interrupt Gordon.]

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..."

[The buzzing dies down as everyone listens.]

"On a night like this... with the eyes of the entire world locked on New York City... there is only one man - a man who IS New York City - that deserves to be here.

The one...

The only...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAY Z!"

[The MSG crowd EXPLODES in cheers as a single spotlight hits the ring. There is a man standing in the middle of it, his head down so that we can't see his face. A white long sleeve t-shirt covers his torso, a gold chain dangling around his neck. A black New York Yankees hat rounds out the ensemble yet...]

"Yo, New York... are you ready to do this?"

[The crowd cheers but...]

"Let's tell the whole world what New York is all about!"

[The opening rhythm to "Empire State Of Mind" kicks in over the PA system to a HUGE cheer however...]

#Yeah, yeah, I'ma up at Brooklyn, now I'm down in Tribeca
Right next to De Niro, but I'll be hood forever
I'm the new Sinatra, and since I made it here
I can make it anywhere, yeah, they love me everywhere#

[The man in the ring raises his head for the first time, revealing Andrew Sterling perhaps predictably. Sterling appears to be trying very hard to lip sync along with the track but... well, it's not going so well. As his face fills up the big screen, laughter can be heard from the sold out crowd.]

#I used to cop in Harlem, all of my Dominicanos
Right there up on Broadway, brought me back to that McDonald's
Took it to my stash spot, 560 State Street
Catch me in the Kitchen like a Simmons whipping pastry#

[Sterling is swinging his arms back and forth doing his best impression of a dorky white guy doing an impression of a rapper. The song abruptly jumps ahead to Alicia Keys' part.]

#In New York, concrete jungle where dreams are made up
There's nothing you can't do, now you're in New York#

[As the spotlight hits "Alicia", we see Dan Thomas in a wig and high heels... but the rest is his ring gear. Weird.]

#These streets will make you feel brand new
Big lights will inspire you, let's hear it for New York
New York, New York#

[The music abruptly cuts out, the lights coming on when we hear...]

V/O: This is the final boarding call for Amtrak 32, the eastbound Cardinal, departing on track 10 for New York City...

...ALLLLLLLLLLLL AB0000000000000000AAAAARRRDDD!!!!

[Instantly "Love and Rockets" by The Kundalini Express cuts into the Epitome of Cool's music and their opposition wastes no time stampeding through the entrance portal and into view.]

GM: Here they come, Bucky!

BW: The former and rightful World Tag Team Champions are in the house!

[Lenny Strong, full of piss and vinegar, leads the surge towards the ring, rocking his brown mullet that bounces with each trepid step and ripping off his track suit in the process. He sports long white tights "LIGHTS OUT" in bold black letters down his right leg and "EXPRESS" down the opposite leg. He has black boots with a gold swoosh on them and a matching elbow pad on his right arm.

Aaron Anderson, sporting the five day old facial hair and buzzcut, still sports his track jacket over his shorter tights and boots that mirror the color scheme of Strong though he just has the "LOE" symbol on the back of his trunks.

Donnie White storms out behind him and a light jog turns into a full sprint as he races down the aisle and tearing his full length sleeveless jacket off his body. He has white tights similar to Strong though there are dozens of cut outs and slits up the pant legs. His sky high blonde Mohawk stays in perfect form as the trio close in on the ring.]

GM: We still don't know which of the three men will be inside the ring tonight. Remember, the Lights Out Express now claim that Donnie White is an official member and that they can use any of the three whenever they choose to do it. I'm not sure about the legality of that.

BW: Oh, I'm sure it's fine. Sandra's got enough stroke in the office to get that cleared. I'm sure she just asked her stepdad if it was alright.

GM: And I'm sure Todd Michaelson would tell Miss Hayes where she could put her request.

BW: Jeez, Gordo... you kiss your wife with that mouth? I wouldn't. I'd rent one. I've seen your wife.

GM: Careful, Buckthorn. I may be old but I'm spry and I don't take kindly to people talking about my wife.

BW: Take it easy, Gordo. I'm just playin'. Haven't seen you that tense since you lost your Murder She Wrote DVDs.

[As the Lights Out Express nears the ring, the Siren emerges behind them. She drags her florescent pink branding against the floor creating a screech that is barely audible amidst the increasing volume of the crowd as the teams inch closer to a face off. Her tar colored rat tail rests against the nape of her neck as she comes to a stop in the aisle looking as fierce as fierce can be in her power skirt and "lets get down to business" blouse.]

GM: Miss Sandra Hayes looking ready for action here tonight as well. Without Terry Shane under her managerial control, the L-O-E is all she has left and tonight, she's hoping to get them back on the path to the World Tag Team Titles.

[The quartet huddle up on the floor for a final strategy session...

...and on the break, Anderson and White slide under the ropes into the ring. The always-serious Anderson marches right up to Dan Thomas, piefacing him backwards with a hard shove, knocking the wig right off...

...and getting a right hand to the jaw in response!]

GM: Oh! Here we go! These two teams aren't about to wait any longer - they've waited long enough to settle this rivalry! And apparently it's going to be White and Anderson in this one with Strong on the outside with Hayes. An interesting choice considering the history of Strong and Anderson together.

BW: It's a bold move to change your lineup on the biggest game of the year - we'll see if it pays off!

[Donnie White's right hand is seen coming as Sterling blocks it, throwing an overhead elbow to the head in response, knocking White back against the ropes. Sterling comes right in after him, throwing a kick to the gut, still in his t-shirt, gold chair, and Yankees hat.]

GM: Sterling whips him across!

[The Hall of Famer ducks down as White comes flying back at him, LAUNCHING White over the top rope with a backdrop, sending him crashing down on a surprised Lenny Strong!]

GM: STERLING WITH THE BACKDROP TO THE FLOOR!

BW: Holy- White could have changed a couple of light bulbs while he was up there!

[An angry Sandra Hayes marches up the ringsteps, shouting as he steps through the ropes...

...and charges Andrew Sterling, beating him back into the corner with a series of hard slaps to the face!]

BW: HAYES IS BEATING UP STERLING LIKE SOLANGE IN AN ELEVATOR, DADDY!

[A screaming and vicious Hayes digs her fingernails into Sterling's face who, being a gentleman, is only trying to defend himself and not fight back as referee Ricky Longfellow wraps his arms around Hayes' waist, trying to drag her away from Sterling.]

BW: Get your hands off her, Longfellow!

GM: He's just trying to-

BW: We can all see what he's trying to do, Gordo!

[Longfellow's grip slips, resting firmly on the chest of Hayes as he pulls her back. The "accidental" grab gets a big cheer from the MSG crowd as Hayes, fuming mad, spins around...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Hayes just slapped the ref! Her team could be disqualified for that!

BW: No way! Longfellow had that coming! Besides, no one's called for a bell to even start the match yet, Gordo!

GM: You're absolutely right, Bucky. I didn't even notice that.

[Hayes is mad as all hell when Lenny Strong forces her out of the ring, leaving a wounded Sterling rubbing at his eyes that Hayes clawed. Sterling slips out to the floor to recover as Dan Thomas pulls Aaron Anderson away from the corner to the middle of the ring as an embarrassed Longfellow waves for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: We're off and running officially now as Dan Thomas is working over Aaron Anderson with a series of chops to the chest, backing him up against the ropes...

[Thomas grabs an arm, looking for a whip that Anderson easily reverses, sending Thomas across. As the Hall of Famer rebounds back, he ducks under a backhand chop attempt for Anderson, bouncing off the far ropes...

...and leaves his feet, connecting with a flying forearm to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Flying forearm connects!

BW: You have to assume that the Epitome Of Cool is going to want to end this one quickly, Gordo. It's been several years since they've seen action on a consistent basis and their gas tanks will be no match for the L-O-E... even this version of the L-O-E.

GM: Donnie White and Aaron Anderson are competing here as the Lights Out Express tonight - whose idea do you think that was, Bucky?

BW: It's gotta be Sandra's. She's the mastermind. She makes things happen. She brought the Atomic Blonde back into the fold and they pull the big switch-a-roo at the biggest show of the year.

GM: But isn't that a big risk to take considering the lack of experience that White and Anderson have as a team? Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson are former World Tag Team Champions and you're telling me that on the biggest show of the year, going with their talent and experience wasn't enough?

BW: I'm not in the business of second-guessing the most powerful woman in the world of wrestling, Gordo, and you shouldn't be either.

[Thomas is slow to recover, meaning that Aaron Anderson is essentially back to his feet at the same time. Thomas ducks under an Anderson forearm smash, hooking a rear waistlock. The crowd cheers at the idea of a Thomas German Suplex...

...but Anderson has other ideas as he wraps his leg expertly around Thomas' to counter the lift then throws his elbow back into the temple!]

GM: Oh!

[A second elbow sends Thomas spinning away from Anderson who hooks a handful of Thomas' short blue trunks, yanking him back into a rear waistlock of his own...]

GM: GERMAN!

[But Thomas isn't going over without a fight as well, stomping down on the instep of Anderson before yanking him down to the mat in a drop toehold.]

GM: Beautiful counterwrestling by the veteran, Dan Thomas, who quickly shows the youngster that he's not going to be put down that easily.

[Thomas rolls down the length of Anderson's body towards his head, swinging his leg up and SMASHING his calf down on the back of Anderson's head, jamming his face into the mat. Anderson recoils in pain, grabbing at his face as Thomas slowly pushes up to a knee, looking towards his corner where a steaming mad Andrew Sterling is offering a tag.]

GM: Thomas back up, pulling Anderson by the ankle to the corner...

[He reaches out, slapping his former World Tag Team Champion partner's hand to cheers as Andrew Sterling tags himself in.]

GM: First tag of the match on either side as Andrew Sterling comes in and we've got our first doubleteam coming up...

[Each man grabs an arm, whipping Anderson into the neutral corner where he hits hard, staggering back out in a double back elbow that puts him down. The two Epitome Of Cool members join hands over him, dropping into a double elbowdrop to big cheers!]

GM: Nice doubleteam maneuvers by the Epitome of Cool!

BW: They were in there together for about thirty seconds! They've got a five count to get in and out, Gordo.

GM: The referee's forcing Dan Thomas out to the apron. He knows that.

BW: I didn't even hear Longfellow count at all!

[Sterling pulls Anderson off the mat, lifting him up under his arm, and DROPS him across his knee in a backbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Backbreaker executed to perfection by Sterling and these two are certainly showing no signs of ring rust so far, Bucky.

BW: Ring rust is always a concern when you're out of action for any extended period of time but so far Sterling and Thomas are looking pretty good out there.

[Sterling pulls Anderson up again, pulling him into a front facelock, and snapping him over in a suplex, quickly floating into a pin attempt.]

GM: There's a quick cover like we expected but Sterling only gets a one count. Remember, fans, it was announced recently that the winner of this match will receive the first title opportunity after SuperClash against either Air Strike or Violence Unlimited.

BW: I can't wait to see the L-O-E against either one of those teams, Gordo.

GM: It sounds like you're putting the cart before the horse, Bucky. The Epitome Of Cool are a Hall of Fame duo and they are NOT going down here tonight without one heck of a fight.

[Sterling drags Anderson off the mat again, looking back to his corner for a tag...

...but Anderson has other ideas, cutting him off with a short knee to the ribs. With a handful of hair, Anderson pulls Sterling towards his own corner, tagging in the Atomic Blonde for the first time.]

GM: The tag is made to Donnie White!

[White slingshots himself over the top rope as Anderson shoves Sterling back into the wrong part of town. A fired-up White rushes in, throwing lighting quick rights and lefts to the gut of Sterling as the referee starts a five count. White continues until four before breaking with a snapmare out of the corner...

...and promptly leaps up, driving both feet into the back of the seated opponent!]

GM: Oh my! The dropkick to the back and Donnie White certainly is showing no ill signs from that fall off the scaffold he took back at Memorial Day Mayhem at the hands of Shadoo Rage who will be challenging for the World Television Title later tonight.

[White takes the time to prance a bit, arms out as he walks around the ring, taunting the jeering fans. Dan Thomas has a few words for White as he walks by but White doesn't dignify them with a response, continuing to show off to the boos of one and all.]

GM: Apparently that hard fall didn't knock the arrogance out of this young competitor as well. Donnie White at 27 years old has yet to achieve a major championship in this sport but perhaps 2015 will be the year that all changes for him, Bucky.

BW: I'd love to see some gold around the Atomic Blonde's waist - the TV Title, the Tag Title - heck, he might even look good with some brass around his fingers if you know what I'm sayin'.

GM: Donnie White would be an excellent addition alongside Rob Driscoll in that Brass Ring Tournament next year - absolutely.

[Sterling works his way back to his feet, leaning against the buckles as White moves slowly back in...

...and gets caught with a right hand!]

GM: Sterling firing back out of the corner!

[He hits a second right hand... then a third, staggering the Memphis Mohawk.]

GM: White's dazed!

[Sterling grabs a handful of mohawk, SLAMMING White facefirst into the top turnbuckle. White bounces high into the air off it, crashing down hard to the mat as Sterling staggers out of the corner, looking towards the corner where Dan Thomas awaits him.]

GM: Sterling might be looking for a tag here, pulling White up off the mat.

[An Irish whip sends White crashing hard into the buckles, falling down into a seated position on the mat as Sterling tags in Thomas.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes Dan Thomas once again.

[Thomas steps in, squaring up alongside Sterling and buries a boot into the chest of White. Sterling does the same. Then Thomas. Then Sterling. Then Thomas. Then Sterling.]

GM: What in the...?

[A grinning Sterling loops an arm around the shoulder of his partner, waving a hand in the air as the sounds of Frank Sinatra singing "New York, New York" kicks in over the PA system.]

BW: What are these two goofballs doing?!

[With the music blasting, Thomas and Sterling start doing some leg kicks - Radio City Rockettes-style - driving boot after boot into the torso of the seated Donnie White to a big cheer!]

GM: Haha! The Rockettes are in the house!

[The referee moves in, complaining about the incessant doubleteam...

...and ends up sandwiched between Thomas and Sterling, using the same Rockettes kick on Donnie White!]

GM: And now Ricky Longfellow's getting in on the act!

BW: The referee's assaulting Donnie White!

["The Rockettes" forcibly turn Longfellow out towards the center of the ring, keeping up the leg kicks as a furious Aaron Anderson steps in, charging across the ring towards the trio...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[Thomas and Sterling bail out to the sides as Longfellow dives flat on the mat, causing Anderson to leap over him and smashing his rear end into White's face to another big cheer!]

GM: Oh yeah!

[Anderson staggers out of the corner into a high double hiptoss from Sterling and Thomas as Sandra Hayes climbs up on the apron, screaming and shouting at the official and the Epitome of Cool.]

GM: The Epitome Of Cool is having a good time in there tonight in New York City!

BW: You know, Gordo... a lot of people would look at this and think the EOC is not taking this match seriously but after studying them over the years, I know that this is just how they try to get inside their opponents' heads! They're not taking Anderson and White too lightly... they're trying to break them down mentally.

[Sterling blows a kiss at Hayes before stepping out to the apron while Dan Thomas pulls White off the mat again, grabbing him by the arm.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by White!

[White sends Thomas bouncing off the ropes, rebounding towards him where White leaps up into the air.]

GM: Leapfrog sends Thomas under to the ropes again...

[White leaves his back turned, throwing a thrust kick blindly backwards, connecting with the sternum of Thomas, sending him falling back through the ropes and all the way out to the floor.]

GM: Out to the floor goes Dan Thomas and that is NOT where you want to be against the Hayes Gang - not with Hayes herself AND Lenny Strong circulating out there.

[White starts to move after Thomas but the referee cuts him off, backing him up...

...which allows Strong to rush in, lifting Thomas up. He blasts him with a pair of short elbows to the temple before scooping him up and slamming him on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: Ohh! Big slam on the floor!

[Strong backs off as Hayes cheers her men on, leaving White to slowly approach. He steps up on the middle rope, shouting for Thomas to "get your clown ass up!"]

GM: We apologize for the language there, fans.

BW: Hey, it's Pay Per View! Anything goes on Pay Per View!

GM: That's not the way we do things around here, Bucky, and you know that. This is a family show.

[White waves Thomas up as Sterling drops off the apron to go check on his partner. Sterling kneels down next to him as the referee starts his ten count.]

GM: We never got an official introduction on this one but it DOES have a twenty minute time limit, fans.

[With Sterling's encouragement, Thomas is able to work his way back to his feet at the count of seven, using the ropes to pull himself up on the apron where White grabs him in a front facelock...]

GM: White's looking to bring Dan Thomas in the hard way...

[At 201 pounds, Thomas is one of the few people that the Atomic Blonde could actually achieve success at doing this to, dropping him inside the ring with a spine-rattling suplex.]

GM: He got him up and brought him down inside the ring.

[Back on his feet, White strikes a double bicep pose to the jeers of the crowd.]

BW: Look at the power on Donnie White.

GM: You've gotta be kidding me.

[A smirking White walks to the corner, slapping the outstretched hand of Aaron Anderson.]

GM: The tag is made again for the... should we even call them the Lights Out Express?

BW: Of course! Any two of the three are the L-O-E now, baby!

[White holds a front facelock as Anderson comes in and clubs Thomas with a double axehandle that knocks him to his knees.]

GM: Hard shot there by the first graduate of the Combat Corner, Aaron Anderson.

[With Thomas down on all fours, Anderson rolls his neck, loosening up for what he's about to attempt as he leans over, securing the gutwrench. He deadlifts Thomas off the mat, allowing the 201 pounder to dangle in the hold, turning his back on the ring...

...and then finishes powering him up, throwing him down with a released gutwrench suplex!]

GM: Good grief! Now THAT is power!

BW: You wouldn't know it to look at him. Anderson doesn't have the muscles or physique of a Hercules Hammonds or a Brad Jacobs but he's one of the strongest guys in the locker room, Gordo.

GM: He certainly is. That was no easy move to pull off even on a smaller man like Dan Thomas.

[Anderson marches across the ring, depositing himself between a crawling Thomas and a waiting Sterling...

...and spits right in the eye of Sterling!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[A fired-up Sterling ducks through the ropes, coming on strong...

...but gets cut off by the referee!]

GM: Ricky Longfellow's holding Sterling back!

[That gives Anderson a chance to signal to his partner who comes through the ropes, helping Anderson pull Thomas off the mat.]

GM: Look out here!

[Anderson fires Thomas into the ropes, shoving him skyward on the rebound...

...and then clearing out as White leaps into the air, rotating his knees to press them into the chest of the falling Thomas, crashing down to the canvas in tandem!]

GM: OHHH!

[White rolls to the floor as Anderson settles into a cover.]

GM: Illegal doubleteam gets them one! They've got two!

[But Thomas kicks out at two.]

GM: Two count only. It's going to take a lot to put the E-O-C down. You don't get to be a Hall of Fame tag team by being pushovers inside that squared circle, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not. But you don't get to be former AWA World Tag Team Champions that way either. The E-O-C's resume is not going to win this match for them. If they want to show that they can still go, they gotta beat Anderson and White in the center of the squared circle.

[Anderson wastes no time in pulling Thomas off the mat again, walking him towards the corner where he slaps Donnie White's hand.]

GM: Another tag by Anderson and White.

BW: And another doubleteam on the way.

[The Axeman grabs Thomas in a side waistlock, lifting him up for a belly-to-back suplex...

...and shoves him right on over, dumping him facefirst on the canvas near the ropes just before White skies over the top in a slingshot, dropping a leg on the back of the head!]

GM: OHHH! What a doubleteam!

[White flips Thomas over, scoring another two count before Thomas slips out again!]

BW: You've GOTTA be impressed with how well White and Anderson are working together, Gordo. They are a well-oiled machine in there and that's all thanks to Sandra Hayes in my book!

GM: You think so, huh?

[White scampers back to his feet, shouting something off-mic to the fans who jeer in response as he scoops Thomas up, slamming him down on the canvas.]

GM: Big bodyslam by Donnie White, right in the middle of the ring... we're just a hair under the halfway point in the time limit for this one, fans, as White heads towards the corner...

BW: This might be it! White might be going for the home run here!

[White walks to the corner inside the ring, placing one foot on the middle rope as he shouts "THIS IS IT, BABY!"]

GM: Donnie White doing a whole lot of trash-talking of this New York crowd here tonight who would like nothing more than to see the EOC get a chance to shut him up...

[The Atomic Blonde steps to the middle rope, gesturing to himself again, shouting at the fans...]

BW: Okay, this is taking too long. Stop screwing around, Donnie!

[He places one foot up on the top rope, still talking to the fans...]

GM: White's almost there but-

BW: But so is Dan Thomas!

[As White reaches the top rope, Thomas makes a desperate lunge at the ropes, hitting them with all his weight, causing White to lose his balance and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...fall crotchfirst on the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Good grief! Donnie White will be in the soprano section at the Bloomfield Gospel Church back home in Memphis this weekend after that!

[Thomas hangs onto the ropes, dragging himself towards the corner where his partner is urgently awaiting the tag...

...and makes a diving exchange!]

GM: The tag is made!

[Sterling steps in, spinning around as he does to a big cheer from the fans. He marches across the ring, grabbing a handful of mohawk to yank White down into the Tree of Woe in the neutral corner...

...and then suddenly breaks into a sprint, leaping into the air with a forearm smash that sends Anderson falling off the apron to the floor - much to the protests of Hayes and Strong!]

GM: Anderson gets cleared out and-

[Sterling stomps to the neutral corner across from the trapped White...

...and then suddenly rips off his white "Jay Z" t-shirt to reveal a New York Yankees jersey underneath to a DEAFENING cheer!]

GM: Oh my! The Bronx Bomber fans are out in force tonight!

[Sterling turns, showing the back of the jersey to the hard camera revealing a "2" to an even BIGGER reaction!]

GM: Derek Jeter! Andrew Sterling is sporting the jersey worn by now-retired Yankees superstar Derek Jeter!

BW: Is there NOTHING these two won't do to suck up to these fans in New York?

[Apparently not as Sterling strikes a batter's pose in the corner, waiting for "the pitch"...

...which he apparently CRUSHES as he raises a hand, shading his eyes as he watches it sail far, far out of sight. He leaps up, pumping a fist as he runs the bases, going from corner to corner, all the way around the ring to a gigantic cheer from the crowd that breaks out into a "JET-ER! JET-ER!" chant until Sterling LEAPS onto "home plate."]

GM: That one is OUTTA HERE! Goodbye, Mr. Spalding!

BW: You've always wanted to say that, haven't you?

GM: I certainly have...

[Sterling is grinning from ear-to-ear at the crowd's reaction...

...and then breaks into a sprint towards the corner where White is helplessly dangling, dropping into a baseball slide dropkick!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Sterling leaps up, arms in the air to celebrate again...

...and gets OBLITERATED as a recovered Aaron Anderson shoves him skyward and BLASTS him with a European uppercut on the way down to HUUUUGE jeers!]

GM: What a shot by Anderson to completely spoil that moment for Andrew Sterling!

[The referee is loudly protesting as Anderson pulls Sterling up off the mat...

...and ROCKETS him through the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Uh oh!

[The referee and Anderson are loudly arguing as Lenny Strong swoops in again, lifting Sterling off the floor, holding his arms back as Sandra Hayes takes aim and SLAMS the branding iron into the midsection!]

GM: Gaaaah! Come on, referee! Do your job out there!

BW: He IS doing his job, getting the illegal man out of the ring.

[As Anderson exits, Donnie White gets back to his feet, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs. Anderson slams a hand into the turnbuckle, shouting at White to “FINISH THIS!” White gives a nod as he heads over towards the ropes, ducking his head through to grab Sterling by the hair, dragging him up onto the ring apron, pulling his torso through the ropes...

...and then dashes to the ropes behind him, leaping up to the middle rope, springing back with a twist and DROPPING a leg down across the back of the head and neck!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: What a beautiful move out Donnie White! The Atomic Blonde is having one heck of a comeback match here tonight and showing no signs of that injured leg giving him any trouble at all!

[Dragging Sterling off the mat, he lifts the bigger man up onto his shoulders, turning to face Dan Thomas with a big grin, sticking his tongue out before he drops back in a spine-shaking Samoan Drop...

...and instantly kips up to his feet, shaking his head with a waggling finger before leaping up, throwing himself blindly backwards into a backflip senton splash!]

GM: Ohh! The Memphis Mash-Up connects!

[White flips over, applying a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Sterling's shoulder just barely creeps up off the canvas, breaking the pin.]

GM: Whooooa! Big nearfall right there as the Epitome Of Cool almost had their return from retirement match spoiled by this new version of the Lights Out Express!

BW: The E-O-C is showing their age, Gordo. They're just a little bit slower... a little bit less crisp with their execution... maybe a little too obsessed with getting these idiots to cheer them instead of showing why they're a Hall of Fame duo who has held World Tag Team Titles all over the business.

[An angry White pulls Sterling off the mat, whipping him the short distance into the corner where Anderson greets him with a back elbow. The tag follows as Anderson steps in, watching as White charges across the ring, throwing a dropkick that knocks Dan Thomas off the apron!]

GM: Thomas sent to the floor!

[White pops back up, rushing in, leaping up with a forearm smash. He bounces out, running across again... and lands a second one.]

GM: White is a flurry of motion, back and forth across the ring with those forearm smashes!

[The third time is a charm as Sterling staggers out...

...and Anderson snatches him around the torso, popping his hips and throwing him up and over with a bridging Northern Lights Suplex!]

GM: That might do it! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The collective roar of the crowd could have been for the knockout by Andrew Sterling or it could have been for the Atomic Blonde HURLING himself between the top and middle ropes near the corner for a tope dive that sends a rising Thomas sailing backwards towards the ringside barricade!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! WHAT A DIVE OUT OF DONNIE WHITE!

[With White and Thomas temporarily out of the picture, Anderson grabs the downed Sterling, still down on his chest, snatching him up into the gutwrench again...]

GM: Another deadlift gutwrench!

[But this time, Anderson strides out to the middle, muscling him up and DOWN across the bent knee!]

GM: OHHH! TOBACCO ROAD BACKBREAKER!

[Anderson seems about to go for a pin attempt when suddenly Lenny Strong is up on the apron. The Axeman looks puzzled at him, pointing at the downed Sterling as the referee runs to get Strong down off the apron.]

GM: The referee's trying to get Lenny Strong down from there and- wait a second!

[On the other side of the ring, Sandra Hayes is suddenly up on the apron, branding iron in hand...]

GM: Get her down from there!

BW: The referee's tied up with Strong but I really think she's just up there trying to give advice to-

GM: You know damn well that's not what she's doing!

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

GM: Five minutes remaining in the time limit as Sandra Hayes has that branding iron reared back... she's gonna waffle Sterling with it and try to steal this one for the L-O-E!

[A reluctant Anderson pulls Sterling off the mat, yanking his arms back behind him, walking him over towards the ropes where Hayes is ready to strike...]

GM: No, no, no!

[Hayes winds up, nodding to the jeering crowd...

...and SWINGS!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: SHE MISSED! SHE MISSED!

[The branding iron swing fails to connect on Sterling who just BARELY managed to duck out of the way, causing the steel weapon to DRILL Aaron Anderson in the side of the head! Sterling wheels around, burying a boot into the gut of Anderson...]

GM: Sterling goes downstairs!

[He quickly double underhooks the arms which longtime EOC fans know is the setup for...]

GM: CORINTHIAN PLUNGE! HE SPIKES HIM!

[With the double underhook DDT flattening Anderson, Sterling rolls him over, diving across...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!! FOUR!! FIVE!! Where is that referee?!

[The referee is trying to get away from Lenny Strong who desperately wrapped his arms around him, trying to prevent any attempt to count the pin. An angry Sterling straightens up, shouting at the official before he goes back into the cover, counting the pin himself...]

GM: WHITE!

[Out of nowhere, Donnie White leaps up to the top rope, throwing himself into the air, sailing through the sky...

...and SLAMS his skull into the base of Andrew Sterling's neck!]

BW: FLYING MOHAWK!!

[White bounces off, clutching his head as he crawls on his knees back towards Sterling and Anderson, flipping his partner over on top of the Hall of Famer, rolling out to the floor just as Strong lets go of the official who spins around...

...and dives down to the mat!]

GM: ONE!!

[Dan Thomas pulls himself up on the apron, trying to make the save...]

GM: TWO!!!

[He is about to step through the ropes as Lenny Strong charges towards him, arm coiled back, and BLASTS him with an unprotected right elbow, sending Thomas sailing back down off the apron to the floor!]

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Hayes leaps into the air, throwing her arms up in triumph as Strong steps through the ropes, pumping a fist in celebration before rushing to his partner's side, helping Aaron Anderson off the mat, embracing his brother-in-arms.]

GM: By hook or by crook, the Lights Out Express have STOLEN this victory from the Epitome Of Cool!

BW: Stolen?! Donnie White's mile high mohawk just put the Hall of Famers six feet under, daddy!

GM: This match was over before that! Andrew Sterling had Aaron Anderson beaten!

BW: Thanks to Sandra Hayes!

GM: That's entirely true! Hayes nearly caved her own man's head in with that branding iron!

[Donnie White rolls back into the ring, joining the celebration as Sandra Hayes pulls herself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes.]

GM: These fans are in shock. This wonderful story of the Hall of Fame tag team coming back for one more night on a show that's honoring the company they were once the former World Tag Team Champions of... it's ruined. It's completely ruined by the Lights Out Express!

BW: Haha! I love it, Gordo! I absolutely love it! You people want to fall all over the legends and the heroes of the past just like Percy Childe always used to talk about but the Lights Out Express just showed that they don't give a damn who you put in front of them, they plan to mow them down on the way back to the World Tag Team Titles, daddy!

[Sandra Hayes strides confidently across the ring, shouting at the downed Sterling who is being pulled from the ring by his longtime partner, Dan Thomas.]

GM: Miss Hayes giving an earful to the Hall of Famers. She certainly is proud of her team.

BW: And why shouldn't she be? They just beat former World Tag Team Champions! They just beat Hall of Famers! They just earned themselves a shot at the World Tag Team Titles that they NEVER should have lost! She should be on top of the world.

[Hayes storms over towards the announce table, gesturing angrily.]

GM: What is she...?

BW: I think she wants you in there, Gordo.

GM: Well, she can keep on walking because I'm not-

[Hayes lets loose a diatribe towards Gordon Myers who glares at her.]

GM: Alright, fine. Let's see what this... let's see what she has to say.

[Myers gets up from his spot at the table, holding a house mic in one hand as he walks the short distance from the ringside announce table to the steel steps, climbing up and stepping through the ropes.]

GM: You've got me here, Miss Hayes. What do you have to-

[Hayes jerks Myers' wrist towards her.]

MSH: What do you have to say NOW, Myers?! Now that I'm the most powerful woman in the business! Now that I have the greatest tag team in the world by my side! Now that we're well on our way to taking back the titles that those runts Mertz and Aarons STOLE from us last summer! Now that I led these men to beating a Hall of Fame tag team! Why do you-

[Myers rips the mic back towards him.]

GM: Excuse me! Take your hands off of me!

[On cue, Lenny Strong leaves Aaron Anderson leaning on the shoulder of Donnie White, striding across the ring menacingly towards Myers.]

GM: Now, hold on here... hold on one second...

[Strong stops in front of Myers, slowly raising his wrist to put the mic in front of him.]

LS: I think I've heard enough from you...

[Strong stares at Myers...

...and then slowly turns to face Sandra Hayes whose eyes go wide as the crowd starts to cheer a bit.]

LS: For a long time now, Aaron and I stood behind you... and Terry... and we did what we were told. We did what was best for the Gang.

We won the titles. We shoulda won the Cup.

[Strong pauses, raising a hand to point at Hayes.]

LS: And YOU took credit for it.

[Big cheer as Hayes shakes her head wildly.]

LS: On the biggest night of the year... when Aaron and I should have been standing as one... we love you, Donnie, but you know it's true...

[White nods.]

LS: It didn't happen.

Thanks to YOU!

[Hayes is pleading now, her eyes wide as she realizes what's happening.]

LS: We had EVERYTHING under control tonight... and my brother...

[He points to a still-groggy Anderson.]

LS: Got his skull smashed in... by YOU!

[Hayes actually has her arms up, begging now for her charges to stay the course.]

LS: And despite all that... despite everything that YOU did wrong... we still beat perhaps the best tag team that this sport has ever seen...

[Strong shakes his head.]

LS: ...and YOU take credit for it?

[Strong sneers.]

LS: Never... again. These kind of mistakes CAN'T happen. These kinds of mistakes WON'T happen. We're ready to win the World Tag Team Titles again - all three of us this time - and in order to do it, we can't have baggage like YOU holding us down!

[There's a big cheer as a tear starts to escape the eye of the "most powerful woman in the business."]

LS: You?

[There's a pregnant pause as the crowd waits for the two words they want so desperately to hear.]

LS: You're fired!

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER! Hayes completely breaks down, falling to her knees with an anguished wail. Strong lets go of Myers' wrist, allowing the shocked play-by-play man to lower the mic as Strong rejoins his Lights Out Express brethren and they make their exit from the ring. Myers stands there, staring down at the screaming Hayes as he slowly steps out of the ring, walking back down to the announce table.]

GM: Well, fans... I, uhh... I guess we couldn't have expected that to happen.

BW: I can't believe it, Gordo. I just can't believe it.

GM: Percy Childe is gone. Sandra Hayes just got fired and has no clients left. Somewhere in the locker room, Larry Doyle's gotta be terrified that the Curse Of The Wise Men is going to get him as well.

BW: The Curse of the- oh, shaddup, Myers!

[Gordon chuckles as Hayes continues to wail inside the ring.]

GM: Fans, the Epitome Of Cool may have lost but the night's tribute to the EMWC rolls on! Earlier this week, we sat down with many of the AWA's competitors to get their favorite AWA memories and we'll be taking a look at those throughout the night. First up... why not start with the man who will challenge for the World Heavyweight Title later tonight... Ryan Martinez!

[We crossfade to footage recorded earlier in the week of Ryan Martinez, who is in an AWA studio, seated on a leather chair. He's dressed simply, wearing a black compression t-shirt and a pair of black pants. He's a bit looser than he usually is, smiling, less intense and more at ease.]

RM: I was ten years old the first time I ever went to an EMWC show.

Oh, I'd seen it on television before, but I'd never been there. My father didn't want me backstage. I can't say I blame him, I'm not sure that was a place to bring your kids.

[Martinez chuckles.]

RM: But at Showtime VII in our hometown of Los Angeles? I wasn't taking no for an answer. Because that night, in our backyard, my father was going for the World Title against a man whose name you didn't mention in the Martinez household.

It was the War for Territory, and it was against Mark Langseth.

It took two weeks of working on him every day, but finally, he agreed. And so there I was, ten years old, wandering around backstage, watching my father go for the World Title.

It was one thing to be in the crowd. But it's a completely different experience being backstage. There was an electricity in the air. Because if you were in the EMWC, then you were big time, and you couldn't possibly imagine being on a bigger stage.

I sat in the back, watching all the matches on the monitor. Before the show or during breaks, Jon Stegglet or Lori Dane or sometimes even Todd Michaelson would come and check on me. I remember Lori even brought me a giant tub of popcorn.

And then, just before the Main Event, I snuck out into the audience. Security wasn't always what you'd call tight back then. And I managed to get into the front row. That's when I felt it. That electric rush. That charge of being there in that very moment. I still get goosebumps thinking about it.

[Martinez pauses, a bit of a faraway look in his eyes as he walks down Memory Lane.]

RM: And the moment my father's music played, I knew I had to do this.

[He nods, finally looking back firmly at the camera.]

RM: That was what the EMWC was. It was the dream. It was the magic place. It was where you went if you were a star or if you wanted to be a star. It was the very best. It was the place my father called home.

And I'll never forget that night.

[We slowly fade away from the AWA's White Knight back to the ringside area where we see former EMWC World Champion and former AWA competitor, "The Natural" Adam Rogers giving a wave to the camera. He is cleaned up from his Beale Street Bullies days and looks more like the Adam Rogers of old but still earns a mixed reaction from the crowd. Rogers smiles at the reaction, giving a shrug to the camera before the shot fades to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: It's an exciting night for AWA fans, a memorable night for EMWC fans, and just an all-around fantastic night for professional wrestling fans all over the globe watching us here tonight in New York City for the very first time LIVE on Pay Per View. And coming up next-

[The bells of "A New Game" by NFL Films' Tom Hedden begin to peal over the PA, and the crowd goes ballistic.]

GM: Oh no. I was wondering why he wasn't on the card. Frankie Farelli has booked time to gloat!

BW: He pinned Cesar Hernandez in the middle of the ring two weeks ago! He deserves to gloat! In fact, he deserves a medal in my book!

[As the New York crowd expresses its hate, the former NFL Pro Bowler, "First String" Frankie Farelli, strolls out from behind the curtain with a huge smile on his face. At his side is the gorgeous Cheerleader Chastity Chamberlain, who is also wearing a (somewhat goofier) smile.

Frankie Farelli is a broadshouldered man with short blonde hair and gleaming white teeth. He's wearing a blue New England Patriots Starter jacket, blue trunks with red and silvery-white trim (with a small silvery-white number 73 in the upper right corner), white boots with the New England Patriots logo on the side, blue knee and elbow pads, white forearm pads (including a "quarterback pad" with a Velcro playlist on his left forearm) and finger tape. Most prominently, he frequently holds up his single 2004 Super Bowl ring to show the fans why he believes himself to be better than them. He has put it on his middle finger for some odd reason...

Chamberlain is wearing the blue, silvery-white, and red cheerleader outfit of a Patriots cheerleader. The buxom blonde is waving her pom-poms, trying to get the fans cheering and seemingly oblivious to the fact that they aren't. She bounces around on the balls of her feet, occasionally doing a high leg kick or jump as part of her cheer routine.

The duo moves quickly down the aisle and enters the ring to a loud chant from the crowd.]

Crowd: TY-REE! TY-REE! TY-REE! TY-REE!

[The chant briefly miffs Farelli, who glares at the crowd.]

BW: How rude! Farelli played in that game, Gordo, this is a personal attack!

GM: I don't get the reference.

BW: That's because you over-focus on wrestling and miss everything else in life. Which is why it's funny that you still don't know the names of any wrestling moves made in the last twenty years.

[Frankie grabs the mic and shakes his head at the crowd.]

FF: No, no, no, baby, that's "BRA-DY! BRA-DY! BRA-DY!"

[BOOOOO!]

FF: Only in New York would they chant the name of a guy who had one catch in his entire career. He was out of the sport the next fall after that fluke, workin' at Wal-Mart. And I know you're proud of your flukes in New York, because that's all you got. But at the end of the day, Tom Brady's going down in history as the greatest quarterback of all time, and poor little Eli isn't even gonna make the Hall because his crippled old choke-artist brother is still better than he ever thought of being!

[BOOOOOOO!]

FF: History will place a DYNASTY in New England, and will footnote that New York's mediocre wild card teams got lucky. We're a team of Hall Of Fame legends, and the only guy you had that might make the Hall is ol' Gap Tooth himself, Mike Strahan. And by the way, that melon-sized gap in his teeth? You know how he got that, right?

[Farelli throws a Zone Block palm strike in the air and laughs.]

FF: You're welcome, Mikey, I gave you your signature look when I sent you runnin' to the sidelines lookin' for a trainer so you could pretend to be hurt and not face me again. Now you're the one guy to play for the Giants in the last thirty years who has something people'll remember. Look, I'm from Long Island. And I couldn't WAIT to move to Boston! I couldn't wait to go up there, where WINNERS live!

[BOOOOOOO!]

FF: So now that you people know your place, as a footnote in history, lemme inform you that there's another second-rate wannabe that lives in the shadow of greatness, just like the Giants. Just like Tom "Couldn't Hold

Belichick's Clipboard" Coughlin. And that's the whole entire SPORT of professional wrestling!

[BOOOOOOOO!]

FF: I exposed these frauds two weeks ago when I crushed Cesar Hernandez in the middle of the ring! I have nothing left to prove, because in one shot I showed that NFL athletes are TRUE athletes, and these wrestlers could never make it in a REAL sport. All this sissy slapfighting going on around here is almost as funny as the fact that you people think it's so great! But then again, I guess when the Giants and Jokes are the only game in town, you get used to spending good money to watch sissies, huh? What, were the Broadway ballet shows sold out?

[BOOOOOOOO!]

FF: I got nothing left to prove, but I couldn't resist coming up here to New York City and stickin' my cleats in your faces one more time. I want to show you a New England Patriot dominating yet again. Get used to it, because come January, all you little Giants will be watchin' the only real dynasty from the comfort of your own living rooms. Even the COWBOYS are better'n you this year. That's sad.

So get me somebody in the back. Anybody. I'm gonna show New York again who owns the place.

[Farelli tosses the mic to Phil Watson, who looks at referee Davis Warren. Who shrugs.]

GM: Frankie Farelli's open challenge continues, I suppose.

BW: It sure does. Maybe Hernandez'll come out for a rematch and get beat again. That'd be great.

GM: We saw him in the Brass Ring Battle Royal earlier, which Farelli notably avoided. I have no doubt that he planned this all along. Anyone who would challenge him would have already had a tough match.

BW: The Belichick Way: be smarter than everybody and win.

GM: Nobody is answering the challenge as yet.

[Farelli is grinning as Chamberlain goes from side to side, asking "Where's your heroes? Where's your heroes?" The Long Island native grabs the mic and makes one more call.]

FF: Get me somebody out here! I don't care WHO it is!

[As Farelli turns to the crowd to jaw some more, that's when a ram's horn sounds, causing Frankie to turn to the entranceway... and the crowd to explode!]

GM: Wait a minute... we might have a response!

BW: Oh no... can somebody tell this guy he's got a wrong number?!

[And that's when the man known as The Gladiator comes out from the entranceway. However, he does not go through his usual ritual, instead heading right down the aisle at full speed, still wearing his helmet, but tossing it aside as he reaches the ringside area, where he slides right under the ropes, as Phil Watson and Chastity Chamberlain are quick to get out of the ring. Gladiator begins running back and forth across the ropes as Farelli protests to the referee, who just shrugs.]

GM: The Gladiator is here to accept Farelli's open challenge! Farelli can't back out now, like it or not!

BW: You kidding me, Gordo? Why should he have to take a response from the guy who talks to the ceiling?!

GM: The bell has just rung... Gladiator isn't wasting any time!

[Farelli hasn't even had a chance to remove his jacket and Gladiator now hammers Farelli with several right hands, then scoops him up for a bodyslam. Gladiator then starts pumping his arms repeatedly over his head, as Farelli sits up, stunned.]

BW: This isn't fair! Farelli didn't even get a chance to call the coin toss!

GM: There is no coin toss, Bucky! Just the bell ringing and Farelli not being prepared... OH MY!

[Farelli had just risen to his feet, but goes right back down courtesy of a Gladiator clothesline.]

GM: Clothesline takes Farelli down... and another one... and here comes Gladiator with a third!

BW: Farelli didn't agree to this! He certainly didn't agree to not even getting a chance to take off his letterman's jacket!

GM: Gladiator dragging Farelli up and...

BW: Oh no, not the ceiling talk again!

[Gladiator has pulled Farelli to his feet, running in place as he looks skyward and stretches a hand up there, then runs into the ropes.]

GM: Gladiator coming off the ropes... back across the ring... SPEAR!! SPEAR!! SPEAR!! MY STARS, HE MAY HAVE BROKEN HIM IN TWO!

BW: Farelli is down and... is he covering him already?!

[Gladiator is indeed covering Farelli, the referee is indeed in position, and his hand indeed hits the canvas three times, drawing a loud crowd response.]

GM: HE GOT HIM! THAT HAS TO BE A SUPERCLASH RECORD!

BW: NO WAY! THAT FAST?!

[The crowd cheers wildly, as the Gladiator's music starts back up. The Gladiator rises to his feet, pointing skyward, before allowing the referee to raise his arm in victory.]

GM: Just like that, it's over!

BW: This would never have happened to Tom Brady!

GM: Let's get the official word!

PW: The winner of the match...

THE GLAAAAAAAADIIIIATOOOOOR!

[The wild speed metal plays in full force over the PA system as The Gladiator pumps his arm, before he drops down and rolls under the ropes, then breaks right into a sprint, right back up the aisleway. Back in the ring, Chastity is checking on Farelli, who sits up, a stunned look on his face.]

GM: Gladiator with the win, and something tells me this is the last time Farelli will be issuing an open challenge to anyone! That couldn't have been thirty seconds, Bucky!

BW: That lunatic had no business being out here! Farelli wanted a wrestling match! Not a train wreck from the guy who's the new PSA celebrity!

GM: What are you talking about?

BW: You know those spots about how this is your brain on drugs? Instead of showing a fried egg, they show a picture of The Gladiator!

GM: BUCKY!

[With a stunned Farelli asking the referee what happened, The Gladiator's music continues to blast as we cut to Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: Wow! What a win for The Gladiator! What a SuperClash moment for a man who is really taking this company by storm!

BW: This isn't right! That win should be stricken from the record! Frankie Farelli deserves better than this! Much, much better!

GM: Farelli got himself into a match that he wasn't prepared for it at all and he paid the price for it.

BW: That's the point, Gordo! He WASN'T prepared! If he was, that mental mincemeat moron wouldn't have stood a chance against a real athlete like Farelli!

GM: Maybe, maybe not... and maybe Farelli will get a chance down the line to prove that but for tonight, The Gladiator has had himself one heckuva SuperClash debut! Fans, right now, we're going to take another look back at an EMWC memory!

[We fade to the same studio setting we saw earlier. This time, seated in the chair is a fairly new face to AWA television - the son of the Outlaw, Wes Taylor. Taylor is in a collared white dress shirt unbuttoned enough to show a silver chain hanging around his neck.]

WT: What does the EMWC mean to me?

[Taylor rubs his chin.]

WT: Most people think I made my pro wrestling debut a few weeks ago but if you're an old school EMWC fan, you know better. In the summer of '98, my father was in the middle of what can best be described as a war of attrition with Casey James. I was just a kid then but I knew enough to know that every time my dad came home, he was a wreck. Every match he had with the Blackheart was taking time off his career... and I think he knew it too.

On August 9th, he was going to take on the Blackheart in Texas Stadium... and he wanted my mom and I to be there to see it. It was really my first time seeing my dad compete live.

[Taylor shakes his head.]

WT: As a kid, it was horrifying to see your father go through that. As an adult, watching it now, I can see that my father was having the time of his life.

[Taylor digs into his pocket, producing a cigarette lighter.]

WT: Casey James dropped this off in the front row... right after he lit my dad's head on fire in the middle of the ring.

[Taylor flicks the lighter, staring into the flame for a moment before flipping it closed.]

WT: Kids often have memories that scar them for life. That's mine.

Years later, I asked my dad why... why did he put himself through that... why did he put his family through having to watch him fight with chairs, tables, thumbtacks, broken glass, barbed wire. You know he had a match in Japan once with scorpions?

[Another shake of the head.]

WT: He told me it was the thrill of the fight. He said that some people have bungee jumping... car racing... skydiving. He had this. He had those four ropes... that ring... those fans. And he said the feeling that it gave him was better than any high you could get from any drug.

I didn't understand it. I vowed right there on the spot that I'd NEVER get involved with this business.

[He shrugs with a laugh.]

WT: Never say never, I guess.

So, what does the EMWC mean to me?

It means the legacy that my father laid down before me... the legacy that I have to live up to. It means being the son of the Outlaw... and deserving to call myself that.

It means everything.

[Taylor's gaze drifts as we fade back to the ringside area.]

GM: The EMWC is on the minds of everyone here tonight as we celebrate the 20th Anniversary of the historic promotion. But we've got a lot of other things going on here tonight as well including this next match - dramatically described as the Battle For Freedom.

BW: Psssh. Brad Jacobs is a free man. He can walk away from Larry Doyle any time he wants to, Gordo.

GM: IF he wants his brother to end up back in prison.

BW: Actions have consequences. Deal with them or shut up about them.

GM: Well, if Brad Jacobs can defeat the two-time former World Champion Dave Bryant here tonight, he won't have to deal with them as Larry Doyle has contractually agreed to release Jacobs from his managerial contract and to never interfere with his family's lives again.

BW: That's one of those decisions you have to question on the part of "Hollywood." I get it. Bryant embarrassed him. Humiliated him even. But Brad Jacobs, in my humble opinion, is quite possibly a future World Heavyweight Champion. You do NOT let a guy like that out from under your control if given the choice. Doyle could've gone a hundred different ways with this. He's got the cash to hire any number of people to break Bryant's leg. He does NOT have to lose Jacobs to get even with Bryant.

GM: But that's the decision he made. Rash as it may be, he made that choice and now Brad Jacobs has the chance to finally get out from under Doyle and to be his own man heading into 2015. We heard from Jacobs on the Preview Show and he seems like a man ready for a fight... but right now, let's go backstage and hear from the former World Champion, Dave Bryant!

[A cut to the back later, and a large AWA banner fills the screen -- the part not being taken up by the man standing in front of it, anyhow. That man, dressed to wrestle, sparkling robe draped over his ring attire, is none other than two-time former AWA World Champion, "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant. The former champ has an unmistakably sour expression on his face, and wastes no time in speaking up.]

DB: Who in the hell do you people think you are, anyhow? More importantly...who the hell do you think I am, hm?

[Brief pause.]

DB: For the past two weeks, I've heard from way more people than I care to consider that I should "do the right thing" for Brad Jacobs, that I should just...you know, half-ass it, not really try, or even just lay down for the kid, giving him a win on the biggest show of the year, giving him his freedom from that trash pile Doyle.

[Bryant shakes his head.]

DB: Did none of you clowns LISTEN to me when I told Jacobs why I couldn't do that? Don't get me wrong, I'd love to be in good enough shape to see the look on that bastard Doyle's face when he realizes his last meal ticket, the last thing standing between him and a whole locker room that hates his guts, is out of the way...but there's a hell of a lot of good reasons I can't do that.

[Bryant holds up a finger.]

DB: Reason one is real easy, folks...when you get something easy, it doesn't mean anything to you. Trust me, I took every shortcut, used all the influence I had, every dirty trick in the book to beat people in my California days, and it didn't mean a damn thing to me then because I never earned it. I always took the path of least resistance, cheated to win at every opportunity, so when I did win...it just didn't matter. If I cheat Jacobs out of a real win tonight, rob him of the sure and certain knowledge that he EARNED that right to do as he damn well pleases here in the AWA, it'll ruin him. It will leave him doubting himself until the day he walks out of here, and I'm not gonna be the guy who robs that kid of a future just to get back at Larry Doyle.

[Bryant holds up two fingers.]

DB: Reason two? I'm a damn professional. I'm one of the very best in the world at what I do, one of the best wrestlers any of you have or ever will know, and I'll be damned if I'm going to walk out onto the grandest stage of them all in the world's best wrestling organization and just lay down for anybody. If Brad Jacobs or anybody else wants to be able to come back to this locker room and talk about how they beat the Doctor of Love, they for damn sure are gonna have to do everything in their power to earn it. I've been doing my damndest to be the kind of man the folks in the stands can

be proud of, can stand up and cheer for without any doubt in their hearts, but there is no way in hell I'll ever just give up, just let someone walk all over me. I'm trying to be a nice guy -- I will not be a patsy, not for Brad Jacobs, not for his precious freedom, not for anybody for any reason, EVER.

[Bryant holds up three fingers, his face looking angrier as he goes on.]

DB: Reason three...hell, say you're all right, say giving it up, just laying down so Jacobs could pin me is the right thing to do, say it doesn't get in his head and turn him into a basket case down the line. There's something else, another thing that makes damn sure Brad Jacobs will have to leave everything he ever was, is, or could be out there in that ring to beat me tonight.

[Bryant points to his waist, where nothing but the belt of his robe is present.]

DB: You see that empty space? There should be something there besides the silk holding my robe shut. Remember that? Remember how I was the World Champion, and the Wise Men set up that horsecrap lumberjack match in San Francisco?

[Bryant pauses, as if expecting an answer, then continues.]

DB: Then you also remember who it was that smashed me into the canvas and dragged Supreme Wright's broken body on top of mine while Marty Meekly...

[Bryant grits his teeth.]

DB: ...while Marty Meekly counted me down for the three. That's right, kids, it was none other than Brad Jacobs, none other than the man you're all begging me to "do the right thing" for.

[Bryant turns his head and spits on the floor.]

DB: Screw that...and if Jacobs can't man up enough to beat me tonight, if he can't muster up enough of an effort to take me out, screw him too.

[With that, the former champion stalks off, looking none too pleased as we slowly fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. If Brad Jacobs wins, Larry Doyle will release him from his contract!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first... accompanied by Larry Doyle! From Miami, Florida, weighing 282 pounds...

BRAD JAAAAACOOOOOOBBBSS!!

[After Watson finishes his introduction, none other than Ice Cube's voice blares into the audience...]

#THERE ARE SEVEN KNOWN WONDERS OF THE WORLD...

#YOU ABOUT TO WITNESS THE EIGHTH

[The driving bass of "It Takes A Nation" by Ice Cube thumps in Madison Square Garden, and the fans unleash a cheer! Moments later, Brad Jacobs comes out into the aisle, scowling as he pounds down the aisle with Larry Doyle a few steps behind him.]

GM: "Big" Brad Jacobs has been trying to get out from under the thumb of Larry Doyle for months now. Tonight just might be his night, Bucky.

BW: I hope not... for Larry's sake. There's a whole lot of guys in that locker room - including Dave Bryant - who'd like to eat Larry's lunch but haven't because Jacobs has been in their way.

[Jacobs is thick and muscular, with dark black skin and the numbers "305" tattoo'd on his right shoulder. Jacobs wears black and gold wrestling trunks, with black boots that have gold up the sides and around the soles. His hair is shaved into a military buzzcut. Around his neck are thick industrial chains and as he makes his way into the ring, they sway with menace. He pounds up the steps and ducks into the rings, throwing his hands in the air as he makes his way to the center, grabbing the chains with one hand and hurling them out of the ring to be caught by an attendant.

Doyle still stands on the outside, and Jacobs menacingly turns and points to the outside with one hand, making sure he knows where he's supposed to stay.]

PW: And his opponent...

[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 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: 2015 has been a series of ups and downs for Dave Bryant. He ended 2014 by defeating Calisto Dufresne in the Main Event of SuperClash V to win the World Title and become the first AWA Double Champion ever. Of course, Supreme Wright would bring that to a crashing halt moments later when he cashed in his Steal The Spotlight contract. Bryant would regain the title months later in controversial fashion in what became known as the Gainesville Gyp... and then lost it in even more controversy on All-Star Showdown.

BW: Win the title, lose the title... back and forth. The bottom line though is that while Supreme Wright is back in the Main Event tonight... Dave Bryant is not.

GM: He certainly isn't... and you better believe for a man as proud as Bryant, that's a very sore subject.

[Bryant pauses, 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 raises his arms sky high to a deafening reaction!]

GM: Listen to this New York City reaction for Dave Bryant, one of the most popular competitors in the entire company.

BW: That's still a hard one for me to hear. I've followed Bryant's career since he was a rookie and he's been quite the lowdown son of a gun over the years. I know he's been cheered here for going on two years now but... you gotta wonder each and every night if it'll be the night his true colors shine through.

GM: What if these ARE his true colors?

BW: Then it's a sad day for Bucky Wilde.

[Larry Doyle, up on the apron, waves Brad Jacobs towards him. Jacobs glares at Doyle, staring at his manager (for now) with a cold gaze. Bryant is standing across the ring...

...and then waves at referee Davis Warren, dropping into a slight crouch as Warren signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Doyle shouts, pointing at Bryant as Jacobs turns...]

GM: SUPERKICK!

[...but the potential match-ending superkick ends up resting on the shoulder of the former World Tag Team Champion who shakes a head at a trapped Bryant!]

GM: Uh oh! Jacobs caught the leg and-

[Jacobs stands tall, lifting Bryant up off the canvas...

...and sits out with a spine-rattling powerbomb!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Jacobs holds for the cover! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Bryant FIRES a shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Holy- we were a half count away from Jacobs defeating the two-time World Heavyweight Champion in record time! Brad Jacobs has come here on a mission! Brad Jacobs has come to liberate himself from Larry Doyle! Brad Jacobs has come to send the world a message on the biggest stage of them all, Bucky!

BW: He certainly has but Dave Bryant just sent a message of his own, Gordo. For weeks now, people have wondered if Bryant was willing to take it easy on Jacobs... to perhaps lay down for Jacobs... all to stick it to Larry Doyle. I think Dave Bryant just proved that if Jacobs wants his freedom tonight, he's going to have to defeat the former World Champion on his own merit!

GM: Dave Bryant has been in a surly mood all week, fans. When I spoke to him earlier today, he said that there have been interviews in the paper... online... even podcasts previewing this very show that have dismissed him as a future contender to the World Heavyweight Title. He says that he will NOT be overlooked. He will NOT be forgotten about. He WILL regain the World Heavyweight Title and beating Brad Jacobs is his first step towards making that happen.

[But right now, Bryant is crawling for his life, trying to get away from the approaching Jacobs who looks quite fired up at what just occurred.]

GM: Brad Jacobs has carried an intensity with him over the past few weeks that we had not seen from him to date. Many have wondered if Jacobs can thrive in the AWA WITHOUT the guidance of Larry Doyle and I think Jacobs intends to prove tonight that he can and that he will.

[Bryant grabs the bottom rope, giving a hard pull to drag himself under the ropes to the safety of the floor. But Jacobs is having none of that, brushing past Davis Warren to step out onto the ring apron.]

GM: Jacobs drops down to the floor and if Dave Bryant thought he was going to escape from Brad Jacobs out there, he appears to have been very, very wrong.

[Jacobs drags Bryant off the floor by the hair before easily muscling him up into a gorilla press, throwing him through the ropes and back into the ring.]

GM: Jacobs wants to do this in the ring. He's not looking for a countout win. He wants to pin Dave Bryant in the center of the ring and show the wrestling world that he's a force to be reckoned with.

[The former World Tag Team Champion pulls himself up on the apron, ducking back through the ropes into the ring, stalking after Bryant who is again crawling, trying to recover from the early match powerbomb.]

GM: Dave Bryant is trying to catch his wind after that surprise powerbomb to start the match and for a man who went sixty minutes with Supreme Wright, you might have expected him to have the stamina advantage over Jacobs. After that powerbomb, that might not be the case.

[Doyle can be heard shouting instructions to Jacobs as he hauls the former World Champion back to his feet - "HEADBUTT 'IM!"]

GM: Larry Doyle calling for the headbutt and...

[Jacobs glares at Doyle before smashing Bryant with a short forearm to the jaw, sending him falling back against the ropes.]

GM: A defiant Brad Jacobs will have no part of what Larry Doyle's strategy calls for tonight.

BW: What an ungrateful fool! The man led you from obscurity to the top of the wrestling world and that's how you repay him?!

[Jacobs marches towards the corner, grabbing Bryant by the arm.]

GM: Irish whip sends Bryant crashing hard to the corner!

[Jacobs storms in after him, connecting with an impactful clothesline that shakes Bryant from head to toe!]

GM: Big clothesline connects!

[Jacobs backs off, waving a dazed Bryant towards him. As the former World Champion staggers out, Jacobs hooks his arms around the torso...

...and HURLS Bryant over his head, bouncing him off the canvas with an overhead belly-to-belly throw!]

GM: Good grief!

[A cackling Doyle is shouting "YES! YES!" on the floor, calling for Jacobs to finish him off.]

GM: Doyle thinks the end is near but as weakened as Bryant was by that powerbomb and what has come since, I find it hard to believe that a former World Champion will go down that easy.

[On cue, Bryant catches an incoming Jacobs with a right hand to the muscular abdominals.]

GM: Bryant goes downstairs on Jacobs... a second right hand to the gut!

[With a defiant shake of his head, Jacobs SLAMS a clubbing forearm across the back of the head, knocking Bryant back on his stomach on the canvas.]

BW: Man, the more I see Brad Jacobs in there absolutely manhandling a former World Champion, the more I wonder what in the world Larry Doyle was thinking when he made this match.

[Jacobs shouts something off-mic to Larry Doyle who grimaces in response.]

GM: Doyle's made attempts to get back on the same page as Jacobs but they've all failed. Perhaps he finally realized it was time to go their separate ways and try to find success on their own.

BW: That doesn't sound like "Hollywood" Larry to me, Gordo.

[Leaning down, still shouting at Doyle, Jacobs goes to grab Bryant by the hair...

...and get plucked into an inside cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Jacobs uses his powerful legs to break the pin attempt, sending a buzz through the crowd for the near fall.]

GM: The veteran, Dave Bryant, was looking for an opening and he almost found a wide open one right there. He was a half count away from winning this one and Larry Doyle is immediately on Jacobs' case, shouting at him to keep his cool and to keep his focus.

BW: Those are wise words, Gordo. See? Jacobs DOES need Larry Doyle.

GM: He believes otherwise.

[The former tag team champion is slow to his feet, carrying 273 pounds of muscle as he gets up...

...and gets caught with a low dropkick by a scrambling Bryant, feet connecting with the kneecap and taking Jacobs down to the mat.]

GM: Dropkick to the knee by Bryant takes Jacobs off his feet and-

[Bryant is a flurry of movement, sensing his moment as he grabs Jacobs by the ankle before he can get up, lifting his powerful leg off the canvas...

...and SLAMS the kneecap down into the mat!]

GM: Ohh! That'll give you a limp for a few days!

[The Doctor of Love sneers at the protesting Doyle as he lifts the leg a second time, slamming the knee down into the mat.]

GM: You often think of the Boston Crab as targeting the back but it also puts pressure on the legs of the victim so you have to imagine that Dave Bryant is thinking about his trademark submission hold - the Iron Crab made famous in California and Missouri by his uncle, "Iron" Brett Bryant.

[Bryant uses the trapped leg to flip Jacobs over onto his back, ducking down to grab the free leg to go for the very hold that Gordon just mentioned...

...but the former defensive tackle uses the free leg to shove Bryant away, knocking him down to the canvas.]

GM: Jacobs kicks his way out!

BW: Bryant's a seasoned veteran - a real ring tactician. Not just any goof off the street can beat the likes of Supreme Wright and that's exactly what Bryant did - clean as a whistle - during the Chase For The Clash tournament last year. If he's done his research - and you know he has - he knows that Jacobs' promising NFL career came to a crashing halt when he had his knee blown out in his final game at the University of Miami.

GM: That knee had to undergo surgery and about two years of rehabilitation before Jacobs was back to full strength. Bryant may be looking to undo all that recovery right here tonight.

[Bryant again is quicker than his much larger opponent, getting to his feet before Jacobs can manage to do it cleanly, struggling to put weight on the surgically-repaired knee...

...and Bryant viciously kicks the back of the knee, sweeping Jacobs' leg out from under him!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Hah! Now THAT'S what I like to see out of Dave Bryant, Gordo. That's the kind of attitude that got Dave Bryant out of the gutter and back into the big leagues of professional wrestling... heck, that's the kind of attitude that got him his FIRST World Title way back in the day.

GM: To be honest, Bucky, Dave Bryant has been put into an impossible position by this match. The fans want to see Brad Jacobs free from Larry Doyle so badly as do many in the locker room. There has been a growing feeling as of late that Bryant should do what many consider to be "the right thing" in letting Jacobs win this match but...

BW: But if this sport - if his World Titles - if anything and everything he's EVER done in this sport means ANYTHING to him, he can't do that, Gordo. This sport is built on the pillars of competition and if Bryant lays down just

so Jacobs can get his feel good ending, everything he's ever done is a sham. He IS doing the right thing. If Brad Jacobs can't beat him and EARN his freedom, then does he really deserve it to begin with?

GM: Every man, woman, and child in this world deserves freedom, Bucky Wilde, regardless of the outcome of a professional wrestling match.

BW: You're such a bleeding heart sap.

[Bryant waits, hunched over, catching his breath as Jacobs struggles to get up off the canvas again, clinging to the ropes for support as he rises...

...and gets kicked in the back of the knee a second time!]

GM: Oh! Another hard shot by the former World Champion sends Jacobs down to the mat... rolling under the bottom rope to the floor where Larry Doyle rushes to advise him...

[Jacobs is leaning against the ring apron as Doyle approaches...

...and reaches up to shove Doyle away, sending him crashing down on the ringside mats!]

GM: Down goes Doyle! Down goes Doyle!

[Jacobs angrily shouts at Doyle, ordering him to stay away from him as Bryant rushes across the ring, dropping into a baseball slide, driving his feet into the back of Jacobs' head, sending him falling flat on the ringside mats.]

GM: Down goes Jacobs as well off the baseball slide!

[Bryant glares at Doyle, threatening him with a point as Doyle slides away from him. He leans down, dragging Jacobs off the floor by the muscular arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL RAILING!

[The former World Champion watches as Jacobs slams into the steel, arms draped over it to stay on his feet. Bryant approaches as the referee starts a ten count.]

BW: Hey Gordo... what happens if this thing goes to a draw?

GM: I... that's an excellent question, Bucky. I would presume that Larry Doyle would retain control over Brad Jacobs' contract in that case.

BW: Think Larry knows that?

[Bryant winds up, drilling Jacobs with a stiff uppercut to the jaw!]

GM: Oof! What a shot!

[The Doctor of Love grabs Jacobs by the back of the head, walking him over to the apron, throwing him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Bryant fires him back in!

[The former World Champion pulls himself up on the apron, ready to follow Jacobs back into the ring...

...when Larry Doyle acts, lunging at Bryant and wrapping his arms around his leg!]

GM: DOYLE GRABS HIM! DOYLE'S GOT HIM HOOKED!

[Bryant angrily kicks at Doyle, trying to knock him loose while the referee shouts at "Hollywood" Larry from inside the ring.]

BW: Doyle's taking a chance here, Gordo! He could get Jacobs disqualified!

[Bryant's boot catches him flush, knocking him off the apron. The Doctor of Love steps through the ropes, shaking his head...

...and gets BLASTED with a running double axehandle to the forehead, knocking him back into the ropes, bouncing right off into a standing Jacobs clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Jacobs caught him!

BW: Now, you have to wonder... did Jacobs know that Doyle interfered on his behalf? And if so, doesn't taking advantage of that make him the biggest hypocrite on the planet?!

[Jacobs grabs the top rope, putting the boots to Bryant and driving him under the ropes to the ring apron.]

GM: Bryant gets driven out to the apron and as Jacobs leans over, he's going to-

[The wily veteran slaps Jacobs' arm away, reaching up to lock his fingers behind the bigger man's neck, dropping off the apron and snapping Jacobs' throat down on the top rope!]

GM: Ohh! What a counter by the former World Champion!

[Jacobs staggers away, gasping for air as Bryant slips under the ropes, takes aim...

...and THROWS his shoulder into the back of Jacobs' surgically-repaired knee!]

GM: OHHH! Right back after the knee goes Dave Bryant!

[Bryant gets immediately back up, grabbing the foot, spinning around the leg in a spinning toehold. He leans over to grab the other leg, looking to apply a figure four leglock...

...and EATS a massive haymaker from Jacobs who is still on his back!]

GM: Oof! Jacobs fires back!

[Bryant staggers back, falling to a knee as Jacobs climbs back up off the mat. The former World Champion charges him, looking to take advantage of the off-balance Jacobs...

...and gets lifted, spun through the air, and DRIVEN into the canvas with a thunderous powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[And again, Bryant just barely gets the shoulder off the canvas in time to avoid the match-ending three count. Jacobs pops up to his knees, wincing as he puts weight on his leg, looking up at Davis Warren who again flashes two fingers.]

GM: A two count only for Brad Jacobs as he once again comes close to finishing off the former World Champion.

BW: How impressive is Brad Jacobs in this match so far, Gordo?

GM: He's very impressive. He's showing why for a period of time he was one-half of the greatest tag team on the planet.

[Jacobs drags Bryant up off the mat, still glaring at the official as he lifts him up, violently slamming him down in the center of the ring.]

GM: High impact slam by Jacobs...

[Doyle can be heard shouting for a "BIG SPLASH!" from the floor but Jacobs has other ideas, dropping a hard elbow down into the sternum... and a second... and a third... and a fourth... and a fifth... and a sixth, rattling Bryant's body with the impact of each before rolling into another lateral press.]

GM: Jacobs gets one! He's got two! But again, Bryant is out at two!

BW: Like you said, Gordo, he's a two-time former World Champion and it's going to take a lot to keep him down for three.

[Jacobs grabs a handful of Bryant's hair, smashing a fist down between the eyes... and again... and again... and again as the referee shouts at him to let up, counting quickly. At the count of four, Jacobs gets back to his feet, drawing some jeers from the MSG crowd for the closed fist assault on the fan favorite former World Champion.]

GM: These two men have split the crowd tonight here in New York City. So many fans wanting to see Brad Jacobs on his own with a chance to be his own man and succeed or fail on his own terms... but so many others wanting to see Dave Bryant work his way back to the mountaintop where he can challenge the winner of tonight's Main Event for the World Heavyweight Title!

[Jacobs hauls Bryant up off the canvas, looking out at the jeering crowd...

...and yanks him into a front facelock, sparking a cheer from the fans!]

GM: He's looking for the Jacobs Hammer! This is-

BW: This is what he used to snatch the World Title off Bryant's waist back at All-Star Showdown!

[Jacobs goes to lift Bryant off the mat but as he gets him up to full extension, he promptly sets him back down, wincing in pain as he hobbles away from the former World Champion.]

GM: He couldn't keep him up there! He got him up but the strain on his knee made him set Bryant back down on the mat!

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES!"

[Bryant shakes the cobwebs, running up behind Jacobs to apply a waistlock, looking for a rolling reverse cradle but Jacobs' powerful arms wrap around the top rope, preventing the pin attempt.]

GM: Jacobs counters, Bryant back up...

[The former champion charges Jacobs who drops his shoulder, trying to backdrop Bryant over the top. The Doctor of Love hangs on, landing on his feet on the apron...

...where he promptly swings a leg through the ropes, kicking Jacobs in the back of the knee!]

GM: Right back to the knee...

[Bryant drops down to the floor, grabbing Jacobs' foot and yanking, tripping him up and putting him facefirst on the mat. Doyle is shouting at Bryant, threatening him as the Las Vegas native lifts the leg...

...and DRIVES Jacobs' kneecap down into the hardest part of the ring!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

[Jacobs promptly rolls over, howling in pain as Bryant looks around at a crowd that now has a decent-sized portion booing him.]

GM: And now the boo birds come out for the former World Champion.

BW: Bryant's simply doing what needs to be done. If these fans don't like it, he should tell 'em to stick it, Gordo.

GM: Bucky!

BW: I'm serious! He went by the book - stuck to the straight and narrow - and where did it get 'im? He lost the World Title last year in record time at SuperClash and then when he got it back, had it ripped off his waist again because he wouldn't play as dirty as the other guy.

[Bryant again threatens an incoming Doyle, making sure this time to keep an eye on him as he steps up on the apron, ducking through the ropes into the ring. He slowly approaches the downed Jacobs who is crawling across the ring, trying to create some space.]

GM: Bryant's got Jacobs in some trouble here and he may now be looking for a way to put the big man away.

[As the Las Vegas native approaches, he leans over, grabbing a leg and flipping Jacobs onto his back. Again, he goes to grab the second leg but Jacobs kicks him back - with way less authority this time. Bryant quickly recovers, diving for a grip on the leg again.]

GM: He's got the legs! Bryant's got the legs!

[Jacobs fights it, knowing what's at stake if Bryant is able to lock in the Iron Crab. Doyle is on the apron, kneeling as he leans through the ropes, screaming for Jacobs to escape. Bryant looks out at the cheering fans, giving a nod as he muscles the bigger man over onto his stomach...

...and sits back in the hold that won him the World Title a year ago!]

GM: IT'S LOCKED IN! THE IRON CRAB IS LOCKED IN!

[Jacobs cries out in pain as Bryant leans back, wrenching the knee that he's worked over for the entire match as well as torquing the back in an obscene angle, trying to force a submission out of the former World Tag Team Champion.]

GM: This might be it! Doyle's screaming at Jacobs, begging him to find a way out of this!

BW: I don't know if he can do it, Gordo!

GM: I don't know either. Brad Jacobs is strong as can be but does he have enough in him to break the Iron Crab with an already injured knee?

[Jacobs grimaces as he plants his palms on the canvas, breathing heavily as Bryant shouts at the referee to "ASK HIM!" Davis Warren obliges, kneeling down to check for a submission. Jacobs defiantly shakes his head as Warren informs Bryant.]

GM: Jacobs is trying to hang on!

BW: He's in the middle of the ring - he's not getting to the ropes, Gordo!

GM: He certainly isn't... Jacobs is planting those hands, getting set to try and power out of this thing!

[Doyle is absolutely screaming now at his charge, begging him to escape the hold as Jacobs grits his teeth and starts pushing down on the canvas, trying to power out.]

BW: The problem with this counter is look at the strain it puts on your back to even TRY to get out of it. A lot of guys end up doing more damage to their back trying to escape than they would have just sitting in the hold.

GM: This is it! If he can't get out, this match is over!

[The powerful arms start to extend - slowly but surely - as the MSG fans start to rally behind the show of strength.]

BW: You've gotta be kidding me! He's doing it, Gordo! He's doing it!

GM: Jacobs is... he's trying to get out of this by powering out! Brad Jacobs is one of the strongest men to ever step inside the squared circle and he's trying to power out of one of the most inescapable holds we've encountered in quite some time!

[The look on Bryant's face is one of surprise as Jacobs' chest lifts up off the canvas, the push-up becoming greater as Jacobs screams out of exertion and pain.]

GM: Bryant can't believe it!

[The camera cuts to Doyle whose eyes have gone wide at the show of strength. He's obviously just as surprised as Dave Bryant is as Jacobs continues to push... and push... getting his arms straighter and straighter until...]

GM: HE BROKE IT!

[The crowd ROARS as Jacobs escapes, an off-balance Bryant falling down to the canvas, looking back in disbelief as Jacobs grabs at his lower back.]

GM: My stars, he broke the Iron Crab! What a show of heart, of guts, of determination, and of course, of ungodly power by Brad Jacobs who has got this MSG crowd on their feet for that incredible counter!

[Bryant spins around, still on a knee as he looks around at the roaring crowd... then to the disbelieving official who is shaking his head in surprise... and then finally to Larry Doyle whose jaw has literally dropped and is staring into the ring at Brad Jacobs who has slumped back down to the canvas, obviously in pain.]

GM: Not a single soul in this place believed he could do it! Not even Larry Doyle believed he could do it! But Brad Jacobs believed he could do it!

BW: Larry looks like he's seen a ghost, Gordo. Look at him!

[Doyle is shaking his head back and forth, looking down at Jacobs... then over at Bryant who is getting back to his feet.]

GM: Bryant's moving in on Jacobs... what is Doyle doing?

["Hollywood" Larry takes a long look at Bryant who stops, staring back at him. Doyle abruptly nods, pointing at Jacobs repeatedly.]

GM: What in the world?

BW: Larry's telling Bryant to finish off Jacobs!

GM: I don't understand this at all, Bucky.

[Bryant looks completely puzzled at Doyle who is even more animated now, pointing at the downed Jacobs. Bryant shakes his head with a "What the hell are you doing?!" Doyle is insistently gesturing at Jacobs as Bryant blows him off with a wave of his hand, moving in on Jacobs who is using the ropes to get back off the canvas...]

GM: Bryant's moving in on him, looking to finish him off.

BW: But if the Iron Crab couldn't do it, what will?

GM: Perhaps a Call Me In The Morning? Perhaps something else completely. We may be about to find out.

[With Jacobs reeling, Bryant turns his back against the ropes, lighting him up with a pair of knife-edge chops across the chest.]

GM: Bryant's got him on the ropes, looking for the whip here...

[Bryant shoots him across but Jacobs only gets a few steps before the knee gives out and he collapses to the canvas. Doyle throws his arms in the air, screaming "DO IT! DO IT NOW!"]

GM: What is he...?

BW: Uh oh... I think I get it, Gordo.

GM: What are you talking about?

BW: I think Larry was blinded by rage all this time. He was SO embarrassed at what happened with Dave Bryant, he couldn't see straight. He wanted him humiliated... he wanted him beaten... he wanted him broken and he was willing to pay any price to make that happen.

GM: And?

BW: And he just realized what price he was about to pay. He saw Brad Jacobs break out of that Iron Crab and realized that he was going to lose his mealti- I mean, he was going to lose his golden ticket to the World Heavyweight Title!

GM: You mean... you think Doyle suddenly wants Bryant to WIN?!

BW: That's exactly what I think!

[Bryant slowly approaches the downed Jacobs, shaking his head at Doyle who is shouting at him to go faster.]

GM: Dave Bryant doesn't seem to know what to think about this shift in the situation.

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

[Bryant hears the timekeeper's call, leaning down to grab Jacobs, pulling him up off the mat, dragging him towards the corner. He steps up, sitting down on the top turnbuckle as he pulls Jacobs into a front facelock...]

GM: Bryant's looking for No Hard Feelings - the finishing maneuver of his former rival, Glenn Hudson!

[The crowd cheers as Bryant stands up, ready to leap off and drive Jacobs' head into the mat with the tornado DDT...]

GM: Bryant kicks off!

[He spins through the air...

...and keeps on going as Jacobs uses his tremendous power to shove him off, sending him sailing halfway across the ring where he slams down to the canvas gutfirst!]

GM: Ohh! What a counter by Jacobs!

[Jacobs falls back in the corner, wincing at the exertion as the crowd begins to cheer loudly. He slams an arm down on the top turnbuckle, turning back towards Bryant, slamming a beefy arm across his chest once... twice... three times... four times...]

GM: Jacobs looks like he's setting for that spear!

BW: He's gonna try and break Bryant in half!

[The look of concern on Larry Doyle's face speaks volumes as he looks at Jacobs... then at Bryant... then at Jacobs...]

...and dives towards the corner, wrapping his arms around the leg of Jacobs to prevent the spear tackle!]

"NO! I CAN'T LET YOU DO IT, BRAD! I CAN'T LET YOU DO IT!"

[An angry Jacobs grabs the ropes, shaking his leg violently, trying to free himself from Doyle's grip.]

GM: Doyle's hanging on for dear life! Larry Doyle's trying to prevent his own man from trying to win this match! What a bizarre turn of events!

BW: Hang on, Larry! Hang on with all you've got!

[Jacobs turns around, leaning over the ropes, pulling Larry Doyle up onto his feet by the collar to a big cheer!]

GM: UH OH!

[He leans over the ropes, lifting Doyle up into the air, pressing him over his head as high as he can manage!]

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

[Jacobs steps out of the corner, ready to press slam Doyle into the third row...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK!

[The foot catches Jacobs under the chin, forcing him to drop Doyle down to the canvas, knocking him backwards and down to the mat!]

GM: CALL ME IN THE MORNING CONNECTS!

[Bryant stumbles towards him, diving into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of Brad Jacobs slipping a foot over the bottom rope, breaking the count. Doyle, out on the floor on his knees, buries his head in his hands, slamming his fists into the ringside mats.]

GM: Jacobs escapes! Bryant lost track of where they were in the ring and he allowed Jacobs to get too close to the ropes.

[Bryant pushes up to his knees, angrily slapping Jacobs' leg off the bottom rope, obviously upset with himself as he climbs back to his feet off the mat. He grabs Jacobs by the ankle, dragging him away from the corner...]

GM: Bryant pulls him away from the ropes - perhaps another cov- no. Where is he...?

BW: Oh no.

GM: Oh my stars, we've seen this before, Bucky!

[Bryant nods to the roaring crowd as he steps out on the apron, slamming his hand down on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Dave Bryant should NOT be attempting this! If he's going to do what I think he's going to do, he should change his mind right this very second!

BW: Old men get delusions of grandeur at times. You know that from experience.

[Bryant slowly climbs the ropes, stepping up to the middle rope before placing a foot on the top. He grins at the crowd's reaction, stepping both feet onto the top rope... trying to keep his balance...

...and that slight shift in balance is just enough for Jacobs to roll to all fours, shoving off the mat as a defensive tackle would, throwing himself at the ropes!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Larry Doyle's eyes go wide again, grabbing at his hair in disbelief as Bryant lands groinfirst on the top rope.]

GM: Jacobs knocks him down and- this is his chance, Bucky!

BW: Do something, Larry! DO SOMETHING!

[Jacobs winces as he steps up to the middle rope, glaring at Doyle who is inching closer to the corner. The gaze freezes "Hollywood" in his tracks as Jacobs hooks the front facelock, swinging Bryant's arm over his neck...]

GM: Jacobs sets!

[The big man lifts, not pausing at all as he takes Bryant over...

...and DROPS him with a superplex!]

GM: SUPERPLEX! Jacobs used to use that as his half of the Blonde Bombshell!

BW: Larry, get in there!

[Jacobs is slow to cover, his knee hindering his every movement.]

GM: Jacobs is trying to apply the cover but that leg is giving him trouble.

[The big man settles into a lateral press as the referee drops down to count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd gasps then groans as Brad Jacobs goes sailing under the bottom rope and out to the floor thanks to Larry Doyle pulling him out there!]

GM: Doyle yanks him out! Larry Doyle's trying to save his contract with Brad Jacobs!

[Jacobs is down on the floor on his knees as a pleading Doyle shouts, "I'm sorry, Brad! I gotta keep you on board!" A fuming Jacobs climbs off the ringside mats as Doyle makes a run for it, fleeing from a man who he knows can't pursue.]

GM: Jacobs can't believe it! Doyle may have just saved this match for Dave Bryant!

[Jacobs uses the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes as he stares at the downed Bryant who is trying to get up off the canvas. Jacobs looks out at the cheering crowd, leaning over, hands on his knees, crouching as he waits... and waits... and waits...]

GM: Jacobs is ready! Jacobs is set!

[And as Bryant steadies himself, slowly turning, Jacobs rushes towards him. His knee gives him trouble immediately, causing him to stumble...

...and Bryant LASHES OUT in response!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK! HE GOT HIM AGAIN!!

[Jacobs collapses in a heap as Bryant pumps both fists in triumph, falling down to his knees, leaning over with his hands on the mat.]

GM: Bryant hits the Call Me In The Morning but can he take advantage of it? Can he make the cover that would assuredly win this match for him?!

[Larry Doyle decides to make sure that he can, rolling into the ring. He grabs Bryant by the arm, dragging him towards Brad Jacobs and flinging him across Jacobs' prone form. The referee steps in front of Doyle, shouting at him to get out of the ring as Doyle orders him to count instead. An argument ensues between Davis Warren and Larry Doyle.]

BW: Count, you idiot!

GM: Davis is NOT going to count with Larry Doyle in the ring blatantly interfering in this match!

[Doyle is all over Warren, jabbing a finger into his chest until he finally turns to exit...

...and finds Dave Bryant staring him dead in the eye.]

GM: UH OH!

BW: Get out of there, Larry!

[Doyle raises his hands, begging off for a moment...

...and then makes a break for it before Bryant catches him by the waistband, shaking his head as the crowd roars for it. A hard shove to the back sends Doyle smashing into the ropes, falling down to the mat, scrambling to get back up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: CALL ME IN THE MORNING! LARRY DOYLE GETS FLATTENED!

[The crowd is absolutely roaring for the superkick that leaves “Hollywood” Larry Doyle - the last Wise Man standing - absolutely flat on his back. A big grin crosses Dave Bryant’s face - a look of accomplishment, of satisfaction, of relief at finally having gotten payback on one of the men responsible for snatching the World Title from around his waist.]

GM: Dave Bryant has laid out Larry Doyle and that’s what he’s wanted for months now, fans!

[Bryant seems ready to leave Doyle down when the buzzing of the crowd makes him look down at Doyle. He makes a signal, miming flipping Doyle over into the Iron Crab to a HUGE reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Oh yeah! New York City is letting Dave Bryant know EXACTLY what they want to see, Bucky!

BW: This is terrible! This is blatant and horrific abuse against a manager, Gordon Myers!

GM: That’s what it is and these people love it... and I don’t blame ‘em!

[Bryant leans down, grabbing the legs of Larry Doyle. He looks out at the crowd, giving a smile and a nod before flipping Doyle over onto his stomach into the Iron Crab.

He instantly realizes there is a problem as Brad Jacobs is charging across the ring towards him. Bryant bails out of the Iron Crab, moving towards Jacobs to intercept...]

GM: SPEEEEEEEAAAAAR!

[...and gets Jacobs' powerful torso SLAMMED into his midsection, nearly breaking him in half as he falls to the mat. Jacobs stays on him, hooking both legs as tightly as he can manage.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd roars with elation as Jacobs instantly releases Bryant, rolling to a seated position right next to him, burying his head in his arms.]

GM: Jacobs has done it! Jacobs has freed himself from the iron grip of Larry Doyle! The last of the Wise Men has fallen here tonight in New York City at SuperClash VI!

[Jacobs raises his head, looking out at the cheering crowd as he lightly pats Dave Bryant on the chest, allowing the referee to help him to his feet where Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

BRAAAAAAAAAAAD JAAAAAAAAAAAAAACOBBS!

[Jacobs smiles at the crowd's reaction, leaving his arms up in the air as Davis Warren kneels down to check on Dave Bryant who is now clutching his ribcage. Jacobs asks Warren something, nodding at the response as he hobbles over towards the downed Doyle, staring down at him...]

"WE'RE... DONE!"

[The crowd roars as Jacobs uses his boot to shove Doyle under the ropes, dumping him in a heap on the floor. He throws his arms up in the air again, celebrating his victory.]

GM: What a battle! What a fantastic battle between two of the best currently in the American Wrestling Alliance! Dave Bryant and Brad Jacobs laid it all out on the line here tonight but in the end, Jacobs has done exactly what he needed to do. He needed to step up... he needed to be his own man like Dave Bryant's been telling him for months. And tonight? Tonight, he did exactly that.

[Jacobs leans over the ropes, shaking his hurting knee with a shake of his head. He turns, looking back at Dave Bryant who the referee is helping up off the canvas. With a nod, he strides purposefully across the ring.]

BW: Uh oh. This might not be over, Gordo.

GM: You could be right, Bucky.

[Jacobs steps up to Bryant, staring his defeated opponent dead in the eyes for several seconds...

...and slowly extends his hand.]

GM: Oh yeah! How about that, Bucky?!

BW: That makes me sick. Bryant should spit in his eye and waffle him with a tire iron!

GM: BUCKY!

[Bryant looks at Jacobs for a few moments, nodding his head as he accepts the handshake to a big cheer. Jacobs turns, lifting Bryant's arm and pointing to him.]

GM: What a moment! What a moment between these two tremendous athletes!

[Jacobs lowers Bryant's hand, placing a hand on his shoulder. The camera cuts close enough to listen.]

"You're one tough son of a bitch, ya hear me?"

[Bryant smiles, nodding.]

"Any time you wanna go again, you say the word."

[Bryant nods again as Jacobs breaks the handshake, turning to make his exit from the ring, leaving a hurting Dave Bryant standing to accept the cheers of the sold-out New York City crowd.]

GM: A fantastic battle has just gone down here in New York City and I've got a feeling that we just may see these two men collide again at some point down the road, fans.

BW: And these fair-weather fans make me sick, Gordo. At different times throughout the match, they booed both of these guys... but in the end, they cheer 'em both! I just don't get it!

GM: They respect what these men put themselves through to try to win the match. And they respect the sportsmanship they showed one another after the hard-fought match was over. But I certainly don't expect you to understand that. This match may have ended in a show of respect but I certainly wouldn't expect that to be the case in our next showdown.

BW: No doubt.

GM: This one, fans, has been brewing for quite some time. If you think back to SuperClash V last year, one of the featured attractions saw the Lynch family take on the group known as the Beale Street Bullies who had Sunshine in their corner. In the weeks that followed, we saw Sunshine beg forgiveness from Travis Lynch... trying to get the Lynches to take her in after the Bullies had abandoned her. Travis was having none of it and you talk about a woman scorned...

BW: That scumbag Travis Lynch shoved her down! Of course she'd want payback!

GM: That payback came first in the form of The Lost Boy and later in the form of Ebola Zaire but Travis Lynch endured and persevered, dispatching of both of those bounty hunters. But at Homecoming, Sunshine's master plan saw the light of day when Alexander Kingsley - the richest man on the roster - struck. He brutally attacked Travis, breaking his orbital bone in the process. Kingsley had some history of his own, a feeling that his trainer and mentor Oliver Strickland had been wronged years ago by the Lynch family. That common bond of hatred brought Kingsley and Sunshine together and tonight, they will attempt to meet a goal a year in the making - the end of Travis Lynch in the AWA. Will they succeed? With just moments until this big showdown, let's go backstage and hear from both competitors!

[We fade backstage, landing on the well-manicured fingers of Sunshine as they rest on the well-toned bare chest of Alexander Kingsley. The voice of Colt Patterson is heard.]

CP: I'm standing here at SuperClash VI with a man who could buy and sell this building a hundred times over - the heir to the Kingsley Online Entertainment fortune, Alexander Kingsley... and of course, his lovely lady, Sunshine.

[The camera shot is zooming back this entire time, coming to rest with all three on display. Kingsley's already in his ring gear, a red and black glittering robe dangling open as Sunshine smirks in a black mini-skirt and red #ScumbagTravis t-shirt with the sleeves cut off and the front cut low to reveal ample cleavage.]

CP: It's Thanksgiving Night here in New York City and I gotta know, Sunshine... what are you thankful for here tonight?

[Sunshine grins as Colt offers up the mic.]

S: After the year I've had, watching that scumbag foil my every plan, you would think I wouldn't be thankful at all, Colt. But you know what? You'd be wrong. I AM thankful. I am thankful for a lot of things.

[She chuckles.]

S: I'm thankful that Robert Donovan finally got what was coming to him a year after he left me high and dry in Dallas, telling me "I'll call you,

sweetheart." I'm glad that his own flesh and blood tore out his heart and left him for dead.

But you know what else I'm thankful for? I'm thankful for this man right here.

[She rests her hand on Kingsley's chest again.]

S: I'm thankful that after dealing with halfwits and savages, I finally have a man of real class... of real skill... of real talent coming to the dance to help me accomplish what I set out to do nearly a year ago.

The end of Travis Lynch.

[She giggles as the mic goes back to Colt.]

CP: Hell hath no fury, Alexander...

[Kingsley smiles.]

AK: Oh yes, Colt Patterson. Make no mistake, my partner-in-crime is quite serious when it comes to vengeance. Robert Donovan... the Lynches... they're all the same to her. They have wronged her and she will have her revenge.

CP: But what about you? You've made it clear that you have your own issues with the Lynch family.

[Kingsley's smile fades.]

AK: Issues? Issues implies that James Lynch rolled over my big toe in his wheelchair, Colt. It implies that Jack Lynch was having one of his famed chili debates with O'Connor while I was trying to take an important phone call.

These are not issues. This is blood.

Mister Oliver Strickland may not have provided the seed that led to my arrival on this planet but he is as close to me as my own father is. My biological father provided me with the tools to exist. Oliver Strickland provided me with the tools to live... to thrive... to be the man that I was pre-ordained to be.

[Kingsley jerks a thumb at himself.]

AK: As the heir to Kingsley Online Entertainment, I could've parked myself in a corner office somewhere, waiting for the old man to kick over dead so that I can bathe in the blood of white tigers and light Cuban cigars with flaming hundred dollar bills.

But that's not my calling. I was not meant to sit in an office in a three piece suit taking meetings with my lessers.

I was meant to stand in that ring... I was meant to DOMINATE that ring and anyone who dares to step in there against me.

That means you, Travis Lynch.

[The smile returns.]

AK: They say that everyone has a price... and I'm sure I could find yours. An off-book payment that the old man would never get his hands on would set you up for life. Maybe a flock - a harem - of those dimwitted girls in the crowd that fawn over you. Is that your price, Travis?

[Kingsley makes a dismissive gesture.]

AK: It doesn't matter to me... because it's not MY price. It's not the price that is due to me from your family... it's not the price that is due to Sunshine for your disrespect towards her.

It is not the price that you must pay in that ring tonight, Travis.

That price is high... it's astronomical.

But it will be paid nonetheless. It MUST be paid.

[Kingsley throws a look at Sunshine who nods.]

AK: I only hope you've got enough left in your account to cover the check.

[Both chuckle as they turn and walk out of view, leaving Colt Patterson behind as we fade to Travis Lynch sitting upon a wooden bench. He is bent over lacing up his wrestling boots as the sound of a door slowly closing is heard. Travis looks up and smiles for a brief moment. The camera pans to show Mark Stegglet, standing with a microphone in hand, but before he can speak Travis begins.]

TL: I'm sure you know, Mark, that this building is called the Mecca... the building where stars are made.

[Travis grabs the plastic mask resting on the wooden bench next to him and stands up. He takes a few steps to stand beside Mark Stegglet, Travis slaps him on the shoulder as he continues to speak.]

TL: I'm not sure I agree with that, Mark. Night in and night out stars have been in the Crockett Coliseum and one of those stars has the chance to make himself a legend. And I'm not talking about myself, Mark. I don't have the ego of Calisto Dufresne, I'm talking about Ryan Martinez.

Tonight, he has the chance to fully step out from his daddy's shadow and do what the great Alex Martinez couldn't, take the AWA World Heavyweight Championship. And the good lord knows I'm rooting for him. The time has come for the AWA to finally have a champion it can be proud of and outside of Jack...

[Travis smirks and winks at the camera.]

TL: I can't think of anyone better to carry that fifteen pounds of gold.

MS: You may not have an ego, Travis, but I do know there are a number of people who would say you were deserving to be champion. But with the condition you are currently in-

[Travis cuts Mark off.]

TL: Physically, I'm battered and bruised but I'm far from broken! This mask...

[Travis swings the plastic mask and slapping it into his left hand.]

TL: ...is preventing further injury to my eye but it sure hasn't prevented me from hitting the training sessions at the ranch hard. This time though the training sessions have been a bit different... I mean it's no secret that Jack and I train with the old man... but the old man and Jimmy have had Jack busting his butt for his match with Demetrius Lake.

[Travis pauses.]

TL: I call it a match but Jack and I know he's in for a damn war and they've made sure he's ready for it. Hour after hour, Jack's been having opponent after opponent tossed his way and there's been no rest for him.

But just because they've been busy doesn't mean I haven't been busting my butt. I called another guy who's been battered and bruised up, Bobby O'Connor, and invited him to the ranch. Bobby and I, we trained to the point of exhaustion, so much so I barely remembered my orbital bone was broken.

And let me tell you Mark, with the heart and spirit Bobby showed at the ranch the last couple of weeks, I'm sure he'll be stealing the spotlight tonight.

MS: Must have been a bit weird from you not having any advice from Blackjack before your big match tonight.

TL: Actually, the old man did give us all some advice. It was a rare night where Bobby and I were done training early enough to eat a great meal made by ma, Blackjack and Jack ended up joining us. So as we're eating Blackjack chuckles to himself and says "boys, all three of you deserves to be a champion... and not 'cause you were trained by the owner or have a pedigree that comes from other promotions that people viewed as the best back in the day."

"Seriously, Bobby" he says, "Jack and Travis here didn't need to survive a match in a so-called Killing Box. They didn't need to become human highlight reels, call themselves a Golden God, or nearly cripple themselves doing the garbage some places were trying to pass off as wrestling. Like

you, they've kept true to the roots of wrestling and because of that all three of you won't be put down by a simple right cross, you three have heart and heart is what makes a champion."

MS: Well, we've all heard the rumblings that Jack is on the cusp of a title shot and like you mentioned, Bobby is in the Steal the Spotlight match which if he wins that guaranteed contract could very well turn him into a champion.

[Travis smiles and nods his head in agreement.]

MS: So one has to wonder, when will Travis be on the cusp of a shot?

[The smile fades from Travis' face.]

TL: I've been asking myself that same question for a long time Mark. And I think it comes down to the old man's words... I have heart. Heart drove me to defend the honor of the Lynch name and the legacy of the PCW when Rex Summers felt slighted. He couldn't handle that Blackjack did what was right for him... what was right for his sons.

MS: What was right for him?

TL: It's not widely known but the reason Blackjack sold the PCW was because he wanted to step down from the behind scenes... he felt his time as a promoter was at it's end. Now, don't get me wrong he wanted the PCW to live on but he knew Jack, Jimmy and I weren't ready to run the promotion, we love this business and it isn't our time to hang up the boots just yet.

And Rex hated not being the center of the deal of the AWA. He hated that the Lynches had the fanfare when he was in his eyes the center of the PCW. Well, I took care of business with Summers as Jack and Jimmy won tag team gold.

And there was no question where my heart took me when the Beale Street Bullies and Sunshine rolled into Dallas with one purpose on their minds...

[Travis looks none to pleased as he continues to speak.]

TL: To eliminate the Lynches. They damn near came close to taking Jimmy, but thank the Lord above he's walking and dying to get back into the ring... and hopefully some day soon he will.

While Rogers and Wyatt ran with their tails between their legs, I've been left with Sunshine and her benefactor, Alexander Kingsley.

[The Texas Heartthrob runs his hand through his hair.]

TL: One a vengeful bitch, the other... a man with nothing better to do put spend daddy's money. Kingsley, you've tossed your money at the Lost Boy

and Ebola Zaire and neither was able to bring Sunshine's delusional dream of no Lynches come true.

MS: You have to admit though, Travis, they both came dangerously close to putting you on the shelf.

[Travis shakes his head in agreement.]

TL: No doubt those two beasts did a number on me, Lost Boy had me gasping for my breath as I struggled to avoid blacking out... and Zaire did tried to bleed me like a pig in the center of the ring.

[Travis pauses.]

TL: And here I stand. Ready to step into the ring one more time... ready to beat the tar out of Sunshine's new man... ready to finally put to rest the duo of Sunshine and Kingsley. For nearly a year, you two have had me looking over my shoulder wondering who would next try break my bones... who was going to be the next one to make me gasp for breath... make me bleed. But NO MORE!

It ends tonight! Kingsley, tonight I beat you in center of the ring just like the old man beat Strickland and Shane when they tried to run a promotion in Texas.

And more importantly, tonight Sunshine, it ends. I don't care if you bring the rest of Misery Inc. from the slums of Houston or if you drag Sweet Sensation from the latest show at LaBare in Dallas. I've spent far too much time putting my career on the back burner to settle old feuds.

[Once again, Travis pauses, a look of determination upon his face.]

TL: Two thousand and fifteen, is the time to show the world what Travis Lynch truly is capable of. Like the old man said Jack, Bobby and I have what it takes to be champions and the Brass Ring is just the first piece of hardware I will be picking up!

[With that, Travis slaps Mark Stegglet on the back once again, pulls open the wooden door and exits the locker room as we fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

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

["For The Love Of Money" by the O'Jays blasts out over the PA system to jeers from the NYC crowd.]

PW: Currently making his fall home in Malibu, California... weighing in at 260 pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by Sunshine...

[Big jeers!]

PW: He is...

ALLLLEXANNNDERRR KIIIIIIINGSLEYYYYYYYY!

[The subway doors slide open with a whistle and a puff of smoke. Sunshine is the first one through, clapping for her man as she steps to the side to give him room to enter. Kingsley backs through, arms spread to show off his glamorous red and black jewel-studded robe.]

BW: Whew! Look at that robe, Gordo! I have it on good authority that it was custom-made for tonight and that it cost sixty-three THOUSAND dollars, Gordo!

GM: Kingsley with a typical show of excess for a man of his wealth. You know how much good he could have done with sixty-three thousand dollars instead of buying a robe to wear to the ring?

BW: But look at the man, Gordo! He dresses to impress - just like me. You could learn a lesson or two from both of us.

GM: Oh brother.

[Kingsley slowly spins, turning to face the jeering crowd. He sneers at their reaction as Sunshine continues to clap for him. He turns his head slightly, giving a nod...

...and a shower of golden sparks falls from the ceiling, landing behind him.]

GM: Oh my!

BW: I also have it on good authority that when he learned that the AWA planned on giving him just a normal entrance, he personally fronted the cost for the pyro here.

GM: Of course he did.

[Kingsley nods at the still-jeering crowd, the shower of sparks falling behind him as Sunshine beams gleefully. After a few moments, the duo starts their way down the aisle towards the ring, ignoring the boos of the fans alongside the aisleway.]

BW: The AWA should've sent extra security out here for Sunshine. Look at these maggots trying to get their filthy hands on her. I thought Texans were bad - these New Yorkers have 'em beat hands down.

[Sunshine cringes away from an outstretched hand as Kingsley steps in, threatening to backhand the very forward fan before they continue the walk to the ring, climbing up the ringsteps where Sunshine holds the ropes open for Kingsley who steps in, going into a twirl and showing off his glittering robe once again.]

GM: Boy, this guy sure is full of himself for someone who has yet to accomplish much here in the AWA.

BW: He's accomplished in LIFE, Gordo! This guy did more by the age of twelve than you'll do in your whole life! This is just the next step for him - the total dominance of the AWA locker room.

GM: You seem quite enthralled with Mr. Kingsley... and to know quite a bit about him.

BW: What are you implying, Gordo? Sure, he took me to lunch to tell me his story but there's nothing wrong with that! I remain impartial!

GM: Did he pay?

BW: Well, of course he... I mean, no! We split it! Well, I got the tip... err, the tax. I paid my own way there...well, I would have if he hadn't sent his limo for me. Gordo, can we focus on the match?!

[Gordon chuckles as the music fades.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The crowd ERUPTS as "Tom Sawyer" by Rush kicks in over the PA system.]

GM: Oh yeah! Here he comes!

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 260 pounds...

The Texas Heartthrob...

TRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAVIIIIIIIIIIIS LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The roof nearly blows off the Mecca of sports as Travis Lynch strides purposefully through the curtain. The decibel level cranks up as the high-pitched screams of the ladies in the house pay tribute to the Texas Heartthrob. The youngest of the Lynch wrestling brothers is dressed in his classic white wrestling trunks with a yellow and black stripe along the top of them. His knee pads and boots are also white.

His much-Tumblr'd face is covered in a plastic protective mask but he looks otherwise in tremendous shape as he points a muscular and threatening arm down the aisle at Kingsley who has shed in his robe to stand in black trunks, kneepads, and boots.]

GM: This is one of the big ones! This is one of the matches they've all jammed into Madison Square Garden to see!

[Travis takes his time walking the aisle, not bothering with his usual job as he walks with purpose down the aisle, keeping his eyes on Kingsley who is

waving him forward. Sunshine is backing away as a fired-up Lynch reaches the ring, diving under the bottom rope...

...and as Kingsley drops to his knee, clubbing a forearm across the back of Travis' head, Sunshine bails out of the ring as the referee calls for the bell!]

GM: Here we go!

[Kingsley slams his forearm into the back of the head a few more times before dragging him to his feet, smashing a palm strike into the chest, sending Travis falling back against the ropes.]

GM: Kingsley sends him for the ride...

[Travis ducks a clothesline attempt, rebounding off the far side...

...and leaps up, flooring Kingsley with a crossbody to a big cheer!]

GM: TRAVIS TAKES 'IM DOWN!!

[The crowd roars as Travis grabs Kingsley's short bleached blonde hair, smashing his fist repeatedly down between the eyes!]

BW: Illegal! Illegal!

[The referee's count gets to four and a half before Travis lets up and Kingsley rolls under the ropes to the floor. He grabs at his nose as Sunshine races to his side.]

GM: Travis is going to need to be careful in this one. He's gotta keep his cool no matter how hard that may be because a disqualification does him no good. A disqualification keeps him from exacting his revenge on Kingsley and to boot, it might keep him out of the Brass Ring Tournament that he's trying to earn a spot in.

BW: He might have broken Kingsley's nose, Gordo!

[Kingsley is walking around ringside, pinching his nose between his fingers as Sunshine tries to get a better look...

...and Travis ducks through the ropes, leaping off with a double axehandle to the back of the head that sends Kingsley pitching forward into the Spanish announce table as Sunshine just barely gets out of the way!]

BW: Look at that! He went after her again! What a scumbag!

[Travis grabs the stunned Kingsley by the hair, lifting his torso off the table...

...and then SLAMS his face down onto the table!]

GM: Oh my! Travis Lynch may be trying to give Kingsley a taste of what it's like when someone busts up your face like Kingsley did to him back at Homecoming!

[Travis yanks Kingsley up again, marching him the few steps across the ringside area towards the ring apron...

...where he SMASHES Kingsley's face into the apron!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: What is this idiot referee doing?! Count them out!

GM: Ricky Longfellow is doing a fine job, laying the count on both men.

BW: They've been outside the ring for two minutes!

GM: They have not, Bucky... that's your bias wreaking havoc with your timekeeping skills.

[Travis rockets Kingsley under the ropes into the ring, climbing up on the ring apron before stepping back into the ring. Kingsley is instantly on his rear, backpedaling as he raises a hand, trying to get Travis to back off.]

BW: Timeout! Kingsley's calling for his first timeout!

GM: There are NO timeouts in the world of professional wrestling!

BW: That's not what Farelli told me!

[Travis balls up his fist, shouting at Kingsley to get up as Kingsley rapidly shakes his head, begging off. The Texas Heartthrob looks around at the sold-out crowd, pointing at Kingsley who slides to his knees. The crowd roars at Travis who plants a boot into the chest of Kingsley to a big cheer, dragging him up by the hair...]

GM: Travis pulls him up... he scoops him up and slams him down hard!

[With a whoop, Travis goes to the ropes, looking to bounce off...

...and Sunshine slips a hand under the ropes, grabbing the ankle. Travis catches his balance before falling, ducking under the ropes to grab Sunshine by the hair to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: HE'S GOT HER! HE'S GOT HER!

BW: SCUMBAG ALERT! SCUMBAG ALERT!

[But with Travis tangled up with Sunshine, it gives Kingsley a chance to slide back to his feet, charging Travis from behind and BLASTING him with a forearm to the back of the head. A few more follow before Kingsley pushes Travis' throat down on the top rope, strangling the air out of him.]

GM: That's a choke, ref!

BW: Good!

GM: Good?!

BW: Good! He's got it coming after trying to attack Sunshine like that!

GM: He wasn't trying to attack her, he was just trying to get her out of the match... trying to prevent her from interfering like she's done so many times before.

[Kingsley wheels Travis around at the four count, linking his hands together in a Muay Thai clinch, slamming his knees up into the ribs and chest of Lynch.]

GM: Devastating knees up against the ropes by Kingsley!

BW: And this is where you get to see just what a tremendous competitor Kingsley is. The man has not just trained in pro wrestling - he's trained in boxing, in kickboxing, in jiu-jitsu, in Muay Thai... you name it, he's trained it. His father wanted him to be the ultimate weapon inside a pro wrestling ring and he paid to send him all over the world to make that happen.

[Kingsley backs off at the count of four before blitzing back in with a right hand to the midsection that knocks Travis down to a knee. Mr. One Percent takes a moment to shake out his hand and wrist after the hard blow before moving back in.]

GM: Kingsley hooking up Travis... and snaps him over with a suplex!

BW: Beautiful butterfly suplex - expertly executed! You're not going to learn something like that in a hollowed out horse barn like Travis Stench learned to wrestle in!

[Kingsley gets up, grinning at the crowd booing him. He extends his arms to the sides, very proud of his actions as Sunshine cheers him on from the floor.]

GM: Kingsley is taking his time in following up on that suplex though. He should be moving a little quicker in there.

BW: He knows what he's doing.

[As Kingsley approaches, Travis has worked his way to a knee and greets him with a right hand to the midsection!]

GM: You were saying?

[Travis lands a second blow before climbing back to his feet, grabbing Kingsley from behind, lifting him up...

...and drops him tailbone-first in an atomic drop that sends Kingsley staggering away, clutching his rear end!]

GM: Travis isn't done yet, Bucky!

[Measuring the man, Travis takes to the air with a beautiful standing dropkick between the shoulderblades that takes Kingsley over the ropes and down hard to the floor!]

GM: Oh my! What a fall by Kingsley!

BW: Illegal!

GM: Nothing illegal about a dropkick, Bucky.

BW: There should be when a Lynch throws it.

[Sunshine immediately rushes to Kingsley's side, kneeling down next to him as Travis throws his arms up in the air, giving a shout to the cheering fans. A fired up Travis steps through the ropes, causing Sunshine to flee as Lynch drops down to the floor, dragging Kingsley up by the hair...

...and gets his eyes raked by Kingsley!]

GM: Ohh! Kingsley goes to the eyes!

[Kingsley ducks down, wrapping his arms around Lynch's torso, lifting him up into the air...

...and DROPS him facefirst on the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lynch falls back to the floor, grabbing at his mask-covered face. Kingsley takes aim, stomping the mask a few times.]

GM: That plastic mask - that protective mask will only take so much punishment before it gives way.

BW: You can say the same thing about Stench's face.

GM: Kingsley pulls Travis up off the mat... facefirst into the apron!

[Travis staggers away, trying to create some space as Kingsley pursues him, grabbing him by the hair...]

GM: Look out!

[...and SLAMS him facefirst into Gordon and Bucky's table!]

GM: OHHHH! Get out of here!

[Kingsley shouts something at Gordon that gives Bucky a chuckle as he drags Lynch back towards the ring, throwing him under the ropes.]

GM: Kingsley puts him back in, rolling in after him...

[With Travis down on the mat, Kingsley takes aim and buries a kick into the ribs, flipping Travis to his stomach. The One Percenter steps in, looking for a chin lock...

...but starts working on the mask instead!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Oh yeah!

GM: Kingsley's trying to take that protective mask off!

[With a tug, Kingsley yanks the mask clear, holding it high in the air to jeers from the crowd. The referee reprimands Kingsley for removing the legal protective gear before Kingsley throws it down on the mat.]

GM: This is very, very bad, fans. Travis Lynch was allowed to return to action under the strict condition that he wear that protective mask. Without it, you could very easily see a serious injury out here right now.

[Kingsley clenches his fist, looking down at Lynch's exposed face...

...and DRIVES the fist down between the eyes!]

GM: Fistdrop! Right on target!

[Lynch immediately rolls back to his stomach, trying to cover his face as Kingsley kneels on the mat, ignoring the protests from the referee. Sunshine claps, loudly cheering on her man as Lynch tries to roll away from Kingsley.]

GM: That was a wicked move by Kingsley, showing no regard for his opponent.

BW: Like all the regard Old Man Stench showed for Mister Strickland when he ran him out of business?

GM: That was business.

BW: So is this.

[Kingsley rises to his feet, measuring Lynch... and STOMPS the back of the head, smashing Lynch's face into the mat!]

GM: Goodness. And the fans here in New York City are starting to show concern for Travis Lynch as am I.

BW: Oh, my heart is just bleeding for ol' Scumbag Travis.

GM: Your sarcasm is well noted, Bucky.

[Kingsley drags Travis off the mat by the hair, holding his head back so everyone can see his face...

...and pops him with a European uppercut, sending Travis falling back against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Kingsley shoots him across! Here he comes!

[Kingsley comes in fast, leaping into the air to drive a knee up into the jaw of Lynch, landing in a standing position on the middle rope as he does it.]

GM: Good grief! What a knee!

[The One Percenter loops an arm around Travis' neck, leaping off to DRIVE him facefirst to the mat with the bulldog!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Gordo, you a hockey fan?

GM: Not really, no.

BW: That's a shame 'cause I think we're about to have a faceoff!
AHAHAHAH!

GM: Oh, you're a real riot!

[Kingsley slowly rolls Lynch onto his back, settling into a lateral press with his forearm jammed into Lynch's cheekbone.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Lynch's shoulder pops up off the mat in time!]

GM: Travis is out at two and- oh!

[The crowd jeers as Kingsley swings a leg over Lynch's torso, slamming an elbowstrike down into the face... and another... and another... and another before the referee finally drags Kingsley off, breaking the attack.]

GM: The referee is forced to step in there!

BW: He might need to stop this thing, Gordo. I hope he leaves Travis in there to get his face stomped in all night long but he might need to put a stop to this.

[The referee kneels down, checking on Lynch but Sunshine can be heard shouting at Kingsley, screaming for him to "SMASH HIM! SMASH HIS FACE IN!" Kingsley shoves past the official, dragging Lynch up off the mat.]

GM: Kingsley with the hook... back suplex on the way...

[But as he lifts Travis up, he twists, bringing Travis' legs down on the top rope to give him extra momentum into a back suplex, dumping Travis on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: Ohh! What a devastating suplex by Kingsley!

BW: This guy is barely more than a rookie, Gordo. He's only got a few years of experience inside the ring and to have a move like that in your arsenal shows you that he's experienced beyond his years.

[With Travis down, Kingsley backs to the corner, stepping up on the middle rope. He raises both arms slowly into the air, holding them there...]

GM: Headbutt!

[...and swandives off the middle rope, aiming his skull for Travis' exposed face.]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Kingsley bounces off the mat, holding his forehead in pain as Travis just barely rolled out of the way. Sunshine can be heard screaming at ringside as the crowd roars!]

GM: That creates an opening for Travis! That opens a window for the Texas Heartthrob to find a way to get back into this match here at SuperClash!

[Travis slowly pushes up off the mat to all fours, breathing heavily as he runs a hand over his face, checking for any signs of damage. He pushes up to his feet, running both hands through his hair as the crowd cheers him on.]

GM: Travis pulls Kingsley up...

[Holding a handful of hair, Lynch runs across the ring, SLAMMING Kingsley's face into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Into one buckle!

[Lynch spins around, charging across again to drive his face into the opposite buckle!]

GM: Into a second buckle!

[As Kingsley staggers out, Travis scoops him up, slamming him down. He hits the ropes - the opposite set from Sunshine this time - and leaps up, driving a knee into the forehead!]

GM: Leaping kneedrop by Lynch!

[He gets up, giving a shout as he throws his arms apart to the roar of the crowd.]

GM: Travis has got these New York fans rockin' and rollin', Bucky!

BW: I always thought New Yorkers had better taste than that... of course, they used to throw batteries at me so...

[Travis drags Kingsley up, giving a shout to the fans before he leans down, lifting him up...

...and PRESSES HIM OVERHEAD!]

GM: TRAVIS HAS GOT HIM UP!!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[Travis hurls Kingsley down, bouncing him off the canvas.]

GM: Big press slam!

[Kingsley grabs at his back, pushing up off the mat, trying to get back into the fight...

...and ends up pressed into the air a second time!]

GM: ANOTHER PRESS! HE'S GOT HIM UP AGAIN!

[He throws Kingsley down for a second time, earning big cheers as the One Percenter bounces off the mat, trying to roll out of the ring as Lynch looks to pursue him. Travis leans over the ropes, dragging Kingsley to his feet on the apron...]

GM: He's gonna bring him in the hard way!

[Travis hooks the front facelock, slinging Kingsley's arm over his neck...]

GM: Travis sets for the suplex... up he goes and-

[A desperate Sunshine makes a lunge for Lynch's legs, tripping him up and bringing Kingsley down across his chest as she holds down Travis' legs!]

GM: NO! NO!

BW: COUNT!

[The referee drops to the mat, slapping the canvas once... twice... and just before a three count, the referee spots Sunshine's blonde hair by Travis' feet, breaking off his count and pointing!]

GM: Oh my stars! The referee saw it! The referee saw it!

[Sunshine angrily breaks her grip on Travis' legs, throwing a full-on temper tantrum at ringside as the referee shouts at her. Kingsley scrambles off of Lynch to his feet, crouching low as he watches Travis get back to his feet...]

GM: Sunshine's on the apron! She's on the apron fighting with the ref and-

[As Lynch regains his feet, Kingsley ducks under, lifting him into a fireman's carry, walking out to the middle of the ring...]

GM: We saw this from Kingsley before - this devastating knee to the face!

[But before he can muscle him off, Lynch slips off the shoulders, landing on his feet behind him. He wraps his arms around the torso, rushing him towards the ropes...

...and RAMMING him right into Sunshine, sending her sprawling off the apron as Lynch rolls him back into a cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The kickout sends Lynch falling to his knees as the crowd roars at Sunshine's hard fall.]

BW: That son of a-

GM: Bucky!

BW: He did that on purpose!

GM: I'm fairly sure he didn't!

[Lynch stumbles up to his feet as Kingsley gets there as well. Kingsley rushes at him as Lynch catches him, lifting him up, and setting him down in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Lynch to the ropes!

[He leaps up on the rebound, connecting with a leaping forearm smash to the jaw!]

GM: Travis drops him with the forearm!

[Travis starts to go for a cover when a wail from ringside catches his attention. He grimaces, turning his head slightly.]

GM: Sunshine's out here on the floor screaming and crying!

BW: She's hurt, Gordo! I gotta go help her!

GM: You stay where you are, Bucky! She's fine! She's just trying to- Travis, no!

[Ever the gentleman, Travis steps towards the ropes, taking a look down at Sunshine who is wailing in pain, holding onto her back, grimacing.]

GM: Stay on him, Travis! Stay on Kingsley!

[Travis turns his head back towards the rising Kingsley as the fans encourage him to do the same... then looks back at the downed Sunshine, weighing his next move.]

GM: Travis needs to make a decision! Travis needs to-

[With an angry shake of his head, Travis ducks his head through the ropes to go help Sunshine...

...when Kingsley comes rushing at him from behind, ready to strike...]

GM: Kingsley from behind!

[But as Kingsley comes running in with his arms over his head for a double axehandle, Lynch hooks an Iron Claw on the stomach!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CLAW!! CLAW!! CLAW!!

[Kingsley falls back, trying to yank Travis' grip off his abdominals. He's screaming in pain as he staggers back towards the middle of the ring...

...and Travis shoves him back, giving enough room to do a full spin!]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH! DISCUS PUNCH CONNECTS!

[Kingsley collapses in a heap as Travis dives across!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Travis has a big grin as he pushes out of the pin, allowing the referee to raise his hand as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winner... TRAAAAAAAVISSSS LYNNNNNNNNCH!

[Lynch climbs to his feet, throwing his arms over his head in celebration.]

GM: Travis Lynch has done it! After a year of nightmares, he has stepped into the light and he is headed towards the promised land!

BW: I can't believe this. I feel sick, Gordo. Absolutely disgusted.

GM: I'm sure you do but how are you going to feel in 2015 when this young man goes for the Brass Ring?

BW: No, no, no, no... NOOOO!

GM: Travis Lynch is celebrating with this sold-out crowd here in New York City and what a moment for this young man... what a moment for...

[Gordon's words trail off as Sunshine - a bitter and rage-filled Sunshine - slides into the ring, climbing to her feet. She throws a disgusted look down at Kingsley as she stomps across the ring, grabbing Travis by the shoulder and spins him around...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Hahahah! She slapped the ugly right off his face... well, not quite. There's still some there.

[Travis turns back towards Sunshine, a bright red mark on his face as Sunshine jabs her fingernail into his chest. The Texas Heartthrob stands, hands on his hips, staring at her...]

...and then suddenly pulls her towards him, yanking her down over his knee.]

BW: WHAAAAAT?!

GM: Uh oh!

[The crowd is ROARING as Travis kneels down, holding her in place, looking out at the fans...]

...and brings his open hand up into the air, holding it over his head.]

GM: He's gonna-

BW: DON'T YOU DARE, STENCH!

[Lynch cracks a slight smile as he slams his open hand down on Sunshine's skirt-covered rear end. She yelps as he winds up, doing it again... and again... and again... and again before letting up, allowing her to slip away, crawling for the ropes.]

GM: And there she goes, crawling for the door!

BW: You're enjoying this, aren't you?!

GM: Sunshine has made Travis Lynch's life hell for so long... I can't blame him for wanting to give it right back to her, just a little bit.

[An embarrassed Sunshine is running down the aisle, hand on her rear as she heads back towards the locker room with the crowd cheering. The shot cuts back to the ring where Travis climbs to his feet, waving a hand at Sunshine running for the door with a smile on his face. The shot cuts down to Gordon and a fuming Bucky at ringside.]

GM: What a night it's been so far and really, it's just getting started, Bucky.

[Bucky sits silent.]

GM: No? Nothing?

[Nothing.]

GM: Alright, well... fans, all night long, we've been talking about the 20th Anniversary of the EMWC and taking a look at some current AWA superstars talking about their favorite memories from the Empire. Earlier this week, our cameras caught up with yet another young man who wanted to share his. Let's take a look...

[We fade to that same studio setting we've seen a couple of times earlier in the night. Rookie Derrick Williams sits in the chair, a hooded sweatshirt visible.]

DW: My favorite EMWC memory?

[Williams looks off-camera, thinking a bit, before breaking into a smile.]

DW: It's going to sound corny but it's picking up a copy of Showtime V when the local video store was shutting down. I went back and watched that, and I was blown away.

[Williams leans forward, grinning as he remembers.]

DW: I mean, watching the E for a while, I knew about the history, but I wasn't old enough at the time to have appreciated that show when I was a kid. So when I grew up, I watched that, and man, it was life changing.

[He straightens up, throwing his arms apart.]

DW: The whole show, top to bottom, was amazing, but it was that Main Event that sealed it for me. Kevin Slater and Curt Hansen went out there and tore the place down. For guys that still had careers ahead of them, they held nothing back, and left everything in that ring.

[He nods.]

DW: It's that show, that match, that made me choose to be a wrestler.
That's what the E meant to me.

[We slowly fade away from Williams to a crowd shot of former EMWC competitor John Shock sitting ringside, signing an autograph before popping his head up and waving to the camera before we fade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Showtime V, which took place right down the road in Boston, Mass, was considered a turning point by many for the EMWC - one of the first shows where they kicked things into another level and became the powerhouse of wrestling we all remember. And speaking of turning points, for the ten men about to step inside the ring, this could be a serious turning point in their AWA careers.

[Bucky sits, arms crossed.]

GM: I'm going to give you a few moments to compose yourself, Bucky, before our next match starts. How about that?

[Bucky glares off-camera.]

GM: Alright! It's time for an annual tradition! Steal The Spotlight is next so let's go backstage to hear from one of the teams involved in this yearly matchup!

[Cut to backstage, where we find the members of Team Supernova standing alongside Mark Stegglet. Supernova is dressed in a black Supernova T-shirt and his wrestling tights, his face painted black and yellow.

Sultan Azam Sharif is a a well-built battlescarred Persian man, with a bit of a weather-beaten quality to his face making him look slightly older than he is. What we can see of his black hair is well-groomed, and he has a neatly trimmed beard and mustache. The Sultan wears a white keffiyeh (headdress) with a black agal (headband that keeps the keffiyeh on), and a dark reddish-brown robe (bisht).

Next to him is "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor, leaning against a crutch on his recently re-injured leg. He wears his wrestling trunks and cowboy-style wrestling boots along with a black t-shirt with a graphic of the grim reaper with "BOBBY O'CONNOR" inscribed across the blade of its scythe.

Derrick Williams stands on the far left, his tights Knick Blue with his boots white with bright orange trim, matching his kneepads, he's also wearing Knicks varsity-style jacket.

On the far right, Callum Mahoney stands, arms akimbo. He is dressed in a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels of the jacket, over a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. In his right hand, Mahoney clutches the All-Europe Catch-Wrestling tournament trophy.]

MS: In mere moments, these five men will enter Steal The Spotlight, facing five men who have had some issues with the men standing beside me. Supernova, you have come together with these four men, all certainly seeking one thing in particular, but something tells me, you might be seeking more than just the chance to win this match tonight.

S: Mark, let me start this off by answering a question that I keep hearing from everyone else... why go into Steal the Spotlight with men like these four here. [Motioning to his team.] It's because I look at each of them, and each one brings something important to the table... something I admire and respect about each of them.

[He motions to Mahoney.] A strong mentality.

[He motions to Sultan.] Honor and respect.

[He motions to Williams.] A burning desire to be the best.

[He motions to O'Connor.] And the tenacity to fight through it when the odds are against you.

And then there's me... the wild card of the bunch!

[A slight laugh.]

S: But don't let me be the only one telling you about what these men can do! Talk to them about it!

[The Sultan speaks up, loudly shouting out in his bombastic heavily-accented voice.]

SAS: OGZCAKLY! Mistair Supairnova know, Mistair Bubby Okoner know, Mistair Daruk Villium know, Mistair Collum Muchoney know, un all ontollegunt AmerEcun know! When you gonna Stole Deh Spotlight, you gonna do it deh old fashion vay, vid wrastlaing! You diddunt Stole Deh Spotlight like deh vay Joney Datsun un Calista Dufrenny try to do it. You diddint Stole Deh Spotlight ven you diddunt know who you are like did Mistair Terry Shayen, who is one of deh best wrastlair but he diddunt have focus. You diddunt Stole Deh Spotlight ven you try to be bully like did Mistair Yeshua Barnes. You diddunt Stole Deh Spotlight ven you be servant to anothair like did Mistair Cain Jocksun.

MS: So Sultan, what then if your team beats them? You'll have to face your teammates here.

SAS: It would be very much my plasure to wrastail any of dese men! I wrastail Supairnova many time bock ven deh Count Batwaite vas tricked me into doing it, but I hof not wrastail him since I learn deh truth. I vant to hof dot motch vere I raspeck him! I hof not wrastail Mistair Bubby Okoner, but some day I vant he go ten tousun mile to Tehran Iran like did his fathair un wrastail in front of beautiful Iranian peepell who know dot his family is honairable! I hof not wrastail Mistair Daruk Villium to know if he is raddy to

be deh star he vant to be, but I vould be hoppy to do it! Un Mistair Collum Muchoney...

[Mahoney raises an eyebrow at the mention of his name. He brings his right hand up to chest level, holding the All-Europe Catch Wrestling tournament trophy in front of him. His lips curl up in a sly smirk. Sharif nods.]

SAS: Ogzackly vat I say! Mistair Collum Muchoney in Brussel Beljum, he bate me for dot Cotch Shampwonship dot I hod won before! Un I vant remotch because he is deh REAL. BUT REMEMBAH! Olympic Game shampwon, Ashun Game shampwon, pahvlani keshvar, un I om deh REAL! SO I raspeck him! Un dot is deh kind of man I vant to fight for Cotch Shampwonship some time!

But tonight! We gonna Stole Deh Spotlight! Dot is deh only thing tonight, tell dem!

[Mahoney will do exactly that, as he speaks up in his rough Irish brogue. He still holds his prized trophy in front of him, at chest level.]

CM: That is the only thing tonight, indeed. I look at this team and I see true wrestling royalty, not fellas like Detson or Dufresne who have ridden on the coat-tails of other men, WORTHIER men! Neither mercenaries beholden to a paycheck, nor servants beholden to upholding the glory of a false idol! We have, in myself, a former Irish National champion and [Motions to the trophy in his hand] the BEST to come out of Europe! We have Sultan Azam Sharif, a man more decorated than myself: a former holder of this trophy, an Olympic Games champion, an Asian Games champion, TRUE Iranian wrestling royalty!

[Mahoney claps O'Connor on the shoulder with his left hand.]

CM: We have Bobby here: the pride of Missouri and the proud bearer of the O'Connor legacy; an Irish name as great as any other! And Supernova, our team captain, and Derrick Williams are the embodiments of intensity and fiery motivation! At the last Saturday Night Wrestling, I told the world, [Motions to the trophy in his hand.] this might be the most precious thing to me right now, but I would gladly drop it to free BOTH my hands to steal the spotlight! By any means necessary!

Because before we five get to deciding which one of us is worthy of the spotlight, we've got that nest of vipers across the ring from us that needs clearing first. See, while they might not have half our talent and ability combined, against a bunch of back-stabbers, connivers and sneaks, by any means necessary takes on a whole other dimension. [To his team-mates.] I know you are planning to fight with honor, but against these thieves, thieves' honor is the name of the game. So, you can choose to keep it clean if you want; the Armbar Assassin isn't afraid of getting his hands dirty. And if you are going to have a problem with that? You can take it up with me AFTER we've gotten rid of those fellas.

["Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor nods.]

BOC: That's something I know only TOO much about these days. A snake in the grass like Lake attacking my leg with a chair I can understand, I can almost accept. But the man I grew up with, dreaming under the stars of a life in this great sport?

[O'Connor frowns and shakes his head.]

BOC: That is just too much for me to take. I know I may be the last one willing to give you a chance, Terry. But I'm also something else.

[O'Connor lifts his crutch... and slams it to the ground, making Stegglet jump back slightly.]

BOC: I'm the LAST man you want to cross! I'm the one that knows you better than anyone here in the AWA. Your teammates, your old flame Miss Hayes, your old flunkies in the Shane Gang... none of them have anything on me as far as knowing what makes Terry Shane the third tick. It's knowledge I never would've used against you in a million years.

But you hitting me with an illegal low blow and trying to make it so I can't walk anymore is another thing that never could've happened in a million years...

[O'Connor scowls.]

BOC: ... yet here we are. You're making me prove my words. I said I would crawl down to that ring if I had to turn a wrong into a right, and tonight I will do just that. Tonight I prove all the training me and Travis Lynch have done won't be in vain. All the urging on, all the inspiration we've given each other to fight through the pain of our injuries will finally count for something.

[O'Connor nods, mouthing the words "Thanks, Travis".]

BOC: Because this is it. A night where I have the chance of a lifetime, the chance to steal that spotlight and really make a name for myself here in the sport I love.

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: And instead all I care about is tearing you apart. You, my oldest friend in the world. Because this is the world you wanted, Terry. You wanted the world to believe you're some kind of lunatic. You'd even stab your old friend Bobby in the back to do it. Well, congratulations are in order.

[O'Connor curls his left hand into a fist and slams it into his open right hand.]

BOC: Because tonight I'm going to assume you're right. Assume that you are dangerously sick in the head. And just like I would if there was a rabid weasel in my aunt's henhouse, I am taking you down in the dirt where you belong.

[Stegglet nods, and turns over to the young rookie Derrick Williams, bouncing with enthusiasm.]

MS: And now the hometown boy, Derrick Williams.

DW: Awww that's right Mark. I'm pumped, I'm in my home town, the great New York City! I'm in the greatest Arena in the world, at the biggest Pay Per View of the year, and I'm in it. Tonight, this rookie comes home, and we get to Steal the Spotlight. I couldn't ask for a better team here, guys that I respect, that have taught me a lot in the past few weeks of hanging with them, guys that I would go into any match with, and here we go. And even better, is tonight's the night. Tonight, I get my hands on Josuha Barnes.

[Williams smiles rubbing his wrists as he continues]

DW: I've been waiting for this for a long time now, tonight, the talking is over. Tonight, we finally meet face to face in the ring. Since you've shown up in AWA, you've just run your mouth, beating up guys with reckless abandon and pushing around everyone you can. I stood up to you, and tonight, I knock you back into your place. Tonight, Barnes, you're in a match with people that can and **WILL** fight back. The only pay you're getting tonight, is the losers share of the purse. And after you're out, we finish off Detson, Dufresne, Shane, and Jackson, and then we put on a bigger show to come out with that shot. Tonight, we will be the ones standing, and we **WILL** Steal the Spotlight!

[Stegglet turns to Supernova, who is smiling.]

S: Mark, you've got some men here who have a personal score to settle, and others who just want to make sure that a snake in the grass, like those on Team Detson, aren't the ones to come away with a win tonight! But no matter what our reasons are for being here, the main reason is to be the one who walks away with the victory!

And if it comes down to me and any one of these men, or any of these men against one another, it matters not the outcome... all that matters is a man who truly deserves to Steal the Spotlight will be the one to have done so.

[He turns to the camera, his eyes wide with intensity.]

S: Detson, you don't have the Wise Men around to bail you out this time! Dufresne, you don't have a Southern Syndicate or a bunch of men calling themselves Royalty to get you out of a jam! It only figures that the two of you would start palling around, because you know, deep down, you don't have what it takes to get it done one on one! Dufresne, I haven't forgotten SuperClash III, and Detson, I certainly haven't forgotten those many months I was out of action thanks to the Wise Men, and regardless of what direct hand you had in that, your alliance with those men is guilt by association as far as I'm concerned!

Shane and Barnes, you've got enough problems on your hands with guys like Bobby and Derrick, so I certainly wouldn't push your luck against me! And Cain Jackson, I'm sure you thought this was your chance to make it a night to remember for Team Supreme, but what you'll find out what it's remembered for, is the night Team Supreme was knocked down on its rear ends!

[A slight laugh.]

S: The heat is coming to Madison Square Garden... and Detson and company, it's gonna burn you up!

[He then cups his hands to his mouth and howls, which draws a fired-up reaction from his teammates, as now each exchanges a high-five with Supernova.]

MS: All right, fans, let's get back to ringside!

[And as the scene fades out, Sharif pulls a quick Jeff Matthews...]

SAS: CAMARAMAN, ZOOM IT!

[Too late! We are now backstage, where we see the head of Team Supreme, Cain Jackson, standing by with Melissa Cannon. Jackson is dressed in his usual sheer black tracksuit, the jacket left unzipped to show the "KEEP CALM AND BIG BOOT EVERYBODY" tshirt he wears underneath. Melissa strains her neck to stare up at Jackson, who stares straight ahead, standing at ease like a well-trained soldier.]

MC: Cain Jackson, you've been a very hard man to track down tonight, but you're just moments away from participating in tonight's Steal the Spotlight match. Last year, this was the very match that your mentor and leader, Supreme Wright wrestled in and won, giving him the opportunity to win the AWA World title for the first time. I was just wondering what's going through your head right before you step into the ring for the biggest match of your career.

[The massive Jackson looks down at Melissa, who holds up the microphone high over her head to get his answer.]

CJ: Right now, I'm grateful to Mr. Detson for giving me this opportunity...

[His expression hardens a bit.]

CJ: ...but If you want me to be completely honest with you, I'm wondering just how much thought he put into forming this team.

[Jackson shakes his head slightly.]

CJ: Unstable and untrustworthy minds. Heartless mercenaries with no love for this sport. These are the men that are supposed to be my allies? These are the men that I need to place my trust in?

I don't think so.

MC: If you don't trust the men on your team, then are you saying you're going into this looking out only for yourself?

[Cain narrows his eyes at Melissa, looking almost insulted by the implication.]

CJ: The last thing you can call me is selfish, Melissa. I'm not here for self-interest. I'm not here to make a quick buck. I'm not here to steal a damn thing, even a spotlight. I'm here to protect the AWA World Heavyweight champion. I'm here to lead the next generation of wrestling, in Team Supreme. But still, Mr. Detson trusted me enough to choose me to be the last member of his team...and that tells me that even if his judgment is flawed, he wants to WIN.

So in a situation like this, I figure I might as well just listen to what Supreme told me.

MC: And what would that be?

CJ: He told me to go out there and have fun.

[Melissa makes a confused look.]

MC: "Fun"? That's not exactly something I would expect to hear from Supreme Wright. And not exactly something I would expect from you, honestly. What does having fun exactly mean for you?

[Melissa's face pales, as Cain leans down, to stare her straight in the eyes.]

CJ: Kill them all...and let God sort it out.

[Jackson then stands back to his full height, giving Melissa one last look before turning around and leaving. She covers her mouth in shock, watching him walk off, as we fade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following five-on-five elimination match is the annual STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT SHOWCASE!

[HUGE CHEER!]

PW: In just a moment, two teams will walk down that aisle to compete. A participant can be eliminated by pinfall, submission, countout, disqualification, or referee's decision. The match will continue until there is only ONE MAN REMAINING on either team. That man will be the winner of the Steal The Spotlight contract GUARANTEEING them a match of their choice at a stated time and date.

[The crowd cheers!]

GM: You notice Phil Watson is very careful to say a "stated time and date."
No one will be pulling a Supreme Wright here tonight, fans.

[Watson continues.]

PW: And now, Team #1...

["You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest starts up over the PA system, drawing a loud crowd response.]

GM: And here comes the team we've come to call Team Supernova!

[Watson continues.]

PW: First, from Brooklyn in New York City, weighing in at 265 pounds,
DERRICK WILLIAMS!!!

[The Subway Doors open and first through is Derrick Williams to a big hometown boy pop, wearing a varsity style jacket with the fabric in bright blue, with the leather sleeves in orange. His ring attire consists of bright Knick Blue short tights with orange stripes on the side, blue kneepads, and white boots with blue and orange trimmings. He holds his arms aloft as the friendly crowd gives its love to the City boy.]

GM: A good response here in MSG for the New York native, the rookie Derrick Williams.

BW: He'd better enjoy it now before Joshua Barnes comes out here and boxes his ears so badly, he won't be able to hear anything.

GM: Welcome back.

BW: I'm a professional... but Travis Stench needs to be punished for what he just did.

PW: From County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at 240 pounds... CALLUM MAHONEY!

[Next, Callum Mahoney strides through the entranceway dressed in a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels of the jacket, over a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. In addition, he has on black knee pads and black laceless boots. Mahoney also has the All-Europe Catch Wrestling tournament trophy in his right hand. He stands with his left hand on his hip, a smile on his face, soaking in the reaction from the crowd. He then holds his arms up aloft and the crowd roars louder.]

GM: One of the hardest hitting, toughest brawlers you will encounter in the entire wrestling world.

BW: But he's more than that, Gordo. He's got that armbar to boot.

PW: From Jefferson City, Missouri and weighing in at 265 pounds...
"BUNKHOUSE" BOBBY O'CONNOR!

["Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor is out next, limping slightly as he joins his assembled teammates. He pulls the grim reaper-themed Bobby O'Connor shirt he's wearing off and throws it out to the crowd who squeals in appreciation as he high fives his teammates.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor staying in this match despite the banged-up knee he's suffered in recent weeks.

BW: Dumb kid.

PW: From Shiraz, Iran... weighing 257 pounds... SULTAN AZAM SHARIF!

[Behind Bobby is the flowing reddish-brown bisht garbed frame of Sultan Azam Sharif. The Sultan, head draped in his white keffiyeh and black agal, takes to his knees upon exiting the curtain. He raises his hands to the sky, and yells out "MADESON SKVARE GARDEN, YAAAAAH! MAH SHA' ALLAH!" He then stands up and marches down the aisle, extending the 'number one' sign to the fans with a very genuine smile on his weather-beaten face.]

GM: The Sultan is back in the AWA after quite some time away from the action and it's good to see him back.

BW: I'd prefer if he was the old Sultan. You know, the one who was around before he...

GM: Developed his own opinions and thoughts?

BW: Exactly! We're on the same page then?

GM: No.

PW: And the team captain, from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... ladies and gentlemen... THIS... IS... SUPERNOVA!

[And then the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova comes out last. He briefly turns his back to the crowd, and we see he is wearing a black jacket with a large, fiery, yellow sun on the back, and the word "SUPERNOVA" underneath it. He has his arms raised skyward and his fists slightly clenched.

Supernova turns to face the crowd, showing his jacket is a Sgt. Pepper design, black with yellow trim on the front and sleeves. He also wears his usual black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. His face, as always, is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame. Supernova then heads down the aisle, slapping hands with ringside fans.]

GM: What a team this one is and it's very difficult to pick an odds-on favorite from this squad, Bucky.

BW: Well, it's a good thing you don't have to because the winner is coming from Team Detson, daddy.

GM: That remains to be seen.

[The music fades as the team enters the ring, preparing for battle.]

PW: And their opponents...

[As all eyes turn towards the entrance, a voice softly begins to sing over the PA system, accompanied by piano...]

#I've paid my dues...

[There's a momentary pop from the crowd for the sweet sound of Freddie Mercury's voice, as "We are the Champions" by Queen begins to play, but the crowd soon ROARS with a massive chorus of boos at the team of five men emerging from the Subway doors. First is the head of Team Supreme, the massive Cain Jackson, dressed in his trademark sheer black tracksuit. He is followed out by his teammates, a sullen-looking Terry Shane III and an equally miserable-looking Joshua Barnes. However, as the song kicks into high gear, the arena goes dark, with a spotlight hitting the Subway doors when we see former AWA National and World champion Calisto Dufresne and the Team Captain, Johnny Detson, emerging side-by-side, shouting the chorus at the top of their lungs...]

#WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS, MY FRIENDS

#AND WE'LL KEEP ON FIGHTING 'TIL THE END

[Detson and Dufresne point to each other and to their teammates...]

#WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS

#WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS

[They then point towards the ring at Team Supernova.]

#NO TIME FOR LOSERS

[Massive boos!]

#CAUSE WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS...

[A short pause as everyone joins in, temporarily losing their sense of self...]

#...OF THE WORLD!!!

[The music fades as Phil Watson runs down the members of the team... which we'll spare you for time constraints.]

GM: Alright, both teams in the ring now... both teams getting ready for action. In a match like this, the decision as to who goes first is very-

[As the two teams stare each other down, ready to tear into each other, "All I Do is Win" by DJ Khaled begins to play over the PA system.]

GM: Wait just a minute...THAT'S SKYWALKER JONES!

BW: Jones had a big problem with being left out of Steal the Spotlight, Gordo! And he said he was gonna' fix that problem, himself!

[The crowd erupts with a HUGE face pop when they see the best ring announcer in the game, Buford P. Higgins, in a white, tailed tuxedo appearing at the top of the aisle, with "Mr. Steal the Spotlight" himself, Skywalker Jones.]

BPH: Wait just a minute, playas! Before you you ring the bell and start that fight, I got an important announcement from Mister STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT! Ladies! Please refrain from showin' THE MAN your big apple, 'cause he's come all the way from Hot Coffee, Mississippi, to drop some knowledge on all your heads! So without anymore delay, I present to you...

[The crowd roars, as they sense what Buford was about to say next. Buford stops himself and grins, milking the reaction, before saying the four greatest syllables in professional wrestling.]

BPH: Sky.

"SKY!"

BPH: Walker.

"WALKER!"

[Deep breath now!]

"JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEESSSSS!!!!"

[Jones is dressed in a full-length black fur coat, shirtless underneath, and is wearing leather black jeans. He wears his designer sunglasses, staring off into the crowd with an readable expression on his face. Holding out his hand, he is handed Buford's gold microphone, bringing it up to his lips...and grinning big.]

SJ: Team John Boy Detson! Team Super Duper Nova! They say that there's a Steal the Spotlight match about to begin, but maybe it's just me...

...maybe it's just the lighting!

[He raises his sunglasses up and squints.]

SJ: But the shine on the stars in that ring look just a little too dark for my liking!

[Pop!]

SJ: Now, I'm not gonna' question your questionable team buildin' decisions, but it's obvious to ME.

[He points out to the crowd.]

SJ: It's obvious to THEM.

[He turns to the camera and points directly at US.]

SJ: It's obvious to ALL the people watchin' at home or illegally on the internet!

[Mixed pop!]

SJ: That this match is missin'...and is in desperate need...

...of ME.

[POP! From inside the ring, an annoyed Johnny Detson yells, "WHERE'S YOUR TEAM!?"]

SJ: "Where's my team?" You're askin' Skywalker Jones where his team is? Buford, is he askin' me where my team is!?

BPH: I think he's askin' you where your team is!

SJ: Listen up, jive turkey, Skywalker Jones has assembled the GREATEST team in the history of Steal the Spotlight! Skywalker Jones has assembled a team so great, you better keep spoonin' Calisto Dufresne, 'cause I KNOW your body can't even handle it! But I'll still tell you the members of my team right now!

[Jones gestures wildly to himself, poking himself in the chest.]

SJ: ME, MYSELF, AND I!

THAT'S MY TEAM!

[The crowd roars!]

SJ: This ain't a Juan Vasquez joint, sucka'! There ain't room to get four more people on this team, 'cause there just ain't enough spotlight to go around for four other people! Sorry, Sweet Daddy! Sorry, Hammy Graham! Sorry, Herc! Sorry, Devon Case sittin' somewhere up there in the box seats! Skywalker Jones already took the spotlight and Skywalker Jones ain't willin' to share it!

BPH: Ain't enough spotlight to go around!

SJ: So what's your answer, jiggadolts? Skywalker Jones is here in New York City[POP!], here in Madison Square Garden[POP!], here all dressed up with

nowhere to go and he's challengin' ALL ten of you to try to steal the spotlight...

...from MISTER Steal the Spotlight!

[A BIG pop comes from the crowd, as the two teams turn to each other with unsure expressions on their faces...]

GM: Wow! I sure didn't see this one coming! Mister Steal The Spotlight himself has interjected himself into this match - he wants to be a part of it as a one man team!

BW: I don't know if that's brave or suicide, Gordo.

GM: I'm not sure either. It's certainly a bold move... the kind of thing that if the AWA had an acting President, they would rule on it but with no authority in place, Jones is rolling the dice that these two teams will let it happen.

[Team Supernova doesn't take long to huddle up and nod their agreement.]

BW: Of course the goody two shoes team will say yes. They're probably all impressed by his guts and courage.

[Team Detson is having a discussion for a lot longer before a chuckling Dufresne pulls away from the pile, giving a nod.]

GM: And I have to say that I'm a bit surprised here that Team Detson would agree as well.

BW: Why not? It's just one guy. What kind of damage could Jones possibly do?

GM: Well, the ten men in this match just went from each have a ten percent chance of winning that coveted Steal The Spotlight contract to a nine and change percent.

BW: Never tell me the odds.

[Jones grins, ducking through the ropes into what was a neutral corner, slapping a hand on the top turnbuckle and shouting "LET'S DO THIS!" The two teams huddle up one final time, discussing who will be starting the match.]

GM: Referee Johnny Jagger is the man in the middle for this one but Ricky Longfellow is out here at ringside as a second referee to try to keep outside interference from plaguing this matchup.

BW: The Championship Committee make that call?

GM: Without an acting President, I would imagine so.

[On the Team Supernova side of the ring, high fives are exchanged as Derrick Williams, Sultan Azam Sharif, and Callum Mahoney step out of the ring. Supernova and Bobby O'Connor are still discussing things...

...when Terry Shane suddenly breaks away from his own huddle, rushing across the ring to blitz Supernova with a forearm to the back of the head, shoving him through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Wait a second!

[Despite protests from Team Detson, the referee signals for the bell as Terry Shane eats a right hand from Bobby O'Connor!]

GM: Here we go! Steal The Spotlight is underway!

BW: Terry Shane seems to have jumped the gun. Not a single member of Team Detson looks happy at this turn of events, Gordo.

GM: He certainly has been the most controversial member of their team in recent weeks.

[O'Connor backs Shane towards the neutral corner, rearing back with a right hand as Shane lashes out with a boot right to his kneecap!]

GM: Oh! Come on!

[Shane grabs O'Connor, swinging him back into the corner. He pulls O'Connor's head down, blasting him with a European uppercut!]

GM: Hard shot by Shane!

BW: You think Shane took some pleasure out of seeing Sandra Hayes fired by his old stablemates earlier tonight?

GM: I've given up trying to figure out what Terry Shane is thinking.

[Shane connects with two more forearms, causing O'Connor to loop his arms over the top rope as Shane switches his stance, connecting with a knife edge across the pectorals!]

GM: Hard chop by the Ring Leader!

[A second chop echoes throughout the Garden as Shane leaves a red welt growing on the chest of his childhood friend...

...and O'Connor fires back, throwing a chop of his own!]

GM: O'Connor trying to get out of the corner!

[A flurry of backhand chops sends Shane staggering backwards before an overhead chop knocks him down to the mat.]

GM: Big chop sends him down to the canvas!

[O'Connor gives a shout to the cheering fans as Shane staggers up off the mat and gets lit up with a knife-edge chop to the chest, sending Shane falling backwards, ending up chestfirst against the ropes.]

GM: O'Connor's got him reeling after that barrage of chops.

[The third generation brawler grabs Shane by the hair, turning him back into the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip- no, reversed!

[As O'Connor rebounds back, Shane drops down, grabbing the leg and rolling up into a half Boston Crab on O'Connor's injured knee. He leans back, shouting for the referee to ask O'Connor for a submission.]

GM: The referee's right in there, checking on Bobby O'Connor. That knee is in pretty bad shape, Bucky. We both saw him backstage earlier, using a crutch to get around.

BW: The doctors advised him to skip this match but he said no... can't say that I blame him though. The stakes are sky high in this one.

GM: Shane leaning back in this hold, trying to wrench a submission out of his former friend - and after Shane's brutal attack on him two weeks ago, I think we can certainly call them former friends now.

[O'Connor is crawling on his elbows, dragging himself across the ring where he lunges to grab the bottom rope. Johnny Jagger steps back, calling for a break as he lays a count on Terry Shane. Shane holds until four and a half, suddenly breaking... and shoving Johnny Jagger away.]

GM: Watch it there...

[Jagger steps into his face, pointing to the AWA logo on his referee's shirt. Shane sneers at him as he grabs O'Connor by the ankle, dragging him away from the ropes towards the center of the ring...]

GM: Shane drags him out to the middle...

[Shane smirks at the jeering crowd as he twists the leg around his own, locking in the trademark hold of his family - the spinning toehold!]

GM: Spinning toehold locked in and somewhere, Terry Shane Sr. and Jr. are smiling at this!

[But as Shane applies the hold a second time, he ducks too low and allows O'Connor to roll him into a small package!]

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

[Shane just BARELY kicks out in time, looking as flustered as possible as he rolls to his knees, staring at the official who affirms it was a two count. O'Connor tries to scramble up off the mat...

...and Shane throws himself at the leg, grabbing it under his armpit, rising to his feet with the leg still trapped!]

GM: Shane's got him hooked... no!

[The Ring Leader jerks to the side, twisting the leg around, and dragging O'Connor down to the canvas!]

BW: Oh! Dragon screw legwhip! That'll rip a knee right out!

[O'Connor is down on the mat, wailing in pain as Shane gets back up, sneering at the crowd's reaction... and then turning towards his corner, pointing at the downed O'Connor.]

"You see?! You see what I'm capable of?!"

GM: Terry Shane with perhaps something to prove to his own team here tonight.

BW: He should prove it by eliminating O'Connor and not running his mouth.

GM: Bucky!

BW: I'm sorry, Gordo... but I'm not sure what's going on in Terry Shane's head as of late. Ever since he got dumped by the Shane Gang, he hasn't seemed to make any sense at all. First, he worked against the Wise Men... then he was back making sense again... then he wasn't... I just don't know what's going through his brain.

[Shane turns back from his teammates, moving in to pull O'Connor off the mat...

...and O'Connor explodes from his knee, hooking his hands around Shane's head, tucking his head under Shane's chin!]

GM: JAWBREAKER! OUT OF NOWHERE!

[O'Connor slumps back down to the mat as Shane recoils in pain, rubbing his jaw as he staggers towards his corner, sticking out his arm towards Cain Jackson...

...who drops off the apron.]

GM: What the-?!

[Shane glares at the big man, turning towards Joshua Barnes...

...who does the same.]

GM: Uh oh! We've got a mutiny on our hands!

[Dufresne doesn't even wait for the offered tag before he waves at Shane, dropping to the floor... leaving Johnny Detson to stare into the eyes of Terry Shane - the manic, crazed, unpredictable eyes.]

GM: Shane wants the tag... will the team captain give it to him?

[Detson reaches out his hand...

...and then runs it through his hair, laughing as he drops off the apron.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Gordo!

GM: What?

BW: O'CONNOR'S UP!

[And as Terry Shane turns back towards his former friend, O'Connor comes hobbling across the ring, throwing himself into a hard leaping lariat, knocking Shane flat!]

GM: FEAR THE REAPER! HE GOT IT ALL!

[O'Connor dives across the prone Shane as Jagger drops down.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Terry Shane has been ELIMINATED!

[O'Connor pumps a fist, climbing to his feet and backing away as the members of Team Detson get back up on the apron. The referee rolls Shane out to the floor to the cheers of the crowd...

...and Joshua Barnes steps through the ropes, charging in towards Bobby O'Connor, overwhelming the younger competitor with wildly swung rights and lefts, driving him back against the ropes!]

GM: Barnes is in and he's all over O'Connor!

[Barnes grabs O'Connor by the back of the neck, connecting with right hand after right hand to the side of the skull!]

GM: He's beating the tar out of him! O'Connor's having a hard time keeping his balance with that banged-up knee!

[Barnes steps back, turning to point menacingly at Derrick Williams before turning back in on O'Connor...]

...who blasts him between the eyes with an overhead elbow!]

GM: BUNKHOUSE ELBOW!

[O'Connor throws a second... a third... a fourth, each one backing Barnes further and further back towards the corner where O'Connor reaches out, slapping the hand of the hometown rookie who gets a big cheer upon tagging in!]

GM: Derrick Williams is in off the tag... double team on the way...

[Williams and O'Connor doublewhip Barnes across the ring, catching him on the rebound with a double back elbow that puts him down on the mat.]

GM: Down goes Barnes off the doubleteam!

[O'Connor grins, giving his teammate a high five before stepping to the apron, leaving Williams alone with his rival.]

GM: Williams pulls Barnes off the- oof! Hard uppercut by Barnes!

[The blow sends Williams reeling as Barnes approaches from the blind side, throwing a clubbing forearm to the back of the head, knocking Williams down to the canvas.]

GM: Barnes is bringing the heavy artillery.

BW: And that's his job in this match. Bring the thunder on anyone he gets in there with.

GM: His job? Joshua Barnes doesn't strike me as the type willing to take orders from Johnny Detson.

BW: He doesn't have to take orders to have a role. It's his nature to beat people up and Team Detson's going to take advantage of that.

[Barnes lays a hard kick into the ribs of Williams, forcing him to roll under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Williams bails out - now, remember fans... this is NOT like the Cibernetico. That is not the same as a tag and Derrick Williams could very well get counted out out there on the floor.

[Barnes steps out on the apron, dropping off with a hard elbow to the back of the head. The referee orders him back in as Barnes stares at the downed Williams.]

BW: Barnes will need to be careful to not get counted out here, Gordo. We know he's all about the payday and his payday will be significantly less if he gets counted out trying to settle a score with Derrick Williams.

GM: Speaking of which, we heard Barnes on the Preview Show talking about selling the Steal The Spotlight contract if he wins it.

BW: Not a bad idea.

GM: You think so? For one thing, I'm not entirely sure that's legal. That would be up to the Championship Committee, I suppose.

BW: And for the other?

GM: If he's all about the big payday, why wouldn't he use the contract to get a title match? Everyone knows the champion gets paid more money.

[Bucky chuckles.]

BW: Touche, Gordo. He may be a big, tough guy but maybe he's a few bucks short of a five spot if you get my meaning.

GM: For your sake, I'll hope he doesn't hear that.

[Barnes pulls Williams off the ringside mats as the count hits six. He leans over, wrapping an arm around the torso...

...and SLAMS the lower back of Williams into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Into the apron!

[The brawler shoves Williams under the ropes into the ring, rolling in after him.]

GM: Both men beat the ten count back in. If the referee had gotten to ten, both men would have been eliminated from the match, fans.

[Barnes is immediately on the attack again, dropping an elbow down into the kidneys before rolling Williams into a cover.]

GM: Barnes gets one! He gets two!

[But Williams is out at two, kicking out in time.]

GM: Two count only for Joshua Barnes, trying to find a way to eliminate his young rival from this very important match in both of their SuperClash debuts.

[Barnes drags Williams off the mat, scooping him up, and slamming him down to the mat. He walks up to the downed rookie, leaping up to drop a leg across the chest!]

GM: Legdrop connects!

[Barnes stays seated, shouting "COUNT 'IM!" at the referee who obliges, again only reaching two.]

GM: Williams is out at two!

[The surly brawler takes a knee, grabbing Williams by the hair and hammering him with right hands to the skull...

...and then switches to slamming the back of Williams' head into the mat!]

GM: Barnes is really asserting himself physically against the rookie fighting in his hometown for the first time here tonight!

BW: Man, how good would it feel to embarrass a little punk like this in front of his hometown fans?

GM: You're a sick man, Bucky.

[Barnes backs off as the referee reprimands him, threatening to disqualify him.]

BW: Oh, he definitely wants to be careful. A disqualification ends your night as quickly as a pinfall or a submission does.

[The brawler moves back in as Williams pushes up to all fours, using a handful of tights to pull him back to his feet, throwing him bodily into Skywalker Jones' corner. Jones steps to the side, not wanting to tangle with Barnes as he plants his left forearm across Williams' face, holding him in position as he starts battering his chest with open hand chops!]

GM: Good grief! Barnes is like a bar room brawler in there!

BW: He'd clear out the Spur on a rowdy Friday night for sure.

GM: The referee again stepping in, ordering the break.

[Barnes steps back at the four and a half count, glaring at the official as he grabs Williams by the arm, whipping him across the ring.]

GM: Barnes coming in hot!

[And runs RIGHT into a pair of raised boots from Williams!]

GM: Ohh!

[Barnes falls back from the impact as Williams steadies himself...

...and then charges out, throwing himself into an impactful dropkick to the chest, knocking Barnes down to the canvas!]

GM: Wow! A flurry of offense out of Derrick Williams and he's managed to turn this thing around in a hurry!

[Williams climbs to his knees, looking towards his corner and the sea of outstretched hands, crawling towards them...]

GM: Williams is making a move here and- TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as Callum Mahoney, the Fighting Irishman, steps into the ring, marching in towards the rising Barnes.]

GM: Uh oh!

[Barnes swings around, fist at the ready...

...and comes face to face with a grinning Mahoney who sticks his chin out, inviting Barnes to take his best shot!]

BW: I'm not sure that's the best idea!

[Barnes doesn't hesitate though, pasting Mahoney with a right hand to the chin, spinning Mahoney away...

...but Mahoney does not fall, turning back towards Barnes. He shrugs at the brawler, shouting "THAT ALL YOU GOT?!"]

GM: Oh... my... god.

[Suddenly, hell erupts inside the ring as Mahoney and Barnes tear into each other, fists flying as fast as they can be thrown, landing over and over on the skull of the other man! The crowd is quickly on their feet, screaming their heads off for the brawl!]

GM: WE'VE! GOT! A FIGHT!

[The two men somehow manage to not fall, trading blows as though they're the only fighters in the world at this very moment...

...until Mahoney breaks through with a stiff headbutt to the nose, sending Barnes staggering back towards the ropes where Williams grabs Barnes by the neck, dropping off to SNAP his throat on the top rope!]

GM: Ohh!

[Barnes staggers back towards Mahoney who buries a boot in his gut, hooking the arm...

...and DROPS down in a single-arm DDT, jerking the shoulder against the socket!]

GM: That's a surefire way to separate a shoulder!

[Barnes winces, rolling around on the mat in pain, hanging onto his shoulder as he rolls away from Mahoney.]

GM: Callum Mahoney is notorious for that devastating armbar and you better believe he'll be looking to lock it on at any point in this matchup.

[Mahoney moves in on Barnes but as he gets to the ropes, the referee steps in to force the Irishman back as Barnes kneels, leaning through the ropes.]

GM: Barnes is down on the mat and-

[Derrick Williams seizes the moment to drop off the apron, racing around the ringpost towards the downed Barnes...

...and leaps up, driving both feet into the skull of his rival!]

GM: Ohh! What elevation on that dropkick on the floor!

[Barnes rolls back into the ring where a smirking Mahoney attempts a lateral press.]

GM: Mahoney covers for one! He's got two! He's got-

[Barnes' shoulder comes off the mat at the count of two, breaking up the pin. Mahoney shakes his head, pulling Barnes up by the arm, throwing him the short distance into the corner, tagging Williams back in...]

GM: Derrick Williams is back in off the tag...

[Williams leans over, driving Barnes back into the corner, slamming his shoulder repeatedly into the midsection.]

GM: Joshua Barnes needs to make a tag.

BW: He may be too proud to make a tag, Gordo.

GM: That would be a big mistake because he's in trouble at this stage of the matchup...

[Williams straightens up, grabbing Barnes by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Barnes sends Williams hard into the corner, his back slamming into the turnbuckles...]

GM: Williams hits hard! BARNES COMING IN!

[The undefeated brawler extends his right arm, taking a big swing...

...but Williams ducks under, shoving Barnes chestfirst into his own corner where Cain Jackson slaps his shoulder before stepping over the ropes.]

GM: Cain Jackson in off the tag!

[Barnes seems less than pleased with this development, shouting at Jackson who ignores him...

...and BLASTS the incoming Williams with a big clothesline!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: The kid's head snapped back like he'd been shot, Gordo!

[Jackson smirks at the crowd's reaction, turning back towards his own corner, shouting at Barnes as he points at the downed Williams...

...and Barnes tags himself back in, slapping Jackson's shoulder!]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! The kid's out cold perhaps and-

[Barnes angrily storms in, shouting at Jackson as he exits.]

GM: There seems to be all sorts of dissension in the ranks of Team Detson here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Johnny's got it on lock. Don't worry about it.

GM: Got it on lock?

[Barnes hauls a limp Williams up by the arm, using the same arm to whip Williams into the corner. The big brawler swings his arm around a couple of times, charging in hard...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[But Callum Mahoney has other ideas, pulling Williams' arm to yank him clear from the corner...

...and Barnes SLAMS into the buckles, staggering back out as Williams, on sheer instinct, lifts the staggered Barnes, pivots...]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER!

[Williams hooks both legs, flipping through into a double leg cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Joshua Barnes has been ELIMINATED!

[Williams slumps off his rival, the crowd roaring for the hometown kid making a big elimination.]

GM: And just like that, Team Detson is down to a five on three situation...

BW: You spoke too soon, daddy!

[Cain Jackson angrily steps back over the top rope, giving his lengthy leg a few slaps...

...and tears across the ring towards a slowly rising Williams, nearly separating his head from his shoulders with a big boot!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Williams flips through the air on impact, bouncing off the canvas as Cain plants a fist in the chest, nodding as the referee counts to three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Derrick Williams has been ELIMINATED!

[Jackson gets back to his feet, giving a big roar...

...as Skywalker Jones decides to get involved, springing off the top rope and planting both feet square in the back of Jackson, sending the big man sailing towards the ropes where he tumbles over the top and out to the barely-padded concrete!]

GM: OH MY! Skywalker Jones gets into the ring for the first time in this unusual Three Way Steal The Spotlight!

BW: And what a way to do it, daddy!

GM: Jones is on his feet...

[Jones gives a shout, pointing a finger into the air as he jumps up and down a few times, breaking into a dash to the far ropes, rebounding back at top speed as he barrels across the ring...]

GM: SKY! WALKER!

[Mister Steal The Spotlight throws himself into the air, leaping up to the top rope, facing away from the crowd...]

GM/BW: JOOOOOOOOOONES!

[...and leaps blindly into the air, backflipping off the top rope onto a stunned Cain Jackson, wiping him completely out at ringside!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A DIVE BY THE FORMER TAG TEAM CHAMPION!

[Jones is slow to get up on the floor, climbing up on the apron with a big fistpump...

...when Sultan Azam Sharif grabs him in a waistlock from behind, deadlifting him over the top rope and DUMPING him on the back of his head with a released German Suplex!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Johnny Jagger is pointing to Sharif... and to Cain Jackson.]

GM: I don't... hold on. Ricky Longfellow is coming over here to talk to us.

[We can hear voices off-mic for a few seconds.]

GM: Okay, got it. Fans, Ricky Longfellow just explained to us that when Skywalker Jones was allowed to enter the match, it was determined that only a member of the same team can replace an eliminated person.

BW: Which basically means that Jones can't get into this match until someone tags him in?

GM: Right. And any member of either team is allowed to do that just as he's allowed to tag any member of either team. A unique ruling for a unique situation and I have to credit these officials for having the foresight to make that decision on the spur of the moment. So, Sultan Azam Sharif replaces Derrick Williams in there against Cain Jackson...

[Jones rolls out of the ring as Cain Jackson slowly gets up on the apron, stepping over the ropes.]

GM: Now this should be interesting... the bodyguard of Team Supreme taking on a former Olympic champion.

BW: On paper, it would be a mismatch but we haven't begun to scratch the surface of what Cain Jackson is capable of.

[Jackson marches up to Sharif, jabbing a finger in his face, reading him the riot act...

...and Sharif responds by grabbing the jabbing finger's arm under his armpit, ducking a head under and leveraging Jackson over in a makeshift Northern Lights suplex!]

GM: Wow! Incredible show of strength by Sharif!

[Sharif pops up, turning towards the Team Detson corner, giving a wave towards it as Calisto Dufresne steps in, coming on fast, running right into a picture perfect twisting belly-to-belly!]

GM: Dufresne gets planted as well!

[Sharif is up again, waving a hand towards Johnny Detson who ducks through the ropes...

...and then thinks better of it, giving a dismissive wave with a smirk at the jeering crowd.]

GM: Johnny Detson choosing not to try Sultan Azam Sharif, the only man in this match to have won it before!

BW: Well, Skywalker Jones carried a Steal The Spotlight contract before too.

GM: After he won it from the man who actually won the match, November.

BW: I'm just sayin' - we've got two people in the match who've held the contract.

GM: And while many believe that whoever wins the contract will automatically choose to use it for a World Title match, those two men prove that's not always the case as Sharif used it to take on Royalty and Jones used it to get he and Hercules Hammonds a shot at the World Tag Team Titles. The contract very clearly states it gives the holder the right to make the match of their choosing - it does not have to be a title match.

BW: If you think back, you might remember MAMMOTH Mizusawa using it one year for a brutal matchup with Juan Vasquez too.

GM: History says that contract can be used for just about anything.

[With Dufresne rolling clear to the floor, Sharif approaches the rising Cain Jackson with a boot to the gut, shoving him back to the corner where he tags Callum Mahoney back into the match.]

GM: The Fighting Irishman is back in off the exchange...

[Mahoney backs Jackson to the ropes, lighting him up with a series of stiff clubbing forearms across the chest.]

GM: Mahoney is one of the hardest hitters in the entire AWA, rocking Cain Jackson with those shots to the chest.

BW: You think Wright hasn't hit Cain Jackson this hard before? He's totally used to it, Gordo.

GM: That may be true. The extent of Jackson's training with Supreme Wright isn't exactly clear.

[Mahoney grabs Jackson by the arm, going for a whip...

...but Jackson uses his power edge to yank Mahoney into his arms, lifting him off the mat in a bearhug, spinning him in mid-lift to DRIVE him down with a front powerslam!]

GM: Ohh!

[Jackson throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before attempting a sloppy cover, his arms at full extension as he barely even touches Mahoney's torso with his own.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Mahoney suddenly jerks out of the pin attempt, swinging his legs up to scissor one of Jackson's arms, snapping him down into a cross armbreaker...

...but Jackson quickly stretches out one of his long legs, resting it on the bottom rope!]

GM: Mahoney got that armbar locked in but Jackson was too close to the ropes for it!

[The Irishman hangs on until the count of four, releasing and allowing Jackson to slide out to the floor, shaking out his arm...

...but Mahoney rolls under the ropes in pursuit, grabbing the arm, lifting it up...]

GM: OH!

[He SLAMS the forearm down on the ring apron, causing Jackson to grab his own arm, stumbling away in pain.]

GM: Mahoney has some of the most unusual offense you might find inside the AWA locker room, Bucky, and that was an example of it right there.

[Mahoney approaches Jackson from behind, grabbing the arm, twisting it around into a hammerlock...

...and then THROWS him backwards into the ringpost, pinning the arm between the steel and Jackson's near three hundred pounds!]

GM: Goodness. That'll do some damage for sure.

[The Fighting Irishman approaches, winding up to throw a pair of hooking rights into the ribs of Jackson before snapping off a front kick that lands on the forehead, snapping Jackson's head back up.]

GM: Mahoney climbing up on the apron, grabbing the arm...

[Jackson winces as Mahoney stretches out the arm, repeatedly kicking it before planting his knee against the forearm, dropping down on the apron and pinning it under his knee!]

GM: Mahoney's putting on a clinic on how you bust up someone's arm!

[Jackson is wincing with every move of his arm as Mahoney stands up, jerking the arm straight again...

...and Jackson reaches up with the off-arm, hooking a handful of Mahoney's singlet and RIPS him off the apron, sending him crashing chestfirst down on the ringside mats!]

GM: OHHH! What a counter by Cain Jackson!

[A hurting Jackson rolls under the ropes into the ring, leaving Mahoney out on the floor as the referee starts his ten count.]

GM: The referee's starting a count on Callum Mahoney and after that hard fall to the floor, it may be incredibly hard for the Armbar Assassin to answer the count.

[Jackson slides back against the ropes, using a strong grip on them to pull himself up to his feet, constantly flexing the fingers on his hurting arm as the count reaches four... then five...]

GM: You can hear these fans in New York cheering on Mahoney... his corner is as well, trying to root him on to get back to his feet and continue this fight.

BW: Meanwhile, Team Detson would prefer he stays down so they can even this up at three men on each team.

GM: The count is up to seven... Johnny Jagger's getting closer and closer to the count of ten.

[Mahoney rolls to all fours, tilting his head up to look at the ring.]

GM: The Fighting Irishman's trying to get up, trying to beat the count... it's at eight...

[The Armbar Assassin drags himself up as the count hits nine, wobbling towards the ring where he grabs the ropes, trying to pull himself in...

...but the referee counts ten just before he gets into the ring!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Callum Mahoney has been counted out and is therefore ELIMINATED from the match!

[The crowd jeers the decision as Mahoney gets up, arguing with the official.]

GM: Callum Mahoney definitely doesn't like that ruling but I think Johnny Jagger was right. I'm almost positive he hit ten before Mahoney got into the ring and-

[With Mahoney distracted, Cain Jackson rushes across, throwing the big boot. Mahoney gets his arms up, absorbing most of the impact as he goes flying backwards through the ropes, crashing down to the floor...

...and Sultan Azam Sharif slides back into the ring, wobbling towards Cain Jackson from behind!]

GM: Waistlock!

BW: You gotta be kidding me!

[Sharif plants his feet, showing off his power by lifting the near three hundred pounder up into the air, dropping him down into a bridging German Suplex!]

GM: He's got the bridge! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Jackson kicks out at the last second, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Jackson's out in time but that suplex had to take a lot out of him!

[Sharif climbs to his feet, burying a trio of boots into the ribs of Jackson as he rolls to all fours. A hard stomp to the middle of the back puts Jackson down on his midsection.]

GM: Uh oh!

[The Iranian leaps up, burying an elbow into the lower back. He slowly does it again, this time dropping a knee down into the same spot!]

GM: Sharif's trying to soften him up for the Camel Clutch!

BW: And unless Wright's turned Cain Jackson into a wrestling savant, once that hold is hooked in, it's all over, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is.

[The crowd suddenly starts buzzing as Callum Mahoney climbs back up on the apron, scampering through the ropes.]

GM: Mahoney's back in!

BW: No way! He's eliminated!

[The referee cuts him off, explaining the same thing. Sharif seems to be doing the same thing, looking at Mahoney and patting him on the shoulder...

...when Mahoney suddenly shoves Sharif aside, going after the downed Jackson!]

GM: Mahoney's going aft- what the-?!

[Sharif suddenly grabs Mahoney around the waist, pulling him away.]

GM: Sharif realized that he'll be disqualified if Mahoney attacks him! He's trying to stop that from happening!

[Mahoney is struggling against Sharif, trying to get free...

...when suddenly, Sharif powers him up into the air, swinging to the side and throwing him down with an impressive waistlock takedown!]

GM: Oh my!

[A shocked Mahoney slides out to the floor, yelling in at Sharif who makes a dismissive gesture, turning back to Jackson. He gives himself a quick slap on each pectoral before stepping in, hooking the arms over his legs as he cups his hands underneath the chin, sitting down on the back!]

GM: CAMEL CLUTCH! HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!

[Sharif yanks from side-to-side, twisting the neck while applying obscene pressure to the lower back...

...and it's just a few moments before Cain Jackson submits.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Cain Jackson has been ELIMINA-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reaction cutting off Phil Watson comes as Callum Mahoney slides back into the ring, trophy in hand...

...and SHATTERS it over the back of Sharif's head!]

GM: WHAT THE-?! WHAT THE HELL?!

BW: He knocked him out, Gordo!

GM: Callum Mahoney just knocked out Sultan Azam Sharif with that Catch Wrestling trophy! But why?! Why in the world did he-

BW: Why?! Did you even see Sharif just humiliate him right there?!

GM: What in the world are you talking about?

[Mahoney, the remnants of the trophy still in hand, stares down at the motionless Sharif...

...when suddenly Supernova is in his face, shouting at him as Bobby O'Connor kneels down to check on Sharif!]

GM: His partners can't believe what they just saw! They are in shock!

[Mahoney suddenly turns away from Supernova, pointing a threatening finger at him as he goes to leave...

...but Supernova grabs him by the arm, spinning him around...]

GM: OHH! He drops Supernova with a right hand!

[Mahoney shouts something at the downed Supernova, making his exit from the ring as Bobby O'Connor loudly protests, shouting at Mahoney from the ring. The referee steps in, forcing O'Connor and Supernova to vacate...

...which is Johnny Detson's cue to slip into the ring, dragging a limp Sharif off the mat, pulling him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Detson hooks one arm... he's got the other... NO!

[The Wilde Driver sends Sharif SMASHING facefirst into the canvas before Detson flips him over with a grin, taking the easy three count.]

GM: Unbelievable.

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Sultan Azam Sharif has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Mahoney walks up the aisle, still clinging to the remnants of his trophy.]

GM: Wow. And just like that, we're down to five men, Bucky. Johnny Detson and Calisto Dufresne representing Team Detson. Supernova and Bobby O'Connor representing Team Supernova... and can you believe it, Skywalker Jones has managed to survive this deep into the match all on his own and he has yet to legally be in the ring!

[Detson arrogantly gets up, spreading his arms in triumph...

...and gets spun around by Bobby O'Connor who tears into him with a series of right hands, sending the leader of Team Detson falling back into his own corner. Before Dufresne can intervene, O'Connor grabs Detson by the arm, firing him across the ring into the far turnbuckles...

...where Skywalker Jones emphatically slaps the shoulder of Johnny Detson, tagging himself into the match.]

GM: And THERE'S Skywalker Jones tagging himself in. If no one else is going to tag him in, he's going to tag himself in!

[Johnny Detson spins around, glaring at Jones who slingshots over the top rope, sticking a finger in his face...

....and both men get run down by Bobby O'Connor who hobbles into a double clothesline to a huge cheer from the New York crowd!]

GM: Oh my! "Bunkhouse" Bobby picks up the spare!

[As Detson rolls from the ring, O'Connor pulls Skywalker Jones up off the mat, shoving him into the corner. He backs up, throwing three stiff jabs to the bridge of the nose before a right hand causes Jones to sail over the top rope, crashing down on the ring apron!]

GM: O'Connor's bringing the fire with those big haymakers!

[The third generation brawler leans over the ropes, pulling Jones back to his feet. He tugs him into a front facelock but Jones grabs the wrist, spinning out of it, grabbing the top rope, and swinging a leg up to kick O'Connor in the forehead in one motion!]

GM: Wow! Skywalker Jones is poetry in motion inside that ring!

[O'Connor stumbles backwards as Jones slingshots up to the top rope, leaping off with a crossbody, taking the Missouri native down. Jones rolls right back up, charging across the ring...

...and leaps into the air, lashing out with a right hand to the jaw of Calisto Dufresne, sending the former World Champion falling to the floor!]

GM: Jones floors Dufresne!

[Jones spins around, charging across the ring again where O'Connor ducks for a backdrop.]

GM: HIGH BACK BODY DR-

[The crowd roars as Jones lands on his feet...

...and throws himself into a backflip, catching a turning O'Connor with a boot to the top of the head!]

GM: PELE KICK!

[The third generation brawler looks out on his feet, throwing a wild right hand at the air as Jones measures him, dropping down into a swinging back kick that sweeps Bobby's legs out from under him. Jones pops up, striking a pose...

...and THROWS himself into a standing Shooting Star Press!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A MOVE! WHAT A MOVE!!

[Jones tightly hooks the injured leg as Jagger dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But O'Connor kicks out, breaking the pin attempt! Jones pushes up to his knees, clapping his hands together as he climbs to his feet, turning to the corner...]

GM: Remember, Jones can tag either Dufresne or Detson here if he chooses. He can NOT tag in Supernova.

[Jones strikes a boxer's stance, bouncing from foot to foot as he watches O'Connor start to stir off the canvas.]

GM: Jones with the right hand... and another... stinging jabs from the former World Tag Team Champion!

[But the punches to "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor seem to just be making him mad, doing little damage but O'Connor's eyes are wide, his cheeks puffing in and out as Jones throws punch after punch after punch...]

GM: No effect on O'Connor!

[Jones suddenly drops his arms, sticking his chin out as a fired up O'Connor rears back, throwing a wild right that Jones ducks under. An equally wild left catches nothing but air as well as Jones avoids it, allowing O'Connor to sail past him, leaping into the air...]

BW: SUPERMAN PUNCH!

[The blow catches O'Connor flush, knocking him back into the ropes where he bounces off in one motion...]

...and throws himself into the move known as the Fierro Press, toppling Jones down to the mat!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS! FIERRO PRESS!

[The wild-eyed O'Connor tears into Jones, hammering him with right hands to the skull as the referee frantically calls for a break.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor pulled a page out of his partner's playbook with that one and he made Jones pay for his showboating!

[At the four count, O'Connor spins out of the move, popping up to his feet where he reaches back, slapping the hand of Supernova who steps to the top rope in two steps, pausing as Jones rises...]

...and leaps off the top, catching him with a crossbody!]

GM: BIG CROSSBODY!!

[Supernova rolls through it, not attempting a cover as he charges towards the corner, grabbing Calisto Dufresne around the head and neck, flipping him over the ropes into the ring. He turns to do the same to Johnny Detson but

Detson again has dropped off the apron, wagging a finger at the overly-aggressive Supernova.]

GM: Supernova brought Dufresne in the hard way...

[He pulls the Ladykiller off the mat, hurling him into the ropes. As he rebounds, Dufresne gets shoved skyward as Supernova backs off, allowing him to slam gutfirst on the canvas!]

GM: Oh my!

[Supernova turns his attention back towards the rising Skywalker Jones, battering him with right hands that turn into backhand strikes, sending Jones falling back into the neutral corner...]

GM: Supernova grabs the arm, firing him across...

[But Jones runs up the turnbuckles, flipping backwards through the air, landing on his feet...

...only to get tapped on the shoulder by Supernova who drops him with a right hand to big cheers!]

GM: Haha!

[Jones promptly rolls out of the ring as Supernova grabs a rising Calisto Dufresne, laying into him with a boot to the gut. He pulls him into a scoop, slamming him down on the mat as he turns towards the corner...]

GM: Supernova's headed up top!

BW: Why?! Dufresne's not the legal man!

GM: You heard him before the match. Supernova says he remembers SuperClash III when he met Dufresne in the Main Event with the then-National Title on the line!

[Supernova again steps up to the top rope, ready to fly...

...but Skywalker Jones has other ideas, pulling himself up on the apron, leaping up to spring off the top rope near the corner, snaring Supernova's head between his legs, flipping him off the top rope in a rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That might be it! That might be enough!

[Jones crawls over, throwing an arm over Supernova.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Supernova FIRES a shoulder off the mat, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Not enough to put him down for three!

[Jones gets up, shaking his head in disbelief as he stomps Supernova down into the mat a few times before backing up, brushing "dirt off his shoulder" to a big cheer from the New York crowd...

...and leaps sky high into the air, showing off his impressive vertical leap before burying the point of his elbow into Supernova's heart!]

GM: Wow! What elevation on the elbow!

[Jones flips over, applying another cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Again, Supernova lifts the shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pin.]

GM: Jones can't keep him down! Skywalker Jones is trying to make an impact on this Steal The Spotlight match that he wasn't even scheduled to compete in but he can't keep Supernova down for a three count.

[Jones gets up, stomping Supernova again, making sure he's down as he turns towards the neutral corner, heading towards it...

...when Johnny Detson slaps his arm, tagging himself in!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Detson's in! Get him, Johnny!

[Detson slides into the ring, pulling a dazed Supernova up, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He's going for the Wilde Driver!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK OUT OF JONES!

BW: THE CALISTO KILLER! THE DUFRESNE DESTROYER! THE VASQUEZ VANQUISHER!

GM: You may have to add the Detson Demolisher after that kick! Johnny Detson just got booted into the middle of next week!

[With Detson out on his feet, Supernova yanks the legs out from under him, crossing them over, flipping him onto his stomach...]

GM: SOLAR FLARE LOCKED IN!!

[But before he can sit back in it, Calisto Dufresne comes charging in, blasting him between the eyes to break it up!]

GM: Ohh! Dufresne breaks up the hold! He saved Detson for sure right there!

[Bobby O'Connor comes charging in, battering Dufresne back towards the ropes with a series of right hands...]

...and sends him flipping over the top with a clothesline, taking the Ladykiller down hard to the floor! The referee steps in, forcing O'Connor back to the corner despite the loud protests from the fans who want to see him take it to the former World Champion.]

GM: O'Connor gets forced back out of the ring...

[Dufresne reaches under the ropes, dragging Detson under the ropes to join him...]

...which is Skywalker Jones' cue to take flight, climbing to the top rope, looking out at the crowd!]

"ZERO G!"

[He flings himself off the top rope, flipping through the air as he rotates, wiping both men out with a Shooting Star Press!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Jones, Dufresne, and Detson all down on the floor, Supernova is back on his feet, looking out at the roaring crowd. The face-painted fan favorite starts walking around the ring, walking quicker and quicker as the referee starts a ten count on Detson...]

...and as the trio gets back to their feet, Supernova charges, throwing himself over the top onto all three men, wiping them out yet again!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERNOVA TAKES 'EM ALL OUT!!

[Supernova pops back up, pounding his chest before cupping his hands around his mouth and giving a howl that the fans echo. He slides back into the ring, marching across the ring to give Bobby O'Connor a high five, tagging him back in...]

GM: O'Connor's in off the tag... Detson's pulling himself up on the apron...

[The third generation fan favorite hooks Detson by the head, tugging him into suplex position...]

GM: He's gonna bring him in the hard way!

[...and elevates him over the ropes, bringing him crashing down in a spine-rattling suplex, floating over into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Detson slips the shoulder up, breaking the count.]

GM: Two count only for Johnny Detson who is seeing his first real action inside the ring in this matchup.

BW: What are you talking about?

GM: I'm talking about Detson trying to avoid the action in this matchup to save himself!

[O'Connor climbs to his feet, dragging Detson off the mat by the hair, pasting him with a right hand... then a left... then a right... then a left...]

GM: O'Connor's all over him!

BW: Those are closed fists, ref!

GM: Johnny Jagger's warning him for it!

[O'Connor fires Detson into the far turnbuckles, sending him bouncing back towards O'Connor who lifts him up under the arm, driving him back down with the Bunkhouse Slam!]

GM: BUNKHOUSE SLAM! BUNKHOUSE SLAM!

[He lunges into a cover, hooking a leg...

...but there is no referee count as Johnny Jagger points to Calisto Dufresne who hops up on the middle rope, leaping off to drive an elbow down into the back of O'Connor's head!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: I think O'Connor - and we - missed a tag there! The referee's saying that when Detson hit the corner, Dufresne tagged himself into the match!

[Dufresne flips O'Connor onto his back, trying to steal the elimination as the referee drops down again.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got thr- NO! NO!

[The crowd roars for O'Connor who just barely lifts the shoulder off the mat in time. The Ladykiller scampers to his feet, not wasting any time as he pulls O'Connor off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock as a staggered Detson gets up, lifting the legs of O'Connor...]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Remember this, Gordo?!

[Dufresne drops down, DRIVING O'Connor's skull into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: WHAM, BAM, THANK YOU MA'AM! The double team edition - just like Dufresne used to do with Adrian Freeman!

[Dufresne flips O'Connor over again as Detson stands guard. Supernova charges in but Detson dives at him, holding his legs to prevent him from breaking up the pin.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Bobby O'Connor has been ELIMINATED!

[The fans boo loudly for the elimination of one of their favorites.]

GM: We're down to four, fans! Dufresne and Detson, Supernova, and Skywalker Jones are the final four! One of those four men will be walking out of MSG with the Steal The Spotlight contract in their back pocket!

[Supernova is still tangled up as Calisto Dufresne rushes him, stomping his head viciously. After a few stomps, the Ladykiller drags him off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock as Detson goes to grab the legs...]

GM: They're going for it again!

[But Supernova, having seen it go down moments ago, flails away with rights and lefts at the ribs of Dufresne...

...and then backdrops him right down on top of Johnny Detson!]

GM: Oh my! Supernova's trying to fight 'em both off on his own!

BW: He's going to have to! Team Detson's big win is within their reach, Gordo!

GM: Detson rolls from the ring...

[Supernova pulls Dufresne off the mat, whipping him into the corner. He steps up to the second rope, raising a fist and looking out to the fans...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"
"FIVE!"
"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[Supernova is about to jump down when Skywalker Jones climbs back up on the apron, tagging himself in. He slips through the ropes, rushing across the ring, throwing himself back against the buckles before he charges back the way he came...

...and THROWS himself into two flying knees to the chest!]

GM: OHHH!

[Dufresne comes staggering out towards Jones who leaps up, nearly taking his head off with a leaping side kick!]

GM: Dufresne is down and he went down hard off that kick! Jones may be able to finish him here! This is his window! This is his opportunity!

[With Dufresne down, Jones steps to the corner, climbing to the second rope then stepping one foot up top. He looks out at the capacity crowd roaring in anticipation, flashing a grin as he steps to the top...]

"STANDING O!"

[...and leaps backwards off the top rope, flipping forward for an imploding 450 splash!]

GM: JOOOOOONES!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as Johnny Detson reaches under the ropes, yanking Dufresne clear and causing Jones to SLAM into the canvas at high impact velocity!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Jones is down and he's done, Gordo!

[Detson steps up on the apron, reaching over and tagging himself in.]

GM: Johnny Detson's in and I'll give you one guess what comes next!

[Detson pulls Jones into a standing headscissors, reaching down to hook both arms...

...and leaps up, DRIVING him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: WILDE DRIVER!

[He flips Jones over onto his back, planting his hands on the chest as Johnny Jagger counts one... two... and three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Skywalker Jones... and Team Skywalker... have been ELIMINATED!

[Supernova rushes into the ring, pulling Detson off the mat, blasting him with rights and lefts, knocking him back to the corner where he whips him across to the far corner...]

GM: Detson hits the buckles... OHHHH! BIG BACK BODY DROP!

[The crowd roars at Detson slamming hard into the canvas!]

GM: Supernova's the last man standing between Detson, Dufresne, and the Steal The Spotlight contract! Who's going to come out of this thing with that contract in their hand?!

[Supernova is all fired up, fists at the ready as he turns back towards the rising Detson, taking him down with a clothesline!]

GM: Running clothesline out of Supernova!

[Detson slowly rises again, getting dropped a second time.]

GM: Another big clothesline takes him down again!

[Supernova turns towards the hard camera, giving a howl that gets echoed by the fans. He turns back towards Detson, helping the rising rulebreaker back to his feet as he shoves him into the corner...]

GM: Here we go! Big whip across!

[The face-painted fan favorite throws himself back against the buckles, giving a howl before he charges across the ring, leaping into the air, and CRUSHES Detson against the buckles!]

GM: HEAT WAVE! HEAT WAVE IN THE CORNER CONNECTS!

[Supernova reaches up, throwing Detson down in the center of the ring. The camera cuts, showing Calisto Dufresne out on the floor, crouched and looking over the edge of the apron...]

GM: What in the...? What is Dufresne doing?!

BW: I think he's watching! He's watching to see if Detson can get out of this situation on his own!

GM: He could be helping his partner but he's choosing to stay on the floor!
What an opportunistic son of a-

[Supernova grabs the legs, wrapping them up, and flipping Detson over onto his stomach!]

GM: SOLAR FLARE! THE SOLAR FLARE IS LOCKED IN!!

[Detson cries out in pain, clawing at the canvas as the fan favorite leans back, trying to wrench a submission out of him...

...and Dufresne makes his move, sliding under the ropes into the ring, coming towards Supernova who breaks the Solar Flare, greeting Dufresne with a right hand... and another... and another...]

GM: Detson's the legal man but that's not going to stop Calisto Dufresne from trying to steal this win for his team!

[Supernova batters Dufresne backwards before burying a boot into his gut, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: DDT! HE SPIKED HIM!!

[The face-painted fan favorite gets back up, throwing a glance over to Detson who is crawling towards the corner. As he gets there, using the ropes to drag himself off the mat, Supernova backs up, giving a howl, tearing across the ring...]

GM: HEAT WAVE!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! DETSON MOVED!

BW: I think he hit his head on the post, Gordo!

[Detson slips in, dropping into a schoolboy. The referee dives to the mat to count...]

GM: ONE!!

[...and Detson slips his feet up onto the middle rope, getting more leverage to hold Supernova down as Ricky Longfellow tends to Skywalker Jones on the floor!]

GM: TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Supernova has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd jeers loudly for the elimination of the last of their favorites... and then jeers louder upon realizing that Johnny Detson and Calisto Dufresne are the last two men remaining.]

PW: Team Supernova has been ELIMINATED! The final two men remaining on Johnny Detson and Calisto Dufresne! Per the rules of Steal The Spotlight, these two men must now compete until there is a final man standing!

[This announcement gets a mix of cheers and boos. Boos for the idea that one of these jerks is going to win Steal The Spotlight. Cheers for the idea that they may have to beat each other to a pulp to do it...

...and as soon as the announcement ends, Johnny Detson goes tearing across the ring, diving across the still-prone Dufresne!]

GM: Detson's going for it! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But the former World Champion fires a shoulder up off the canvas, breaking the pin count. Detson gets up, screaming in frustration as he glares at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Two count only right there and Johnny Detson is hot! Johnny Detson is livid!

[Detson leans down, dragging his teammate off the mat, throwing a big right hand to the jaw. He shakes his hand, wincing from the impact as Dufresne falls back against the ropes.]

GM: Detson's got Dufresne on the ropes. Is this the first time in Steal The Spotlight history that a team has had to battle themselves?

BW: You're the historian around here, Gordo, but I believe it is.

[Detson grabs the arm, flinging Dufresne across the ring.]

GM: Irish whip... backdrop!

[But Dufresne grabs the ropes, stopping short and planting a foot up into the face of Detson, straightening him up...

...and LUNGES into a clothesline, toppling Detson!]

GM: The former World Champion takes Detson down! And he covers!

[The referee dives to the mat, counting one... two... and Detson just barely slips the shoulder up.]

GM: Two count only! Dufresne almost got him!

[The Ladykiller climbs to his feet, dragging Detson off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: He's going for it!

[...but a desperate Detson charges forward, slamming Dufresne back into the buckles!]

GM: Detson puts him into the corner!

[Detson backs off, throwing an uppercut to the chin!]

GM: Hard shot by Detson!

[He buries a boot into the gut, doubling up Dufresne before he drags him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He's going for the Wilde Driver!

[...but just as Detson countered his finish moments ago, Dufresne counters Detson by sweeping the legs out from under him, folding him into a jackknife pin!]

GM: CRADLE! ONE!!

[Dufresne slips his feet up on the second rope for extra leverage!]

GM: TWO!! THR-

[But Ricky Longfellow spots the feet on the ropes on the floor, moving to shove them off which allows Detson to escape. An angry Dufresne rises to his feet, shouting at Longfellow...

...and gets pulled into a schoolboy by Detson!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Detson hooks the tights for leverage, pulling hard...

...and gets caught by Longfellow who waves off the pin attempt!]

GM: No! Having a second referee out here continues to cause problems for both Detson AND Dufresne.

[It's Detson's turn to shout at the referee on the floor, threatening him as Longfellow mimics pulling the tights. Detson turns back towards Dufresne, catching a right hand in the gut. The Ladykiller pulls him into a front facelock...

...and Detson shoves him off into the ropes, bouncing him back...]

GM: OHHH! Double clothesline! Both men go down!

[The crowd is buzzing as Detson and Dufresne both hit the canvas hard off the double clothesline. The referee checks on both men, starting a double ten count.]

BW: Wait a second, Gordo. That moron Jagger is counting!

GM: He certainly is!

BW: If he reaches ten, what happens? Does NO ONE win the contract?

GM: That's never happened in Steal The Spotlight history but I suppose that would be the case, yes.

[It proves to be of no concern as both Detson and Dufresne have rolled to all fours by the count of five. After a moment, both push up to their knees and Dufresne climbs to his feet by seven, breaking the count...

...as he dips a hand into the front of his tights, slowly pulling a small metal chain into view of the fans but out of the view of both officials. Dufresne slowly wraps the chain around his fist, nodding as he starts to turn back towards the kneeling Detson!]

GM: He's got a chain on his hand! Dufresne's loaded up that fist and-

[He winds up, ready to drill Detson with it...

...and gets stopped by a shout from Ricky Longfellow who spots the chain on his hand. The shout alerts Johnny Jagger who grabs the arm, refusing to let Dufresne use the weapon. Jagger yanks the chain free, walking over to the ropes to hand it off to Longfellow...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And the double referee distraction is all Detson needs to throw a right hand of his own, cracking Dufresne upside the head, and knocking him flat!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: He's out! Detson knocked him out with a single punch!

[A smirking Detson backs off, revealing a black glove with silver studs all over it. He yanks it off, tucking it back into his tights where it presumably came from, lunging into a cover just as the referee turns around!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as Detson rolls off, his arms raised high in the air, a big grin splashed across his face.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... here is your winner of the 2014 Steal The Spotlight Showcase...

JOHNNNNNNNNNNYYYYYYY DEEEEEEEETSONNNNNNNN!

[The boos get louder as "Kashmir" begins to play over the PA system. Detson climbs to his feet, allowing the referee to raise his hand in triumph.]

GM: By hook or by crook, Johnny Detson is the sole survivor in this year's Steal The Spotlight. He has just earned himself the match of his choice any time in the next year.

[Detson nods at the jeering crowd, jerking both thumbs at himself, telling the world how great he is.]

GM: He was the odds-on favorite for many coming into this match and ultimately, he proved exactly why. Johnny Detson has just secured himself a contract to guarantee a match of his choosing - and you have to believe he plans to use that to attempt to become the World Heavyweight Champion, Bucky.

BW: No doubt that's what he's going to use it for... and if he uses that right hand we just saw, he'll be polishing up that World Title belt before you know it.

GM: The right hand?! He had a glove on! He had what I'd assume is a loaded glove on his hand judging on how Dufresne reacted to that punch!

BW: Hmm? Oh, no... that's just a protective glove to make sure his hand doesn't get injured from the impact of the blow. Juan Vasquez has got nothin' on Johnny Detson. The Right Cross is famous but Detson's right hand just took its first step towards becoming legendary, daddy!

GM: Give me a break. Fans, like it or not, Johnny Detson IS your winner of Steal The Spotlight and may have just cemented 2015 as his year. But earlier tonight, another man who is looking to make 2015 his year won that big Brass Ring Battle Royal - of course, I'm referring to "Diamond" Rob Driscoll. Mark Stegglet has just caught up with Mr. Driscoll to get his thoughts on his big debut win here at SuperClash! Mark?

[We crossfade back to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Thank you Gordon, I'm here at the interview station backstage here at historic Madison Square Garden, and with me right now is the man who won the Battle Royal that started off SuperClash VI, "Diamond" Rob Driscoll. And Rob, congratulations on your victory here tonight, and your entrance into the Brass Ring Tournament.

[A beaming Rob Driscoll walks into the shot, freshly showered and wearing a long sleeved button down white shirt, sleeves rolled up, and pressed black slacks. On his left arm is a shiny gold watch.]

RD: Thank you Mark, I'll tell ya what buddy, I'm in such a good mood that I'm gonna allow you the privilege of interviewing me.

MS: Well thanks, I-

[Driscoll interrupts, in full on rant mode.]

RD: I told ya all what a thrill it was to compete here in Madison Square Garden, but little did I know what it would feel like to have my name announced as the winner.

Y'see these, Mark-

[Driscoll shows his left forearm to the camera, pointing with his right hand.]

RD: These are goosebumps. Because I told ya I would, and then I did. I talked the talk, and I walked the walk all over Madison Square Garden, the mecca of our great sport. What a thrill it is to be The Man in the Garden. What a thrill it is to be a winner in the World's Most Famous Arena.

But mark my words, Stegglet, we've only just begin. Tonight is just a brick on the road I'm paving to the top. Win by win, match by match, the Crown Jewel of Wrestling is showing ya ALLL what it means to be at the top of your sport. And if Hercules Hammonds or Brent Maverick or anyone else has a problem with that, I'll fix it for ya. If there's a question, Rob Driscoll will answer it. The fuse has been lit here tonight in Madison Square Garden, and the whole world has taken notice.

MS: Is that so?

RD: Always trust a man with a Rolex, Stegglet, didn't your uncle teach ya anything?

[Driscoll digs into his pocket and produces a cell phone. He turns it on and shows it to Stegglet, and cackles as he does so.]

RD: Within hours of me putting out the call for a young lady to handle the Crown Jewel's personal matters, the mail has been flying in.

MS: The mail. Has been flying in? In less than a day?

RD: Welcome to the 2000s, chump, there's this thing called the internet. Lemme read off some of the tweets that the AWA has received in this past hour:

@taylorswift13: I've got more than a blank space for @RobDriscoll. Choose me!

@katyperry: First the Super Bowl, now @RobDriscoll. I'm in!

@monicalewinsky: I'll manage @RobDriscoll. You bring the champagne, I'll bringcigars! lol

[Mark Stegglet laughs.]

MS: We have a winner!

RD: Eww. No.

[Shudder.]

RD: But as you can see, the whole world is getting on board. Thousands more tweets and emails, supermodels and superstars by the hundreds are flooding the offices, looking to grab a hold of the Diamond in the Rough. Jennifer Lawrence, I'll get back to you. Scarlett Jo, you already know. Kat Dennings and Beth Behrs, Two Broke Girls couldn't manage one rich wrestler.

Only the best for Rob Driscoll, because riding shotgun with a one way ticket to the top ain't cheap. But keep sending the tweets, keep firing off those emails. Make sure they're safe for work so ol' Gordie Myers doesn't pop a blood vessel, and above all else, remember the time you spent talking with the Crown Jewel of Wrestling, because not everyone is so lucky.

Stegglet, the pleasure has been yours.

[A smirking Driscoll walks out of sight, leaving a slack-jawed Mark Stegglet behind as we fade back to ringside to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Thanks, Mark... and if you believe Rob Driscoll, he has certainly taken the world by storm over the past couple of hours.

BW: Rob Driscoll, in one fell swoop, has become the Hot Property here in the AWA! Everyone wants a piece of Diamond Rob, daddy... and who can blame 'em?

GM: Well, Rob Driscoll, by virtue of his Battle Royal victory, has earned himself a spot in next year's Brass Ring Tournament - some of the best competitors in the AWA, all looking for that big break - that opportunity to shatter the glass ceiling and move to the upper echelon of our sport. But that's just one of the big events coming your way in 2015, fans... let's take a look!

[We fade to a black screen with the throbbing drumline of "Future Rock" by The Muslims kicking in. A voiceover begins.]

"2014 has been one for the ages for the AWA - from our first trip to Japan..."

[A shot of the jam-packed Tokyo Dome fills the screen.]

"To our return to Los Angeles..."

[A still photo from the Battle Of Los Angeles.]

“And our debut in New York City...”

[A still from earlier in the show.]

“But 2015 promises to be even bigger!”

[The still photo swirls away, turning into a graphic that shows a photo of the Crockett Coliseum with the date “March 21st - Anniversary Show”]

“Dallas, Texas helps the AWA celebrate their anniversary featuring the conclusion of the Brass Ring Tournament!”

[The graphic swirls, spinning away to show the words “MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM” over a photo of Bourbon Street.]

“The AWA heads back to the bayou for the annual extravaganza known as Memorial Day Mayhem!”

[A swirling transition removes the MDM logo, returning with a graphic of the United States map.]

“As usual, the AWA hits the road for the summer, starting in New Orleans...”

[Random spots light up on the map. A sharp-eyed viewer might notice flashes of light in Atlanta, Philadelphia, and a few others before a red line stops at the West Coast...

...and then keeps on going.]

“After the roaring success of last year’s Rising Sun Showdown, the AWA is returning to Japan for Rising Sun Showdown 2 alongside our friends in Tiger Paw Pro!”

[The red line ends in Tokyo, Japan, splashing into the Japanese flag over the map. It pulsates a few times before the red line breaks off, going back the same way it came...

...and splashes down in Mexico.]

“Yes, for the very first time, the American Wrestling Alliance is headed down to Mexico for a special show alongside SouthWest Lucha Libre - LA COPA DE TRIOS!”

[The red line moves back up into the center of the United State, flashing faster and faster and faster...]

“And then one year from now... SuperClash VII... ”

[The red line shoots out in random directions, hitting several cities, bouncing all over the map...

...before coming to rest in Houston, Texas.]

"Houston, Texas! We're comin' for ya!"

[A shot of Minute Maid Park in Houston appears.]

"The AWA will look to shatter the Minute Maid Park and AWA attendance records for the biggest SuperClash to date!"

[The shot fades, showing the AWA logo.]

"2015 promises to be the biggest year yet for the American Wrestling Alliance! Be a part of it when it comes to your town!"

[We fade back to the cheering crowd in Madison Square Garden before fading to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Wow! You talk about your huge announcements, they just kept on coming right there, Bucky.

BW: Copa de Trios. Rising Sun Showdown 2. SuperClash at Minute Maid Park in front of 40,000 plus fans! Incredible! If you thought 2014 was nuts for the AWA, we're just gettin' started, daddy!

GM: Absolutely. Fans, we've had one heck of a night here already at SuperClash VI and we haven't even seen a single title defended yet. That, my friends, is about to change. For months - some might say years now - Shadoc Rage has pursued the World Television Title. Tonight, he gets his shot at it.

BW: But he only gets one, Gordo! One and only shot at Tony Sunn. If Sunn retains, Rage can never challenge him for the title again.

GM: But if Rage wins, Sunn can never challenge him again - there will be NO rematch.

BW: Rage HAS to win the title tonight. He'll never have a better chance at it. But he needs to keep his cool... he needs to stay focused... and he needs to figure out how to beat Sunn with only ten minutes to do it.

GM: As always, the World Television Title is contested with a ten minute time limit. Can Rage find a way to get it done or will Tony Sunn finally put this behind him and move on to his next challenger? We caught up with both men... let's find out what they're thinking moments before this huge encounter!

[We crossfade to the back to a shot of a blank wall, an AWA backdrop hanging from it.]

VO: A quiet man once said "Don't mistake my kindness for weakness..."

[Stepping into view is Tony Sunn. The 6'6" AWA World Television Champion nods at the camera, already dressed for a fight. He wears his silver, black

and white ringlet with matching wristbands and black boots. His hair is pulled back into a ponytail and the AWA Television title is strapped around his waist.]

TS: I don't rant and rave. I don't destroy everything my way. Hell, some dirt sheets even claim I'm too "easy-going"...

[Tony shakes his head, a small sigh escaping him all the while. And with it...concern? Disbelief? Bemusement? Maybe all three. Pursing his mouth, Sunn raises both of his arms to chest height and slowly clenches his hands into massive, hard fists. The veins in his biceps bulge tautly.]

TS: I know EXACTLY the damage I can inflict with these. Shattering glass and snapping wood, denting lockers...breaking bones.

[A grimace.]

TS: Every time I step into that ring I am acutely aware of what could happen if I ever -- willingly -- cross that line.

[Sunn's grimace only deepens.]

TS: It's not "losing control". It's a deliberate, depraved act! And I... I won't sink down to that level.

[Sunn grits his teeth, shaking his head again.]

TS: Maybe that's not the "cool" thing to say. Maybe it's not "good TV". Maybe it's "more fun" to just kick someone while they're down -- over and over again. Maybe it's not worth it to be kind...

...I refuse to accept that.

[Tony releases his hold on his fists and lets his arms drop back down to his sides. He fixes a cool gaze upon the camera.]

TS: I have no desire to destroy Shadoc Rage or to end his career -- but I will stop him from hurting anyone else! I will retain my AWA Television title! I'm no madman or monster...

[Sunn raises his chin and places his hands on his hips, flanking the gold belt around his waist.]

TS: ...I'm just the man who stands up against them.

[We fade away from the current champion...

...and back up to Sensational Shadoc Rage and Sweet Lou Blackwell. Rage is dressed in his ring gear: orange and blue-starred trunks, white boots emblazoned with the flag of Trinidad and orange knee pads. He is wrapped in a sleeveless leather robe in fuchsia leather with gold patches. He wears a blue bandana to tie down his locs. Rage is in constant motion. His body

twitching , hands flapping, chewing his lips, switching from foot to foot. And his eyes are on full blaze. Blackwell is nervous standing next to him. He keeps looking off to the side to make sure he has help if necessary. But he is a professional, so he does start off the interview, however reluctantly...]

LB: Shadoe Rage, tonight is the big night... your one shot at the AWA World Television championship held by Tony Sunn. He's in his home state. You've said New York is your spiritual home. What's going through your mind before what promises to be perhaps the biggest match of your career?

[Rage freezes for a moment, absorbing the question. He cocks an ear towards "Sweet" Lou Blackwell and then a slow smile spreads across his lips. He turns to Lou Blackwell, his broad back taking up most of the shot. He holds out one big right hand and Blackwell reluctantly gives up the microphone. A simple harsh stare from Rage cows Blackwell into staring at his shoes in silence.]

SR: (turning to face the camera) Sweet Lou Blackwell, I got a message. Yeah, a message from the Sensational One to Tony Sunn and his dad.

[Lou Blackwell looks up in surprise.]

SR: Yes, I said a message to Tony Sunn and his dad. I know what you're thinking, Sweet Lou Blackwell. You're thinking I'm out of my mind, right? You think I'm out of my mind. All of you people out there in Rage Country are thinking that I'm freaking out in my mind, right? Because Tony Sunn's dad is dead. Tony Sunn's dad is dead. He's out of here. He bought the farm. He's pushing up daisies. He ain't healthy, man!

[Blackwell's jaw drops in shock.]

LB: I can't believe you would say something like that! You-

SR: (interrupting as he stares down at Lou Blackwell, back to camera again) I'm not freaking out in my mind, man.

[Rage jabs his finger at Blackwell.]

SR: Tony Sunn talks about his dad so much that I expect him to referee this match.

[Rage faces the camera again.]

SR: Sunn, you're an embarrassment as a man, you're an embarrassment as a child, and you're an embarrassment as a champion. Think you got me fooled? No. You're not honoring your father's name by saying he's why you fight for what's right! No. I know what you're doing. Don't you have no pride? Don't you have no shame, Tony Sunn? Think about your dad, man. Think about your dad ... you know ... being dead. Think about your dad and let him rest in peace, man. Stop lying on his name, Tony Sunn!

[Rage nods to reinforce the point. Lou Blackwell's face is a mix of outright horror and a cry for help.]

SR: You think his name... his past... everything he stood for should be sullied by his swarthy opportunist son? Just so you can try to steal another match? Dennis Sunn is in his grave somewhere rolling over and over and over. He's probably up there in Heaven looking down on us right now and holding his head in embarrassment. Do you know Dennis Sunn is rolling over in his grave? Do you know why he's holding his head in embarrassment?

Because Tony Sunn, ever since you walked into AWA you've been nothing but a two-faced liar! Nothing but a swarthy opportunist, Tony Sunn! Nothing but a big disappointment! Yeah, you thought you made a name for yourself beating the fat man, Ricky Lane at Memorial Day Mayhem. But then there came a shining Angel, the Sensational Shadoo Rage and I showed you up. I outclassed your match and you couldn't stand it because you knew I passed you up for the Number One Contendership to the World Television Title. So you had to stick your nose into my business. You had to steal my spotlight at Memorial Day Mayhem, didn't you?

[Rage wipes his lips with the back of his hand.]

SR: And then you said you had to stand up to a rabid dog like me because that's what your father taught you. That's a lie, man. Your father didn't teach you that. You just saw a golden opportunity. You knew those southern hicks had turned against me and you just jumped on the bandwagon to try to get over on me. But you couldn't beat me one on one. So you got a crooked referee and snuck a count out. Big hero. Isn't he a big hero, Blackwell? Isn't he just a big hero, man?

LB: Now, wait just a minute!

SR: Yeah, big hero. A guy a father would be proud of, right? Right?

[Rage pulls a face of disgust, pulling his thick lips away from his teeth and rocking his head back on his neck.]

SR: Wrong, man. Dead wrong. He ain't a man like me. No. Tony Sunn only cares about what helps him. He's never stepped up when it counted! Wise Men? Didn't bother him until he could steal the Television Title from Detson in a match he couldn't prepare for! Can't hang with Rage at Battle of Los Angeles? No problem. Hit a defenseless woman and kidnap her! Never once looked for the people taken by the Walking Dead. Never stepped up to Supreme Wright or anybody else, except Dave Bryant when he leveraged himself a World Title shot.

"Sweet" Lou Blackwell, he just makes me sick. Makes me so mad I want to spit. I can't imagine what his father is feeling. Can't feel too good knowing he didn't produce a son like me... one of the greatest tag-team wrestlers of all-time who sent every dime home to his step mother to raise his brothers and sisters. A man who has a good woman ready to walk that aisle for him

and obey his every word! That's honor. That's respect! That's not a bunch of propaganda!

[Rage again violently shakes his head negatively.]

SR: Sweet Lou, my dad's been dead nearly 30 years. But I don't talk about my father for cheap applause! No, I don't. I don't need any sympathy. Sweet Lou, I can confidently say my father's up there looking down on me right now truly proud because I am a man. I am a man standing on my own two feet surviving, thriving and prospering in a business that finished him.

Nothing's ever been handed to me, Lou Blackwell. Nothing's ever been gifted to me. So I've earned everything that I've ever got and the people of New York know that. They used to watch me down the street and applaud me and jeer me but they knew I stood for something. Not like Tony Sunn. Madison Square Garden, I know you don't respect fakes. And Tony Sunn is the fakest one of all.

[Rage is psyching himself up. He paces in figure eights. His shoulders jump and twitch.]

SR: So out there in front of the people of New York, the citizens of Rage Country... all my Rageoholics I'm going to prove to that swarthy opportunist, that tawny kidnapper, that yellow-bellied coward that I am the world's greatest athlete and the future of the World Television Championship.

You're coming up against the Sensational One for the third time... this one for all the marbles. And once again you've got a scam going. The Championship Committee is only giving me one shot. You can get disqualified. You can get counted out. And I don't get anything ever again as long as you hold that belt. Don't you have any pride, man? Don't you have any manhood, Tony? Think about your dad, man, being dead and all. Think about the name he gave you! This is what you turn it into?

[Blackwell feels that Rage has crossed the line and steps up, putting his hand on the microphone.]

LB: This is tasteless!

[Rage regards him as less than an insect. He stares at the hand on the microphone and gathers himself.]

SR: Tasteless? I'm telling the truth here! Tony Sunn is running scared. All this time he's had the belt and who has he wrestled? Who has he beaten?

LB: You!

SR: (wheeling on Blackwell) HE DIDN'T HAVE THE TITLE THEN! AND HE CHEATED TO WIN! He hasn't beaten me since. He hasn't beaten anybody when it mattered. But I've beaten him.

[He wheels back to the camera.]

SR: I'm going to take it two in a row! Tony Sunn, we're down to sudden death. This one is for all the marbles. And I know you, you're going to talk about me being a rabid dog. You're going to call on your dead father. You're going to pretend to be some big hero but listen to something, Tony Sunn. Look up into heaven right now.

[Rage lifts his face to the heavens.]

SR: Dennis Sunn, I know you're looking down on me right now. I know you're seeing me shine! I know my dad's probably right there next you and you're saying to my dad: "I wish I had a boy like him." Well, I wish you did, too! I wish you did, too! I wish you did, too.

LB: This is outrageous! Just stop it, will you? Just stop it!

[Rage turns towards Lou Blackwell and extends his arm, dropping the mic before he strides out of the shot. Lou has to bend to pick up the mic.]

LB: (aghast) What a classless piece of... (shaking his head in shock)... back to ringside. I can't believe the nerve of that man....

[We fade back down to ringside where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and it is for the AWA WORLD TELEVISION TITLE!

[Big cheer!]

PW: This is the one and only showdown between these two competitors for the title. The loser may not challenge the winner for the title again!

[The crowd cheers again.]

PW: Introducing first, he is the challenger... he weighs in at 238 pounds... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada...

[Watson does a slight doubletake at his cards, shaking his head.]

PW: ...and is accompanied to the ring by Coney Island's native daughter, Marissa Monet...

[There are some cheers for the mention of a hometown girl.]

PW: SHAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The distinctive strangled rasp of Shadoe Rage's voice echoes over the PA system.]

"CITIZENS OF RAGE COUNTRY... SHADOE RAGE IS HERE!"

[Irene Cara's "Fame" plays over the PA system as the train doors open at the entrance. Shadoe Rage sweeps out first. He has his arms thrown out wide and his back to the entrance so that everybody can take a good look at his fuchsia patina-painted leather cape. Gold leather stars are sewn onto the back of the cape.

Rage backs a few feet towards the entrance ramp, pausing again as pink and yellow pyro go off around him. As the short bursts of pink and yellow pyrotechnics explode, Rage spins to face the camera. He keeps his arms held out so he can show the crowd the his orange trunks with blue stars, orange knee pads and white boots emblazoned with the flag of Trinidad. There are a sprinkling of cheers for the New York color scheme. In the distance, a small section of fans wave the Trinidadian flag. Rage has a live mic in his right hand. Something he has for a reason.]

SR: New York, stand up! SuperClash is in Madison Square Gardens and your King has come back to save you from the embarrassment that is Tony Sunn.

[Amidst the boos, there's a sprinkling of cheers for Rage due to his connections to New York.]

SR: It's good to be back in New York. We've had a lot of good times in this part of Rage Country and we're going to have one more good one tonight. New York, it doesn't matter that the Knicks are looking like fool's gold. It doesn't matter that hockey is irrelevant. It doesn't matter that the Jets and the Giants are useless. The Brooklyn Nets are capped out and the Yankees have gone nowhere again. You have a winner in me!

Now Marissa Monet, get out here and pave my way to the ring!

[The crowd is grumbly with Rage for attacking their sports teams but there are a few cheers as Marissa Monet emerges onto the stage. She is wearing a Shadoe Rage T-shirt and jeans. Her afro is pulled back into a bun. Rage has forced her into flat shoes again. She walks with her head down. She carries a cup. Rage gets into her face, pointing and gesturing.]

SR: I SAID PAVE MY WAY! DO IT! DO IT NOW!

[To emphasize his point, Rage slaps her on her backside. Reluctantly, Marissa starts shaking the contents of the cup out as she walks. Bits of red paper fall in her wake, creating a little carpet for Rage to approach the ring. The boos come heavily from the New York crowd as they see how Rage is treating the Coney Island native.]

SR: Stop it! Marissa knows her role and so should all of you. Shut up and be prepared to witness a winner inside the Garden for a change.

[Halfway down the aisle, he shrugs off his cape.]

SR: Shout outs to my family! I see you in the crowd, 'dusa! I see you baby Lauryn. I see you, Lady D! See you, 'diva. I see all of you. We did it! Back in MSG and it feels so good.

[Instead of entering the ring, Rage simply squares off facing the entrance way. He drops into an athletic stance.]

SR: Now bring me Tony Sunn so I can knock off his head! AGAIN!

[Rage's music fades as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

["We Hold On" by Rush starts playing over the loudspeakers to a good-sized reaction from the New York crowd.]

PW: From Ithaca, New York...

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

PW: Weighing in at 287 pounds... he is the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

TOOOOOOOOOOOOONYYYYY SUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!

[The New York powerhouse strides through the subway doors in a cloud of smoke, hoisting the title belt over his head and giving off a confident shout to the MSG fans. He takes a few steps out, grabbing the belt with both hands and hoisting it as high as he can, silver and gold sparklers bursting from either side of the stage, forming a corridor for him as he walks down the ramp to the floor, slapping the hands of the ringside fans, keeping his eyes on the ring.]

GM: Tony Sunn won the World Television Title back on August 22nd against the new Steal The Spotlight contract holder Johnny Detson. He's defended the belt with pride and honor since then but this will be, no doubt, his toughest challenge to date.

BW: Absolutely. Shadoe Rage is determined - borderline obsessed, Gordo. You have to wonder... is there ANYTHING that Shadoe Rage wouldn't do to win that title?

GM: I don't believe there is, Bucky. I think he'll- here he comes!

[Rage comes barreling down the aisle, charging towards Sunn who is up against the railing, sharing a hug with a young fan...

...and Rage nails him from behind with a double axehandle to the back of the head, knocking Sunn's torso over the railing.]

GM: Rage attacks before the bell!

[The wild-eyed man from Rage Country clubs Sunn across the broad back, pummeling him with sloppy forearms as the crowd jeers loudly.]

GM: Rage is all over him!

BW: This is brilliant, Gordo! Davis Warren is inside the ring, ready to start the match, but he's not going to call for the bell until these guys get inside the ring. We've all wondered if Rage would be able to get Sunn weakened enough to finish him off in ten minutes - well, Rage just bought himself some extra time!

[Grabbing Sunn by the ponytail, Rage wheels him around...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and HURLS Sunn bodily into the barricade, the big man's body coming off the floor as he hits the steel!]

GM: Good grief!

[With Sunn down on the floor, Rage switches his attack, going after the big man's knees with stomps and kicks.]

GM: Shadoo Rage, the challenger, with a brutal assault from the get-go here, going after the knee.

BW: Which is another brilliant move. Sunn's biggest weakness against Rage is his lack of speed. Rage is a blur of motion in there and Sunn is barely more mobile than a boulder. It's the classic case of The Tortoise And The Hare and the Hare just decided to break The Tortoise's leg.

[He grabs the prone Sunn by the foot, swinging the leg back...

...and then swinging it forward, slamming the knee into the steel!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage nods his head at the jeering crowd, spreading his arms wide. A nearby Tony Sunn fan gives a shout of, "BITE ME, RAGE!" - an offer than Rage seems ready to take him up on, taking a lunge over the barricade as the fan backpedals quickly.]

GM: Goodness. Shadoo Rage is out of control out there!

[Rage stomps the knee a couple of times, planting it on the exposed concrete floor before he steps up on the top of the barricade, giving himself some lift as he throws his body in the air, coming down kneefirst on Sunn's leg!]

GM: Good grief!

[Sunn howls in pain as Rage backs off, spreading his arms wide, going into a full spin for the jeering fans. He jerks a thumb at himself, snatching Sunn's TV Title belt off the mat, holding it over his head to even louder jeers.]

GM: That title is not yours, Shadoo Rage!

BW: Not yet, maybe... but if he keeps this up, it may be just a matter of time, Gordo.

[Rage throws the title aside, dragging Sunn up by the hair, dragging the limping champion towards the ring, chucking him under the ropes. Rage pulls himself up on the apron, pointing to the corner where he quickly scales the turnbuckles as Davis Warren shouts at him to get down.]

GM: Rage is up top! The match hasn't even started yet!

[The challenger springs off the top, throwing his weight down on Sunn's leg as the champion tries to pull it out of the way. Referee Davis Warren looks concerned for Sunn who is trying to get some distance from Rage before Rage grabs his ponytail, pasting him with a series of right hands!]

GM: Rage is hammering him down... and the referee just called for the bell!

BW: The match is legal now, daddy! Finish him off, Rage!

[As the referee's count hits four, Rage breaks off his attack, dragging Sunn back to his feet again, sending him crashing into the buckles with a short Irish whip, charging in after him to connect with a running back elbow!]

GM: Ohh! That'll stun the champion!

[Rage backs off, throwing a stinging left jab... then a right... then a left... then a right. He grabs the arm again, looking for another whip...]

GM: Irish whip across... no!

[He gets Sunn away from the corner before spinning back, using another short whip to provide a sharp impact to the spine!]

GM: The challenger has got the champion in the corner...

[Rage steps up to the second rope with a "LEMME HEAR YA, NEW YORK!" that draws mostly jeers as he starts to rain down blows from the top.]

GM: Big right hands! Rage is... what a maniac! He's looking out at these fans like he's expecting them to count along with him!

["It goes "TWO...THREE...FOUR", you morons!" is the exact words out of his mouth before Sunn reaches up...

...and shoves him off the ropes, sending him crashing down on his back where he backflips over onto his stomach to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Sunn's fighting back and that tremendous power of his just might be the great equalizer that he needs to overcome that sneak attack before the bell!

[Rage scrambles up, charging back in towards Sunn who leans back, lifting a boot that catches Rage flush under the chin!]

GM: Ohh! Big counter by Sunn!

[A dazed Rage rushes right back in towards Sunn who pushes off the buckles, connecting with an impactful clothesline that flattens the challenger!]

GM: Oh my! Sunn just dropped him with that big ol' clothesline!

BW: The man is built like something chiseled out of stone, Gordo. Shadoe Rage needs to keep moving, stick and move... stick and move.

[Sunn winces at the weight on his knee, looking to cover as Rage rolls out to the floor, grabbing the back of his head and grimacing.]

GM: Rage bails out... he wants no part of Tony Sunn when he's on his feet, using that power to his advantage.

[Sunn slowly gets up off the mat, hobbling towards the ropes where he angrily shouts for Rage to get back in. The challenger is pacing around the ringside area, soaking up the jeers of the fans as he considers his next move.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is wasting valuable time here if you ask me. Ten minutes on the clock... check that, we're under nine minutes now. If this match goes to a draw - if it reaches the time limit - Shadoe Rage will never get another shot at the title as long as Tony Sunn is the champion.

[As the referee's count hits seven, Rage scampers up onto the apron, angrily pointing at Sunn, shouting at him to "GET BACK!" as he leaps through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Both men inside the ring now - on equal footing for the first time in this encounter.

[Rage slowly edges out to the center of the ring, lunging into a collar and elbow. Sunn easily pushes Rage backwards, shoving him back against the ropes where the referee calls for a break. The champion breaks before a count can even start, hammering a forearm down across Rage's sternum to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Tony Sunn perhaps showing a little more aggression after that sneak attack by Rage. It may have just made him angry, Bucky.

BW: I'm sure it did but we've yet to see what angry Tony Sunn does. Does it make him better? Does it make him lose control and focus? That might be part of Shadoe Rage's gameplan.

[Grabbing an arm, Sunn shoots Rage into the ropes where he rebounds back...

...and gets shoved up into the air, flying high as Sunn backs off and watches Rage CRASH chestfirst down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! Sunn sent him higher than Michael Jordan ever soared in this building!

BW: You DO know that Jordan didn't play for the Knicks, right?

GM: Of course.

[Rage again rolls from the ring, angrily slamming his arms down on the ring apron, spinning away to shout at the ringside fans giving him a hard time.]

GM: We're under eight minutes remaining in this match as Rage is again wasting time out on the floor.

[Sunn stands in the middle, waving for Rage to join him. The unpredictable Rage is all over the ringside area, pacing back and forth, trying to regroup before he pulls himself back up on the apron, leaping through the ropes.]

GM: Right back in though. He knows he doesn't have time to waste.

[Rage lunges for a collar and elbow that turns out to be a feint as he takes advantage of a slowed-down Sunn, ducking under with a right hand to the gut as he ends up behind him, throwing a dropkick to the back of the knee, knocking Sunn down to a knee.]

GM: Wow! Blinding speed on display by Shadoe Rage!

[The challenger nods at his handiwork, using the ponytail to jerk Sunn's head back before driving an overhead elbow down between the eyes, causing Sunn to slump forward and down on the mat.]

BW: Shadoe Rage is going to use everything in his arsenal to try and capture the World Television Title here tonight. Knees, elbows, sneak attacks, submission holds. Whatever it takes.

GM: But will it be enough to put the New Yorker down for a three count in front of his home state fans?

[Rage uses the toe of his boot to flip Sunn onto his back, stomping his sternum three times before leaping up, driving his knee down into the chest!]

GM: Oh! High elevation on the leaping kneedrop!

[Rage flattens out into a lateral press, shouting "COUNNNT!" at the referee.]

GM: One! Two!

[Sunn powers out, pressing Rage off of him, throwing him up into the air and sending him crashing down to the canvas to a big cheer!]

GM: Oh my! Look at the power out of Tony Sunn!

[Rage scrambles back to his feet, diving at Sunn and crashing a double axehandle over his skull, knocking him back to the canvas.]

GM: Rage knocks him flat - right back up...

[The crowd jeers as Rage drops an elbow down to the chest... and again... and again... and again...]

BW: He's gonna put the TV Champion THROUGH the mat, daddy!

GM: Elbow after elbow rain down on the World Television Champion... up to six... seven... eight...

[Rage drops a ninth, climbing back to his feet. He plants a foot on the chest of Sunn, waving for the crowd's reaction with his arms stretched out in a T.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Sunn shoves the foot off his chest, breaking the pin. A fuming Rage leaps high into the air, dropping a tenth and final elbow down into the heart of the champion!]

GM: Rage with another elbow and another cover! He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

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

GM: Two count only! Fans, we're closing in on the five minute mark - getting very close to the halfway mark in the time limit for this World Television Title match!

[Rage climbs back to his feet, looking around manically as he stomps around the ring. He shouts at Marissa Monet, pointing her back into his corner. He turns back towards a rising Tony Sunn, grabbing a handful of hair, rushing towards the ropes...

...and leaps over the top, snapping Sunn's throat down on the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Sunn bounces back, falling to the canvas as Rage scrambles back up on the apron, heading to the corner, climbing the turnbuckles swiftly. He reaches the top, raising both arms over his head as a coughing Sunn tries to get up off the canvas...]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[The double axehandle comes sailing down off the top rope...

...where Tony Sunn catches Rage, wrapping his powerful arms around his torso, causing Rage to cry out in pain!]

GM: BEARHUG! SUNN CAUGHT HIM IN A BEARHUG!

BW: And with those powerful arms, he just might be able to do something with this hold we just don't see too often anymore!

[Sunn flexes his powerful limbs, ragdolling Shadoo Rage back and forth as the referee steps in, checking for a submission but getting none as Rage defiantly shakes his head!]

GM: Rage is hanging on! He's refusing to give in to the bearhug!

BW: He's risking broken ribs though, Gordo! Tony Sunn's power could crack his ribs in an instant!

[As Sunn lets up a bit, Rage gets his feet underneath him on the canvas...

...and digs his fingers into the eyes, gouging hard!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: That'll break the hold!

[Sunn staggers away, rubbing at his eyes to try and clear out the temporary blindness. Rage falls back, grabbing at his ribs before charging back in...

...and Sunn is ready, lifting Rage skyward under the armpits, twisting his body...]

GM: UP!

[...and sits out in a devastating powerbomb!]

GM: DOWN!

[Sunn hangs on to the legs, waiting as the referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Rage's shoulder comes sailing off the mat, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: He couldn't get him! Tony Sunn thought he had it there with that impactful slam but it wasn't enough to keep the challenger down for a three count!

BW: How much time is left, Gordo?

[There's a pause as Gordon consults with the timekeeper.]

GM: There's a hair over four minutes left, Bucky.

BW: Does Rage know that? Does Sunn?

GM: Tony Sunn is back on his feet... and he is indeed checking with the referee, trying to get a time.

[Sunn nods to Davis Warren as he moves in on Rage, dragging him off the canvas by the arm and then using the same arm to fire Rage into the closest set of turnbuckles.]

GM: Ohh! Rage hits the corner hard!

[The challenger staggers out towards Sunn who ducks down, lifting Rage into the air over his head... and then pressing his arms up to full extension!]

GM: GORILLA PRESS!

[Sunn holds him high, striding across the ring with him...]

GM: Sunn's got him up! He may be setting up for that High Noon spinebuster!

[He strides out to the center of the ring, ready to put Rage down for the count...

...when Rage again digs his fingers into the eyes, raking hard!]

GM: To the eyes again goes the challenger!

[Dropping down behind Sunn, Rage throws himself into the ropes, building speed...

...and DRIVES his shoulder into the back of Sunn's knee!]

GM: OHH! CHOPBLOCK!

[Sunn crumples to his knees where Rage grabs two hands full of hair, slamming him facefirst to the mat!]

GM: Down into the mat - and another cover! ONE!! TWO!!

[But Sunn again kicks out, powering out of the pin attempt.]

GM: Still not enough to keep the champion down! Fans, we are just moments away from having three minutes left in this time limit as the challenger scrambles back to his feet, shouting at the official.

[Rage backs Davis Warren into the corner, sticking three fingers into his face.]

GM: The challenger's right up in his face!

BW: There's no time for that!

[The voice of Phil Watson fills the air.]

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

[Rage suddenly grabs at his hair, tearing a chunk from his own scalp as he turns frantically around, pointing at Sunn who is climbing back to his feet. He rushes at him from behind, leaping up to plant his knee between the shoulderblades, sending Sunn toppling through the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: Tony Sunn takes a hard fall down to the floor and-

BW: He's not safe out there, Gordo!

GM: He certainly isn't!

[Rage shouts at the referee, ordering him aside as he steps up to the second rope, climbing to the top, arms raised over his head!]

GM: Rage is up top! He's poised to strike!

[The challenger waits for Sunn to rise slowly off the floor, leaping off, and crashing down with a double axehandle across the skull, knocking Sunn back down to the ringside mats!]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE CONNECTS!

[Rage wastes no time, dragging the muscular Sunn back off the canvas, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. He pulls himself back on the apron, running down the length of it and climbing the ropes in a full-on run. He hits the top, arms raised over his head again...]

GM: ANGEL OF DEATH DROP!

[...and comes soaring off the top, arm cranked back, plummeting down towards a prone World Television Champion!]

BW: ELBOW!

[The elbow SLAMS violently into the chest of Tony Sunn, causing his entire body to convulse from the impact. Rage throws his arms apart, shouting that it's over as he dives into a cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The referee suddenly breaks the count, standing up and pointing at Sunn's foot draped over the bottom rope...]

...very close to where Marissa Monet is standing.]

GM: Sunn got a foot on the rope!

BW: He GOT one there or Marissa Monet PUT it there?!

GM: I didn't see that and obviously you didn't either!

[But Shadoe Rage seems to have the same question as he climbs up off the mat, pointing an accusing finger at Monet who shakes her head, denying the accusation.]

GM: She's saying no! She's saying she didn't do it!

BW: Of course she is! What else is she supposed to say?! In my book, she either put the foot on the rope or was standing close enough to knock the foot off the rope and did nothing! To someone like Shadoe Rage, that's a betrayal either way you slice it, daddy!

[Rage angrily steps closer to the ropes, leaning over, shouting at Monet. He grabs the top rope with both hands, slingshotting over the top to land on his feet in front of her. She reflexively takes two steps back as he raises his hand, placing her chin on his fist as he tilts her head back, screaming at her as he tries to get to look him in the eyes.]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for this!

BW: Even if she cost him the World Television Title?

GM: That hasn't happened...

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: ...yet! Shadoe Rage has two minutes left to try and win this thing.

[A wild-eyed Rage threatens Monet with a "I'll deal with you later!" as he pulls himself back up on the apron, heading towards the corner again.]

BW: He's gonna do it again!

GM: This will REALLY finish off Tony Sunn if he hits it again!

[The maniacal challenger scales to the second rope, turning slightly to shout at the vocal fans at ringside cheering on the World Television Champion...

...and that delay is enough for Tony Sunn to push up off the canvas, hobbling across the ring towards Rage.]

GM: Sunn is up! He's up and-

[A BIG right hand catches Rage flush, pausing his ascent. A second one stuns him as Sunn reaches up, hooking Rage...

...and deadlifts him off the top into a gorilla press, walking out from the corner, holding him high...]

GM: Sunn's got him up! He's got him pressed! He's-

[Sunn swings Rage around, sitting out in a massive spinebuster slam!]

GM: HIGH NOON! HIGH NOON CONNECTS!

[Sunn shoves the legs aside, rolling into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: MONET! MONET PULLED OUT SUNN!

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[An irate Tony Sunn glares at Marissa Monet on the floor, Monet nearly in tears as she apologizes to him.]

GM: Marissa Monet is- after what Tony Sunn did for her this summer! He took a countout loss so he could take her back to the locker room after she was hurt at ringside!

BW: She's standing by her man!

GM: Give me a break, Bucky!

[The World Television Champion shakes his head, pulling himself back up on the apron...]

GM: Rage is still down and-

"ONE MINUTE REMAINS! SIXTY SECONDS!"

GM: Sixty seconds left! Shadoe Rage is running out of time! He's running out of his opportunity to become the World Television Champion! Tony Sunn heard the time... and he's going up top!

BW: What a boneheaded move this is, Gordo! He heard the time, you're right. He's got sixty seconds left and he'll never have to deal with Rage again. Why wouldn't you milk the clock? Lock in a chinlock? Something other than what he's doing!

GM: Tony Sunn is six foot six and almost three hundred pounds and he's climbing to the top rope! Incredible!

[The slow-moving Sunn steps up to the middle rope, pumping his arms back and forth and getting the crowd on their feet as he places a foot up top.]

GM: What is he...?

[Sunn steps up, steadying himself as his hurting knee buckles for a moment...

...and HURLS himself off the top, swan-diving through the air with a flying headbutt!]

GM: SUNNDOWN!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[And his head SLAMS into the canvas, bouncing off from the impact!]

GM: OHHH! HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE HEADBUTT!

"THIRTY SECONDS!"

[Rage pushes up off the mat, shaking his head wildly to clear the cobwebs. He watches as Sunn pushes up to all fours. Rage crouches low, measuring the man...

...and comes blitzing out of the corner, taking aim, and DRIVING his knee right into the temple of the on-all-fours Sunn!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[Sunn flips over motionless from the impact as Rage spins back towards him, diving across and hooking both legs as tightly as he can manage.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! WE'VE GOT A NEW CHAMPION!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Rage pops up, looking on in disbelief as the referee holds up three fingers. He runs his hands through his hair, pulling at it as he stares at Phil Watson, waiting for the official word.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... your winner of the match...

[Dramatic pause.]

PW: ...and NEW AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

[Rage doesn't even wait to hear his name, jumping into the air, throwing his arms high as he slumps back down to his knees, putting his forehead down on the canvas.]

PW: SHAAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The referee walks over to the kneeling Rage, lifting an arm into the air. Rage has a grin from ear-to-ear as he pulls himself up off the mat...

...and snatches the title belt away from Davis Warren, hugging it tightly to his chest.]

GM: He's done it! After all this time of hunting and chasing, Shadoe Rage is your new AWA World Television Champion.

[Marissa Monet slowly climbs the ringsteps, ducking through and lightly applauding to join the celebration. Rage thrusts the title belt into the air, shouting "I TOLD YOU! I TOLD YOU ALL! I TOLD THE WORLD!" before clutching the belt to his chest again and we fade down to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Wow. The first title match of the night and the first title change of the night. Remember, fans... two more title matches to come later tonight. First, we'll see the Winner Takes All tag team showdown pitting Air Strike against Violence Unlimited with ALL the gold on the line... and then of course, in the night's Main Event, it'll be Supreme Wright defending the AWA World Heavyweight Title against Ryan Martinez. But that's not all we've got for you. We're just beyond the halfway mark in this show and we've still got five big matches to come as well as some big announcements that you do not want to miss! Right now, let's go backstage to someone who already is a winner here tonight!

[We go to backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands in front of the AWA backdrop.]

LB: All right, fans, what a night it has been thus far here in The Big Apple, and there's already talk about what will be going down at the next big AWA supercard! I've got a few hot scoops about what to expect, and you can find out more by calling the hotline at 1-900-505-5500! Kids, be sure to get your parents' permission before you call!

[Lou trails off as The Gladiator walks into the camera shot. Gladiator is still dressed in his wrestling attire and...]

G: Aaarrggghhh aaarrggghhh aaarrggghhh...

[...he's doing that. He walks in front of Lou, then turns in the other direction and walks behind Lou, where he starts pacing around back and forth.]

LB: And hold on, fans... The Gladiator has come onto the interview set... if I could just a quick word with you, Gladiator.

[Gladiator turns to look at Lou, still pacing a bit but never taking his eyes off him.]

LB: Tonight, you answered the open challenge of Frankie Farelli, and... how might one say... you made one cut and took it to the end zone! What, may I ask, prompted you to respond to Farelli's challenge?

[Gladiator stops pacing and raises a finger... and his voice.]

G: LOU BLACKWELL, YOU SPEAK IN METAPHORS THAT DO NOT HOLD MEANING TO THE GLADIATOR, BUT I CAN STILL TELL YOU ARE AN INTELLIGENT MAN! SURELY YOU KNOW OF THE MANY IN THESE LANDS WHO HAVE SACRIFICED MUCH TO ACHIEVE THEIR DESTINIES, AND THE STRUGGLES THEY HAD TO GO THROUGH, WHERE THEY DID NOT EXPECT TO BE REVERED FOR WHAT THEY HAD ACCOMPLISHED IN LANDS ELSEWHERE!

LB: Well, I guess that's one way to paint a picture... but what, may I ask, does this have to do with Frankie Farelli?

[Gladiator lowers his voice a bit... maybe Lou has a calming effect on him.]

G: Mercury brought the message from Juno and Jupiter, reminding me of the many times that I would start at the bottom of the mountain, pushing the boulder up to the top, going inch by inch...

[As he says this, he makes motions with his hands, as if he were pushing a boulder right now.]

G: ...until I reached the top of the mountain! And as much as the pain rushed through my veins and the sweat poured down my skin, I still knew that this journey up the mountain would only make me stronger! But as I made my way to the top of one mountain, I knew I could not simply leap from peak to peak, but had to start at the foot of each mountain and work my way back up!

[He then turns to the camera, and his voice rises again.]

G: YOU, FRANKIE FARELLI, INSISTED THAT BECAUSE YOU CLIMBED MOUNTAINS IN CERTAIN LANDS, THAT IT ENTITLED YOU TO LEAP RIGHT TO THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAINS IN THESE LANDS, INSTEAD OF STARTING ANEW! JUPITER AND JUNO SUMMONED ME TO RIGHT THE WRONGS YOU COMMITTED AGAINST THE MANY WHO HAVE MADE THE NECESSARY SACRIFICES, AND SEE TO IT THAT YOU START AGAIN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MOUNTAIN WHERE YOU WILL PUSH THE BOULDER UP, OR STAGNATE ALONGSIDE THE SCOUNDRELS TO REFUSE TO EVEN ATTEMPT THE JOURNEY!

[He growls as Lou Blackwell chimes in.]

LB: Well, it was certainly a big win for you tonight, although some might say an unexpected one... so what could possibly be next for you, Gladiator?

[Gladiator then raises his finger... and his voice as well.]

G: ONLY JUPITER AND JUNO KNOW WHAT SHALL BE NEXT FOR ME, AND I SHALL PUT MY TRUST IN THEM AS I HAVE DONE THESE MANY WEEKS UPON ENTERING THESE FABLED LANDS! BUT ONCE I KNOW OF THOSE QUESTS, THEN MY GLADIATORS WILL FOLLOW ME AS THEY HAVE DONE THUS FAR! AND YOU, LOU BLACKWELL, CAN THEN GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN AND OVER THE HILLS THAT NO MATTER WHAT MAY STAND IN OUR PATH, THAT THERE SHALL BE ONE MAN STANDING VICTORIOUS...

[He then looks skyward and raises his arms.]

G: THE GLAAAADDDDDIIIIIAAAATOOOORRRR!

[That final "r" continues to hang as Gladiator storms off the set.]

LB: All right, fans, later tonight, Ryan Martinez will challenge for the World Heavyweight Title but yesterday, he was several miles down the road doing a favor for some friends. Our cameras went with him so let's take a look!

[The camera opens with a close-up of a flyer on a street post. The flyer reads "Pro Wrestling Clinic with "The Strangler" Karl O'Connor and guests Ryan Martinez and "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor. Twelve noon, November 27". Through an open door, the paint on the door beginning to crack and peel, the camera travels.

Inside, we hear the sounds of a young man grunting, and as the camera travels past a gathering of about two dozen young men, all sitting on folding chairs, we see, in the ring, Bobby O'Connor giving a hip toss to a young no more than eighteen years of age. The moment the prospective wrestler gets up, the third man in the ring, Ryan Martinez, charges him, turning him inside out with a hard clothesline, leading to a collective gasp of pain from the sympathetic audience. Both Martinez and O'Connor pause, extending their hands. But the young man waves them off, and through sheer force of will, gets back to his feet on his own power.]

RM: That right there...

[Both Martinez and O'Connor turn to the students.]

RM: That's the key. All of us get knocked down. You don't become a wrestler because you're looking to live the easy life. You will get knocked down. You will get hurt. That's inevitable. But if you have what it takes, and if you truly want this?

[Martinez turns to O'Connor.]

BOC: You WILL get back up. There's no other choice. If you think I've never wanted and needed a break, you've got another thing coming. If you want this to be your life, getting up everytime you get knocked down has to be as natural to you as breathing.

RM: All of you are getting something valuable today. And it's not getting put on your butt by me or Bobby. Every single one of you is getting something I wish I'd gotten when I was where you are right now.

You're getting to hear the words of Karl O'Connor.

[Martinez turns his head to the legendary Strangler, and then bends at the waist, bowing to the man.]

RM: Nothing you learn. No move, no technique, nothing is going to ever equal just being able to hear what he has to say. This man here has been everywhere and done everything. You want my advice? Keep your mouths shut and your ears open. And ten years from now, when you're at the top of the mountain, you'll be thankful you did. Because what he has to say is what will get you there.

But don't take my word for it. Listen to the man who learned at his feet.

[Martinez turns to Bobby, nodding his head.]

BOC: As Ryan said, I've been very lucky. Ever since I was a kid, my grandfather and my father were my idols. But then something changed.

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: I actually threw my hat into the ring. The wrestling ring. It was then I REALLY realized how much respect this man deserves, and how much he had to teach me. Today all of you have that same chance, as you've already gotten to sit at the foot of his learning tree. Part of what me and Ryan appreciate most about making a name in this sport is the ability to give something back, but this man is STILL giving something back all these decades after ended his career in the ring. That kind of dedication to the sport of professional wrestling is something that you all should remember from this day forward.

[Karl smiles and nods, entering the ring and walking over to Bobby and Ryan. He slaps a hand on his grandson's shoulder as he addresses his class.]

KOC: I think you all have plenty to think about now... so it's time to get your butts in gear and put it to some good use. Pair off and start running those drills I showed you earlier.

[Karl exits the ring, followed by Bobby and Ryan as two new students enter and ready themselves to run through the drills that the Strangler taught them. The three walk off, settling near a heavy bag as Karl shakes hands with Ryan.]

KOC: Thank you boys, really. It's one thing for them to hear it from an old goat like me... but when it comes from a couple of young guys at the height of their career it always hits home a lot harder. And they'll need it, if they're every going to make it to the dance.

RM: Oh no, thank YOU Karl.

BOC: Yeah Grandpa, I think it's good just to get away for a couple days from the wear and tear of the everyday grind.

KOC: That brings up the other reason I asked you guys to appear today.

[Bobby nods, as if he knows where this is going as Ryan looks at the two O'Connors with mild confusion.]

KOC: Ryan, I've been in your shoes before. In my day, the sport wasn't even close to the dizzying heights it is now... but I can still relate to the huge weight that must be on your shoulders. I have been in the big match before, many times. I've felt the pressure to excel in that spot from the fans, from my friends...

[Karl grins at his grandson.]

KOC: ... but most of all, the pressure I put on MYSELF to succeed. And I wanted the chance to talk to you about it here... far from the screaming fans, far from the locker room. I wanted to talk to you as a former competitor, but also as someone who not long ago was at the top of that company myself. When I took that position, I promised I wouldn't show any preferential treatment to Bobby here. Promised myself, but even moreso had to promise this kid here as he insisted on being his own man.

[Bobby shrugs, grinning a bit bashfully.]

KOC: And I did... but I would be lying if I didn't say it filled me with pride to see the two of you become friends. Not just because you two were born into this business, but because you both BELONG in that ring.

[Karl points to the ring off in the distance.]

KOC: In this sport, you can get a look based on a last name or a friendship... but once you get that look, you need to have the skills to get the job done. And you've got that in spades. So to know that my blood had the good sense to stand side by side with the likes of you?

[Karl nods.]

KOC: It's important, it could mean the difference when the chips are down. Not just when you're outnumbered, but just to know in here...

[Karl taps his forehead.]

KOC: Exactly what you're fighting for... beyond the belt, beyond the winner's share of the purse and beyond the fans... to know what's truly important.

[Ryan nods, the legendary Strangler's words clearly having a big impact on him.]

KOC: And speaking of that, there's someone else that meant a lot to me during my time in that office. I know there's some friction... but I invited him here today as well.

[Karl walks over and knocks on a door marked "OFFICE" and to the surprise of both Bobby and Ryan, out walks Hannibal Carver. Martinez' posture stiffens, and Carver smirks, walking over to the three of them.]

HC: Don't worry, Martinez. I ain't no slimeball. I've got a score to settle, but I'm not going to settle it by giving you the bum's rush. But yen've got to know, when that final bell is rung after yer done with Wright?

[Carver mimics the the ring bell being rung three times by taping his temple three times, mouthing "Mar. Tih. Nez." with each strike.]

HC: That's the very second that yer whole life belongs to me.

Of course...

[Carver looks around.]

HC: That don't mean I can't indulge in one of those "previews" I'm so fond of.

[Karl is quick to hold his hands up in front of Carver, asking him to calm down as Bobby claps Ryan on the shoulder, and just in time, as Martinez' steps stutter, his friend having cut off his forward momentum.]

BOC: You've got a big test coming up... don't let him shake your focus, Ry.

[Martinez stares at Carver through narrowed eyes, and neither man is willing to break their stare. When Martinez speaks, his voice is low, but steady.]

RM: There's one thing that's keeping me from taking you up on that offer, Hannibal. And it's not the World Title match. And you can be damned sure it's not because I'm scared of you.

I'm not going to disrespect Mr. O'Connor by interrupting his seminar with a fight.

This isn't about you and me. This is about what Karl is doing here for these kids. And maybe they would benefit from watching me put you on your butt.

But I respect the Stranger too much to take the spotlight off of him.

But after SuperClash? There'll be no reason why we shouldn't settle this. And there'll be nothing between you and me but air and opportunity.

Personally? I don't think you're here to upstage Mr. O'Connor either. But you tell me if I'm wrong.

[Carver sneers at Ryan.]

HC: Yeh got a little brown on yer nose, Martinez.

[Ryan stiffens up, ready for a fight.]

HC: Settle down, boy scout. I ain't about to go through everything I have for this man and his family just to make a big scene here. So no, I'm not gonna disrespect Karl.

But moreso?

[Carver smiles.]

HC: I'm not gonna give yeh an excuse. I'm not gonna give yeh the satisfaction of being able to blame me stomping yer guts in on why yeh couldn't get it done against Supreme Wright. Win or lose...

[Carver points a finger right in Ryan's face.]

HC: ... that's gonna be ALL on yeh. Best of luck, sport.

[Carver nods at Karl and walks off. Karl shakes his head and sighs as he walks out the exit.]

KOC: I'm sorry as hell about that, I just wanted to get you two together to bury the hatchet... I had no idea that Hannibal wanted to bury it in your chest.

[Martinez exhales, regaining some of his composure.]

RM: No, you did the right thing. But some things can't be settled with words. Sometimes, you just have to get in the ring and put an end it.

But why am I telling you that? You don't need me to tell you these things.

[O'Connor nods.]

RM: Now come on, let's back to those kids. I've got another thirty minutes before Bobby and I need to get to the Garden.

[The Strangler pats the White Knight on the back, and they turn back, returning to a room full of eager, fresh faced hopefuls, as we fade back to ringside to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: A rare look at the challenger on his day off, kneeling at the learning tree of Karl O'Connor alongside his good friend, Bobby O'Connor.

BW: His good friend who couldn't get the job done at Steal The Spotlight.

GM: Along with ten other men not named Johnny Detson. There is no shame in not winning that particular matchup when you fought as hard as

Bobby O'Connor did. Speaking of fighting hard, the now-former World Television Champion, Tony Sunn, gave it his all out here but after that missed flying headbutt and that running knee from Shadoe Rage, we're being told that he's currently being loaded into an ambulance and will be transported to the nearest medical facility for immediate evaluation.

BW: Some guys can cut it in this company and some guys can't.

GM: The guy's a former champion, Bucky!

BW: Even former champions can end up being too soft for the American Wrestling Alliance, Gordo. We've seen that before.

GM: Indeed. We hope Tony Sunn is in good health and we'll be sure to update you on his condition as soon as we know anything. But as we head into the home stretch of this amazing night in Madison Square Garden, let's talk about our next match - the six man Street Fight!

BW: Oh, Gordo... I've been waitin' for this one since the day that the Dogs Of War stomped Alex Martinez into the mat for the very first time.

GM: I don't know if I'd characterize it quite like that.

BW: I've been dreamin' of this since the first day they beat Juan Vasquez within an inch of his retirement villa in the French Alps.

GM: Huh?

BW: I've been hopin' for this since the... well, Carver might hurt someone.

GM: He absolutely might. Hannibal Carver has been in the worst possible mood for quite some time now. We know he wants Ryan Martinez inside that ring. He wants payback for what he thinks Martinez did to Eric Preston. He wants vengeance for the Rumble.

BW: And perhaps most of all, he just wants to beat him up because he thinks it'll be fun.

GM: I think a match with Ryan Martinez will be anything but fun - something Supreme Wright may be able to testify to later tonight. But tonight is not about Carver vs Martinez. Tonight is about the Dogs Of War. It's about the dream team of Vasquez, Martinez, and Carver. And it's about six men being turned loose in this building with no rules and nothing to prevent them from doing whatever they want to one another to win this match. This... is going to be something to see, fans. Earlier today, we received this pre-recorded footage from the undefeated trio known as the Dogs Of War. Take a look...

[We crossfade to footage from the outside of Madison Square Garden. It is daytime out, the building gleaming in the sunshine. The camera slowly pulls back, shaking a bit as it does. The shot goes back further and further as the viewer realizes the shot is being taken from quite a distance away. There's a bit of clatter and shots of the ground and such as the handheld camera is

repositioned. The shot shows Isaiah Carpenter and Wade Walker of the Dogs Of War in frame. After a moment, Pedro Perez scrambles into view as well, his head partially cut off by the framing of the shot. All three are in black jeans and the cheesiest possible "I HEART NY" t-shirts you can imagine. Perez' tongue lolls out of his mouth as Isaiah Carpenter takes the lead in speaking.]

IC: New York City... center of the universe.

[A smirking Perez leans into the camera shot, obscuring Carpenter.]

PP: They say that if you can make it here... you can make it anywhere.

[And back out of the shot.]

IC: Tonight, we intend to do exactly that. The Dogs Of War have been called a lot of things since we stepped foot in this company almost a year ago. We've been called hired thugs.

[Perez ducks in.]

PP: True.

[And out.]

IC: We've been called mercenaries.

[And in.]

PP: Also true.

[And out.]

IC: We've been called the lap dogs of the Wise Men.

[The second generation Puerto Rican grimaces, clenching his teeth. Walker places a firm hand on his shoulder, giving a shake of his head. Perez nods, calming himself down.]

IC: But what we haven't been called yet? Legends.

[A cackling Perez jumps past his partner into the bulk of the shot.]

PP: TONIGHT, IT'S GONNA CHANGE! Tonight... we're going to get in there with people you call legends... that you call Hall of Famers... that you call former World Champions... and we're going to prove we belong.

Stegglet didn't think we belong.

[Walker shakes his head.]

PP: Taylor didn't think we belong.

[Walker shakes his head.]

PP: Michaelson damn sure didn't think we belong.

[Walker shakes his head.]

PP: Tonight, we prove them all wrong. Tonight, we show that the Dogs Of War are more than what you think we are. Tonight, we show that the Dogs Of War are the greatest three-man team in this entire industry...

[Isaiah Carpenter plants a hand on his partner's shoulder, shaking his head.]

IC: In the HISTORY of this entire industry. You can take your Lights Out Express. You can take your Zokugun Sangai. Take your Syndicate - Southern or otherwise. Take your Cult of Personality, Mr. Taylor. Take your Beale Street Bullies.

[A giggling Perez leans back into frame.]

PP: Your stinkin' Stench boys.

[Wade Walker rubs his hands together, smiling.]

IC: Take 'em all! Take 'em all and tell them that they are no longer relevant to the discussion when it comes to the greatest three-man team in this history of this sport.

Because you're looking at the team that fills that spot.

[A wide-eyed Perez points to the camera.]

PP: Vasquez, it's been far too long since we've danced our dance. The last time? You sent me scurrying like a whipped puppy. I'm man enough to admit that.

But that was a long time ago... too long ago.

Tonight will be a very...

[He leans closer, a coldness in his voice.]

PP: ...very different story.

[He breaks away, spreading his arms apart like he's dancing the Tango, humming to himself as he dances out of view. Carpenter watches for a moment in disbelief, leaning in.]

IC: Alex Martinez walks in from Hollywood like he owns the joint and we're all supposed to fall down and share our favorite memories of him from Los Angeles?

My favorite memory of Alex Martinez comes tonight when we leave him bleeding and begging for mercy... wondering why he ever left his luxury trailer on the set of some pathetic piece of Hollywood straight-to-digital garbage... promising us that he'll never step into our yard again.

Big man, you think you can bring us down? You can think you can take us out?

[He jerks a thumb over his shoulder at Wade Walker.]

IC: We've got a big man of our own who begs to differ.

[Walker rolls his neck as he holds his powerful arms out in front of him.]

IC: And that brings us to Hannibal Carver.

[He pauses as Perez dances back through the camera shot, singing what sounds like "Save The Last Dance For Me".]

IC: Frankly, we kind of like Hannibal Carver.

[A shrug.]

IC: Tough guy. Likes to beat people up. Likes a little bit of chaos in the air.

[Carpenter looks at Walker who doesn't react.]

IC: Well, Pedro and I like him. The big guy doesn't like much of anyone.

But there's two problems with that...

The first one? He doesn't like us.

[He throws his arms apart in an offended gesture.]

IC: What's not to like?

The real problem? He's in OUR way.

We can't make history... we can't prove to the AWA that the future is here if the past stands over us. We can't live up to our claim as the best trio in the business if the celebrity, the hero, and their spunky little friend rolls over us.

[His face twists into a disappointed look.]

IC: So as much as we'd just like to fight with Carver all night and make the kids in the crowd cringe and the suits in the back look for the killswitch, we just can't do it.

We've gotta take you out too.

[Carpenter sighs.]

IC: Such a shame. I really wanted to see what you'd do to the so-called White Knight.

[Perez dances back in, leaning close with his crazed eyes.]

PP: Make... him... bleeEEEEEEEEED.

[He spins away as Carpenter steps closer.]

IC: Vasquez? Down. Martinez? Down. Carver? Down. And us?

Standing tall like the baddest men on the planet that we are, waiting to see who else the greatest promotion in the world can send our way.

This is it. This is our night. If we can make it here, we can make it anywhere.

And at SuperClash... with the whole world watching...

[Carpenter leans all the way in, whispering into the camera.]

IC: You better believe we're going to make it.

[From off-camera, we can hear Pedro Perez shouting, "IT'S GONNA BE WAR, BROTHER! IT'S GONNA BE A WAR!" as Carpenter slips out of view, leaving the muscular Walker alone, looking into the camera.]

WW: AND WAR... IS... HELLLLLLLLLLLLLL!

[His massive hand comes out, enveloping the lens to send the shot to black.]

We go backstage, where Mark Stegglet stands, surrounded by a trio of legends. On the right stands former two-time AWA National Champion, Juan Vasquez. On the left the fearsome Hannibal Carver. And in the middle, arms crossed over his chest is Hall of Famer and multiple time World Champion, Alex Martinez.]

MS: If ever there was a group of men to which the phrase "no introduction is necessary" applies, it would be these three men gathered here. Tonight, you three men step into the ring against the Dogs of War. But before you speak on them, there is something that needs to be addressed.

[The three look at each other, and then, at once, they all train their eyes on Stegglet, who can't help but stutter before he's able to recover.]

MS: The Dogs of War are a well-oiled team. They work in perfect sync together. I don't know that the same can be said of you three men. All of you are better known for your individual achievements. And there is certainly some underlying tension.

[A large hand claps on Stegglet's shoulder, as Alex Martinez, eyes covered in his usual mirrored sunglasses, speaks.]

AM: You talkin' about how this man...

[Martinez points to Vasquez.]

AM: Bet against my boy. Or, are you talkin' about how this one here...

[Now Martinez points to Carver.]

AM: Wants to tear the kid in half?

[Carver flashes a half-smile as he pops the top on a can of Budweiser.]

MS: Umm... well, that is, both!

[Once more, Martinez turns to Vasquez.]

AM: Listen Stegglet, everyone's entitled to their own opinion. I ain't gonna hold it against Juan if he backs the kid he trained and watched grow. I'm many things, but I ain't that petty.

As for you, Hannibal.

[Tension fills the air, as two of the most violent men in the history of all of professional wrestling stare at one another, neither flinching or backing down. Carver nods and begins to sip his beer, still never taking his eyes off of Martinez.]

AM: My son fights his own fights.

Here's the deal – you want to take the kid on? You keep doin' what you've been doin'. Waitin' for a chance to take him on, face to face. I ain't gonna be mad at someone who wants to settle his problems the way a man does. You've come at this the right way. And that's how it is.

Now, if that situation changes? Maybe we'll have a problem. But let's jump off that bridge when we get to it.

Now, ask us about why we're here, Stegglet.

[Those last words come more as a command than a suggestion, and Stegglet responds in kind.]

MS: You are taking on the Dogs of War tonight. And many are looking at this match to see if it is the end of an era. You three men represent three different generations of, well, frankly, legends. The world wants to know, is this the night that the legend continues, or is this the last hurrah of three great men?

[Martinez runs a hand through his hair.]

AM: Well, let's tell the truth a little bit.

Is the knee a hundred percent? Hell, it's been ten years or more since that could be said. Do I have some ring rust after bein' away for a year? Yeah, probably. Are the Dogs younger, stronger and more experienced as a team? Of course.

On paper, the Dogs of War have every advantage. On paper, we three have our backs against the wall. On paper, we're bein' thrown to the wolves.

But I ain't never saw a man win a match on paper.

Matches are won and lost in the ring. By men who know how to fight. And by men who know how to dig deep, and find that extra thing inside themselves. And that thing ain't muscles, and it ain't bein' able to jump real high. That thing is grit. That thing is heart. And that ain't somethin' that comes with youth,

It comes from bein' to the big show and pullin' through.

It comes from spendin' night after night with blood pourin' down your face and your back against the wall.

It comes from livin' a life where every moment could be your last and every young buck is lookin' to make their name off of yours.

I've been there. Hannibal Carver has been there. You can be damn sure Juan Vasquez has been there. And through all those wars, through all that blood? Through barbed wire and death matches and woodsheds and war games, all three of us have come through. So you wanna know if we can do it again tonight?

Hannibal, why don't you answer Mr. Stegglet?

[Stegglet turns his attention to Carver, who tilts his head back and crushes the can of beer in his hand, shooting the remainder of the beverage down his throat.]

HC: Yeh know what tonight is, Mark?

MS: Well of course, it's SuperCla--

HC: IT'S HOCKEY NIGHT TONIGHT!

[Stegglet jumps back as the South Boston Brawler shouts in his face, eyes wild with anger.]

HC: Except there's no timeouts for unnecessary roughness, no penalties for high sticking, hell... there isn't even a penalty box because tonight...

[Carver grins and nods, his eyes still wide.]

HC: ... all the roughness is VERY necessary.

[Carver nods again, this time hitting himself in the side of the head... psyching himself up.]

HC: But besides that... ain't nothing that's gonna go down tonight that'll be any different than sitting up front at the Garden and watching some chump from Montreal get slammed into the boards. If yeh came for a wrestling match, yer gonna be disappointed as hell, because this is a fight. More than that, it's a party.

A retirement party.

[Carver nods.]

HC: These three boys've been running around on borrowed time for FAR too long. And as long as they are around, barking and chasing cats up trees, they're a reminder. A reminder of a foul stink that ran up and down the halls of the AWA. The head of that hydra might've been cut off... but these little snakes still remain.

[Carver raises his hands defensively.]

HC: Now I know what they say about that ol' monster. That no matter how many times yeh cut those pesky heads off... they return.

[Carver grins.]

HC: But that don't mean yeh can't have one helluva good time chopping them off. It don't mean that eventually they won't get tired of getting their teeth stomped down their stinking throats and finally give up the ghost. Because no matter how many times they get on a mic and say they're out for themselves, the face remains. They represent a ghost, a cancerous idea that we all shoved six feet under. And it's time for them to join the fat man in whatever hellhole he's ended up in.

Now I've heard the talk, Mark. That as a combined unit, they can't be beat. That when they work together, there isn't a fighting force that can take them down. Yeh see boys, life's funny like that. Yeh hear that enough times, maybe yeh start believing it yerself. Maybe yeh start writing checks that yer carcass can't cash. Maybe yeh look at three men that've been sliced open and blown up more times than yeh've changed yer boxer shorts and yeh make a fatal mistake.

[Carver laughs.]

HC: Yeh look past us. Yeh forget that ol' chestnut about what those that fail to learn from history are doomed to do. Don't feel bad though, yer in good company.

[Carver scowls.]

HC: The graveyard's full of the sorry mother's sons that did the same.

[Stegglet gulps and pales, before turning his attention to Juan Vasquez.]

MS: And your thoughts, Juan?

[Juan chuckles.]

JV: I hear the little doggies barkin', tellin' me that this the end of the line. That they're gonna' put us outta' this sport. That they're gonna' end our careers. That they're gonna' grab hold of the legacies that we've built and tear those mothers down!

[Juan shakes his head.]

JV: AND I SAY NO!

[He breathes just a little harder, slowly letting his rage build.]

JV: The talkin' heads tell me that the Dogs of War are an unbeatable unit. That Carpenter, Perez, and Walker are PEAKIN', while we're on the decline. That there ain't a single team of three in this world that can take them down.

[Once again, he shakes his head furiously.]

JV: AND I SAY NO!

[He gets a little sound and a little fury, shouting with renewed vigor.]

JV: This ain't the end of the line for Juan Vasquez, Alex Martinez, or Hannibal Carver!

Not by a longshot!

NOT TONIGHT!

[Juan simmers down slightly, squeezing his eyes shut.]

JV: Because all I gotta' do is close my eyes and remember the names. Remember the faces. Remember each and every last man you put through a windshield, tryin' to end their careers. Remember how you stood by the side of that bastard Percy Childes and gladly did his dirty work for your thirty pieces of silver. How you did the work of the devil and never once thought...

[Juan points to Alex Martinez and Hannibal Carver standing behind him.]

JV: ...that it'd lead you on this road to hell.

[He smirks.]

JV: And in this hell, I can guarantee that you three Dogs will be...

[Martinez pulls the microphone towards himself.]

AM: ...BURNED!!!

[And with that, a scowling Carver shoves himself directly in front of Martinez as he pops the top off of another can. He takes a big gulp and sprays the camera lens with beer, completely obscuring the view. Fade out.]

We crossfade back to the interior of Madison Square Garden, a slow panning shot over the crowd setting the stage before we fade to Phil Watson in the center of the ring as the bell sounds.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is the SIX MAN STREET FIGHT!

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: Introducing first...

[Watson lowers the mic as the Madison Square Garden arena lights drop to nothing. The crowd roars for the "lights out" situation - cheers that turn to boos as the sound of ripping and snarling dogs fill the air. The dogs sound effect turns into KISS' "War Machine" as the lights take on a midnight blue color, spotlights swirling all over the MSG crowd.]

GM: Where are they this time, Bucky?

BW: The Dogs Of War are always there and always watching, daddy.

[Watson continues.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 769 pounds... PEDRO PEREZ... ISAIAH CARPENTER... WADE WALKER...

THE DOOOOOOOOOGS OF WAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRR!

[The spotlights converge on a single location in the building, illuminating Pedro Perez, Isaiah Carpenter, and Wade Walker in their midnight blue pants and matching flak jackets. On this night, they've added one special ingredient to the mix - black handkerchiefs tied around their faces, revealing only their eyes with a stripped skull airbrushed on it - similar to Juan Vasquez' iconic facepaint.]

BW: Do these guys look ready for a fight or what?!

GM: They certainly do! The Dogs Of War are on their way to the ring, heading down here through a hostile New York City crowd.

[Reaching the barricade, all three men come over it into the ringside area. Perez dives under the ropes, kneeling on the canvas as Wade Walker mounts

the apron, throwing his muscular arms apart with a roar. Isaiah Carpenter is up the ropes, stepping up top with one foot quick as a cat, raising a single closed fist before leaping off to join his allies as Walker steps in.]

GM: The Dogs Of War first appeared in the AWA earlier this year in the weeks before Rising Sun Showdown but we later learned that they were acting on behalf of Percy Childes for months. They were the hit squad responsible for the sea of broken glass we saw last year as windshield after windshield was shattered.

[The trio comes together in the center of the ring, raising each others' arms to the jeers of the crowd as the lights slowly come back on.]

GM: The Dogs Of War are undefeated as a trio in the time they've been here in the AWA - tonight, their opponents look to change all that.

BW: Gordo, we've been hearing rumors all day about the entrances of these three men. The AWA has - much like the old dude in Jurassic Park - spared no expense.

GM: And if the Dogs Of War felt disrespected before...

[Gordon's next words are left unsaid as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The lights go out.]

BW: I've got a bad feeling about this...

[A few moments pass, and a spotlight shines on the "door" of the subway setpiece from which wrestlers have been making their entrances all night. There appears to be a large sheet of what we can assume is glass erected in the "doorway".]

GM: Well, this is different.

[A light shines from behind the glass.]

"WHACK!"

[A fist punches the glass, staying pressed against it for a second before being removed.]

BW: What in the...

"WHACK!"

[This time some sort of implement is bashed against the glass. Exactly what, however, we cannot tell.]

GM: Is that an ax?

"WHACK!"

[Another strike, as a crack is seen running down the center of the glass.]

BW: A baseball bat?

"WHAC-CRASH!!"

[The glass EXPLODES, falling to the ground like a million flakes of stardust. The house lights now come on, and we see many of the AWA's "enhancement talent" has taken up opposing sides of the aisle, each holding tall pieces of plexiglass. Standing in the "doorway" of the "subway" with a broken hockey stick held high is a 6'3" lunatic in black jeans, black combat boots, a New York Rangers hockey jersey and a hockey mask obscuring his face. Regardless, the fans are only too aware of his identity as they began banging on the plexiglass as if this was a hockey game and chanting "CAR VER!" as "I Wanna Be A New York Ranger" by the Misfits begins to play, sending the crowd to even crazier heights of cheering.]

BW: I knew this was gonna be bad, Gordo!

GM: He may have been born and raised on the mean streets of South Boston... but tonight Hannibal Carver is a New York Ranger!

BW: He's nuts enough to be from this town, I'll give him that!

#I WANNA BE A NEW YORK RANGER#
#I WANNA LIVE A LIFE OF DANGER#
#WHOA OH OHHHHH#

[Carver makes his way down the aisle, banging his hockey stick on the plexiglass as he passes, causing the fans to bang on the glass even harder as Phil Watson shouts to be heard over the house sound system.]

PW: From South Boston, Mass... weighing in at 260 pounds...

HANNIBAAAAAAAAAAL CAAAARRRRRRRRRRVERRRRRRR!

[The crowd ROARS for Carver once more as he nears the ringside area.]

BW: This maniac's not going to be happy until he starts a full scale riot!

GM: He's just getting these fans primed for the riot that's sure to ensue when that bell rings, Bucky!

[Carver climbs up on the ringsteps, taking his hockey mask off and howling "WHOA OH OHHH" along with the rabid crowd. He then slips the mask back on and begins hitting himself in the faceplate of the mask with the stick, really whipping the crowd into a frenzy.]

GM: Goodness. You talk about being ready for a fight... being ready for war... Hannibal Carver was born for a battle like this.

[Phil Watson picks it up.]

PW: And his tag team partner... weighing in at 350 pounds... from Los Angeles, California... he a multiple-time former World Champion and a member of the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame...

[The PA comes to life with some very familiar lyrics.]

#It's alright
It's alright

PW: Here is ALLLLEEXXXXXXXXXXX...

#It's all right

PW:MAAAAAAAAAARRTTTTTTTTIIIIINNNNNNNEEEEEZZZZZZZZZ!!!!

#I'm just...

[And on cue, the fans get...]

#A LITTLE CRAZY!

[As "Little Crazy" by Fight blares over the loudspeakers, there's another sound that accompanies Rob Halford's voice -the loud roar of a motorcycle engine.]

GM: What in the world is...?

BW: Is that a motorcycle?

GM: It certainly sounds like one.

[The engine is revved a few times, and then, as clips of wrestler after wrestler falling victim to the Firebomb Chokeslam plays over the videoscreen, out from behind the stage doors, a large black Harley Davidson custom motorcycle comes roaring down the entranceway to a huge cheer from the MSG crowd - many of whom likely grew up watching Martinez compete in the New York area.]

GM: Look at this!

[Seated in front is none other than Alex Martinez, leaning back, his arms up over his head, gripping on to the handles of the ape hanger handle bars. Dressed in his black leather jacket, mirrored sunglasses covering his eyes, Martinez has a pair of arms wrapped around his waist, as, seated behind him, in a very short black dress, is pop superstar Selena Gomez.]

BW: That's Selena Gomez, Gordo!

GM: Yes, Alex Martinez' girlfriend. I met her before the show. She seemed like a very nice girl.

BW: Gordo, she's a- oh, never mind. If she can't tell a wristlock from a wristwatch, you ain't interested.

[The Harley still roaring, Martinez stops at the ring apron, kicking the stand out. Standing, he looks out over the crowd, arms out at his side, head back, as he drinks in the roar of the crowd. Demurely, Gomez stands beside him, peeling the leather jacket off him.]

The big man then turns and pulls her forward, and to the delight of the crowd, gives her a passionate kiss, leaving her swooning against the Harley as he pulls away.]

GM: Oh my!

BW: Crazy thing is we've been hearing rumors about Martinez and Selena Gomez for months! They're all over the tabloids... the Internet... TMZ. Now that we know they're true, it really makes you wonder why he'd come back from Hollywood to get his tail kicked by the Dogs Of War.

GM: That, I believe, is not his intention on this night in New York City - back to where it all started for the Last American Badboy.

[Martinez climbs a different set of ring steps than Carver did, and pauses to once more look over the crowd, before tossing his mirrored shades into the crowd, the camera moving quickly to capture the frenzy of the fans as they scramble to catch it as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And their tag team partner...

[Madison Square Garden is engulfed in darkness as the crowd erupts in cheers. The sound of a pulsating heartbeat can be heard throughout the arena, as a white light flashes with it simultaneously on the wrestling ring. The beating gradually grows faster, until it freezes, and we see the outline of a skull formed by the spotlights upon the ring and then a slow, haunting piano chord is heard, as DMX's "Ain't No Sunshine" begins to play over the PA system.]

It's dark...and hell is hot#

[All eyes then turn towards the subway doors, illuminated by glowing skulls and where a heavy fog fills the top of the aisle. The doors slide open, as a procession of pallbearers wearing skull masks carry out an old, pine wood coffin. They set it down vertically, as the lid of the coffin falls away and the crowd ERUPTS with a massive FACE POP when they see...]

Ain't no sunshine when it's on #
Only darkness every day #
Ain't no sunshine when it's on

Cuz when it's on, ya gonna be gone #
Every time cuz we don't play

[...Juan Vasquez, emerging from the coffin. The former National champion is shirtless under a tattered and torn tuxedo jacket, carrying a sugar skull-handled walking cane, wears a shabby-looking top hat...and his face is covered in his "Dia de los Muertos" skull facepaint. Seeing Juan's face fully, the crowd gives a massive roar. He then slams the tip of the cane into the ground...]

"WOOOOOOOOOOSH!!!"

[...as columns of flame erupt from the aisle and the arena is once again engulfed in light.]

GM: Oh my! What a spectacular entrance by one of the pillars that this company was built upon!

[Watson continues.]

PW: From the City of Angels, Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 238 pounds... he is also a multiple-time World Champion... he is also a member of the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame...

Ladies and gentlemen...

JUAAAN

[Watson takes a deep breath.]

PW: VAAAAAAAASQUEEEEEEEEEZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[Crouching low, Juan makes his way down the aisle with a twitchy, convulsion-like strut, reminiscent of a zombie and crawls to ringside, getting to one knee and looking around the arena, his head darting to and fro in all directions as his partners join him at ringside.]

GM: There they are, fans... the trio that many have labeled a Dream Team of sorts.

BW: More like a nightmare. For their opponents potentially as well as the front office. How much do you think all that cost?

GM: I have no idea but as I was saying earlier, if the Dogs Of War felt disrespected BEFORE the show, they certainly probably feel even moreso NOOOOOOOOOOW!

[The crowd ROARS as Pedro Perez comes charging across the ring, diving headfirst through the top and middle ropes in a bullet tope that sends Vasquez sprawling back into the aisleway.]

GM: Good grief! Pedro Perez before the bell with- OH MY STARS!

[As Carver and Martinez turn to aid their partner, Isaiah Carpenter storms across the ring, flipping over the top rope, and wiping out Carver with a somersault plancha!]

GM: There are bodies flying everywhere here in New York City, fans!

[Alex Martinez looks down at Carver and Vasquez, a steaming mad look on his face as he snaps his head back towards the ring...

...where Wade Walker is standing, waving him into the squared circle. The crowd roars in anticipation as Martinez gives an angry nod, stepping up on the apron, swinging a leg over the top rope to get into the ring, marching across towards Walker.]

GM: This is a showdown! The two big men for their teams are squaring off!

[But as they come nose-to-nose, we instantly see the disparity in the words "big men" as Martinez towers over Walker.]

GM: Wow! Look at the size difference, Bucky! I mean, Wade Walker is six foot four and nearly three hundred pounds.

BW: Yeah, but Martinez is seven foot even and three-fifty at least!

[The staredown continues for a few more moments, the crowd roaring in anticipation as Walker begins to shake with intensity, bouncing from foot to foot, swinging his arms back and forth as Martinez just glares at him with a "burning" stare...

...and suddenly, the seven footer blasts Walker with a right hand!]

GM: Here we go!

[The bell sounds as Walker returns fire with a right hand of his own... and another... and another...

...but Martinez throws one of his own, knocking Walker back!]

GM: If you want to fight with Alex Martinez, he'll give you all the fight you can handle.

BW: Walker's throwing three punches to every one of Martinez but the man who once was deemed the Franchise... the Institution of the EMWC... the Ace of the Empire... still has plenty in him to throw a bomb that'll make you see your dentist in the morning.

[Walker is right back in the fray though, battering Martinez with right hands, backing him up against the ropes where he grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Walker hits the ropes, building speed as he bouncing back, ducking under a clothesline attempt to hit the far ropes, sprinting back towards a waiting Martinez...

...and leaps up, connecting with a solid clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! A little lift in the clothesline! It hit hard...

BW: But it didn't take him down! Martinez is standing tall!

[Walker shakes his head in disbelief as he charges back to the ropes, coming in again, again leaving his feet to throw a clothesline across the collarbone. The blow staggers Martinez - perhaps even stuns the Hall of Famer - but it will not take him off his feet.]

GM: That's two! Martinez has taken two clotheslines and refused to leave his feet for them as Walker hits the ropes a third time, coming back again...

[And as he nears, Martinez hooks him, lifts, pivots... and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a high impact powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM BY THE SEVEN FOOTER!

[Martinez pushes up off the canvas, giving a big fist pump to the roaring New York City fans...

...and then lifts the same hand high in the air, wiggling his fingers as the crowd buzzes with anticipation...]

GM: Martinez is setting for the chokeslam!

BW: The Dogs Of War may have made a mistake in the early part of this one, Gordo. They are at their best when they're working as a unit... when it's a two-on-one situation or a three-on-one situation. Remember them working together in the Tower Of Doom earlier this year and how effective they were. By isolating the individual team members into one-on-one settings, they may have played right into their opponents' hands.

GM: An excellent point, Bucky... remember, fans... in a Street Fight like this, there is no need for tags in and out... there is no countouts... no disqualifications... no rules at all really. You can only win by pinfall, submission, or referee's stoppage.

BW: Sometimes you see Street Fights or no DQ tag matches where the teams choose to honor the tag rules as an unspoken agreement but not tonight. Tonight is going to be a fight... and a war.

[Walker climbs back to his feet...

...and suddenly has Martinez' giant hand wrapped around his throat!]

GM: He's got him hooked! The seven footer's looking for a chokeslam!

[But as he walks Walker to the middle of the ring, Isaiah Carpenter springboards off the top rope, sailing through the air to catch Martinez flush with a flying kick on the ear!]

GM: Ohh! Carpenter out of nowhere to save his partner!

[Carpenter scrambles to his feet, grabbing Walker and pointing at the dazed Martinez.]

GM: And here comes that two-on-one setting you talked about, Bucky.

BW: Smart move to get to it as quickly as possible.

GM: The double whip sends the seven footer across the ring...

[A double shot to the gut doubles up the big man as Walker winds up, clubbing Martinez across the back with a double axehandle... and another. He adds a little jump to the move, hammering him over and over down to the canvas on all fours. He throws his arms back in a roar as he steps over into a straddle like he's going to lock on a chinlock but instead grabs two hands full of hair, yanking the Hall of Famer's head back...

...as Isaiah Carpenter tears across the ring with a low dropkick, driving both feet into the mush!]

GM: Ohhh! What a dropkick out of Carpenter!

BW: Of all the members of the Dogs Of War, I believe Isaiah Carpenter has the most to prove here tonight, Gordo. These guys aren't the friendliest fellas in the locker room but I spoke to Carpenter earlier this week and he told me that he's sick and tired of being treated like "the other Dog of War." Walker gets noticed for his power and explosiveness. Perez gets noticed for being crazy. And then there's Carpenter. Tonight may be the night that the world realizes what Isaiah Carpenter is all about.

[Carpenter is up quickly, giving directions to Walker.]

GM: You can see Carpenter moving swiftly, ordering his partners around, directing traffic so to speak... perhaps serving as the master strategist of this particular unit tonight.

[Walker grabs the dazed Martinez, pulling him into a standing headscissors as the crowd begins to roar!]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Walker's strong but I don't know if he's that strong!

[Carpenter steps in, looking to assist...

...and the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Hannibal Carver climbing through the ropes, a fresh hockey stick in hand. Carver thrusts the stick into the air to even more cheers...]

BW: LOOK OUT!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The first shot catches Carpenter flush between the eyes, causing him to fall backwards and down to the mat. Walker starts to abandon the powerbomb idea but not before Carver can wind up a second time...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Carver taking a full swing and BREAKING his hockey stick across Wade Walker's broad back!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Walker crumples to his knees as Carver throws back his head, holding the longer end of the wooden hockey stick in the air with a roar that the fans echo. He spins, grabbing a kneeling Alex Martinez by the arm, yanking him up to his feet, jumping right up into his face...]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: We may have a problem here!

[Carver and Martinez are eye-to-eye and nose-to-nose, staring each other dead in the eye...]

...and then the Boston Brawler shoves the Hall of Famer in the chest with the hockey stick, knocking him backwards.]

GM: We may have a BIG problem here!

[Carver stares at Martinez, a manic look on his face...]

...and slowly looks down at the broken hockey stick that he is now offering handle-first to the Last American Badboy.]

GM: What the...?

[Martinez shakes his head before snatching the stick away, holding it high as Carver grabs Isaiah Carpenter, pulling him off the mat by the arm, throwing him into the ropes...]

...and he grabs the other end of the stick, stretching it out between them as Carpenter bounces back and gets DRILLED across the throat with the

weapon, sending Carpenter flipping head-over-heels before crashing down hard on the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez holds the hockey stick over his head.]

BW: Well, Gordo, the spirit of the EMWC may be alive and well here tonight in Madison Square Garden, daddy!

[Martinez pulls the kneeling Wade Walker off the canvas, lifting the near-three hundred pounder to his feet...

...and then HURLS him over the top rope, sending him crashing down onto the barely-padded floor.

A quick camera cut finds Pedro Perez and Juan Vasquez several feet up the aisle, trading right hands to the roar of the fans on either side of the barricade. The Hall of Famer catches Perez with a knee to the gut, doubling him up.]

GM: Pedro Perez and Juan Vasquez are reigniting a rivalry that we haven't seen out of them in years, Bucky!

BW: And after Perez was sent packing from the AWA the last time that he collided with Vasquez, you better believe he's been seething and waiting for an opportunity to get his hands on him again.

[Grabbing Perez by the arm, Vasquez takes aim...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES VASQUEZ!

[Vasquez stands tall, pumping his right arm up and down in the air with the crowd cheering him on...

...and charges towards Perez whose arms are draped over the railing, leaning back to flip over the railing, causing Vasquez to slam chestfirst into the barricade!]

GM: Vasquez hits the steel himself!

[Perez quickly hooks Vasquez around the head, slinging an arm over his neck...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[The Puerto Rican hoists Vasquez into the air, dumping him sloppily down to the exposed concrete floor with a suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: They're in the crowd now! Perez and Vasquez have spilled into the ringside seats here in Madison Square Garden!

[We cut back into the ringside area where Carver has Isaiah Carpenter by the hair, dragging him around the ringpost towards the area where the announce tables are.]

GM: Carver's got Carpenter over here by us...

[The Boston Brawler yanks Carpenter back by the hair, slamming him facefirst into the table.]

GM: Oh my! Look out!

[Carver grabs Carpenter by the arm, turning back towards the ring, whipping him the handful of feet towards the apron...

...where Carpenter deadleaps off the floor, landing on the ring apron!]

GM: Whoa! Crazy show of athleticism by Carpenter!

[A fired-up Carver comes charging in behind him, getting a sharp back kick to the mush that sends him staggering backwards...]

GM: Ohh! Carver got caught!

[Carpenter nods, leaping up to the middle rope to spring off...

...and gets DRILLED by a big boot from the seven footer, catching him flush in the chest, sending him flying off the apron and down to the floor near a kneeling Carver!]

GM: Goodness!

BW: This is a war of attrition out here, Gordo. This might be the kind of match where you don't have a winner... you have a survivor!

[Carver pushes up off the floor, grabbing Carpenter again, walking him over towards the ring entrance aisle.]

GM: The Boston Brawler's battling Carpenter up the aisle...

[We cut to another part of the building where Pedro Perez is standing on an open steel chair, holding a handful of Vasquez' hair, slamming fist after fist down between the eyes of the former World Champion. The fans all around them have scattered, forming a ring to cheer on the brawling competitors as Perez batters Vasquez down to a knee...]

GM: The second generation Puerto Rican has got Vasquez down and-

[Vasquez comes up, swinging an arm hard at the back of Perez' knee, sweeping his leg out from under him, causing Perez to slam down hard on the back of his head on the open chair!]

GM: OHHH!

[A snarling Vasquez wraps his hands around the throat of Perez, throttling him violently just before we cut to the aisleway where Hannibal Carver has got Carpenter drifting behind by the hair...

...and HURLS him into one of the plexiglass plates left behind from his entrance!]

GM: Good grief!

[Carver watches as Carpenter staggers away, barely able to stay on his feet as the Boston Brawler surges at him, delivering a big shouldercheck, sending Carpenter crashing into the plexiglass again!]

GM: The Dogs Of War are being isolated by their opponents and when that happens, bad things tend to happen to Perez, Carpenter, and Walker, fans.

BW: It's the perfect strategy and quite frankly, I'm more than a little surprised that the Dogs have let them do it. They're usually right on target with keeping the numbers edge.

[We cut back to the ring where Wade Walker has managed to pin Alex Martinez back against the corner, hammering him with clubbing overhead forearm blows across the sternum...]

GM: Wade Walker is asserting himself in a big, big way against a Hall of Famer in there!

[Walker is absolutely hammering him, forcing the former World Champion down to a knee. The big man from the Dogs Of War grabs a handful of hair, pummeling a right hand into the temple, battering Martinez down to his rear end.]

GM: Walker's all over him! He's beating Martinez down to the canvas!

[The powerhouse spins away, throwing his arms back with a roar as he steps out to the center of the ring. He slowly turns back towards the corner, moving in swiftly towards a rising Martinez...

...who gets a little lift in his leap, blasting the big man with a makeshift Superman punch, knocking Walker flat!]

GM: OHH!

BW: He dropped him with one shot!

GM: But what a shot it was!

[Martinez stalks over towards the downed Walker, reaching down to grab him by the throat with one hand. He easily lifts the three hundred pounder up to his feet...]

GM: Martinez has got him hooked! He's got-

[Walker grabs Martinez by the wrist, pushing hard as the crowd is roaring.]

GM: Walker's fighting it! He's fighting him back!

[The hand gets lifted off the throat to a shocked reaction from the crowd before Walker slams his knee into the gut, breaking down the Hall of Famer.

We cut out to the aisle where Carpenter is down on the floor. Carver has snatched a piece of plexiglass, lifting it over his head...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Good grief! He clubbed him like a baby seal!

GM: BUCKY!

[Carver lifts it again, slamming it down a second time... a third time... a fourth time... a fifth time...]

GM: He's hammering him like a nail!

[The Boston Brawler leaves the sheet of plexiglass placed on a motionless Carpenter...

...and then leaps up, stomping the plexiglass down into the poor sap trapped underneath! He finally pulls away, leaving Carpenter floored under the plexiglass...]

GM: Carver's heading into the crowd! He's going after Perez!

[Carver hops over the railing, wading through the fans where Perez and Vasquez are in a walkway between two sections of chairs brawling again.]

BW: Carpenter's down and if Perez doesn't get out of there quickly, he's going to be in some serious trouble.

[The Puerto Rican goes to the eyes on Vasquez, causing the Los Angeles native to drop to a knee. Perez snatches up a steel chair from nearby, folding it up, rearing back with it...]

GM: NO, NO, NO!

[...but Hannibal Carver breaks through the fans in time to grab the chair, preventing it from being slammed down on the skull of the Hall of Famer!]

GM: CARVER BLOCKS IT! CARVER BLOCKS THE CHAIR!

[He jerks the chair away from Perez, throwing it aside as Perez throws himself at the wildman, tackling him down to the floor, battering him with right hands...

...but Carver quickly rolls it over, seizing his own chance to open fire on Perez with big right hands!]

GM: Carver's pummeling him into the floor!

[Carver abruptly gets up, dragging Perez up off the mat, swinging him around by the hair...

...and HURLS him through the air, flipping him over in a somersault on a row of vacated chairs!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PEREZ HITS HARD!

[Carver is wild-eyed and crazy as he steps up onto the row of empty chairs, walking across the seats towards Perez, breaking into a short run for a few steps, leaping into the air...

...and BURYING his elbow into the chest of the downed Perez!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Carver slumps down to the floor, grabbing his left arm in pain as Perez' chest heaves in and out on top of the chairs.]

GM: Perez is down! Carver is down! This fight is taking a toll on every single one of these men!

[We cut back to the ring where Wade Walker is being cornered and hammered by the seven footer. A well-placed knee to the ribs knocks Walker through the ropes, falling down on the apron.]

GM: Walker's down on the apron and Martinez is going out after him!

[Martinez gives a shout as he steps over the top rope, leaning down to drag Wade Walker off the apron...

...and yanks him into a powerbomb position!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: Oh my god. Somebody's gotta stop this! Somebody's gotta get in there and stop this!

GM: Martinez is going to try and end this thing right now!

[The seven footer sets his feet, leaning down to hook his arms around Walker's torso, lifting him up into the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez puts Walker down when Isaiah Carpenter comes hobbling into view, flinging a steel chair at Martinez' back!]

GM: Carpenter with the save!

[Walker straightens up, wrapping his hands around Martinez' throat, holding him in place as Carpenter hustles to grab a second chair, setting it up on the floor...]

GM: What is Carpenter doing now?

[He steps back, sizing up the situation as Walker slams a forearm into the chest of Martinez. Carpenter charges the chair, stepping up and springing off the seat...]

...and wraps his legs around Martinez' head, snapping him off the apron, bouncing him violently off the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: WHAT IN THE WORLD?!?!]

[The crowd is ROARING for the daredevil move out of Carpenter who pops back up, pumping a fist wildly as Wade Walker leans against the ropes, staring down at the floored Martinez.]

GM: And once again, as soon as the Dogs Of War are able to work in tandem, they gain an advantage over the opposition.

[Carpenter waves Walker down and together, the two men muscle Martinez off the ringside mats, shoving him under the ropes and back into the ring.]

GM: The Dogs Of War have put Alex Martinez back in and for the first time in this match, they may be looking to finish this off!

[Carpenter slides the chair into the ring as Walker rolls back in.]

GM: Two of the three Dogs Of War are in the ring...

[Walker pulls Martinez off the mat, tugging him into a powerbomb position of his own...]

GM: The three hundred pound Walker is trying to lift the much-bigger opponent up into the air and-

[Martinez refuses to go up, lifting Walker up off the canvas...]

...and Carpenter springs into action, hitting the far ropes, rebounding back with a leaping single-leg dropkick to the face!]

GM: OHH!

[Martinez falls back over, leaving Walker in position to try for the powerbomb. He struggles, trying to muscle him up off the canvas. Carpenter snatches up the chair, lifting it off the mat...

...when the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Juan Vasquez sliding headfirst into the ring, climbing to his feet...]

GM: Carpenter's got the chair and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Carpenter's attempt to swing the chair at the incoming Vasquez ends up with the Hall Of Famer smashing his fist into the chair, delivering the Right Cross that smashes the chair back into Carpenter's face, sending him flying backwards, over the ropes to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Vasquez spins towards Walker who has abandoned his efforts to powerbomb Martinez. Walker throws a right hand but Vasquez ducks under it, racing to the ropes, rebounding back...

...and gets nearly CUT! IN! HALF! with a devastating spear tackle out of Walker!]

GM: OHHHHHHH! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[Walker applies the lateral press, hooking the leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The pin gets broken up by Martinez dropping an elbow down on the back of Walker's head!]

GM: Two count only!

[Martinez yanks Walker off the canvas, hooking both hands around the throat this time...

...and POWERS Walker into the air!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[He stands tall for a moment before DRIVING the three hundred pounder down to the canvas with his trademark Firebomb chokeslam!]

GM: FIREBOMB! FIREBOMB!

[Martinez slides across, going for a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The pin is broken up by Pedro Perez, sailing in from out of nowhere with a forearm to the back of the head. He stays on Martinez, clubbing and pounding relentlessly...

...which leads to Hannibal Carver coming into the ringside area after him, pulling him under the ropes by the leg!]

GM: Carver pulls out Perez! Carpenter's out there with him!

[Martinez angrily rolls under the ropes, going after Perez!]

GM: We've got a fight on the floor! We've got-

[The crowd ROARS as Juan Vasquez climbs to his feet, wincing as he grabs at his ribcage...

...and breaks into a sprint, hitting the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!

[Vasquez LAUNCHES himself over the top rope, flipping through the air and crashing down onto Perez, Carpenter, Carver, and Martinez with a death-defying somersault plancha!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd is absolutely roaring at the sight of all the bodies on the floor as Wade Walker uses the ropes, dragging himself off the canvas. He's leaning against the ropes, holding the back of his head as the sold-out crowd shouts their voices hoarse in tribute for the action they're seeing.]

GM: We've got bodies out here everywhere! The only one still standing is Wade Walker and he's barely standing!

BW: The guy just took a Firebomb! What the heck do you want from him?!

[Walker drops to a knee, ducking out through the ropes, making his way slowly around the ring apron, stalking towards the recovering bodies...

...and then breaks into a sprint, charging towards the rising Alex Martinez...]

GM: WALKER!

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The impactful spear tackle slams Martinez’ back into the steel barricade, breaking the connector, and sending the railing crashing down to the floor!]

GM: MY GOD IN HEAVEN!! WALKER PUTS HIM THROUGH THE RAILING! HE PUT HIM THROUGH THE RINGSIDE BARRICADE!

[Walker and Martinez are both motionless on the floor as Juan Vasquez pulls Pedro Perez off the floor, flinging him under the ropes into the ring. He’s about to go in after him when Isaiah Carpenter grabs him from behind, yanking him back down...

...and HURLS him spinefirst into the ringside broadcast table!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Can you imagine how these guys are going to feel in the morning, Gordo? Alex Martinez is gonna need to be WHEELED back onto that Hollywood set! Vasquez is going to need to call for SIX massage therapists to his retirement villa off the coast of Malibu! And Hannibal Carver? Well, he’s going to need to drink a LOT more beer and I’m not sure there’s enough beer in the entire state of New York to make that happen!

[Carpenter grabs Vasquez around the throat, shoving him backwards onto the English announce table, choking him.]

GM: Hey! Get back from here! Bucky, look out!

[The shot shows the announcers clearing out of the way as Carpenter shoves Vasquez up onto the table. Carpenter scrambles up after him, pummeling him down.]

GM: We’ve got- the fight is spilling right here by us, fans! If- ohh!

[Carpenter stomps Vasquez in the sternum.]

GM: If we lose audio, fans, we apologize! Just bear with us and-

[Carpenter leans down, taking a swipe at Gordon who scampers aside.]

BW: Look out, Gordo!

GM: I’m trying! This is getting out of hand!

[Pulling Vasquez to a knee, Carpenter eats a right hand to the midsection... and a second as Vasquez climbs off the wooden table of his own accord!]

GM: There’s fighting out here by us! There’s fighting over on the other side of the ring!

[We cut inside the ring where Hannibal Carver has scooped Pedro Perez off the mat, slamming him violently down to the canvas. The crowd roars as Carver points to them...

...and then leaps up, stomping the shin area of Perez... then leaping stomps the thigh... then the bicep... working his way around the body of the fallen Dog of War!]

GM: THE BOOT PARTY IS IN THE HOUSE AND PEDRO PEREZ IS THE ONLY GUEST!

[Carver finishes with a massive leaping double stomp to the side of Perez' head, leaving him motionless on the canvas. Carver dives into a cover on him.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PEREZ GOT THE SHOULDER UP!!

BW: LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT!

[The camera abruptly cuts back to the announce table JUST as Isaiah Carpenter goes flipping through the air, crashing down violently on the barely-padded floor thanks to a trademark Juan Vasquez hiptoss!]

GM: HE HIPTOSSED HIM OFF THE TABLE! GOOD GOD!

[Vasquez leans over, hands on his knees, breathing heavily as he eyes the prone Carpenter...

...and with a twinkle in his eye, Vasquez raises up, standing tall with his right arm raised over his head!]

GM: What in the world is he...? Don't do it, Juan! Don't do it!

[Vasquez moves onto the Spanish announce table, giving himself all the room in the world to get a running start.]

GM: Oh my god... oh my god...

[Vasquez breaks into a run, hopping from one table to the next, getting full speed and HURLING himself into the air, soaring through a sea of flashbulbs...

...and CRUSHES Isaiah Carpenter underneath him with a senton backslash!]

GM: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!

BW: I KNOW TOMMY STEPHENS! TOMMY STEPHENS IS A FRIEND OF MINE, AND BY GOD, GORDO... TOMMY STEPHENS WAS NEVER AS CRAZY OF A SON OF A BITCH AS JUAN VASQUEZ IS!

[The Madison Square Garden crowd that has seen so many insane sporting moments over the years is on their feet, screaming their heads off for a motionless Juan Vasquez who just put his body on the line to try and finish off Isaiah Carpenter!]

GM: Walker's down! Martinez is down! Carpenter is down! Vasquez is down!

BW: That leaves Carver and Perez, daddy!

GM: Probably the two craziest guys in the whole damn match!

[Carver's got Perez back up, hurling him bodily into the nearest set of turnbuckles. He charges in after him, connecting with a massive clothesline that shakes Perez from head to toe!]

GM: What a clothesline in the corner!

[With Perez basically out on his feet, Carver steps back, throwing a hard chop to the chest... and another... and another. Soon, Carver is a blur of adrenaline-fueled carnage as he alternates chops to the chest with clubbing forearms to the head...]

GM: THE BOSTON BEATDOWN HAS COME TO NEW YORK CITY!

[The crowd is ROARING for the pummeling that has arrived all over Pedro Perez, forcing him down to a seated position where Carver grabs the top rope, switching to a brutal series of stomps, forcing Perez flat on his back in the corner. With a expletive-riddled shout that gets muted by a swift-thinking audio technician, Carver steps up to the middle rope, grabs the top rope, leaping into the air...

...and DRIVES both knees down into the chest of Perez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it! That's gotta be it!

[Carver yanks Perez away from the corner, diving across his chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WALKER PULLED HIM OUT!

BW: WALKER LIVES!

GM: Wade Walker out of nowhere to save his partner!

[Carver is quick to strike though, unleashing a series of stiff left jabs followed by a right cross that sends Walker spinning away, falling back against the railing. Carver spins back towards the ring, pulling himself up on the ring apron where Pedro Perez is waiting to DRIVE a mule kick through the ropes into the mouth of Carver!]

GM: OHH! Perez caught him coming back in!

[With Carver dazed, Pedro Perez gets a running start, hitting the far ropes, rebounding back towards him...

...and LEAPS over the top, hooking Carver in a sunset flip powerbomb position!]

GM: CARVER'S HANGING ON! CARVER'S HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE!

[Wade Walker surges towards the ring, hopping up onto the ring apron with great agility. He steps in, dashing across the ring as his partner did moments ago, steaming back across from the other side...

...and THROWS himself into a spear tackle that sends him THROUGH the top and middle rope, drilling Carver in the ribcage, causing him to lose his grip on the ropes...]

GM: NO!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[...and he gets DRIVEN into the barely-padded concrete floor with the Perez powerbomb minus a lot of momentum thanks to his earlier counter of it!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY GOD IN HEAVEN, IT'S A DAMN TRAIN WRECK OUT HERE!

BW: Man oh man, Gordon Myers... if this was a night to show our love for the Empire, I'd say these six guys are doin' 'em proud, daddy!

GM: You better believe it!

[Walker and Perez slowly get up, looking at the downed Carver...

...but Perez points out to Alex Martinez instead.]

GM: Oh, of course! They want a win over the Hall of Famer on their record! They want that notch on their gunbelts!

[Walker drags a barely moving Martinez out of the front row, dragging him towards the ring... where Perez waves a hand, calling it off...]

GM: What are they doing now?

[Perez leans over, pointing and speaking to Walker who gives a nod.]

GM: Walker's over here and... he's got the ringsteps!

[The Dogs Of War powerhouse lifts the steel steps off the floor, throwing them aside. He grabs the metal base that they were resting on, pressing it over his head and tossing it into the ring.]

GM: The base of the steps is in the ring and-

BW: If you're a fan of Alex Martinez, you can NOT like the looks of this, daddy!

GM: Absolutely not!

[Walker shoves Martinez into the ring as Perez steps in as well, moving the steel base into position.]

GM: What is going on here?

[Walker steps up behind Martinez, clenching his teeth as he hooks the seven footer's massive legs into wheelbarrow position. Perez nods as he steps up on the middle rope, raising his arms over his head and waving for the crowd to jeer even louder...]

GM: Oh my... oh my stars... don't do this! Don't do this, damn it!

[Walker slowly muscles Martinez up, every muscle in his body trembling at the effort it's taking to get the big man up...

...and then THROWS him down facefirst on the steel base!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Perez grins a sadistic smile as he looks out at the jeering crowd, turning his fingers into pistols as he points them at the prone Martinez...]

"TIME TO DIE!"

[...and LEAPS off, tucking his legs...]

GM: NO!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd falls silent as Pedro Perez DRIVES his feet down into the back of Martinez' head with a double stomp, driving his face into the steel!]

GM: Good... good god.

[Perez flips the seven footer onto his back, smirking as he steps down into a lateral press. Wade Walker stays on watch, keeping an eye on Juan Vasquez who seems to be trying to get back to the ring but a barely-moving Isaiah Carpenter is clinging to his leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Perez crawls off the downed Martinez, a huge grin on his face as he settles on his knees. Wade Walker gives a rare show of emotion, falling to his knees and throwing his arms around the triumphant Perez as the crowd roars with jeers.]

GM: Unbelievable.

BW: Is it? Is it really THAT hard to believe that the greatest three-man team that this business have EVER seen would put down their opponents tonight?

GM: When you look at a team with Alex Martinez, Juan Vasquez, and Hannibal Carver on it, many would believe that team could NEVER be beaten, Bucky.

BW: Those people would be fools... and wrong... dead wrong. The Dogs Of War once again have proven that when you get them alone, you stand a chance... but when they're able to stand together, they can beat any three men you put in front of them.

GM: An absolutely devastating move from Perez and Walker to put Martinez down for a three count... and of course, you can't count out Isaiah Carpenter who prevented Juan Vasquez from making the save out on the floor. What did Perez yell before he hit that? Time to die?

BW: Time to die, that's right. And for Alex Martinez, it might be time for his days inside a wrestling ring to die. He won last year alongside his boy but he didn't go out on top. He was too proud... too stupid to realize that his days inside this ring are over, Gordo. William Craven might have started the end for Martinez... Supreme Wright might have hastened it... and the Dogs Of War just cemented it in the middle of this ring tonight.

GM: The man's a Hall of Famer, Bucky... show some respect, will you?

BW: That IS me being respectful, Gordo. He could get a whole lot worse... and WILL get a whole lot worse from some people. There's been a lot of people in this sport waiting for Alex Martinez to hit the end of his days in the world of wrestling. You a Star Wars fan, Gordo?

GM: Huh?

BW: Star Wars. You've at least heard of it, right?

GM: Sure.

BW: Remember at the end of Return Of The Jedi in that godforsaken Special Edition?

GM: I didn't know you were so passionate about-

BW: Remember all the planets celebrating the fall of the Empire? That's a lot like what's going on in living rooms all over the world tonight.

[The shot cuts to the crowd where Jeff Matthews, a longtime friend and rival of Martinez, looks on with interest as the Dogs Of War - now complete in the ring - celebrate their victory as Juan Vasquez kneels next to his fallen friend.]

BW: Jeff Matthews may look all concerned but deep down inside, he's doing cartwheels.

GM: Knock it off, Bucky. No one is doing cartwheels over the possible end of a legendary career.

BW: You're more delusional than I thought, Gordo.

[Walker, Perez, and Carpenter make their exit from the ring, still celebrating their victory as "War Machine" continues to blare from the PA system, the shocked crowd jeering their every step back up the aisle.]

GM: The Dogs Of War have just permanently left their mark on the wrestling world with this impressive victory here tonight.

BW: And you've gotta ask the question, Gordo. If a team made up of two Hall of Famers and one of the toughest men in the business couldn't beat the Dogs Of War, who in the world can?

GM: That is a good question... but it's a question for another day as Hannibal Carver has made it back in the ring to join his partners.

[Carver spots the downed Martinez, realizing the loss for the first time as he angrily kicks at the ropes, clutching at the back of his head as Vasquez continues to kneel next to his partner, checking his condition as the referee does the same.]

GM: Juan Vasquez is obviously very concerned about Alex Martinez' condition. This has to feel very, very familiar... perhaps eerily so to the other times where Vasquez has had one of his allies... his partners... his friends suffer an injury while teaming with him.

[On cue, our astute technical director cuts to ringside where Vasquez' best friend, Luke Kinsey, is looking on. A pair of dark sunglasses rests on his face - a reminder of the injuries suffered at the hands of Nenshou's mist.]

GM: Luke Kinsey is here tonight as part of the EMWC celebration and I'm sure he also wanted to see his best friend compete here tonight. But he can't like what he's seeing either.

BW: Probably having one heck of a case of déjà vu.

GM: Vasquez and... here comes Dr. Ponavitch now to check on Alex Martinez.

[The AWA's doctor steps through the ropes, moving to kneel next to the Hall of Famer as Vasquez makes room, standing alongside Hannibal Carver, pointing at Martinez. Carver nods at Vasquez, pointing at ringside then rubbing the back of his head, probably explaining what happened to him as we cut to Gordon and Bucky inside the ring.]

GM: A scary situation for sure... and if you're Ryan Martinez, sitting back in that locker room not that long before the biggest match of your life, you've gotta be concerned, Bucky.

BW: You're concerned... but you've gotta find a way to shove that concern aside. You can't have your father's condition on your mind when you step in that ring with Supreme Wright or you'll end up in a hospital bed right next to your old man. It sounds heartless, I know, but you've gotta forget about your father... for one night at least.

GM: It was quite the hard-fought matchup that we just witnessed and at times, we likened it to the old EMWC who saw more than its fair share of hard-fought matchups. All night long we've been saluting the Extreme Wrestling Council or the Empire Wrestling Council... whichever name and version you prefer... and we've been asking our own AWA superstars to share some of their favorite memories of what the E meant to them. It's been a fantastic look back and we've got one more of those to show you right now. Take a look...

[We cut to a seated "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor, pre-recorded obviously quite some time ago, as he's seated at the end of the bar at the Rusty Spur. In the background we see Jack Lynch laughing as he slaps Michael Weaver on the back, nearly sending the young grappler flying. Bobby is dressed in a red and white flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up, blue jeans and a pair of black and white cowboy boots.]

BOC: I'm guessing you folks are going to hear a lot about matches tonight that took place in Los Angeles. Or about legendary wrestlers that became immortal thanks to the promotion we're all saluting tonight.

But me? What I remember most, what's closest to my heart is the EMWC itself.

[Bobby takes a sip of what appears to be nothing stronger than a root beer before continuing.]

BOC: Everyone's heard it from me a million times -- my dad and my grandfather were my heroes growing up. They were the reason I dreamed of getting into this sport in the first place.

But HOW I wanted to be seen once I was here? The way I wanted to take care of my business in the ring?

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: That was all from the Empire. That was the inspiration, that entirely new style of professional wrestling... the likes of which I'd never seen before. It had about as much in common with the O'Connors putting away grapplers with the sleeper as Terry Shane has with lifelong friendships. But it was everything I ever wanted. Two guys giving everything in and out of that ring. The best brawlers this sport has ever seen. I wasted no time at all in getting those tapes in the mail. There was only one problem.

[Bobby chuckles.]

I knew it would never fly in my house. My folks would've tossed those tapes in the trash right away and Grandpa Karl...

[Bobby shakes his head.]

BOC: Well, he would've tanned my hide but good. So it had to stay a secret. I had a sports bag in my bedroom closet, and tucked at the bottom of it under a catcher's mitt... that was my goldmine. My big secret. I had training in the ring by day... and then another lesson every night after everyone else was asleep in front of my TV set. Watching that action changed me forever, maybe not always for the best...

[Bobby runs his hands across his scarred forehead.]

BOC: ... but I'd never change a thing. The Bobby O'Connor you watch every week wouldn't be the same without that crazy, borderline illegal promotion from the city of angels.

So to Mister Blue, wherever he may be, and the company he climbed to the top of this crazy sport with...

[Bobby hoists his glass.]

BOC: ... happy twentieth, here's to twenty more.

[Bobby drinks, and waves goodbye as Jack yells at him to come over because "you've gotta hear this one!" as we fade out to a shot where the words "Recorded Earlier This Week" flash across the screen, as we open to an outdoor, grassy area in what looks like to be the middle of nowhere. The scene suddenly cuts to Danny Morton, dressed in camouflaged hunting gear, carrying an ASSAULT RIFLE.]

"BLAM!"

"BLAM!"
"BLAM!"
"BLAM!"
"BLAM!"
"BLAM!"

[The Oklahoman then turns to the camera, laughing maniacally...]

DM: HAHAAHAHA!!!

[...as we then fade out and into a shot of Morton, now standing with his tag team partner, Jackson Haynes somewhere on a grassy knoll. Haynes is also dressed in camouflaged hunting gear, although he still wears his trademark floppy cowboy hat atop his head. In the background, we hear the distant sounds of gunfire.]

DM: Those kids got some spunk, don't they, Jack?

JH: At least one of'em, does. It seems to me, that Mertz kid is the sorta' wimp that grew up hidin' behind his mama's skirt one too many times.

DM: But he didn't even wait to hit me, Jack! He might need to learn how to put some weight behind those punches, but once you triggered him, he was good and ready to fight!

JH: I'll admit, those kids' got guts. They might be dumb as a box of rocks, but they got guts. Aarons got up in my face and didn't back down. Hell, he THREATENED me. Now, usually you'd commend someone for that. They win 'yer respect 'cause of their bravery. Well, you might call that "bravery"...

[He turns and spits.]

JH: I call it...STUPIDITY.

[Haynes gets a wild look his eyes.]

JH: 'Cause the LAST thing ya' wanna' do is get in my face! The LAST thing you wanna' do is rile up these lazy old bones! The absolute LAST thing you wanna' do...

...is throw out civility and get inna' honest to God, FIGHT with Violence Unlimited!

DM: That might be the last thing they WANT to do, but it sure as heck is what WE want them to do!

JH: Ya' got that right, Danny, 'cause there's no way faster to losin' 'yer belts, than tryin' to show the world just how tough and brave you are, by goin' up against two certified asskickers tougher and braver than you've ever been in a single day of your lives!

DM: But they're still young, Jack! They still got enough time to learn! They got enough time to drink their milk to grow up to be big and strong like us!

[Morton cackles.]

DM: But what they DON'T have, is enough time to become a team great enough to stop us! What they don't have, is enough time to back out of this match and keep the AWA World Tag Team titles out of our hands! What they don't got is...

[Haynes grabs Morton by the shoulder, spinning him around so they're staring each other face-to-face.]

JH: Danny.

What they don't got is TIME. Period.

[The scene then cuts out and fades back to Danny Morton, still carrying his assault rifle. He is then joined by Haynes, walking up next to him, also carrying an assault rifle. The two then proceed to empty their rifles...]

"BLAM!" "BLAM!" "BLAM!" "BLAM!"
"BLAM!" "BLAM!" "BLAM!" "BLAM!"
"BLAM!" "BLAM!" "BLAM!" "BLAM!"
"BLAM!" "BLAM!" "BLAM!" "BLAM!"
"BLAM!" "BLAM!" "BLAM!" "BLAM!"
"BLAM!" "BLAM!" "BLAM!" "BLAM!"
"BLAM!" "BLAM!" "BLAM!" "BLAM!"
"BLAM!" "BLAM!" "BLAM!" "BLAM!"

[...as they finish firing, the camera slowly pans over to what they were shooting at off-camera, where we see absolutely shredded and destroyed life-sized pictures of Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons being used as shooting targets. The scene then cuts back to the shot of Violence Unlimited on the grassy knoll, where Jackson Haynes turns to the camera, eyes wide open, with his teeth gritted and a crazed look on his face.]

JH: 'Cause at SuperClash, their TIME...

...is up!

[Fade out to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing in between both members of Air Strike, Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons. Both members are wearing the Combat Corner hooded track suit jacket, green with white trim. Aarons is wearing long green tights with a white vertical stripe down each leg. Mertz is wearing long white tights with a green vertical stripe down each leg. The AWA World Tag Team Titles are secured firmly around their respective waists.]

MS: Gentlemen, we are moments away from this big Winner Take All match!

[Aarons smiles.]

MA: Stegs, here we are, New. York. City! Madison. Square. Garden! The Mecca of all Meccas. And here we are in this great city to take part in this great match. We are pumped! We are ready. We are willing! And as Violence Unlimited will soon learn, we are more than able!

MS: What kind of strategy can you have against a team that has more power and experience to make sure those titles that you have don't wind up going back to Japan like Violence Unlimited says will happen when they win?

MA: Stegs, what you do, is have more determination and more will! Violence Unlimited comes stomping around thinking they are going to throw Air Strike around and try to intimidate us?

[Aarons wags a finger and shakes his head.]

MA: No way, jacks! As you guys found out on SNW, Air Strike stands its ground and comes ready to fight! You two big and bads might be the present of tag team wrestling, but that present is slowly fading into the past. And we're here tonight to show you the future of tag team wrestling, and to show you that future is now!

MS: But the pressure the two of you must be facing to know that if you lose the AWA World Tag Team Titles are going back to Japan, how do you deal with that?

[Aarons' smile fades; he looks over at Mertz who says nothing. Aarons looks back to Stegglet.]

MA: All I can say is this – as long as Air Strike still has legs to move, lungs to breathe and hearts to bleed, we will do everything to make sure that DOES NOT HAPPEN! Violence Unlimited is a tough team - any team, whether they won or lost, would tell you that.

[Aarons shakes his head and smirks.]

MA: Heck, I can tell you that. But we know what we're facing – a tough, SOB of a team. They think they're going in against a good little team.

[Aarons tilts his head to the side in disbelief and looks down to the title around his waist before looking back at the camera.]

MA: Good little team? Good little team? Jacks, we ain't some good little team. We ARE the high-flying, death defying, Madison Square Garden arriving, so that Vee Ewe taking the AWA title back to Japan we are denying, Teen Age Dream Team... Air Strike. And we have no problem teaching them that tonight!

[Aarons looks over at his partner, who is looking down at the floor.]

CM: Stay out of my ring.

[He speaks slowly almost whispering the words.]

CM: Last time at Rising Sun, I wasn't able to compete. My ribs, the doctors, fact is I wasn't there.

[Mertz looks up at the camera with a cold, hard determined look.]

CM: And it burns a hole inside of me every second that I think about it. Letting my partner down, letting the fans down, and knowing deep down that we have the ability as a team to know that the results would have been different if I could have competed.

[Mertz looks over at Aarons and gives a slight nod as his partner gives him one back.]

CM: So when Aarons and James went down to fight, I eventually willed myself to come down to the ring. Not because I should have, but because it was where I needed to be. I couldn't fight, and that's something I'll always have to live with, but I could cheer them on.

[A pained expression forms on Mertz' face.]

CM: So that's what I did, I cheered them on because that's what Michael Aarons does; he fights on, even when the odds are against him. But I was doing the only thing I could, cheer, support, and, yes, warn. So I was there not to distract or attack, but that still didn't stop you from grabbing me and spiking me to the ground. But it's not so much what you did but rather what you said.

[Mertz looks down at the ground.]

CM: Stay out of my ring.

[Mertz looks back up at the camera with a look probably never seen before from the young superstar, anger.]

CM: You ring? YOUR ring? YOUR RING? I take offense to that! You may be the greatest team this year, this decade, this century, and this forever. And I may hold on to things for way too long... my partner certainly has his theories on that.

[A smirk from Aarons as Mertz continues.]

CM: But your ring?

[Mertz shakes his head.]

CM: Maybe in Japan, but here in the States, in New York City, in the AWA, this is OUR ring!

[Mertz shakes his head.]

CM: But you've probably misunderstood so let me explain. Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz are just two dumb kids, but we worked our butts off each and every night, gotten our butts kicked, and kicked some butts along the way. We've stayed in the present, remembering the past with an eye towards the future. We've earned every right to be in that ring – OUR ring!

[Mertz takes a step and puts a hand on Mark Stegglet's shoulder.]

CM: Day one this man's been here. Working honing his craft, getting better, asking the tough questions. He wants to succeed because it makes this Company succeed, he's better when this Company's the best. It's his ring too!

[Surprisingly, Mertz walks off, and the camera shakes as it goes off to follow. We're now in a more backstage area of the arena. Mertz walks right up to a production assistant putting an arm around him and pointing at the camera as a stunned Aarons and Stegglet pursue.]

CM: That gentleman behind the camera and this person right here. You never see them but they're here, hours before any of us making sure everything is just right. Why? Because it's their job to make sure we all look good, that everything is smooth, making this Company better. It's their ring too!

[Mertz walks off again as a bemused Aarons smiles and follows suit. Getting to a metal door, Mertz hits the bar and pushes it open leading him out to the main walkway of Madison Square Garden, there we see the merchants and the concessions selling to a healthy sized crowd. Mertz walks up to one of the merchants who happens to be selling SuperClash program guides.]

CM: This guy here who's selling the AWA product, getting the name out there, making the Company better, it's his ring too!

[The crowd starts assembling because of the camera and hey there are some professional wrestlers over here. Mertz sees a small child and points to him.]

CM: This kid seeing the AWA live for the first time...

[Mertz points to the man holding the child.]

CM: To this man trying to have a bond with his son...

[Mertz sees a bunch of college kids holding some beer.]

CM: To these guys trying to have a good time...

[One of them yells out "Damn straight!" as Mertz continues.]

CM: You see Morton, Haynes it's their ring as well, just like at one time it was your ring too. Still is. The difference is, the point to all of this is, there's a whole lot more than two people in OUR ring...

[Mertz points at himself and Aarons.]

CM: OUR ring...

[Mertz point at himself, Aarons and Stegglet.]

CM: OUR ring...

[Mertz makes a big circle motion with his finger indicating the entire area which is getting quite crowded as people figure at what part of the arena they are in.]

CM: But we've not telling you to stay out of it, we're inviting you in. But just know we're not just defending this.

[Mertz pats the plate of the AWA World Tag Team Titles.]

CM: We're defending this.

[Mertz points to the crowd behind him to a big pop from that crowd.]

CM: You want to fight? You want to show the world you're the greatest? You want to take the AWA World Tag Team Titles out of the AWA?

[Mertz shakes his head as the crowd boos.]

CM: Well, all of that will be in OUR ring. We'll see you there!

[With that, the tag champs exchange a very pumped up fist bump and walk off into the crowd of people, slapping hands along the way and leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Air Strike determined and ready for what promises to be one heck of a fight!

[We crossfade back inside the arena bowl of Madison Square Garden as Phil Watson takes his spot in center ring.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is a WINNER TAKES ALL showdown with both the AWA World Tag Team Titles and the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Titles on the line!

[HUGE CHEER! After a moment, the cheers turn to a pretty solid mixed reaction as the sounds of Motley Crue's "Shout At The Devil" suddenly fills the air. The NYC crowd, familiar with this entrance, sing along to the opening lyrics.]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[The arena lights cut to black as the crowd then ROARS as huge columns of fire spout forth from the top of the rampway like the flames of hell!]

WOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!

"AHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

GM: OH MY!

[When the flames disappear, the crowd roars once more at the sight of Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes, standing at opposite sides of the elevated stage, illuminated by spotlights, both wearing frightening Japanese Daikijin (great devil god) Noh masks. Beneath the masks, Morton is dressed in his traditional red boxer's robe. Meanwhile, Haynes is in his leather duster, revealing Confederate flag-style wrestling trunks underneath. In his right hand, he carries his infamous bull rope.]

GM: And here they come... former AWA National Tag Team Champions, the only two-time winners of the Stampede Cup tournament, and the current reigning Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions.

BW: They got a resume longer than my arm and the toughness to back it up against any tag team in the world... including the World Tag Team Champions.

GM: Are you predicting a title change here tonight?

BW: I guess either way you slice it, we're going to see a title change, Gordo... but yeah, I'm calling it here and now. Morton and Haynes are walking out with all the gold here tonight and taking it all back to Japan where we may never see it again if they have their way.

[The house lights return as they make their way down to the ring. Morton jogs down the aisle, ready to get the match started ASAP, while Haynes takes his sweet time, moving at a glacial pace and threatening various sections of the crowd by swinging his bull rope at them, causing the fans to wisely scatter away from him in fear. The duo reaches the ring, stomping around it as their music fades.]

The buzz of anticipation flows throughout the crowd as they eagerly await the AWA World Tag Team Champions when suddenly the PA sparks up. It sounds something like a military commander giving an order with sounds of gunfire and explosions in the background.]

V/O: Commence Air Strike in...

[The lights go out and the center scoreboard comes to life as the numbers appear as the voice counts down.]

V/O: 5... 4... 3... 2... 1!

[Nothing. Everything shuts off as the crowd starts to hoot and holler.

Slowly and softly, the open piano notes begin to play for "Can't Hold Us" by Macklemore and Ryan Lewis to further the anticipation of the crowd. As the piano fades out and the drums kick in, spotlights comes to life throughout the arena.

The spotlights first hit the entrance way and then throughout the entire arena, and as the piano and drums finally merge to the intro of the song, the lights start to swirl throughout the arena as the outline of the entranceway is lit up with flashing green and white lights.]

GM: This is one of the more important matches in the history of those titles, as Violence Unlimited, right or wrong, has stated that if they win they are taking the titles back to Japan.

BW: It's called the champion's prerogative, Gordo! And it doesn't help that much that the fate of the titles rest on the shoulders of these two!

GM: Well, Air Strike has a big problem with that as we saw and they will do everything in their power to make sure that doesn't happen!

BW: Everything in their power like not show up?

[The song continues to play as no one comes out of the entranceway. However, the light on the ramp splits in two and sharply cuts to the left and right of the crowd. As the camera follows the left spotlight, it focuses on a familiar face in the crowd.]

GM: Michael Aarons in the crowd!

[There Michael Aarons stands, green and white hooded track suit jacket among the fans at the top of the lower level stairs. He holds the tag title high in the air as the crowd gets rowdy behind him trying to get on TV. Aarons simply stands there and points to across the arena.]

GM: Cody Mertz!

[Cody Mertz stands on the other end of the arena, pointing right back at his partner. Mertz is wearing a similar track suit jacket with the hood pulled up over his head. Tag title firmly around his waist.]

GM: And Air Strike taking a page out of the book of the Dogs of War, making their way through the crowd!

BW: More likely trying to sneak attack Violence Unlimited!

GM: Yes, one usually causes this much of a spectacle when trying to sneak attack their opponents.

[Air Strike hustles down the stairs, slapping hands with anyone and everyone they can. They get to the bottom of the stairs and wade through the crowd as they get the barricade. In one fluid motion, both members hop over the barricade at opposite ends and make their way over slapping hands with the fans until they finally meet up. With a fist bump they sprint and slide underneath the bottom rope. Popping up, they each go to a corner of the ring and face the crowd. Aarons holding the title high in the air; and Mertz holding both arms up triumphantly as the music fades.]

PW: Introducing first... in the corner to my right... currently hailing from Japan...

[The boos pour down for that part of the introduction for the former AWA fan favorite duo.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 595 pounds... they are the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions...

"THE HAMMER" JACKSON HAYNES...

DANNY MORTON...

VIIIIIOOOOOOLENNNNNNNNNCE UNNNNNNNNLIMITEEEEEEEED!

[Morton and Haynes stare coldly across the ring at their opponents who are now in the opposite corner, huddled up.]

PW: And their opponents... at a total combined weight of 420 pounds... they are the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

MICHAEL AARONS...

CODY MERTZ...

AIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIR STRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIKE!

[Mertz and Aarons shed their tracksuits, throwing them to the floor to big cheers from the females in the house. They trade another high five as Morton and Haynes lean together, pointing across. It is at this point that we notice two officials in the ring. As referee Tiger Takada steps to the floor, AWA official Ricky Longfellow signals for the bell.]

GM: And this one's officially underway! Winner Takes All with BOTH sets of tag team titles on the line!

[Mertz and Aarons exchange a final double high five before Aarons steps out to the apron. Haynes and Morton shout at each other, firing one another up, exchanging short slaps before Haynes steps out to the apron.]

GM: Well, that's one way to get motivated for a match.

BW: They do things different over there in Japan, Gordo. That's why I'm not so sure about that extra ref out here on the floor by us.

GM: Tiger Paw Pro and AWA officials agreed that it was only fair to have two officials play their parts in this. Ricky Longfellow is the man in the ring, Tiger Takada out on the floor to watch out for anything fishy.

[Cody Mertz jogs in a circle, moving around the much-larger Danny Morton as he looks for an opening to attack.]

BW: I'll tell ya, these two better have done their road work to get ready for this match 'cause if they're going to stand a chance against Violence Unlimited, they're going to be runnin' all night.

GM: They will certainly be looking to use their speed, their quickness, their aerial ability to keep the much-larger opponents off-balance and vulnerable to their double team attacks.

[Morton plants himself in the middle of the ring, gesturing for Mertz to come towards him. The Oklahoman is not fazed at all as Mertz dances from side to side, moving across the ring swiftly. Morton simply turns his torso to face him, wiggling his fingers in anticipation as he looks for an opening of his own.]

BW: Morton wants to get his hands on this punk so badly and if he does, it might be over right then and there.

[Morton suddenly makes a lunge for a collar and elbow as Mertz ducks down, slipping behind Morton into a rear waistlock.]

GM: Mertz hooks a waistlock, hanging on for dear life as Morton looks to escape.

[Mertz tucks his chin low, causing Morton to whiff on a pair of back elbow attempts. Morton swivels his body, facing Michael Aarons who claps for his partner as Mertz gets even lower, keeping his legs back as Morton attempts to reach back to trip him up.]

GM: Morton's unable to find a way out of this. The elbows didn't work. He couldn't get to a leg and-

[Frustrated, Morton simply grabs the wrists of Cody Mertz, clenching his teeth as he pulls... and pulls... and pulls...]

GM: Look at this!

BW: Morton's one of the strongest men in the entire business!

[Morton gives a roar as he rips the hands apart, causing Mertz to scramble backwards, fists at the ready as a smirking Morton turns away.]

GM: Wow.

BW: That's all you can say, Gordo. Just an incredible show of power out of Danny Morton and if there was any doubt to how much power Air Strike was dealing with, I'm guessing those doubts are over now.

[Mertz backs off again, shaking his hands as Morton strikes a double bicep pose, holding the arms up.]

GM: Not a lot of muscle definition there out of Danny Morton but he's a strong as an ox and then some, fans.

[Haynes shouts some encouragement from the corner as Mertz falls back into his corner, leaning over to speak to Michael Aarons.]

GM: A little strategy session going on with Air Strike in the corner.

BW: Shouldn't they have already done this, Gordo?

GM: You know as well as anyone that a gameplan can be changed in a heartbeat. One of the best traits a wrestler can bring to the ring with him is the ability to adapt on the fly.

[Morton is all grins as he turns back to Mertz, waving him forward again. Mertz nods, edging out of the buckles as Morton leans over, ready to strike...]

GM: Cody Mertz is giving up a lot of size to a man like Danny Morton. Height AND weight.

[Mertz ducks under lockup attempt, slipping into a waistlock again.]

GM: Another waistlock tying up Morton.

[But this time, Morton doesn't even try to escape any other way. He simply reaches down, grabbing the wrists, pulling them apart with relative ease...]

BW: Morton powers out again and-

[Mertz steps back, opening up with an overhead chop down between the shoulderblades of Morton - a blow that draws cheers from the crowd and irritation from the Oklahoma native as he spins around, pointing a threatening finger at Mertz.]

BW: That just ticked him off, Gordo.

[Morton rushes forward, throwing a left hand that Mertz ducks under. A right hand follows as Mertz avoids it as well, ducking behind into another waistlock!]

GM: Back to the waistlock! And this time, Morton's hot under the collar!

[Morton plants his feet, rushing backwards towards the turnbuckles...

...but Mertz bails out, throwing Morton backfirst into the buckles!]

GM: Oh my!

[Mertz drops down, using a drop toehold to take Morton off his feet, bouncing his face off the canvas, floating quickly over into a front facelock, trying to hold Morton down on the canvas.]

GM: Right over into the front facelock, trying to grind Morton down into the mat.

BW: I have to admit that this is a sound strategy here. Get one of the big guys down, stay on them, grind them down, trying to wear them out by making them fight back to their feet.

[Morton does fight back relatively easily, holding his spot in the center of the ring as Mertz cinches in on the hold, trying to make him carry his weight around.]

GM: Mertz is hanging on, trying to constrict the flow of blood to Morton's brain... wear him out a bit...

[Morton lifts Mertz off the mat, holding him there as he strides across the ring, setting Mertz down on the top turnbuckle. The referee steps in, calling for a break as Morton steps back...

...and lightly pats Mertz on the face to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: How disrespectful is that!

[Mertz suddenly surges to his feet, leaping into the air to drive both feet into the face of Danny Morton!]

GM: Dropkick off the second rope staggers the big man!

[The Air Strike member springs to his feet, racing back to the corner, hopping up to the middle rope, and leaps off towards the incoming Morton...

...who snatches the smaller man out of the sky, holding him in a bearhug as he walks across the ring...]

GM: Morton shows off that power by catching him in mid-air and-

[The Oklahoma native suddenly rushes forward, CRUSHING Mertz against the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh!

[Morton grabs Mertz by the hair, slamming a fist into the back of the head. A clubbing forearm is next, knocking Mertz down to the mat.]

GM: Morton and Haynes love getting an opponent down where they can beat on them just like Morton's doing now. And of course, they love those big slams and suplexes that they can use on smaller opponents.

BW: Smaller opponents like Air Strike?

GM: Exactly, yes.

[Morton drags Mertz off the mat, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whip sends Mertz to the ropes...

[Mertz ducks under a big clothesline attempt on the rebound, racing to the near ropes where Michael Aarons slaps the shoulder.]

GM: Blind tag by Air Strike!

[A rebounding Mertz drops into a slide, going through the legs of Morton and popping up behind him on all fours as Michael Aarons steps in, throwing a dropkick of his own that causes Morton to trip over the kneeling Mertz, crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: Trickery by the World Tag Team Champions! And I don't know if trying to embarrass Violence Unlimited is a sound strategy. It seems like it'll just make them mad and more likely to pound you like a nail.

[As Mertz slides out of the ring, Aarons dives across into a lateral press, scoring only a one count before an angry Danny Morton presses him off, sending him up into the air before he crashes down to the canvas.]

GM: Wow! Pure power on the kickout by Morton!

[Aarons quickly recovers, grabbing the rising Morton by the arm, cranking it around into an armtwist.]

GM: Aarons going to work on the arm now, perhaps hoping to minimize some of the effects of the power game of Danny Morton.

BW: Not sure it'll work but it's a heckuva idea. Take away the slams, the suplexes, the powerbombs.

[Morton plants his hand against Aarons' face, throwing him out of the armtwist, sending him crashing back against the buckles. Morton shakes out his arm...

...and then charges in, throwing a back elbow into the chin!]

GM: Oh! Hard shot in the corner by the Oklahoma native - the man known throughout Japan as the American Murder Machine!

[Morton marches to the corner, slapping the hand of his partner.]

BW: Here comes the Hammer!

[Jackson Haynes steps through the ropes, stomping across the ring to slam a double axehandle across the shoulderblades of a stunned Michael Aarons!]

GM: Ohh!

[Haynes grabs Aarons by the body, throwing him back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Haynes and Morton are so physically impressive. They can just throw these two around with ease. Morton threw his way out of the armbar. Haynes just chucks him like a bag of potatoes into the corner.

[Grabbing a handful of Aarons' hair, Haynes winds up and BLASTS him between the eyes with a right hand, staggering the smaller guy. Haynes steps back, throwing a big right to the body...]

GM: Jackson Haynes is one of the hardest hitters you'll ever run across inside a squared circle and he throws them with such reckless abandon. He's a wildman in there when he's turned loose.

BW: He's as tough as they come and then some, Gordo.

[Haynes lands two more hooking blows to the body until referee Ricky Longfellow forces him back, creating some space for Michael Aarons who is clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet.]

GM: There's a break and Aarons needs to get out of that corner. He can't stay in there against the 2014 Stampede Cup champions. Of course, if things had gone differently, Michael Aarons might BE a 2014 Stampede Cup champion. Remember, he went to the Finals against Violence Unlimited with Brian James as a substitute partner.

[Haynes steps back in, grabbing Aarons' arm to whip him across. As Aarons nears the corner, he extends his arms to grab the top rope, kicking his legs up into the air as Haynes runs under him, smashing into the buckles!]

GM: Nice counter out of Aarons!

[As Haynes wheels around, Aarons makes him eat a stiff jab to the chin before grabbing the arm.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Haynes!

[And as Aarons approaches the corner, he leaps up to the second rope.]

GM: Another counter!

[Aarons snaps his head back, throwing a fake as Haynes bottoms out to avoid a cross body that never comes. The AWA World Tag Team Champion spins around, leaping off the top with an overhead chop down between the eyes that staggers Haynes!]

GM: Big chop by Aarons!

BW: He's got a chance to do some damage here, Gordo.

GM: Aarons quickly to the ropes... clothesline!

[The clothesline stuns Haynes, causing him to fall backwards, his arms wheeling around to keep his balance as Aarons hits the ropes again, bouncing off the strands behind the off-balance Haynes.]

GM: Aarons off one set of ropes... now off the other...

[The high flyer throws himself into a flying back elbow, catching Haynes under the chin and knocking him down to the canvas to a big cheer from the New York City crowd!]

GM: Haynes goes down!

BW: It takes a lot to take that man down and Aarons hit him with a series of big shots to get him there.

[Aarons dives across Haynes in a pin attempt, scoring two before Haynes rolls him off.]

GM: Aarons is so fast. Haynes looks like he's moving in slow motion in there against him.

[As Haynes rises, Aarons grabs the arm, twisting it around in an armtwist. Haynes throws the right to counter but Aarons ducks under, burying a boot in the gut that doubles up Haynes...]

GM: Aarons up and over in a sunset flip from a standing position!

[Aarons struggles, trying to drag the larger man down to the mat as Haynes steadies himself, takes aim...

...and SLAMS his fist into the canvas as Aarons lets go and slides away in time to avoid it!]

GM: Ohh! Haynes missed! He missed the right hand!

[Haynes stumbles away, waving his hand in pain as Aarons scrambles to his feet, throwing a dropkick that knocks Haynes back down to the mat for another pin attempt!]

GM: Again he gets one! He gets two!

[But again, Haynes kicks out in time. He's not even on his feet yet when Aarons is up, grabs the arm, and twists it around in an armtwist, backing to the corner where he tags in Cody Mertz.]

GM: Quick tag to Cody Mertz!

[Mertz grabs the wrist, cranking Haynes arm around once... and cranks it around a second time, leaving Haynes grimacing in pain as Mertz tags his partner back in...]

GM: Right back in comes Aarons...

[Aarons hops up to the middle rope, giving a war whoop before leaping off, smashing a forearm down across the twisted arm!]

GM: They're trying to take that arm away from Jackson Haynes - to completely neutralize it as a weapon.

[Aarons grabs the arm, cranking it around in an armtwist before tagging Mertz back in.]

GM: In and out, back and forth goes Air Strike - just a blur of motion in there.

BW: This is how they have to compete if they want to win, Gordo.

[Mertz grabs the arm, cranking it once... twice... three times... four times before tagging his partner back in.]

GM: Another tag!

[Aarons grabs the off-arm, joining his partner in a double armtwist by both members of the AWA World Tag Team Champions...

...and they twist them back the other way before a double chop from Mertz and Aarons takes Haynes off his feet, dropping him down to the mat. Danny Morton shouts a protest from the corner as Ricky Longfellow makes sure to apply an even five count.]

GM: Out goes Mertz...

[But another quick tag brings him back in.]

GM: ...and in comes Mertz!

[Mertz grabs the arm, cranking it around, pulling him into a side headlock.]

GM: Mertz hooks the side headlock, Haynes throws him off and-

[The Air Strike member slams on the brakes as Morton gets right in his path on the apron, ready to strike. Mertz waggles a finger disapprovingly at Morton...

...and gets DRILLED with a right-handed clothesline to the back of the head by Haynes!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: ENZUILARIATO! One of Haynes' trademark attacks puts Mertz down hard! I've heard guys say it's like getting hit with a baseball bat in the back of the head!

GM: It certainly looked that way as Mertz went down VERY hard off that shot.

BW: It's amazing, isn't it? All that doubleteaming, all those tags by Air Strike and one shot from VU puts 'em back in control of the match.

[Haynes stomps the back of Mertz' head a few times, refusing a tag from Professor Pain as he drags Mertz off the mat by the hair, shouting right in his face.]

GM: Jackson Haynes adding some insult to injury in there right now, firing Mertz across...

[The lightning quick Mertz ducks a clothesline attempt, slamming on the brakes behind Haynes, turning to strike...

...and gets FLIPPED inside out with a devastating standing lariat out of the Hammer!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief, what a shot! What a shot by Jackson Haynes right there!

BW: He nearly took his head off, Gordo!

GM: He certainly did!

[Haynes promptly launches into a stomping attack, forcing Mertz to try and roll away.]

GM: Mertz rolls right out to the floor!

[Ricky Longfellow steps in, forcing Haynes to back off as Danny Morton drops down to the floor. Morton stomps around the corner, coming after Cody Mertz...

...but Tiger Takada steps in, waving him off!]

GM: Look at that! Tiger Paw Pro official Tiger Takada says no! He's not going to allow Danny Morton to illegally attack Cody Mertz out on the floor!

[Morton and Takada are shouting at one another - Morton in English, Takada in Japanese - to the cheers of the crowd. A disgruntled Haynes brushes Longfellow aside as he stalks back across the ring, ducking through the ropes...

...where Mertz catches him with a right hand!]

GM: Oh! Mertz fires back!

[With Haynes staggering back, Mertz drags himself back up on the apron, ready to catapult himself over the ropes...

...but as he leaps up, Haynes lashes out with a big rushing headbutt to the sternum, knocking him out of the air and down on the ring apron!]

GM: Wow! That'll knock the wind right out of you!

[Haynes angrily leans over the ropes, dragging Mertz to his feet. He pulls Mertz' arms back, exposing his chest to the crowd...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Haynes backs off at the referee's orders, watching as Mertz slumps back down on the apron, clutching his chest in pain.]

GM: Haynes just tried to cave the man's sternum in right there!

BW: That's why they're the most dominant tag team in all of Japan - and if they win here tonight, the entire world! They've got the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown. They've got the Stampede Cup trophy. All that's left is to win the World Tag Team Titles here tonight, daddy.

[Haynes pulls Mertz up by the hair again, tugging him into a front facelock. He lifts the smaller man into the air with ease, holding him high as he steps back towards the middle of the ring, dropping him with a high impact vertical suplex!]

GM: Ohh! That'll rattle your spine!

[Haynes rolls to a knee, glaring at Mertz who has rolled to his belly and is crawling for his life. But Jackson Haynes shakes his head, grabbing Mertz by the foot and dragging him back to the corner where he tags in Danny Morton.]

GM: Morton tags in!

[Morton steps in, reaching down to grab the downed Mertz in a rear waistlock, deadlifting him up off the mat, holding him so that Mertz' lower back is pressed against Professor Pain's face.]

GM: Morton's got him up, walking around the ring with Mertz up in that waistlock and-

[After several seconds, Morton drops back, DUMPING Mertz on the back of his head with a devastating German suplex!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Morton rolls over, planting a knee in the chest of Mertz, sticking out his tongue as the referee counts once... twice... and almost a third time as the shoulder pops up off the mat!]

GM: He kicked out!

BW: Morton dumped him like a sack of trash on the back of his head and he still kicked out!

GM: These kids have so much heart, Bucky... so much determination!

[Morton is in a huff as he gets back to his feet, dragging Mertz up with him by the hair. Mertz' knees go out from under him a few times as Morton tries to keep him standing. He dips down, lifting Mertz up...

...and presses him straight over his head!]

GM: Military press by Morton! He's got the smaller man way up high!

[Morton slowly lowers Mertz, allowing his belly to touch the top of the Oklahoman's hair before he goes back up... and down... and up... and down...]

GM: Goodness! Look at the strength of Danny Morton!

BW: He's decided to get a little workout in in the middle of the match!

[Morton presses him up one more time, stepping closer to the ropes...

...and throws Mertz over the top, sending him crashing chestfirst down to the barely-padded floor!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

BW: That's it, Gordo. It's over!

GM: You could be right after that hard fall to the floor - to that concrete floor from about what? Fifteen feet?

BW: Close to it for sure. And this is a good time to point out that neither title can change hands on a countout or disqualification, right?

GM: That's correct, Bucky. If there's a countout or a DQ, you win the match and the winner's money but you do NOT walk out of here with the titles.

BW: Something for Danny Morton to keep in mind as Ricky Longfellow starts that count.

[Morton allows the count to get to six before he points a threatening finger at Longfellow, stepping out on the apron to break it.]

GM: Morton told the official to stop counting. They're obviously looking to claim those World Tag Team Titles here tonight.

[The Oklahoma native drops down to the floor, pulling a barely-moving Mertz back to his feet by the arm, lifting him up into a press again, throwing Mertz through the ropes and back inside the squared circle.]

GM: Morton puts Mertz back in, getting back up on the apron now...

[Morton steps in, watching as Mertz again stretches out his arm, looking to crawl across the ring...

...and gets stopped cold as Morton drops an elbow down into the lower back!]

GM: Big elbow down into the kidneys!

[Morton climbs to his feet, hooking a handful of trunks to lift Mertz off the mat. He lifts him up, holding him across his chest effortlessly...

...and DROPS down into a backbreaker!]

GM: Backbreaker!

[Shaking his head at the jeering crowd, Morton lifts Mertz up, turning to face another side of the ring, driving him down across the knee again...]

GM: Morton's absolutely dominating Cody Mertz at this stage of the matchup, fans. And this is NOT good news for fans who were hoping to see a World Tag Team Title defense in the United States after tonight. Remember, Violence Unlimited says that if they win the titles, they're taking them back to Japan to defend them and- ohh! A third backbreaker!

[Morton turns one more time, lifting Mertz up over his head in a show of strength, not pressing him high just barely above the head...

...and swings him down into a fourth backbreaker, shoving Mertz off his knee. He plants his forearm into the cheekbone as he applies a lateral press.]

GM: Morton's got him down for one! He's got two! He's got-

[But Mertz slips the shoulder up, breaking the pin again.]

GM: Another two count! Cody Mertz has got to be a physical wreck after the beating he's taken from Danny Morton in the last few minutes here.

[Morton glares at Longfellow as he pushes up to his knees, looking to the corner where Jackson Haynes is calling for a tag.]

GM: The tag is made to Jackson Haynes...

[Haynes gets a running start, hitting the far ropes, leaping high into the air for a high impact legdrop!]

GM: Big legdrop!

[The Hammer scrambles into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Mertz again lifts the shoulder, breaking the count to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Still just a two count!

[The camera cuts to the corner where Michael Aarons is shouting at his partner, begging him to make the tag as Aarons slaps the top turnbuckle a few times.]

GM: Haynes drags him up again... big whip to the corner...

[Haynes rampages in after him, connecting with a high impact clothesline in the corner!]

GM: Big clothesline in one corner...

[The Hammer spins, whipping him across to hit the corner hard a second time, charging in after him...]

GM: ...and a matching one in the opposite corner!

[Haynes boots a dazed Mertz in the gut, yanking him into a standing headscissors. He leans over, lifting Mertz up into the air...]

GM: He's going for the powerbomb!

[In mid-lift, Haynes' arm seems to give him trouble, causing his grip to slip as Mertz slips out, landing on his feet behind Haynes. As the Hammer turns, Mertz throws a mule kick back into the gut.]

GM: Mertz caught him downstairs and- look at this!

[Mertz grabs Haynes in a front facelock, running towards the corner, running right up the turnbuckles, kicking off, twisting through the air...

...and DRIVES him headfirst into the canvas!]

GM: TORNADO DDT! TORNADO DDT!

[A dazed Mertz is down on the mat, breathing heavily as Haynes lies flat on his back, staring up at the lights. The Madison Square Garden crowd comes to their feet, cheering their lungs out as Michael Aarons jumps up on the second rope, clapping his hands together, waving his arms and shouting for Mertz to get to the corner and make the tag...]

GM: Aarons is cheering him on! Aarons is calling for the tag!

BW: This is his chance, Gordo! Haynes got spiked on top of his head and he's feeling the effects of that one! Mertz needs to get across that ring and tag in his partner and he needs to do it now!

[Across the ring, Danny Morton is pacing back and forth on the apron, shouting at his partner, ordering him to get back off the mat and keep fighting.]

GM: Morton wants the tag, Aarons wants the tag! But both of their partners seem to be in too bad of condition to MAKE that tag!

[Mertz pushes up to all fours, tilting his head up to take a long look across the ring where Aarons has his arm stretched out, begging for that tag to be made...]

GM: Cody Mertz missed his chance to beat Violence Unlimited at the Stampede Cup due to injury but he's got that chance here tonight with the entire world watching!

[The fiery youngster from the Combat Corner draws closer and closer to his partner's outstretched hand as Danny Morton slams his own head into the turnbuckle three times, giving a "GET UP, JAAAAACK!"

GM: Morton's fired up!

[Haynes rolls over to all fours, facing the wrong way as Mertz continues to crawl...

...but Haynes makes a lunge, grabbing the ankle!]

GM: Oh! Haynes cuts it off!

BW: Hah! Everyone thought Haynes was getting up to make a tag but all he wanted to do was stop Cody Mertz from making his own tag! What a beautiful piece of textbook tag team wrestling, daddy!

[Haynes pushes up with one arm, getting to his knees as he uses the right arm to drag Mertz towards him. The spunky fan favorite suddenly rolls to his back, throwing a hard kick to the left shoulder once... twice... three times, causing Haynes to recoil at the shot to the hurting shoulder as Mertz gets back to all fours...

...and makes a lunging tag!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as Michael Aarons catapults himself over the top rope, rushing across the ring, and catching the incoming Morton with a flying forearm, knocking him off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Aarons knocks Morton down!

[The Carson City native pulls Jackson Haynes off the mat, whipping him chestfirst into the turnbuckles. Haynes stumbles back as Aarons runs past him, leaping up to the second rope, springing off, twisting around to catch Haynes with a crossbody!]

GM: Crossbody takes him down for one! TWO!!

[But Haynes rolls him off, breaking the pin. Aarons rolls right back up, throwing a glance at Danny Morton to make sure he's out of the picture before he moves back in on the rising Haynes, burying a side thrust kick into the midsection, doubling Haynes up. Aarons quickly moves in, tying up the leg of Haynes, and SNAPPING him back into a side Russian legsweep, floating over into a pin attempt.]

GM: Lateral press for one... for two... but that's all!

[Aarons gets back to his feet again. He throws another glance at Danny Morton who is back up on the apron, rushing at him with a dropkick that knocks Morton back down to the floor!]

GM: Michael Aarons is trying to keep Morton out of this! He wants a two-on-one on Jackson Haynes which might be what they need to do to win this thing, Bucky!

BW: Having a numbers edge in a tag team match never hurts, Gordo.

[As Haynes gets back up again, a rushing Aarons lights him up with a trio of chops, backing him up against the ropes. He grabs Haynes by the sore arm, whipping him across...

...and wipes him out with a spinning leg lariat!]

GM: Aarons takes him down again!

[Michael Aarons climbs back to his feet, pointing to the neutral corner.]

GM: And it looks like Michael Aarons is heading to the high rent district, fans!

[Aarons steps out on the apron, climbing up to the top rope, arms held high as Haynes is still downed on the mat...

...when Danny Morton comes lumbering down the length of the apron, throwing a dropkick at the legs of Aarons!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Aarons goes down hard!

[The crowd is buzzing as Aarons slams crotchfirst into the top turnbuckle. Ricky Longfellow is immediately up in Morton’s face, ordering him back to his corner.]

GM: A blatantly illegal attack by Danny Morton!

BW: Hey, Aarons brought that on himself! Michael Aarons attacked Morton several times when Morton was doing NOTHING! Aarons is getting what he earned if you ask me!

[A dazed Jackson Haynes climbs to his feet, staggering towards the corner where Aarons is perched. Haynes reaches up, pulling Aarons’ head down into a big right hand... and a second... and a third before he shoves him back up straight.]

GM: Haynes is keeping him where he wants him, stepping up on the second rope...

[Haynes hooks a front facelock, slinging Aarons’ arm over his neck. He goes to lift him up...]

GM: Superplex!

[...but recoils, grabbing his left bicep!]

GM: And the time that Air Strike spent going after the arm pays dividends as we near the twenty minute mark of this Winner Takes All showdown!

[Aarons seizes the moment, battering Haynes with right hands to the skull. He swings his arms, clapping them together on Haynes’ ears, sending him crashing down to the canvas...]

GM: Aarons is on the second rope... now to the top...

[Aarons raises his arms over his head, stretching them high towards the ceiling...]

GM: He's up top! He's calling for High In The Sky!

[One-half of the World Tag Team Champions hurls himself into the air, floating through the sky towards the downed Haynes...]

...and DRIVES the point of his elbow down into the heart of Jackson Haynes!]

GM: ELBOW! HE GOT IT!!

[Aarons throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture, diving across the prone Haynes!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd groans as Danny Morton makes a lunging save, smashing a forearm down on the back of Aarons' head to break up the pin attempt!]

GM: MORTON SAVED THE TITLES! DANNY MORTON SAVED THE TITLES RIGHT THERE, FANS!

[Morton gets back up, the referee right up in his face as Cody Mertz comes charging in, throwing a leaping forearm smash into the side of Morton's head!]

GM: MERTZ IS IN!

[The crowd ROARS as Morton and Mertz begin trading right hands as the referee tries to order them both out of the ring. Michael Aarons drags himself off the mat, joining his partner in a trio of double haymakers, sending Morton back into the ropes.]

GM: Morton's not the legal man but at this point, Air Strike doesn't care!

[Each man grabs an arm, whipping Morton across...]

GM: Double clothesline!

[But Morton runs through it, breaking their arms apart as he bounces off the other set of ropes, rebounding back with his arms extended for a double clothesline...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: DOUBLE SUPERKICK!

[The blow catches Morton flush under the chin, staggering him as Aarons grabs an arm, whipping him into the corner.]

GM: Morton hits the corner!

[Aarons comes charging in after the whip, using the second rope to leap up, cracking Morton in the back of the head with an enzuigiri!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Aarons clears out as Mertz comes charging in from across the ring, throwing himself into a high impact dropkick to the chin!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[A staggered Morton wobbles out of the corner as Mertz and Aarons leap up to the middle rope, giving a shout before they leap off together, grabbing Morton by the hair and SLAMMING his face into the canvas!]

GM: They got him! Morton’s down!

[The referee immediately cuts off Cody Mertz before the World Tag Team Champions can go after Jackson Haynes who has managed to get back towards the neutral corner as Aarons comes towards him, looking to finish him off...

...and Haynes is ready, throwing himself into a headbutt to the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Haynes cuts him off!

[Grabbing a handful of trunks, Haynes spins Aarons a full 360 before HURLING him shoulderfirst into the ringpost!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL!

[He yanks Aarons out by the trunks, spinning him around into a standing headscissors. He lifts the smaller man up, throwing himself instantly forward to avoid strain on his hurting limb...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BUCKLE BOMB!! Aarons’ head snaps back like a whiplash effect!

[Haynes gives a shout, smashing himself across the chest as he grabs Aarons by the hair, charging the distance of the ring...

...and HURLS him headfirst into the top turnbuckle, causing Aarons to snap back and crash down to the canvas!]

GM: A move we see all the time just turned into extraordinary impact due to the intensity of Jackson Haynes, the man known as The Hammer!

[Haynes turns towards the downed Aarons, tugging him into a standing headscissors, dragging a thumb across his throat before reaching down to secure the waistlock...]

GM: Haynes again looking for the powerbomb!

BW: You can't blame him for that, Gordo. If he hits it, it's over and we've got new World Tag Team Champions!

[With a shout of effort, Haynes lifts Aarons up into the air...

...where Aarons flips out at the peak of the lift, yanking Haynes down into a split-legged faceslam!]

GM: OHHH! COUNTER! WHAT A COUNTER!

[Aarons muscles Haynes over onto his back, diving across again.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MORTON MAKES THE SAVE AGAIN!

[Morton pulls Aarons up, hammering him with short forearms to the jaw as the referee shouts for Morton to back off and exit the ring while Aarons pulls Haynes off the mat...

...and gets a stiff-fingered thrust to the throat for his efforts!]

GM: Ohh! Haynes with the dirty shot!

BW: All's fair when the gold's on the line... especially when ALL the gold is on the line!

[Haynes grabs Aarons as Morton pushes the official aside just as...]

GM: SPRINGBOARD!

[...Cody Mertz comes springing off the top rope, flying towards a waiting Danny Morton!]

GM: CAUGHT! CAUGHT!

BW: He went for the rana and got caught, Gordo!

[The crowd is buzzing as Morton holds the struggling Mertz up in the air, keeping him in powerbomb position as Haynes lifts Aarons up for a powerbomb again, backing to the opposite corner...]

GM: Dueling powerbombs?!

BW: I don't think so, Gordo!

GM: What do you... NO!

[The crowd ROARS as Morton and Haynes come charging at one another, each holding a struggling Air Strike member up in the air...

...and throw them into one another, causing a crazy mid-air collision before they crash down to the mat in a heap!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!

[Morton throws his arms apart as the referee orders him out of the ring.]

GM: What a move by Violence Unlimited!

BW: You ever seen anything like that, Gordo?!

GM: I've never even HEARD of anything like that! A spectacular doubleteam and both members of Air Strike are in serious trouble as-

[Jackson Haynes spins around, looking for Aarons as he makes a lunge...

...but comes up short as Aarons manages to roll under the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Wow! Incredible ring presence by Michael Aarons! He just saved the titles! He just saved the titles, fans!

[A furious Haynes gets up, yanking Cody Mertz off the mat, throwing him through the ropes, spinning away in anger...

...and missing Cody Mertz use the ropes to catch himself, swinging around between them to land back inside the ring!]

GM: MERTZ!

BW: WHAT THE HELL?!

[Mertz charges Jackson Haynes from behind. The veteran spins upon hearing the crowd react...

...just in time for Mertz to leap up, scissoring his head between his legs, and SPIKING him over on top of his skull!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[Mertz hits the mat, rolling out to the floor as an exhausted Michael Aarons drags himself up on the apron, slapping the top turnbuckle a few times before he steps up on the second rope...]

GM: How in the world is Michael Aarons even **STANDING** after that double powerbomb?!

[Aarons tiredly pulls himself up to the top rope, again raising his arms over his head...

...which is Danny Morton's cue to shove a protesting Ricky Longfellow aside, barreling across the ring, hopping up to the middle rope to grab Aarons around the torso...]

GM: NO!

[...and **HURLS** him overhead and off the top, sending him **BOUNCING** off the canvas at high velocity!]

GM: YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!

[Morton climbs to his feet, absorbing a world of abuse from the official as he ignores him, leaning down to drag his partner to the corner, stepping out to the apron, tagging in, and climbing back in!]

GM: Morton's the legal man! He's trying to finish this!

[The Oklahoma native drags a dazed Aarons off the mat, tugging him into a full nelson...]

GM: Oh my god!

[...and **DRIVES** the back of Aarons' head and neck into the canvas with a Dragon Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But Morton doesn't cover, climbing to his feet and dragging a limp Aarons with him, tugging him into a waistlock...]

BW: GERMAN SUPLEX!

[The Oklahoma native lifts Aarons off the canvas but Aarons instinctively scissors his legs around the upper thighs, blocking the suplex as he tucks his head, rolling forward, hooking the legs...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!! HE GOT HIM! HE GOT HIM!

[The crowd **ERUPTS** as the bell sounds!]

BW: You've gotta be kidding me!

[A furious Danny Morton gets to his feet, glaring at the referee who holds up three fingers...

...and snatches a dazed Aarons off the mat in a side waistlock, lifting him up...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BACKDROP DRIIIIVERRRR!

[Cody Mertz comes rushing in, trying to aid his partner...

...and gets flipped inside out with a standing lariat!]

GM: Good grief!

[Morton ignores the protesting official, dragging Mertz off the canvas, tugging him into the side waistlock...]

GM: No, no, no!

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and FLATTENS Mertz with a Backdrop Driver as well!]

GM: Good god almighty! Danny Morton is on a rampage!

[A hurting Jackson Haynes wobbles into the ring, as angry as his partner as he pulls Cody Mertz off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Somebody stop this!

[Haynes lifts Mertz up into the air, pausing as he does, letting Mertz feel the delay...

...and DRIVES him into the mat with a powerbomb!]

GM: Good grief! Enough is enough, damn it!

[Referee Ricky Longfellow agrees, letting Jackson Haynes have it...

...and gets HURLED over the top rope for his efforts!]

GM: OH, COME ON! THAT’S AN AWA OFFICIAL, DAMN IT!

BW: Yeah, but these guys aren’t an AWA tag team - not anymore!

[A fired up Haynes flips the bird at the jeering New York crowd as Morton drags Michael Aarons off the mat, hooking him in a side waistlock. Haynes winds up his right arm, extending his thumb as he swings it around and around...

...and THROWS his arm out, jamming his thumb into the side of the throat!]

GM: WHISKEY LULLABY!

[Danny Morton uses the momentum to lift Aarons up, dumping him on the back of his head and neck with another Backdrop Driver!]

GM: This is terrible! This is-

[Suddenly, the crowd breaks into cheers at the sight of the locker room clearing to save the day. Sweet Daddy Williams, Cesar Hernandez, Travis Lynch, and a handful of others arrive on the scene, sending Morton and Haynes out to the floor.]

GM: Violence Unlimited is out of here... wait a second!

[An angry Morton stalks over to the timekeeper's table, demanding their title belts back.]

GM: They're not the champions anymore! It's Winner Takes All and Air Strike won! They're the AWA World Tag Team Champions! They're also now the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions!

[Morton shouts at a protesting timekeeper...

...and then shoves him down to the floor as well, snatching up the Tiger Paw Pro belts. He slings one over his shoulder, tossing one to Haynes.]

GM: They're STEALING the titles!

BW: Well, Air Strike is welcome to stop them.

GM: You know very well that can't happen... not right now at least.

[Morton starts to walk away, throwing a glance over his shoulder at the timekeeper's table...

...and then snatches up the AWA World Tag Team Titles as well.]

GM: No! Absolutely not! Somebody stop this!

[A cackling Morton slings one of those titles over his shoulder, looking from shoulder to shoulder at the two pieces of gold as Haynes does the same. The crowd lets them have it as Violence Unlimited heads for the aisle, making their way back up to the locker room.]

GM: Haynes and Morton have lost this match...

BW: ...but they're leaving with the gold and there's not a thing anyone can do about it!

[As the fan favorites tend to Mertz and Aarons, we cut to Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: So, at the end of it all, Air Strike with perhaps the biggest win of their careers but they end up laid out at the hands of Morton and Haynes unable to enjoy it. They're double champions! They've got two sets of gold.

BW: Well, they may be the champions but they ain't got the gold, daddy!

GM: That much is true... and while they try and get Air Strike up to their feet and out of here, let's go backstage where our own "Sweet" Lou Blackwell has caught up with someone who has a lot to answer for after his actions earlier tonight!

[We cut to the locker room where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing by with Callum Mahoney. Mahoney is still in his ring gear and in the palm of his right hand, he has a piece of the broken All-Europe Catch Wrestling tournament trophy.]

LB: Folks, I'm here with the Armbar Assassin, Callum Mahoney, and I hope he will shed some light on his actions earlier tonight in the Steal The Spotlight match. Callum Mahoney, what was that all about? How could you turn on your teammate and cost him a shot at the Spotlight? And shattering your All-Europe Catch Wrestling tournament trophy over the back of Sultan Azam Sharif's head? How could you do such a thing?

CM: By. Any. Means. Necessary. Maybe those words mean something different to a fella like the Sultan. Maybe he had trouble understanding me, what with my accent and all. Mister Blackwell, did I not say that I would readily drop my most prized possession in order to get what I wanted?

LB: I believe you did, yes.

CM: And at that point, all I wanted was payback, but Sharif denied me my vengeance and, so, Sharif had to pay the price in Jackson's stead.

LB: I'm not sure if that explanation is going to fly with the Sultan. I have it on good authority that even as he was being tended to by the trainers, he was letting everyone know that there was no way he'd let you get away with your treachery.

CM: Well, he's welcome to try. Sharif doesn't want a piece of me, "Sweet" Lou. I beat him in Brussels. I'll do it again if I have to. I'll drop him in a heartbeat and then it's on to a bigger prize. After all, "Sweet" Lou...

[Mahoney grabs hold of the interviewer's free hand and pushes the broken piece from his trophy into it.]

CM: Now that I've got both my hands free, it's time for me to reach for the brass ring and grab hold of it!

[Mahoney walks away from Blackwell. Cut back out to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are sitting.]

GM: Callum Mahoney has his eyes set on that brass ring and you would to imagine he's eluding to the idea of competing in the Brass Ring Tournament in early 2015.

BW: And with the attitude he showed earlier tonight and in that interview, you have to wonder if the Fighting Irishman is about to make 2015 his year, Gordo.

GM: It wouldn't surprise me. For quite some time, we've all known that Mahoney has the talent to be a champion here in the AWA but he's been lacking something to get him there - perhaps it's the fire that we just saw. Perhaps it's-

[Gordon is interrupted by the PA coming to life with a power chord that is very familiar to long-time wrestling fans. The guitar strum fades up, taking its sweet time growing louder and louder throughout Madison Square Garden.]

GM: What's this all about?

BW: This seems familiar to me, Gordo. This is... aw, come on!

[The crowd ERUPTS into a nostalgia pop as "Wild Thing" by X properly kicks in with its signature riff, signaling the arrival of the one man in wrestling who has called himself "Wild Thing." The subway doors open, spilling smoke colored by green and yellow lights, and stepping through, for the first time in four years at an AWA show, is "Wild Thing" Kevin Slater.]

GM: Oh my! Kevin Slater is in the house!

BW: He's retired, Gordo! Bobby Taylor sent him packing back at at SuperClash II and we haven't seen him since!

GM: I may be wrong but I don't think Kevin Slater is here tonight as an AWA alumni... I think he's here as a two-time EMWC World Heavyweight Champion... one of the all-time greats in that historic promotion... and he's here representing them along with all the others we've seen throughout the night.

[On cue, the camera cuts to the crowd where Macht Kraftwerk (yes, still in his mask) is cheering the arrival of the Wild Thing. A few seats away, we spot Shane Destiny doing the same - although perhaps begrudgingly as his heart doesn't seem quite in it.

Cut to the aisleway where Kevin Slater is heading down the aisle, wearing a grey three piece suit, his hair cut short with a little grey starting to show through. He also sports a small beard, brown and grey matching his hair for color. He slaps hands with the fans as he stops to look around at the capacity crowd at the Garden before entering the ring.]

GM: Kevin Slater taking it all in. It's been a long time since he's been in front of a crowd this size and he's obviously enjoying this moment.

[Slater steps out to the middle of the ring, still getting the cheers from the NYC crowd. He grins, holding his arms out to the side and spinning around, pointing to the crowd as he did the last time he was in an AWA ring. With a handshake, he takes an offered mic from Phil Watson as the music fades.]

GM: Now, let's hear what the former World Champion has to say...

[Slater smiles, slowly raising the mic to his mouth...

...just as a "WI-LD THING!" chant breaks out from the Madison Square Garden crowd. Slater lowers the mic, shaking his head in disbelief at the reaction of the fans. He gives a little bow, mouthing "thank you" as the fans continue to chant for a few more moments before it dies down.]

KS: Well, that's different from last time I was out here in an AWA ring.

[He smiles at the crowd's cheers.]

KS: Thank you all. And no, Bucky, I'm not coming out of retirement.

[The camera cuts to Bucky who gives a fist pump as the crowd boos. We cut back to Kevin Slater who is looking around at the sold-out crowd.]

KS: I missed this. And it's an honor to be asked to come out here tonight. Because besides the amazing action that is SuperClash, which has lived up to its hype tonight...

[Big cheer! Slater nods in agreement.]

KS: I'm here to talk about the other thing that's being recognized tonight. I'm here, to talk about this little place, twenty years ago, that a man by the name of Adam Smash opened up just down the street in an old abandoned warehouse that he named the House Of Hardcore.

[A few cheers sprinkle from the crowd. Slater chuckles, pointing towards them.]

KS: Yeah, those guys were there that night, I bet.

[Slater nods.]

KS: Twenty years ago, a little promotion that could... a little promotion with a bit of an edge... a little promotion that got... extreme...

[Big cheer!]

KS: A little promotion called the EMWC was born.

[The cheer gets bigger!]

KS: It was an extreme promotion in a sea of hardcore promotions in a time when every guy wanted to swing a chair and go through a table to get his face in the pages of Wrestling World magazine... but somehow, it stood out from the rest.

Guys like Colt Patterson...

[A mixture of cheers and boos go up from the crowd!]

KS: Guys like "Superstar" Steve Rogers who was there on Day One... guys like Bruno Cicarelli and Lorenzo Vasquez... guys like the Mud Monster and the Mad Crusher... guys like... "Dreamlover" Trey Porter?

[HUGE CHEER! The camera cuts to the Hall of Famer who smiles, also mouthing "thank you" to the cheering fans.]

KS: Those were the guys who build the foundation that the rest of us would stand on. They gave this little promotion life. But all the while, it seemed like there was something holding them back. It seemed like they just couldn't get to the level they wanted to get to.

And in 1996, two years after it was born, Adam had enough. He couldn't do it anymore. His personal life got in the way of his professional life as so often happens in the real world... and he sold it.

He sold it to a guy who - love him or hate him - we all know very well.

He sold it to Chris Blue.

[The crowd ERUPTS in a mixed response, drawing a grin from Slater.]

KS: I feel the same way - trust me.

And like the Dodgers being pulled out of Brooklyn to go to Los Angeles, Blue ripped the roots of the E out of New York City and moved everything to L.A. Now, I guess you could say the rest is history... but that would be an understatement.

Blue had a vision... Blue had a path in mind that he wanted the EMWC to take to get to the top. He wanted to compete with the best in the world. He wanted to stand toe-to-toe and eye to eye with the guys in Portland, in Baltimore, in Canada, in South Laredo...

[Cheers from the crowd for the respective territories mentioned by Slater.]

KS: So, he went out and did it. You may not like the way he did it... but he went out and pillaged and plundered the best talent from every promotion still running. He hired guys like me, like Curtis Hansen, like Bobby Taylor and Gabriel Whitecross... like the Fraternity Boys... who were willing to put every drop of blood, sweat, and tears they had into making the best promotion on the planet.

And then he got ruthless.

[The crowd cheers that!]

KS: He ripped the Red Gloved Rookie, Creed, right out from under Spreadbury's nose. He signed the most controversial free agent our sport had at the time in "Playboy" Ronnie D. And then he went for the jugular. He opened the checkbook and signed Hardin, the Syndicate, Verhoeven, Kowalski, Matthews, Joe Reed... that list could go on all night.

Later would come guys like Steve Spector... like Eddie Van Gibson... like Alex Martinez and Mark Langseth... like Simon Ezra and Serge Annis and Caleb Temple... like Chris Courtade and Devon Case and Luke Kinsey... like Adam Rogers... like The Gremlin... like the Epitome Of Cool... like...

[He pauses.]

KS: You get the idea. When you walked into that locker room, it was like walking into a Hall of Fame. For a decade, it was the place to be.

Tonight, we celebrate the past. We celebrate each and every man or woman who ever stepped into that locker room and worked their tails off night in and night out to make it the top promotion in the land.

But that's not it... tonight, we celebrate the present and the future of this sport as well.

[Slater nods at the cheering crowd.]

KS: It does an old man's heart good to walk into that backstage area and see guys carrying on the legacy that we left behind... kids that grew up in the business... even guys that I haven't seen in years who are still managing to perform on the biggest stage of 'em all - I'm lookin' at you Dave Bryant and Juan Vasquez and Hannibal Carver...

And on behalf of every single EMWCer who is in this building tonight... as well as all those who couldn't be here tonight... and especially to all those who are no longer with us... we thank you all.

[Another big cheer. Slater points to the crowd.]

KS: All of you fans that we did it for...

[He turns to point up the aisle.]

KS: ...and all of you new generation of guys in the locker room tonight who carry on the spirit of what we fought for, we thank you.

Because while, at its heart, the AWA may have been built on the ground that that the EMWC laid down, you guys, for certain, have taken the ball we handed to you and you ran with it... you ran with it further than we ever did.

[The crowd cheers huge as the camera cuts around to the EMWC competitors we've seen already throughout the night scattered throughout the crowd - the shot falling on Luke Kinsey, on Jeff Matthews, on Trey Porter, on Adam Rogers, on Macht Kraftwerk, on Shane Destiny, on Mr. Honeydew, on John Shock, and finally onto someone we have not seen so far this night, another Hall of Famer and former EMWC World Champion in "Crimson" Joe Reed who is applauding the words of the man he once battled for the World Title. The camera cuts back to Slater.]

KS: Now, there's more than a few guys back there who would tear me a new one if I walked back there without shilling the thing they sent me out here to shill...

[Slater reaches into his pocket, pulling out the new EMWC DVD.]

KS: For all you nostalgia junkies or just fans of the history of the business, this new documentary called "Eternally Extreme" hit shelves this week and-

[Just then, Slater is cut off by the sweet yet eerie melody of "Kagome Kagome" by Hatsune Miku and Megurine Luka (<http://youtu.be/nrcmwuBJPFo>) playing over the P.A. The melody is undercut by an accompanying synthesizer that sounds like it's straight from a 1950's horror movie as "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett walks out of the subway set at the top of the aisle.]

GM: Oh, this can't be good.

BW: That's right Gordo, because it's not good.. it's great! Because when you see him, you know his monster can't be far behind!

[Fawcett grins darkly, as he raises his left hand which is covered in a black leather glove to reveal his ever-present glowing gem. Mere seconds later Bucky's premonition is proved to be correct and out walks the hulking form of KING Oni as over the P.A. the sweet voices of two young girls begin singing in Japanese.]

GM: What purpose could these two POSSIBLY have out here right now?

BW: I will give you one guess and it's the best possible guess I can imagine at this moment!

[Oni follows his manager down the aisle as fans for once do not heckle or cheer, but simply stare in amazement of this behemoth. Fawcett climbs up the ring steps after seeming to wordlessly order Oni to stand at ringside with a gesture of his gloved hand. He steps through the ropes and enters the ring, taking a wireless microphone out of the left pocket of his white sports jacket as he stands a fair distance from Slater.]

"D"HF: Please, forgive my intrusion.

[The fans boo the insincere apology as Fawcett smiles.]

"D"HF: It's just that I sat back there, obviously hanging on your every word, I couldn't help but find a certain phrase to be of interest.

"Eternally Extreme".

[The fans cheer again for the DVD and the promotion it celebrates.]

"D"HF: You see, I understand the concept. The celebration of your life's work and the work of your peers, friend and foe alike. I understand only too well man's inherent desire to become immortal. Whether it be through the continuation of a family line as we will witness tonight as Martinez the younger writhes in SUPREME agony at the hands of his better...

[Big time boos for the very insinuation of the number one hero of the AWA Galaxy being beaten.]

"D"HF: ... or this sad attempt to go down memory lane as old men bore the masses with tales of past conquests.

[And yet more heat for belittling the legacy of the Empire.]

"D"HF: It is odd to me, though. The choice of words at work here.

"Eternally Extreme".

[Fawcett shakes his head, stifling a laugh.]

"D"HF: Extreme. Two men swinging at each other with implements better served for a rehabilitation program. Perhaps where they may sit in a circle of steel chairs and try to get over the fact that, try as they might, they never truly had what it takes to experience and personify TRUE greatness.

[Slater takes a step towards Fawcett, as this latest statement seems to be directed at him personally.]

"D"HF: That seems to be the definition. But is it not far more "extreme" to dismantle a man with one's own bare hands? To take every attack one's enemy has in their arsenal and barely budge an inch? To beat every single obstacle in one's way so convincingly throngs come out to save one's victim from complete obliteration?

[Fawcett smiles darkly.]

"D"HF: Eternally. The pathetic boasts and tall tales of a ragtag group of geriatric non-athletes? Or one who has existed beyond time, before the boasts of man. One who sent Atlantis crashing to a watery grave with nary a tear and shaped the path of mankind itself?

For you see, THAT is eternal. THAT is extreme.

AND THAT--

[Fawcett points to Oni at ringside.]

"D"HF: -- IS YOUR KING.

[Slater smirks, taking a moment to glance over at Oni, then back at Fawcett]

KS: For someone so interested in history, Fawcett... you seem to forget a lot of it... fireballer.

[The crowd cheers for Curtis Hansen's signature phrase.]

KS: One of things we did back in those days was not back down from ANYTHING... or ANYONE...

[Slater's eyes rest on Oni at that word.]

KS: And we did a lot more than just swing chairs... a lot of us made careers of taking EVERYTHING thrown at us... and just kept on going.

[He stares into Oni's eyes.]

KS: Oh, and big monsters like this guy? They didn't scare us.

[Fawcett smiles as Slater continues to stare at Oni, ignoring the manager.]

"D"HF: Such anger, so unwarranted. One would think one who has as experienced as you would know better than to speak so rashly.

[Fawcett raises his gloved hand.]

"D"HF: For all your bravado, truly you must be able to see the obvious truth.

[Oni stares at the gem being held aloft, and climbs up onto the ring apron, forcing Slater to step back several steps.]

"D"HF: For all the accolades of this "galaxy" will do little to support your family...

[Fawcett's smile widens as Oni steps in between him and Slater.]

"D"HF: When you are plucked from the mortal coil so... prematurely.

[Oni glares at Slater with his teeth bared, looking to have more in common with a great white shark than a human being, as the fans cheer on the EMWC legend.]

GM: Kevin Slater's career speaks for himself, he doesn't have to put his body on the line against this deranged man and his monstrous charge!

BW: Slater isn't on my Christmas card list for two reasons -- he has lousy taste in clothes and he never shuts his mouth! He had his chance to run for the hills, now its time to put up or shut up.

[Slater turns to leave...]

GM: Oh my!

[... but instead swings at Oni again and again, battering him with a series of devastating lefts and rights.]

GM: Slater is one of the hardest strikers in this sport, we are about to see the mighty KING fall at last!

[The cheers quickly fade, however, as Slater lets up for a moment to reveal...]

BW: That may be... but that was then and this is now, Gordo!

[... KING Oni standing still and completely unfazed, save for the fact that his hands have now balled into fists.

That he uses as he twists his body around, throwing a spinning backfist to the cheek of Slater, sending the former World Champion sailing through the air, crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A SHOT!

BW: Hah! So much for being a former World Champion! What is a World Title do for you when you're face-to-face with a KING, daddy?!

[Slater pushes up off the ramp, rubbing his cheek as he tries to shake the cobwebs loose. He rushes at Oni, the crowd cheering him on...

...and gets DROPPED like a shot with an open palm strike from the monster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! Kevin Slater has been retired from competition for years now! In no way can he be ready for a challenge like this!

BW: Hey, he could've walked away! He threw the first punch! This is his fight and he has to live with the consequences!

[Oni leans down, palming Slater by the head, lifting him effortlessly to his feet...

...and HURLS him backwards into the corner with incredible impact, snapping Slater's head back!]

GM: Oh no.

[The behemoth backs off, giving himself room to move as he barrels across the ring...

...and CRUSHES Slater in the corner with an avalanche!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: COME ON! SOMEBODY STOP THIS!

[Slater staggers out, collapsing on the canvas. Oni barely pauses for his manager to shout the by-now familiar mantra of "SPIRITS GO OUT, ONI GOES IN!" before coming off the ropes with a five hundred pounds-plus splash on the prone form of Slater.]

GM: Cracked Earth!

BW: Ain't nobody on this planet getting up from that!

GM: Indeed, as we've-- oh no, we've seen this before!

[Fawcett raises the gem as Oni nods emphatically and gets back up.]

BW: I'm not the guy's biggest fan, but I don't need to see Slater turned into a pancake either.

GM: Security! If anyone within the sound of my voice can help, we need that help down here desperately!

[And as if he heard Gordon's pleas, amidst an explosion of cheers comes Derrick Williams running down the aisle.]

BW: Is he nuts?! When I was thinking of help, I was thinking something more along the lines of an Abrams tank!

GM: He may be just one man, but that isn't stopping him from getting in between the fallen Kevin Slater and this horrifying beast! Derrick Williams is coming to save his teacher and mentor from the monster known as KING Oni!

[Oni looks at this bold showing of bravery with confusion, as though he's never seen anything like it before. Williams helps the ref roll Slater out of harm's way before returning his attention to the monster. Oni looks over at his manager...

...which gives Williams an opening to charge in, throwing a stiff elbow to the side of the head! Williams lands a second one right after!]

GM: Derrick Williams caught the monster sleeping and he's going to town on him!

BW: This didn't work too great a couple minutes ago, if he can even remember that far back.

GM: That may be why Derrick Williams is refusing to let up for one moment!

[The crowd gets on their feet as Oni shakes his head. Williams bounces off the ropes, taking to the air with a flying dropkick!]

GM: No! KING Oni just swatted Derrick Williams away like a fly!

BW: Slater's about to get a roommate in his home... the emergency room!

[Not about to be taken out so easily, Williams quickly gets to his feet... only to turn right into a bearhug by the KING.]

BW: Well, this is a new one. Apparently he can do more than just crush people's skulls and splash them through the concrete!

GM: Indeed, as instead he is squeezing the breath out of Williams! Williams will need all the strength he can muster to get out of this!a

[Or not, as Oni drives Williams into the mat with the ugliest-looking belly to belly suplex that you're likely to see... in what is more like a wild animal smashing its prey onto the jungle floor than any kind of professional wrestling move.]

BW: He just dropped him like a bad habit!

GM: Unbelievable slam by Oni!

[The impact so unbelievable in fact, that the rebound of being driven to the canvas causes Williams to roll right out of the ring and onto the floor.]

GM: Good grief!

[Oni seems about to go after him but Fawcett appears, gem in hand, to halt him in his tracks.]

GM: Is this mercy we're seeing out of Harrison Fawcett?!

BW: Perhaps he wants Williams to live to fight another day... so that he can live to die another day! KING Oni is ready to destroy ANYONE and EVERYONE that gets in his way, Gordo.

GM: Who... who in the world can stop this freak of nature?!

[With Slater and Williams both motionless on the floor, a grinning Fawcett leads his charge from the ring, walking back up the aisle as Oni trails behind him to the jeers of the New York City crowd.]

GM: Harrison Fawcett wanted to spoil that incredible moment for wrestling fans and spoil it he did, Bucky.

BW: Kevin Slater may have just learned a final pro wrestling lesson the hard way, Gordo.

GM: What's that?

BW: Never pick a fight with a guy who is backed by a walking mountain.

GM: Indeed. Fans, it's been an exciting night of action here in NYC but we've got three big matches still to come and coming up next... it's Texas Death Match time!

[We promptly crossfade back to the locker room area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands backstage. And at his side is Jack Lynch. As he always is, Lynch is dressed head to toe in black. It begins with his black cowboy hat, a gift from his father. His long black duster covers his body from shoulders to the floor, and under it, he has on a plain black t-shirt, and is also wearing a pair of plain black trunks, along with black boots and kneepads. Lynch's expression is one of quiet determination.]

LB: They call him the Iron Cowboy. The son of a legend. The former National Tag Team Champion, a man who along with his brother won the Stampede Cup. I'm talking about you, Mr. Lynch. And tonight, you face what might be the toughest challenge of your career. And certainly, the most personal one. I'm talking about your Texas Death Match against the man who thinks he's the King of Professional Wrestling, Demetrius Lake. Mr. Lynch...

[Lynch clears his throat, and bends his head forward, pulling his cowboy hat off.]

JL: I'm sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Blackwell. But I've been quiet long enough. And there's some stuff I just gotta say.

LB: Of course.

JL: Demetrius Lake already laid out the history between he and I. Now, of course, he's got what you might call a jaundiced view. But the facts were all there, if you were listenin' close enough. So I'm not gonna come out here and regale you with Cowboy Story Hour.

Instead, I'm gonna talk about this mornin'

[Blackwell looks ready to say something, but the shake of Lynch's head silences him.]

JL: You like phone calls, don't ya, Blackwell? You love it when people call in to your hotline? Well, this mornin', before I'd even washed the sleep outta my eyes, I got myself a phone call. It was my momma, and she was callin' to let me know that the happiest day of my life had come.

Because at 3:49 AM, central standard time, Jaime Christina Lynch came into this world.

A beautiful baby girl, six pounds, four ounces. She's got blue eyes like her momma, and a crown of dark hair just like her daddy.

Shoulda been the happiest day of my life. I shoulda been there, at my wife's side, watchin' my baby girl come into this world. I shoulda been passin' out cigars to Trav and Jimmy and introducin' little Jaime to her uncle Bobby and her grandpa Blackjack.

Instead I'm here, fifteen hundred miles away. The only cowboy in yankee-ass New York City.

And all I got is this:

[Lynch reaches into the pocket of his duster, and pulls out a phone. On the screen, which we only see briefly, is a picture of Lynch's wife, lying in her hospital bed, cradling young Jaime Lynch in her arms.]

JL: And that's on you, Demetrius Lake.

[Overcome with emotion, Lynch is quiet for a beat. Slowly, he puts his hat back on, and stares up at the camera.]

JL: I could be holdin' my daughter right now. Them pretty blue eyes shoulda had her daddy as her very first image of this world. And instead, her daddy is half a world away, preparin' to sweat, preparin' to bleed, and maybe fixin' to end up in a wheelchair.

You, you low down, yellow bellied sorry excuse for a human bein'. You took me away from my firstborn. You're the reason I'm here, and not holdin' the most beautiful baby to ever come into this world.

Instead, all I got is a picture on a phone.

And you know what? All I can think about right now is how that precious little baby is gonna react when she sees the horrorshow that is her daddy's mangled face.

Well no, that's a lie. And it's the second lie I've told.

'Cuz that's not all I'm thinkin' about. What I'm really thinkin' about is what I'm gonna do to you the moment that bell rings. And I said I wasn't gonna rehash the history, but like I said, I told two lies.

Because this is about history.

This is about all the things you've said and done. To me, to my family. You tried to cripple Jimmy. You came after my father.

You buried me under the flag.

Any one of those things, Demetrius, is a sin that can't be pardoned. All of 'em, and all of the other things you've done to me? Well, this is the only way to settle it. Because there ain't gonna be no more Jack Lynch vs. Demetrius Lake after this.

When I get through with you, just hearin' my name is gonna be enough to make ya run for cover.

Right now, as I speak, I'm puttin' those happy thoughts about my baby away, and savin' 'em for later. Right now, I'm changin' what I'm thinking about. So, Blackwell, why don't you ask me what I'm thinkin' about?

LB: Well, Mr. Lynch, what are you thinking about?

JL: I'm thinkin' about what it'll take to put you down for a three count, and make ya so afraid of me that ya won't come back out for more. I'm thinkin' about what it'll take to break the Black Tiger.

And I'm thinkin' about how much I'm gonna enjoy doin' that to you.

I'm gonna get my hands on you, Lake. And yeah, you're gonna get your licks in. Yeah, I'm gonna bleed. Yeah, I'm gonna get hurt. But I'm a Lynch, I'm used to that. I got no problem takin' three to get in one.

Because the one I get in is gonna be the one that counts.

Like I said, I'm gonna get my hands on you. And when I do, ya know what's gonna happen? I'm gonna unleash everything that's been buildin' for this past year, and for all the years in St. Louis before that. When I put my hands on you, I'm gonna punch you. And I'm gonna punch you. And I'm gonna punch you some more. And I ain't ever gonna let up. I ain't gonna stop tearin' into you you whisper the words through your bloody gums and broken teeth.

"No more." You'll say. "Please stop." And then you'll fall, and you won't have it in you to get back up.

I'm gonna make you feel the same pain I'm feelin' right now. I'm gonna make you understand that takin' me away from this day, this moment I won't ever get back was the very worst mistake you've ever made.

I'm gonna beat you, Demetrius Lake. I'm gonna end you. And then I'm gonna go home and spend the rest of my days makin' it up to my little girl. And once I'm finished with you tonight?

I'm never gonna think about you again.

[Lynch exhales, and the camera holds steady on the intense look of hatred in his eyes. Finally, Jack Lynch steps away, leaving Blackwell alone.]

LB: Fans, that was Jack Lynch. And if I were Demetrius Lake, I'd be seriously reconsidering all the things I've done in the last year. Back to you, Gordon and Bucky!

[We crossfade back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Thanks, Lou. Fans, it was one year ago when Jack Lynch and Demetrius Lake first crossed paths in the AWA when Lake assaulted Blackjack Lynch... but of course, their war extends even further beyond that to their days in the St. Louis area.

BW: Oh, it goes further than that, Gordo. These are men who understand history. These are men who appreciate legacy - a word we've used a lot here tonight. So, you better believe they've been ingrained to hate one another by their respective teachers - Hamilton Graham and Blackjack Lynch - since their first days in this business.

GM: Even longer for Jack Lynch.

BW: That's right. This is a war of the ages and FOR the ages. This is the kind of thing these men will hang their hats on one day when they've hung up the boots. They'll sit back and tell their grandkids, "Boy, you should see that match I had at SuperClash VI. That was something else."

GM: Much like Graham and Blackjack have told them for years about their legendary Texas Death Match.

BW: That match has lived on in the pages of wrestling history since it went down some thirty years ago. Tonight, Jack Lynch and Demetrius Lake are going to pick up the pen to write their OWN page in that big ol' history book, daddy.

GM: Fans, I can't wait for this one. Let's head down to the ring and get this thing started!

[The bell sounds as we crossfade to Phil Watson.]

PW: The following contest is the TEXAS DEATH MATCH!

[HUUUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

PW: The rules are as follows. When a pinfall or submission occurs, there will be a sixty second rest period. At the end of the sixty second period, both men will have a ten count to come to the center of the ring to continue the fight. The first man to be UNABLE or UNWILLING to answer the ten count will LOSE the matchup. There will be NO COUNTOUTS... NO DISQUALIFICATIONS... and NO TIME LIMIT!

[BIGGER CHEER!]

PW: Introducing first...

[As the Black Keys' "Hard Row" kicks in, on the video screen is flashed an image of the rippling flag of the great state of Texas. And over the flag appears the word "Lynch" done up to look like a lasso. The crowd erupts for the music and the graphic, waiting for his arrival.]

PW: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 265 pounds... he is a former National Tag Team Champion... a winner of the Stampede Cup...

Here is...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK
LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[The Black Keys still playing, out from behind the train doors emerges the six foot seven Iron Cowboy. His black cowboy hat is tilted forward. Instead of his usual long black leather duster, Jack Lynch has draped himself in the flag of Texas, wearing the Lone Star over his shoulders, clutched there in both hands. Lynch pauses at the top of the stage, holding the flag aloft for a moment before once more draping it over his shoulders.]

GM: The big Texan showing his love for his home state...

BW: What an idiot. The New York fans are giving him some grief for that. Did he really think New Yorkers were going to cheer the Texas state flag?

GM: I think Jack Lynch is showing how prideful he is... and if these fans are booing his love for the great state of Texas, then perhaps they aren't truly his fans!

[With a single nod, Lynch then sprints to the ring, the flag catching the wind and flapping out behind him. When he enters the ring, he motions to the ring attendant, and together, they slowly and respectfully fold the flag. This done, Lynch turns to face the entranceway.]

GM: Jack Lynch is all business here tonight as you might expect. He took no time to salute the fans, no time to high five the kids at ringside... this is serious business and you need only take one look at his face to realize that.

[The music fades as Phil Watson speaks.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The piano and drum lead-in to Louis Armstrong's rendition of "Mack The Knife" plays over the PA to a huge round of boos (but in New York, there are also a few cheers). The big screen above the entrance shows a dark purple screen with a "KING OF WRESTLING" logo on it, all green-screened behind a clip of Demetrius Lake glaring menacingly at the camera. However, the rest of the set is dark; the doors are unlit and it is hard to tell what is going on up there.

As Satchmo's famous trumpet joins in, a spotlight shines down on a golden-colored throne, upon which sits the self-described "King Of Wrestling", Demetrius Lake. The "Black Tiger" is wearing a black, royal purple, and gold suit, tie, and cape... along the line of what a king might wear today. Atop his head is a purple-red-and-gold crown. Lake takes a moment to look over the crowd, reclining to one side with a confident smirk on his face. The six-foot-nine Lake sports a fairly thick afro, connecting to an impressively long

beard which extends down over an inch below his chin, where it comes to almost a point. The screen now shows clips of him in action, in and out of the ring.]

GM: A throne?! Give me a break.

BW: When you're the King, daddy, you get nothing but the best.

[The fans continue to boo as Lake snaps his fingers imperiously, and six preliminary wrestlers march out from the side of the camera view. They pick up the throne by the long planks underneath it, and steady it on their shoulders. An attendant begins rolling a red carpet down the aisle as the group walks forward, obviously struggling and straining under the weight of the throne (and the three hundred seventeen pound guy on it). Lake helpfully berates them and tells them to do better.]

GM: What kind of egomaniacal farce is this?! Demetrius Lake is forcing these men to carry him to the ring like slaves of some kind!

BW: Subjects. Peasants. Serfs. Commoners. Poor people. Not slaves. There's a difference; they can pretend to have free will.

GM: And Lake badmouthing them the whole way! Disgusting! I would have thought that Demetrius Lake would be as intensely focused on this Texas Death Match as he has been the past month, but instead he's worried about an ostentatious entrance for the New York City fans!

BW: He is focused, Gordo! So focused that he's even having other people walk to the ring for him so he's not distracted by the peons in the crowd.

GM: Oh, please.

[As the throne is about halfway down the aisle, Lake stands up and spreads his arms wide, looking to the crowd for their adoration and approval. And when he gets a loud round of jeers, he starts yelling and berating them for being "no better than Mexans". Then the fans understand the error of their ways and start cheering. Lake nods in acceptance and again spreads his arms out wide...

...a second before learning why the fans began to cheer, as Jack Lynch runs up behind the throne bearer in the back right corner, shoving him aside and pushing up on that portion of the carried throne!

BW: HEY!

GM: OH MY STARS! LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT!

[The other five throne bearers lose control, and the throne tips over, sending Lake flipping ass-over-teakettle into the air, falling down on the floor as the throne clatters down to the concrete floor next to him. Lake lays on his back, his legs up in the air as the fiery Texan wastes no time leaping upon his fallen enemy!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[The bell sounds at the order of Davis Warren as Jack Lynch opens fire with a series of hard right hands to the head down on the floor. He breaks away, the crowd roaring as he scoops up the fallen crown, climbing up on the apron...

...and plants the crown on his head!]

GM: Oh yeah! King Cowboy in the house!

BW: Gah! Now Demetrius is going to have to have that thing burned! You can't get a Stench's stench out of stuff! He's bound to have lice and all sorts of things in his filthy, greasy hair!

[Lynch smirks as he walks down the apron towards the ringpost, grabbing his cowboy hat that has been placed on the post...

...and plants the hat atop the crown! BIG CHEER!]

GM: Haha! I love it!

BW: You would! What a humiliating moment for Demetrius Lake!

[Lynch takes the crown off, placing it down on the apron, looking around at the roaring crowd...

...and STOMPS on it, smashing it flat to an even bigger cheer. He leans down to pick it up, flinging it like a frisbee into the crowd before leaping off, nailing a rising Lake with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Jack Lynch is starting this off incredibly hot! He's hurt Lake, he's embarrassed Lake, now all he needs to do is beat Lake.

BW: Which is a lot easier said than done, Gordo. The Texas Death Match was designed to eliminate any chance of a fluke. There won't be a victory by some cheap lucky break. You want to win this? You gotta beat your opponent so badly that either they can't get up or they won't get up... neither is going to be an easy task with these two men, daddy.

GM: Absolutely not.

[Lynch drags Lake up by the arm, taking aim towards the ring...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and whips Lake so that the small of his back SLAMS into the edge of the ring apron, causing Lake to arch his back, slumping down to his knees in pain.]

GM: That'll send you to the chiropractor!

[Lynch approaches swiftly, burying a big boot into the midsection to stun Lake. With a shout, Lynch lifts Lake up, holding the three hundred pounder up for a bit...

...and SLAMS him down on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: This one hasn't even spilled into the ring yet!

BW: Thanks to that yellow-bellied backjumper Jack Stench!

[The big Texan kneels down next to Lake, pulling him off the floor by the afro, slamming a fist into the head... and another... and another. He grabs hold of Lake's suit jacket, ripping and tearing it off of him. Inside the ring, Davis Warren is asking them to bring the fight inside the ring.]

GM: Lynch is all over him... remember, falls do NOT count anywhere in this. If he's going to get a pin or submission to set up a win, he's gotta do it inside the ring.

[Lynch drags Lake up with a handful of hair, dragging him back towards the fallen throne, winding up...

...but Lake raises a boot, blocking the faceslam into the wooden throne. Lake throws an elbow back into the chest, stunning his rival.]

GM: Lake's got him by the hair and- ohh! Headfirst into the wooden throne!

[Lake leans down, picking up a section of 2x4 that snapped off in the big fall to the floor. He strides over towards a staggered Lynch, pushing him back against the barricade...

...and shoves the piece of wood into the chest, shoving him back hard against the steel! Lynch plants his hands on the wood, trying to fight off the board from getting across his throat!]

GM: Lake's trying to choke him with that piece of lumber but Lynch is fighting for his life, trying to keep it back...

[Lynch quickly lifts his right hand, digging his fingers into the eyes of Lake, sending him staggering away.]

GM: Oh! And Jack Lynch is showing just how different this match - this fight, this war - will be! If he has to go to the eyes, he's going to the eyes. If he has to choke a man, he'll choke him!

[The big Texan picks the wooden board up off the ground, tossing it from one hand to the other as he gauges the weight...

...and SWINGS it across the back of Lake, sending him sprawling over, crashing facefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! A big piece of wood across the back!

[Lynch steps up behind Lake, pulling his head back by the afro...

...and holds the piece of wood up for one and all to see!]

GM: What is he-? AHHH!

[The crowd groans as Lynch presses the dull corner of one piece of the board into Lake's forehead, digging it back and forth into the skin as Lake flails at the board, trying to get free.]

GM: He's trying to bust him open!

BW: He's not going to do it with a dull piece of wood, Gordo. Jack Stench is proving to be as dumb as the rest of his wretched clan.

[Lynch throws the board aside as Lake drags himself under the ropes into the ring. A fired-up Lynch pulls himself up on the apron, stepping through the ropes in pursuit.]

GM: Lake slides in but Lynch is coming after him!

[Referee Davis Warren is right there, staying out of the way but staying nearby in case he's needed.]

GM: There you see Davis Warren who has no job in this match but to count pinfalls, ask for submissions, and then make that ten count that will put one of these two men down.

BW: And don't forget that they've agreed that the loser will go to the ring on Saturday Night Wrestling and admit that the winner is the better man.

GM: Which would be absolutely brutal for either of these men to have to do.

[Lynch grabs hold of Lake by the afro, dragging him up to his feet where Lake throws a quick elbow back to the nose, causing Lynch to stagger back.]

GM: Oh! Lake caught him with an elbow!

[Lake slowly turns to face the big Texan who throws an uppercut, snapping Lake's head back, sending him staggering back into the corner. Lynch approaches, digging his fingers into the shirt collar, sending shirt buttons flying as he rips the shirt off of Lake...

...and then tries to stuff it down his throat!]

BW: AHH! Come on!

GM: Everything is completely legal in this one, Bucky!

[Lynch backs off, watching as Lake staggers away, coughing violently as the shirt falls to the mat.]

GM: Lake's torso is bare now... ohh! What a knife-edge chop across the chest!

[Lynch grabs the arm, whipping him across, charging in after him...

...where Lake leans back, causing Lynch to run right into his raised boot!]

GM: Ohh! Lynch gets a mouthful of boot, sending him down to the mat!

[Lake shakes his head, reaching down and unbuckling his leather belt that is holding up his pants...]

GM: Uh oh!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Good grief! He lashed him with that belt!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Lake pauses, glaring at the official who looks like he might step in. Davis Warren steps back, holding up his hands as Lake winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The bright red welts remain on the back of the Texan as Lake steps over, looping the leather belt around the throat of Lynch, planting his boot between the shoulderblades, yanking back hard on it!]

GM: He's choking him! He's strangling him with that leather belt!

[Lake pulls back hard, gritting his teeth as he shouts at his downed opponent.]

"GIVE UP! GIVE, YOU HORSE-FACED COWARD!"

[But Lynch doesn't quit, slipping his fingers underneath the strap, trying to free himself, aching to get a breath as Lake raises his foot to the back of the head...

...and SLAMS Lynch's face into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH!

[Lake throws the leather belt aside, glaring down at Lynch who is crawling, trying to get across the ring to escape. Lake looks out at the jeering crowd, getting a big grin on his face as he walks to the corner, waving for the mic.]

“Hey boy... BOY...”

[Lynch, of course, doesn’t respond.]

“I know your ol’ lady is watchin’, boy... I’m about to give her the thrill of a lifetime!”

[Lake throws the mic down, grinning as he bends over, peeling off the pants he wore down to the ring, revealing royal purple trunks, kneepads, and boots with gold trim and monogramming. He takes the pants off, swinging them around his head, and flinging them over the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Absolutely despicable.

[The King of Wrestling puts his hands on the back of his head, squeezing down to show off his non-existent abs as he goes into a full hip swivel... which really isn’t that impressive considering Lake’s physique.]

GM: What in the world is he trying to show off here?!

BW: He’s giving Lynch’s wife a look at the real goods, Gordo.

GM: You’ve gotta be kidding me!

[The crowd is all over Lake for his blatant show of disrespect as he slowly marches in on the downed Lynch, a bit of a swagger in every step as he approaches...

...and Lynch EXPLODES off the canvas, throwing himself into a Fierro Press, toppling Lake where Lynch opens fire on him!]

GM: RIGHT HAND! RIGHT HAND! RIGHT HAND!

[The crowd is ROARING for Lynch as he hammers Lake into the canvas.]

GM: LYNCH HAS SNAPPED! LYNCH HEARD WHAT LAKE SAID ABOUT HIS WIFE AND HE’S LOST IT!

[Lake brings up his arms, trying to desperately cover up as Lynch hammers him relentlessly with blows to the face and head!]

GM: Lynch is beating the heck out of him!

[He drags Lake off the mat, whipping him into the ropes...

...and locks his hand around the skull, applying the Lynch family’s legendary Iron Claw!]

GM: LYNCH HOOKS THE CLAW! HE HOOKS THE-

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Referee Davis Warren dives in, forcing a confused Jack Lynch to back off. The crowd buzzes with puzzlement as Warren waves Lynch back to his corner. The official quickly huddles with Phil Watson who nods, raising the mic.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... Demetrius Lake has SUBMITTED!

[The crowd cheers...]

PW: Now, there will be a sixty second rest period...

[A smirking Lake backs off, pointing at his head as he leans back against the buckles, exhaling sharply as a steaming mad Lynch starts at him, only to be held back by Davis Warren!]

BW: Hey, the man's got sixty seconds, Warren! Keep Stench back!

GM: Demetrius Lake just... you realize what he did?!

BW: He outsmarted Jack Lynch!

GM: He submitted to the Claw before it could do any real damage and bought himself sixty seconds of recovery time the Black Tiger leans back in the corner and waits.

[Lynch is fuming, pacing back and forth as Warren stays between the Texan and the Missouri native who feigns a yawn, checking an imaginary watch as the countdown clock on the big screen hits :35.]

GM: Thirty-five seconds left on the block as Lake is recovering from what we've seen done to him so far in this one.

[The Texan continues to pace, red welts on his back and on his neck courtesy of Lake's leather belt he put to good use earlier in the match.]

GM: The time is ticking down as Jack Lynch and Demetrius Lake get ready to go back at it.

BW: Not so fast, Gordo. These guys both have to answer the ten count after the rest period. Who knows? Jack Lynch may have had enough and will just stay down.

GM: Highly unlikely, Bucky. Jack Lynch looks ready for a fight and Demetrius Lake hasn't given him enough of one... not yet at least. The clock is down to ten...

[The crowd starts counting down, Rumble style.]

"TEN!"
"NINE!"
"EIGHT!"
"SEVEN!"
"SIX!"
"FIVE!"
"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"

[Warren signals the two men to come together in the middle of the ring...

...but Lynch runs right past him, leaping up to the second rope where he balls up his fist, raining down blows to the skull of Lake. The crowd attempts to count along but Lynch is punching faster than they can count as he clubs Lake over and over.]

GM: Lynch is hammering him like a nail up on the buckles and-

[Lake takes advantage of Lynch's over-aggressive nature, ducking under him...

...and SHOVING Lynch off the second rope, sending him toppling over the top and CRASHING down on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A big hard fall to the floor for the Texan!

[Lake leans against the buckles, breathing heavily as the crowd lets him have it for the assault on one of their favorites. The Black Tiger waves at the official to count Lynch but Davis Warren refuses.]

GM: No countouts in this one like Phil Watson said earlier. If Demetrius Lake wants to try and win this, he needs to put Lynch back in, pin him, and see if that's enough to keep Lynch down.

[Lake angrily steps out to the apron, dropping down to the floor. He pulls Lynch off the mat by the hair, slamming a right hand into the underside of the chin, sending Lynch staggering away, falling into the ringpost.]

GM: Lake's got him by the hair again...

[He badmouths Lynch, shouting at his rival...

...and SMASHES him facefirst into the ringpost, causing Lynch to crumple down on his knees on the floor!]

GM: Hard shot headfirst into the post!

[Lake grabs the bottom rope, stomping Lynch in the back of the head, smashing his face into the post again... and again... and again...]

GM: Jack Lynch is in trouble out there on the floor... and Lake's pulling him right back up...

[Still badmouthing Lynch, Lake walks him over towards the Spanish announce table, slamming him facefirst into the wooden table!]

GM: Ohhh! Lake puts him down on the table!

[He pulls Lynch up by the hair, dragging him back towards the ring, smashing his face into the ring apron before rolling him back inside the ring.]

GM: Lynch back in... Lake rolling in after him...

[The Black Tiger applies a lateral press, earning a two count before Lynch lifts the shoulder.]

GM: Two count only right there.

[The six foot nine Lake barks at the official as he drags Lynch off the mat by the hair, throwing him bodily back into the corner. He squares up, taking aim with a big overhand chop to the chest!]

GM: Big chop connects!

[Lake takes aim, landing a second chop that leaves Lynch reeling against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Lynch is taking a pounding from Demetrius Lake, his arch-rival, at this stage of the match... and oh my! Look at that leaping forearm to the back of the neck! Demetrius Lake is so athletic for a man of his size!

BW: He played three sports in high school, earning scholarships in football, wrestling, and basketball! He was a star defensive lineman for LSU... he was drafted by the Dallas Cowboys! Why do you sound surprised that a man with that resume would be that athletic inside the squared circle, Gordo?

GM: He's six foot nine and over three hundred pounds. It's just unusual for a man that size to be that skilled athletically.

BW: That's exactly what put dollar signs in the eyes of Hamilton Graham, the legendary competitor who brought Lake into the business, trained him, made him his protege, and made him one of the toughest men in the entire industry!

[With Lynch down on the mat, Lake leaps up, dropping a leg across the chest. He signals for another count, only getting a two before Lynch manages to lift a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Two count only as Demetrius Lake tries to put Lynch down and get his first chance to win this thing.

[Lake is still talking to the official as he gets to his feet, pointing a threatening finger before turning back towards a kneeling Jack Lynch...

...who throws a right hand downstairs!]

GM: Big right to the breadbasket!

[Lynch winds up, throwing a second one, doubling up the Black Tiger as the crowd cheers him on.]

GM: Lynch is fighting back!

[Still on his knees, Lynch throws a stiff uppercut that snaps Lake's head back, sending him spinning away and sprawling facefirst down to the mat.]

GM: What a shot by the big Texan!

[Lynch climbs up off the mat, grabbing Lake's discarded leather belt off the mat...

...and slowly starts wrapping the leather around his fist.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: I don't like the looks of this, Gordo!

GM: These fans in New York City certainly do!

[Lynch hauls Lake off the mat by the afro, tugging him into a side headlock, smashing the leather-wrapped fist into the face over and over and over...

...until Davis Warren rushes in, forcing Lynch to let go!]

GM: What the...?!

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Demetrius Lake has SUBMITTED!

[This time, the crowd jeers the announcement as Lake backs off, rubbing his forehead while a seething Jack Lynch stares at him.]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: Hahaha! He quit again! He was in that side headlock and Lynch was pounding him with his own belt so he just quit! He quit to buy himself a minute to recover!

GM: This is wrong, Bucky. This is completely wrong. He is abusing the rules of this Texas Death Match at every opportunity!

BW: Of course he is! What use are rules if you can't find a way to bend them to your advantage?

[The crowd is letting Lake have it as he leans against the buckles, wiping the sweat from his forehead. Lynch again is pacing back and forth, waiting for Davis Warren to step aside. The leather belt is still wrapped around the fist of the Texan as his eyes drift up to the countdown clock which now reads : 27.]

GM: Under thirty seconds on the clock as Demetrius Lake gets another free rest period.

BW: Free? He was getting pummeled with his own fashion accessories!

GM: The fans in New York City really want to see the so-called King of Wrestling get what he's got coming to him after a year of tormenting Jack Lynch and the entire Lynch family. He assaulted Jack's father... his injured brother... his tag team partner Bobby O'Connor... even insulted the man's wife here tonight.

BW: Who must be a real gem if she's dumb enough to marry a Lynch.

GM: BUCKY!

BW: Hey, I call 'em like I see 'em, Gordo.

GM: The time is ticking down here in Madison Square Garden... down to six seconds... five... four... three...

[Lynch is watching and waiting...

...and as the clock hits zero, he turns and charges Lake who dives through the ropes, dropping down to the floor. He backs up, wagging a finger at Jack Lynch who steps out on the apron, leaping off with a big right hand that Lake counters by cracking him in the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Lake cuts him off!

[Lake smashes a double axehandle down over the back, knocking Lynch down to his knees. The Black Tiger storms away, stalking towards the timekeeper's table, threatening Phil Watson who vacates his seat.]

GM: Uh oh! Lake's got the steel chair! He just stole the ring announcer's steel chair!

[Lake nods his head, tapping the chair on the ring apron a few times before turning, winding up with the steel seat...]

GM: He's gonna crown him!

BW: He's going to turn him into a vegetable like Johnny Detson did to Eric Preston back in Los Angeles!

[...but Lynch surges to his feet, bringing up his arms to block the chairshot!]

GM: He blocked it! Lynch is fighting it, trying to hang on!

[But Lake kicks him in the gut, snatching the chair back, winding up with it...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR DOWN ACROSS THE BACK!

[Lynch crumples, collapsing facefirst down to the canvas as Lake hurls the chair aside with a "I'M THE KING! I'M THE KING OF NEW YORK!" to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Demetrius Lake sure does like talking inside that ring, taking the time to insult the fans here in New York as well.

[Lake peels Lynch up off the mat, rolling him under the ropes into the ring. He grabs the middle rope, tugging himself up on the apron...

...where he slaps the top turnbuckle three times, nodding his head as he steps up on it!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Lake's gonna end this right now, Gordo! He's going for the Big Cat Pounce right now!

GM: I can't believe it! This one may be over much quicker than we expected considering the rules of this matchup as Demetrius Lake, the big three hundred pounder is heading up to the top rope. He's got one foot up top now, shouting at these fans...

[The delay to taunt the fans is enough for Jack Lynch to drag himself off the mat, staggering towards the corner...

...where he buries a right hand into the midsection!]

GM: Big right hand by the Texan!

[A second haymaker finds the mark as Lynch steps up on the second rope.]

GM: Uh oh!

[He pulls Lake into a front facelock, slinging his rival's arm over the back of his neck. He sets, preparing himself...

...and hoists Lake up into the air, dropping backwards with a spine-rattling superplex, floating over into a pin attempt!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

PW: Demetrius Lake has been pinned! Start the clock!

[The crowd is buzzing as Lynch rolls off Lake, laying flat on his back on the canvas.]

GM: Both men are down.

BW: And the way I understand the rules for this match says that Lake's not the only one at risk here. If Lynch can't answer the ten count and Lake can, Lake would win this match!

GM: That is correct! Both men need to get up for the match to continue! But right now, they've got about forty-five seconds to get up and keep this battle going!

[A cut to the clock shows “:40”]

GM: Jack Lynch with a tremendous counter, avoiding Lake's attempt to hit the Big Cat Pounce right there and hitting him with that high impact superplex from the middle rope!

BW: Is that enough to keep someone like Lake down for as long as he needs to stay down?

GM: We're going to find out, Bucky. The clock's down to just below thirty seconds now...

[Jack Lynch is the first to move, rolling over to all fours. He takes a few deep breaths before pushing up off the mat, wincing and grabbing at his lower back as he does, falling back against the ropes.]

GM: Lynch is up! The Texan is up and now we wait to see if Demetrius Lake can do the same!

BW: We're closing in on the fifteen minute mark of this match which doesn't even matter since there's no time limit, Gordo.

GM: No time limit, no countouts, no disqualifications. This match won't end until we've got a clear and undisputed winner!

[The clock hits ten seconds, a handful of fans here and there deciding to keep counting along as Demetrius Lake rolls to all fours, wincing as he pushes up to his knees...]

GM: Lake's getting up! With under ten seconds to go in the rest period, Demetrius Lake is climbing back to his feet...

[The clock ticks down... four... three... two... one...]

GM: And here we go again!

[Lynch is right on Lake, dragging him up and shoving him into the corner where he unleashes a series of stiff rights and lefts, throwing hooking blows to the body before grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whip... OH MY STARS!

[The crowd ROARS as Lake comes fast to the corner, front flipping as he hits the buckles, tumbling over the top, and crashing down to the floor!]

GM: WOW! What a fall by Lake!

[Lynch nods his head at the cheering crowd before stepping out to the apron, dropping down to the floor in pursuit. Lake is on his rear end, scooting backwards as he raises his hand.]

GM: Oh, look at this! Demetrius Lake is begging for mercy out on the floor!

BW: Well, I don't know about that but if that's what he's doing, he's barkin' up the wrong tree, daddy. After all the bad blood between these two, he ain't gettin' a drop of mercy from Lynch!

[The Texan shakes his head, fists balled up in front of him, walking slowly towards Lake as he inches back further...]

...and then lunges forward, hooking a handful of the front of Lynch's trunks, YANKING him towards him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE POST! LAKE PUTS HIM INTO THE POST!

[Lynch slumps down to the mat, head resting on his arms as a chuckling Lake gets to his feet.]

"STUPID! BIG, STUPID JACK LUNCH!"

[A few stomps punctuate his words for his rival as the ringside fans let him have it. Lake steps over the downed Lun- err, Lynch... walking over towards the ringside barricade where he pauses to let a few fans have it. He shakes his head at their reaction, leaning down...]

GM: What in the world is Lake doing?

BW: I can't tell from here.

GM: He's... oh my god, he's pulling up the ringside mats!

[The jeers get louder as Lake pulls the padded flooring back, revealing just how thin it is as he folds it back, exposing a large section of concrete out on the ringside floor.]

GM: Lynch is in serious trouble here and I don't even think he realizes it yet!

[Lake steps past the folded-up padding to pull Lynch off the ringside mats, revealing a bloodied forehead.]

GM: Ohh! Jack Lynch has been busted open! He must have been split open when his head hit the ringpost!

[Lake grins, pulling Lynch into a side headlock, battering the cut forehead with a closed fist before using the same handful of hair to drag his rival over towards the exposed concrete...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: He's gonna finish Lynch once and for all! He's gonna put him in a wheelchair next to his no-account brother, James!

GM: Bucky! You know very well that James Lynch is no longer in a wheelchair!

BW: In my dreams he is, Gordo. Let me enjoy this!

[Lake gets right over the concrete, turning to a nearby camera with a "This one's for you, Hammy!" as he pulls Lynch down into a standing headscissors...]

GM: No, no, no! He can't do this! He can NOT do this!

BW: He said it's for Hamilton Graham! Somewhere, Hamilton Graham is looking on and loving every second of this!

GM: Only Graham, a sadistic, cold-hearted son of a gun if there ever was one, would enjoy something like this!

BW: Hey, if he does it, I might get a giggle out of it.

GM: I can't believe you! You make me sick!

[Lake nods his head, leaning down to wrap his arms around Lynch's torso...]

GM: He's going for the piledriver on the concrete floor! He'll break his neck! He'll end his career!

[But as Lake lifts him up, Lynch kicks and flails his legs, forcing Lake to put him back down...]

...where Lynch yanks his legs out from under him!]

GM: Oh! He takes him down and-

[Lynch falls back while holding the legs, launching Lake into the air...

...where he slams gutfirst into the railing, toppling over it into the front row of seats!]

GM: CATAPULT INTO THE FRONT ROW!!

[The Texan slowly sits up on the floor, wiping the blood from his eyes as Demetrius Lake pushes up to a knee out in the front row. Lynch uses the railing to drag himself up, reaching over towards Lake...

...who grabs the arm and SWINGS it down into the top of the railing!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Lynch collapses backwards, his body flailing wildly as he grabs at his elbow, gritting his teeth and dropping a few words that cause the sound guy to mute them for a moment.]

GM: He could've broken the man's arm right there!

BW: I'm fairly sure that's what he was trying to do, Gordo! Demetrius Lake may have just broken that arm like a fat guy breaking a turkey leg off the Thanksgiving dinner earlier today!

GM: You resemble that remark.

BW: Easy, Myers. We've been pretty civil all night. Let's not turn this sideways now!

[Lake steps over the railing, pulling Lynch up by the hurting arm, stretching it high above Lynch's head...

...and SLAMS it down on the railing a second time!]

GM: Good grief! Absolutely brutal!

BW: This is brilliant, Gordo! Demetrius Lake just went after Lynch's primary weapon! He's trying to take away that Iron Claw!

[Lynch cradles the arm, trying to keep it underneath him as he attempts to crawl away from a pursuing Demetrius Lake. The Black Tiger pulls him up by the back of the trunks, rolling him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Lynch gets put back in and Lake's in pursuit...

[The self-proclaimed King of Wrestling steps through the ropes, barking at the downed Lynch... and then stomps the arm... and again... and again...]

GM: Lake's definitely got a bullseye painted on that arm right now, fans!

[He grabs Lynch by the hair, dragging him to his feet, hammerlocking the arm behind him...]

GM: Look at this!

[...and scoops Lynch up, slamming him down on his own arm!]

GM: Ohh! Hammerlock slam by Demetrius Lake!

[Lake stands over the prone Lynch, raising his arms to the jeers of the crowd, dropping down to his knees in a cover.]

GM: Lake's got one! He's got two! But Lynch escapes!

[Jack Lynch promptly rolls away from Lake, trying to create some space as Lake lumbers towards him, stomping his rival viciously in the lower back, forcing him out on the apron. He leans over, pulling Lynch up, grabbing him by the arm, twisting it around...

...and then CRACKS Lynch with a straight right hand, sending him falling off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Lynch hits the floor again!

[Lake drops to a knee, rolling under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: You can't win this one out on the floor, Bucky.

BW: No, but you can certainly do some major damage that would lead you down the path to victory, Gordo.

[Lake drags Lynch off the floor by the arm, tucking it behind him a second time, lifting him up in the hammerlock...

...and walks over towards the railing before SLAMMING him down on the exposed concrete floor!]

GM: OHHH! GOOD GRIEF!

[Lynch cries out, cradling the hurting arm with the other hand as Lake stands over him, smirking as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Demetrius Lake has progressed past taking the Iron Claw out of the picture and has moved on to trying to break that arm, Bucky! He's trying to break the arm of Jack Lynch and-

[Lake pulls the bloodied Lynch off the floor, rolling him back under the ropes into the ring. He rolls back in after him, staring down at Lynch. He lifts his left foot, pinning Lynch's wrist to the mat...

...and STOMPS the arm... and STOMPS the arm... and STOMPS the arm, keeping it down on the canvas!]

GM: Lake's got him in trouble here!

[Backing to the corner, Lake hops up on the second rope, balancing himself...

...and just kinda falls off, dropping a knee on the extended limb! The crowd groans as Lynch's arm is pinned to the mat under Lake's three hundred plus pounds.]

GM: The Black Tiger into the cover - he's got one! He's got two! He's got th-

[But Lynch fires a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Two count only! Two count only!

[Lake shouts angrily at the official as he climbs to his feet, shoving Davis Warren back against the ropes. The referee points to the AWA logo on his chest before shoving Lake back in return to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Oh yeah! Davis Warren is standing up to that big bully Demetrius Lake!

[Lake backs off, surprised by the official's actions. He raises his hand defensively, backing away towards Jack Lynch who is crawling towards the ropes, trying to get away from Lake.]

GM: Lynch is trying to escape but Lake's right there, dragging him up against the ropes... big knife edge chop!

[Lynch recoils, hooking his good arm over the top rope while the bad arm hangs at the side.]

GM: Lake's got him on the ropes, grabs the arm...

[The Missouri native sends the Texan bouncing off the ropes. A wild right from Lake is ducked by Lynch who slams on the brakes, spins around...]

GM: CLAW!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Lynch applying the Iron Claw...

...but just as quickly deflates as Lynch recoils in pain, grabbing at the arm he used to apply his trademark hold!]

GM: He couldn't do it! He couldn't keep it on!

[Which is Lake's cue to wind up, lashing out with a stiff-fingered thumb strike to the side of the throat!]

GM: TIGER STRIKE CONNECTS! It's as illegal as they come but he got all of it and-

[Lake drops to his knees, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as he applies a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Jack Lynch has been PINNED! Start the clock!

[The crowd begins to buzz with concern as Lake pushes up off the mat, backing away as the referee steps in to keep him there, refusing to let Lake inflict more punishment as Lynch attempts to climb up off the canvas.]

GM: Jack Lynch hasn't moved one bit yet - the Tiger Strike has floored many an opponent and with someone like Demetrius Lake in there, there's no telling what he might have loaded that thumb up with before hitting it, Bucky.

BW: Hey, that's slander, Gordo. You've got no proof of anything!

GM: Lynch is still down... he's still not moving as we're down to about forty seconds remaining on the clock!

BW: If Lynch knows what's good for him, he'll stay down, Gordo. That arm could be broken... he could be looking at surgery right now and that's without any more punishment done to it. If he comes back for more, Lake might end his career.

GM: Thirty seconds left... and Lynch is moving! Jack Lynch has rolled over onto his side!

[The crowd is roaring, trying to inspire Lynch to get up off the mat!]

GM: The Texan's trying to get up! The Texan's being inspired by this massive crowd here in Madison Square Garden that are trying to get him to his feet to continue this fight!

BW: I knew he was too dumb to stay down, Gordo.

GM: Too dumb? Try too proud! Too much of a hero to these people! Too much of a fighter... of a warrior!

[The clock hits ten seconds as Lynch tries to get up off the mat.]

GM: Ten seconds to go... if Lynch can't make it at that point, he'll have a ten count to beat!

[Lynch extends his arms, trying to get off the canvas as the count gets down to seven... six... five...]

GM: He's almost up, Bucky!

[But his pain-filled arm gives way, causing Lynch to collapse facefirst to the canvas. Lake leaps up, giving an arm pump as the rest period expires as Davis Warren steps in...]

GM: The official starts the ten count. If Lynch can't beat the ten count, Demetrius Lake will be the winner of this Texas Death Match!

BW: And Lynch will have to come out on Saturday Night Wrestling to admit that Lake is the better man!

GM: The count is at three. Can the Texan get up? Can he find a way to get up off the mat to keep this fight going with a bad arm and after being hit with the Tiger Strike?

[As the count hits five, Jack Lynch grits his teeth, doing a full pushup off the mat to his feet, collapsing against the ropes to huge cheers from the crowd as Demetrius Lake marches in behind him, leaping up with a big double axehandle to the back of the head and neck!]

GM: Lake with the axehandle! And another one!

[Lake stands over a kneeling Lynch, spreading his arms to jeers from the MSG crowd.]

GM: Demetrius Lake has Jack Lynch in a bad, bad way here tonight in this Texas Death Match - in this final showdown between these two rivals who have fought tooth and nail against each other for years.

[The Black Tiger drags the bloodied Lynch off the canvas by the hair, smashing an overhead elbow down between the eyes, sending Lynch staggering back into the corner. He moves in, smashing a second elbow down between the eyes!]

GM: The so-called King of Wrestling is doing a number on Lynch in the corner...

[And a flat out open chokehold is applied, strangling the air out of a struggling Lynch who has to try and fight his opponent off with one arm.]

GM: There's no disqualifications in this so if Lynch is going to get out, he's going to need to fight his way out!

[A trapped Lynch balls up his left hand, throwing it hard into the forehead of Lake who is unfazed as he continues to choke. Lynch lands a second and a third, still having no effect...]

...so he just digs his fingers into the eyes of the King of Wrestling, gouging hard!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Lynch goes to the eyes! So much for your big hero, Myers!

GM: Hey, he had to do it! He was in a chokehold and he had to do it!

[Lynch shakes out the right arm as Lake staggers away. The Texan races to the ropes, rebounding back towards a blinded Lake...

...and LEAPS UP, cracking him across the collarbone with the injured arm!]

GM: LARIAT! LARIAT!

[Lynch grabs at his injured arm, rolling onto his back and wincing in pain from the high impact blow he probably shouldn't have delivered.]

GM: Good grief, Bucky! What in the world would motivate Jack Lynch to deliver a lariat with an injured arm?!

BW: Bad genetics?

GM: Would you stop?! What you have to observe about that move is that as much as it hurt Jack Lynch to deliver it, it might've knocked Demetrius Lake out cold! Lynch just evened up this match in a big way as he crawls, trying to get towards Lake...

[He lunges, throwing his injured arm over Lake's heaving chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Demetrius Lake has been PINNED! Start the clock!

[The clock showing sixty seconds pops up on the big screen as Lynch rolls off of Lake, lying flat on his back beside him.]

GM: The countdown starts again. Both men are down this time. Both men are vulnerable to this match ending... both men are vulnerable to not being able to go on against the other!

BW: Lake's gotta get up, Gordo. He's got Lynch's arm in such a bad way, it seems like he's on the verge of victory even though he just got flattened with that bad-armed lariat!

GM: Oddly enough, you're right. That lariat was absolutely a desperation move as Jack Lynch was trying to find some way to get this match back on even ground. He knocked Lake for a loop with it but was it enough to keep Lake down for all the time needed to win this Texas Death Match?

BW: We're down under forty seconds now as the King of Wrestling ain't movin'... Lynch ain't movin'... can this match end in a double knockout?

GM: It certainly can but what a kick in the head that would be to both of these men who've fought so hard to get to this moment in Madison Square Garden with the entire world watching!

[The clock shows :23 as both men are still flat on their backs on the canvas, the crowd cheering loudly, rooting their favorite back to their feet to continue the fight.]

GM: Once again, the sixty second rest period is closing in on its conclusion at which point they'll both have a ten count to get to their feet and continue this fight!

BW: If they want to! Don't forget that, Gordo. They can also get up and refuse to go on!

GM: I have a hard time imagining either of these men putting themselves in that situation, Bucky.

[As the clock hits zero, Davis Warren starts the ten count.]

GM: Here we go, fans. We've got a ten count standing between these two men and continuing this war here tonight in New York City.

[Perhaps surprisingly, Demetrius Lake is the first to move, nudging himself over onto his arm as the count hits two.]

GM: We've got signs of life from the Black Tiger!

BW: The King, daddy!

GM: Demetrius Lake perhaps has enough in him to withstand the lariat, get back to his feet, and keep the fight going...

BW: But does Lynch? Did the lariat take too much out of him? He hasn't moved at all yet and the count is up to four... now to five...

[But as Lake sits up on the mat, Jack Lynch does the same, sitting straight up to big cheers!]

GM: Both men are sitting up but that doesn't break the count!

BW: Come on, King!

GM: They have to get to their feet and as the count reaches seven, it's looking very bad for-

[The crowd boos as Lake pushes up to his feet, throwing his arms wearily into the air, soaking up the jeers at the count of eight...]

...and just as Jack Lynch gets up at nine, barely beating the count, Lake charges him, shoulder lowered to drive Lynch back into the buckles!]

GM: The fight continues!

[Still doubled over, Lake drives shoulder after shoulder after shoulder into the ribcage of Jack Lynch, leaving him gasping for air as Lake straightens up, throwing a stiff uppercut to the chin!]

GM: Goodness! What a shot by Lake!

[Grabbing Lynch under the arm and around the head, Lake HURLS him up and out of the corner, throwing him halfway across the ring with a hiptoss!]

GM: Oh my! Lynch slams down hard to the mat with that hiptoss!

[Lake turns around where he's standing, taking the time to unlace the turnbuckle cover.]

GM: Demetrius Lake is... he's undoing the cover! He's untying that coverpad for the steel buckle so that he can expose it!

[The referee protests but can do nothing as Lake throws the buckle pad aside, leaving the steel fully exposed. Lake turns back, spotting Lynch who has crawled to the corner, resting against the turnbuckles...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[...and breaks into a charge, leaving his feet slightly to drive both feet into the chest of the cornered and seated Lynch!]

GM: OHH! It wasn't pretty...

BW: ...but it damn sure was effective!

GM: You're absolutely right about that as Demetrius Lake tried to cave in Jack Lynch's chest with that basement dropkick!

[Grabbing Lynch by the ankle, Lake drags him away from the corner, putting him down on the mat where he drops a knee down to the chest... and another... and another...]

GM: The unique offense of Demetrius Lake, not jumping in the air for those kneedrops, just driving the knee in repeatedly!

[After a half dozen knees, Lake straightens up...

...and points to the corner.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: This one's over, daddy!

GM: Demetrius Lake is heading for the corner... he's heading for the top turnbuckle once again...

[The King of Wrestling steps out to the apron, throwing his arms apart to inform the New York City crowd that the match is over as he starts to climb the turnbuckles, moving step by step up the corner...]

GM: Jack Lynch is down! Jack Lynch is not moving! This is not like earlier in the match when he found the strength to stop him... this is a completely different story as Lake steps to the top rope...

[The Black Tiger stands up top, spreading his arms wide to steady himself...

...and leaps from his perch, plummeting down through the air...]

GM: SPLASH! HE GOT IT!

BW: WOOHOO! Glorious day in the evening, daddy! Ring the bell, this one's over!

[Lake again does the "it's over!" gesture as he settles back into a lateral press, picking up the easy three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Jack Lynch has been PINNED! Start the clock!

[The clock again shows sixty seconds on it as Lake pushes to his feet, smirking as he backs to the corner, jerking a thumb at himself with a "I'M THE MAN! I'M THE KING! JACK LUNCH IS DONE! FINISHED!"]

GM: Demetrius Lake certainly believes it's over after that.

BW: Can you blame him?

GM: I certainly cannot. He hit the Big Cat Pounce off the top and I don't believe we've seen anyone get up from that. Jack Lynch has more time to get up from it than anyone else has to keep this match going but after the amount of punishment that he's taken, I'm just not sure that's going to happen, Bucky.

BW: Hah! I love it! Even the biggest Stench apologist of them all has lost faith in them!

GM: I have not lost faith in Jack Lynch but I'm also a realist and I don't know if ANYONE could get up from the amount of punishment that he's taken in this war!

BW: We're down to thirty seconds in the rest period... and look at the King!

[The crowd jeers Demetrius Lake as he starts doing jumping jacks in the corner... just a few mind you... but enough to earn their ire.]

BW: Lake's got enough left to go another hour! Maybe he'll just join the title match after this one's done and combine the World Title with the crown!

GM: The crown that Jack Lynch stomped into a pancake?

BW: I bet he's regretting that decision right about now, Gordo.

GM: Lynch is still down... Lynch is still not moving...

[The clock continues to tick down, getting down to ten seconds.]

GM: Ten seconds left.

BW: He's done, Gordo. Absolutely done.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Davis Warren shouts out "ONE!" as the clock hits zero.]

GM: And now on to the ten count... Jack Lynch has to answer this ten count or this match will be over. Demetrius Lake is- oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers Lake as he leans back on the ropes, kicking his legs up so that his feet rest on the top rope like he's in a hammock.]

GM: This- that arrogant son of a-

BW: Gordo!

GM: I can't help it! Jack Lynch is down. He's fought his heart out here tonight in this one but he's still down. Demetrius Lake is going to win this thing apparently and-

[The count is up to three as Lake shouts, "COUNT HIM FASTER, BOY! I GOT BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF!"]

GM: Davis Warren counts to four... now to five...

[The crowd suddenly ROARS as Jack Lynch rolls to all fours. Demetrius Lake is suddenly nervous as he drops back to the apron, shaking his head as the count goes to six...]

GM: Lake's telling Warren to count faster!

BW: He should! He's slower than Henrietta trying to take Travis' third grade math test for him!

[The count hits seven as Lynch extends his arms, pushing up to his knees, blood streaming down his head, his chest heaving with every breath.]

GM: The count is up to eight! The Texan's on thin ice!

BW: COME ON, WARREN!

[Davis Warren's count goes up to nine as Lynch grits his teeth, slipping one foot underneath him...

...and giving a big push, shoving himself to his feet, throwing himself into the ropes to save himself just before the ten count comes down!]

GM: HE MADE IT! HE MADE IT!

[A wide-eyed Lake shouts, kicking the ropes angrily before spinning around, charging Lynch from the blind side...]

GM: LAKE FROM BEHIND...

[...and the Texan drops down, yanking the top rope down with him, causing the big man to topple over the ropes, crashing down to a heap on the floor to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: LAKE HITS THE FLOOR! HE HITS THE FLOOR!

[An exhausted and bloodied Lynch slips through the ropes, sitting on the apron, leaning against them as blood pours down his face onto his chest.]

GM: Jack Lynch is bloodied! He's beaten! But he IS...NOT...BROKEN!

[Lynch shoves himself off the apron, staggering towards the downed Lake, dragging him off the ringside mats by the afro...

...and SLAMS him facefirst into the apron!]

GM: Facefirst to the apron goes Lake!

[Lake staggers away, falling back towards the Spanish announce table...

...where Lynch throws himself at him, tackling him around the waist, tipping him backwards over the table where they both go crashing down to the floor out of view!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! LYNCH WITH THE BIG TACKLE! He's low on gas - perhaps even on fumes - but Jack Lynch refuses to stay down! Jack Lynch continues to keep fighting!

[The cameraman hustles around the table, pushing past the announcers to get a glimpse of Lynch raining down right hands on Demetrius Lake, pummeling the Black Tiger with haymakers.]

GM: LYNCH IS BEATING THE HELL OUT OF HIM!!

[Lake tries to cover up as Lynch continues to hammer rights and lefts down, wincing as he grabs at his right arm...

...which gives Lake the chance to shove Lynch off, crawling away from him, pulling himself up to his feet...]

GM: Lake's making a run for it!

[Lynch drags himself off the floor, pursuing Lake who is trying to backpedal away. The big Texan pauses, scooping up Lake's discarded leather belt, wrapping it around his fist again. Lake charges, trying to take advantage of the preparation...

...and gets DRILLED between the eyes with a right hand!]

GM: OHHH!

[The belt shot sends Lake falling backwards, clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet. He pulls himself up on the apron...

...and Lynch lashes out!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: OHHH!

[Lake is hanging on to the top rope, trying to get back into the ring as Lynch wears him out with the leather strap...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Lake throws himself over the top rope to avoid Lynch who throws the leather strap away, grabbing the ropes with his left hand to drag himself up on the apron...

...and the Black Tiger charges, throwing a Tiger Strike attempt that Lynch ducks down, raising back up...]

GM: LYNCH!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Jack Lynch hooks Demetrius Lake's skull in the palm of his hand...

...his left hand!]

GM: OHHH! OFF-HANDED IRON CLAW!!

BW: WHAT?! WHAT?! HE CAN'T DO THAT!

GM: HE'S DOING IT RIGHT NOW, BUCKY!

[Lake screams in pain, his arms wheeling around, flailing about as a determined Jack Lynch squeezes his head with every ounce of energy left in his body.]

GM: The fingers are pressed into the temples, trying to knock Lake out cold with this devastating hold!

BW: The right-handed version is devastating - AND ILLEGAL - but no one knows what the left-handed version will do! This might be tickling Demetrius Lake!

[Lake cries out in pain again.]

GM: Does it SOUND like he's being tickled?!

[Lynch is squeezing the skull of his rival, trying to draw the last moments of consciousness out of him... trying to squeeze blood from his skull... trying to force him into submission...

...when Demetrius Lake goes back to the weapon that has served him so well in the past, lashing out again with the Tiger Strike!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The thumbstrike catches Lynch right in the side of the throat, forcing him to release the hold, collapsing off the apron to the floor as Lake also collapses inside the ring!]

GM: Both men are down! Lake is down! Lynch is down!

BW: Wow! Lake hit the Tiger Strike again but luckily for Jack Lynch, he was out on the apron so he couldn't be pinned again with it. If he was in the ring, Gordo, this would be over because there's no way that Lynch was getting up again to beat that count.

GM: You could be right but Demetrius Lake is down as well. He got caught in that left-handed Iron Claw which seems to really have caught him off-guard and really did a number on him to boot.

[A dazed Lake pushes up off the mat to his knees, leaning over to shake the cobwebs.]

GM: Demetrius Lake though is still in this thing whereas Jack Lynch is out here at ringside and like you said, Bucky, I'm not sure he's moved an inch since he hit the floor!

BW: He hasn't, Gordo! And he won't! Right now, he's easy prey for Demetrius Lake to roll in the ring, pin him, and wait for him to be counted down.

[Lake shoves himself to a knee, looking around at the crowd who is urging Jack Lynch to get back to his feet.]

GM: I'm not sure Lake even knows where he's at right now. He could be in Madison Square Garden, the Crockett Coliseum, the Tokyo Dome, or even back home in Missouri for all that man knows right now. That Iron Claw really did a number on him.

[Again shaking his head, Lake pushes himself up to his feet, falling back into the turnbuckles as he does it. He waves a hand at the referee, telling him to count.]

GM: It doesn't work that way! Lake wants the official to count Lynch down but he can't do it until Demetrius Lake has pinned the man!

BW: That hardly seems like a reasonable request at this point of the match! Neither of them can barely move so let's just bend the rules and end this thing, Davis Warren!

GM: Davis Warren is a fine, upstanding AWA official and he will NOT do any such thing. He is insisting to Lake that he has to pin Lynch or make him submit.

BW: And in the meantime, I don't know if I can believe this, but Jack Lynch is actually MOVING out here!

[The camera cuts to the floor where Jack Lynch is still down but he's at least sitting up, one leg pulled up underneath him.]

BW: Come on, King! Let's finish this thing!

[The self-proclaimed King of Wrestling staggers forward, nodding his head at the jeering crowd, looking a bit surprised to find Jack Lynch on a foot, leaning against the ring apron. Lake leans through the ropes, grabbing Lynch by the hair...

...when Lynch suddenly slaps the hand away and BLASTS Demetrius Lake between the eyes with an object that is moving too fast to see!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: WHAT THE HELL?!

GM: That's his boot! Jack Lynch hit him with his boot, fans!

[Lynch pushes up to his feet, holding the cowboy boot he just used as a weapon in his right hand. Lake fell back, clutching his skull as he does, twisting to fall facefirst on the canvas.]

GM: What a shot that was!

[With one bare foot, Lynch rolls himself under the bottom rope, blood pouring from his head wound as he approaches the downed Lake, dragging him up by the afro...

...to reveal a nasty gash on Lake's forehead! The crowd gasps upon seeing the wound on the big screen!]

GM: Oh my stars! Lake was busted open with that cowboy boot!

[Holding Lake's head back by the afro, Lynch SLAMS the boot down into the forehead... and again... and again... and again... and again... and again, leaving Lake's head a bloody mess as Lynch lets him go, causing him to faceplant on the canvas.]

GM: Lake's been beaten bloody by the big Texan who may just have one more round left in him! He may have one more ounce of fight - of air - of blood left in his body!

BW: Get up, King!

[Lynch throws the boot aside, dragging Lake up, leaving a bloody smear behind on the canvas. The crowd buzzes as blood actually drips off the forehead of Lake as he's lifted up, dropping down on the mat as Lynch slips him up over his shoulder into powerslam position, walking him across the ring...]

BW: NO! That's where Lake took off the buckle pad! DON'T-

[...and DROPS Lake facefirst on the steel buckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lake collapses against the corner, clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet as Lynch spins him around, mounting the second rope with intensity in his eyes.]

GM: Lynch on the second rope...

[The crowd lets him hear their support as he rains down heavy shots to the skull.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

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

[Lynch hops down, holding a wobbly Lake to prevent him from falling over. The Texan shakes his head no as if to say it's not going to end that easy. He steps through the ropes...]

GM: Where is Jack Lynch going now?

[Lynch steps up to the second rope, pressing his knee into the back of Lake's head as he holds him by the blood-soaked afro...

...and leaps off, DRIVING Lake's face into the canvas!]

GM: CALF BRANDING! CALF BRANDING BY JACK LYNCH!

[Lynch slowly climbs to his feet, looking down at the bloodied Lake who has rolled over onto his back, almost inviting the Iron Cowboy to pin him for a three count...

...but again, Lynch shakes his head, leaning down to drag Lake up, throwing him back into the corner!]

GM: My god, he's going to do it again!

[Lynch steps out to the apron, climbing up on the second rope, pulling Lake towards him...

...when Lake suddenly spins around, raking Lynch's eyes!]

GM: OH! LAKE GOES TO THE EYES!

[With Lynch temporarily blinded, Lake reaches up, hooking him by the trunks and the hair...

...and HURLS Lynch off the top rope, throwing him down to the canvas!]

GM: WOW! A DESPERATION MOVE BY THE BLACK TIGER!

[The bloodied Lake falls back into the corner again, his chest heaving with exertion as blood pours down his face onto his torso, dripping down to the canvas surrounding his boots.]

GM: Demetrius Lake is bloody beyond belief but somehow he managed to find a way to prevent Jack Lynch from hitting a second Calf Branding which would most assuredly have finished him off.

[A weary Lake ducks back through the ropes, shaking his head, wiping the blood from his eyes as he plants a foot on the bottom rope.]

BW: Lake's gonna finish him now, Gordo! He's going for another Big Cat Pounce!

GM: Can he get there? Can he get up those ropes in time?!

[Lake looks to be moving in slow motion as he lifts his leg, stepping one foot onto the second rope...]

GM: To the second rope now. It's taking Demetrius Lake an incredible amount of time to get up those ropes.

[Taking several deep breaths, Lake steps one foot to the top, dragging the other one up as well. A bloodied Black Tiger stands on the top rope, looking out at the roaring Madison Square Garden crowd - a SuperClash moment waiting to happen...]

...when a surging Jack Lynch comes to his feet, burying a right hand into the midsection of Demetrius Lake, forcing him to lean over, grabbing the top rope to keep from falling...]

GM: LAKE'S HANGING ON! HE'S HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE AND-

[The crowd EXPLODES into a roar as Jack Lynch reaches back with his left hand...]

...and hooks the off-handed Iron Claw on a bloodied Demetrius Lake for the second time!]

GM: THE CLAW! LYNCH HOOKS HIS FAMILY'S LEGACY ON LAKE AGAIN!

[Lake's arms fly up from their grip on the top rope, grabbing his enemy's wrist, trying to pry the hand free...]

...which results in Lynch literally dragging Lake off the top rope, keeping him locked in the Iron Claw to a big cheer!]

GM: Wow! What incredible hand strength out of the Iron Cowboy, squeezing the skull out of his rival!

[Blood continues to pour from the wound on Demetrius Lake's skull as Lynch drags him out to the middle of the ring, his teeth clenched as he grabs his left wrist with his right hand, turning up the pressure on the hold as Lake cries out, trying to find an escape. Lynch's fingers dig into the temples, restricting the flow of blood to the brain!]

GM: Lake's fading! His arms are slowing!

BW: Why doesn't he just quit and get out of this thing?!

GM: I don't think he's got the presence of mind to do it! He's exhausted! He's lost a ton of blood in a short period of time and he's been driven into knockout city by Jack Lynch!

[The pinwheeling arms definitely are slowing down as Lynch continues to crank up the pressure, blood pouring into his own eyes as he tries to drive his arch-rival into unconsciousness!]

GM: Lake's trying to hang on! He's trying to hang on with all he's got!

BW: GET OUT OF IT, KING! GET OUT OF THE HOLD! GIVE UP! JUST GIVE UP!

[But with the heavy blood loss and sheer exhaustion overtaking him and robbing him of a clear mind, Lake has nowhere to run... nowhere to go... no way out.]

GM: Lynch is forcing him down!

[Lake drops to his knees as Lynch stands over him, getting a leverage advantage to really crank up the pressure as he slowly but steadily forces a motionless Lake down to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

[Lynch hangs on for a split second longer before releasing the hold, on his knees next to his blood-soaked rival who is motionless on the mat, the crowd roaring for the Texan.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Demetrius Lake has been PINNED! Start the clock!

GM: The Iron Claw puts Demetrius Lake down for three but is that enough? We've seen both of these men fight their way up to their feet of things we thought there was no way they could get up from time and time again in this matchup.

BW: Come on, King. Get up. Get up, brother.

GM: My esteemed partner here at ringside obviously has his favorite as he blatantly cheers for Demetrius Lake to find a way to get back to his feet... to find a way to keep this fight going... to find a way to battle Jack Lynch just a little bit longer.

[The clock reads ":40" as the crowd continues to buzz, watching as Jack Lynch pushes back to his feet, walking across the ring towards the corner, looking down at his blood-covered left hand as he settles back into the buckles. His bare foot steps in a puddle of blood, soaking it in the crimson as he looks at Lake... then turns to look at the countdown clock along with every fan in the building.]

GM: Lake isn't moving yet! He's still down from that Iron Claw and all Jack Lynch can do is stand in the corner... all he can do is wait and watch to see if his most hated rival can find a way back to his feet to continue this tremendous war!

BW: We're under twenty seconds left! COME ON, KING!

GM: This war that began in St. Louis between two young kids with their entire careers in front of them has spanned the globe by now. They've taken their fight to California... to Hawaii... to San Francisco... to Washington D.C.... to a tour of Africa and Europe... and they've finally landed here in the City That Never Sleeps for one final battle!

BW: GEEEEET UUUUUUUUP!

[But as Lake rolls to his belly, the clock hits ":00"]

GM: He's got a ten count! Ten counts by Davis Warren now separate Jack Lynch from total victory!

[Warren counts "ONE!"]

BW: He can do this, Gordo. He made it onto his stomach as the rest period expired. All he needs to do is push up off the mat and get back to his feet. Come on, King! You can do this! You can do this, King!

[As Warren counts "TWO!", Lake slips his right arm up underneath him.]

GM: Jack Lynch is watching, his eyes locked on his rival's every move, knowing that this fight may not be over... not yet at least.

[The count hits "THREE!" as Lake slips his left arm under him as well.]

BW: The arms are there! PUSH UP!

GM: Bucky Wilde screaming instructions to Demetrius Lake!

[Lake is unmoving as "FOUR!" happens... and as "FIVE!" follows. But with a surge of strength, the bloodied Black Tiger pushes his torso off the mat, blood smearing the canvas beneath him and pouring from his head wound as he gets to all fours. Lynch grimaces in the corner, shaking his head as he balls his fists, standing at the ready...]

"SIX!"

[Lake shoves himself up to his knees, staring across the ring through blood-stung eyes at his enemy. He slips a foot under him, getting to one knee...

...and pausing as Jack Lynch lifts his left hand again, bending his fingers into the position for the Iron Claw!]

GM: Lynch is ready! Lynch is ready to lock that Claw on again!

[The camera closes on Lake's blood-soaked face, staring at the Iron Claw that awaits him if he gets off the mat as the referee counts "SEVEN!"]

BW: GET UP, KING!

GM: He's frozen in place! Demetrius Lake just might have had enough! He just might have had all he wants of Jack Lynch here tonight in New York City! He may not want any more of that Iron Claw!

[Lake steadies himself, ready to get to his feet at the count of "EIGHT!" Lynch waves his right hand at him, shouting at him to "GET UP!", holding the left hand higher so that he can see it. Lake's eyes follow the Iron Claw, staring at the move he hates - that he fears - more than any other. The hold that he has tried to avoid for over a year. The hold that he desperately wanted banned from AWA competition.]

"NINE!"

[Lake slowly lifts his stinging eyes, staring into the eyes of his rival, knowing full well that he can get up and continue the fight...

...and with a shake of his head, he drops down to his rear, waving a hand at the official.]

"TEN!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sound of the bell as Jack Lynch, bloodied as can be, falls to his knees with an anguished roar of triumph, placing his forehead down on the canvas.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Lynch stays kneeling, his face down on the mat as his fans scream their support and pride for him from all over Madison Square Garden.]

GM: What a match! What a win for Jack Lynch! These fans in New York City are on their feet paying tribute to the toughest damn Texan that any of us have ever seen inside a squared circle! I've seen Chris Courtade... I've seen John Wesley Hardin... I've seen Steve Wyatt... I've seen Blackwater Bart... I've seen Blackjack Patterson... and above them all, on this night at least, stands Jack Lynch as the toughest SOB from the Lone Star State to ever lace a pair of boots, Bucky.

BW: I... ahh, damn it. I can't believe this happened.

GM: You're not even going to give him credit after the war we just witnessed?

BW: It was... Gordo, it was a helluva fight and it takes a real tough guy to win a fight like that. That's the closest you're going to get to me paying a stinkin' Stench a compliment.

[The referee raises his hand, pointing to Jack Lynch whose face is covered with crimson and emotion as he looks out at the roaring crowd. He closes his fist, slamming it into his heart three times and points to the fans as he allows the official to help him back to his feet.]

GM: Jack Lynch came in to New York City tonight on a mission to show Demetrius Lake that he was the better man... and that's exactly what he proved in this war.

BW: Maybe Lynch won. Maybe... just maybe... he's the better man on this night, Gordo, but you cannot deny that Demetrius Lake was incredible inside that ring tonight as well.

GM: Oh, I won't deny it. I won't deny it one bit. Demetrius Lake WAS incredible. And Demetrius Lake WOULD have beaten most competitors with an effort like that. But not tonight... and not Jack Lynch.

[Lake is still seated on the canvas, his bloodied face buried in his hands in a mixture of disbelief... shock... embarrassment... perhaps even a touch of shame at having given up the fight as Lynch stands tall for a moment, raising his hand in the air, showing the Iron Claw hold hand before falling into the ropes, barely able to stand...

...when suddenly the cheers grow greater at the appearance of another pair of tough Texans in the aisleway.]

GM: And here comes the family!

BW: Oh, I think I'm going to be sick.

[The cheers intensify as Travis and Blackjack Lynch make their way down the aisle, clapping and smiling as they head towards Jack who is leaning on the ropes as they arrive. Blackjack is the first one in, pulling his son into a big embrace as Travis stands behind him, still applauding his big brother's effort. After that hug breaks up, Travis gets pulled into one with Jack, clapping his brother on the back.]

GM: What a moment! What a fantastic moment for this family that has been through so much strife since arriving here in the AWA! This night belongs to them! This night belongs to the Lynch family!

BW: Now I KNOW I'm going to be sick.

[Travis helps his brother through the ropes, dropping down to the floor. Jack is barely able to walk but he manages with the aid of an arm draped around Travis' shoulders and one around his father's. The Lynch family walks back

up the aisle, enjoying the standing ovation being delivered by the hardened New York City crowd.]

GM: The Lynch family is heading out of here to continue the celebration while Demetrius Lake STILL hasn't left the ring... he still hasn't budged one single inch.

[The camera cuts to Lake, his head still down, blood still dripping off him...

...and then back up to the middle of the aisle where Jack has pushed away from his family, standing alone for a moment. He turns, looking to the roaring fans one more time, smiling as he soaks in the deafening cheers of the sold-out crowd, hands on his hips.]

GM: Jack Lynch stands alone - one more time here tonight at SuperClash VI!

[Lynch nods to the crowd, pointing to them before turning back towards his family, collapsing into their support as Blackjack and Travis literally drag the eldest son from the arena, the crowd still roaring as they disappear through the entrance tunnel and we fade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: What words can you say after a war like that to do it justice?

BW: I've got plenty of words I'd like to say but if I do, I'm pretty sure Patterson will have my job come morning.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Fans, let's go backstage and hear some more details on 2015's first big event - the Brass Ring Tournament!

[We cut backstage, where Mark Stegglet is standing by in a SuperClash Control Center, which consists an AWA SuperClash backdrop and a large LCD monitor.]

MS: What a night it has been, fans, and it only gets better from here! Still to come, of course, the huge World Title match as well as that exciting eight man tag. But while we're setting up for what is to come, let's talk about the next big event on the AWA calendar, the Brass Ring Tournament.

[The monitor flashes an animated graphic of eight brass rings coming together to form the outline of a logo for the Brass Ring Tournament.]

MS: Earlier tonight, we saw "Diamond" Rob Driscoll become the first man to qualify for this huge tournament. Now, in the weeks to come, we're going to be seeing qualifying matches as the best and the brightest stars in the AWA galaxy collide to try and be a part of the first singles tournament since 2013's Chase For The Clash. It's going to be-

[Suddenly, Stegglet is cut off by an angry shout as Sultan Azam Sharif bursts in from the left hand side of the screen. He glares at the camera and begins shouting to, if not through, the camera lens.]

SAS: MUCHONEY! YOU COME OUT HERE! I GUNNA FIND YOU UN VE GUNNA FINISH!

MS: Sultan! I'm in the middle of...

SAS: IT DIDDUNT MATTAIR VAT YOU VAS IN DEH MIDDLE TO DOING BECAUSE COLLUM MUCHONEY IS BETRAYAIR! He smosh deh beautiful Cotch trophy on my head, un NOW! Now I gunna smosh him! You vant to attack me from behind, Collum Muchoney, vhy diddunt you come ot me like deh man?! Come at me face to face, now! RIGHT NOW VERE ARE YOU?! I WILL FIGHT YOU NOW UN WE DO DIS DEH OLD COUNTRY VAY!

MS: Fans, we have a situation here... more details on the Brass Ring to come on the next Saturday Night Wrestling on-

SAS: I DIDDUNT VANT TO VAIT DOT LONG! COLLUM MUCHONEY, IF YOU DEH MAN DOT YOU SAY, YOU COME FIGHT ME NOW! I VILL BREAK YOU BOCK UN YOU VILL LEARN TO BE HUMBAIL UN NOT OTTOCK FROM BEHIND VID TROPHY VEN I OM YOUR TEAMMATE! NOBODY BETRAY ME!

[The Sultan slaps each side of his chest, then wipes off the sweat.]

SAS: YOU GUNNA LEARN DOT IRANIAN MAN TO NOT BE CROSSED! UN YOU DISRASPEC ME, YOU DISRASPEC DEH BEAUTIFUL COTCH TROPHY, UN YOU DISRASPEC DEH MADISON SKVARE GARDEN! Now! I come ten tousun mile from Shiraz Iran, oldest country in deh vurld UN I WILL NOT BE DISRASPEC BY A PUNK!

[Still ranting, Sharif heads off to go find COLLUM MUCHONEY... er, Callum Mahoney. Stegglet just shakes his head, clearly relieved that a fight didn't just break out in front of him, and we cut back to ringside.]

GM: We have very rarely seen Sultan Azam Sharif that angry, Bucky... but when he gets that angry, he's not a man that forgives or shows any mercy.

BW: They just don't think like we do in his part of the world, daddy. When Sharif says he's gonna do something the "old country way", you better have your head on a swivel if you want it attached at all.

GM: While I doubt that Sharif will become literally murderous, I do believe that he has very bad intentions for Callum Mahoney, who assaulted him for virtually no reason during the Steal The Spotlight match, smashing the All-Europe Catch Wrestling trophy over his head. A trophy which Sharif himself held before Mahoney defeated him for it early this year.

BW: You can't say there's no reason, daddy. He told you what the reason was earlier tonight!

GM: A shallow reason if there ever was one. Betraying your own partner because he deprived you of vengeance? Disgusting. Well, I can't wait for

the day that Sharif and Mahoney collide inside the squared circle. Let's head on backstage to "Sweet" Lou who has also tracked down a special guest!

[Cut backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands in front of the AWA back drop still dressed in his red AWA polo that is firmly tucked into his blue jeans. The newest mic on the block has a grin for days as he addresses the AWA galaxy.]

LB: Welcome back, folks! What a night of action we have had so far. We saw Johnny Detson steal the spotlight, a new Television Champion crowned when Shadoo Rage defeated Tony Sunn, and Air Strike took down Violence Unlimited in a clash of tag team champions! If that wasn't enough, we still have one more championship match to go and right now I am joined by another Champion who forked over his hard earn money to come and see it!

[The camera jumps back. Standing beside Lou Blackwell is an intimidating force to say the least; the two hundred and fifty plus pound dark skinned freak of nature has his scalp shaved clean save for thick sideburns that spill into a grizzly black beard. Large links of cast iron chains are worn as an accessory around his neck and clang against the metal links that coil around his thick forearms. The man in question is the Global Fighting Championship Heavyweight Champion of the World...]

LB: Rufus Harris... to what do we owe the pleasure of your presence here at SuperClash VI tonight?!

[Harris flashes his big pearly white teeth through his thick beard.]

RH: Yo man, it IS my pleasure to be here on this fine Thanksgivin' night, Sweet Lou. Fact is, there ain't no place I'd rather be. Not sittin' on my Crocodile leather sofa at my crib in Indiana, not gnawin' on a twenty seven pound turkey, nowhere but right here in Madison Square Garden with a front row seat to watch two of the finest athletes on the planet finish what they started. Supreme Wright... Ryan Martinez, homie, it's gonna be a slugfest!

LB: That's what we are all hoping for, champ. I've got to know, a man of your talent and accomplishments, you've got to have some insight as to whom you think is going to walk out of New York and back to Texas with the AWA World Heavyweight Title around their waist?

[The Rottweiler pops his right eyebrow up.]

RH: Ya know, playa...Thing is, I ain't too sure. Both men have an opportunity of a lifetime smackin' them right in the damn mouth. A chance to go down in history as the winner of one of the most anticipated and publicized matches in the history of the AWA. Take it from the Rottweiler, I know what it means to be on the grandest stage with the greatest stakes on the line. Know what I did when I rocked those same shoes, Sweet Lou?

LB: What's that?

RH: I trained. I trained damn hard. I trained with an upper echelon of athletes around the World and I upped my game when even I thought it wasn't possible and that's sayin' some'em. I brought in sparring partners, I put World Class athletes up at hotels near my gym so they could crawl home when I was done with them, I made sure I was ready for anything and everything.

LB: Sounds a lot like what Supreme Wright –

RH: Hell no, he ain't done nothin' like that. Let me tell ya why, Sweet Lou. My phone? It didn't ring once. Not one damn time. My schedule was free, right now the GFC ain't got nobody left to throw at me and they're trippin' over themselves to find me a challenge, to find someone to cash in on the baddest man on the planet. But Supreme Wright? He flew in Bull Dawson. He brought in Noboru Fujimoto and Kolya Sudakov. He put his faith in Bret Grayson to take him to the next level!

LB: Grayson is a former Olympic Freestyle Gold Medalist!

RH: Bret Grayson was too much of a coward to step into the octagon with me, Lou! I called him out two years ago and that boy was too chicken to even return the GFC's calls! THAT'S who Supreme Wright wants in his corner? Then THAT'S what is going to cost him his prize possession.

LB: So then is it safe to say you're putting your money on Ryan Martinez to add to his already impressive resume and claim the biggest prize of his young career?

[Harris grunts.]

RH: Let me chat atcha for a second here, Lou. Martinez the younger, he runs with an interestin' crew to say the least. Guys like Hannibal Carver, Bobby O'Connor, and Jack Lynch. The world may see him as the White Knight who is ridin' his white horse and leadin' his soldiers into battle but I see it as a man who has aligned himself with men who ain't know truth from consequences and colleagues from enemies.

His boy Jack Lynch spit some interestin' notes about old Rufus. Callin' me a three match a year cash cow who is bankin' on Nike puttin' shoes on his feet and scratch in his pockets. O'Connor the youngest just sent his best friend packin' back to Missouri and Hannibal Carver, well, lets just say he's got one hand ready to congratulate him and the other gripped around a knife ready to jam into Ryan's back.

The boy may be the son of one of the all-time greats in wrestling but he's got a lot to learn about surroundin' his-self with people he can trust. I gotta give it to Supreme, he may not have the best taste in sparrin' partners but he's built himself an army who obey his every command and in big moments, under the big lights, sometimes that's the difference between being the conqueror..

...and gettin' sent out in body bag.

LB: Now Rufus, I don't mean to be disrespectful, but you're shooting down two of our top competitors in the company and the last time I checked you were sitting front row instead of standing center ring.

[Now that ain't right. Harris' big flashy grin instantly transforms into the gnaw bone scowl that has become all too familiar for men standing in front of him inside the octagon. Right now, Lou Blackwell's stomach just dropped deep inside his body.]

RH: Look here, Lou. You don't want to be messin' with me. Or are you forgettin' that I'm the playa with the BIIIG overhand right that'll knock ya clear outta sight, gonna be weeks before ya ever see day light. You think ya know some one that can put this giant to sleep, Lou? I welcome it.

[Harris CHOMPS towards Lou, letting out a vicious snarl, before stomping off the set as we fade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Rufus Harris, the Rottweiler himself, will be sitting in the front row for tonight's Main Event - watching with great interest.

BW: Hey, I love me some GFC action but even I'm starting to wonder what Harris is doing here.

GM: What do you mean?

BW: Is he just a fan? Or is he here for a fight? And if he's here for a fight, when are we going to see that go down inside the squared circle?

GM: We may indeed see Rufus Harris step into the ring at some point. But that's for another day. Right now, we're going to go up to the ring for a very special announcement!

[We crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, at this time, allow me to introduce to you one of the owners of the American Wrestling Alliance... Mr. Jon Stegglet!

[The crowd cheers as Stegglet quickly makes his way from a ringside seat, climbing up the ringsteps and stepping through the ropes. He shakes Watson's hand before taking the mic from him.]

JS: Hello New York!

[Big hometown cheer!]

JS: It truly is an honor to be back in the Big Apple - the very place where I started my career as a backstage reporter for the E. When the AWA was formed, we knew that the day we made it to New York was the day that we truly had made it as a wrestling promotion. There were a whole lot of nervous people in the office when we decided to hold SuperClash in New

York... a lot more when we decided to do it here in Madison Square Garden...

[Big cheer!]

JS: But all of you who have come out to join us here tonight - and all of you joining us around the world on Pay Per View - have truly made this night special for me, for Bobby and Todd, and for everyone else in the office and the locker room. This has been a very special night for all of us - a memorable night... a night we'd been looking forward to for a long time.

It was our great pleasure to be able to pay tribute to the place that gave so many of us our start or our big break in this industry - the EMWC.

[Another big cheer!]

JS: But at the end of it all, this night is about the AWA - the present and future of our industry - and as such, we decided to make an announcement here tonight that looks ahead to our future.

The AWA has had the honor of having some of the all-time greats work for us. I'm talking about men like "Big" Jim Watkins who served so proudly as the AWA President or Karl O'Connor who did the same.

When it came time to select the next AWA President, we knew we wanted someone with that same great legacy. We wanted someone who understood what it was like to be in that locker room... to be around that big title match... but also to be in the crowd, cheering on the men inside the ring.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: We wanted someone who could stand and rule with authority... but who also understood when it was time to let boys be boys and let the wrestlers settle their own issues on their terms.

The AWA has always been about looking to our past for guidance... looking to our past for inspiration...

[Stegglet reaches into his jacket pocket, pulling a DVD case into view.]

JS: Over the past couple of months, you've seen this very special video advertised on AWA television - Legends Of The Northeast.

[A big cheer goes up for the video that spotlights many of the local stars that some of the MSG fans grew up watching.]

JS: This video has introduced the world to men whose names they've only heard about... names they only read about magazines or who their parents and grandparents told them about. It introduced the world to names like Bruno... like Liriano... and like Alana. And the AWA is proud to have played a part in producing that video to share that history with the world.

And as we sat back and watched the video in the office, it became clear that we need not look any further for our next AWA President.

[Stegglet pauses with a smile, building the anticipation.]

JS: Ladies and gentlemen... the NEW AWA President...

LANDON O'NEILL!

[The crowd cheers politely - some louder than others - for the promoter behind the North East Wrestling Commission. O'Neill walks up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes, giving a wave to the fans. He shakes hands with his new employer, bowing his head slightly as Stegglet hands over the mic. O'Neill appears to be in his early 70s, well-dressed in a light grey suit that goes well with what appears to be a heavy spray tan.]

LO: Thank you, Mr. Stegglet... and thank you, New York City!

[Another cheer!]

LO: It's been a long, long time since I stepped inside this building for a wrestling show and it sends chills right down my spine to be here tonight. It is the thrill of a lifetime to be asked to be the new AWA President and I hope to live up to the job done by Jim Watkins and Karl O'Connor.

[The fans cheer the names they know.]

LO: Now I don't want to be one of those guys who gets a taste of authority and then shows up every week to boss people around. Besides, they've set me up with a pretty cushy office here in Manhattan to work out of so you probably won't see me around too often.

But when you do, you'll know that you should listen.

[A stern O'Neill points into the camera.]

LO: That said, I do have one parting gift to deliver before I head on back to my seat to enjoy the rest of this show.

Ladies and gentlemen... all night long, we've paid tribute to the legendary EMWC that came before us, setting the stage for much of what you've seen here tonight. We've heard from current AWA competitors, former AWA competitors, and even a Hall of Famer or two. But there is one man who we haven't heard from, a man we SHOULD hear from with the EMWC on everyone's minds. Please welcome... my special guest here tonight... the former owner of the EMWC and the current owner of Empire Sports...

CHRIS BLUE!

[The crowd responds with a mixture of cheers and boos as the controversial executive makes his way down the aisle to Korn and the Dust Brothers' version of "Kick The PA" - a longtime EMWC anthem. Blue walks swiftly, a

smile on his face, in a black suit and tie, carrying a briefcase with him. He makes his way up the steps, shaking hands with Landon O'Neill who starts to walk away before Blue speaks.]

CB: Not so fast, Landon.

[The new AWA President arches an eyebrow as he steps back, looking at Blue.]

CB: Stick around for a second, will you?

[O'Neill nods as Blue continues.]

CB: The show must go on and this show has been something else but there's still more to come. I was just back there talking to the guys who're about to come out here for the next match and believe me, they deserve your full attention so for the first time in my life, I'm going to make this short and sweet.

Thank you.

[Blue bows his head slightly.]

CB: The EMWC was my first born child. It was the thing that I watched be born and then was handed all parental rights to at an age when I really wasn't ready for them. We had our share of growing pains together but as the EMWC matured, so did I... sort of.

[Blue chuckles.]

CB: My name will forever be linked to the EMWC and I have long ago accepted that. And trust me, when you're as big of a fan of this business as I am, there are worse things than having your name irreversibly linked to men like Alex Martinez and Mark Langseth and Eddie Van Gibson and Curtis Hansen and Trey Porter and Joe Reed and the Syndicate... the EOC... the Down Boys... the Frat Boys... Zokugun Sangai... Serge Annis... Jeff Matthews... Luke Kinsey... Chris Courtade... Devon Case... this list literally could go on all night. Juvenil Infierno... Youth Gone Wild... Richard "Moxy" Blue...

[Blue pauses, shaking his head.]

CB: It's hard for me to imagine sometimes the sheer volume of talent who walked through the doors and put their bodies on the line for me. I never thanked them enough at the time but I thank them now.

[Cheers from the crowd.]

CB: And you... all of you fans out there. So many times, I said what I was doing was the right thing for you.

[He shakes his head.]

CB: Maybe it was... maybe it wasn't. But at the time, I never felt the need to thank you. Believe me, I feel that need here tonight. Thank you all for your support over the years... thank you all for being there for me and for the E every single step of the way.

There's been a lot of nice things said here tonight about my baby... and I greatly appreciate it. Kevin Slater and I may not see eye to eye on much of anything but what he said out here tonight brought a tear to my eye... and looking around this building tonight to see so many old friends here to give a nod to the place I held so dear, it makes me proud and for the first time perhaps in my life, it makes me humbled.

I thank them... and I thank you for being here tonight to witness it.

[Blue pauses.]

CB: But most of all, I want to thank the AWA... and this is where you come in, Landon.

[O'Neill arches an eyebrow.]

CB: The AWA was putting on their biggest show of the year. My old friends - Jon and Bobby and Todd - they were taking the biggest step of this promotion's life so far by coming to New York... by coming to the Garden. They had their own things to deal with.

They did not have to do this for me... for us... for all of you EMWC fans out there.

But they remember where they came from too. They remember being a part of something special so they came together and they gave all of us - maybe for the last time - something special to remember that time of our lives with.

They took the time on a night when they couldn't spare it to say thank you to us... and so, I'm going to take the time - when I said I was going to keep it short and sweet - to say thank you right back.

[O'Neill nods as Blue lifts the briefcase.]

CB: Hold this for a moment?

[The new AWA President grabs the briefcase as Blue leans over, unlocking it, and opening it out of view of the camera.]

CB: When I found out I was going to be here tonight, I decided that there was a wrong that needed to be corrected. I made a phone call and I arranged a lunch meeting with an old friend of mine.

It took a lot of convincing... and a hefty check... but I made a deal that I felt was the best way I could say thanks to the AWA.

[Blue reaches into the briefcase, pulling a leather strap with a golden faceplate into view.]

CB: When this company started, the biggest prize in it was the National Title... and Mark Langseth ruined that for you. Well, I met his price... and on behalf of myself, every man and woman who worked for the EMWC, and every fan who ever watched a second of our shows... I bring this title back home where it belongs.

[The EMWC owner hands the title belt over to Landon O'Neill who looks stunned.]

CB: Now, I know that I'm not in charge of my own promotion anymore... and I may not have anything to say about what you should and shouldn't do around here, Mr. President...

[Blue pauses, smiling.]

CB: But if I was running this ship, I'd say that the effective immediately, the AWA National Title is sanctioned once more!

[Big cheer from the supportive crowd!]

CB: AND... I'd say that with the title currently vacant, that the first new holder of the AWA National Title will be the winner of the upcoming Brass Ring Tournament!

[An even bigger cheers rings out! Blue shrugs.]

CB: Hey, maybe I've still got it, Landon. Sounds like they like the idea.

[With the fans cheering, Landon O'Neill looks around, nodding his head.]

LO: I do believe I like the idea too, Mr. Blue.

[Another big cheer rings out as O'Neill holds the National Title in the air!]

CB: Fantastic. Now...

[O'Neill turns, glaring at Blue.]

CB: With that settled, I'd like to make one... small... request.

[The AWA President arches an eyebrow.]

LO: Which is?

[Blue shrugs.]

CB: I'd like to choose the final member of the Brass Ring Tournament... just to have someone to root for.

[O'Neill looks wary at Blue who extends a hand.]

CB: Whaddya say, Landon?

[O'Neill pats the title belt now hanging on his shoulder a few times before reaching out to take Blue's hand.]

LO: You have yourself a deal.

[Blue smiles, shaking O'Neill's hand. The handshake seems to end the segment as the mic is dropped and Blue raises the new AWA President's hand, pointing at him. We hold for a few moments before cutting back to ringside.]

GM: Wow! What an announcement! Chris Blue has brought the long-forgotten National Title back to the AWA!

BW: He bought it?!

GM: That's what he said! He said he bought it from Mark Langseth who, you may recall, STOLE the title belt from the AWA back in 2012! The National Title is back and it's going to the winner of the Brass Ring Tournament! That's HUGE news, fans!

BW: But what the heck is Blue up to? He wants to fill the final spot in the tournament himself? What's he got up his sleeve?

GM: That's a story for another day, I have a feeling... but the story for right now is this eight man tag team showdown that's about to go down between the team of Dichotomy and Strictly Business and their opponents, Brian James, TORA, and two partners of their choice. Right now, let's go backstage and hear from the latter team!

[We cut to backstage where TORA and Brian James are standing. The smaller TORA has his Beats on, and is bopping up and down to whatever it is he's listening to. While the tall Brian James is throwing shadow punches and kicks. Both men are a whirl of motion, and there's a half dozen seconds when neither seems to even realize the camera is rolling. Finally, it's Brian James who notices the presence of the camera.]

BJ: There's only one thing everyone keeps asking us – who's stepping into the ring against Dichotomy and Strictly Business.

You get the same answer everyone gets.

[With a grin, James turns to the still bouncing TORA, and gives him a solid smack on the chest to pull him out of his reverie. TORA, as fired up as his partner, pulls the Beats down and stops, staring into the camera.]

TORA: The hardest hitting striker in the AWA. The man whose kicks are so accurate he must have laser sights in his toes. The only man to ever survive

the most grueling training any wrestler has undergone. The man who went all the way to the finals of the Stampede Cup on his first night here. The man who took me to the limit.

This man right here, Brian James!

[Cut to James, who has also slowed his movements down.]

BJ: And next to him is the man that flies higher than anyone in the AWA. The man without fear, the man who can't be held down. The most sensational, the most spectacular, the most dazzling athlete in the entire world of sports.

My partner, TORA!

You want us to give away the surprise? Not gonna happen. You want to know who we've got? We've got two men guaranteed to shock you. Two men you'll never see coming.

But tonight isn't about the surprise. Tonight is about getting what you two jerks have had coming to you for a long time.

And that's TORA flying like an eagle.

TORA: And Brian James hitting you like a freight train!

BJ: And that's all anyone needs to know!

[The two men share a double high five, and then the Beats go back up over TORA's ears as Brian goes back to warming up and we crossfade down to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is an EIGHT MAN tag team match scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit!

[The sounds of "When Worlds Collide" by Powerman 5000 kicks in over the PA system to big jeers from the capacity crowd.]

PW: Introducing first... on their way towards the ring... at a total combined weight of 929 pounds... the team of

MATT GINN and MARK HOEFNER... DIIIIIIICHOTOMYYYYYYYYY...

And ANDREW TUCKER and MIKE SEBASTIAN... STRIIIIICTLY BUSSSSINESS!

[The jeers pour down on the quartet as they make their way quickly down the aisle.

Matt Ginn stands about six-seven, with a slender build. He has reddish-brown hair in a Caesar style, a thin-cut goatee and mustache. He sports black trunks with large white triangular patterns on each hip, running from waist to legline, and black-and-white boots, elbowpads, and kneepads. The

boots, pads, and triangular parts of the trunks feature the three-circle biohazard symbol.

The athletically built man alongside him, Mark Hoefner, has light brown skin and short black hair in a slightly receding hairstyle. His attire is a mirror to his partner, though with red in place of the white.

Andrew Tucker is clad in a pair of long, black wrestling tights adorned with white lightning bolts. His white wrestling boots go to mid-calf and have black lightning bolts on them. His blond hair hangs down past his shoulders and his torso glistens with water. His eyes are covered by his trademark pair of Oakley sunglasses.

The clean-shaven Sebastian rocks a pair of black tights, accentuated by his familiar forest green calling card logo on the right leg; his moniker showcased down the other. His platinum blond hair immediately captures the eye as it glistens with perspiration under the beaming house lights.]

GM: Two of the most unpopular tag teams in this entire company are coming together tonight to work in tandem against one of the most popular tag teams around and of course, their two mystery partners. Bucky, you're the man who always has the big scoop - any idea who these partners are?

BW: Oh, you don't know?

GM: No, I don't.

BW: I found out earlier today. It's no big deal. They're still going to be easy pickings for this quartet... and can you imagine how happy Ginn and Hoefner are to be going on as the co-Main Event?

GM: That's not exactly-

BW: Finally... FINALLY this company is showing them their proper respect! The same thing goes for Sebastian and Tucker. Those guys are legends! They should be in the Hall of Fame. Of course they belong in this spot on the show against these scrubs.

GM: Bucky, I have a feeling that you have no idea who the partners of Brian James and TORA are.

BW: Would I lie?

GM: Whoo boy... I'm going to do you a favor and not answer that one.

[The four rulebreakers hit the ring, each mounting a corner to taunt the jeering fans as the music fades.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The lights dim, as across the video screen, a word pulses and flashes. That word?]

TORA!

TORA!

TORA!

[As the fans begin to chant along with the flashing word, the lights go up, and then, there's a beat. A whistle. Electronic beats over drums. It's Darude's "Sandstorm" and coming out, half dancing, half head bobbing is TORA. The young man stops at the entrance way, his toned upper body moving in rhythm to the beat, head bouncing, hands popping. He wears half red/half white tight wrestling pants with red and white kickpads. His pants have a variety of stripes, zig zags, dags and dragons down the side in print opposite to the side they are in, a collected kaleidoscope of chaos on each. He wears a haphazardly striped red and white vest over top his nary any percentage of fat upper body. He dark hair is worn in a faux hawk, the tips dyed dark blue.]

PW: Weighing in at 165 pounds... this... is... TORA! And introducing next, his partner. Weighing in tonight at two hundred and fifty pounds. From Portland, Oregon...

[The fast paced guitar opening of The Japandroid's "The House That Heaven Built" revs up the fans, as exploding out of the subway doors is the always energetic striker.]

PW: Here is... BRIAN JAMES!

[James is as bouncy as his partner, as the both of them stand flanking the subway entrance. James is tall with a lean and lanky build. His dirty blond hair is pulled back into a loose ponytail. The two turn towards each other, and share a double high five.

With a nod from Brian, TORA goes sprinting down the aisle, while James moves at a more deliberate pace. TORA ascends to the top turnbuckle, while Brian stays on the ring apron. Both men point to the subway doors, as anticipation and buzz begins to build. The camera is careful to catch the detail that Brian James' hand remains taped up, the black tape now all the way up to his shoulder.]

GM: This must be it. The moment we've all been waiting for!

BW: I know who it is but who do you think it is?

GM: No sense in speculating now, Bucky, we're about to find out!

[The lights drop. There's no music, just the sound of the crowd cheering in anticipation of the arrival of the mystery partners of TORA and James.]

GM: Fans, it looks like our mystery partners want to make an impact tonight...

BW: More like it's a distraction. Maybe my source was wrong and there are NO mystery partners tonight. TORA and James got nothing, daddy

[With the crowd buzzing in anticipation in the darkness, a single spotlight shines at the head of the aisle, lighting up a lone figure. He's dressed in a well-tailored suit, has his hair immaculately cut, and looks at the crowd through a pair of glasses as he holds a mic.]

GM: Wait a second! Is that...? What is he doing here? This is... What is _he_ doing here!?

BW: Who the hell... Wait... Is that... Is that BRIAN LAU!?

[Yes, it is. A portion of the crowd pops mad for the Hall of Fame manager who smiles in response.]

BL: Yes, yes, it's been a while, hmm? Well, when young Brian mentioned to me that he needed some help against Strictly Business and Dichotomy, I felt that I had to take action. I had to do what I could to help him out. I suppose you could say _I_ dusted off _my_ old Rolodex to see who I could come up with.

You see, Brian James isn't just a friend. He isn't just a colleague. Brian is family, you see. A member of the extensive James family, of course, but more importantly, he's a part of one of the tightest family units in the business: The Syndicate.

[The crowd gives a solid Nostalgia Pop!]

BL: Good, I see some of you remember the name... And those who don't, you'll have something to tell your friends about after tonight...

[The cheers are getting louder as they start to sense what Lau is getting to.]

BL: Because tonight, the Syndicate are coming down to the ring...

[HUGE CHEER!]

BL:.. And they're bringing hell with them.

[The spotlight goes off, leaving the arena in darkness again as the crowd begins to pop louder.

There's that momentary pregnant pause as the entire wrestling world waits for what they know in their hearts just can't be true... just can't be happening... just can't be...]

GM: Do you hear that, Bucky?! DO YOU HEAR THAT?!

BW: No... oh God, no... please don't-

["Legend (Lethal Dose Remix)" by House of Pain has begun to play over the PA, and the crowd's pop gets louder. The lights come back up, and now we can see there are two men standing behind Brian Lau...]

BL: Ladies and gentlemen, TIGER CLAW AND THE BLACKHEART, CASEY JAMES!

BW: NO! NO WAY!

[Yes way. Both men stand behind Lau with arms crossed, looking around to the crowd. The reaction is infectious, with most of the fans in attendance cheering madly for the returning Hall of Famers.]

Tiger Claw is dressed in his Muay Thai shorts and a Claw Academy T-shirt, looking just as focused as ever. Casey is looking a little larger than he used to, mostly around the midsection, but still with an intimidating amount of muscle underneath. He's in black trunks, black gloves, black arm tape, and a black T-shirt reading "STILL ALIVE". He smirks at the crowd and slowly raises a fist into the air. The crowd pops as he raises a mic and speaks.]

CJ: Well, damn, it's been a while, huh? There I was, enjoying my retirement in an undisclosed tropical location, enjoying the rewards a career like mine brings you...

[James pauses, gives a sideways glance to the crowd, and smirks]

CJ: Alright, alright, Canada isn't tropical. Whatever. So I'm sitting there... My day, you see, consists mostly of watching this guy over here...

[James points to Claw.]

CJ: ...stretching this endless line of wannabe wrestlers. No, seriously, it's great. You gotta see some of these kids. I've seen this guy make a grown ass man _cry._ Full on. Tears and sobbing. Lower lip shaking out of control. It's friggin' hilarious.

[The crowd pops as Claw shrugs as if to say, "Yeah, I laughed"]

CJ: Anyway, I digress. There's this one kid came through there and took the beatings, took the stretchings, nursed his wounds, and kept coming back until he was _ready._ Until Claw over here said the kid was good to go. Of course, he had my genes helping him out.

You're looking at two generations of graduates of the Claw Academy in me and Brian... So allow me to make this abundantly clear... This isn't a case of Brian's old man coming down to beat up the guys he can't handle.

[James shakes his head.]

CJ: This is Syndicate business.

[BIG CHEER!]

CJ: You want to talk about the way things used to be? The way things used to be, when the Syndicate did business, people got hurt. There's countless numbers of guys out there that have the scars to prove it, including us. You want a bit of the old school?

[James looks at Claw and nods enthusiastically.]

CJ: Yeah... Yeah, let's bring a bit of old school hurt.

[James tosses the mic to Claw, who pauses for a moment. The crowd hushes a bit.]

TC: Gentlemen? To business.

[Claw tosses the mic aside and all three men begin to calmly walk down to the ring. Claw is a machine, never taking his eyes off the ring. James has an excited smile on his face as he adjusts his gloves.]

GM: OH MY GOD! The Syndicate: Tiger Claw and Casey James, both men members of the Hall of Fame, being brought to the ring by... Well, another member of the Hall of Fame, Brian Lau. This... This is... I don't even know what to say!

BW: Say it's awesome, Gordo! I can't believe this! I haven't seen these guys in the ring for... It's been forever!

GM: You didn't even think you could see Casey James again!

BW: Let's not go there, Gordo. He might hear you!

[James and Claw hit the ring, Lau taking a spot at ringside as Claw slides headfirst under the bottom rope. Casey climbs up on the apron, slinging an arm over his son's shoulders, pointing inside the ring where the rulebreakers have decided to bail out to the floor, not wanting any part of this shocking surprise...

...except for Matt Ginn.]

GM: Look at Ginn! Matt Ginn from Dichotomy is still standing in the ring!

BW: He's not afraid of them! He's staring right down at Tiger Claw, a former World Champion... a Hall of Famer... one of the toughest SOBs to ever step inside a ring...

[Referee Ricky Longfellow signals for the bell, officially starting the match. A smirking Ginn looks down at Claw, turning back to his corner.]

"What are you afraid of? Look at him! He's just a little guy!"

[The ignorant Ginn turns back to Claw, staring down at him with that arrogant smile on his face. He reaches out, patting Claw on top of the head.]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: Matt Ginn's ignorance of the past may have just caught up to him, Gordo. As Pedro Perez said earlier tonight, it's time to die.

[Claw smiles back at Ginn, an unsettling view if there ever was one. Ginn turns to his teammates again, pointing at Claw. Andrew Tucker shouts a warning but he's a hair too late as Claw attacks, throwing a vicious leg kick to the side of Ginn's left knee. A matching one connects on the side of Ginn's right knee, causing Ginn's knees to buckle.]

GM: Tiger Claw launches into action!

[Dropping down to his knees, Claw throws a big sweeping back kick to the back of Ginn's left knee, knocking his leg out from under him and putting him down on the canvas.]

GM: Oh my!

[Claw is a flurry of motion, grabbing the six foot seven Ginn in a Muay Thai clinch, the crowd roaring at the sight of it as Claw brings his knee up on the kneeling Ginn, driving it into his skull!]

GM: Knee attack!

[The Hall of Famer alternates, throwing a right knee then a left knee then a right knee, bouncing the knees off the skull of a shocked Matt Ginn who throws his arms over his face, trying to protect himself as Claw turns up the flame!]

GM: Ginn's trying to defend himself but Claw's all over him! Tiger Claw is showing him that he may be a smaller competitor but he's also one of the most dangerous competitors we've ever seen inside the squared circle!

[Claw uses the Thai clinch to pull Ginn off the floor, flinging him bodily into the corner where Ginn collapses against the buckles. The crowd ROARS as Claw advances on him...]

BW: Somebody help him!

[...and launches into a series of stiff jabs to the face, rocking Ginn with every blow as the referee loudly protests. Claw switches to a barrage of crosses and hooks, rocking the body... then the head... then back down to the body. He hooks a hand around the neck, the crowd roaring this highlight film come to life as Claw rocks him with uppercut after uppercut...]

BW: DQ! RING THE BELL!

GM: Are you kidding me?!

[Claw throws a big elbow uppercut, snapping Ginn's head back, sending him tumbling over the ropes, crashing down on the barely-padded floor to a HUUUUUGE ROAR from the crowd that climbs to their feet with a "CLAW! CLAW! CLAW!" chant. Claw turns, nodding to the fans as he stares down the corner, waiting to see if anyone else wants some...

...and with a satisfied smirk, he stalks back to the corner, slapping an outstretched hand.]

GM: Claw tags in TORA!

[Brian James shouts encouragement to his partner as Casey James leans over, whispering into his ear. TORA slingshots over the top, a bundle of energy as he jumps up and down, shouting "COME ON!" to the MSG fans who roar in response as TORA throws himself into the neutral corner...

...and breaks into a sprint, running across the diagonal length of the ring, leaping into the air, flipping over the top turnbuckle, over the ringpost, and down onto a stunned Matt Ginn!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GINN GETS WIPED OUT!!

[TORA climbs to his feet, throwing an arm up to big cheers from the crowd as he pulls Ginn off the floor, rolling him under the ropes. TORA slides in after him...

...and gets a sharp upkick to the chin from Ginn who is down on his back!]

GM: Ohh! Ginn caught him!

[Ginn rolls to the side, slapping the outstretched hand of Mike Sebastian who slips through the ropes, pulling TORA up and into a right hand to the gut... followed by a right to the head, sending TORA falling back against the ropes.]

GM: Sebastian's all over him!

[Grabbing TORA by the arm, Sebastian flings TORA across the ring, setting for a backdrop...

...but TORA spins in mid-rebound, backflipping over a doubled-up Sebastian!]

GM: Oh! TORA is absolutely dazzling inside that ring!

[Sebastian spins around as TORA throws a pair of short leg kicks, leaping up and twisting back into a spinning back kick to drive a boot into the chest of

Sebastian, knocking him down to the mat. Sebastian promptly rolls out to the floor...]

GM: Sebastian bails out and that's exactly where TORA wants him!

[TORA again takes the center of the ring, jumping up and down once before breaking into a sprint...

...where Andrew Tucker slides down the apron, burying his knee into the small of TORA's back!]

GM: Ohh! Tucker with the assist from the outside!

[The high flyer gets spun around by Tucker who hooks his hands behind the neck, dropping off the apron and snapping TORA's throat down on the top rope!]

GM: Tucker takes him down hard, saving his partner from taking another big dive from the high flyer!

[Sebastian rolls back in, driving the point of his elbow down into the throat of TORA as he falls to his knees. He grabs TORA by the head, hammering right hands into him as Brian James shouts encouragement from the corner.]

GM: Sebastian drags him off the mat...

[He pulls the much-smaller man into a front facelock, leaning down to hook a leg...

...and SNAPS him over into a bridging fisherman suplex!]

GM: Cradle suplex connects! He's got one! He's got two!

[TORA kicks out at two, breaking the pin attempt. Sebastian quickly gets up, dragging TORA by the arm to the corner where he slaps his partner's hand.]

GM: Andrew Tucker in off the tag.

BW: Quick tags are the key in a match like this. You want to constantly keep the fresh man in.

[Sebastian pushes TORA back to the neutral corner, blasting him with a forearm across the chest before the former World Tag Team Champions send TORA across, smashing back into the buckles. Sebastian strides after him, dropping to all fours...]

GM: Here comes Tucker!

[Tucker dashes across the ring, stepping up on Sebastian's back, throwing a big spinning leg lariat in the corner, crushing TORA against the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! The Launchpad connects!

[Sebastian bails out of the ring as Tucker drags TORA out to the middle, shouting something at Casey James that gets the Blackheart to start coming in...

...but the referee cuts him off, trying to hold him back. Mark Hoefner slides in, helping Tucker to fling TORA across. On the rebound, Hoefner scoops TORA up, driving him down with a powerslam!]

GM: Mark Hoefner is not legally in this match, rolling out now as Tucker...

[The crowd groans as Tucker drops a leaping legdrop across the chest, rolling into a lateral press as the referee turns around from getting Casey James back out on the apron.]

BW: The Blackheart's temper got the better of him and it may cost his team right here!

[But TORA kicks out at two again. Tucker seems annoyed as he drags TORA up to his feet...

...and gets BLASTED with a palm strike to the chin, sending Tucker falling back into the corner!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[TORA spins, diving towards the corner where he slaps the hand of Brian James!]

GM: TAG!

[The fired-up second generation competitor comes in, pumping his arms up and down as the crowd cheers him on...

...and then barrels across the ring, leaping up to drive a knee into the chin of Tucker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Tucker looks out on his feet as James shoves him back into the corner, reaching out to slap the hand of his teacher and mentor, Tiger Claw.]

GM: And listen to the reaction as Tiger Claw tags back into the match.

[With Tucker in the corner, James takes a turn throwing a body kick to the ribs... then Claw does likewise... then James... then Claw...]

GM: This is absolutely devastating to the body of Andrew Tucker!

[With a half dozen kicks landing each, the duo whips Tucker across the ring. James barrels across first, throwing himself into a hard two-footed dropkick

to the chest, keeping Tucker in the corner as Claw comes tearing in after him...

...and throws himself into a leaping knee strike to the mush!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[James ducks out of the ring as Claw backs away...

...and gets his shoulder tagged by TORA!]

GM: What the...?

BW: It's a little quick for TORA to be back in after the punishment he's taken so far, Gordo.

GM: I'd have to agree with that. But the young man is excited about teaming with these two Hall of Famers and who can blame him.

[Claw glares at TORA who steps in, patting the former World Champion on the back, pointing to the cornered Tucker...

...and snaps off a kick to the ribs!]

GM: Nice kick by TORA!

[TORA points to the corner, all smiles as he looks to Tiger Claw who stares at him for a moment... and then throws a kick of his own to the ribs.]

GM: Claw and TORA now working together much as James and Claw did earlier.

[The two men trade off delivering kicks to the body of Tucker who cringes with every blow... cringing a heck of a lot more when Claw delivers his kicks.]

BW: Comparing the kicks of TORA to the kicks of Tiger Claw is like comparing a bee sting to the bite of a cobra!

[TORA is all grins as the referee finally escorts Tiger Claw out of the ring, stepping back out on the apron as Brian Lau shouts a few words to Claw who nods in response.]

GM: TORA pulls Tucker out of the corner, snapmares him over...

[With Tucker seated on the mat, TORA leaves his feet, throwing a dropkick to the back of the head, knocking him forward then back down where TORA dives into a lateral press.]

GM: TORA gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[But Matt Ginn rushes in, planting a boot into the back of TORA's head, breaking up the pin. A few more stomps follow before Brian James comes tearing in, rushing across to connect with a clothesline that knocks the six-seven Ginn flat, sending him rolling under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Wow! Big clothesline by the son of the Blackheart!

BW: And look at the size of Brian James! He looks like he's put on a good ten to fifteen pounds of mass since he first showed up here in the AWA, Gordo.

GM: Brian James looks to be in tremendous shape indeed.

[James points a threatening finger to the opposing corner as the referee escorts him out to the apron.]

GM: James forced out as TORA gets back to his feet, pulling Andrew Tucker with him...

[But Tucker buries a knee into the gut, quickly throwing TORA into the rulebreakers' corner and slapping the hand of Mark Hoefner.]

GM: Hoefner in off the tag.

[Hoefner steps in, throwing a series of short right hands to the TORA, earning the referee's shouts as he backs off...

...and Matt Ginn loops the tag rope around TORA's throat, choking him wildly as TORA flails to try and escape.]

GM: Come on, referee!

BW: Hey, Longfellow don't got eyes in the back of his head, Gordo. He's doing the best he can in there!

[Ginn releases as the referee turns around, watching as Hoefner grabs TORA, dragging him a few feet out of the corner, charging towards the neutral corner and SLAMMING him headfirst into the top turnbuckle...

...and uses the same grip to YANK him back down to the mat, sending TORA crashing down hard. The high flyer rolls around on the canvas, holding the back of his head and neck.]

GM: Hoefner takes him down hard with that... and he tags in Matt Ginn!

[The other half of Dichotomy comes in and as Hoefner stomps on the stomach, forcing TORA to sit up...

...Ginn comes charging in, delivering a big boot to the face of the seated TORA, knocking him right back down to the canvas.]

GM: Ginn gets the cover for one... for two... but that's all!

[Ginn hammers a right hand into TORA's head a few times before dragging him up, ducking in behind him and hoisting him high into the air with an electric chair lift...]

GM: Uh oh! Ginn's got him up... way up high on top of that six foot seven inch frame!

[Ginn strides out to the center of the ring, ready to drive TORA back to the canvas...]

...but TORA pushes off, spinning around into a rana, snapping Ginn over and down to the canvas where he pops up from the momentum, flailing away towards the corner where Tiger Claw drills him with a straight right!]

GM: Ohh!

[Ginn staggers away from Claw to Brian James who throws a short forearm to the temple, sending him stumbling on down the line towards Casey James who grabs him by the hair, winding up his right hand to a huge reaction from the crowd...]

...and BLASTS Ginn between the eyes with a haymaker, sending him falling back down to the canvas as TORA dives to the corner, tagging in Brian James once again!]

GM: TORA gets to his partner again and in comes James!

[James yanks Ginn off the canvas, grabbing a handful of hair as he delivers short elbow strikes to the temple, driving Ginn back into the neutral corner. He continues to land elbow after elbow with great ferocity, finally causing the official to step in, backing him away!]

GM: Brian James has shown a lot more aggression since returning from that hand injury at the hands of his opponents tonight and you better believe he wants payback for the time he missed in the ring at their hands!

[With Ginn reeling, James steps back in, throwing a high roundhouse to the chin that snaps Ginn's head back, drawing applause from the corner where Tiger Claw looks on. Brian Lau also applauds, shouting encouragement to the son of the Blackheart as Casey looks on with great interest.]

GM: BJ pulls him out of the corner, tucking his head under...

[James snaps him up and over, dropping him into a Northern Lights Suplex, bridging back...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Ginn kicks out at two, breaking the pin attempt. James pushes off the mat with his feet, rolling through to a standing position, grabbing the wrist of Ginn, looking to scissor the arm into an armbar...]

...but Ginn dives for the ropes, hooking them with his free arm and forcing a break.]

GM: James breaks the armbar attempt. How close was that, Bucky?

BW: He almost caught him but Ginn was too smart for him.

[James yanks Ginn off the mat, battering him with a series of short forearms before spinning around into a spinning backfist that sends Ginn falling back into the ropes. He grabs Ginn by the arm, whipping him across the ring...

...and catches him on the rebound, twisting around, and DRIVING him down to the canvas!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER!

[Brian James pops up, pointing with both fingers to his father.]

GM: Oh yeah! The fans have been dying to see this!

[Brian grins as he walks across the ring, his father extending his arm...

...and slaps the hand to one of the biggest reactions of the night!]

GM: THE BLACKHEART IS IN!

BW: BATTEN DOWN THE HATCHES, DADDY!

[The former King of the Death Match steps in, swinging his muscular right arm around and around...

...and throws himself into a big forearm on the rising Ginn, knocking him flat!]

GM: Big forearm connects!

[He shouts "Oh yeah! I've missed this!" as he drags Ginn off the mat, pulling the six foot seven competitor up, slinging him over his right shoulder. He backs to the neutral corner, charging out...

...and DRIVES Ginn down with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[James looks like he's about to cover but shakes his head, wagging a finger to the roar of the crowd as he climbs off the canvas.]

"NO! NO! I'm just gettin' warmed up now!"

[He grins at the crowd's reaction as he drags Matt Ginn off the mat by the arm, slinging him towards the ropes...]

GM: Into the ropes...

[...and drops down into a three point stance, giving a blood-curdling war cry as he barrels across the ring, throwing a king-sized lariat that flips the six foot seven Ginn through the air, dumping him down on the canvas!]

GM: BLACK MASS! BLACK MASS CONNECTS!

BW: OH HELL!

[Brian James drops off the apron, stomping towards the announce table.]

GM: What is he...?

[There's a scuffling sound as we can hear Brian James off-mic.]

"HE LOOK DEAD TO YOU?! DOES HE?!"

[The camera cuts to a shot of Brian James physically shaking Bucky Wilde by the shirt, a wild side showing that we've yet to see out of him.]

BW: WHAT THE F-

[The audio cuts out as James shoves Bucky back down into his chair, spinning away as a grinning father throws his arms apart, planting his hands on the chest of Ginn as he settles into a pin attempt...

...and in comes Mike Sebastian, kicking James to break the pin.]

GM: Sebastian breaks up the pin!

[Sebastian continues to pummel James, watching in disbelief as the Hall of Famer climbs to his feet, glaring down at Sebastian with his hands on his hips...

...and buries a boot into the gut, pulling him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: He's got him hooked!

[James easily lifts Sebastian up into the air, flipping him over...

...and DRIVES him down to the canvas!]

GM: POWERBOMB! POWERBOMB!

[Perhaps, Gordo... but on the mean streets of the Empire, it was known as something else - a sound that many throughout Madison Square Garden start to make.]

"GUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNK!"

[James looks out at the “GUNNNNNKing” fans, a grin on his face at their memory of that...

...which leaves him easy prey for Mark Hoefner who charges in from behind, flooring James with a big forearm to the back of the head! The crowd jeers as Hoefner launches into a stomping attack on the former World Champion.]

GM: Hoefner jumped him from the blind side!

BW: Hah! He’s floored the Hall of Famer! Way to go, kid!

[But as he turns around, he finds Tiger Claw waiting for him, quickly snaring a side headlock, using it to toss Hoefner over to the canvas in a side mount. From there, he hooks an armbar with his leg, pulling up on the head with both arms!]

GM: AHH! AHH! HE’S GOT A SUBMISSION HOLD LOCKED IN!

BW: But he’s not the legal man!

[The arrival of Andrew Tucker to break the hold causes all hell to break loose!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[Tucker pulls Claw up, throwing him back into the corner as Brian James storms him from behind, drilling him with a trio of kidney punches that has Tucker recoiling in pain. Claw and BJ start working over Tucker in the far corner, spilling through the ropes as Casey James and Matt Ginn are out on the floor, beating the heck out of each other.]

GM: We’ve got a fight breaking loose all over the ringside area!

[With Sebastian down, TORA decides to take a chance, quickly climbing up to the top rope, ready to sail off the top...

...when Mark Hoefner comes tearing across, leaping up to crack TORA in the spine with a haymaker!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A SHOT!

[Hoefner grabs TORA from off the top, hooking him in crucifix powerbomb position, walking out of the corner with him...

...and shoves him up and over, sitting out in a devastating powerbomb!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Hoefner scrambles into a cover, tightly hooking both legs as a confused official dives down to count.]

GM: HE’S NOT THE LEGAL MAN!

[The referee counts one... two...]

GM: NO!

[...three!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd deflates at the sound of the bell as the fighting all around ringside has come to an abrupt stop. Matt Ginn leaps up in triumph, diving in to embrace a rising Hoefner. Sebastian and Tucker join the party as Casey James stands on the floor, glaring at them with his hands on his hips as Brian Lau moves to talk to him. Tiger Claw and Brian James look on in shock from their spot on the floor, the former shaking his head as BJ slides in to make sure his partner is okay.]

GM: Brian James is checking on TORA... that was a real hard fall that TORA took on the back of his head and neck.

[Hoefner and Ginn take a moment to taunt a disappointed Brian James before they exit the ring alongside Strictly Business. The group makes their way back up the aisle to jeers from the crowd as James tries to help his partner up off the mat.]

GM: Brian James is trying to help his partner up... Casey James and Tiger Claw now in there as well. What a disappointment this must be for them, Bucky.

BW: The big hype! The big return! And then the big loss to go with! Maybe the Syndicate just don't got it anymore, daddy!

GM: Casey James and Tiger Claw talking to each other in the corner now... they were obviously hoping for different results.

[Brian Lau climbs up on the apron, placing a forearm on Casey's shoulder and speaking to him. The Blackheart nods in agreement, leaning back against the ropes.]

GM: Brian's got TORA back up... and listen to the ovation for TORA. The kid fought hard here tonight but he made a mistake - a big one - and it ultimately cost his team the match, Bucky.

BW: TORA had to get one more of those flippy moves in. He had to get one more dive onto Sebastian instead of trying something on the mat to finish it off. What a joke.

GM: TORA looks disappointed, apologizing to Brian James right now.

[James nods, patting his partner on the back. The high flyer staggers across the ring, offering the same apology to Casey James and Tiger Claw. Claw

nods, echoing the pat on the back that his student gave his tag team partner as TORA turns towards the Blackheart, extending his hand...]

GM: TORA offering a handshake to the legendary Casey James... wanting to make amends with the Hall of Famer for losing this big return match for him.

[James stares at the hand... and then steps away from the ropes, staring down at TORA who takes a step back. The crowd buzzes, sensing something in the air...]

GM: Wait a second now.

BW: Casey James ain't a big fan of losing, Gordo... no one in the Syndicate was. That's why they're the most infamous stable in the history of our sport. That's why they're the most feared, the most revered, the most emulated faction in the history of our sport!

[The Blackheart takes another step towards TORA, forcing the high flyer to step back again. He turns, looking at Tiger Claw for a moment...

...and Claw throws a lightning quick shin kick, bouncing it off the temple of TORA and sending the high flyer down to the canvas to a mixed reaction!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Tiger Claw stands over TORA, staring down at the man he just laid out. Brian James rushes into the frame, shoving his teacher back into the corner, shouting at him.]

GM: Brian James is asking his teacher what in the world he's doing! He's demanding an answer from him and-

[While James is shouting at Claw, Claw laces a leg around him, yanking him back by the head and neck, holding him in place as Casey James stomps forward, yanking a barely-conscious TORA off the mat...]

GM: NO! DON'T DO IT!

[Brian James echoes the cry, begging his father not to do it as James looks at him, shaking his head, pointing at him...

...and BURIES his fist into the heart of the high flying youngster, sending him flying backwards and down to the canvas to another big mixed response!]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH!

[TORA is in a motionless heap as James struggles against his teacher's grip, trying to free himself to help his partner. Claw holds him there for a moment, whispering to him before James breaks free, rushing and falling to

his knees next to an unconscious TORA. Brian Lau grins, applauding the actions of his longtime friends, producing a mic for Casey James.]

CJ: Brian? Brian... You know what you're going to have to do here, right?

[His son does not reply, kneeling down and checking the condition of his tag team partner. Casey James speaks again.]

CJ: Hey... HEY! LOOK AT ME!

[James is fuming as his son turns, staring him dead in the eyes with hurt and shock all over his face. The Blackheart shakes his head, pointing at TORA...]

CJ: This _has_ to be done! I've heard them talking... Hell, you've heard what they're saying. You're treading water, kiddo, and people are starting to wonder if you got what it takes...

They used to say the same thing about me until I cast off that dead weight in the shape of Joe Latta.

[The Blackheart nods.]

CJ: This is the one thing... This is what's keeping you from everything you want.

[James points emphatically at TORA again. Tiger Claw walks out of the corner, dragging TORA limply to his feet, holding his arms behind him as Brian James watches, not moving a muscle to stop him as his eyes are locked on his father.]

CJ: Come on, son.

[Brian James closes his eyes, emotion washing all over him at this moment.]

CJ: You don't want to be the disappointment of the _family,_ do you?

[The younger James' eyes open and we can see the sting behind those words.]

CJ: Step up, and use this pile of trash as a boost.

...You know what you have to do.

[Brian James slowly climbs to his feet, looking back at TORA, now helpless in the hands of his mentor. He balls up his hand, looking at the fist covered in black tape...

...and then slowly turns to face his father. The crowd ROARS as Casey's eyes go wide. The Blackheart holds up his hands.]

CJ: Hold on... wait a sec, kid... you don't want to do this... you don't want to do this to your own father!

[Brian takes a step forward, nodding his head as the crowd roars their approval for this turn of events...]

CJ: Brian! Kid!

[Casey is panicking now.]

CJ: SON!

[And on the shout of "SON!", Brian James wheels away from his father, his arm coiled back...

...and DRIVES his fist into the heart of his own tag team partner!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Claw lets go, smirking as TORA slumps down to the canvas. A grinning Casey leans forward, wrapping his arms around his son's neck from behind, patting him on the back.]

GM: I can't believe it! Brian James just stuck the blade deep in the back of his own tag team partner, Bucky!

BW: He's the son of the Blackheart... he's got Syndicate in his blood. It was only a matter of time, Gordo... and time ran out tonight for TORA.

[Casey steps back as Brian Lau shouts a suggestion from out on the apron. Claw nods, stepping into the corner as Casey and Brian each grab a leg on TORA...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[...and wheelbarrow the high flyer up into the air, holding him high enough for Tiger Claw to leap off the middle rope, snaring TORA around the head and neck...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVE him facefirst into the canvas at a sickening angle!]

GM: SYNDICUTTER! SYNDICUTTER!

[The crowd is full-throated in their jeering now, showing split in loyalties, letting Brian James and his legendary father and trainer have it for their betrayal of the spirited high flyer. Brian James is staring down at the motionless TORA as James and Claw pat him on the back. Brian Lau joins them in the ring now, applauding enthusiastically for the Syndicate doing what they do best - leaving someone laying.]

GM: Dichotomy and Strictly Business have won this one but the real loser in this is TORA who has lost a tag team partner and a friend all at once.

BW: He may have lost more than that, Gordo. They laid that kid out!

GM: They certainly did... and boy, Tiger Claw and Casey James certainly seem proud of their actions here tonight.

BW: I'm not sure it's their own actions they're proud of... it's Brian James' actions!

[The younger James makes a dismissive gesture at the downed TORA, exiting the ring and dropping down to the floor. He is followed close behind by his allies, Claw and James trading a high five behind his back as Brian Lau is chattering James' ear off as they walk back up the aisle to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: What a scene this is, Bucky. When they came to the ring, the Hall of Famers were greeted with deafening cheers. How quickly things can change here in the AWA, fans.

[The boos are echoing throughout Madison Square Garden as James walks back up the aisle, not even looking at them as his legendary "family" makes their exit alongside him. The group disappears through the subway doors, jeers still pouring down on them as we crossfade to Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: Wow. Another shocking moment... a bunch of shocking moments really in that one, Bucky.

BW: What a night this has been, Gordo... absolutely incredible.

GM: One of the greatest nights in the history of this company and it's not over yet. We've got one match left and there has perhaps never been another match more worthy of the name "Main Event." Let's go backstage and hear from both champion and challenger with mere moments to go before their World Title showdown!

[Backstage. Mark Stegglet stands alone, microphone in hand.]

MS: Every wrestler dreams of being in exactly the spot that my next guest finds himself in. Every man who has ever set foot in the AWA wants to challenge for the World Heavyweight Title, and if they're being honest, they want to do it in one place – and that is SuperClash. The man about to come out is one of only two men who can say that, in 2014, he was in the main event of SuperClash.

Please welcome at this time, Ryan Martinez.

[Into the camera's frame steps Ryan Martinez. Six foot five, two hundred and fifty five pounds of muscle and sinew. Young Ryan is dressed in what looks like his warm up gear, a pair of baggy shorts, a black hoodie with the

letters “EMWC” written across the chest, no doubt one of the many pieces of memorabilia currently on sale on AWAsShopzone.com. Martinez seems to vibrate with intensity, sweat already pouring down his face, his hair similarly soaked in perspiration.]

MS: It won't be long now until we see you face what is no doubt the biggest challenge of your career, Mr. Martinez.

[Martinez nods his head.]

RM: Do you feel it, Mark? Do you feel the electricity in the air? Does it make the hair on your arms stand up? Do you have goosebumps running up and down your body? Does that buzz hum in your ears?

Because I know I feel it!

MS: Yes, I definitely feel it. Many people are saying that tonight is your night. And yet, it won't be an easy night for you. Supreme Wright might be the most complete wrestler the AWA has ever seen. And ever since last year, he's had a death grip on the World Heavyweight title.

RM: You're right Mark. Everything you said about Supreme Wright is absolutely true. But do you know what Mark? None of that matters. Because there is a hole in Supreme Wright's game. There's one thing he's missing.

And it's the thing I specialize in.

MS: I'm going to have to ask you to elaborate.

RM: Oh I will.

They say that Supreme Wright isn't human. They say he's a machine. They say he trains harder, works longer, and knows more than any other man in the sport. They're right. You're not a man, Supreme Wright.

That's why you're losing tonight.

It wasn't that many years ago that Yoshito Katsumura stood in front of a class of clueless young boys and asked them a simple question.

What is the most important weapon in a pro wrestler's arsenal?

Some said speed. Some said strength. Some said technique. Some said you had to have a vast repertoire. After each answer, Katsumura-san shook his head, saying “no” with that simple gesture. They were all wrong. When it came my turn to answer? Well, I might've been a dumb kid back then, but I knew enough to keep my mouth shut, and listen to what the master had to say. Our sensei fixed us with the most intense stare I've ever seen on a man's face, and remember who my father is.

He put his fingers to his eyes, and he said two words to us.

[Martinez runs his hands through his hair, and then looks up at the camera, his own fingers extending, pointing to his eyes, in imitation of a lesson learned long ago.]

RM: The Fire.

You know what The Fire is, Mark?

MS: Please, explain.

RM: It has many names. The burning spirit, the unyielding will, even in the face of insurmountable challenges. The will to go on. The need to fight. The refusal to surrender. The knowledge that, no matter what happens to your body, there is one last ounce of fight left within you.

It's the one thing you don't have, Supreme Wright.

Because you are a machine. Because you're not human. Because there is nothing inside of you. Because the only thing you have is that belt. And to you, that's all it is, a belt. You don't actually care about what it means. You don't know the stories of the men who sweat and bled for that belt. The only thing you can see is yourself.

And the only thing in your eyes is emptiness. There's no fire there. There never will be. You want that belt because you have nothing else. You want that belt because you are nothing else. You think I'm weak because I stick by my friends? You think I'm soft because when I look out to the fans, I draw strength from them? You think I'm not worthy because I'm passionate? No, Supreme Wright, those are all the reasons you cannot ever beat me.

Because without the fire, you're nothing.

[Martinez exhales slowly, hands dropping to his side.]

RM: Without The Fire, you fold. Without The Fire, you can only go so far. And that's who you are, Supreme Wright. Because what I'm saying isn't a theory. It's a fact.

Two years ago, James Monosso, broken down in body, but stronger than you in spirit, defeated you.

Last year, in the Chase for the Clash, you broke against Dave Bryant.

Against the Wise Men, you got down on your knees like a dog, and you showed the world that there's nothing inside of you. The chips were down, and you folded the first chance you got.

And mark my words Supreme Wright, you're going to break tonight too.

Are you a better wrestler than me? Do you know more moves than I do? Sure you do. But one thing you'll never have is my heart. One thing you can

never do, Supreme Wright, is outlast me. Because I'm not here to fight for something empty. I'm not here to fight so that I feel better about myself.

I'm here to honor that World Title. I'm here to prove to you and to the entire world that a man can get everything he wants if he does it the right way. I'm here to show the world that your way, taking every shortcut, looking for every loophole can only get you so far.

I'm here to end you, Wright. And to see to it that you never get to the world title again. I'm here to take from you the thing you never actually earned.

And I can feel, in my heart, The Fire.

There are twenty thousand people in Madison Square Garden who feel the same thing. There are a million people watching right now, listening to the sound of my voice, who can feel it too.

I don't know as many holds as you, Supreme Wright, but I'll put my record against yours any day of the week. No matter what Gunnar and Justin Gaines did to me, I kept coming at them. And when I needed him, my father was there for me. Do you even know where your father is, Wright?

The Wise Men ran roughshod over this place. They hurt me. They took from me. They did everything they could. But there was one thing they couldn't do, and that was break me. I stood up to the Wise Men. And while you were busy showing them your belly and thinking I was wrong to stand with my friends?

We were winning.

You didn't beat the Wise Men. You couldn't beat them. Because you do not have it in you, Supreme Wright. You do not have what it takes to truly be a man. You are not a worthy champion. And no matter how much you might disagree, you're wrong.

I'm not a perfect man. I'm not a perfect wrestler. But I am the perfect man to beat you. I will be the one to put an end to this tarnished reign. I will leave New York as the new World Heavyweight Champion. And you'll never understand that, for all that you've done and all that you can do, you'll never be the man I am. It all ends tonight for you, Supreme Wright.

Count on it!

[Martinez exhales again, and then steps away, ready to make his final preparations for war as we fade to...

The words "Recorded Earlier Today" flash across the screen, as we fade into a shot of Supreme Wright, standing at the front of Madison Square Garden, with the entirety of Team Supreme behind him. It's early morning, the Sun barely shining in the still dark skies. Behind them, a huge banner advertising SuperClash standing fifty feet high hangs on the side of the building, with an image of Wright and Ryan Martinez going nose-to-nose.

The World Champion is wearing a charcoal grey overcoat, dressed in a Diamond Jubilee grey tweed suit, matching waistcoat and pants, with a maroon bowtie underneath. In his right arm, he cradles the crowned jewel of professional wrestling, the AWA World Heavyweight title. He walks towards the camera, stopping a slight distance away.]

SW: "You don't belong here."

[He turns his head and stares up at the giant banner behind him and turns back to the camera with a faintly smug look on his face.]

SW: I said those four little words and you slapped me right across the face, Ryan Martinez...

...because you know it's true.

[A smirk.]

SW: You've spent a year fighting a crusade against the Wise Men and you won. You've spent a year bleeding and suffering to bring down that evil empire and you succeeded. And I'll admit, that amount of effort and perseverance is worthy of praise.

[Supreme mockingly slow claps for the number one contender.]

SW: But it DOESN'T make you worthy of holding MY World Title.

[He looks down at the title belt nestled in the crook of his arm

SW: The World Title is not a prize for a job well done. It is not something to be given away or handed to someone because they "deserve" it or because they "want" it. It is not a reward for heroism. The man that holds the World Title does so, because is he the absolute BEST. Because he stands above all others. Because he had the ability, drive, motive, and determination to TAKE the World Title.

And no matter how many friends and allies you've used as stepping stones to make your rise this year, as you stand on Eric Preston's broken carcass, stretching...reaching for the very top, realize that you will NEVER stand above me.

[Supreme throws his head back and uncharacteristically shouts at the top of his lungs.]

SW: YOUR WINNER...AND NEEEEWWWWW AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

[He lowers his head and gives a look of disgust.]

SW: ...Ryan Martinez?

[He slowly shakes his head.]

SW: That would be your storybook ending. That would be your picture perfect fairy tale.

But we all know deep down in our hearts, that isn't how this story will end. This is reality. This is real life. And you have to accept the fact that dreams don't come true just because you want them to. Dreams come true, because you MAKE them come true.

[The Champion holds the title just a bit closer to his body.]

SW: No one knows that better than I do.

[He almost sighs.]

SW: But in your mind, an entitled brat like you believes you DESERVE my title. That the end of your long, arduous journey can have no other outcome than winning MY title. That through all your trials and tribulations, this the ending that the hero of this story has earned.

[Supreme actually cracks a smile, chuckling softly to himself.]

SW: And that's where you're wrong, Ryan Martinez. You're not the hero of this story, because...

You.

Don't.

Belong.

Here.

[The expression on his face turns serious. Any warmth that was in his voice replaced by a detached coldness.]

SW: You're a fake and a fraud raised up by the propaganda of your delusional followers as a legend. You can wear the green and white, but that doesn't make you a Combat Corner graduate. You can steal your father's techniques, but that doesn't make you Alex Martinez. You can pin me once...

[There's a slight pause, as he's clearly bothered by the admission of his pinfall loss to Martinez.]

SW: ...but that DOESN'T make you a champion.

[He spits those words like vile venom.]

SW: Think long and hard, Ryan. Who was the chosen one? Who was the man who would be the AWA's hero?

It wasn't you.

Hell, it wasn't even Eric Preston.

[Supreme points a finger to his chest.]

SW: It was ME.

[He takes a step back and turns around to look at the giant banner once more.]

SW: And the only reason you're the AWA's White Knight, the only reason you're even here tonight...

[He turns back to the camera.]

SW: ...is because Supreme Wright decided he didn't want to play hero.

[A beat.]

SW: He wanted be the Champion of the World.

[Supreme moves in closer to the camera, staring directly into it.]

SW: This was NEVER your story, Ryan Martinez.

[He holds up the World Heavyweight title to the camera.]

SW: It was always MINE.

[There's no mocking tone or malicious intent in his voice. He states it as simple matter of fact.]

SW: Your winner and STILL AWA World Heavyweight Champion...

[He raises the AWA World Heavyweight high above his head, staring straight ahead, expression fierce and intense.]

SW: ...SUPREME WRIGHT.

[Fade out.]

We crossfade back to a panning shot of the sold-out Madison Square Garden crowd, showing all the tired fans who are standing and shouting, waiting for the main reason they bought their tickets to be in this historic building on this historic night.

The shot rests on the ring where Phil Watson is standing when suddenly the lights flicker and then strobe for a second. And as they raise, a single figure stands in the subway doors. Dressed in a black hoodie, the hood pulled over his head to obscure his face, his hands are pushed into the

pockets at the front of the hoodie. Head bent forward, the man stands there, silent and unmoving.]

GM: Quite a contrast from the more elaborate entrances we've seen tonight. The challenger apparently has gone in the opposite direction.

[Fans begin to buzz as the man stands still. Until finally, his hands reach up, pushing the hood back, his head lifting at the same time.]

BW: Wait a minute! He's not supposed to be here.

GM: Did you really think he would miss his best friend's big night?

BW: This isn't fair! It can't be happening!

GM: But it is, ladies and gentlemen, Eric Preston is here in Madison Square Garden.

[To an enormous ovation from the crowd, the man who grew up before the eyes of the AWA's fans moves to the center of the entranceway, pointing to Phil Watson and giving him a nod, before slowly turning towards the subway entrance.]

PW: And now, ladies and gentlemen, it is time for the Main Event of the evening!

[The raucous New York crowd is on its feet, screaming their lungs out.

As the lights dim, a hush falls over the crowd. There is the light tinkling of synth music playing over Watson's voice. On the video screen, the image of a shield flashes, with a pair of crossed swords superimposed over the shield. Above that are the words "WHITE KNIGHT" written in stylized, gothic style lettering.

The synth music builds in intensity, and then the drums kick in, the deep, bassy notes reverberating throughout the arena. The fans, 20,000 strong, begin to stomp their feet in unison to the drums. Reinforcing all of this is a flash of red and blue fireworks, their explosions timed to the beat of the drums.

The lights raise, and the image on the video screen changes, going from images to words, specifically, the words of the song playing.]

#This is a call to arms, gather soldiers#
#Time to go to war#

[But Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" isn't the only thing that plays, for as the lights begin to come up, we see, on the elevated stage, on either side of the stage, are members of the New York Choral Society, lending their voices to song playing over the loudspeakers. And as they sing, 20,000 rabid AWA fans join in as well, screaming the words that flash on the screen, stomping their hands and feet in time to the drums.]

#This is a battle song, brothers and sisters#
#Time to go to war#

[But before the challenger emerges, two more step through the subway doors. Who? Two more “knights” to join Preston.

First up is Jack Lynch, dressed all in black, his cowboy hat tilted forward, though unable to conceal the white bandage that keeps his head from losing more blood. He is leaning heavily on his friend and tag team partner, Bobby O’Connor, who is limping and battered but like the other two, unwilling to miss this match. The three men stop in the center of the walkway, and turn, their bodies in a triangular formation, with Preston at the midpoint and Lynch and O’Connor flanking him, and all three point to the still open subway doors.

Fireworks detonate horizontally across the subway door entrance, and as the flames die down, out steps the challenger. He’s wearing a long white robe that covers him from shoulders all the way to the ground. The robe is made of leather, and has been designed in such a way that it appears to be a suit of armor.

The challenger moves with determination down to the ring, striding confidently, turning to acknowledge the screaming fans with short nods of his head. His eyes are clear and his expression is one of determination. Martinez stops, surrounded by his friends, and then, with a nod, the four of them head down the aisle to the ring, all of them moving towards the center of the ring.]

GM: What a spectacular entrance from the challenger!

BW: You ain’t seen nothing yet, Gordo. You think the champ is going to be outshined by this kid?

[Martinez stands in the center of the ring, while Lynch and O’Connor stand in front of him, helping him with the buckles and straps on his robe. When it’s opened, Eric Preston, who stands behind his friend, pulls the robe off his shoulders, moving to put it over the top turnbuckle, where a ring attendant takes it.

In the center of the ring, Ryan Martinez stands in his ring attire, and tonight, the White Knight has fittingly chosen white as his dominant color. On his hands he wears a pair of tight fitting white gloves that extend from fingertips to wrist. The palms of the gloves are black and each has, embossed in gold, half of a knight’s helm, so that the entire helm is formed when his hands come together. On his right elbow is a long elbow pad, also white in color, which goes from just below his shoulder to the middle of his forearm. His long white ring pants have on the right leg the same logo that flashed on the video screen, a pair of silver swords imposed over a shield of gold, while on the left leg are the letters “RM” in red, and done in an ornate, stylized gothic style script. His boots are white with white laces, though the soles are a glossy black color.

Jack Lynch extends his hand to Ryan Martinez, and the two shake. O'Connor extends his hand, only to be pulled forward, the two friends sharing a quick embrace. And then Ryan turns to Preston, and the two best friends hug as well, this time complete with hard pats on the back from both men.

After a final nod, Lynch, O'Connor and Eric Preston step out of the ring. With one last wave to the crowd, Preston departs back up the aisle, symbolically leaving the AWA behind once and for all. The other two take a spot in the far corner, while Ryan Martinez turns towards the entranceway. Exhaling once, throwing his arms out and shaking them loose, he waits for the arrival of his opponent.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The house lights then dim as a voice speaks over the PA system.]

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PLEASE WELCOME MULTI-TIME GRAMMY AWARD WINNER AND INTERNATIONAL SUPERSTAR...

[A spotlight hits the side of the entrance way, where we see a man down on one knee, with his head bowed down. Almost immediately, the MSG crowd erupts into an ear-splitting ROAR, when the video screen captures a glimpse of his face.]

"...KANYE WEST!!!"

[This ain't Andrew Sterling in cosplay, babydolls! As the crowd sees Yeezus in the flesh, dressed in a tailored black suit and white necktie, they proceed to lose their freaking minds. As they cheer, the musician points down towards the ring.]

KW: Yo' Ryan, I'm really happy for you, but Supreme Wright is one of the greatest wrestlers of all time! [BOO!] One of the greatest wrestlers...of ALL TIME!

[Massive jeers can be heard from the crowd and West just cracks a smile at their reaction, while the opening to "Jesus Walks" begins to play.]

#(Jesus walk)

#God show me the way because the Devil tryna break me down

#(Jesus walk with me...with me...with me...)

[The doors of the Subway proceed to slide open, as we see the entirety of Team Supreme, led by the massive Cain Jackson filing out to a massive roar of boos from the crowd. However, the students of the World Heavyweight Champion are not dressed in their usual tracksuits. Instead, they are all dressed sharply in suits and ties, lining up in two rows opposite of each other in the aisle.]

#(Jesus Walks)

#God show me the way because the Devil trying to break me down

#(Jesus Walks with me)
#The only thing that that I pray is that my feet don't fail me now
#(Jesus Walks)
#And I don't think there is nothing I can do now to right my wrongs
#(Jesus Walks with me)
#I want to talk to God but I'm afraid because we ain't spoke in so long

[And at the end of the procession, emerges the "Dream Team" seen in "Unfinished Business" that helped the World Champion in his training and preparation: former Olympic Gold Medalist Bret Grayson, current Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion Noboru Fujimoto, former AWA National Champion Kolya Sudakov, "The Bull" Bruno Dawson, and "Dirty" Dick Sullivan.

The five march towards the front of the line and all eyes then turn towards the entrance way, where we see a large white sheet fall rise up, completely covering the set, as "Jesus Walks" cuts off and the opening to "Black Skinhead" begins to play.

Rapid, stylized images are then projected onto the sheet, showing Supreme Wright destroying opponent after opponent with vicious strikes, suplexes and submissions, until the lights go completely black and a single spotlight hits the sheet, where we see the silhouette of a man with the title belt raised over his head AND with arms akimbo, RISING from beneath the floor of the elevated stage.]

#For my theme song, my leather black jeans on
#My by any means on, pardon I'm getting my scream on
#Enter the kingdom but watch who you bring home
#They see a black man with a white woman at the top floor they gone come to kill King Kong

[The huge curtain then drops to the floor, as the lights come back on, revealing it is not one, but TWO men, as we see the patriarch of the Wright clan, Roosevelt Wright, holding the AWA World Heavyweight title high into the air. He is standing back-to-back with his grandson, who faces away from the crowd with his back turned to them. Roosevelt then walks ahead, with the title held proudly in the air, as Supreme Wright spins around, to a MASSIVE roar of boos from the crowd.]

#Middle America packed in, came to see me in my black skin
#Number one question they asking, f*** every question you asking
#If I don't get ran out by Catholics, here come some conservative Baptists
#Claiming I'm overreacting like them black kids in Chiraq bitch

[Wright is dressed in a sleeveless, ankle-length, white galleon coat with gold trim over white MMA-style compression shorts with black and gold trim on the sides. With his eyes focused on the ring and ONLY the ring, there's no doubt in his demeanor...he's ready for battle. He follows his grandfather down the aisle, as the rest of Team Supreme breaks formation, following their leader to the ring as he passes them by.]

#Four in the morning, and I'm zonin'
#They say I'm possessed, it's an omen
#I keep it 300, like the Romans
#300 bitches, where's the Trojans?
#Baby we livin' in the moment
#I've been a menace for the longest
#But I ain't finished I'm devoted
#And you know it, and you know it

[Reaching the ring, Supreme takes the World Title from Roosevelt Wright and proceeds to climb up to the second turnbuckle, staring out towards the crowd with a fierce look on his face and slowly raising the title belt into the air, as the song ends and all we're left, is the deafening roar of the crowd.]

Wright drops down off the turnbuckle, turning with the title belt still in hand. He stares across at his challenger, pointing to the title belt still held high. He jerks a thumb at himself, making a one-handed belt gesture as Martinez nods, bouncing from one foot to the other, staying loose... staying ready... as Phil Watson steps out in between them.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... the following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and it is for the AWA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD!

[DEAFENING ROAR FROM THE MSG CROWD!]

PW: Your referee for this Main Event showdown will be the AWA's Senior Official Johnny Jagger!

[Jagger steps from a neutral corner, raising a hand to a sprinkling of cheers.]

PW: Introducing first... in the corner to my right... he is the challenger...

[Big cheer! Ryan doesn't acknowledge the cheers, still bouncing back and forth, eyes locked on the World Title belt that Wright holds above his head.]

PW: He hails from Los Angeles, California... weighing in tonight at 255 pounds... he is the AWA's White Knight...

RYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN
MARTIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIINEZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

[Martinez steps from his corner, slowly raising his right arm to the roaring crowd, his eyes still locked on the biggest prize in the world today - the AWA World Heavyweight Title.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The boos EXPLODE from every part of the building - Wright doesn't blink.]

PW: In the corner to my left... he hails from Baton Rouge, Louisiana... weighing in tonight at 225 pounds... accompanied to the ring by Team Supreme...

[More boos from the crowd but Wright stands stoic, pointing to the title belt hanging from his other hand.]

PW: He is the current reigning and defending AWA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD...

SUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUPREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEME
WRIIIGHHHHHHT!!!

[The boos intensify as Wright grabs the belt with both hands, hoisting it over his head. He slowly lowers it, staring at the gold plate for several long moments as Johnny Jagger steps in to ask for the belt. Wright finally leans over, pressing his forehead to it for a moment before handing it over.]

GM: Supreme Wright handing over the title belt perhaps for the final time. We've seen the World Television Title change hands here tonight as well as the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Titles so the thought HAS to be running through his mind.

BW: But we've also seen Air Strike retain their titles so that thought is there as well!

GM: Absolutely.

[Jagger shows the title belt to Ryan Martinez who stares at it, giving the slightest of nods before Jagger shoves the belt skyward to a huge ovation from the New York crowd. He lowers it, handing it through the ropes to the timekeeper before turning back, walking out to the middle of the ring, waving Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright together.]

GM: Johnny Jagger calls them together, going over some final instructions.

BW: Their eyes are locked on each other, Gordo... they may not even realize Jagger's in the ring right now.

GM: What a moment this is! Listen to these fans!

[The announcers lay out for a moment, allowing the roaring crowd to be the soundtrack for this SuperClash moment which will show in highlight reels for years to come...

...and as Jagger wheels to signal for the bell, the crowd ERUPTS to a higher decibel level!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[In an overwhelming blur of action, Ryan Martinez rushes the World Heavyweight Champion, throwing rights and lefts, battering the surprised champion who lifts his arms quickly, trying to absorb the onslaught.]

GM: Martinez starts off fast!

[Martinez slams a knee up into the unprotected midsection, causing Wright to drop his arms. The challenger hooks him in a one-handed Thai clinch, throwing rapid and impactful forearms to the side of the head!]

GM: He's all over him, Bucky!

BW: Wright looks completely caught off-guard! I don't think he expected this!

[The barrage of forearms sends Wright staggering back but Martinez keeps the grip, switching to short elbows to the temple, snapping the World Champion's head to the side with every blow, eventually backing him up against the ropes.]

GM: Martinez has the champion on the ropes early!

[A few more short elbows connect before the challenger grabs an arm, shooting Wright across the ring, sending him rebounding back...

...and right up onto the shoulders of a lifting Martinez who gives a shout as he DRIVES Wright back into the canvas with a Samoan Drop that gets a big cheer!]

GM: SAMOAN DROP!!

[Martinez promptly flips over onto his chest, diving across the prone Wright, tightly hooking both legs.]

GM: ONE!

[But Wright isn't going down that easy, kicking out before the one count even lands. He looks agitated as he scrambles up off the canvas, trying to get there before Martinez does but he's a step slower from the man who came off the lateral press to his knees, catching the rising Wright squarely on the ear with a high impact forearm smash!]

GM: Oh! What a shot right there!

[Wright spins away, staggering towards the ropes as Martinez comes in hot from behind, hooking a rear waistlock.]

GM: Suplex!

[But Wright instinctively wraps a leg around Martinez', blocking the lift before throwing two picture perfect back elbows to the ear, breaking the grip. Martinez staggers back as Wright turns, taking aim...]

GM: Roundhouse kick!

[Wright throws it high and hard, aiming for the ear of the challenger...]

GM: CAUGHT!

[...but the crowd ROARS as Martinez catches the kick with his left arm, hooking the leg on his shoulder. He pauses, shaking his head, wagging a finger at Wright before he reaches out, hooking the World Champion around the head and neck, pulling him close so that he can lock his hands.]

GM: SUPLEX!

[Wright goes sailing up and over the challenger's head, bouncing off the mat courtesy of a Capture Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez again scrambles up, charging across the ring and diving into a lateral press!]

GM: ONE!

[But again the World Champion is up just before one, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Ryan Martinez is storming the World Champion - a blitzkrieg attack that is obviously designed to try and catch Supreme Wright off-guard and get a quick victory!

BW: Good luck with that. Martinez may do some damage with this little flurry of his but there's no chance he beats the World Champion that easy. He'd better back packing something like-

[The crowd ROARS as Ryan pulls the rising Wright into a front facelock...]

GM: LIKE THIS?!

[He slings Wright's arm over his neck, setting for a potential match-ending brainbuster...]

...and gets yanked down, rolled into a small package!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd gasps in collective relief as Martinez just BARELY kicks out of the counter from the technical wizard that is the World Heavyweight Champion. Both men are racing up off the mat, trying to get up first...]

...and Martinez comes up firing, throwing a HUUUUUUUGE clothesline that drills the World Champion, knocking him back onto his shoulders with his

legs up in the air. Martinez dives onto the legs, folding Wright up in a jackknife cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But again, Wright kicks out... not quite as quick this time as he breaks the pin attempt.]

GM: Wright's out at two and-

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez grabs the legs of Wright, preventing him from getting back to his feet...

...and FLIPS HIM OVER into a Boston Crab!]

GM: BOSTON CRAB APPLIED BY THE CHALLENGER!

BW: And I know anything about it, this ain't no ordinary Boston Crab, Gordo! This is the Iron Crab!

GM: You think Dave Bryant taught Martinez his trademark hold to use against one of his most bitter rivals?

BW: I wouldn't put it past him! We saw him in Unfinished Business assisting with the challenger's training for this huge title encounter.

GM: We certainly did... and Wright gets to the ropes!

[The referee immediately steps in, calling for a break. Martinez hangs on for a second before letting go, watching as Wright drags himself out to the floor, instantly surrounded by his Team Supreme comrades. Wright appears to be flustered, walking around the ringside area as Martinez stares at him from inside the ring, leaning over with his hands on his knees. He holds his fingers together, just an inch or so apart, as he looks out at the World Champion.]

GM: Ryan Martinez is telling him how close he came to winning the World Title right there with his version of the Iron Crab.

BW: I think he's kidding himself, Gordo.

GM: Really? Supreme Wright sure got out of there in a hurry, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him? He's felt the Iron Crab before and who knows what kind of payday "Hollywood" Alex Martinez could promise to Johnny Jagger to rob Wright of the World Title again.

[Wright stalks around the ringside area as the referee continues his count, getting up to six before Wright opts to grab the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron. He wipes the bottom of his boots on the ring apron, eyeing Martinez warily before stepping back in...

...and this time, he's ready for Martinez as the challenger storms in, using his own momentum against him as he wraps his arms around Martinez' torso, steering him back against the ropes.]

GM: Wright with a switch...

[The referee steps in, calling for a break...

...which is Wright's cue to step back, kneeling down to bury a forearm into the midsection of the challenger!]

GM: Oh! Hard shot downstairs by Wright!

BW: Wright wants to control the tempo of this one. He doesn't want the fast match. He doesn't want to fight the pace of Ryan Martinez. He wants to ground him down and grind him out.

[A second forearm shot leaves Martinez doubled up as Wright climbs up off the mat, burying the point of his elbow in the base of Martinez' neck, knocking him down to a kneeling position. He winds up again but the referee steps in, forcing him to step back.]

GM: Get in there, ref. Make sure Wright gives the man the chance to get back up.

[Wright turns away...

...and spins back, burying his boot into the face of the challenger, sending Martinez falling through the ropes and out on the apron!]

GM: Ohh! What a kick to the mush!

[The referee backs Wright up this time as Martinez slides off the apron, leaning against it as Bobby O'Connor moves to his side to check on him. Martinez gives him a nod as he rubs at his chin. Wright stands in the middle of the ring, waving him back in...]

GM: Neither man willing to pursue the other to the floor.

BW: Not yet at least. I guarantee the time will come though that someone will go out there to do some damage. But this early, you don't want to make a mistake... you don't want to roll the dice. Martinez took a big chance expending that much energy in the early moments against someone who has wrestled for 60 minutes to defend that title before.

[Martinez pulls himself up on the apron, staring at Wright who again waves him forward. He steps through the ropes, rejoining his opponent in the ring. This time, he moves a little slower, not wanting to risk another mistake as he edges out to the center of the ring, arms extended.]

GM: Martinez slowly but surely sliding out to the middle of the ring...

BW: And if you ask me, Gordo, this is what Martinez does NOT want to do. If that big training camp he had taught him anything, it should be to stay away from Wright's grasp. You don't want to mat wrestle with him. No one does.

GM: Martinez did get some work in with Sultan Azam Sharif among others so perhaps he has made strides in that area of his game.

BW: I'm sure he has but he's still not Supreme Wright, daddy.

[Champion and challenge collide in the middle of the ring, struggling for an advantage. Wright breaks out, slipping into a rear waistlock. He holds it for a couple of seconds while Martinez looks for an exit before he gets taken up into the air, thrown down in a takedown that Wright uses as a chance to spin out into a front facelock.]

GM: Front facelock applied by the champion... and this is that grinding out game you talked about, Bucky.

BW: Wright knows that his gas tank is going to be superior to Martinez' so whenever possible, this is where he wants him, down on the mat trying to carry Wright's weight around, wearing him out minute by minute.

[Martinez slips his hands up, locking them around Wright's wrist, trying to force his way out...

...and successfully spins out of the front facelock, using the grip on the arm to go into a grounded hammerlock on the World Champion, bringing a wince to his face as the challenger cranks up on the arm.]

GM: And a nice counter by Martinez, perhaps showing that he DID learn something in that training camp.

[The challenger hangs onto the arm, cranking up on the limb as the World Champion easily climbs to his feet. He grabs at his shoulder with his off-hand, patting it a couple of times...

...and then swiftly drops down to the mat, scissoring Martinez' ankles, dragging him down with a drop toehold, effortlessly escaping the hammerlock.]

BW: You see, Gordo? That's not the game that Ryan Martinez needs to fight and if he wants to win the World Title tonight, he needs to not allow himself to get lured into fighting Wright's game.

GM: You have to remember that as much as we've seen Ryan Martinez go through in his young career, he's still only 24 years of age. He's still a kid as far as this business is concerned...

BW: Some might say a dumb kid.

GM: Some might, I suppose. And while Wright is only 29 years of age, five years can make all the difference in the world in the sport of professional wrestling.

BW: Five years of experience. Five years of facing the best in the world. Remember, we've seen Supreme Wright battle names like "Hotshot" Stevie Scott... like James Monosso... a Hall of Famer like Jeff "Madfox" Matthews and Alex Martinez... Calisto Dufresne. The man has faced and beaten the best in the world... Kenta Kitzukawa too.

GM: Ryan Martinez might not have that list of legends that he's beaten but no one can deny the year he's had since defeating his former partner in Gunnar Gaines at SuperClash V. He led Team AWA to victory in the Cibernetico, Bucky.

BW: I was there, Gordo... I saw it. But if we're comparing resumes, there's simply no comparison at all.

[While the announcers were bantering, Wright used the drop toe-hold to roll down the back of Martinez, reapplying the front facelock, pushing his challenger's face into the canvas, cranking on the neck.]

GM: Martinez trying to get his arms underneath him, trying to find a way out of this hold.

BW: These holds that Wright slaps on are airtight, Gordo. It's absolutely miserable being in his grip. He hangs on like a junkyard dog to an ol' soupbone.

[With Martinez' arms pushed out in front of him, pressing him up to all fours, Wright rides up with him...

...and launches into a trio of short knees to the top of Martinez' skull, forcing him back down on his belly. Wright hangs on, throwing two more as the referee dives to the mat, checking to see if Martinez wants to quit or can continue after the kneestrike barrage.]

GM: Martinez is getting pounded with those knees from all fours.

BW: Completely illegal in the world of MMA but legal as a chinlock in the world of pro wrestling.

GM: Something someone might want to point out to Mr. Harris the next time he's disparaging the best professional wrestlers in the world today, Bucky.

BW: You want to tell him?

[Wright releases the front facelock to try and get greater impact on one of the kneestrikes, allowing Martinez to roll away from it.]

GM: Martinez escapes...

BW: But not for long!

[The World Champion lunges, diving into a mount on Martinez, pinning his torso down to the mat as Wright rears back, throwing a heavy lunging elbow down onto the challenger's forehead!]

GM: Hard shot by the champion!

[Wright slips out of the mount, crouching over as Martinez crawls to the ropes, using them to drag himself back to his feet. The World Champion approaches from behind, hooking a rear waistlock of his own...]

BW: GERMAN SUPLEX!

[...but Martinez wraps his arms around the top rope, blocking any attempted lift by the champion. Wright leans closer, trying to get more leverage...]

GM: OHH!

[Martinez SLAMS his head back into the mouth of Wright, breaking the hold as Wright stumbles away, falling to a knee. His hand shoots up to his mouth, the back of it rubbing across it and coming away with a smear of red.]

GM: That headbutt split the lip of the World Champion!

BW: That's only going to make him angry.

[Wright pushes up off the mat, turning to face Martinez who slowly approaches, his hands balled up in front of him...

...and Wright SPITS a mouthful of blood in the face of Martinez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wow! An uncharacteristic show of anger from the World Champion.

[Martinez wipes the blood from his face, looking down at it on his open hand, staring at it for a few moments...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD LORD!

BW: I've NEVER seen a slap like that before!

[Wright's head snapped to the side from the impact. He leaves it there for several seconds, allowing the fans to go crazy for the hard-hitting slap they just witnesses. Martinez is fired up, shouting "COME ON!" as Wright slowly turns back to face him... the slightest of smiles on his face...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Holy...

BW: Okay, I was wrong. I've never seen a slap like THAT before!

[Martinez mirrors what Wright did, standing still, the crowd groaning at the red welt now visibly on his cheek. He reaches up, touching his cheek, slowly turning back towards the World Champion.

His teeth are clenched. His eyes are filled with fire. His face is turning red with rage. His muscles are tensed. He's breathing heavy as his temper boils to the surface.

Uh oh.]

GM: Oh... my... god.

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[It's a blur of motion, both men whipping their hands around at high velocity, connecting with open-hand slaps to their opponent with either hand that is ready to go.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The strikes of Wright seem to get the edge for the moment, staggering the challenger as Wright puts a little more mustard on them...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[He steps back, winding way back...

...but comes up empty as Martinez ducks, hooking the rear waistlock, and DUMPS Wright on the back of his head and neck with a bridging German suplex!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The crowd reacts as Wright throws a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin!]

GM: OHHH! Ryan Martinez caught him with that waistlock suplex, what a bridge too - and almost got the win right there!

BW: Don't get ahead of yourself, Gordo. Supreme Wright could get out of that any time he wanted to... just like he did.

[Martinez gets up, grabbing at his hair for a moment, showing that flash of emotion at the belief he had the title won right there. He grabs a rising Wright, shoving him back into the corner...

...and the crowd roars as he squares up.]

GM: Here we go!

[Martinez looks out at the sold-out crowd, nodding his head at the fans.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the fans' chant.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

[Finished, Ryan pulls Wright out of the corner and lets him flop to the center of the mat. He pauses a moment, once more looking to the crowd, who shower him in adulation.]

GM: The machine gun chops are always a crowd favorite and this New York City crowd proved to be no different!

[The challenger walks from the corner, flipping Wright over and attempting another pin, still only getting two as Wright lifts a shoulder clear from the canvas.]

GM: Two count on- MOUNT!

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez moves swiftly from lateral press to a full MMA-style mount, balling up his fists and letting them fly with a shout, raining down rights and lefts on the World Champion who lifts his arms, trying to defend himself. A big haymaker gets avoided as Wright repositions on the mat, hooking the arm as it goes by, trying to wrench it into a kimura armbar!]

GM: Wright's trying to hook that arm - we all know the history of Ryan Martinez' shoulder injury. That shoulder is not a hundred percent and many believe it will NEVER be one hundred percent.

BW: If you're going to start quoting that creepy little girl, I'm out of here.

GM: I will not be quoting her.

BW: But you delivered her message?

GM: I did. Ryan Martinez... he... well, he needed to hear it, Bucky. He needed to know.

[Martinez uses his positioning to slip a knee down across the face of Wright, pulling back and yanking free of the kimura attempt, scrambling back away from Wright who is pushing himself off the canvas...

...and gets yanked into a front facelock again, the arm quickly slung over the neck...]

GM: BRAINBUST-

[Wright feels it coming, charging hard to DRIVE Martinez back into the buckles. He grabs the middle rope, laying in a trio of hard shoulders into the ribcage. The referee steps in, ordering Wright to back up.]

GM: Johnny Jagger calling for a break... Wright looks like he's going to give him one...

[The champion steps back...

...and then flings himself towards the corner, front flipping to drive his heel solidly into the bridge of Martinez' nose!]

GM: OHH!

BW: KOPPO KICK IN THE CORNER!

[Wright scrambles back up, grabbing a dazed Martinez in a loose Thai clinch, slamming his arm repeatedly into the chin...]

GM: Uppercut after uppercut in the corner, doing a number on the challenger!

[Wright shoves him back, throwing Martinez' arms over the top rope, trying to stay on his feet. The World Champion turns, looking out at the jeering crowd as he squares up, throwing a glance out to Team Supreme and his "dream team" of trainers at ringside...]

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

[Yes, that is Matt Lance and Alex Martin leading the cheer.]

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

[Wright pauses, looking out at the jeering crowd. He shakes his head as he steps back in.]

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

[The World Champion is backed up by the referee, holding his arms up as Martinez cringes in the corner, bright red welts forming on his chest. Wright steps back in, grabbing Martinez by the arm, sending him from corner to corner, crashing back into the buckles.]

GM: Martinez hits the corner... here comes Wright!

[The challenger is ready for him, raising a boot that Wright runs right into!]

GM: Martinez with the counter!

[Slipping in behind the World Champion, the AWA's White Knight snares the rear waistlock again...

...and Wright easily counters, performing a standing switch into a waistlock of his own. He plants his foot on the back of Martinez' knee, forcing him down to a knee where Wright SLAMS his elbow down into the eyebrow of Wright, stunning the challenger!]

GM: Wright's got him down on a knee and-

[The crowd jeers loudly as Wright digs his elbow into the eyesocket, dragging it back and forth. The referee steps in, shouting at the champion to call for a break. Wright lifts his hands, allowing Martinez to slump down to his stomach on the mat.]

GM: We don't see Supreme Wright with that kind of illegal tactic too often.

BW: That might be Bret Grayson rubbing off on him, Gordo.

[The camera cuts to show the Olympic gold medalist at ringside, shouting encouragement to his ally.]

GM: Grayson, of course, is well-known for some questionable tactics on the mats in the world of amateur wrestling.

BW: If he could get away with it, he'd do it... and it won him a gold medal, Gordo.

GM: It certainly did that.

[We cut back to Wright who is taking a verbal beating from Johnny Jagger as he walks around the downed Martinez, eyeing him closely...

...and then STOMPS the outstretched hand of Martinez into the canvas!]

GM: Oh! Come on, ref!

BW: Hah! Martinez should know better than to expose his hand like that. It ain't the first time we've seen Wright go after someone's fingers. Ask Brian James.

GM: Wright does it again!

[Martinez curls up his arm, tucking his hand underneath him as Bret Grayson gives a "You got him, brother! You got him!" from ringside. Wright nods in his direction as he plants his knee in Martinez' shoulder joint, stretching out the oft-injured arm. He hooks the wrist, pulling up hard on the limb.]

GM: And the World Champion's going after the arm... specifically the shoulder, I'd imagine. He wants to wreck that shoulder and take away things like the Brainbuster... perhaps the Knight's End as well.

[The jeers pick up as Wright hooks a wrist with one hand, pulling back on it and then grabbing the fingers with the other hand, yanking on them!]

GM: Look at that, Bucky!

BW: I see it, I see it...

[Cut to a smiling Roosevelt Wright, the grandfather of the World Champion.]

BW: And grandpappy Roosevelt sees it too, Gordo!

GM: Like you said, it's not the first time we've seen Supreme Wright go for this kind of small joint manipulation. Completely legal but unethical... unsportsmanlike.

BW: Supreme Wright's got no time for sportsmanship. He wants to keep the World Heavyweight Title strapped around his waist.

[Martinez cries out in pain as Wright does his level best to break the fingers of the challenger as the referee asks the AWA's White Knight if he wants to submit.]

GM: Pressure on the shoulder... on the elbow... on the wrist... and of course, on the fingers. Wright's applied this armbar in such a way to send pain shooting up the arm from shoulder to fingertip.

BW: And this might be the magic ticket. There's an old locker room legend that says the Martinez clan is prone to armbars here in New York.

GM: I highly doubt that.

[With his legs stretched out, Martinez manages to slip a foot under the bottom rope, forcing Johnny Jagger to call for a break. Wright hangs on until three, slowly getting up.]

GM: Martinez slowly getting off the mat...

[Getting to his feet, Martinez is still doubled up as Wright hooks a handful of hair, hanging on as Wright measures him...

...and snaps his foot up into the face... and again... and again... and again.]

GM: Wright with those short kicks to the face! We've seen him use those before and they're very effective at wearing down your opponent.

[The barrage of kicks snaps Martinez' back, sending him falling back into the ropes...

...where Martinez falls through the ropes, using them to catapult himself back!]

GM: Martinez takes a page out of Wright's playbook!

[But as he comes back, arm stretched out for a clothesline, Wright ducks under, yanking him back into a rear naked choke!]

GM: Choke! Wright hooking the choke from behind!

[Bobby O'Connor leaps up, slamming his fists down into the mat, shouting "NOW, RYAN! NOW!" Martinez, dazed as he may be, seems to hear his friend, tucking his chin down to keep Wright for locking the choke in...]

GM: Wright's having a hard time getting the choke applied! Martinez has his chin down, forcing the arm away from his neck...

[As Wright struggles to apply the hold, Martinez manages to turn into it, locking his arms in a bodylock, lifting, twisting, and driving him down to the mat with a textbook belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: OHH! What a counter by Martinez!

BW: And I hate to admit it, Gordo... but that HAD to be what Karl O'Connor taught the kid. He HAD to have taught him that escape to the same hold that Wright used to choke out Martinez a while back.

GM: Smart move by the challenger to find a counter for the one hold he knew would likely take him out here tonight because it DID take him out before!

[While the announcers were discussing the counter, Martinez was kneeling on the mat, wincing in pain as he shakes out the arm that Wright just attacked. Martinez climbs off the mat to his feet, still hanging onto his arm as he pulls Wright up with one arm...

...but Wright hooks the wrist, yanking the arm straight as he swings his leg up, driving his heel repeatedly into the shoulder!]

GM: Look at that! Wright caught him coming in and he's going right back after the shoulder!

[Pushing up, Wright hooks the arm under his armpit, trying to drive Martinez down into a Fujiwara armbar!]

GM: Wright with the armbar attempt! Martinez is fighting it!

[The camera cuts to Jeff Matthews in the crowd, watching with an arched eyebrow.]

GM: The trademark hold of that man, the Hall of Famer Jeff "Madfox" Matthews, is on Supreme Wright's mind right now, trying to get him down on his stomach where he can crank back on that limb.

[The shot cuts back to the ring where Martinez is holding his ground so far, refusing to be taken down.]

BW: And as many times as Matthews and Alex Martinez met inside that squared circle, you'd have to think that maybe the old man taught his kid a few things about this hold.

[With Martinez still fighting it, Wright spins out, hanging onto the wrist. He drives his elbow down into the shoulder a half dozen times before swinging a kick up into the arm a half dozen times...

...and then turning his back to Martinez, he uses the leverage to JERK the arm down onto his shoulder!]

GM: OHHH! OVER-THE-SHOULDER ARMBREAKER!!

[Martinez collapses to the mat, clutching his shoulder and rolling back and forth in pain as Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor shout encouragement from out on the floor. Wright turns to them, pointing to their fallen friend, inviting them into the ring to potentially join him.]

GM: Wright's challenging Lynch and O'Connor too!

BW: He's so confident right now, he wants a handicap match!

GM: That might be his undoing, Bucky. He has no respect for Ryan Martinez but by the time this night is over, he just might.

[The challenger is crawling towards the ropes, trying to create some distance as Wright continues to confidently walk around the ring, his Team Supreme students cheering him on.]

GM: Wright's taking his time following up on that armbreaker.

BW: Sometimes you can get away with it. Sometimes you want a guy to sit there and realize how much pain he is in. Martinez might be wishing he'd never took this match. He might be wishing he'd never got out of that team with Gunnar Gaines. He might be wishing he never left Japan. He might be wishing he'd never got into this business at all and became a hot-headed accountant or something.

[The AWA's White Knight drags himself under the ropes, pulling himself out to the floor. The World Champion closes in before Johnny Jagger steps in, forcing him to step back...

...which allows Matt Lance to step in, grabbing Martinez by the wrist, and SLAMS the arm down on the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The ref saw it! The referee saw it!

[An irate Johnny Jagger slides out to the floor, checking on Martinez who has slumped to a knee and is being checked on by Bobby O'Connor who races into view...]

GM: Jagger's asking Martinez if he's okay.

BW: That might be a disqualification right there, Gordo.

GM: It certainly could be. That's at the discretion of the AWA's Senior Official and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Bobby O'Connor charges Matt Lance, lowering his shoulder, and DRIVING him back into the steel steps!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[O'Connor is pounding Lance as Alex Martin charges in, trying to pull him off his ally. Johnny Jagger finishes conversing with Martinez before moving over to Phil Watson who listens for a few moments.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... in the interest of seeing a clear winner to this championship Main Event, referee Johnny Jagger has EJECTED BOTH MEN'S CORNERMEN FROM RINGSIDE!

[There is quite the tantrum from Team Supreme's corner as Jack Lynch drags O'Connor away from Matt Lance and Alex Martin.]

GM: Wow! Everyone's ejected from ringside! All of Team Supreme! All of Wright's training partners! Bobby O'Connor and Jack Lynch are gone as well!

[With much hot debate going on, more officials and referees hit the ringside area to help in getting everyone away from ringside. Wright appears nonplussed, staring at the official, hands on his hips, and just shakes his head in slight disapproval.]

BW: A big decision made by Johnny Jagger and honestly, I can't say that I blame him after that Bobby No Honor decided to attack two Team Supreme members for no reason!

GM: For no reas... give me a break, Bucky! Team Supreme started it when Matt Lance assaulted Ryan Martinez! Thank the stars they're getting them out of here!

BW: But the question now becomes - how does that affect both of these men? Both men had people in their corners. Was Wright relying on ringside guidance from Dick Sullivan or Kolya Sudakov or the like? Was Martinez counting on the TexMo Connection to watch his back?

[As the officials get both men's cornermen back up the aisle, both sides still protesting the situation as Wright decides to go out to the floor, pursuing the challenger.]

GM: Supreme Wright's heading out there after the AWA's White Knight, dropping down to the floor.

[The World Champion approaches Martinez who is leaning against the ring apron, trying to recover, spinning him around and blasting him with an uppercut. He grabs Martinez by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and FIRES him backfirst into the steel barricade!]

GM: OHHH!

[Wright again approaches slowly, grabbing the arm, dragging him off the railing. He pulls him towards the ring, rolling him back under the ropes.]

GM: The World Champion puts his challenger back in as we pass the twenty minute mark in this one.

[The champion pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes...

...where Martinez surges up, hooking Wright's head, dragging him down into an inside cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Wright slips out at two, scrambling to his feet long before Martinez can get there...

...and SLAMS a brutal elbow strike into the temple of the rising challenger, knocking him back down to the canvas, his arms flung out to his sides!]

GM: Wow! What a shot from the World Heavyweight Champion!

BW: Martinez might be out after that, Gordo.

GM: I highly doubt that but it was one heck of a brutal blow to the skull.

[Wright drags the challenger off the mat, twisting the injured arm around. He pauses, slamming the point of his elbow down into the shoulder a few times before hammerlocking the arm...

...and using that grip to HURL Martinez shoulderfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Right back to work on the arm and shoulder of the AWA's White Knight!

[Martinez winces as he leans back against the buckles, clutching his shoulder in pain as Wright steps in, grabbing the top rope, throwing a series of rounding kicks into the ribcage!]

GM: Those kicks are straight out of the playbook of the former AWA National Champion, Kolya Sudakov, Bucky!

BW: They sure are! Both of these guys are showing how much they learned - how much they adapted their game for this big showdown here in the Garden, daddy.

[With the referee warning him off, Wright grabs the arm, whipping Martinez across again...

...and barrels across after him, looking for the running European uppercut!]

GM: HERE HE COMES!

[But with his left arm stretched out on the top rope, Martinez gives a desperate pull, yanking himself clear as Wright runs full steam chestfirst into the turnbuckles to a big cheer!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Stepping behind the dazed champion, Martinez stands back-to-back as he lifts his arms, hooking them under Wright's, dropping to his knees and dragging the World Champion into a backslide!]

GM: BACKSLIDE BY THE CHALLENGER! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Wright suddenly kicks out, breaking the pin attempt to an "OHHHHH!" from the sold-out New York City crowd!]

GM: Martinez almost got him! The challenger has come very close on a couple of occasions now with those pinning cradles.

BW: Wright needs to be aware of them now. He needs to know that they might be coming. Coming into this match, many believed that if Martinez was going to win the title, he'd HAVE to use the Brainbuster or the Knight's End while Wright's got all the weapons in the world to finish off an opponent. Martinez is showing that he's brought more to this fight than many anticipated.

[Again, both men try to scramble up but Wright is there first, landing a thunderous roundhouse kick to the chest of the kneeling Martinez, knocking him back down to the mat. Wright looks a bit irritated as he grabs Martinez by the foot, yanking him away from the ropes.]

GM: What a match this has been so far as- oh! Knee drop to the shoulder joint!

[Wright drops a second knee... and a third on the same spot, leaving Martinez wincing in pain on the mat. The champion gets up, throwing the arm back down on the mat...

...and suddenly leaps up, lashing out with a double stomp on the extended hand, causing Martinez to howl in pain!]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: A double stomp on the fingers?!

GM: We've seen double stomps to the head... to the stomach over the years... but I don't believe I've ever seen one to the hand like that! That's a deliberate attempt to break the fingers of Ryan Martinez!

[Wright leans down, yanking the arm up, locking his fingers in a knucklelock and pushes back on the wrist, again causing Martinez to cry out as he grabs at his arm, trying to force it back.]

GM: Wright's going after the wrist... the hand... the forearm. He's not going to be satisfied until he breaks Martinez' arm in some fashion here tonight, fans.

BW: You're wrong, Gordo. He'll be satisfied when he walks out with the World Heavyweight Title. If he breaks the arm, great... the dumb kid had it coming. If he doesn't, oh well... at least he's still the best professional athlete on the planet today.

[Using the knucklelock, Wright pushes the arm back, planting the hand against the mat, bending the arm back...

...and then straightens up, stomping the elbow to cause Martinez' entire arm to fill with pain. The challenger rolls to the side, pulling the arm underneath him.]

GM: Martinez is trying to protect his arm.

BW: Good luck with that. Wright's like a shark that smells blood inside the ring right now.

[Wright yanks the arm free from under Martinez, pulling it into a straddle armbar as he kneels down on the mat, a leg on each side of the prone challenger.]

GM: And right back to the armbar, a different variation of it this time.

BW: The champ knows a million of 'em, Gordo. He truly is the man of a million holds.

GM: Sounds like a t-shirt.

[Wright wrenches back on the arm, delivering a very calm “ask him” to the official who kneels down to check on a defiant Martinez who shakes his head.]

GM: The challenger refusing to quit. You talk about Wright being satisfied with winning the match without breaking the arm. I think he might HAVE to break the arm to beat Martinez here tonight. I spoke to this kid earlier tonight, Bucky... he is determined to walk out of here as the World Champion.

BW: Determination is one thing. The ability to do it is another entirely. You’re talking about winning the World Title from the BEST PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER ON THE PLANET! For one year now, Supreme Wright has stood head and shoulders above the rest. The one time he lost the title? It took a company-wide conspiracy and a crooked referee to get it off his waist. You think a dumb kid who has had a silver spoon in his mouth since he came out the womb is going to do it?

[Martinez pushes off the mat with his good arm, getting to all fours as Wright hangs onto the injured limb, twisting it hard. The challenger again refuses to give up, a fact the referee informs the champion of as Martinez sets his knees underneath him...]

GM: He’s trying to escape! He’s trying to-

BW: HE’S GETTING UP!

[The crowd roars as Martinez clenches his teeth, pushing hard with just his leg strength to help him...

...and SLOWLY... GETS... UP!]

GM: WRIGHT’S ON HIS BACK! WRIGHT’S ON-

[The challenger falls back, SMASHING the champion into the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MARTINEZ CRUSHES WRIGHT UNDERNEATH HIM! WHAT A DISPLAY OF HEART FROM THIS 24 YEAR OLD KID WITH THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD ON HIS SHOULDERS TONIGHT!

[Martinez pushes up to a seated position, shoving himself away from the downed Wright, again shaking out the injured arm.]

GM: But the challenger is unable to try and take advantage of that big counter, still having trouble with his arm.

BW: And the World Champion gets right back up. The counter surprised him but it didn’t do much to hurt him, Gordo. He’s just completely overmatching Martinez at this point of the contest.

[Wright slowly approaches Martinez who is using the ropes, dragging himself off the mat to get up before the champion gets there...

...and catches him coming in with a boot to the gut!]

GM: Martinez goes downstairs on him!

[He throws a second kick, backing Wright up a step or two.]

GM: Again to the midsection.

[Martinez shakes out his arm as he pushes off the ropes, grabbing the arm of Wright...]

GM: Irish whi- OHH!

[The crowd groans along with Gordo as Wright slams on the breaks, looking like he's going to reverse the whip...

...but instead executes a lightning-quick armtwist, yanking hard on the arm and sending Martinez back down to the canvas, wincing in pain as he cradles his sore limb.]

GM: Down goes the challenger again!

BW: Wright's showing the world - and the locker room - that you don't have to dive over the top rope... you don't have to club someone with a steel chair... you don't have to have a triple leaping sitout pumphandle powerbomb to be the best. You can grab an arm and twist and bend and torque and pull and yank and rip it plain off a man's body to be the best in the world, daddy.

[Martinez is again attempting to crawl away from the World Champion who slowly stalks in pursuit, sizing up his victim for his next assault. He allows Martinez to get to the ropes, using them to drag himself off the mat before Wright turns him around, blasting him with a European uppercut that snaps his head back.]

BW: Oh! And I love that right there, Gordo. He let his opponent expend precious energy crawling across the ring... he lets him tire himself out dragging himself to his feet... and then he's right there to lower the boom on him before he can take a breath to recover. So smart, such a great mind for strategy.

[Two more uppercuts land, snapping the head back before Wright grabs the arm, whipping him across...]

GM: Martinez hits the far ropes, coming back...

[...but Martinez comes back desperate to buy himself some recovery time, throwing himself into the air with a crossbody!]

GM: Crossbody! ONE!! TWO!!

[Wright rolls the challenger off him easily, scampering back to his feet, coming in fast on Martinez with a forearm cocked back...

...but the challenger drops his head, falling back against the ropes as he sends Wright UP AND OVER THE TOP!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: A COUNTER! A BIG TIME COUNTER BY THE CHALLENGER TO SAVE HIMSELF!

[Martinez is hanging onto the rope with his good arm, breathing heavily as Wright hits the barely-padded floor very hard. The MSG crowd is roaring for the desperation countermove.]

GM: And that’s it! This is the moment for Ryan Martinez to buy himself some recovery time and find a way to get back into this match!

BW: The backdrop will buy him some time but he needs to find a way to get himself back on track. It’s desperation time for the challenger right now if you ask him, Gordo.

GM: I absolutely agree. If Ryan Martinez has something hidden up his sleeve, now would be the time to show it off!

[Apparently, the AWA’s White Knight agrees as he pulls himself to his feet, using the top rope to drag himself along the length of the ropes, reaching the corner...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: This is NOT what I had in mind, Gordo!

GM: Me neither!

[The crowd is buzzing as Martinez plants a foot on the bottom rope, nodding his head wearily as he steps up, putting his foot on the middle rope...]

GM: Ryan Martinez is climbing the ropes! Ryan Martinez is heading for the top rope!

BW: And there’s a reason they call it high risk offense, Gordo. If Martinez goes for something up there... something we’ve NEVER seen him do before... and misses?! That’ll be the opening line in the article about his failure to win the title in Pro Wrestling This Week tomorrow morning!

GM: Martinez on the second rope, leaning over, steadying himself as he waits for Supreme Wright to get off the ground at ringside.

[And without anyone from Team Supreme to warn the World Champion, Wright slowly climbs up off the floor, staggering in a circle...

...where Ryan Martinez steps up top, the crowd ROARING as he hurls himself off the top rope in what might be the world's most awkward-looking plancha attempt!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A DIVE FROM THE TOP BY THE CHALLENGER!

BW: It wasn't the prettiest thing in the world I've ever seen but it sure was effective! He wiped out the World Champion with it who NEVER saw it coming! And for someone as well-studied as Wright, that's a heck of an accomplishment, Gordo!

GM: Wright wasn't ready for it! Like we said, Martinez has never done it before to the best of my recollection and sometimes, in a big match like this, it takes doing something that no one's ever seen before to win the thing!

[Both men are down on the floor as the AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger steps over to the ropes, raising both arms with a "ONE!"]

GM: And now the question becomes can these two men - both champion and challenger - get back into the ring before Johnny Jagger counts to ten?

BW: Wright should stay down, Gordo.

GM: WHAT?!

BW: I'm telling you right now... something's not right about this Martinez kid. It's in the genes. He should stay down, take the countout, and walk out with the World Title.

GM: I can't believe you're suggesting such a thing!

BW: I can't believe you're NOT suggesting it! You've been around this business long enough to know when a title is in jeopardy and when you're facing someone crazy enough to make their first dive IN THEIR LIFE happen in the biggest match of their lives, you know the title is in jeopardy!

GM: Are you saying Supreme Wright can't win this match still?

BW: Hell no, I'm not! In fact, if Wright gets back into the ring, I'll still lay you odds that he walks out with the World Title but it's not a one hundred percent certainty when you've got someone like Martinez in there against you. Take the countout and make it certain. That's the advice I'd give Wright if he were my client.

GM: Well, thankfully that's not the case but as the referee's count hits five, it looks like both men are still not moving out on the floor.

[But as the count hits six, Martinez shoves himself with one arm to his knees, nodding at the roaring crowd as he gets to his feet...

...but as he starts towards the ring, he realizes that he needs more than himself back inside the ring!]

GM: Martinez was on his way back in when he realized he needs Wright back in as well - the title can NOT change hands on a countout!

[Shaking his head, Martinez turns back to Wright, grabbing him with the healthy arm, dragging him up to a knee...

...where Wright slams a palm strike into Martinez' shoulder, jolting his body, forcing him down to a knee as Wright gets up, lunging under the ropes into the squared circle!]

GM: Wright's in!

BW: COUNT! COUNT!

[The count hits eight as Martinez staggers off the mat, wobbling towards the ring as Jagger counts "NINE!"]

GM: MARTINEZ DIVES IN AT NINE!

[A quick camera cut to Wright shows a flash of disappointment before a stoic expression takes over.]

GM: Was Supreme Wright TRYING to win by countout?!

BW: It sure looked that way, Gordo!

GM: Perhaps the World Champion is sensing the same thing that you are, Bucky - the World Title is in SERIOUS jeopardy here tonight!

"THIRTY MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! THIRTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: You can hear the call - we're halfway through the time limit of this World Title showdown!

[Martinez pushes himself off the mat just as Wright comes for him, again going to the body with a series of roundhouse kicks, forcing him back against the ropes.]

GM: The champion going right back after him... trying to keep up the attack after that hard fall to the floor...

[Wright yanks Martinez from the ropes by the hair, saying something to him off-mic before he ducks down, lifting him up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: He's got him up! He's got him up!

BW: FAT TUESDAY!

[Wright steps away from the ropes, looking out at the jeering crowd as he prepares to deliver what could be a match-ending blow. He gets a few steps of momentum behind him...

...and leans back a bit too far, allowing Martinez to drag him down into a crucifix!]

GM: CRUCIFIX ROLLUP!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: AGAIN! AGAIN, RYAN MARTINEZ IS A HALF COUNT AWAY FROM THE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE!

[Both men scramble, trying to get up before the other. This time, Martinez gets a second wind, surging up to his feet...

...and THROWS a big left handed clothesline, catching Wright flush, knocking him down to his back with his legs up in the air. Martinez grabs a leg, yanking on it to roll Wright back to his feet...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and THROWS himself at the World Champion with a DESTRUCTIVE clothesline with his injured arm, absolutely destroying Wright with it, knocking him flat!]

GM: RIGHT-ARMED CLOTHESLINE!! RIGHT-ARMED CLOTHESLINE!!!

[Martinez cries out, grabbing his limb as he throws himself over the prone champion!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The shoulder comes flying up, earning a roar of disappointment from the crowd as Martinez pushes up to his knees...

...and Wright swings his legs around, forming a figure four around the head and neck of the challenger, hooking the injured arm in the process!]

BW: TRIANGLE CHOKE!

[The crowd EXPLODES in shock at the surprise submission as Wright cinches in the hold, pulling on the arm as he tries to wrench Martinez' head and neck, driving him into unconsciousness!]

GM: He's got it locked in deep! Martinez didn't see it coming!

BW: You've gotta be ready for anything at anytime when facing the World Champion, Gordo! Martinez thought he was safe because Wright had JUST kicked out and the champion proved him wrong!

[Martinez strains against the hold, trying to pull his injured arm free while using his free arm to try and push the legs apart and give himself LITERAL breathing room!]

GM: Can he do it? Can the challenger escape yet another dangerous submission hold applied by perhaps the greatest ring technician in the world today?

[Martinez again slips his legs underneath him, reaching across the legs, actually allowing the hold to get tighter as the challenger grabs his bad arm's wrist with his good arm's hand...

...and with a determined look in his eyes, he starts to lift!]

GM: ARE YOU... YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!

[The crowd is ROARING as Martinez powers Wright up into the air, holding him high...

...and pivots his body, THROWING Wright bodily into the corner with a turnbuckle powerbomb!]

BW: OHHHHHH!

GM: BIG TIME COUNTER BY THE CHALLENGER!

[Martinez swiftly acts, grabbing Wright by the arm, whipping him across with one arm...

...and barrels in after him!]

BW: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUUUZAAAAAA!

[The big running boot snaps Wright's head back, staggering him as Martinez yanks him from the corner, pulling him into a front facelock with his injured arm, intentionally positioning Wright so that the good arm has to do all the work. He slings the arm over his neck, the sold-out crowd losing their mind as Martinez sets up to win the World Title, hoisting his rival up into the air...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[But Wright is able to shift his weight in mid-lift, breaking free from the grip and landing on his feet behind the challenger...

...diving forward, wrapping his arms around the head and neck!]

GM: CHOKE! HE'S TRYING AGAIN!

BW: Martinez countered it earlier!

[And the challenger attempts to counter again, tucking his chin...

...which the World Champion is ready for this time, giving up on the choke to hook his hands together...]

GM: What the...?!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DUMPS Martinez on top of his head with a rear naked choke suplex!]

GM: GOOD GOD! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Wright scrambles to all fours, crawling across the ring, diving into a pin attempt.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP!! MY GOD, MARTINEZ GOT A SHOULDER UP!!

[Wright falls back out of the cover, staring in disbelief at the official who leaps up, holding up two fingers at first and then showing how close the pin was by holding those fingers really close together.]

GM: That's how close he came! That's how close the World Champion came to finishing off his toughest challenge to date so far!

[The World Champion is shaking his head as he climbs up off the mat, leaning down to drag Martinez up with him...

...and yanks him into a front facelock of his own!]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me!

BW: We've seen this before, Gordo!

GM: We certainly have and after spending time with "Dirty" Dick Sullivan, the master of the Brainbuster, in his training camp, I'm sure Wright has gotten ever better at this!

[Wright nods at the jeering crowd, grabbing hold of a handful of trunks for leverage as he goes to lift the challenger into the air...

...but Martinez charges forward, slamming the World Champion back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: MARTINEZ BLOCKS IT!

[With Wright's arms draped over the top rope to stay on his feet, Martinez steps back, squaring up...]

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez looks out at the sold-out crowd, nodding his head at the fans.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – "

[After the second chop, Martinez recoils in pain, grabbing at his right shoulder, staggering away...]

GM: Oh! The shoulder gave out! He went for the chops but-

[And as the challenger turns back towards Wright...]

GM: HIGH KICK!

[A mirror image of the most lethal high kick currently in the business, Supreme Wright proves he learned QUITE well from the Russian War Machine, catching Martinez flush on the temple, knocking him flat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wright dives atop Martinez, not bothering to hook a leg or maybe too tired to as Johnny Jagger drops down.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Martinez' left shoulder comes FLYING off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: He couldn't get him! The high kick was devastating but it wasn't enough to keep him down for a three count!

[Wright slings a leg over Martinez' torso, taking the MMA-style mount, and raining down twelve-to-six elbows to the skull of the challenger, blasting a wide open Martinez time and time again!]

GM: Wright's opening up on the challenger - elbow after elbow to the skull!

BW: Again, these elbows are totally illegal in the world of Mixed Martial Arts but here in the AWA, they're fair game!

[The referee steps in, forcing Wright to break off his attack...

...which allows the big screen to fill with the face of Ryan Martinez, a stream of blood now coming from his forehead!]

GM: Uh oh! The challenger's been busted open!

BW: This canvas is already covered in crimson from the last match. If Martinez hits a gusher here, we're not going to be able to see the mat underneath all the blood!

GM: Nice. What a pleasant description that was.

BW: I got a way with my words, Gordo.

GM: You certainly do.

[Wright shoves past the official, dragging Martinez to a kneeling position on the canvas where he again rains down those same overhead elbows, making the cut spread with every landed blow, the blood steadily streaming down his forehead now.]

GM: The referee steps in again, forcing Wright back...

BW: He's checking to see if Martinez can continue, Gordo. That's a bad cut on his head and it's running right into his eyes. Blood-stung eyes are painful and can be very dangerous in a wrestling match because you might not be able to defend yourself against something flying right at your skull.

GM: The referee is checking the forehead, looking to see if Martinez can-

[Wright's seen enough to determine that Martinez WILL continue, shoving the official aside as he yanks the bloody challenger off the mat, whipping him across the ring into the turnbuckles, barreling in after him...]

GM: OHHH! RUNNING UPPERCUT IN THE CORNER!!

[The champion drops back, hooking Martinez around the torso, spinning around with his back to the buckles...

...and HURLS the bloody challenger up and over, throwing him into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BELLY TO BELLY INTO THE CORNER!!

[The crowd groans as Wright drags Martinez away from the turnbuckles, lunging into another cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The NYC fans ERUPT at the sight of Martinez firing his left shoulder off the canvas again!]

BW: You've gotta be kidding me!

GM: Ryan Martinez with the heart and determination that his legendary father passed on to him... that his best friend Eric Preston helped him

develop... that his training camp, filled with allies like Bobby O'Connor, Jack Lynch, Supernova, Sultan Azam Sharif, and so many others helped him hone for this moment... he kicks out in time and Supreme Wright looks to be in shock!

[Wright grabs Martinez by the hair, tugging him off the mat...

...and EATS a forearm smash to the cheek!]

GM: Ohh! Martinez fires back!

[The World Champion angrily throws a forearm of his own!]

GM: Big shot in response!

[The two battered and weary competitors stand in the center of the ring, trading forearms back and forth as the crowd roars, coming to their feet as Martinez hits another... and another...

...but Wright comes back with a trio of blows, each one snapping the head of the challenger back!]

GM: Wright's coming back!

[Wright hooks a Muay Thai clinch, holding his hands behind the neck of Martinez, swinging him around with ease.]

GM: Sudakov's influence strikes again as-

[Wright tees off on the challenger, throwing a European uppercut with his left arm... then his right... then his left... then his right, snapping the bloodied face of Martinez back as he staggers back...

...and Wright goes into a full spin, throwing a discus European uppercut that BLASTS Martinez off his feet, knocking him down to the mat where Wright dives across!]

GM: ONE!

[The crowd EXPLODES AS MARTINEZ KICKS OUT!]

BW: WHAT?! WHAT?!

GM: HE KICKED OUT AT ONE!

[Martinez surges to his feet, looking down at Wright whose eyes have bugged out of his head, sliding back on his butt away from the AWA's White Knight who points down at Wright.]

BW: WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE, GORDO?!

[The World Champion pops up, throwing a forearm smash that Martinez absorbs like it's nothing. He responds with a series of short left elbows to the jaw, rocking the World Champion, sending him staggering back...

...and Martinez caps it off with a spinning backfist with his left hand that drops Wright like a rock!]

GM: MARTINEZ COVERS!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY GOD, I THOUGHT HE HAD HIM! I THOUGHT HE HAD HIM RIGHT THERE!

[Martinez rolls off, burying his bloody face in his hands. He pounds his fists into the mat a few times before climbing back to his feet, yanking Wright off the mat.]

GM: The challenger with a second wind perhaps! Headbutt!

[The crowd groans as Martinez throws a series of stiff headbutts, staggering himself as well as Wright, sending Wright falling back into the turnbuckles, facing away from the ring. The challenger steps in behind him, ducking his head down to hoist the champion up into an electric chair lift!]

GM: He's got him up!

BW: We've seen Martinez use a few different things from this position! What's it gonna be this time?! What's it-

[Wright hangs onto the top rope, keeping Martinez from doing whatever it is that he planned on doing...

...and then gives the top rope a shove, flinging himself backwards, hanging over the shoulders of Martinez!]

BW: INVERTED TRIANGLE CHOKE! THIS IS HOW HE CHOKED OUT THE OLD MAN! THIS IS HOW HE CHOKED OUT ALEX MARTINEZ!

[Wright grits his teeth as Martinez falls to the canvas, still trapped in the hold. The World Champion takes aim, slamming the point of his elbow down at the head trapped between his legs over and over and over again as the referee ducks down, trying to make sure that Martinez is still able to continue!]

BW: THIS MIGHT BE IT!

[Blood is pouring down the face of the World Champion, running down his neck onto his chest as Wright relentlessly slams the elbow down into the cut, trying to force his opponent into unconsciousness...]

GM: The referee's right there, looking closely... you're right, Bucky... this MIGHT be it!

[The referee is right up there, screaming at Martinez, begging to know if he wants to give it up. The barely-conscious Martinez refuses, shouting "NOOOO!", blood spraying away from his lips as he screams.]

GM: The blood loss. This submission hold. Almost forty minutes of action. Is it enough to end the night... the match... the dream for Ryan Martinez?!

[With a shout, Martinez suddenly rolls to his side, putting Wright down on his stomach, the hold still applied until Martinez yanks his head free to a big reaction...

...and swiftly ties up the legs, wrapping his own leg around them!]

GM: STF! MARTINEZ WITH THE STF OUT OF NOWHERE!

[The crowd ROARS as the bloodied Martinez wraps his right arm around the face of Wright, cranking back with a shout!]

GM: MARTINEZ TRYING TO FORCE A SUBMISSION OUT OF THE CHAMPION!

[Wright defiantly refuses to submit...

...and Martinez abruptly breaks the hold, clutching his right arm that he was attempting to use to crossface the World Champion!]

GM: He couldn't hang on! The arm has taken just too much punishment at this point of the matchup!

BW: Like you said, Gordo, we've passed the forty minute mark and in the corner of your eye, you've got to start looking at that sixty minute time limit hanging over these men like an executioner's axe!

GM: Neither man wants a time limit draw, Bucky.

BW: Wright might take what he can get to save the title at this point, Gordo! Ryan Martinez is proving to be a much tougher test for the champion than I thought - and than I believe Supreme Wright thought!

[Martinez pushes up off the mat, blood now starting to stain the white tights he wore to the ring. He gives another shout, leaning down to grab the downed Wright in a waistlock...

...and hoists him up to his feet in a shocking show of strength considering the injury to the right arm!]

GM: Wow! He got him up!

[But Martinez recoils, grabbing the arm in pain, allowing Wright to spin him around, lifting him into a fireman's carry...]

GM: WRIGHT'S GOT HIM UP!

[...and throwing him up and over, dropping him across his bent knees as he falls to his back!]

GM: FAT TUESDAY! FAT TUESDAY BY THE CHAMP!

[The blow sends Martinez rolling off the raised knees to his back...

...where he keeps on rolling, right under the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Oh! Martinez rolls out!

BW: And I gotta say it, that's a brilliant move by the challenger, Gordo! He knew he was in trouble! Supreme Wright's finished off many an opponent with Fat Tuesday and he was looking to finish off another one right there but Martinez knew where he was in the ring and took advantage of it, getting right out to the floor.

GM: Wright's frustrated at that! Look at the expression on his face... he thought he had it won right there.

[Wright is kneeling on the mat, hands on his hips as the challenger lays out on the floor, the crowd buzzing with concern for him.]

GM: The champion climbing to his feet...

[The World Champion pauses, watching Johnny Jagger starting his ten count.]

BW: And this is where Wright needs to make a decision. Does he ride the momentum, go out and get Martinez, and put this dumb kid's dreams to rest once and for all? Or does he stand there in the ring, maybe get a countout win to keep the title, but probably end up in another battle with him at some point?

GM: The moment of truth for the World Champion, considering his options...

[Wright stares down at the bloodied Martinez who has pushed up to all fours...

...and steps out to the apron, dropping off with a clubbing forearm across the back of the head and neck, putting him back on his stomach on the ringside mats.]

GM: Wright's going out after him...

[The champion doesn't hesitate to lift Martinez off the floor, shoving him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Wright puts him back in and-

[As he starts to move back in himself, Martinez lashes out with a boot, catching him flush in the nose!]

GM: OH!

[The champion staggers back, reaching up to his nose as he drops to a knee. He shakes his head, trying to get off the floor as Martinez pushes up off the mat...

...and throws himself into a three-step baseball slide, kicking Wright in the chest and knocking him down on the floor!]

GM: Goodness! Martinez caught him good there, trying to buy himself some recovery time!

[The bloodied challenger crawls back to the middle of the ring, still working his way across, crimson dripping off his forehead and torso onto the canvas, making an already red canvas that much redder. Out on the floor, the World Champion is staring up at the counting official, nodding as he gets to his feet.]

GM: Wright's back up, trying to get back in to continue the fight now...

[Martinez reaches the ropes, using his healthy arm to drag himself off the canvas, leaning back against the ropes as Wright approaches the ring, reaching up and grabbing the middle rope, dragging himself up on the ring apron...

...and then breaks into a sprint, charging towards Wright who is up on the ring apron...]

GM: MARTINEZ!

[He swings his right leg up, catching Supreme Wright flush under the chin with the Yakuza Kick - a blow that sends an unsuspecting Wright flying backwards off the apron, sailing through the air...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and THROUGH THE RINGSIDE ANNOUNCE TABLE, SENDING SPANISH ANNOUNCERS RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES!]

GM: HOLY-

BW: THROUGH THE TABLE!! HE WENT THROUGH THE TABLE!

[The camera shot quickly cuts to Wright lying in the wreckage of the Spanish announce table. The table was obviously unprepared for such a vicious assault as its contents now are lying on top of Wright - a pair of video monitors, an iPad that is sure to be getting liquid damage from the beverage

cups that have spilled onto it, a few notepads filled with notes on the night's action... and of course, splintered wood.

We have witnessed the first man going through a table in AWA history...

...and predictably, the New York City crowd is going out of their flamin' minds.]

"HO-LY SH-"

[The chant is censored of course. But you get the idea as it rings out several times, the end being muted each time.]

"HO-LY SH-"

"HO-LY SH-"

"HO-LY SH-"

"HO-LY SH-"

"HO-LY SH-"

[The chant continues to echo as we cut to the ring where a shocked Ryan Martinez is pleading with Johnny Jagger, interrupting the count over and over again!]

GM: I don't think Martinez intended to do that!

BW: I think you're right about that. He looks just as shocked as the rest of us! Supreme Wright went flying off- let's take another look!

[We cut to a slow motion replay, showing Martinez storming across the ring, blood dripping off his head and torso, swinging his leg up at the last moment to catch the World Champion RIGHT on the chin with a Yakuza Kick, sending him sailing backwards off the apron, floating through the air...

...and SHATTERING the wooden table underneath him, the Spanish announcers bailing out to the sides as the impact occurs. Inside the building, we can hear the "OHHHH!" from the fans as the video wall presumably shows the same replay.]

GM: Wow.

BW: You can say that again, Gordo... and it's only the repeated efforts of Ryan Martinez to stop the ten count that saved this match from ending in a countout right there.

GM: You're absolutely right about that.

[Martinez drops to his knees, rolling out to the floor. He drags Wright out of the wreckage of the table, pulling him towards the ring where he chucks him under the bottom rope. The AWA's White Knight shoves himself back in, crawling into a pin attempt!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Unbelievable! Absolutely unbelievable!

[An exhausted and blood loss-weakened Martinez rolls off Wright to his back, his chest heaving towards the ceiling of Madison Square Garden as the crowd roars in tribute for both of the competitors - both men who've put their bodies on the line to try to walk out with the greatest prize in our sport - the AWA World Heavyweight Championship.]

GM: Both men are barely able to move! Both men are running on sheer instinct at this point of the matchup!

[Martinez sits up on the mat, running his hands over his bloody face, putting even more crimson into his hair as he climbs to his feet, shaking his head as he leans down to pull a motionless Wright off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: He's going for it! He's going for the Brainbuster again!

BW: And this time, I don't know if Wright can defend himself!

[Martinez slings Wright's limp arm over his neck, looking out at the roaring crowd which has collectively climbed to their feet, sensing a title change mere moments away...]

GM: He's ready! He's set! He's on the verge of triumph!

[...but Wright is like the villain in a horror movie, never finished when you expect him to be so, spinning out of the Brainbuster setup, hands locked on the wrist, twisting the right arm around.]

GM: What's he...?!

[He holds the right wrist of Martinez with his left hand, slipping his right arm in behind the neck of the blood-soaked challenger!]

GM: COBRA CLUTCH CROSSFACE!

BW: THERE AIN'T NO COMIN' BACK FROM THAT! IF HE LOCKS IT IN, IT'S OVER, DADDY! IT'S OVER!

[Martinez plants his feet, extending his left arm, trying to prevent Wright from forcing him down onto his stomach where he'll have no chance to escape...]

GM: He's fighting it! He knows that if this gets locked in, it's over, Bucky!

BW: If he's been training with Preston and Michaelson, he DEFINITELY knows that! They would've taught him that much for sure!

GM: Can he stay out of it?! Can he fight off the hold that would certainly spell another victory for the greatest professional athlete in the world today?!

“FIFTEEN MINUTES REMAIN! FIFTEEN MINUTES!”

GM: Fifteen minutes to go in the time limit! We’re getting close to the end of this one - one way or another, Bucky!

BW: We sure are. And it might be right now!

[A desperate challenger slams his elbow back into the ribs once... twice... a third time...

...and grabbing the wrist with his free hand to prevent it from getting sunk in any deeper, spins into the hold, sinking his teeth into the nose of Supreme Wright!]

BW: AHHHHH!

GM: That’s one way to keep the hold from being applied!

[Wright instantly breaks the hold, falling back but Martinez still has a grip on the World Champion’s wrist...

...and YANKS him towards him, stepping into an impactful short-armed clothesline with his injured right arm that flips Wright backwards, dumping him on the back of his head! Martinez howls in pain as he falls to his knees, just throwing himself sideways into a sloppy pin attempt!]

GM: ONE!!

[And this time, it’s Wright’s turn to kick out at one, sending the crowd into a FRENZY as Martinez falls back to his knees, eyes wide as Supreme Wright climbs to his feet, glaring down at his blood-soaked challenger...

...and sticks out his chin, slapping himself across the face three times, pointing angrily at Martinez to get up!]

GM: Oh my god!

BW: Wright wants more! Wright’s not done with Martinez - not by a long shot!

[The bloodied challenger gets up off the mat, stumbling forward so that his crimson mask is pressed up against Wright’s forehead, the two men staring dead into each other’s eyes as they did some 45 minutes earlier.]

GM: We’ve got ourselves a staredown between two men whose bodies, souls, spirits, and minds absolutely REFUSE to lose!

[The two men are trading words from inches away - angry words if the expressions on their faces are any indication when Wright suddenly breaks away, slapping Martinez across the face with a staggering blow!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A SHOT!

[Martinez recoils, staggering back...

...and throws one of his own!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Back to the exchange of slaps! These are two men who do NOT like each other!

GM: I don't know how Wright's even standing after that kick... the fall through the table... the short-armed clothesline! The man is a machine!

BW: He's a machine who'll be DAMNED if someone's ripping that World Title from around his waist! Heaven help me for quoting Juan Vasquez but he said it best, Gordo - to beat Supreme Wright, Ryan Martinez can't just be at HIS best... he has to be better than THE best!

GM: Is he?! Does Martinez have enough on this night to be better than THE best in the world?!

[Another slap sends Martinez spinning away from Wright who ducks in, hoisting him up into a torture rack...]

GM: REIGN SUPREME! REIGN SUPREME!

[...but Martinez starts flailing, slamming his elbow down into the skull of Wright, forcing him to tip forward, allowing Martinez to slip out the back door, ducking down into an electric chair lift!]

GM: MARTINEZ GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT! HIM! UP!

[The challenger steps out to the middle of the ring, shoving Wright forward, catching him in a rear waistlock with his feet still off the mat...

...and DUMPS him back into a bridging German Suplex!]

GM: KNIGHT FALL! HE GOT HIM!

BW: NO, NO, NO!

[Johnny Jagger dives to the canvas...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: You’ve gotta be kidding me! How in the world...?!

BW: UNSTOPPABLE!

GM: Wright’s been through everything - he’s taken it all at the hands of his challenger and he just keeps on coming! He’s taken the Yakuza Kick... he’s taken clothesline after clothesline... he’s been sent through a table... and now he’s taken the Knight Fall!

BW: There’s only one thing left!

GM: And I don’t know if he can get him up for it, Bucky! I just don’t know if he can pull it off!

[Martinez pushes up to his feet, wiping the blood from his eyes as the roaring crowd cheers him on - urging him to go one step forward, to try the one move he knows for sure will put his opponent down for a three count.]

GM: The challenger pulls him up, into the front facelock...

[He slings Wright’s arm over his neck, looking out at the roaring crowd. He gives a single nod, going for the lift...]

GM: BRAINBUST-

[The crowd deflates as Martinez sets Wright back down on the mat, grabbing at his right elbow.]

GM: He couldn’t do it!

BW: Now’s the time!

[Wright wheels around, burying a boot into the midsection of Martinez, doubling him up...]

GM: Wright caught him downstairs!

[Grabbing a handful of bloody hair, Wright launches into a series of front kicks to the forehead...]

“WHAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAP!”

"WHAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAP!"

[Wright uses the same handful of hair to jerk a barely-conscious Martinez up to a standing position, ripping off his fingerless gloves...

...and goes into a full spin, throwing the mother of all spinning backfists, knocking the challenger flat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[But the World Champion doesn't even attempt a pin this time, determined to make SURE that his challenger is done before he goes for the win. He yanks a motionless Martinez off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

BW: What the-?!

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Wright's REALLY gonna finish him off!

[Wright leans down, wrapping his arms around the torso of his bloodied and determined challenger, looking to hoist him into a match-ending and potentially career-ending piledriver...]

GM: WRIGHT'S GOING FOR IT!

[...but Martinez feels it coming, dropping down to his knees, blocking the lift. Wright breaks his grip, slamming his arm repeatedly down on the back of the challenger!]

GM: Wright pounding away, pulls him back up...

[But as soon as he's standing, Martinez responds by shoving Wright back into the nearby corner, quickly stepping in, turning so that his body is squared up with left foot forward...]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

[The left-handed chops don't seem to have anywhere near the same impact but on a weary Wright, they are enough to keep him cornered as Martinez grabs the arm with his left hand, whipping him across with one hand.]

GM: One handed whip sends him across!

[Martinez throws himself back in the corner, his right arm hanging limply at his side as he storms across the ring, swinging his leg up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: YAAAAAAAKUUUUUUUZAAAAAAAAA!

[The bloodied challenger jerks a dazed Wright out of the corner, tugging him into a front facelock with the left arm, slinging the arm over his neck, grabbing a handful of shorts with the right hand...]

GM: HE LIFTS!

[Martinez doesn't pause... doesn't wait for the blood to flow into the brain... refusing to allow his arm time to give way...]

...and swiftly DROPS down to the mat, planting Wright skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: BRAAAAAAAAAINBUSSSSSTERRRRRRRRR!

[The AWA's White Knight flips over, diving across Wright, hooking a leg as the referee dives to the mat. The Madison Square Garden crowd is on their feet - have been for over a minute now, sensing the end is near - watching as Johnny Jagger lifts his arm in the air, slapping the canvas once...]

GM: ONE!!

[The Senior Official raises his hand again, bringing it down a second time.]

GM: TWO!!

[The arm comes up a third time, Martinez clinging desperately to the leg, trying to keep the World Champion down just long enough to get that treasured third slap of the hand on the blood-covered canvas. Jagger's arm seems to come down in slow motion, cutting through the air, cutting through a sea of popping flashes...]

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[An exhausted Martinez rolls off his foe to his knees, leaning over with his head in his hands as the New York City crowd EXPLODES in cheers for the victory!]

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! WE'VE GOT A NEW WORLD CHAMPION! WE'VE GOT A NEW WORLD CHAMPION, FANS!

[With the crowd ROARING in tribute for their fan favorite's triumph, Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, your winner of the match...

...and NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEW WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

RYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN

MAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRTIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIINEZZZZZZZ!!!

[Johnny Jagger raises Martinez' arm, pointing emphatically to him as he hands him the title belt. Martinez takes it softly, almost afraid to damage it as he stares into the gold plate that will soon have his name on it. A giant blood-streaked smile breaks through the crimson mask that is his face as he stares at his newly-won championship. He falls forward, planting his lips on the plate of the title belt in a long-awaited kiss.]

GM: My stars, what a match! What a war we just witnessed between these two men! It was one for the ages! They gave us everything they had - and then some - as both champion and challenger put it all on the line for the greatest prize in our sport!

[Martinez clings to the title belt, clutching it to his chest as he falls back to a seated position. The referee helps move Wright under the ropes to the floor as the bloodied NEW World Champion climbs to his feet, staggering towards the turnbuckles where he steps up on the second rope, shoving the title belt into the air with his left arm as his right dangles uselessly at his side...

...and blasts of pyro fill the air, blasting from the top of the entryway off the elevated stage. A shrill squeal fills the air as confetti begins to pour from the ceiling of Madison Square Garden - a red, white, and blue shower up on the new World Champion, holding his title belt high in the air!]

GM: This night just might go down in history as the greatest night in the history of our sport, fans! A night when the American Wrestling Alliance paid tribute to the past while staking their claim on the present and future as the greatest wrestling company on the planet! We've seen thrilling action, shocking surprises, moments that will live in our memories forever, and at the end of it all, we've seen a heartwarming triumph of the human spirit... of that fighting spirit and determination that you want out of every single man and woman who steps into that locker room.

[The confetti still rains down as the stage starts to fill with the fan favorites of the AWA - men like Jack and Travis Lynch, Bobby O'Connor, Dave Bryant, Cesar Hernandez, Sweet Daddy Williams, Supernova, Sultan Azam Sharif, Air Strike, and many, many more. All stand and applaud the new leader of the locker room. All stand and pay tribute to a man who they aspire to stand in his shoes someday.]

GM: What a moment for Ryan Martinez! What a moment for these fans in New York City! What a moment for the entire locker room! And most of all, what a moment for the entire AWA! The Wise Men are dead - the last of their kind being unceremoniously dumped on his head with the Brainbuster - and a new era has begun here tonight in Madison Square Garden!

[Martinez stays on the middle rope, pointing to the men on the locker room, pounding a fist on his heart. He points at them, applauding them as proudly as they're applauding him.]

GM: Ryan Martinez giving his thanks to each and every man who was there with him in the Combat Corner... giving his thanks to every single competitor who helped him get ready for this match - the biggest match of his life - and helped guide him to victory! He's giving...

[Suddenly, the crowd gathered on the ramp split - like the Red Sea parting for Moses - as the young lady who has affectionately become known as the Creepy Little Girl strides into view. She has what passes for a smile on her pale face, clapping softly as she stands at the top of the aisle, dressed much as we've seen her in every other appearance - the unadorned black church dress with nothing to separate her from any other child. On this night, she has one addition - a silver crucifix dangling from her neck to mid-chest.]

BW: What is she...?

GM: Oh God, no.

[Suddenly, the lights in Madison Square Garden cut out to black. The crowd is buzzing, waiting and watching in the darkness...

...when suddenly, one of the most infamous songs in the history of our sport breaks out over the PA system.]

BW: What in the...? Gordon, is that what I think...?

GM: It is. Hail Mary, full of grace... the Lord have mercy on us all, it is.

[The sounds of Carl Orff's rendition of "Carmina Burana: O Fortuna" fills the air, sending a DEAFENING ROAR through the Madison Square Garden crowd...

...which is nothing compared to what happens next.]

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

[A blaze of red and orange lights up the ring, filling the air with fire for a brief moment before the lights kick back in to reveal Ryan Martinez rolling around on the canvas, clutching at his now-burned face. His title belt rests a few feet away from him - newly-won but now fallen much as the champion who holds it is.

And standing over him?

The Devil himself. The King of the Death Match. Evil incarnate.]

GM: CALEB TEMPLE! CALEB TEMPLE IS HERE!

[Temple stands over the screaming Martinez, looking down on him as he has done so many times to his victim's father, a sickening grin twisted onto his face. The years have been hard on the King of the Death Match as his look implies an age far more than his 45 years - as does the mass of scar tissue covering his forehead.

He stands in black from head to toe - black jeans, black boots with three silver buckles, black fingerless gloves, and a black sleeveless t-shirt with a white cross over the heart. A bleached white fingerbone hangs around his neck on a black bootlace.

And he is enjoying this moment... a lot.

In the background, we see Bobby O'Connor bravely break away from his tag team partner's side, moving past his shell-shocked comrades, charging down the aisle.]

BW: What in the HELL is he doing here, Gordon?!

GM: I... the letters... the words of warning... the girl... they all led to this! Ryan Martinez ignored them! Ryan Martinez brushed them off as nothing - as just empty words. But Caleb Temple has proven that with him, there is no such thing as empty words! He warned Martinez... and now, here on the night... on the battleground that saw Martinez' greatest triumph, Caleb Temple has struck and struck violently at the new World Champion!

[As the announcers talk, Temple takes to a knee, placing an almost caring hand on the blood-covered chest of the new World Champion, whispering softly to him as the crowd showers him with boos at his stunning arrival and assault of the AWA's White Knight.]

GM: On this night that saw Ryan Martinez beat all the odds... this night that saw the AWA's White Knight standing tall... it ends with him struck down. The White Knight has been brought down by the darkest of them all!

[The camera holds on Temple, the fans jeering loudly...

...as we fade to black just as Bobby O'Connor is sliding headfirst under the ropes into the ring, ready to protect his friend.]