

The American  
Wrestling  
Alliance

Proudly Presents...



September 13  
Crockett Coliseum  
Dallas, Texas

[We fade up from black on a shot of the waving Texas state flag, fluttering in the breeze with the sun shining right on it, causing a lens flare effect as a voiceover begins.]

"The Coast To Coast Tour has ended. The Battle Of Los Angeles is over. The war for the very fate of the AWA has been won.

And tonight, it's time to come home."

[We cut to a rapid series of shots of Texas landmarks - the Alamo, Cowboys Stadium, the American Airlines Arena, the Riverwalk, the San Jacinto tower, and many others before finally settling on an overhead shot - a helicopter shot over the Hot Tin Box known once again - and forever more - as the Crockett Coliseum. The sounds of "Deep In The Heart Of Texas" by Gene Autry plays as we cut to a ground-level shot of fans pouring into the building underneath the marquee with the name of the building and the word "HOMECOMING" in block black text.

Another cut brings us inside the building - into the warehouse converted into a makeshift arena's "seating bowl." The wooden bleachers are still there as are the hundreds of metal folding chairs surrounding the red, white, and blue roped ring. The black mats are down covering the floor and the black metal barricade is up to keep the fans at bay. Two tables can be seen at ringside from this elevated view which also reveals the interview "stage" has been set up near the top of the aisle as has the long elevated entrance platform leading from the locker room to the ring.

Oho! What's this? A couple of additions since our last visit to the Crockett Coliseum as a large video screen has been erected over the entrance platform, right now looping an AWA logo but certainly with the idea of showing some backstage interviews and such throughout the show. The screen isn't gigantic by any sense of the imagination but it's big enough for the fans jam-packed into the downtown Dallas building to see.

The other addition? Banners on the two far sides of the building. On one side, we see huge banners hanging from the rafters spotlighting the current AWA champions - Supreme Wright, the Lights Out Express, and Tony Sunn. Opposing them on the opposite side of the building, we can see banners for James Monosso, Calisto Dufresne, Dave Bryant, and Supreme Wright - the four men who have held the AWA World Heavyweight Title around their waist.

Another cut gets us down to ringside where we find two members of our announce team. The Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing, Gordon Myers, is smiling as though a giant weight has been lifted off his shoulders over the past couple of weeks. He sports a black sportscoat and matching slacks with a white dress shirt and a red tie - very professional and very by-the-book for the senior play-by-play man in the industry. By his side, as always, is the colorful Bucky Wilde. Wilde is about as different from his colleague as you can get, sporting a dazzling neon orange coat over a lemon yellow dress shirt. He's opted for a bright white bowtie on this night as he turns his back to the camera, jerking a thumb at a bedazzled "BIG BUCKS" across the back of his coat.]

GM: After four months on the road, the American Wrestling Alliance has come home to Dallas, Texas and on a night which is usually very celebratory as it is, this night has a party atmosphere in the Crockett Coliseum! If you saw the Battle of Los Angeles, you know exactly why as the Wise Men have been defeated! They've been beaten and the AWA you know and love is back, fans!

BW: Not the AWA I know and love! The Wise Men were the best thing to happen to this joint in years, Gordo, and they're being run out of town on a rail!

GM: Like rats deserting a sinking ship, we've learned in the past two weeks that not only did Kolya Sudakov abandon Larry Doyle, returning to the world of Mixed Martial Arts but we can also now confirm that Noboru Fujimoto, the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion, has returned to Japan!

BW: Hired guns usually don't stick around when the job is done.

GM: Which would also explain Morgan Dane's absence from the scene inside that ring right now. Let's get our cameras up there and take a look...

[We open up in the ring, where stand most of the force that comprised Team Wise Men at the Battle Of Los Angeles.

Larry Doyle hangs back in a corner, wearing a nondescript black suit with a blue shirt and gold tie, and is surrounded by Van Alston, wearing one of his black on black suits, and Brad Jacobs, in black jeans and grey muscle shirt, a thick gold chain around his neck.

To the right is the Siren, Miss Sandra Hayes, flanked by her hand selected champions Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong. The duo are sporting their signature track suits, now black and white opposed to the green and gold Gang colors they once adorned. Hayes' tar colored rat tail hangs over her bare right shoulder while her florescent pink branding iron rests against the single white strap of her form-fitting dress.

Johnny Detson is sporting an especially sour look on his face. Dressed to wrestle he is wearing long gold tights with black boots and a black sweat jacket zipped up.

The self-described "King Of Wrestling" Demetrius Lake is here, wearing a yellowish-beige wood-toned sport jacket, dark brown slacks, leather dress shoes, and his black fedora. A sour look is on the face of the towering black superstar, whose round afro, mustache, and conical beard provide a unique look.

Lastly, the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes stands in the foreground with a microphone and a scowl. Short and squat, the bald goateed President (ex-President?) is wearing a black suit, red undershirt, and deep crimson tie. His walking stick is in his left hand as his right holds the mic. He is flanked by the midnight blue wearing force known as the Dogs Of War.]

PC: Well. So glad you could be with us tonight.

[The fans cheer. But they're not cheering for him. They're cheering because the AWA is back, and because the Wise Men lost at BOLA.]

PC: All of us together. Here at the end of all things.

First thing is first. While Jason Dane had a referee's license, a referee's license only makes you hireable as a referee. It does not provide you carte blanche to go into any wrestling match and assume authority. If that were the case, any one of our competitors could send a referee in to sabotage any of our matches. Only a legally AWA-appointed official can referee a contest, and the person who makes those appointments is the President. At the time of that match, that was me.

And so... Jason Dane's decisions on the night of Battle Of Los Angeles were invalid. I have consulted with MY personal legal team who agrees fully with this interpretation and, as we speak, are filing a lawsuit to prevent the invalid decision - and thus the stipulations that come from it - from being enforced.

[The fans boo the idea of the Cibernetico being legally overturned.]

PC: I'm afraid that even in so-called victory, your heroes have lied to you because I am still the President of the AWA!

[BOOOOOOOOOO!]

PC: There are any number of things I could have done, these past two weeks. Certainly, I could fire Jason Dane. I could order the match restarted from the point in which he intervened. I could throw the whole thing out and disqualify Michaelson's team. I can do anything I want to do.

But that won't solve the problem. The problem is that a number of individuals have an unjustified obsession with ruining me. Michaelson, Dane, Martinez, O'Connor, Bryant, the list goes on. They won't rest, they won't stop. Had we beaten them at the Battle Of Los Angeles, they would have come back again and again, and yet they thought it was over after achieving one victory. Hypocrites to the end. And they'll continue to be hypocrites to the end. We simply cannot work with those people. They're trying to steal my job.

So... in one sense, I suppose they DID win. Because they have driven us to do the one thing that we were holding as the absolute last resort.

Michaelson, Stegglet, Taylor... congratulations. You have no President, and you have no roster. The Wise Men are pulling out all of our contracted, associated, and allied talent. And we will not return until you issue a ruling that codifies my Presidency and ends the constant destructive resistance that has instigated numerous riots and set off repeated, constant disruptions.

Lady and gentlemen, let's be on our way.

[The crowd isn't sure how to respond - pleased at the idea of the individuals inside the ring leaving the AWA but displeased at all the legal maneuvers being utilized by Percy Childes in a desperate attempt to keep the AWA Presidency. Childes is gesturing with his cane, ordering his allies out of the ring...

...until one voice intervenes.]

LD: Whoa whoa whoa. Not so fast, Percy.

[Doyle steps out of the corner, staring daggers at his colleague.]

LD: I have willfully stayed in the back during this campaign and rallied the troops, so that YOU could be the face of the Wise Men. Because this was your baby, after all.

So I've had a bird's eye view of you screwing this up at every opportunity!

[The crowd buzzes at excitement of the thought of dissension in the ranks.]

LD: You have got to be the stupidest smart guy I know! What were you THINKING?!

[The buzzing turns to cheers - again, not for Doyle but for the thought that this might be about to explode in Childes' face.]

LD: Taking that Cibernetico challenge? That was you! No one held a gun to your head, those imbeciles were reeling! But you just HAD to get your moment in the sun! You didn't put Jason Dane through that damn windshield, you blew up that match until half of the damn territory was involved, and now you don't have the courage to take your lumps like a man! Go ahead Percy, crawl away, tuck your tail and crawl on your belly like a slug, because THIS enterprise...

[Doyle points to all the people in the ring.]

LD: ...is better off without your bad decision making. You've run your course, Percy, you're just not useful anymore.

[Childes is fuming mad, glaring holes right through Doyle.]

LD: You know, just like you told Matsui and Waterson before they came back to bite you for being so shortsighted and arrogant. \_These\_ Wise Men send their regards...

[Once again, Doyle motions to everyone else in the ring facing Percy. Doyle then looks over his shoulder to Alston and Jacobs.]

LD: Boys, hold the ropes. The Dogs here need to take Percy to his car...

[Wade Walker, Pedro Perez, and Isaiah Carpenter all turn to look at one another questioningly... and then slowly turn to glare at Doyle.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: I don't think that went the way Doyle was hoping.

[Pedro Perez requests the mic from a smiling Percy Childes, turning back towards Doyle.]

PP: The Wise Men may have been a collection of power... but only one man paid the bills to give US orders.

[Childes grins broadly as Doyle shakes his head, pointing angrily at him.]

PP: It was this man, Percy Childes, who dragged us out of the darkness and shoved us into the light. He paid the way for us to become what we are today and he brought us back to the place that had shoved us all aside.

That man deserves my loyalty... our loyalty... at least until the checks stop clearing.

[Perez throws a warning look at Childes as well as Carpenter takes the mic.]

IC: You, on the other hand, you sweaty little toad...

[Big cheer for the insult!]

IC: ...you get NOTHING from us except for a warning.

[Carpenter points at Doyle who has slid behind Jacobs and Alston now.]

IC: The next time you give us an order will be the last time you speak.

[Having heard enough, Johnny Detson steps forward, yanking the mic out of Carpenter's hand. Wade Walker steps forward, ready to separate Detson's head from his body but Perez and Carpenter stop him... for now.]

JD: The last time he speaks? Why don't we make this the last time YOU speak?! Why don't you do us all a favor and just SHUT... UP!

[Even at the idea of Detson taking on the Dogs, the fans aren't forgiving Johnny Detson for his actions at the Battle Of Los Angeles. The Dogs of War are glaring at Detson who holds their gaze for a moment before turning to address the rest of the people in the ring.]

JD: You want to talk about stuff? Why don't we talk about how, once again, I got the job done but yet we still came up short?! I did my job, the King did his job, the champ did his job, but still we didn't win. And you want to know whose fault that is?

[Detson scowls and turns right at Percy Childes and points a finger in his face.]

JD: Yours!

[Crowd cheers, not for Detson, but for the Percy confrontation which causes a look of confusion of Percy's face.]

JD: You were the one that saddled MY team with all that dead weight because they couldn't possibly match all of our numbers! You were the one that saddled MY team with that stupid incompetent ref that you said they would have no answers for. You were the one that who didn't see Jason Dane coming which affected MY team. You were the reason MY team failed.

You got yourself a leader... no... you got yourself the greatest leader in the sport today and you didn't let him lead...

YOU let MY team down!

[Childes starts to say something but Detson quickly cuts him off.]

JD: No... don't. I'm done listening to you. Wright, Demetrius, and I listened to you for the past month and all it got us were bad backs from supporting the whole team!

[Walker again makes a move towards Detson but a gesture from Childes' cane stops him. Detson glares down at Percy's cane.]

JD: And now you want us to walk out?

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: No. No, I'm not walking out. In fact, I'm walking IN! I'm walking into the Rumble tonight and winning a shot to face the champion. I'm walking IN to SuperClash... and when I walk out there? I'm walking out with the World Heavyweight Title.

It's like you said, Percy... you promised me a lot, and the return was very little. So if that's what listening to you gets me than you can take your little Alliance and your Wise Men...

[Detson stops, shaking his head...

...and drops the mic at the feet of a shocked Percy Childes. He throws his arms apart as he steps out on the apron, backing up the ramp towards the locker room as the crowd cheers the ongoing Wise Men collapse inside the ring. Childes suddenly snaps, snatching up the mic.]

PC: Detson! Why you ungrate-

[And now it is Demetrius Lake's turn to grab the microphone. It's not looking any better. Predictably, the Dallas crowd wants him to die in a fire because he burned a Texas flag since they got a chance to boo him last.]

DL: Percy Childes, you hold your mouth shut right now!

[Childes' jaw visibly drops at his favored charge speaking to him like that.]

DL: Johnny Detson spoke only the truth. We whipped those bums from pillar to post in Los Angeles. I personally put seven men down myself, and the only reason it wasn't thirteen is because Johnny Detson and Supreme Wright were also performing to the King's standard. If we had any kind of backup at all, this whole discussion would be about me getting a World Title match instead of talking crazy about walking out. I can assure you that the only business I have is with getting rid of Jack Lunch and then I'll do the same to Terry Shame. I can not do that from my living room.

[Percy starts to plead with Lake who shakes his head before continuing.]

DL: I am the King Of Wrestling. A King may withdraw from a battle, but he does not retreat from a war. You walk out wherever you want to. You walk to Vegas, you walk to Boston, you walk to Chicago, or whatever other territories are still going. I am the King, and I will be right here burning Dallas, Mexas to the ground. I have no part in this.

[And now it is Lake's turn to drop the mic and leave, resulting in at rarest of rarities... a Texas crowd cheering something Demetrius Lake did.]

PC: Demetrius! How dare you-

[As Percy moves towards Lake, he is cut off by the Siren who intervenes, finger jabbed into his chest.]

MSH: No, Percy Childes...how dare YOU!

[Childes, taken back, nearly fumbles over.]

MSH: You are no longer our dictator and our director, Percy. You lost that right in Los Angeles and you will NEVER get it back. I sacrificed EVERYTHING to play your game, we ALL did. I fed Terry Shane to the wolves because you wanted to back Detson and Lake! And Supreme Wright. And you know what? You know what you have left to show for it? Dogs.

[Carpenter, Walker, and Perez shoot her a glare. Anderson and Strong muscle up behind her, allowing themselves to be seen.]

MSH: But you know what I have? I have champions. I have the greatest tag team in our sport. I have the name worth a BILLION dollars right now and if you think I am going to throw that all away because you want to take your ball and go home then you're crazier than the looney tune you once controlled. By the way Percy, how did that work out for you?

[Hayes grins, Percy is reeling.]

MSH: You promised ALL of these men something that you continuously failed to deliver to them time and time again. The writing is all over the wall. Johnny sees it. Demetrius sees it. And any other man who sees it in this ring can stand beside ME and join the most powerful woman in our sport with the most meaningful blood line in this industry. Hayes-Dane-Michaelson Incorporated is alive and hiring, gentlemen. We don't just promise you championships...

...we GUARANTEE it.

[Hayes spins away from Childes and struts out of the ring. Anderson and Strong cautiously follow, backpedaling away from the pack and following her through the ropes. The remaining people inside the ring watch her go, and then Larry Doyle pounces.]

LD: The defense rests. YOU need to follow her out, YOU need to go.

We had a juggernaut and it's all fallen apart because of your mismanagement and your ego. YOU need to go.

You're fired, Percy Childes. Now get ou-

[Doyle is cut off by the Dogs, who step right in his path. Van Alston is tired of that, so he starts to pull off his jacket and flex his hands. Perez is practically giddy at the idea of a three-on-one, waving the bodyguard forward as Wade Walker cracks his knuckles. Brad Jacobs inhales deeply with a resigned look on his face and takes his place next to Alston. The Dogs start to fan out, now faced with a tougher fight...]

PC: ENOUGH!

[Percy's interruption isn't just a raised voice in anger... it's a completely different tone than we've ever heard. His face is turning red and his cane hand is pushing on his forehead as if trying to keep it from exploding. Everyone stops and looks, because this is new.]

PC: YOU FOOLS! YOU'VE THROWN IT ALL AWAY! YOU'VE DESTROYED YEARS OF WORK! YEARS! YEARS! YOU AND MICHAELSON AND PRESTON AND MARTINEZ AND BRYANT AND O'CONNOR AND LYNCH AND CARVER AND SUPERNOVA AND WATERSON AND MATSUI AND WHY?! WHY?! WHY DID YOU DO THIS TO ME?! I WOULD HAVE LED US TO THE PROMISED LAND! I WOULD HAVE HEALED THIS SPORT!

DON'T YOU SEE THAT IT'S BROKEN?! IT'S ALL BROKEN! THEY LIVE IN THE PAST! THEY HAVE ABUSED US FOR YEARS AND NOW IT WILL NEVER END! NEVER! YEARS! YEARS! YEARS OF GROUNDWORK! YEARS OF EFFORT! GONE!

[At this point, Percy is full on ranting like a lunatic. He rips off his suit jacket and spikes it to the canvas, having lost all composure.]

PC: WHY DID THEY FIGHT IT?! I WOULD HAVE MADE THEM ALL RICH! WHY?! WHY?!

[Finally, Childes stops. It seems that the crowd cheering his mental breakdown was enough to cause him to realize just what he was doing. He stares up at the lights in horror.]

PC: I dragged all of you... ALL OF YOU... out of the gutters when you were nothing. I threw aside brilliant minds like Waterson and Matsui to try and make something of you, Doyle, and all you do is have guys walk out on you. I dragged Hayes out of the gutter and gave her a purpose. Lake, Detson, all of you. I made you something... someone important... someone to be respected and someone to be feared... and you all turn your backs on me? To hell with all of you!

[Childes pauses, rubbing his head so hard you'd think the skin would come right off.]

PC: They couldn't fire me, you know. The AWA bylaws forbade it, so the match contract said that if we lost, I would sign a buyout. That would make it legal. Legal... heh.

[Percy shakes his head.]

PC: Fine. If this is how it has to end, then let it end. But if I'm going down, I'm taking all of you with me. The contract was clear as day. If we lost, the Wise Men were no more.

[A solemn nod.]

PC: There will be no lawsuit to fight it. I'm calling off my lawyers... and in my final act as AWA President, I'm retroactively making Jason Dane a licensed AWA official. What he did... was sanctioned and legal.

[Childes points a finger shaking with rage at Doyle.]

PC: You? You're on your own. The Wise Men are finished.

[The fans cheer as everyone looks incredulously at the man committing career seppuku before their eyes.]

PC: If you'll excuse me, I'm going to go put an end to this charade.

[With that, Childes drops the mic and exits the ring.]

GM: Wow! So that's what a Percy Childes temper tantrum looks like.

BW: I can't believe what we just saw, Gordo. The Wise Men, hate 'em all you want, have been the most powerful force that pro wrestling has seen in a long, long time and just like that - they've shattered. Larry Doyle tried to take over... Sandra Hayes walked out... and now Percy Childes says he's done! He says it's over!

GM: It's truly the dawning of a new day here in the AWA and what better place to have it happen than right here in the Crockett Coliseum, fans, for that annual event known as Homecoming. And this year's Homecoming became even more special with the announcement that our annual 30 man Rumble will take place here tonight with the winner earning the World Championship shot at SuperClash VI to be held in the Mecca of Sports, Madison Square Garden in New York City on Thanksgiving Night. Bucky, you have your pick as to who is going to walk out of here with a date with destiny?

BW: Oh, you know I do, Gordo. But I'm gonna save that for later so you don't steal my prediction.



GM: I see. It's going to be a wild and exciting night of action here in Dallas, Texas, fans... and right now, let's go backstage to get comments from the two teams in our opening matchup!

[We cut backstage to where Mark Stegglet stands alongside Strictly Business, "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian and Andrew "Flash" Tucker. Sebastian appears as though he is fresh off the back nine, as he sports a charcoal Bandon Dunes polo, black slacks and matching Gucci loafers. Tucker is clad in a red and orange long sleeved plaid shirt unbuttoned about two buttons too far to expose his chest with sleeves rolled up to the crook of the elbow, a pair of khaki chinos and a pair of red low top sneakers. His blond hair hangs down past his shoulders. Stegglet begins.]

MaS: Gentlemen, welcome back to Dallas; fresh off of your performance at Battle of Lo-

[Stegglet is cut off by a wave of the hand from Tucker.]

AT: We're not here to talk about the Battle of Los Angeles.

MaS: But-

AT: But nothing, Stegglet. Unless you want us to walk outta here and you can interview some minimum wage, welfare check-cashing idiot roaming around here hawkin' our t-shirts or selling cotton candy.

MaS: Okay... Well let's talk about tonight then. You're set to face young Brian James and TORA in just a few minutes.

MS: You mean those guys bugging us for autographs on our way into the arena? Was that them? We're gonna have to start writing down the names of these hacks just to keep track, Mark. You got a pen?

AT: Another pair o' whitebread nobodies for us to destroy. Can't the suits in the ivory tower find some legends for us to get in there with? Runnin' roughshod over kids who can't even buy beer is getting' real old, real fast.

MaS: Well, Brian James is the \_son\_ of a legend and was \_trained\_ by a legend...

[Tucker cocks an inquisitive eyebrow.]

MaS: He's the son of Casey James and trained by Tiger Claw; don't you know this?

[Tucker looks incredulously at Stegglet.]

AT: \_The\_ Casey James? \_The\_ Tiger Claw?

[Stegglet nods in response.]

MS: Now you're speaking our language. Only took y'all six months. I guess we'll have to see just how far the apple falls from the tree then. In the end, it doesn't make a bit of difference who trained whom. We aren't some drummed down version of a halfway decent bloodline. We're Strictly Business. When this sport was at its peak, we were stacking paper and gold higher than these pups were stacking Legos on the living room floor.

AT: Hell, this may be more interestin' than we thought. At least the runt has a pedigree. I can respect that. Maybe I'll get changed into wrestlin' attire after all. But let's make somethin' real clear, boys... we don't have the \_pedigree\_ of a couple o' legends. We \_are\_ a couple o' legends.

MS: The same legends who were at the forefront of the bedtime stories to which I'll Brian's old man rocked him to sleep at night. We gave the world an endless supply of those. Lucky for Brian and TORA, tonight they catch the live show.

[Strictly Business turns and walks off, leaving Stegglet holding the microphone. He shakes his head, turning in the other direction.]

MaS: Earlier tonight, I caught up with the young tag team who'll be meeting those former World Tag Team Champions... Brian James and TORA! Let's take a look!

[Crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where Mark Stegglet is standing with one of the AWA's newest and most exciting teams. The son of the Blackheart, Brian James and the high flying sensation known as TORA. The tall and lanky James is wearing his "Claw Academy" T-shirt and baggy MMA-style trunks, and, as always, is in motion, bouncing up and down on the balls of his feet and just generally thrumming with energy, while TORA matches his partner for energy and enthusiasm, the two of them always bouncing, desperate for a chance to prove themselves.]

MS: Fresh off a tour of Mexico, let's all welcome back these two fiery young competitors. TORA, even though tonight is the AWA's Homecoming, being in Mexico had to be its own sort of Homecoming for you. How did it feel?

T: It felt great, Mark! It was an honor, showing the great SWLL fans what my new partner and I can do. But you know what feels better? Being back here in the AWA where we belong!

MS: From what I understand, you two acquitted yourselves quite well in Mexico.

BJ: First off, I want to reiterate what TORA said, and give a shout out to all of the great fans in SWLL. Thanks for having us! It was my honor to wrestle in front of you. And Mark, it was great! But you know what? TORA and I are back now, and we're not going anywhere anytime soon!

Percy and his Wise Men jerks thought they were doing something really clever, sending us to Mexico so we couldn't help Ryan Martinez and the rest of Team AWA. Well, joke was on you, wasn't it?

Because you guys lost anyway!

And why don't you tell them what else they did, partner?

T: Percy wanted to break the spirit of Team AWA. But all he did Mark was make us stronger!

We weren't in Mexico for a long time, but being in SWLL, essentially on our own was like being in the crucible. We went to a place where we didn't know the language, and didn't know anyone. What happened was, we got thrown into the deep end of the pool, and the choice was sink or swim. But you know what? We figured it out! We ironed out all the kinks, and now, we're not two guys who're teaming together, we're a team! Percy Childes wanted to get rid of us, but like all his plans, it backfired.

All he did was make sure that the future belongs to TORA and Brian James!

MS: That seasoning is going to be something the two of you will need tonight. Because tonight, you face the toughest challenge any team could face, much less one as relatively new you two. I'm speaking of course, of Strictly Business.

BJ: You mean two of the biggest jerks to ever team together!

MS: Be that as it may, you're speaking of men who have been in the ring with some of the most legendary duos ever. TORA, it's well known that you grew up watching many of the performers from that era of professional wrestling. Do you think that intensive study is going to aid you tonight?

T: It will Mark, definitely. But there is one thing to say. The Strictly Business that was one of the biggest teams ever is –not- the Strictly Business that we have today. The team that I watched as a kid, the team that young Michael Aarons used to idolize from his living room? That team is gone. And all that's left is a couple of bitter shells.

The Strictly Business we all used to know and love exists only in memories now. And I think its time that Brian and I make sure they can't stick around any longer and ruin all of those fond memories.

BJ: Now Mark, I won't lie. This is a big match. This is a HUGE match. We're going in there against Strictly Business. But I know we can do this. You know what Strictly Business is?

They're old, they're bitter. They're the old guard. The guys whose time has come and gone. And who are we?

We're young and hungry. They may have proven themselves a long time ago, but right here, right now, all they've got is those memories. I can respect what they did. But you know what Mark, they were jerks then.

And they're even worse now.

Strictly Business are legends. But we're the turbo charged wave of the future. Which one are you going to bet on?

T: We already know the answer.

In Los Angeles, where they used to be stars, Strictly Business stepped into the ring against an exciting young team. And do you what happened? They lost!

They say lightning doesn't strike twice. But you know what? History does repeat itself. And it will tonight!

MS: And speaking of Air Strike, what they've done to Mr. Mertz and Mr. Aarons has to be on your mind, Mr. James. After all, its well documented that the three of you are very good friends.

[James' expression turns slightly more serious.]

BJ: You know it is, Mark.

Tucker and Sebastian? You two spent a long time disrespecting my friends. I haven't forgotten how you tried to take Cody out during the Cup. Air Strike got to you first, and they took care of you. But I'm glad that you're still around.

Because I owe you. And like another family I know, the James' always pay their debts.

MS: You two certainly seem ready. But I have to ask, one more time, are you two truly up for this challenge?

T: Are we up for it? You know there's only one answer to give...

[TORA grins as he looks to and equally enthusiastic James.]

T: OHHHHHH....

[Stegglet, wanting to protect his hearing, takes a step back.]

BJ: YEAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[We crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first...

[The opening whispers of Powerman 5000's "When Worlds Collide" begin to creep through the PA system as the crowd leaps to their feet in anticipation. As the opening guitar riffs kick in, the curtain sweeps to the side to reveal Andrew "Flash" Tucker and "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian; better known to the world as Strictly Business.]

PW: From Oakland and Palm Springs, California respectively... at a total combined weight of 452 pounds...

ANDREW "FLASH" TUCKER...  
"MONEY DRIVEN" MIKE SEBASTIAN...

STRICTLYYYYYYYY BUSINESSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

[The crowd jeers at the sight of the arrogant duo as they immediately begin making their way towards the ring. 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: Andrew Tucker and Mike Sebastian make up one of the greatest tag teams our sport has ever seen but they found out the hard way at the Battle Of Los Angeles that having a long resume doesn't matter once you're inside that ring and they may learn the same lesson here again tonight.

BW: Are you kidding me? Tucker and Sebastian are future Hall of Famers - maybe even this year if those idiots on the voting panel use their heads for once - and you think they're in danger of losing to two guys who just fell together a couple of months ago. It takes YEARS to become a top flight tag team - an elite level tag team.

GM: That may be true but they've been very impressive as a unit so far. Did you see any of the matches from their tour of Mexico?

BW: Yeah, because I have nothing better to do to watch flippy luchadors and random shots of the crowd.

GM: I take that as a no. Well, I did... and I can tell you that James and TORA are improving every night out and if Sebastian and Tucker think they're going to walk right over this young team, they're sorely mistaken.

[Sebastian and Tucker enter the ring, glaring at the jeering fans as their music starts to fade and is replaced by the opening chords of "The House That Heaven Built" by Japandroids as it blares over the loudspeakers to a big cheer!]

PW: And their opponents... from Portland, Oregon and Duluth, Minnesota respectively... weighing in at a total combined weight of 410 pounds...

BRIAN JAAAAAAAAAMES... and his tag team partner...

TORRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[As the crowd cheers loudly, out comes Brian James. James is tall, with a lean, lanky build. His dirty blond hair is pulled back into a loose ponytail that bounces as he shadowboxes at the top of the entrance ramp. To the ring, James wears a black t-shirt with the words "Claw Academy" written in gold across the chest, with a stylized orange and black tiger emblazoned on the back. Instead of normal wrestling trunks, he wears Muay Thai style boxing shorts, black on the left side, and white on the right, the Claw Academy logo embroidered on the back. Over each hand he has the same half black/half white five ounce MMA style gloves, with white tape underneath extending to mid forearm. Both elbows and knees are covered in black pads. His boots are standard black wrestling boots with white laces, the letters "BJ" done in gold on the outside of each. He turns, pointing to the curtain with his black-tape covered fingers as the music shifts...

TORA!

TORA!

TORA!

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.

The duo exchanges a high ten before heading down the aisle, sprinting towards the ring at top speed...

...where TORA HURLS himself over the top rope, throwing himself into a somersault attack on a shocked Mike Sebastian, knocking him down to the canvas to a tremendous cheer from the crowd!]

GM: WHOA! WHOA! WHOA!

[The sound of the bell starts the match as Ricky Longfellow signals the timekeeper.]

BW: What the heck is Longfellow starting the match for?! This guy jumps his opponent before the bell and Longfellow just shrugs and says, "Looks good! Let's go!"

GM: Well, it's certainly at his discretion to do that.

BW: And I thought Jason Dane was a incompetent referee.

[Andrew Tucker hauls TORA off the mat, swinging a right hand but TORA blocks it, throwing a rapid-fire series of jabs to the face, causing Tucker to stumble back a few feet before charging back in...]

GM: TORA!

[The crowd ROARS as TORA drops back to the mat, ducking the clothesline and INSTANTLY kippping back up to his feet. He throws himself forward in a handstand, swinging his legs back to scissor Tucker's head between his ankles and then twists his body, snapping Tucker over to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! What dazzling offense out of the high flyer from Minnesota!

[TORA pops back to his feet in time to catch a rising Mike Sebastian with a pair of backhand chops, putting him back against the ropes where he grabs an arm...]

GM: Irish whip reversed by Sebastian!

[TORA hits the ropes, rebounding back at a high speed. He baseball slides through the legs of an attacking Sebastian, popping back, leaping into the air to land shinfirst on the shoulders of Sebastian, scissoring the head between the legs, and then tucks over, rolling through into a headscissors that throws Sebastian down to the mat where "Money Driven" rolls out to the floor...

...and gets BLASTED in the jaw by a waiting Brian James!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Cheap shot by James! Shades of his late father!

GM: Casey James is NOT dead!

BW: A likely story.

[James batters Sebastian with short forearms on the floor, earning cheers from the crowd for his intensity.]

GM: Brian James is a very close friend of Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons who spent MONTHS being attacked and assaulted and insulted by Tucker and Sebastian. You better believe that James wants his own share of payback for his friends here tonight in this one.

[With Sebastian and James fighting out on the floor, TORA ducks a running clothesline from Tucker, sprinting to the ropes where he leaps up on the second rope, springing blindly off and twisting around to catch an incoming Tucker with a crossbody!]

GM: Crossbody for one! He gets two! Oh! They were THAT close to scoring the upset, Bucky.

BW: So you admit it'd be an upset for these two punk kids to win?

GM: Of course I do. Tucker and Sebastian, like them or not, are former World Tag Team Champions as well as - like you said - potential Hall of Famers. It'd be a huge win for James and TORA to knock them off here tonight at Homecoming.

[TORA rolls back to his feet as a loud "CLANG!" gets his attention on the floor. He turns to spot his partner now leaning against the barricade, having been thrown there by Mike Sebastian.]

GM: Ohh! Sebastian sends Brian James into the steel and-

[The crowd roars as TORA begins running in place, breaking into a sprint to the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: TORA'S GONNA FLY!

[...and runs right into a rising Tucker who powers TORA skyward, throwing him high into the air horizontal to the mat.]

GM: COUNTER!

[TORA crashes down hard, landing chestfirst on the canvas. Tucker glares down at him, burying a few stomps to the upper back before being joined in the ring by Mike Sebastian.]

GM: And now both members of Strictly Business are in the ring - without a tag I might add.

[Sebastian pulls TORA off the mat, each grabbing an arm as they fire him across the ring, connecting with a double clothesline that takes TORA completely off his feet, dumping him down on the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Big double clothesline by Strictly Business!

[Sebastian exits the ring, shouting at the downed TORA as Tucker attempts a cover.]

GM: Tucker covers! He gets one... and two... and that's all!

[Tucker angrily shouts at the official before dragging TORA back to his feet, throwing him back into the neutral corner where he buries boot after boot after boot into the midsection.]

GM: Tucker's got him trapped in the corner!

[Tucker winds up, blasting TORA across the chest with a knife-edge chop!]

GM: Andrew Tucker is just bullying TORA in the corner!

BW: Bullying?!

GM: He outweighs the man by fifty pounds, Bucky!

BW: That's not his fault!

[Tucker hits a second chop, leaving TORA hanging onto the top rope, trying to stay on his feet.]

GM: Big chops have TORA hanging on for dear life!

[He grabs TORA by the arm again, looking for another Irish whip...]

GM: Tucker shoots him across...

[Tucker comes rushing in, turning his back for a back elbow...

...but TORA brings up both legs, the knees slamming into the back of Tucker!]

GM: Ohh! Nice counter by TORA!

[TORA uses the opening to hop up on the middle rope, giving a shout before leaping off, driving his feet between the shoulderblades, sending Tucker sailing across the ring and crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: Dropkick connects... and Brian James is on the apron, waiting for the tag from his partner!

[TORA pushes up to his knees, looking towards the corner where James is waiting, his arm reaching out for the tag...]

GM: TORA's trying to get there, trying to make that tag!

[But Andrew Tucker throws himself at the legs of TORA, grabbing an ankle and preventing the tag from being made. TORA flails his arms, swinging wildly at the outstretched hand as the fans cheer him on.]

GM: He's so close to the corner here but Tucker, the veteran, holding him back...

[Tucker works his way to his feet, dragging TORA across the ring where Mike Sebastian slaps Tucker on the shoulder, stepping through the ropes. He hops up on the midbuckle, leaping off with an elbow to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Sebastian with the elbow off the second rope to stop that tag short.

[Tucker steps out as Sebastian viciously stomps TORA, moving around to block his path the corner.]

BW: Look at the veteran move by Sebastian, putting himself right between TORA and Brian James. Brilliant!

[Sebastian leans down, dragging TORA up to his feet. He reaches back to hook a three-quarter nelson, taking TORA over into a seated position with a snap mare. Sebastian backs off, giving a shout at the jeering fans who suddenly boo louder...

...and then flips over TORA, grabbing the masked man's head as he somersaults, SNAPPING TORA down in a rolling neck snap!]

GM: Nice move by Sebastian, crawling into a cover!

[He applies the lateral press, arrogantly passing on hooking the leg as he barks at Ricky Longfellow to "COUNT 'IM!"]

GM: One! Two! But TORA slips out at two.

BW: No power on that kickout by the much-smaller TORA. He's gotta slip out from under an opponent to get out of there.

GM: Which he did. Again.

[Sebastian glares at Longfellow as he pulls TORA off the mat, yanking him into a standing front facelock, slinging an arm over his neck...

...but as Sebastian leans down to hook a leg for a fisherman suplex, TORA plucks him into a cradle!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE!! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Sebastian POWERS out of the pin attempt, breaking the cradle to the jeers of the crowd as TORA scrambles to his knees, crawling frantically towards the corner where Brian James awaits him...

...but Sebastian is right on it, grabbing TORA by the ankle, dragging him back to the middle of the ring as a disgruntled Brian James slaps the turnbuckle angrily, shouting at his partner.]



GM: Brian James wants inside the ring in the worst possible way.

[Sebastian pulls TORA, dragging him up to his feet where TORA is bouncing on one foot, facing away from Sebastian. "Money Driven" swings the leg, spinning TORA to face him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: HEAD KICK! HEAD KICK!

BW: He swung TORA right into it!

GM: What a counter by TORA!

[The enzugiri leaves Sebastian prone on the canvas as TORA pushes back up to his knees, crawling towards Brian James' outstretched hand as the fans are roaring, waiting for the tag!]

GM: TORA's almost there! This is his chance!

[And the high flyer makes a lunge!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as Brian James tears through the ropes, charging across where Andrew Tucker is stepping through the ropes...

...and LEAPS into the air, cracking the incoming Tucker with a leaping kneestrike that sends Tucker back through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OH MY!!

[James slams his arms down on the top rope repeatedly!]

GM: Look at the fire in this young man! Wherever his father is... wherever his teacher is... they've gotta be proud of what this young man is accomplishing so far in his AWA career!

[James swings around, throwing himself back into the buckles, shouting at Sebastian as he waves an arm, telling him to get back to his feet.]

GM: James charges!

[The incoming son of the Blackheart ducks down, snaring a double leg, lifting and twisting...

...and DRIVING Sebastian down to the mat with a high impact takedown!]

GM: Whoa! I don't even know what to call that!

[Floating from the double leg takedown into the mount, James winds up, raining down rights and lefts on the prone Sebastian!]

GM: Punches from the mount - shades of Tiger Claw right here!

[Sebastian lifts his arms to shield his face as the referee starts counting James for the closed fists...

...which allows James to grab a wrist, scissoring the arm between his legs, rolling right into a cross armbreaker!]

GM: ARMBAR! James seamlessly slips into the armbar, trying to force a submission out of Sebastian!

[The referee checks for a submission and James breaks immediately after learning that his opponent hasn't given up. He scrambles back up to his feet, pulling Sebastian up into a bodylock...

...and takes him over with a bridging Northern Lights Suplex!]

GM: Ohh! Suplex with a bridge gets one! It gets two!

[But Sebastian lifts the shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin. James scrambles up to his feet, giving a shout before leaping skyward...

...and DROPPING a high impact knee across the sternum!]

GM: High kneedrop... and a cover for one! He's got two! He's got- no! Out at two!

[James claps his hands together in frustration as he climbs back up off the mat, glaring down at Sebastian. He leans down, pulling the veteran up by the hair...

...and buries a rolling sole butt into the midsection!]

GM: Low kick by James!

[James dashes to the ropes, ready to strike...

...and gets low bridged by Tucker who pulls down the ropes, sending James toppling over the ropes and down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A hard fall to the floor for Brian James thanks to Andrew Tucker!

[Tucker slinks away, trying to avoid the wrath of referee Ricky Longfellow.]

GM: TORA's on his way to check on his partner. Fans, we've got to take a quick break. The cameras will continue to roll and if this match ends during the break, we'll show you how it happened. Don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

Open to a pan of an empty Crockett Coliseum, before an event. The blue seats form a sea around the ring, which stands out like an island.]

VOICEOVER: The home of champions.

[Brief flashes of famous faces appear as the pan continues. Vasquez. Scott. Monosso. Dufresne. Wright.]

VOICEOVER: The home of legends.

[More: Broussard. Rogers. Martinez (the elder). Spector. Langseth. ]

VOICEOVER: And the home of the best in the world today.]

[More: Shane. Martinez (the younger). Lake. Carver. Bryant.]

VOICEOVER: And now... to you.

[The pan of the arena slowly morphs from a live action shot, to a 3D digitized animation shot of the exact same place. Everything looks the same, except this is no longer live footage... it looks like a video game.]

And in the next shot, we see that it IS one; the stands are filled with virtual fans as a virtual Supreme Wright locks up with a virtual Dave Bryant. Rapid-fire cuts to the game avatars of many AWA stars, past and present, either in ring, in selection screens, or in entrances.]

VOICEOVER: The year is 2014. And the game... has... changed.

[And cut to a still shot of Supreme Wright holding up the title after his championship win at SuperClash, because that's the cover of AWA 2K14 by 2K games.]

VOICEOVER: Rated E for Everyone.

[As we fade back from commercial, we find Brian James trapped in a neutral corner where Andrew Tucker is jamming short elbows back up under the chin, keeping him there as TORA is shouting at his partner, trying to get a tag made.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, to Homecoming where it has been all Strictly Business during the break. Tucker and Sebastian are absolutely dominating Brian James at this stage of the contest, using their veteran experience as a top level tag team to keep James away from the corner and the tag.

[Tucker tags in Mike Sebastian, whipping James to the neutral corner. He grabs the incoming Sebastian by the arm, sending him after James...

...and connecting with a running clothesline in the corner!]

GM: Big running clothesline by Sebastian... here comes Tucker!

[Tucker leaves his feet, swinging around with a spinning heel kick in the corner.]

GM: Ohh! What a doubleteam!

[James staggers out as Tucker rolls out to the floor, leaving Sebastian to scoop James up, slamming him down in a backbreaker.]

GM: Backbreaker by Sebastian... and he's heading to the corner again, hopping up on that second rope...

BW: Tucker's the high flyer of Strictly Business but Sebastian's been known to come off the ropes from time to time himself.

[But as he comes off with a driving elbow attempt, James rolls aside, causing Sebastian to slam the point of his elbow into the canvas!]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[James rolls back towards Sebastian, hooking the arm between the legs again, slipping his calves onto Sebastian's upper back, pressing down in a Wakigatame armbar!]

GM: Another armbar out of Brian James, trying to force that submission out of his opponent!

[But Andrew Tucker has seen enough, stepping in to stomp James a few times to break it...

...which is TORA's cue to springboard off the top rope, skying high through the air to hit a crossbody on Tucker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TORA OUT OF NOWHERE! OH MY!!

[TORA rolls off of Tucker who rolls out to the floor as James climbs to his feet, pulling Sebastian with him. Together, they grab Sebastian by the arms, ignoring the referee's warnings as they whip Sebastian across. James drops down to a knee, throwing a back elbow into the midsection to double up Sebastian while TORA hits the ropes, charging back into a baseball slide, stopping right below Sebastian...

...and SNAPS a kick back, catching Sebastian on the ear!]

GM: Ohh!

[Sebastian straightens up, spinning around as James winds up...

...and CRACKS Sebastian with a spinning backfist, causing him to spin back towards TORA who winds up as well...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: PAAAAAALM STRIKE!

[The blow drops Sebastian down on his back as TORA spins away from James who hooks him for a back suplex, lifting him up, twisting to turn his back to Sebastian...

...and sending TORA all the way over into a moonsault on the downed Sebastian!]

GM: Ohhh! What a doubleteam!

BW: Get some control of this match, ref!

[TORA pops back up, stomping around the ring to the roar of the crowd as Brian James backs to the ropes, stepping up on the second rope, shouting to the fans as TORA breaks into a dash, hitting the ropes, rebounding back...

...and HURLS himself between the ropes being held open by Brian James, hitting a tope dive onto Andrew Tucker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A DIVE BY TORA!

[James pumps a fist, turning back to pull Sebastian off the mat, shoving him back into the corner. He leans over, depositing Sebastian on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: James is looking for that superplex, trying to finish off Mike Sebastian!

[He slings Sebastian's arm over the back of his neck, nodding to the cheering crowd as he sets for the superplex...

...and gets his eyes raked by a desperate Sebastian!]

GM: Ohh! Sebastian goes to the eyes!

[Sebastian follows it with a headbutt, sending James falling off the ropes and down to the canvas. The veteran nods at the jeering crowd, stepping up on the top rope.]

GM: Wait a second! Sebastian's looking to finish it!

["Money Driven" takes flight, sailing off the top rope!]

GM: STOCK MARKET CRASH!

[But James is ready, raising his knees as Sebastian CRASHES gutfirst down on the legs...

...and with Sebastian laid out across his raised knees, James hooks the head and neck, rolling Sebastian into a cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE GOT HIM! JAMES GOT HIM!

[James pushes up off the mat, throwing his arms up in the air in triumph.]

GM: Brian James scores the upset win off that counter to the- NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The crowd groans as James turns right into a Chronic Jumble Jaw superkick out of Andrew Tucker, dropping him to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Tucker from behind with that superkick and Brian James just got laid out!

[An irate Tucker launches into a vicious attack, stomping and kicking the head of the downed James as TORA gets up on the ramp, trying to get in to help his partner...

...and gets ambushed from behind by Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner, the duo known as Dichotomy!]

GM: What in the heck are they doing out here?!

[Ginn and Hoefner swarm the much-smaller man, hammering him relentlessly...

...and then with a double handful of trunks, they HURL TORA off the ramp, sending him crashing down hard on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TORA THROWN OFF THE RAMP BY DICHOTOMY!!

[Ginn scrambles down off the ramp as his partner follows, moving in on the downed TORA. We cut back to the ring where Andrew Tucker has pulled Brian James back to his feet, booting him in the gut as he loops a leg over his head...

...and DRIVES him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Good grief!

[A dazed Sebastian works his way to his feet, climbing the ropes again...

...and sails off the top, dropping the frog splash down on the prone James!]

GM: OHHH! FLASH N' CASH CONNECTS! Strictly Business may have lost this match but they've taken out Brian James just as Dichotomy has taken out TORA on the floo... what is this about?!

[Ginn and Hoefner rolls into the ring, staring at Tucker and Sebastian who appear to be ready for a fight with the interrupting duo...

...who instead launch into a brutal series of stomps on the downed James! The crowd boos wildly as a laughing Tucker dismissively waves at James, exiting the ring alongside his partner.]

GM: Tucker and Sebastian are walking out on this, leaving Dichotomy to attack Brian James! Dichotomy has been upset at James and TORA since that random drawing for the #1 Contender Match.

BW: That Dichotomy was robbed in?

GM: Some might say that yes... look at this, Bucky.

[Ginn grabs a prone Brian James, yanking him into a Kimura lock.]

GM: Ginn's got the arm! He's trying to break the arm!

BW: Not the arm, Gordo... the hand!

[Mark Hoefner leans down, stuffing a metal object into his kneepad.]

GM: What the heck is that?! What did Hoefner just shove into his kneepad?!

[Hoefner leaps up, dropping the object-enhanced knee down on the hand that Ginn is holding down on the mat!]

GM: OHHH!

[Ginn lets go, laughing as James rolls away, clutching his hand to his chest.]

GM: They're trying to break the man's hand and-

[Ginn grabs the wrist, yanking the arm out and slamming it down on the mat. He steps on the wrist, gesturing to Hoefner who bounces off the ropes, leaping up to drop a second enhanced kneedrop into the palm of the hand!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[James clutches his hand again, wailing in pain as Ginn and Hoefner celebrate their attack...

...before Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons come charging down the aisle, chasing Dichotomy out of the ring!]

GM: Air Strike arrives and sends Dichotomy scurrying away like the rats that they are!

[James rolls to his chest, cradling his hurting hand against his chest as Mertz and Aarons lean down to check on their friend.]

GM: Brian James and TORA with a shocking upset victory... but post-match assaults by Strictly Business AND Dichotomy sure have ruined that moment for the popular young tag team.

[TORA crawls into the ring, kneeling next to his partner as Mertz and Aarons shout at Dichotomy to get back into the ring and fight.]

GM: Fans, we need to get some help down here for Brian James. We're going to take another quick break but we'll be right back.

[Fade to black.

In the background, we hear the slowly building sounds of the Alan Parsons Project's "Sirius."

One word slowly fades in, filling the entire screen.]

"SUPERCLASH"

[We cut to a montage of still photos from SuperClash events gone by - Stevie Scott standing nose to nose with Juan Vasquez, Alex Martinez putting William Craven into barbed wire, Dave Bryant locking the Iron Crab on Calisto Dufresne, City Jack standing over his best friend to protect him with a baseball bat, Bobby Taylor trading blows with Kevin Slater, and so on and so on. The graphic changes.]

"VI!"

[As the roman numeral fades, we catch a glimpse of AWA owner Bobby Taylor in what appears to be a major city, walking the busy streets in his cowboy boots. We see glimpses of illuminated marquees with the latest big musical productions. We see towering buildings. Jam-packed streets. A small hot dog cart with a vendor hawking his offerings.

And then shots that become slightly more obvious.

A street of major theaters.

The 9/11 Memorial.

The Empire State Building.

The Statue Of Liberty.

The shot fades to the black screen again with three letters that say it all, coming up one by one.]

"M...S...G."

[Cut immediately to a panning shot of the world's most famous arena, the camera circling around it before cutting to an overhead shot of it before cutting to the sign that reads "MADISON SQUARE GARDEN." And then one more cut to a black screen with all the details.]

"SUPERCLASH VI  
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN  
NEW YORK CITY  
NOVEMBER 27, 2014"

[The graphic holds for a moment and then cuts to one more graphic.]

"LIVE ON PAY PER VIEW."

[As the graphic fades, we are back at the interview area, Mark Stegglet and a packed house full of loudly-booing fans are glaring at Dichotomy. The taller of the two, 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. He's wearing a black polo shirt with a red HYDRA logo on the right chest, and heavy wrist tape which he's adjusting.

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. He's wearing a black T-Shirt with a purple Decepticon logo on it. Both men seem very smug and satisfied.]

MS: Dichotomy! What was THAT all about?!

MG: That was the logical conclusion. For months, we've been allowed to fester on the sidelines while these two non-entities were given opportunities well above their grade. No one listened when we spoke. We attempted to be civil about this. But you have proven beyond doubt that the correct method to obtain what one desires is interminable violence.

MH: Exactly? When the fan heroes wanted to change the guy in power, what did they do? They started fights and ran in on matches until it happened, and you all cheered them! Where's our cheers?! Where's our applause?! All we did is what we just saw your heroes do! And it worked, and you cheered! But no, you're all hypocrites, every last one of you. I hope you all die in a fire.

MS: That's twisted logic! You have not been mistreated... this is just pathetic, a cry for attention!

MG: And why would we need to do that? Mr. Hoefner and myself were the Number Three contenders to the World Championship not long ago. We had procured a number of victories, and had come very close to defeating the World Tag Team Champions in front of the largest crowd to watch an AWA event live, after defeating a top team earlier in the evening while the champions came in fresh. We worked our way up the ladder slowly, the way everyone has always claimed is the "right way".

MH: And what did the "right way" get us? What did patience get us? We got jumped in line by two teenagers, all because they kiss corporate butt and one of them is the son of some guy we never heard of. THEY didn't have to wait in line. THEY didn't spend years in the preliminary circuit, working hard to get better day by day. THEY didn't have to make their own way or clear their own path. In fact, all they did was wrestle a meaningless match at a money show for no reason and they both lost! But everyone thinks 'oh, what a great match' even though nobody won, so let's team them up and steal money from Dichotomy!

MG: We do not have any more time to waste in our lives. Brian James and TORA, feckless vagrants that they are, are wasting our time. We have prospects. We have aspirations. And we need money... a LOT of money... to make our goals in life happen. We need it now. They are good-for-nothing spongers who have continually misappropriated slots in big money shows, big payoff matches, and lucrative television segments. We have been given nothing in this sport; we have



earned it all and done so against the opposition of the establishment, who disdain us because we never followed this sport as fans before arriving. We never liked wrestling, and we still don't. It is a sport for unsophisticates; the lowest common denominator.

MH: Look around. You think that we're less because we were never one of THEM?

MG: Wrestling fans make me question scientific fundamentals, such as evolution and selective adaptation. But as I was saying, while we have received nothing that we didn't have to take, Brian James and TORA have received nothing but handouts. Their success was ordained for them. Even this evening's match, where the establishment cherry-picked opponents who were traumatized after being upset in Los Angeles. Strictly Business was clearly unprepared for this match and suffering lagging injuries, or James and TORA would have been defeated in mere minutes. But the establishment knew they were vulnerable, and handed this to TORA and James. Like everything else has been handed to them.

MH: That's why we made sure to send a little message. You take handouts? We take hands.

MS: That's sick.

MH: Yeah? Well, maybe it's time we got a little sick, Stegglet. Maybe it's time. We're done being the whipping boys. You wanted us to shut up, right? Then this is how we're going to send messages from now on. And consider that the first one... we're taking our place back. And the next time someone tries to jump in front of us like that, it'll cost them double. If they try and steal from us, that five-finger discount is gonna cost you a ten-digit sum.

MG: An arm and a leg, in fact.

MS: That's enough! Dichotomy with a vile statement... back to you, Gordon.

[Back to ringside.]

BW: And you know why he didn't throw it back to me, Myers!

GM: Because you're going to defend them.

BW: Darn right I am! What did you expect?! What did anybody expect?! Dichotomy has been saying this for six months! Everybody ignored their warnings... they had no choice but to take somebody out. If I was them, I'd have done it months ago.

GM: If you were them, you would have waited until the Wise Men were out of power and the Dogs Of War were no longer a security presence.

BW: I... maybe so, Gordo, maybe so. But you gotta \_hand\_ it to Dichotomy, they know how to make a statement now.

GM: You should be ashamed of yourself, for both that pun, and for supporting two men who outright state that they don't like professional wrestling and never did. How and why did they even get into this sport, let alone the AWA?!

BW: Where there is a will, there's a way. And they have will and intelligence... and they need more money than you can get anyplace else. That's why. The champions make top, TOP dollar. Believe me, Supreme Wright doesn't have trouble making his mortgage payment. The Lights Out Express are drivin' the nicest cars you can dream of. Even Tony Sunn can afford some nice clothes, and maybe someday he'll buy some. Champions get the kind of money Dichotomy needs.

Guys who wrestle big shows consistently, get on TV consistently, they get close to the kind of money Dichotomy needs. And anybody that gets between them and what they need is gonna end up like Brian James... hurt thumb thing awful! because Dichotomy is finger-kickin' good! Ha ha ha ha ha!

GM: ...Disgusting. Fans, let's go back to the ring for more action!

[In the ring, Phil Watson stands by with two wrestlers in the ring. One is tall with a lanky build, with some decent musculature for a thin guy. He has very short black hair and a scruffy goatee. This wrestler is wearing long black tights with blue trim and a white tank top; the tank top has black iron-on lettering that reads "THIS SHIRT IS BETTER THAN YOU". His partner is a big man, but on the pudgy side. He sports a glorious 80s-era bushy Tom Selleck-ish mustache. Balding yet sporting a shoulder length mullet, this swarthy fellow (hopefully not an opportunist!) wears a Dominican Republic-themed singlet with black boots, no kneepads.]

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

Introducing first, already in the ring. From Dallas, Texas and San Cristobal in the Dominican Republic, respectively. At a total combined weight of five hundred nineteen pounds... the team of SCOTTY RICHARDSON and ANGELO CORDERO!

[Richardson does a full turn in the middle of the ring with his arms out wide to some mild jeers. He then yells as the fans who jeered. Cordero seems to not care about the fans, just glaring at the aisle.]

And then the punk rock anthem, "Anarchy In The UK" by the Sex Pistols, plays over the PA. Immediately, Ripper Brooks and Chaingun Harrow stride out from behind the curtain. The Brixton Bruisers each wear a loose red shirt with various silver/dark green/dark yellow/black/navy designs spraypainted and airbrushed in (skulls, motorcycles, flames, words, etc) over a black long-legged singlet, leather-and-chrome boots, and black elbow pads. Their fists are heavily taped. To the ring, they wear black leather longcoats with "BRIXTON BRUISERS" stenciled on it with red spray paint, and visor-like sunglasses which are tinted red. The Bruisers take their sweet time walking to the ring, but they run their mouths at full speed the whole way. Pointing at the ring, waving on the fans, the dangerous duo look happy to be there... with nasty grins and intense glares indicating that their intentions are not benevolent. The crowd cheers for them.]

PW: From London, England... at a total combined weight of five hundred-fifty-three pounds...

...RIPPER BROOKS and CHAINGUN HARROW!

...THE BRIXTON BRUISERS!

[As their names are called, Brooks and Harrow raises their fists up to the sky. They both have bulky, unathletic builds, with Harrow being a bit larger. Brooks sports an improbably blue feathery mohawk, jagged blue eyebrows and a chrome tooth. Harrow is no normal-looking fellow himself with a dark orange spiked hairstyle, thick dark orange eyebrows, and a missing front tooth. Their facial expressions are crazed and their mouths are turned into smirks. The duo proceeds to walk down the aisle at their own pace, steps through the ropes, and continue to yammer on about goodness knows what.]

GM: The Brixton Bruisers are here at Homecoming, and looking to make a statement in a loaded tag team division, Bucky.

BW: They're making a statement, alright. And that statement is "We have no taste or class." I'd say they're the lowest common denominator, but then again, my nephews.

GM: Speaking of your nephews, we'll see them debut here tonight!

BW: Do we have to?

[Gordon chuckles at Bucky's misery as The Bruisers climb into the ring, and walk about engaging the fans. Brooks walks up to Richardson, and runs his mouth at him. Richardson responds with a loud slap. Brooks responds by almost caving Richardson's face in with a haymaker, and we're on.]

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

GM: Scotty Richardson with a highly inadvisable move, and the battle is on! Brooks is battering Richardson! Harrow ambushing Cordero!

BW: He just blindsided Angelo Cordero with a head-on charge. I swear, my nephews must be contagious.

GM: Brooks sending Richardson off the ropes, and a huge powerslam smashing the hometown boy into the canvas! Chaingun Harrow off the ropes... Lambeth Leap into the midsection of Cordero! The diving headbutt to the ribcage flattened all of the wind out of Cordero!

BW: That move is nasty, Gordo. So long as that idiot doesn't break his own neck doin' it!

GM: Risky to be certain! Both Brixton Bruisers are now sending Scotty Richardson to the ropes, and a double clothesline sends Richardson flying! Now what are they doing?

[Harrow backs up to the ropes, and Brooks grabs his arm. The maniacal blue-haired Ripper then Irish-Whips his orange-haired partner, who reverses it to send Brooks into Richardson with another high-impact Lambeth Leap that gets the crowd going! The momentum from the double-whip causes Richardson to be bowled over and roll right out of the ring!]

BW: Good grief! They just broke Richardson in half!

GM: The Brixton Bruisers are wildmen in there!

BW: Wildmen who apparently don't understand that one of them has to get out of the ring. This ain't a Texas Tornado match!

GM: Brooks and Harrow grabbing Cordero... whipping him face-first into the turnbuckles! Driving the wind out of him! And finally, Chaingun Harrow to the apron. Ripper Brooks the legal man.

BW: Cordero's reeling... WHOA!

[He's more than 'reeling' now. As he gingerly exits the Bruisers' corner, Cordero walks into a fierce left hand by Brooks, an armwringer windup, and a brutal shortarm front elbow smash that causes a WHACK to reverberate through the arena! The crowd cheers the huge impact!]

GM: BRIXTON BLAST! MY WORD, WHAT A BLOW!

BW: Stick a fork in him. He's done... especially because of what's next.

[What is next is the tag to Harrow immediately after the Brixton Blast. Harrow climbs to the top and leaps off with a crushing flying buttdrop, driving all of his two hundred eighty three pounds into the chest of Angelo Cordero! He remains seated on him for the academic three count.]

GM: BRIXTON BOMB! That combination is called the Last Train Out Of London, and this match is already over!

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

BW: These guys want a fight, Gordo. They don't want guys who can't fight them.

[The cheers continue as "Anarchy In the UK" begins anew. Harrow and Brooks stomps around the ring playing to the crowd.]

PW: Here are your winners... THE BRIXTON BRUISERS!

GM: In well short of a minute. And you're right, Bucky. The Brixton Bruisers will end it very quickly if their opponents are not up to par. They have some sort of honor code to that effect, I think.

BW: It's not honor! They're bloodthirsty thugs who want nothing but violence. And that means they made the right choice in coming here, because we got the teams to oblige them. Just not tonight.

[Ripper Brooks grabs the mic. The music doesn't stop for him, he just screams over it.]

RB: OOOOOYYYYYYY! AWA, GET US SOME REAL COMPETITION! WE WANT A FIGHT! WE WANT A FIGHT! WE WANT OPPONENTS THAT CAN GIVE US A FIGHT! AND WE'RE COMIN' FOR 'EM ALL!

[He spikes the microphone down and the Bruisers start making their way to the back.]

BW: I didn't see them step up with Violence Unlimited was sayin' the same thing.

GM: They were saying it from Japan, Bucky. That would be a wild confrontation. The Longhorn Riders are another team I could see them taking on in the near future. The entire tag division is filled with top competition from top to bottom, and it will not be long before the Brixton Bruisers are obliged. If they're coming to your town, fans, you won't want to miss them in action against the other big tag teams in the AWA!

BW: Or the AWA tag team division in general. Even the worst teams we got are real good.

GM: Later tonight, we'll see the cream of the crop in the AWA tag team division, the World Tag Team Champions, the Lights Out Express defending the titles against Air Strike but all these teams - Strictly Business, James and TORA, the Bruisers, even the Wilde Bunch when they debut later tonight - they're all jostling for position to find out who will be next to get their shot at the gold. It's an exciting time to be a fan of tag team wrestling here in the AWA but as a matter of fact, it's an exciting time to be an AWA fan in general because we are officially on the road to Madison Square Garden and SuperClash VI, Bucky.

BW: SuperClash is always the biggest night of the year and when the AWA comes to New York City - the city that never sleeps - for the very first time, you better believe it's going to be a special occasion.

GM: Over the next several weeks as we tick closer and closer to SuperClash VI, we're going to be presenting some of our favorite SuperClash matches over the years in a segment we're calling "ClashBack." And on this very first edition of ClashBack, we're looking back at the one that started it all - the very first SuperClash on Thanksgiving Night of 2009 from the Dallas Memorial Coliseum right down the road. The match we'll be taking a look at was for the AWA National Tag Team Titles as the champions, Kentucky's Pride, were putting the titles on the line against Adrian Freeman and Calisto Dufresne in an Unsanctioned Match. Anything goes in this one and... well, fans, this was one for the history books. Take a look...

[We fade to footage marked "SUPERCLASH I - November 26th, 2009" as the shot comes to a simple black backdrop where the two men who make up the AWA National Tag Team Champions Kentucky's Pride stand by. On the left side stands Tin Can Rust, proud with his tag title adorned around his waist and a stoic look on his aged face. He wears a pair of black jeans and a black T-shirt with the outline of the state of Kentucky in green on it.

On the right stands the more rotund figure of City Jack. He wears a pair of blue jeans and a black "Give Me Liberty Or Give Me Death" T-shirt. His half of the tag titles is slung over his shoulder and held by his right hand. His face still wears a bandage around the top for the damaged right eye of Jack, leaving the left eye uncovered.]

CJ: It's time...

[Jack throws out those words before settling in a long pause.]

CJ: It's time, it's time, it's time. I know that what ya'll been thinkin' up some. I know that what them there announcers have been sayin'. And I know dang-on well it's what those two backslidin' yellow snakes've thinkin'. This here SuperClash...

[Jack looks to his partner Rust, who shakes his head in reply.]

CJ: Could be the last time the two of us are seen with these here AWA Na-tion-al Tag Team titles. And I gotta say, if I was watchin' us? I too may be havin' my doubts about if we could beat them two cowardly little boys.

TCR: Jack, there's no way - NO WAY - I'm giving up these titles.

[Rust, a bit too amped, fails to catch on to his partner's sarcasm.]

TCR: We came here to reform and show all of them - the critics, the fans, the wrestlers - that there's none better! We came here to fight and fight we have! And for Calisto Dufresne and Adrian Freeman?! For them to even think they can pry these titles from from grip?

[Rust narrows his eyes, steaming at the mere notion of someone taking away the long-held tag titles.]

TCR: It's not happening... No. No, Jack, it's not happening.

[City Jack cracks a smile and puts his hand up, trying to calm his partner.]

CJ: Naw, naw, Rust... I was just sayin'... We've got here two old men, slow a-foot and a couple pounds over the acceptable...

[Jack pats his much larger belly as he lets out a smile.]

CJ: Or in my case, a little more than a couple ol' pounds over. Rust here, he got dinged up takin' on them two alone and myself? Well...

[Jack turns a bit more towards the camera so that his bandaged eye is in full view.]

CJ: This here white gauze ain't helpin' me see none better when I'm tusslin' it in the ring. So sure, I can understand the doubt. I can understand what people may be thinkin' when going into this here match. That's what all's been talked about when it comes to us two...

[Rust shakes his head, not agreeing with the sentiment.]

TCR: Let 'em talk and let 'em doubt. I'll fight those two ants myself and punch right through their noggins if I have to, Jack. There's no way we're losing, Jack.

[Rust looks down at the title locked around his waist, taps it a couple times, and then comes back up with a dead cold stare.]

TCR: No way.

[City Jack kind of shakes his head.]

CJ: You know what, Rust? You certainly sure do drive a hard line, my man! You certainly do!

[Rust nods, still breathing hard from that bit of rage.]

CJ: I done been here before... I remember times when I had my arm casted on and everythin' and I still fought. Now, sure, I did lose it that once down in the Grand Isle and all while my arm was a-broke, but that was a different time and different circumstance. See, I done got a man to turn to when in a time o' trouble now.

[Jack slaps the shoulder of Rust.]

CJ: A man who -

[Jack stands back a moment to take a gander at his cooling off partner.]

CJ: Who, well, I sure wouldn't want to be in the ring 'gainst none now, I see. And me? Sure, I got only one good peeper here, but that ain't goin' make me fear none and it's goin' to stop me wrestlin' like I've always done did, ya hear?

[Jack nods.]

CJ: And that there's the answer as to why I accepted this here match - why I let it go what my man here the Can Crusher agreed to before. I'm... I'm a man who ain't a afraid to put it all on the line, 'specially when my honor's on the line. 'Specially when I see what this here match means to Rust - a man I call a friend to the end. And, well...

[The Liberty, KY native lets out a sigh.]

CJ: You know, when my pops... When was done in his final days and I was with him there and all.. He said, "Son, when you're at where I am now, make sure you have no regrets. Make sure you did all you had to do when you had to do it. Cause when you're 'bout to meet the Maker? There's no goin' back for any second chances. And there's no feelin' or pain worse than that regret."

[Rust nods as Jack puts his head down for a moment.]

CJ: I've... I've taken that to heart my whole career now. To have seen it in my pops eyes then, he needn't said none further. I could see what what the pain of his regrets was doin' to him and I vowed, for sure, never to have one more moment of second guessin' none.

[City Jack pauses again before bringing his head back up.]

CJ: So this here's what I HAVE to do! This here is my life - MY life! I ain't gonna run none like Cal-is-to Du-fresne's done from me for the past five on years. I ain't gonna hide behind no setbacks, little or big! This is NO regrets!

[Jack gets an angry look on his face, almost like Rust's.]

CJ: And I'm willin', boys, to put it ALL on the line! All of it - the titles, my health, our pride, my future, this here whole team... Just to make sure this ends here at SuperClash...

[Jack pauses, his good, non-bandaged eye narrowing.]

CJ: Just to make sure you two never see the light o' day ever again when it comes to these here championships you've been salivatin' over. This IS the end, boys... The absolutely end...

[And with that, the two members of Kentucky's Pride glare intensely into the camera before the shot cuts out to the ring where Melissa Cannon is standing.]

MC: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and it is for the AWA National Tag Team Titles! There will be no countouts... no disqualifications... no time limit... and it is UNSANCTIONED!

[Big cheer!]

MC: Introducing first... they are the challengers...

[ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" kicks in over the PA to a major explosion of boos.]

MC: At a total combined weight of 435 pounds... they are the team of "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne and "Subzero" Adrian Freeman!

[The jeers intensify as Dufresne and Freeman make their way through the curtain. Freeman is all business as he strides towards the ring ignoring the very same fans that Dufresne is taking the time to mock from the aisle.]

GM: The arrogant challengers are on the way to the ring... having bullied their way into getting this title shot tonight. They don't have the three points and they used Kentucky Pride's emotions in getting this match.

BW: Brilliant, isn't it?

GM: Disgusting if you ask me.

BW: That's why you've never been a champion in this sport, Gordo, or even managed a champion. You don't have the killer instinct. These two do and they will do absolutely ANYTHING tonight to become the National Tag Team Champions... anything.

[Freeman walks up the ringsteps, climbing through the ropes. He points a warning finger at the official before moving back to the corner to warm up. Dufresne is a few feet behind him, standing on the apron and swiveling his hips in the direction of a few ringside fans before stepping into the ring with a cackle.]

GM: They look ready for this one and I believe you're right, Bucky. I believe they will do anything to become the tag team champions here tonight.

[The music starts to fade out as Melissa speaks again.]

MC: And their opponents...

["My Old Kentucky Home" by Stephen Foster plays over the PA as the fans in the Dallas Memorial Auditorium get to their feet and let out a huge cheer. ]

MC: At a total combined weight of 583 pounds... City Jack and Tin Can Rust...

KENTUCKY'S PRIIIIIIDE!

[The cheers get louder as Tin Can Rust and City Jack steps out from the entrance. Both men have a look of business tonight, ready for a fight in this Unsanctioned match. Rust is dressed as usual in his black wrestling tights and boots, with a simple "Kentucky's Pride" black t-shirt. He also wears his half of the AWA tag titles around his waist.

Jack wears his normal wrestling garb of a dark brown wrestling singlet, black boots, sweatbands around his forearms, and a black "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death" t-shirt. He has his title belt over his shoulder - for a moment - before shooting it up into the sky as he and Rust walk down to the ring.]

GM: Now these two men look ready for a fight!

BW: Are you kidding me? Rust looks like a man who had his Jello stolen at the old folks' home. And City Jack is a right hand to the eyeball away from being half the man that Stevie Wonder is!

GM: Give me a break! That's disgusting!

[When the two finally get to the ring, they look at each other and nod, before finally ascending the step and making their way through the ropes.]

GM: Listen to these fans... to this crowd... this place is going nuts for Kentucky's Pride! What an atmosphere we've got going on here tonight in Dallas for SuperClash! This truly is the biggest night of the year!

[City Jack stands in the corner, glaring across the ring at Dufresne and Freeman before handing his title belt over to the official...

...and then SPRINTING across the ring, cocking his arm back for a Metropill and taking a full swing at Calisto Dufresne who throws himself through the ropes to the floor alongside his partner!]

GM: Oh yeah! Oh yeah! Injured eye or not - City Jack is ready for a fight! He wants Dufresne... he wants him so badly! These two have had a blood feud raging for YEARS and tonight, we may finally see it come to an end, Bucky.

BW: It has to end, Gordo. I don't think either of these two men can truly be happy in this business until they put the other on the shelf for good. That's how much these two men hate one another.

GM: The referee is forcing City Jack back... trying to keep him at bay so the challengers can get back inside the ring...



[Referee Marty Meekly gets Jack to retreat back to his own corner where a surprisingly calm Tin Can Rust talks to his partner, trying to settle him down a little bit. Rust huddles up with Jack, talking softly to him to which Jack replies with a nod but keeps his eyes locked across the ring where Dufresne and Freeman are getting back to their corner.]

GM: It looks like Adrian Freeman's going to start it off for his squad... and yes, Tin Can Rust has managed to get City Jack out of the ring so he can start the match.

BW: That's the smart way to do it. City Jack's injured, he's hurt, and he can't be the usual contributor in there. BUT... at some point, Rust will have to tag him in and who knows what'll happen then.

GM: That's for sure.

[Marty Meekly signals for the bell as Tin Can Rust marches out of the corner to the middle of the ring, glaring at Adrian Freeman who is taking a few last words from Dufresne before walking out to the middle as well.]

GM: We've got ourselves a staredown! Right in the middle of the ring!

BW: Adrian Freeman has no fear of a man bigger than him. Everyone he's ever fought has been bigger than him...

[The Australian is full of fire, running his mouth in the direction of the champ...

...and then makes the mistake of jabbing a finger in the chest of Tin Can Rust, eating a hooking haymaker to the jaw that knocks him flat in response!]

GM: Ohh! What a right hand by Tin Can Rust!

[Freeman scoots back to the corner, hands raised in defense as Rust stalks over him, waiting to take another shot...

...and then lunges forward in a double leg takedown, fighting for it, and then managing to trip Rust, knocking him down to the mat where Freeman crawls across him, frantically throwing fists at the face of the veteran.]

GM: Freeman showing some of those technical skills. We saw Shane Destiny and Pure X out here a little earlier and we talked about them perhaps being the best technicians in the game. Well, this is the other man in that argument.

[Scrambling to his feet, Freeman throws stomp after stomp after stomp down on Tin Can Rust. He reaches down, hauling Rust to his feet and blasting him with a back elbow to put TCR against the ropes.]

GM: Whip by the challenger... no, reversed!

[The Australian hits the ropes, rebounding off the other side...

...and a BIIIIIIIG backdrop sends Freeman flying through the air before he crashes down to the canvas in a heap!]

GM: Ohhh my! Freeman was up in the lights on that one!

[Freeman staggers up to his feet by the ropes...

...and a running clothesline takes the Australian over the ropes and down to the floor! Huge cheer!]

GM: Oh yeah! Tin Can Rust dumps him over the top to the floor!

BW: And this is Unsanctioned... so Rust could follow him out there and wallop him with a chair, choke him with a camera cable, smash him with the ring bell... anything goes in this one!

GM: It looks like Rust is staying in the ring though. He's glaring out over the ropes at Freeman but he's not following him out there for the fight. Not yet at least.

[Out on the apron, City Jack drops down to the floor, quickly moving around the corner to where Freeman is down on the barely-padded concrete...

...and snatches Freeman off the floor, cracking him with a right hand to a big cheer!]

GM: Whoa! City Jack's taking the fight to Freeman on the floor!

[He grabs Freeman by the hair, slamming his face into the ring apron as Marty Meekly shouts for Jack to get back to his corner. An angry Jack shoves Freeman under the ropes where Tin Can Rust is waiting with a series of stomps to the body.]

GM: Rust dragging Freeman up off the mat, shoving him back into a neutral corner...

[Rust steps back, throwing a hooking punch to the body. A second one lands as well, causing a dull "SMACK!" to echo through the building before Rust throws a back elbow into the corner.]

GM: Good grief! Rust is all over him and Adrian Freeman may be regretting getting into this match right now. Rust drags him out of the corner...

[The veteran hoists Freeman into the air, slamming him down on the mat...

...and points a warning finger at Calisto Dufresne before stomping down hard on the head of Freeman.]

GM: He's sending a message to Dufresne... telling him this is coming for him too...

[With Freeman on the mat, Rust hops up, dropping an elbow down across the chest before rolling over into a lateral press.]

GM: There's one! Two!

[Freeman fires a shoulder off the mat at two. City Jack shouts a few words from the corner at his partner who looks over, shaking his head at the master of the Metroboom.]

GM: I think Jack just told Rust not to cover him yet. We know how much Tin Can Rust loves those tag titles and how much he wants to keep them. They've held those titles for close to a full year now, Bucky, and Tin Can Rust wants to keep them even longer.

BW: Yeah, but City Jack wants to punish these guys. He wants to hurt them like they hurt him. Can you really blame him?

GM: I can understand his feelings but at the end of the day, they need to keep the titles so Rust is doing the right thing.

[Rust drags Freeman off the mat, shoving him back to the neutral corner...

...and POPS Freeman across the chest with a big chop!]

GM: Ohh! Big chop by the champ...

[Grabbing Freeman by the hair, Rust hauls him out of the corner, firing him across the ring...]

GM: The Australian off the ropes... ducks the clothesline...

[And gets CREAMED with a right hand from City Jack to a big cheer!]

GM: Jack caught him! Haha! And these fans are loving it!

BW: Who cares what the fans think?! Freeman needs to make the tag to the Ladykiller! Get him out of there!

[The camera catches Rust shaking his head at his partner again as Jack extends his hand, calling for the tag.]

GM: City Jack wants the tag but I think... it looks like Tin Can Rust isn't so willing to do that. He's trying to protect his partner from further injury and who can blame him for that, Bucky?

BW: How much longer is Jack going to tolerate being handled though?

[Rust drags Freeman off the mat again, firing him into the neutral corner. City Jack shouts in Rust's direction, actually drawing TCR's attention for a moment before he charges in...

...and runs RIGHT into the buckles as Freeman sidesteps the charge!]

GM: Ohh! Rust hits the buckles!

BW: That was City Jack's fault! Jack caused him to hesitate on the charge to the corner and Rust paid the price for it!

GM: Rust is dazed and...

[Freeman THROWS himself into a huge Lariat that knocks Rust off his feet, taking him down to the mat. The Australian pushes up to his knees, shaking his head before crawling over to slap the hand of Calisto Dufresne to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: And for the first time in this one, here comes the Ladykiller.

[Dufresne immediately goes to work with kicks to the ribs of Rust, over and over to the right side of the body. He winds up and drops a knee in the same spot, pressing his weight down on the knee into the ribcage.]

GM: Dufresne's going after the ribs of the champion.

BW: He's trying to take the air out of him... trying to force him to bring City Jack into the match...

GM: The Ladykiller's back to his feet...

[A hard stomp to the ribs sends a shout up from Tin Can Rust. Dufresne smirks as he stalks around his downed prey, circling him...

...and then drives another hard stomp into the ribs. City Jack shouts encouragement to his partner from across the ring, clapping his hands to try to rally his friend.]

GM: Jack's trying to get his partner up... trying to rally him and-

[And Dufresne takes the opportunity to mock City Jack, clapping his hands just like Jack did a moment prior...]

...which brings City Jack into the ring, full of fire as he tries to get to Dufresne.]

GM: Here comes Jack! Here comes- no! The referee cut him off!

BW: Let him go! This is Unsanctioned!

[Marty Meekly manages to get between Jack and Dufresne, wrapping his arms around Jack's waist and trying to keep him at bay. A grinning Dufresne waves "goodbye" to Jack before leaping up and dropping another knee down into the ribcage of Tin Can Rust.]

GM: Dufresne is such a pompous jerk, Bucky. I'm sorry but it's true.

BW: He never denied that, Gordo.

GM: Kneeling on the ribs now...

[Balling up his fist, Dufresne slams down hammerfist blows into the ribcage over and over... and then a straight punch to the ribs to polish off the attack. The Ladykiller gets back to his feet, smirking at City Jack who has been removed from the ring.]

"This one's for you, Jack!"

[And delivers a PUNISHING punt kick to the ribcage that causes Rust to roll under the ropes to the ring apron.]

GM: Rust is out on the apron now...

[Dufresne quickly dashes to the ropes, bouncing off, and dropping down into a baseball slide that connects with the same injured ribs, knocking Rust off the apron and down to the floor where Adrian Freeman quickly joins him, stomping and kicking the ribs as well.]

GM: Come on, referee!

BW: Unsanctioned!

GM: I know, but, there's gotta be some enforcement of the rules, doesn't there?

[Out on the floor, Freeman hauls Rust off the barely-padded concrete, wrapping his arms around the waist...]

...and DRIVES Rust spinefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohhh!

[With Rust leaning against the apron, Calisto Dufresne unravels a strip of white tape from his wrist, leaning through the ropes to loop it around Rust's throat!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The referee protests as Dufresne pulls up on the tape, effectively strangling Tin Can Rust while Freeman continues to throw forearm smashes to the body of the veteran.]

GM: Rust is being doubleteamed with a vicious assault by Dufresne and Freeman! The challengers have come to fight as well!

[After a bit, Dufresne releases the tape allowing Rust to slump down to his knees on the floor. Across the ring, City Jack pleads with his partner to get back to his feet.]

GM: Freeman's still out on the floor with Rust, dragging him up now...

[He grabs Rust by the wrist, FIRING him into the steel barricade with an Irish whip!]

GM: Ohhh! Rust hits the steel right there!

[Freeman climbs back up on the apron as Dufresne steps through the ropes, dropping down to the floor...

...and kicking a wide open Rust in the ribs!]

GM: Good grief! This is an out and out assault on the ribs and back of Tin Can Rust by the challengers and City Jack is living and dying with every blow in the corner!

[Dufresne strikes a boxer pose, bobbing and weaving to mock the crowd as he throws looping hooks to the injured ribs over and over and over. After a bit, he pulls Rust off the railing by the hair, dragging him over to the ringpost and shoving him back against it.]

GM: What in the world is he doing now?

[Leaning over, Dufresne rushes in and DRIVES his shoulder into the ribs of Rust, smashing him back against the steel!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: He's gonna break Rust in half... and then count his rings to see how old he REALLY is!

GM: Would you stop?

[Dufresne backs off, ready to strike again but Rust is doubled up. He waves his hand, shouting "Get up!" to the man who is one-half of the National Tag Team Titles but Rust stays down, actually falling to a knee.]

GM: Rust can't even stand up out there on the floor right now...

[A disgusted Dufresne moves in, yanking Rust off the mat by the hair...

...and EATING a right hand for his efforts, getting knocked down to the thin padding! Big cheer!]

GM: And I think Tin Can Rust might have been playing a little bit of possum, Bucky!

[Stepping forward, Rust grabs the legs of Dufresne under his arms and falls back with them, catapulting Dufresne up...

...and RIGHT into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! DUFRESNE TO THE STEEL!!

[The Ladykiller is stunned, clinging to the ringpost to stay on his feet as Rust slowly gets up, clutching his ribs. Grabbing Dufresne by the trunks, he fires him under the ropes before climbing back up on the apron.]

GM: Rust is on the apron...

[But before he can get back in, Freeman races down the apron and clubs him with a forearm to the back of the head. A couple more blows follow before Freeman grabs the top rope and jerks back on it, snapping Rust off the apron...

...and down into a heap on the floor!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHH!

BW: I love it! Kentucky's Pride, even in an Unsanctioned match seem to have trouble breaking the rules but Freeman and Dufresne... this is like a new level of freedom for them! Dufresne was in trouble but Freeman just saved him and put Rust down and down HARD, daddy!

GM: Tin Can Rust got snapped back off the ring apron and hit that thinly-padded concrete VERY hard! And the National Tag Team Champions are in some serious trouble at this stage in the match.

[Freeman drops down to the floor, dragging Rust to his feet and rolling him under the ropes where he shouts at Dufresne to make a cover. A dazed Dufresne dives across Rust in a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The crowd breathes a collective sigh of relief as City Jack slips in and buries a forearm on the back of Dufresne's neck to break the pin...

...and sticks around to throw a few more right hands at the Ladykiller before Marty Meekly intervenes once more, forcing City Jack away from Dufresne and back to the corner...

...which allows Adrian Freeman to illegally enter the match, kicking Rust repeatedly in the ribs before making his exit again.]

GM: The referee was distracted and that allowed Freeman to do some damage...

[Pushing off the mat, Dufresne delivers a few kicks of his own before dragging Rust by the foot to the corner where he slaps the hand of Freeman.]

GM: There's the tag by the challengers... Freeman back into the match legally now...

[A hard kick to the ribs forces Rust to roll over to his stomach where Freeman drops a knee down in the spine. Kneeling on the lower back, he reaches over to grab a handful of Rust's face, yanking back into a modified surfboard.]

GM: Ohh! This is a very painful hold for Rust to be in - especially with the injuries to the ribs and back he's suffered in this match so far.

BW: Listen to him screaming at Rust to quit... demanding he give it up...

GM: There's no way... no chance that Kentucky's Pride submit to these jackals...

[After a few more moments, Freeman climbs to his feet, glaring at Rust who finally starts to try and crawl to his corner where City Jack is waiting.]

GM: And for the first time, we see Tin Can Rust looking to his corner, knowing he needs to make a tag to City Jack...

[City Jack slaps the top turnbuckle, shouting encouragement to his partner as Rust continues to crawl...

...until a leaping elbowdrive to the kidneys cuts him off!]

GM: Ohh! Another hard shot to the lower back by Adrian Freeman!

[And with Rust already on his belly, Freeman straddles him facing away, reaching down to grab the legs and crank back in a Boston Crab!]

GM: Boston Crab! The Boston Crab is applied by Freeman! And if he drops down to a knee, putting even more pressure on the spine, it'll be the Deep Freeze - something we've seen him finish off a lot of opponents with.

BW: If he slaps on the Deep Freeze, we've got new National Tag Team Champions, daddy!

GM: You could be right about that!

[Freeman cranks back, screaming with effort as he tries to wrench the back even more but Rust is fighting it every step of the way, using his powerful legs to push back, avoiding giving Freeman enough leverage to drop down to a knee and sink in the Deep Freeze!]

GM: Rust is fighting it... this veteran... this warrior... he's fighting the Boston Crab!

BW: Freeman continues to scream at him to quit... ordering him to give it up...

GM: But Rust isn't doing it! Rust is crawling... inching closer to his partner!

[The crowd roars as Rust drags Freeman across the ring, his fingernails digging into the canvas as he pulls his body closer and closer to his waiting friend and partner...]

GM: These fans are on their feet, cheering him on... trying to inspire him to get there...

[But when he gets too close, Freeman simply turns the Crab over...

...and drags him by both legs across the ring towards their own corner where he slaps the hand of Calisto Dufresne.]

GM: Well, there's a tag but it's not the tag these fans wanted to see.

[Freeman pulls Rust off the mat, blasting him with a forearm to the jaw that knocks him back to the buckles as Dufresne comes in. The Ladykiller pulls Rust out of the corner and into a double underhook.]

GM: What's he going for here...?

[Dufresne hoists Rust into the air, flipping him over, and dropping him DOWN across a bent knee!]

GM: Ohhh! Some kind of double underhook into a backbreaker!

BW: That might do it!

GM: We've got one! We've got two! And ohhhh so close but Rust gets the shoulder up at two!

[An angry Dufresne throws a few clenched fists to the jaw before climbing back to his feet. He points at City Jack before leaning down to drag Rust back to his feet, whipping him into the neutral corner. With a pump of his fist, Dufresne charges across the ring, hopping up to the midbuckle where he mocking pumps his fist again before throwing right hands at the skull of Rust.]

BW: Haha! Dufresne is counting off his punches in the corner!

GM: He's the only one. He thinks this is funny but he's the only one laughing.

BW: I thought it was funny.

GM: Why am I not surprised by that?

[At the count of ten, he pauses, mockingly trying to rally the fans...

...which allows Rust just a heartbeat of time to duck out from under Dufresne, reaching up to grab the back of the trunks, and HURL him down off the ropes and onto the back of his head on the canvas!]

GM: Oh yeah! Oh yeah! Rust puts him down hard!

BW: He pulled the tights!

GM: Whatever it takes in this one, Bucky... whatever it takes....

BW: I'll remember you said that!

[Rust immediately falls to all fours, looking up at his friend and partner who still has his hand outstretched. With the crowd roaring for the exchange, Rust starts to crawl across the ring once more. On the other side of the ring, Dufresne rolls over to his stomach, also trying to crawl across the ring and make the tag.]

GM: And we've got a race on our hands! Who can make the tag first?

BW: Dufresne's closer to the corner!

GM: But these fans are solidly behind Kentucky's Pride! They want to see City Jack in there so badly! They want to see him exact some payback on these two jackals!

[With the roaring crowd on their feet, Rust draws closer and closer...]

GM: TAG! Dufresne brings in Freeman!

[The Australian stumbles coming through the ropes in a hurry, sprinting across the ring to...

...an ENORMOUS CHEER as Tin Can Rust makes a DIVING tag!]

GM: HEEEEEEERE WE GO!



[City Jack enters the ring, fire in his eyes. Adrian Freeman immediately throws on the brakes, trying to backpedal...

...and getting MOWED over with a running clothesline from City Jack!]

GM: Freeman goes down and-

[Jack approaches the challengers' corner, reaching over the top rope to yank Dufresne to his feet on the apron...

...and hiptosses him over the ropes into the ring as well!]

GM: He brings Dufresne in the hard way!

[A fired-up City Jack leans down to slap the canvas with both hands and then points right at a kneeling, pleading Dufresne!]

GM: Now you want mercy? Now you want forgiveness?!

[Jack shakes his head, approaching Dufresne...

...who springs to his feet, trying to throw a right hand but has it blocked and countered with a right hand of his own!]

GM: Ohh! Big haymaker by City Jack!

[A series of haymakers knocks Dufresne back into the corner where Jack grabs him by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner, and charging in after him...

...where he slightly leaps at the last moment, crushing Dufresne in the corner with a big splash!]

GM: OHHHH! RUNNING CORNER SPLASH!!

[Pumped up, Jack does a little jig before pulling Freeman off the mat, whipping him to the opposite neutral corner, and charging right in again...

...SQUASHING Freeman in the buckles with another running splash!]

GM: Dufresne and Freeman are getting rocked by City Jack and he's all over the place in there!

[Jack promptly hops up to the midbuckle over Dufresne, pumping a clenched fist before raining punches down on the nefarious Ladykiller!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Jack hops down off the midbuckle, leaving a dazed Dufresne in the corner...

...and then points at Freeman to the roar of the crowd. He marches across the ring, stepping up to the second rope again.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[And then drops back down, grinning at the reaction of the crowd. He grabs Freeman by the back of the head, dragging him out of the corner...

...and HURLING him over the top rope and down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! HE CLEARS OUT FREEMAN!

[Marching across the ring, he grabs Dufresne by the hair as well...

...and HURLS him over the top rope, right out on top of his partner!]

GM: The challengers have been cleared from the ring by City Jack and-

BW: This could be a HUGE mistake!

GM: City Jack's going out after them!

[Tearing through the ropes, City Jack drops down to the barely-padded concrete. He reaches down to drag both men back to their feet...

...and SMASHES their skulls together to the cheers of the crowd! Freeman stumbles away, falling to his knees near the timekeeper's table while Dufresne falls back into the barricade.]

GM: Jack's on a rampage, Bucky!

BW: I may not like the man but you gotta understand his thinking tonight. These two tried to take his eye... take his vision... take his livelihood. Of course you're going to do whatever it takes to get even.

[Moving over to Freeman, Jack yanks him up by the hair, and SLAMS his face into the ringside table! With Freeman laid out across the table, Jack spins around to move towards Dufresne.]

GM: Jack's taking them both on at the same time! Rust is hurting and his partner is all over both of their challengers...

[Jack grabs Dufresne by the wrist and with a quick gesture of his hand, he has some ringside photographers clear out before he goes for an Irish whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Dufresne!

[The big whip by Dufresne sends Jack smashing into the ringside steel barricade, leaning against the metal as Dufresne drops to a knee, trying to catch a breather.]

GM: Jack hits the railing hard... here comes the Ladykiller!

[With a head of steam, Dufresne tears across the ringside area, racing towards the stunned Jack...

...who drops his head down HURLING the Ladykiller over the barricade and down into a heap in the crowd at ringside!]

GM: OHHHH! INTO THE CROWD!

[The crowd continues to roar as Jack collapses to a knee inside the railing while Dufresne lies motionless just beyond the barricade, ringside fans barraging him with harsh words and more than a few beverages.]

GM: City Jack dropped his head and threw Dufresne into the crowd, Bucky!

BW: Well, this match is Unsanctioned so anything goes out there but I'm not too sure that City Jack wants this match to be THAT much of a street fight. He's still a badly injured competitor that becomes a lot more vulnerable outside the ring.

[Getting back to his feet, Jack steps over the railing, moving in on his fallen rival...

...who POPS up, driving a balled fist into the groin of the Kentucky native!]

GM: OHHH! LOW BLOW, BUCKY!

BW: Anything goes! Unsanctioned, daddy!

GM: That'll drop anyone in the game and City Jack is down on his knees from that one. Calisto Dufresne was waiting for him and made him pay the price for coming out after him.

[The Ladykiller grabs Jack by the head, dragging him over towards a vacated steel chair...

...and SMASHES Jack's skull into the chairseat!]

GM: Facefirst to the steel! Dufresne drives him to the steel!

[Leaving Jack's face draped on the seat of the chair, Dufresne steps up onto the adjacent seat, looking out over the jeering crowd...

...and STOMPS on the back of the head, driving Jack's face into the steel again!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Hey, City Jack would be doing the EXACT same thing if he had the chance, Gordo.

GM: You could be right, Bucky, but right now it's Calisto Dufresne doing the damage. Two shots into that steel chair... either of which could have gone right after that injured eye.

BW: All's fair when the National Tag Team Titles are on the line.

[Still standing on the chair, Dufresne smirks at the reaction of the crowd and shouts out "ONE MORE TIME?"]

GM: Look at this guy... trying to get under the skin of the crowd now...

[The Ladykiller raises his boot again, holding it high to taunt the crowd...

...but as he brings it down, City Jack rolls over, catching the foot in his hands!]

GM: Jack caught him! Jack caught the foot!

[Dufresne struggles against City Jack's grip, trying to free himself...

...but Jack pushes up, shoving Dufresne off-balance and sending him spilling over the row of seats and into the next!]

GM: Oh yeah! Jack upends Dufresne!

[And immediately dives on top of him, throwing right hands as quickly as he can on Dufresne's skull. The Ladykiller is sprawled out over a row of seats, fans all around screaming for City Jack as he pummels his most hated enemy.]

GM: Listen to these fans! They're on their feet screaming for City Jack as he feeds Dufresne a knuckle sandwich time and time again out in the crowd!

[Grabbing Dufresne by the hair, Jack SLAMS the back of his head into the seat of the chair!]

GM: Good grief!

[Still holding the hair, Jack repeats the act, sending a loud "CLANG!" into the air from the impact. Jack climbs off the chair, pulling Dufresne up a bit, and then draping his throat across the back of the chair...]

GM: He's choking Dufresne on the chair!

[The camera spins around Dufresne, seeing a rapidly turning red face as the Ladykiller struggles against City Jack who continues to strangle him on top of the metal chair...

...and then DRIVES an elbow down to the back of the neck, smashing the throat against the steel.]

GM: Dufresne's getting a little of his own medicine tonight at SuperClash, Bucky.

BW: Well, I hope the Ladykiller was ready for a fight like this because City Jack's bringing the fight to him so far in this one.

GM: Jack hauls him up by the hair again... ohh! What a right hand!

[The impact of the haymaker sends Dufresne stumbling away, down the row of seats towards the entrance aisleway.]

GM: Dufresne gets popped and Jack's in hot pursuit...

[Another huge haymaker sends Dufresne falling backwards a few more steps, clearing the row of seats and leaning against the thin rope diving the crowd from the aisle as Jack follows him there.]

GM: The Ladykiller's on his feet but he looks like he's starting to- OHHH! Another right hand!

[The impact of this hooking haymaker sends Dufresne sprawling over the rope, crashing to a heap on the floor...]

...where Jack yanks him to a seated position, looping the aisle rope around his neck!]

GM: Whoa! City Jack has snapped!

[The crowd roars as Jack pulls up hard on the rope, leaving red welts behind where the rope is rubbing against the neck and throat of Dufresne. The Ladykiller tries to slip his fingers under the rope, trying to take away some of the leverage that the big Kentuckian is putting to good use.]

GM: Jack's trying to strangle Dufresne! Maybe all those attacks on City Jack aren't seeming like such a good idea to Calisto Dufresne anymore, Bucky!

BW: You're probably right on that one. Where in the world is Adrian Freeman in all this?!

[Jack releases the rope after a bit, pulling the gasping Dufresne back to his feet, hooking him under the arm...

...and HURLING him through the air in a hiptoss, throwing him down onto the row of steel chairs!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

BW: That'll send you straight to the chiropractor, daddy!

GM: It certainly will and I can barely hear myself think right now, Bucky! These fans are going absolutely nuts for everything that City Jack does!

[Working his way through the crowd, Jack grabs the downed Dufresne by the hair, yanking him off the chairs and into the aisle...

...where the Australian, Adrian Freeman, is waiting to blindside Jack with a lunging forearm to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohhh! And you asked where Adrian Freeman is... I think we just got an answer to that...

BW: We certainly did and a brilliant sense of timing for Freeman!

GM: Freeman's all over Jack, stomps and kicks to the head...

[After a bit of stomping, the Australian grabs Dufresne and together, they hoist Jack back to his feet, dragging him towards the ringside barricade.]

GM: It looks like the challengers are trying to get Jack back in there now...

[Near the railing, they both hook Jack under the arm, hiptossing him over the barricade and onto the thin padding at ringside!]

GM: Ohhh! Down HARD on the back! And now the two challengers are climbing over- wait a second!

[An elderly ringside fan rises from his aisle seat, screaming at Dufresne, waving his wooden cane back and forth...]

BW: Hey look! Dave Cooper's out at ringside!

GM: Would you stop?

[The Ladykiller turns his attention away from Jack for a moment...

...and SHOVES the fan in the chest, knocking him backwards into a couple of other fans who get right up in the Ladykiller's face as well!]

GM: We could have a situation out here, fans. We may need to get-

[Smirking, Dufresne leans over to snatch up the fallen wooden cane, pointing it at the elderly fan before hurdling the railing, taking the cane with him.]

GM: Dufresne just stole that fan's cane!

BW: The old man had it coming. He's lucky that's all that happened to him.

[With Dufresne trailing behind, Freeman fires City Jack under the bottom rope, rolling in behind him. The Ladykiller climbs up on the ring apron, stepping through the ropes, spinning the wooden cane round and round the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: I don't like the looks of this one bit.

[A quick cut reveals Tin Can Rust finally climbing back up on the ring apron, leaning over the ropes clutching his ribs as he shouts for his partner to make a tag.]

GM: Tin Can Rust wants a tag but I'm not sure if that's a good idea. He doesn't look much better than Jack does, Bucky.

BW: Both of these old-timers look to be a misstep away from tumbling into an open grave, daddy.

GM: Wait a second... what in the world is he...?

[The crowd buzzes with concern as Freeman hauls City Jack up to his feet, holding him steady by the back of the head, turning his face slightly to face Calisto Dufresne...

...who taps the cane on the canvas, imitating a blind man as he "tries to find" City Jack.]

GM: Disgusting.

BW: Kinda funny if you ask me.

GM: Freeman's holding Jack... holding him there for- no!

[Dufresne pauses, rearing back with the wooden cane...

...and SMASHES it down across the heavily bandaged eye of City Jack!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

BW: I think I heard that cane crack!

GM: City Jack dropped like he'd been shot, Bucky!

[The veteran crumples to the canvas, both arms immediately up over his face, trying to protect the eye. A smirking Calisto Dufresne walks around the downed City Jack, still clutching the cane as he glares down at his rival...

...totally oblivious as Tin Can Rust races into the ring!]

GM: Rust is in!

[Rust POPS an attacking Freeman with a right hand, knocking him off his feet. He spins around, hightailing it towards Dufresne...

...who bails from the ring JUST in time!]

GM: That coward Dufresne bailed out of the ring... Tin Can Rust is LIVID!

[Scampering to his feet, Freeman charges in again...

...and gets caught under the arm of Tin Can Rust who spins around in a full 360 before DRIVING Freeman down to the canvas with a sidewalk slam!]

GM: OHHHH! CAN CRUSHER!!

[Rust throws himself across Freeman, reaching back to hook the leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- OHHH! DUFRESNE BREAKS UP THE PIN!!

[The Ladykiller immediately starts stomping and kicking the downed Tin Can Rust. He grabs Rust by the wrist, dragging him to his feet, and firing him into the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip by Dufresne... boot to the gut...

[Stepping into a front facelock, Dufresne sets for his finishing DDT...

...but Rust straightens up, backdropping the Ladykiller up and over!]

GM: Oh my! What a counter by the champ and-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: SLEEPER! RUST HOOKS THE SLEEPER!

[Dufresne immediately starts firing his arms back and forth, trying to escape the tight sleeperhold applied by the tough and grizzled veteran.]

GM: Rust is trying to cut off the flow of blood to the brain... trying to crimp that neck and put the Ladykiller down!

BW: Dufresne needs to get out of this and he needs to do it fast! The referee has lost all sense of who is the legal man so he's counting pinfalls on Freeman one second and submissions on Dufresne the next! This is totally out of control!

GM: Well, we knew it would be. This is Unsanctioned and anything and everything goes in this one!

[With the crowd roaring, Rust swings Dufresne back and forth, trying to take all the wind out of his sails, trying to tighten his grip on the AWA National Tag Team Titles.]

GM: Rust has him in the middle of the ring! Marty Meekly is right there to check... he's trying to check on Dufresne but Rust is swingin' him around like a rag doll!

BW: This is bad! This is real bad!

GM: Tin Can Rust has those big arms around the neck and-

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE BROKE THE CANE!! HE BROKE THE CANE!!

[Adrian Freeman stands tall over a downed Tin Can Rust and Calisto Dufresne, holding half of a broken wooden cane in his hand. Even the Australian looks a little surprised at the wooden cane splitting when he bashed Tin Can Rust across the back with it.]

GM: Adrian Freeman broke the cane over the back of Tin Can Rust!

BW: But more importantly, Gordo, he broke the sleeper as well!

GM: He certainly did that and... wait a... no!

[Yanking Rust back to his feet, Freeman hoists him up over his shoulder as a groggy Dufresne gets up, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: NOOO!

[Both men drop down, SPIKING Rust's skull into the canvas with an assisted version of the Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am!]

BW: WHAM BAM THANK YOU MA'AM FOR THE NATIONAL TITLES!

GM: That's it. That's gotta be it!

[But before Freeman can even attempt a cover, Dufresne yanks Rust up by the arm...

...and HURLS him through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: What the-?! I don't get it!

[Dropping to his knees, Dufresne grabs City Jack by the back of the head, smashing his fist into the bandaged eye over and over.]

GM: He's pounding that eye! The referee is right there...

[A quick camera cut outside the ring shows AWA ringside doctor Dr. Bob Ponavitch taking a close interest in what's going on.]

GM: The doctor is out there as well. He'll stop this if he needs to.

BW: He may need to!

GM: Another right hand to the eye! And another! The referee is telling him to open up his hand but he's got nothing to make Dufresne do that.

BW: Freeman is just standing there and watching... I think he's a little in shock that Dufresne threw Rust to the floor.

GM: If Kentucky's Pride comes back to win this, you can look back on that moment as the reason why.

[Jack lifts his hands, trying to get Dufresne back...



...but the Ladykiller slams his fist down in a hammerfist motion a few times on the eye socket!]

GM: Come on!

[With a maddened howl, Dufresne grabs at the bandages - yanking, ripping, and tearing until the white gauze comes free. The Ladykiller gets to his feet, throwing the bandages aside.]

GM: This is bad, fans. This is very, very bad.

[Smirking at the jeers from the crowd, Dufresne measures the stunned City Jack...  
...and STOMPS down hard on the eye!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Calisto Dufresne's not gonna be happy with just the tag team titles tonight, Gordo. He wants another trophy! He wants City Jack's career! He wants City Jack's eye!

[The roaring crowd is screaming bloody murder as Dufresne raises his boot again...  
...and SMASHES it down on the injured eye again!]

GM: Good grief! This is getting difficult to watch.

BW: I think it's likely to get worse before it gets better.

[Nodding to his partner, Dufresne backs off and gestures to Jack. Hands on his hips, Freeman shakes his head and then delivers a stomp of his own to the eye. A second stomp quickly follows much to the dismay of the crowd.]

GM: And now it's Freeman going after the eye as well!

[Backing up, Freeman takes two steps, leaps into the air...

...and DROPS his knee down solidly on the eyesocket of City Jack, a move that sends a howl of pain from the Kentucky native into the air.]

GM: Ohhh!

[Freeman stays on his knees, applying a lateral press.]

GM: One! Two! Th-

[Big cheer from the crowd as City Jack powers out of the pin attempt!]

GM: City Jack's not done yet! He's not done yet!

[An annoyed Freeman grabs Jack by the back of the head, holding it in place as he drives fist after fist after fist into the eye...

...and Dufresne swoops in with another hard stomp to the eye to polish off the attack.]

GM: This is an absolutely brutal attack on the eye by these two men. They're torturing this man!

[The camera cuts to the floor where Tin Can Rust has pushed up to all fours, clutching the back of his neck.]

GM: Rust is starting to stir on the floor. That DDT took a lot out of him plus the punishment he's taken all match... I'm surprised he's even moving, Bucky.

BW: You and me both, Gordo.

[We cut back inside the ring where Dufresne drags City Jack by the arm to the corner. Letting go, he backs to the corner where he hops up to the second rope...

...and leaps off, DRIVING his fist down on the eye again!]

GM: Middle rope fistedrop! The Ladykiller rocked him there!

[Dufresne applies another lateral press as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: One!! Two!! Thr- shoulder up! Shoulder up!

[This time it's Dufresne who is irate at the kickout, smashing the eye again with a haymaker. Up on his knees, he lunges forward, driving the point of his elbow into the eye!]

GM: Ohhh! Come on!

BW: What do you want the ref to do, Gordo? It's Unsanctioned!

GM: I know it's Unsanctioned but there's gotta be something... wait a second here...

[A suddenly-focused Dufresne grabs the broken cane off the canvas, holding it up...

...and staring right at the splintered end.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: And this entire building just realized what he plans on doing!

GM: He can't do this!

BW: Unsanctioned!

GM: I know that but... come on, Bucky... even Dufresne can't do this!

BW: Oh, I think he can!

[Reaching down, Dufresne hauls Jack into a seated position right in front of him. Across the ring, Tin Can Rust has pulled himself to his feet, leaning against the ropes as he tries to get into the ring as a smirking Dufresne raises the splintered cane...

...and JABS it down into the eye area!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[The crowd roars with disgust as Jack flails back and forth on the mat, hands locked over his eye as he tries to get away from Dufresne. A bark from the Ladykiller gets Freeman on the mat as well, pinning Jack's arms to the mat as Dufresne raises the cane again...]

"PAY ATTENTION, OLD MAN!"

[And STABS the cane down into the eye area again!]

GM: This has GOT to stop! We need to get someone in there to stop this!

BW: It can't be done! There's no way to stop this man! This match is Unsanc-

GM: Damn it, Bucky! I know it's Unsanctioned! But this isn't right. This isn't right at all, damn it!

[Bucky goes silent at Gordon's shocking outburst. The crowd is buzzing with concern for City Jack as his injured eye starts to trickle blood from the corner of it as Dufresne raises the cane again...

...and this time actually DRIVES the cane into the eye, pushing it into the injured flesh as City Jack screams out in pain, crying, begging, screaming for mercy!]

"QUIT! QUIT, YOU SON OF A BITCH!"

[A screaming Dufresne is almost louder than City Jack as he demands that the veteran give up, submit away the National Tag Team Titles.]

GM: Dufresne wants him to give up... begging for him to give up but City Jack is not about to do that. He's not about to do that, Bucky.

BW: He may not have a choice, Gordo! At this point, it's the titles or the eye! Dufresne wants the titles but he'll take the eye as a consolation prize if it means driving City Jack out of this sport forever!

[Still pushing the cane down, Dufresne is completely livid, screaming at Jack to quit - almost in disbelief that City Jack has yet to give it up. Finally, Dufresne gives up, throwing the cane aside. He walks away from the downed and slightly bloody Jack leaving him behind for Freeman. The Australian flips Jack to his stomach, facing him towards Tin Can Rust who has finally gotten up on the apron...

...and SMASHES the eyesocket with a crossface!]

GM: Ohhh! What a shot!

[Freeman shouts at Rust "QUIT FOR HIM!"]

GM: The Australian wants Rust to quit FOR City Jack!

BW: Interesting strategy.

GM: Another crossface! And another!

[Blow after blow lands on the bloodied eye as the Australian continues to pummel him, shouting at Rust after every blow...

...which finally draws Tin Can Rust into the ring!]

GM: Rust is in and-

[Freeman throws Jack down to the mat, rushing across to DRILL Rust with a clothesline that knocks the veteran down to the canvas again. A few stomps make sure he stays there as the Australian walks away, moving to grab City Jack again.]

GM: Freeman drags City Jack off the mat... shoves him to Dufresne...

[A still-fuming Dufresne slaps on the front facelock, nodding his head at the jeering crowd, preparing to spike him into the canvas.]

GM: He's calling for it!

BW: WHAM! BAM! THANK YOU MA-

GM: OHHHHH!

[The crowd EXPLODES as City Jack straightens up at the last moment, backdropping Dufresne out of the front facelock and down to the canvas before collapsing down to a knee on the mat!]

GM: Jack counters the DDT...

BW: Freeman's looking to put him away now as well.

GM: They really wanted to force a submission out of City Jack... well, Dufresne did at least. I think Freeman would have been satisfied with being one-half of the new National Tag Team Champions but Dufresne wanted to put his rival on the shelf for good.

[Freeman pulls Jack off the mat...

...and EATS a Metropill forearm that knocks him back into the buckles where Jack lunges forward CRUSHING Freeman with a clothesline!]

GM: Freeman staggers out of the corner...

[Into the waiting arms of City Jack who hooks him around the waist in a bearhug...

...then powers him up before bellyflopping into the Metroboom!]

GM: OHHHHH! METROBOOM!! HE GOT IT!!

[Jack collapses to the canvas after hitting the belly-to-belly suplex, completely exhausted and unable to make a cover of his prone opponent.]

GM: City Jack can't make a cover! He hit the Metroboom but he can't make the cover on Freeman!

[Staggering back to his feet, Tin Can Rust wobbles across the ring, throwing himself across the downed Freeman.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- OHHHHHH!

BW: Freeman got the shoulder up! The delay in making the cover was all Adrian Freeman needed to get off the canvas in time. He broke that pin attempt and saved the challenge for the tag team titles! It's not over yet!

GM: But Rust isn't done! Rust is helping his partner up off the mat, dragging City Jack to his feet. He's trying to give Jack some instructions... trying to get his partner to work with him...

[A dazed City Jack nods his head at his partner, pulling Freeman off the mat...

...and applying another bearhug!]

GM: Wait a second! Jack's got the bearhug... he lifts him up...

[Which gives Rust the cue to hit the ropes, racing across the ring...]

GM: DARK AND BLOODY GROUND-OHHHHHHH!

[At the last possible moment, Adrian Freeman reaches down and RAKES the injured eye, forcing Jack to release him. The Australian pulls Jack down as well, causing Rust to race past...]

...and go sailing OVER the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OHHHHH! RUST IS OUT AGAIN!!

[Freeman grins at Rust sailing over the ropes to the floor as he drags Jack back to his feet...]

...and gets POPPED with a Metropill that sends Freeman sailing back to the corner where he collapses to the canvas.]

GM: Down goes Freeman!

BW: But Jack's going for Dufresne!

[Yanking the Ladykiller off the mat, Jack cracks him with a haymaker to the jaw. A few big hooking blows follow before Jack fires Dufresne across the ring...]

...and BULLDOZING him with a running clothesline in the corner!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[City Jack pumps his arm up in the air...]

...and BLASTS the eye area with the Metropill!]

GM: OHH! Metropill to the eye!

[Grabbing Dufresne by the hair, Jack throws him down to the mat and quickly yanks him into a seated position. He slaps his elbow before dropping down to a knee...]

...and SLAMS that elbow into the eye!]

GM: Payback! IS! HELLLLLLLL!

[With a roar, Jack raises the arm up, elbow pointed down and repeats the blow... elbow to the eye... elbow to the eye... elbow to the eye... elbow to the eye...]

GM: IT'S EYE FOR AN EYE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING AT SUPERCLASH!

BW: You talk about Kentucky's Pride being old school... well, right now City Jack is going Old Testament, daddy!

GM: Another one! And another! And another! And another!

[Dufresne's head rolls back limply, unable to defend himself as Dr. Bob Ponavitch takes a lonnnnnng look from out on the floor...]

...when suddenly a lunging Adrian Freeman breaks up the assault!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: Adrian Freeman may have just saved Calisto Dufresne's career!

[With Jack stunned, Freeman dashes towards the ropes...

...only to have Tin Can Rust reach up and yank the top rope down, sending Freeman toppling over the ropes and out to the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Jack gets to his feet slowly, looking out over the crowd. Nodding his head to their roars, he slaps his meaty forearm one more time as he leans over to pull Calisto Dufresne back off his knees...]

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd ERUPTS in a stunned reaction as a giant fireball lights up the Dallas Memorial Auditorium, sailing out of the hands of Calisto Dufresne and squarely into the injured eye of City Jack!]

BW: FIREBALL! FIREBALL!

[City Jack collapses to the canvas SCREAMING in agony as he clutches at his eye. Seizing the moment, Dufresne dives atop Jack, quickly taking the mount and in a flurry of motion, starts throwing everything he's got at the eye - fists, hammerfists, elbows - anything that will land.

He's an absolute non-stop sea of activity as he continues to pound and pummel his arch-rival.]

GM: He burned him! He burned City Jack and now-

BW: And now he's beating the hell out of him, Gordo! He's beating that eye right out of his skull!

GM: Jack's trying to cover up... Jack's trying to protect himself... he's screaming in agony... my God, I can smell the burned flesh from here and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd falls silent as the referee leaps up, waving his arms back and forth. A stunned Dufresne backs off, looking down in disbelief at City Jack, fists still balled up and covered in City Jack's blood. The referee quickly moves to Melissa Cannon's side and with a nod, she raises the mic.]

MC: Ladies and gentlemen... your winners of the match as a result of a submission...

[Dramatic pause.]

MC: Annnnd NEW AWA NATIONAL TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

"THE LADYKILLER" CALISTO DUFRESNE

AND  
ADRIAN FREEEEEEEEEEEMAN!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Adrian Freeman rolls under the bottom rope, barely able to stand as he moves towards his partner who is still glaring at City Jack. After a moment, Marty Meekly arrives with the two title belts, handing them over to the new champions.]

GM: This can't be true. It can't be!

BW: It is! We've got new champions!

GM: By submission?! City Jack quit?!

BW: Did he have a choice? He'd been burned and was having an eye that barely works just absolutely beaten! I said it earlier - the title or your eye - and I think City Jack has chosen wisely.

[Adrian Freeman is absolutely ecstatic, clinging the title belt to his chest as he hops to the midbuckle. Dufresne stays stoic, the title belt slung over his shoulder as he stares at his bloodied and burned enemy.]

GM: I don't know what to say, fans. I really don't. We need to get some-

[The crowd cheers a bit as Tin Can Rust dives into the ring, crawling across the ring to cover up his partner, almost as if he's anticipating further attacks from the new champions.]

GM: Rust is in... but it's too late. It's too late for City Jack. It's too late for this match. And it's too late for the AWA National Tag Team Titles, fans. We've got new tag team champions. The year-long reign of Kentucky's Pride has ended in the middle of the ring tonight at SuperClash.

[The SuperClash I footage slowly fades, revealing Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: It seems like so long ago. What a classic matchup that was. You know, Bucky, every year during the opening of SuperClash, the fans hear me say that it's the event where careers are made and legends are built. Later tonight, in that 30 man Rumble, a career will be made alongside men like Supernova, Stevie Scott, and Supreme Wright - all former winners of that Rumble. And if you win it, you move on to SuperClash to battle for the World Heavyweight Championship on a night where you very well might build your legend. It's SuperClash. It's the biggest night of the year and it's just about two months away. Fans, we're going to take a short break but when we come back, we've got a very special treat for you so don't you dare go away!

[We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloopers are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are half-heartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could \_really\_ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Rick Marley?]

Kids: \*gasp\*

[And... is that Dave Bryant running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoe Rage just kick down the front door to attack Terry Shane III from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that TORA leaping down the staircase at Robert Donovan? And why are Dichotomy beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Northern Lights turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAHH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Nenshou is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit MAMMOTH Maximus with a flying bodypress, Bobby O'Connor is hiptossing Dave Cooper across your family room, and Strictly Business and Air Strike are brawling across your driveway. Percy Childes takes a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Tony Sunn as he had Demetrius Lake in a headlock while Ryan Martinez is ramming Johnny Detson's head into the sink in the background, Buford P Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Hannibal Carver tries to clothesline Callum Mahoney, who ducks... poor Hannibal hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Alphonse Green wanders by and stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Three AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

[SkyHerc does a double throw to send The Lights Out Express over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the SkyHerc and Lights Out Express action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Steve Spector tries to smash Supreme Wright with a kitchen chair, but Wright pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Spector and Wright action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Juan Vasquez and Gibson Hayes double-clothesline Willie Hammer in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like William Craven is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Eric Preston. Well, his body is doing flips in the air



as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Colosseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Jack Lynch, Shadoe Rage, Mr. Sadisuto, and William Craven. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably-popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black...

Cut to backstage where Jack Lynch stands, microphone in hand. The eldest of the Lynch brothers is dressed head to toe in black. The cowboy's tall, lanky torso covered by a black leather duster, his black cowboy hat tilted forward, casting a shadow over his face.]

JL: In Los Angeles, I fought a battle, and I helped win the war. What I did, I did 'cuz it was the right thing. The right thing for my friends. The right thing for the AWA. But the war's over. And tonight, I've come home.

And Homecomin' is all about what's right for yours truly.

Tonight's the Rumble. And in that Rumble, I've enemies, I've got friends, I've even got family. But tonight, this cowboy ain't seein' nothin' but twenty nine other guys standin' between me and what I want. And what do I want? Somethin' that's both rare and precious in the AWA.

A World Title shot.

I've been here a long time. And there's one thing I've never gotten – a shot at that gold. There ain't no greater prize in this sport than the World Heavyweight title, and there ain't nothin' harder to get than a shot at the gold. That's why tonight, I'm fixin' to make the most of this opportunity.

Now don't get me wrong. This ain't me complainin'. A World Title shot should be the hardest thing there is to get. A man's gotta crave it. A man's gotta be willin' to put everything on the line, just for one shot.

And that's my plan for tonight.

One chance in thirty is what I got. But it's all I'll need. Family and friends? This ain't the night for them. And my enemies? Well, I'll be happy to give each and every one of you all the individual attention ya deserve.

But not tonight.

Tonight is about that chance. A chance I ain't never had before, and I may not ever get away. And if ya think I'm lettin' that chance pass me by, then you got another thing comin'. I'm home. But tonight, all I want is a ticket to New York.

And I'll be damned if I let anything stop me.

[Lynch raises his head, the shadow falling off of his face, and as he stares straight ahead, silent and determined, we go to...

Louis Matsui stands before the masked, massive form of Deimos, which pretty much blocks most of the AWA backdrop behind them. Deimos' mask, which has a metallic finish, obscures most of his face save for the eyes, while a black hood covers the rest of his head. His thickly-muscled torso is bare and he has on a pair of black tights and black boots. The portly, bespectacled Asian has on a navy sports jacket over a red T-shirt. He also has his familiar smirk back on his face.]

LM: Now that the Wise Men, um, situation has been, er, dealt with, so to speak, I am sure the AWA fans want to know what is next for me and the personification of fear itself. What's next for Deimos? In one word...

Domination.

It starts tonight at Homecoming, in the Rumble, and culminates at SuperClash when we usher in the Reign of Terror.

[Fade to...

Solo Gibson Hayes interviewing himself. Hayes is in a simple grey t-shirt sans any logos. His afro seems to have a life of its own.]

GH: Hello AWA aficionados. I've been absent for a tad. While the AWA had a showdown to shake the pillars of heaven, I was watching; taking in the fight for the future path the AWA would find itself upon.

[Hayes thinks for a moment.]

GH: I'm not going to take up too much time. I could recap the goings on of the Battle of Los Angeles but you all witnessed the goings on there. I could say it is a great victory, a return to what the AWA should be. I could say that, but I'd be candy coating what really happened.

[Hayes pauses.]

GH: ...you see, this is a return to the status quo. The old stand by - not a single thing has truly changed. The true powers behind the throne flexed their muscles and made sure of that. While I had no love or respect for the Wise Men as individuals, I understood what they were doing. Those misguided fools were trying to fight the system. The system that perpetuates itself, that stymies any non-authorized change. Despite my active disdain for those who fought under that banner, I understood why they would do such a thing. Why they would rally against the sinister hands that take all of your hard earned pesos. You can't fight a systemic cancer like that head on, not on your life.

[A few paces back and forth from Hayes.]

GH: We're back to square one. While the a few cogs in the machine have left and been replaced, the grinder remains the same. Those so-called "Wise Men" were just the latest fish to be churned to chum by the machinations of the great machine. You see, the AWA doesn't operate without creating threats. You, delightfully riled up masses, need something to fear. You're easily spooked and overly skittish. Well, why not bring out Stevie Scott or a foreign threat? Calisto Dufrense? No, not this time. You've become dulled by the sight of them. Create a grand conspiracy, reveal it, then crush it under boot heel. Get a few of the big players of that little rebellion

to fall in goosestep with you. Boom! You've done created a good deal of cash. It won't change, it can't change. The stakes are too high.

[Hayes nods his head.]

GH: So, you have to throw in a monkey wrench into the whole damned thing. I have a chance at Homecoming to make a difference. I have a chance, and chances aren't granted all that often - you can go years without anyone putting their money behind you, right Ricky? Right Johnny? Anyhow, as I look up and down at the others involved, I know they have just as much, if not more, of a chance than I do. What do I have that they don't have? The fact I truly have nothing to lose. I'm going to fling myself into the guttiworks of that big ole machine they call the AWA and see if I can't make a mess of things. Give you all the one thing you really fear: uncertainty. It's about time we make you all afraid again.

[We fade in to a black, generic AWA backdrop where we find a man standing alone. He's wearing a medium blue dress shirt with a plaid tie that's covered by a tobacco-colored knitted cardigan sweater. His blond hair spills over his shoulders and a confident smirk is plastered onto his face. The man is former AWA World Heavyweight Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne.]

CD: That didn't take long, did it? Calisto Dufresne comes home and three hours later, the Wise Men are a thing of the past. AWA's \_real\_ white knight is back and is welcomed as a conquering hero. That's one piece of business taken care of.

[A long pause.]

CD: I'll be honest; other than the fact that the Wise Men got in my way directly, I really didn't care one way or another. I applaud backstabbing and a good scheme. Whatever it takes to get the job done. The issue of course is that they chose to involve themselves with the World Heavyweight Champion. Not the charlatan running around with the title today, mind you. I'm talking about the \_real\_ World Heavyweight Champion. The one who held that belt proudly for countless months without breaking a sweat in its endless defense.

[A bow towards the camera.]

CD: That would be yours truly. But the Wise Men didn't like my invincibility. They didn't like the fact that none of the...

[Air quotes.]

CD: ...chosen ones could rip the belt away from my trim waist. So they schemed to come up with an illegal, unethical, unconscionable sham of a tournament to hide my opponent from me until the last second. Ultimately, they won that battle.

[A smirk returns.]

CD: But in Los Angeles, Calisto Dufresne won the war.

And now it's time to get back to business. The business of being the best in the world. The business of being \_champion.\_ SuperClash is coming up. And there's only one man who can say he's been at every single one.

[Dufresne jabs a thumb towards himself.]

CD: Now that the old suits are back to being the new suits, they're going to want a guy that's going to drive ratings, drive buy rates, drive attendance through the roof. Past performance is the best predictor of future success, so we know that

Calisto Dufresne challenging for the World Heavyweight Title at SuperClash VI is right at the top of Michaelson's Christmas list.

You've been a good boy this year, Todd, so I think Santa will give you just what you asked for. If you need me to toss a couple dozen guys I've never heard of over the top rope to get my hands on the usurper to my throne, I'm happy to oblige.

But I'm not your white knight Martinez. I'm not your brain-scrambled Preston. I'm \_certainly\_ not a Lynch.

I'm Calisto Dufresne; which means that by hook or by crook, I'll be walking out of the Crockett Coliseum as Number One Contender.

[A nod. A wink. A smile.]

CD: By any. Means. Necessary.

[We fade from the smiling former World Champion down to ringside where Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde are seated.]

GM: Just a taste of the thoughts of the men stepping into the ring to compete as part of the Rumble here tonight. We'll hear from more of them a little bit later but before we do, we've got a very special interview!

[The cheers come before the camera has reached the interview stage. Loud, ear splitting, deafening cheers. And why? Because the man who might rightly be called the patriarch of Texas wrestling is standing next to Mark Stegglet. Who is that?]

MS: I am joined at this time by the legendary Blackjack Lynch!

[The cheers grow even louder as Stegglet turns to face the legendary wrestler. Blackjack is a man in his mid fifties, barrel chested, with grey hair that's begun to thin on top. But for all the scar tissue on his forehead, for the crows feet at the corners of his eyes, for his grotesquely cauliflowered ears, he's still a fit man. Barrel chested, with big hands that have thickly gnarled muscles, even at this advanced age, Blackjack Lynch isn't a man you want to mess with. He's dressed in a white dress shirt, buttoned down to mid chest, and a pair of faded blue jeans.]

MS: Welcome back to the AWA, Mr. Lynch!

BJL: Thank you Mark.

[There's no voice like Blackjack Lynch's. A deep, harsh rasp. He sounds like he's been chewing on sandpaper and gargling razor blades. It's the voice that, week in and week out promised defeat to every opponent that crossed his path, and more often than not, delivered just that.]

MS: Before we get to your business tonight, it was a year ago at Homecoming that we saw your son James fall victim to a brutal spike piledriver. How is James doing?

BJL: Jimmy is doing good, Mark. He's getting better every day. It's been a long, hard road for my boy, but every day, he gets closer and closer to being ready. And he will be back, I promise you and all these fine fans that. The world hasn't seen the last of James Lynch.

MS: That is wonderful news. Now, while you're always welcome here in the AWA, I do have to ask, what does bring you back?

BJL: I got two reasons, Mark. And the first is because both of my boys, Jack and Travis are in tonight's Rumble. And I tell you what Mark, I guarantee you that one of them is walking out the winner. And in a couple of months, one of them is walkin' out of New York the heavyweight champion of the world!

MS: I have to ask, is there one son you think the odds favor?

[Blackjack shakes his head.]

BJL: No father can play favorites with his child, Mark, and I'm not going to try. And anyway, when it comes to Lynch family tussles, those two are just about even with one another.

MS: You mentioned a second reason.

BJL: I did.

[Blackjack's expression darkens. He's no longer talking about his beloved sons, but something that's visibly upset him.]

BJL: Demetrius Lake...

[The boos become as deafening as the cheers, as Lynch mentions the hated Black Tiger.]

BJL: You took a cheap shot at me last year. I let it go because Jack wanted to take it outta your hide. You said terrible things about Jimmy, and I let it go because it inspired him to want to come back.

But you don't ever, and I mean ever, talk bad about my wife.

[Blackjack's expression has gotten so mean, so intense, that Mark Stegglet unconsciously takes a step back.]

BJL: You listen here. No man gets to talk about the woman I married like that without facin' me. The disgusting things you said - you gotta answer for 'em. I ain't the sorta man to let those things pass.

You may think you're funny, but I know better. You're no athlete. You're nothin' but trash. And I don't let no piece of trash talk like that about my wife. I may be an old man, and my best days may be behind me, but the day I can't shut the mouth of someone who says those things is the day I don't deserve to keep breathing.

What you did, what you said, that demands an answer.

So "King of Wrestling"... I'm challenging you to take me on tonight!

[Once more, the cheers are overwhelming. But a second gravelly, raspy voice intrudes on the moment. It belongs to a man walking in from the side, wearing a grey sportjacket, black slacks, and black leather dress shoes. His salt-and-pepper perm is recognizable anywhere... this is Hamilton Graham.]

HG: Pardon me, Blackjack Lynch.

[Lynch turns and glares at Graham, who is sizing Blackjack up like a man who is trying to decide what he wants to kick first. As always, Graham's speech is slow, deliberate, and extremely menacing.]

HG: Perhaps you are confused. I have been told that men of our age experience that phenomenon when they've been struck in the head so many times over a long wrestling career. But you would know better than I would, since whenever the two of us stepped into the squared circle, I was the one doing all of the serious hitting.

Demetrius Lake is my legacy. At the Battle Of Los Angeles, my legacy pinned seven men in the span of sixty minutes. Lynch, pinning seven men would have been a good sixty DAYS for you. I suspected that you would, as always, overreact when Demetrius made some perfectly reasonable comments about Henrietta. I don't agree with it, myself, but you were always very easily baited.

BJL: You too, Graham?!

HG: No. I don't care to speak of other men's wives. But Mr. Lake is the King Of Wrestling, and may speak on any topic he chooses. This is his day. Not yours. Not your sons'. And you will keep your big mouth shut, Blackjack. You will keep your mouth shut about Mr. Lake or I will shut it on his behalf.

[Blackjack stares a hole straight through Graham.]

BJL: So that's it, huh? Your boy can't come out and answer for his own big mouth, so he sends you out instead?

HG: Send me? No, Mr. Lake doesn't tell me what to do. He didn't send me. I sent me. And I'm not going to silence you because he needs me to.

I'm going to silence you... because I want to.

BJL: I guess I shouldn't have expected anything more from someone who sees you as a role model!

But that's fine. You wanna answer for your protege? You want a match?

I can do that.

[Both men are nearly nose to nose now. Graham smiles a mirthless, predatory smile.]

HG: As I said. Easily baited.

BJL: It took me sixty five minutes to beat you that night. But I promise you, it won't take me half that time to do it again. I remember that night. And you will too.

Just before I lay you out again!

[Still standing toe to toe, Blackjack huffs. Graham's smile is gone, replaced by hate.]

BJL: And when I'm done, I'll go into the back and make sure Lake gets his too!

[With both men standing face to face, and neither willing to back down, we cut back to ringside, as officials come forward to clear both of the legends away.]

GM: What the... what just happened?!

BW: Blackjack Lynch just made the biggest mistake of his life... and you've seen his kids! And his wife! And his-

GM: Bucky! We just... my stars, we just got a match added between Blackjack Lynch and Hamilton Graham! These fans in Dallas are going out of their minds! The Texas Death Match between these two men from back in the day is the stuff of legends and we're going to see a rematch here tonight!

BW: That's crazy, Gordo. No one stepped into this building tonight - us included - and thought there was ANY chance that this was going to happen!

GM: But apparently it is... apparently right here tonight, we're going to see Blackjack Lynch and Hamilton Graham - two of the greatest of all time - collide inside that very ring! Incredible! Fans, let's head up to the ring for more action!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing. Referee Davis Warren is in the ring along with a non-descript grappler in a pair of blue trunks and boots.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... from Tulsa, Oklahoma... weighing in at 211 pounds... Bart Brand!

[The youngster hops up on the midbuckle, arms over his head.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The familiar synthesized church bells of "A New Game", composed by NFL Films' Tom Hedden, echo out over the arena in the distinctive 15/8 time signature. The fans boo as this heralds the oncoming of "First String" Frankie Farelli, who strolls on through the entrance curtain with an arrogant swagger. At his side is his head cheerleader, Chastity Chamberlain.]

GM: It's been several weeks since we've seen Frankie Farelli on AWA television however he's been making quite the name for himself on our non-televised events and is actually riding one heck of a winning streak, Bucky.

BW: Which makes you wonder, Gordo... how did Cesar Hernandez earn himself a spot in the Rumble and Frankie Farelli didn't?!

GM: Please... none of this anti-Hernandez stuff again.

[Farelli walks to the ring with an unhurried gait, pointing and mocking the fans as he goes by. 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.]

BW: I'm just saying, Gordo. This wouldn't have happened if the Wise Men were still in power. Farelli would be rewarded for his win streak and Hernandez would be punished for those bowel-destroying burritos he makes!

GM: Bucky, do you understand what people are saying about you when you rant about Hernandez like this?

BW: Listen, Gordo... I have absolutely no problem with people of any race, creed, religion, or color.

GM: Well, that's good to-

BW: As long as they're not sending ME runnin' for the border after a plate of nachos if you get what I'm sayin'!

[Gordon sighs as, eventually, the duo reach the ringside area. Farelli waits for Chastity to hop onto the apron and hold the ropes open before he enters the ring. Chamberlain then neatly jumps in over the top rope, and bounds all over the ring waving her pom-poms and leading cheers that are actually boos. The cocky Farelli walks over to Phil Watson, takes his cue card out of his hand, and produces a new cue card from his jacket pocket which he gives to the ring announcer to read. The music dies down and an unhappy Watson proceeds to work off of his new material as Frankie stands menacingly by.]

PW: \*ahem\* Introducing first... the head cheerleader, Chastity Chamberlain!

[She does a Barani flip as her name is introduced, landing in a split as the male demographic cheers her.]

PW: She represents... from Long Island, New York... weighing in at two-hun...

[Farelli interrupts by pointing at the card and intoning "READ IT ALL."]

PW: ...weighing in at a slim, trim, cut, ripped, stacked, powerpacked, unstoppable two-hundred and eighty-one and one-quarter pounds...

He is an NCAA National Football Champion and All-American. He is a Super Bowl Champion and Pro Bowler. He is the only true athlete in the sport of wrestling today, and you are all lucky that he has come here to prove it once again...

...he is the King Of Combat, the Master Of Mayhem, the Unstoppable Force And The Immovable Object, the Beast Of The East, the Baddest Man In The Building, he is...

[Phil shoots a withering glance at Farelli, as if to say "really?" Farelli waves him on.]

PW: ...accepting applications for his cheerleader squad.

[Chastity nods to verify that this is true. She shouts out "I need lackeys!"]

PW: He is my personal favorite wrestler... \*sigh\*... here is "FIRST STRING" FRANKIE FARELLI!

[Farelli steps to the corner and raises his Super Bowl ring in the air as the fans boo and Chastity jumps around like a loon.]

GM: Maybe that's why we haven't seen Farelli on TV lately. His entrance takes longer than some matches.

[Farelli stays in the corner, glaring across at Bart Brand as the Head Cheerleader exits the ring, taking her spot at ringside as Farelli shouts disparaging words at his young opponent. The official calls for the bell as Brand marches out to the middle of the ring, shouting at Farelli.]



GM: Bart Brand wants a piece of Farelli but "First String" Frankie doesn't seem too eager to tangle with Brand.

[Farelli edges out of the corner, shouting at Brand...

...and then dropping down into a three point stance.]

GM: What is going on now?

BW: I think Farelli wants to have a little return to the gridiron.

[Brand looks puzzled at the official, pointing at Farelli who suddenly storms across the ring, coming up for a tackle that Brand sidesteps, staring at Farelli who flies past him.]

GM: Well, that didn't work.

[Farelli pulls up, turning to shout at Brand, pointing at himself, then pointing down.]

GM: He's gonna do it again?

[Farelli leans over, fist down on the mat, rear end up in the air as he waits...

...and then charges towards Brand again who sidesteps again, giving a fistpump to the cheering fans as Farelli whiffs again on his tackle attempt.]

GM: Still nothing.

[An angry Farelli kicks the bottom rope, shouting at Brand as Chastity does the same, calling Brand a "cowardly coward!"]

GM: Did she just...?

BW: Hmm?

GM: Were you even paying attention?

BW: I was. I was paying complete attention to her pom-poms.

GM: I bet you were.

[Farelli stalks towards Brand, jabbing a finger in his chest, shouting at the youngster...

...who slaps the hand away, spinning Farelli away from him, and then greets him with a standing dropkick as Farelli turns around, knocking him off his feet and down to the mat.]

GM: Oh my!

[Farelli scrambles to his feet, charging at Brand who catches him with an armdrag takedown, tucking the arm deep under the armpit in a kneeling armbar as Farelli shouts, slapping at his bicep.]

GM: Deep armdrag takedown by Bart Brand... and right into the armbar, wrenching on the limb now.

[Farelli is quickly to his feet as Brand twists the arm around, causing Farelli to wince, grabbing at his upper arm as Brand slams the point of his elbow down on the limb a couple of times...

...and then takes him right back down with another armdrag!]

GM: Bart Brand has got these fans in Dallas rallying behind him very quickly, Bucky.

BW: They're always quick to jump on a bandwagon. Watch how quickly they'll jump ship when Farelli-

[As Brand drags him back up, Farelli slips a knee into the midsection, doubling up Brand...

...and then uses a hairpull to yank him off his feet, throwing him down to the mat!]

GM: Blatant hairpull! And the referee is letting him have it for that, fans!

[Farelli shoves the official aside, driving an elbow down into the throat of Brand. A second one connects in the same spot, leaving Brand gasping for air before a third one connects! Chastity cheers loudly with a "GIMME AN 'F'" to the Dallas crowd who boos in response.]

GM: Farelli drags Brand up by the hair... get him off the hair, ref.

[Farelli uses the hairpull to drag him into a scoop, slamming him down hard to the mat. He pulls him back up, scoops him up, slams him down again.]

GM: Two quick slams by Farelli... and he's not done, Bucky.

BW: It's a basic move. A simple offensive first-day-of-wrestling-school attack but when you put the power of the 281 pound former NFLer behind it, it does a lot of damage.

GM: Also when you do it three times... make it four times now...

[Farelli delivers a half dozen body slams in total, peeling away with his arms held out to full extension, smirking at the jeering crowd.]

GM: Farelli is really earning the ire of these fans here in Dallas...

[Getting a little bit of room, Farelli runs towards the downed Brand, leaping up high into the air...

...and drops a leaping elbow down on the empty canvas as Brand rolls out of the way!]

GM: Nobody home!

[Farelli grabs at his arm as Brand slips back to a knee, breathing heavily as he pumps a fist at the cheering fans. He grabs the arm, hauling Farelli up off the mat in a hammerlock...

...and then HURLS him shoulderfirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Bart Brand continues to go after that arm!

[Brand grabs the arm as Farelli staggers out, trying to whip him with it but Farelli reverses it...]

GM: Brand off the far side, coming in hot...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts in a big way to Farelli UNCORKING a standing palm strike to the face of the running Brand!]

BW: ZONE BLOCK!

GM: One of the signature moves of Frankie Farelli!

[The blow staggers Brand, giving Farelli room to hit the ropes, bouncing back...

...and leaps up, hooking Brand - who is facing away from him - around the head and neck, falling to the mat and SLAMMING the back of Brand's head into the canvas!]

GM: OHH!

BW: HORSECOLLAR TACKLE! That's gotta do it!

GM: Farelli with a cover, hooks the leg!

[The count gets to two and a half before Brand kicks out. Farelli gets up, shouting at the ref as Chastity does the same.]

GM: Did he just tell the ref it was Delay of Game?

BW: He's right, you know.

GM: What... what does that even mean?

[The jeering crowd gets louder as Farelli hops up on the middle rope, lifting his arms to hold straight over his head...

...and LEAPS OFF as Brand staggers to his feet, CRACKING him across the chin with a flying elbowstrike!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: TOUCHDOWN! TOUCHDOWN! TOUCHDOWN!

GM: We get it.

[Farelli settles into a lateral press, not bothering with a leg hook this time as Davis Warren drops down to count.]

GM: There's one... two... and there's the three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The NFL Films music kicks in again as Farelli leaps to his feet, arms held up over his head again in the "touchdown" signal. A cheering Chastity slides into the ring, jumping and down shaking her... pom-poms... for Farelli.]

GM: Frankie Farelli with another victory here tonight in Dallas at Homecoming and-

BW: And how long can the Championship Committee ignore this guy, Gordo? How can he not get a shot at an AWA title in the very near future?

[Farelli does the "belt gesture" at the camera, shouting something about "big muscles, no brains!"]

GM: Oooh. That could very well have been some words towards the World Television Champion, Tony Sunn.

BW: Because he fits that description - big muscles, no brains.

GM: That's not what I was saying at all, Bucky, and you know it.

[Farelli and Chastity make their exit, walking back up the ramp as the fans let them have it and we cut to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: A good victory for Frankie Farelli who continues his winning ways. A victory that-

[Gordon's words are cut off by the sounds of barking dogs - howling, snarling, ripping, and tearing as the building's lights cut out, replaced by spotlights swirling all over the crowd. KISS' "War Machine" kicks in, blasting over the PA system.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: The Dogs are here!

[The swirling spotlights come to rest on the front row of the upper section of seating, lighting up the three midnight blue wearing members of the Dogs Of War - Isaiah Carpenter, Pedro Perez, and Wade Walker. Carpenter produces a wireless microphone, waiting as the music fades.]

IC: Home sweet home.

[The fans jeer the sarcastic words of Carpenter.]

IC: This company claims to be the Major League of professional wrestling - running coast to coast... holding major events in Los Angeles... in New York City... being broadcast on network television.

And yet, at the end of every summer, they slink back to a converted warehouse that stinks of stale beer and redneck sweat out of some twisted sense of loyalty.

[The boos are pouring down hard.]

IC: This is where the AWA got its start - the great state of Texas - and they refuse to abandon it. They refuse to live up to their status as the dominant power in this sport. They refuse to be the standard bearer for our industry.

They lower themselves to being no more than your doomed regional promotion, entertaining the same fans week in and week out in this building that's a bad rain storm from being condemned.

[Carpenter hands off the mic to Pedro Perez.]

PP: Gordon Myers says it's a new era... a new day dawning for the AWA... a day without the Wise Men.

[Perez angrily shakes his head.]

PP: That's not a day that we thought we would see... it's not a day we're happy to see... but it IS a day we're prepared to see. Nothing lasts forever in the world of wrestling. Percy Childes taught us that. He told us of fabled names like Hardin and Thunder who were once on top of the world and now mere names... whispers in the winds of time. He told us of legendary places - the kind of land you dream of as a

young rookie... the blood-covered floors of South Laredo... the barbed wire beds of Los Angeles... the glory days of Portland... all gone just like the men who built them.

Nothing lasts forever he said. And he was right. The Wise Men did not last. The Wise Men did not endure.

But they've left one hell of a legacy.

[Perez jerks a thumb at himself and his partners.]

PP: The Dogs Of War are soldiers for hire. Mr. Childes paid us and paid us handsomely. What that means is that our bank accounts are quite full at the moment and well...

[Perez strokes his chin manically.]

PP: We work for US now. We don't take orders from Larry Doyle. From Sandra Hayes. From Percy Childes. We make our own orders. We set our own goals. And Goal #1... tonight... is that thirty man Rumble where the Dogs Of War are the favorites to win it all.

[Boos pour down. Perez sneers, shaking his head.]

PP: Am I wrong? Simple math tells you that three men working as one in a sea of thirty makes for the best odds of survival. Now, at the end, I don't know which one of us it'll be... but I know it'll be all of us with our arms held high.

And I know that come SuperClash... in New York City... with the whole world watching... that the Dogs Of War will bring the dawn of their own day...

The Day Of The Dogs.

[Perez chuckles.]

PP: And it'll be a glorious day indeed. Tell 'em, big man.

[Perez hands the mic off to Wade Walker who glares intensely into the camera, his body shaking with intensity as he breathes.]

WW: War... is... HELLLLLLLLLL.

[Walker drops the mic as "War Machine" starts up again, the swirling spotlights covering the crowd as the Dogs Of War stand, looking over the battlefield for tonight's Main Event as we slowly fade to black.

What we see next is a wrestling ring, which inexplicably has a large gold-colored throne in it. Fans are booing all around, though this honestly looks more like a set than an arena. Seated on the throne is, of course, the self-styled "King Of Wrestling", Demetrius Lake. The dark-skinned Missourian is wearing a purple king robe, purple trunks and boots with gold kneepads and monogramming on the trunks and boots. Atop his head rests a regal crown. He rests one hand on the knee like the classic "Thinker" pose, but he has the trademark sour scowl on his afro-and-conebeard ringed face. We get some chyron identifying him for the benefit of non-wrestling fans: "THE KING OF WRESTLING DEMETRIUS LAKE"

The voiceover is from Lake himself.]

DL: It's hard to be the King.

[He's suddenly attacked by a couple of unknown wrestlers, who fail to harm him as he stands up and starts beating on them.]

DL: You got uprisings...

[The next scene shows Lake, still inexplicably in his "King attire", leaving an arena late at night, looking around at several restaurants which all say "CLOSED". he slumps his shoulders.]

DL: ...you got famines...

[The next scene shows him behind the wheel of a large cadillac, pulled over and angrily tapping his wristwatch as a police officer is writing a ticket. he shows the officer a billing that clearly reads "WRESTLING! 8PM BELL TIME!", but the officer is still going slowly. Also: he's still in his ring attire, or at least the robe and crown.]

DL: ...you got paperwork...

[And after that is a scene of Lake walking down a busy city street while everyone around him boos, throws trash, and shouts out at him. Demetrius is still in his same King ring attire, because how else will the people watching this commercial know he's a pro wrestler?]

DL: ...and all the peasants command my attention 24 hours a day.

[Back to the initial scene, where the "Black Tiger" is polishing off his last assailant by bashing his face into the back of his throne. He then sits back on the throne, which is funny because the opponent's head and upper body is still on it (and he flails helplessly for the rest of the scene), and returns to the "Thinker" pose.]

DL: It's a tough job, but if there is one thing that a King must never do, it is to allow his circumstances to make him sweat.

[Lake reaches behind him and pulls out an aerosol can of Right Guard deodorant. He applies it to himself as the voiceover continues.]

DL: Right Guard. Used by true ath-e-letes, the King Of Wrestling Demetrius Lake, and anybody with both armpits and sense.

[He then reaches over to one of his assilants who is just trying to get up, and sprays it right in the man's eyes.]

DL: Or just armpits. It works regardless.

[Cut to the product screen...]

DL: Right Guard. For The Win.

[...a bell rings, and then out.

And back up on some pre-taped footage of the fans walking through the area of the Crockett Coliseum known as the Wall Of Fame. Colt Patterson is standing in the middle of it.]

CP: I'm here back by the Wall Of Fame which has undergone a major refurbishment since our last time here in Dallas thanks to the Wise Men and Johnny Detson. There are all sorts of new plaques and exhibits...

[Patterson looks up at the wall, pointing.]

CP: The original red-gloved rookie himself, Creed... we've got one of those red gloves on display.

[He moves on a bit, cracking a smile.]

CP: This exhibit here tells the story of the night back in '96 when the EMWC World Title changed hands four times in a single night. Good times.

[He takes a few more steps.]

CP: And this... this is the latest addition to the Wall Of Fame, just added tonight in a special pre-show ceremony that saw the boots that the Hall of Fame duo known as the Epitome Of Cool were wearing during their final match as a tag team put up on this historic section of the building. Pretty cool, right?

[We fade away from a grinning Patterson and up on the ring where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, as Colt Patterson just mentioned, on this special night here in Dallas, we have added a very special exhibit to the Wall Of Fame... the boots that Andrew Sterling and Dan Thomas were wearing in their final match as a tag team. And since they came down to Dallas to join us for that ceremony, we couldn't resist handing them a mic and putting them out here in front of all of you one last time. Ladies and gentlemen... it is an honor and a privilege to introduce to you a pair of former World Tag Team Champions and a member of the Pro Wrestling Hall of Fame, Andrew Sterling and Dan Thomas... the EPITOME OF COOL!

[BIG cheer from the crowd as the Epitome of Cool appear in the aisleway. Sterling is sporting black dress slacks and a gray button-down shirt. Thomas is wearing black dress slacks, a powder blue button-down shirt, and black sports coat.

They make their way to the ring, stopping to slap hands and high five the fans hanging over the guardrail. They get to the ring and step onto the apron. Dan steps into the ring as Andrew stops for a moment to soak up the cheers. He smiles broadly as points to an overweight fan in the front row and laughs as the fan smiles and yells a few things towards Andrew.

Andrew finally steps into the ring as Dan walks over towards Stegglet.]

MS: It is a great pleasure for the AWA to have you guys here tonight.

DT: The pleasure is all ours, Mark. It's been a few years since the two of us stepped into a ring.

[Sterling walks over.]

AS: I can see that. I recognize some of the most die-hard Coolios in attendance. They've gotten gray and bigger around their waistlines.

[Sterling points to the previously mentioned fan.]

AS: I'm talking to you, my man. I see married life is treating you well. Ya know, the Cool Bar and Grille does have a salad bar. While it's advertised as "All You Can Eat" you don't HAVE to get five plates.

[Sterling walks over to that part of the ring as the fan says something to back to him. Sterling laughs and gives him a thumbs up.]

DT: When we were approached about donating some of our gear to the Wall of Fame, you know we couldn't turn down the opportunity.

[Sterling walks back over to Stegglet and Thomas. Sterling leans into the mic.]

AS: We couldn't turn it down at all. After all the sport of professional wrestling, and especially these great fans, have given the two of us. We figured it was time to give back.

[Big cheer from the crowd. Thomas pulls out a snap-on earring and puts it on. He folds his arms over his chest and looks at his partner.]

MS: You can tell the fans have missed you.

AS: Just as much as we miss them, Steggy. I can call you Steggy, right?

[Mark visibly grimaces but nods all the same.]

AS: Good, good. It's great to be out here one more time and hearing that roar only fans of professional wrestling can make. Life has been good to us..

[Drew looks at his partner as he stops mid-sentence.]

AS: What's with the earring?

DT: After all these years, you think you'd let me get in at least SOME say.

[He points to the earring.]

DT: This means I've gone rogue.

[Sterling looks a bit confused.]

DT: Interrupt me again, and I'll be forced to superkick you and toss you through a window.

[Sterling laughs and smiles. He slaps Thomas' shoulder.]

AS: You wouldn't superkick me.

[Thomas stares at his partner.]

AS: Nah...

[Sterling's smile disappears.]

AS: ... would you?

[Thomas breaks out into a smile to ease Sterling's nervousness. Sterling smiles and slaps his partner's shoulder again.]

AS: I knew you wouldn't.

[Thomas' smile disappears as quickly as it appeared.]

DT: Interrupt me again.

[Sterling holds up both hands and steps back. Thomas takes off the earring and laughs. Sterling smiles and shakes his head. Some laughter from the crowd. Thomas looks out to one side of the audience. Even Stegglet cracks a smile.]

DT: Miss us?



DT: Mark, to Drew's point, we wanted to help honor the Wall of Fame by donating some of our ring gear as memorabilia. We look at a lot of the wrestlers competing in this great place and smile. We know the sport of professional wrestling is alive and well!

DT: And let's be honest.

DT: If this Wall of Fame doesn't have anything from the GREATEST tag team in history, then it's not legit is-

[Clank. Clank. Clank. Clank-Clank-Clank-Clank. A loud whistle screeeeeeeeeeches over the airwaves as Sterling and Thomas along with Mark Stegglet turn their heads down the aisle where an unexpected and definitely unwelcomed pair of World Tag Team Champions strut into view as "Love and Rockets" by the Kundalini Express blasts over the airwaves.

Strong instantly is produced a mic from a stage hand and the ensemble stand across from Sterling and Thomas with Mark Stegglet standing helplessly in the center.]

LS: The Epitome of Cool! Just... wow! Let me shake yer hand, fellas.

[Strong holds up his AWA World Tag Team Title in the air, as does Aaron Anderson.]

LS: This right here says WE'RE the greatest tag team on the planet. This right here spells it out for everyone and anyone. What you two "playas" accomplished was real swell, believe me, I get it. But you ain't the best in the World and yer damn sure not the best tag team in THIS ring.

AA: You boys think you can waltz out here, do your little dance, gyrate your hips, throw out a few one liners and shout outs, and leave without so much as a hello?! I don't think so. Not on OUR turf. If you want to dance in this ring... if you want to address your Coolios... if you want to so much as breathe in this arena...

...you need to ASK first.

[Thomas and Sterling look at each other, roll their eyes, and then turn back towards the Lights Out Express.]

MS: Gentlemen, this isn't necessary. Dan and Andrew –

LS: They don't need you speakin' for em', small fry! If they're man enough to have their boots hung up on that wall in the back then they are man enough to come through us. This is OUR house now. WE are the tag team champions. WE are the tag team of today, tomorrow, and forever. Nobody, NOBODY came to see the Epitome of Cool wrestle here tonight.

[There's a loud ovation from the crowd.]

LS: Stop it. You're embarrassing yourselves.

[The ovation heightens; you can hear a chant of "E-O-C" starting to break out.]

LS: See what you started? See what kind of garbage you instill in these peoples' heads?! Do us ALL a favor. Take your boots, your foam fingers, and your cheap sunglasses and just... go... home.

AA: You don't belong here.

LS: Shoo, flies. Shoo!

[Sterling acknowledges the crowd's chant. Thomas looks over Strong and Anderson.]

DT: I get it. You're seeing an opportunity and you're seizing it. I don't fault you for that. I do fault you for not doing a hand gesture as you dismiss us.

[Thomas lifts his right arm, tucking his pinky and ring finger in a bit as he makes a dismissal gesture at the tag champs.]

DT: THIS is how you do it.

[Cheers from the crowd as Sterling grins big.]

DT: I get it. This is YOUR house. YOU are the AWA World Tag Team Champions. You're THE best in the sport of professional wrestling RIGHT NOW. You're ABSOLUTELY right! Let me give you a bit of advice in this instance. We're NOT your opponents tonight. Air Strike are gunning for those belts around your waist.

[Big cheer!]

DT: You shouldn't be insecure when we come out here and make comments about being the greatest. You SHOULD be preparing for them so you can still claim to be tag team champions AFTER tonight. Follow me?

[Thomas, who's continued to make the dismissal gesture the entire time, smiles.]

DT: So, move along. Go prepare and don't worry about us out here. You've still got fifteen years of catching up to do.

[Sterling laughs.]

AA: You're right, old timer. We DO have a match here tonight. And seeing as though we are the best tag team that you - or any of these people - will EVER see in action...

[The crowd jeers that assessment.]

AA: We should have no problem running right over them...

[Anderson steps closer to Dan Thomas, sticking a finger in his face.]

AA: ...just like we'd do to you if you ever put those boots back on.

[The crowd buzzes in anticipation of a showdown. Dan Thomas is flexing his right hand, ready to throw it at any moment. Andrew Sterling watches as Lenny Strong steps up to Anderson, whispering to him, ready to jump in as needed. Anderson cracks a grin.]

AA: You're right, Lenny. You see, Lenny points out that as much as I'd love... and I do mean LOVE... to lay the two of you out and add a shot to our highlight reel of us standing over you.

[Anderson shrugs.]

AA: There's just no challenge in punking out a pair of old timers whose best days passed them by in the 90s.

But I'll tell you what...

[Anderson nods, pointing out to the floor.]

AA: Never let it be said that the Lights Out Express don't respect their elders. There's a couple of seats out there at ringside with your names on them... our treat. Why don't you take a seat so you can see firsthand what the best tag team in the world looks like in action?

[Strong steps in, chuckling.]

LS: And then afterwards, you, Sebastian, and Tucker can hang out and talk about the good ol' days when names like Hardin, James, Kowalski...

[He grins.]

LS: Sterling and Thomas... meant a damn to anyone.

[Thomas still looks like he might deck Strong or Anderson at any given moment until Sterling steps in, shaking his head as he puts a hand on his partner's chest, pushing him back.]

LS: Good idea, 'Drew. Keep your boy in check.

[Sterling keeps nudging Thomas back until the Hall of Fame duo has stepped through the ropes, heading back up the ramp towards the locker room as the Lights Out Express poses in the ring, gesturing to their title belts as Miss Sandra Hayes applauds her men's actions...]

GM: Wow! The Hall of Famers, the former World Tag Team Champions - Andrew Sterling and Dan Thomas, the Epitome Of Cool - with a surprise appearance here

tonight in Dallas... and of course, the Lights Out Express had to get themselves involved.

BW: Hey, the Epitome of Cool is out here talking about being the best tag team of all time. Did you honestly think that the World Tag Team Champions were going to sit back there and listen to that without speaking up? Anderson and Strong - they're the best team in the world!

GM: Right now perhaps but do you honestly believe that the Lights Out Express are better now than the Epitome Of Cool were in their prime? You're talking about a team that is always in the conversation when the topic is who is the greatest tag team of all time.

BW: Maybe if Thomas and Sterling keep runnin' their mouths, we'll get a chance to find out.

GM: Boy, I'd love to see that... just like I'm going to love seeing this next match.

BW: This next... oh, god. Are you serious? It's time?

GM: You better believe it. Fans, for several weeks now, we've been hearing about the impending arrival of Buford Ulysses Loney and Chester Otis Wilde, the duo known as the Wilde Bunch, to the AWA. And tonight, it's time to see that debut.

BW: I can't believe the AWA is giving these two morons television time.

GM: Bucky, those are your nephews you're talking about! They're family!

BW: Hey, they're no family of mine. Just because my siblings are snorkeling in the shallow end of the gene pool, it's not my problem that these two hillbillies are what came out the other end.

GM: That's terrible, Bucky... completely awful. When I talked to them earlier, they're so excited to see you here tonight.

BW: You talked to these idiots?

GM: Absolutely. I found them to be...

BW: Moronic? Rednecks? Five beers short of a six pack?

GM: ...charming.

BW: Ugh. Go to Watson before I lose my lunch.

[We fade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Glen Falls, New York... weighing in at 432 pounds... Bobby Jackson and Michael Sage!

[Two fairly normal looking dudes jump up on the middle rope, waving their arms in the air to very little reaction.]

PW: And their opponents...

[There is the sounds of pigs squealing alongside some banjos being plucked before the PA system comes to life with "I Wanna Be A Hillbilly" by Billy Currington to cheers from the crowd.]

PW: From Pig's Feet, Arkansas... weighing in at a total combined weight of 702 pounds... being led to the ring by Mabel... BUDDY AND CHESTER...

THE WIIIIIIILDE BUNNNNCH!

GM: Oh yeah!

BW: Myers, I've never hated you more than I do right now.

GM: Oh, come on, Bucky! They're family!

[The curtain parts as the pot-bellied pig known as Mabel wobbles into view to the laughter of the crowd. A moment passes before Chester Otis Wilde bursts through the curtain, throwing an arm up in the air. He's a hoss of a man - standing about 6'7 and weighing just shy of three hundred pounds crammed into a pair of stained blue overalls with no shirt underneath, revealing his forest of chest hair. His face is covered in a mess of a beard, tangled and matted.

Buddy Ulysses Loney wobbles in after him wearing a stained yellow button up shirt underneath his overalls. He's wearing no shoes, revealed mud-covered bare feet that we can see up to mid-calf. Loney's about six feet tall even but is carrying over four hundred pounds on his frame. His hand grips the other end of Mabel's leash as he waves to the cheering fans.]

GM: The most fun-loving pair of guys you'll ever run across in a wrestling ring for sure.

[The trio reaches the ring, Loney and Mabel stepping in as Chester heads down the ringsteps to the floor, a big smile on his face.]

GM: I think he's coming this way.

BW: Oh god.

[Chester rushes around the ringpost, physically yanking "Uncle Bucky" out of his seat into a big sloppy hug. Bucky instantly tries to wiggle free but Chester is paying him no mind, shaking him back and forth and loudly exclaiming how good it is to see him.]

GM: You gotta love a family reunion.

[A grinning Chester sets Bucky back down, giving him a back slap hard enough to throw Bucky over the announce table, wincing in pain. Chester pauses to shake Gordon's hand - a gesture that leaves Gordon also wincing in pain.]

GM: Goodness, that young man is strong as an ox. You sure wouldn't know it to look at him.

BW: An announcer less civilized than me would call it "retard strong."

GM: Bucky!

BW: I wouldn't call it that but someone else might!

[Chester lumbers up the ringsteps, joining his cousin in the ring. They huddle up as Mabel sniffs the corner, gesturing over at Bobby Jackson and Michael Sage. Loney nods as Chester steps over the ropes to the ring apron, clapping his hands together as the referee calls for the bell.]

GM: The bell has sounded and we're off and running here in the debut for the Wilde Bunch!

[Chester is still clapping, getting the fans to clap along as Bobby Jackson marches out to the middle of the ring, locking up with Buddy, quickly switching to an overhand wristlock on Buddy who holds his ground for a few seconds before HURLING Jackson down to the mat. He shakes out his arm with a grin as Jackson looks shocked at the power.]

GM: Buddy showing some power of his own. He's a beast of a man.

BW: They call him Double Wide at the family Christmas but I think that's short-changing him a few pounds.

[Jackson scrambles up, slapping the hand of Michael Sage who steps in, striking a double bicep pose to jeers from the crowd. Sage rushes at Loney, going to the same overhand wristlock his partner applied...

...with the same results as Buddy throws him down to the mat!]

GM: Down goes Sage as well! Buddy Loney is showing off that surprising strength early on in this one.

[Sage pops up, shouting to his partner...]

GM: Both men coming in now... a double wristlock applied...

[Loney looks puzzled at the two-on-one before shrugging...

...and throwing both men down to the mat to a huge cheer!]

GM: Goodness! Cousin Buddy throws 'em both down and he makes it look easy!

[Buddy chuckles at Sage and Jackson as they get up, arguing with each other as the referee orders Jackson out of the ring. Sage spins, charging at Buddy who drops him with a simple shouldertackle!]

GM: No chance he was gonna budge someone over four hundred pounds.

[Buddy grins as he grabs Sage by the boot, dragging him across the ring where he slaps the hand of his cousin.]

GM: In comes Cousin Chester off the tag...

[With Buddy still holding the foot, Chester drops a big leaping elbow down into the sternum of Chester!]

GM: Hooo boy! That shook the ring, Bucky!

BW: I'd really rather not talk about it. Can't we talk about something more important like... uhh... the chicken that was in Catering today?

GM: Bucky, even if you don't like your nephews, you have to admit they are an impressive tag team.

BW: And you got that out of the thirty seconds they've been in the ring so far? Let's just call a spade a spade, Gordo. You, and everyone else in this joint, are happy these two are here because it embarrasses me!

[Chester hauls Sage off the mat by the hair, patting him on the back as he straightens him out...

...and gets DRILLED with a right hand to the jaw for his efforts!]

GM: Ohh! Sage with the cheapshot!

BW: Cheapshot?! That moron Chester practically begged him to do it!

[Sage dashes to the ropes, coming off strong with his arm outstretched...

...and ends up getting lifted under the arm of Cousin Chester who spins around and around and around before DROPPING him down with a side slam!]

GM: Spinning side slam out of Cousin Chester. It takes a lot of strength to pull off something like this. Bucky, where were your nephews trained for pro wrestling?

BW: Trained? They probably are just using the moves they use to throw around the cows and pigs on the farm!

[Chester watches as Sage rolls to his chest, trying to crawl to the corner but the bigger man grabs the legs, pulling him into wheelbarrow position. He looks around at the crowd, nodding his head as they cheer loudly...]

GM: Chester's setting him up for something, Bucky...

[Cousin Chester elevates him up off the mat, swinging him through the air, and throwing him down on the back of his head with a wheelbarrow suplex!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SUPLEX BY COUSIN CHESTER!

[Chester comes up smiling, giving a big thumbs up to the cheering fans before slapping the hand of Cousin Buddy who lumbers in, hits the ropes, rebounds back...

...and leaps up, SITTING on the chest of Sage with a sitdown splash!]

GM: OHHH! That's it! Four hundred plus pounds DOWN on the sternum!

[The referee drops down to all fours, quickly slapping the mat three times.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That's all she wrote. The Wilde Bunch with an impressive and dominant victory here in their AWA debut!

BW: Does that mean they get to come back?

GM: I'm sure it does. In fact, I think the Wilde Bunch are going to be another great addition to the AWA's fantastic tag team division.

BW: Oh, there's a whole lot of guys I can't wait to see slap these two around. Can we get them in there with the Longhorn Riders? With the Lights Out Express?

GM: Speaking of great tag teams, Mark Stegglet is standing by at the interview stage with a very special guest - formerly one-half of the World Tag Team Champions! Mark?

[We crossfade from the ring to Mark Stegglet who is indeed standing on the interview stage.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time is a FORMER World Tag Team Champion who returns to the AWA tonight! Please welcome Kenny "Smooth" Stanton!

[The crowd politely applauds as the former Blonde Bomber comes out on the interview platform. The returning Stanton looks refreshed and ready, his long blonde hair pulled back executively into a ponytail, wearing designer blue jeans and a thick studded belt along with a skin tight Under Armour t-shirt. The female cheers are about .6 on the Travis Lynch scale as he waves to the crowd.]

MS: Kenny, welcome back to the AWA! The fans are excited to see you back in fighting shape after that hard injury suffered back at the Rising Sun Showdown.

KS: Thank you Mark. I'd like to take this time right now to thank all of the people who tweeted me and emailed me, who found a way to get in touch to find out how ol' Kenny Stanton was doing. When you're off the grid like I've been for so long, sometimes ya feel like ya disappeared. But you people never forgot me, and for that I say thank you!

[Stanton applauds the fans, who respond in kind.]

KS: Now, with the warm and fuzzies out of the way, it seems like I just missed out on the apocalypse. The war for the ages, all the stuff. My old buddy Eric Preston pretty much lost his career, Percy Childes gets booted out, and everyone is lickin' their wounds. Everyone fought so hard for so long that they need a break.

Which means to me that there is a wide open playing field here in my hometown AWA. I think the people with big time college degrees might say there's power vacuum.

There's a free market out there, Marky. Which is why I'm announcing that I'm back effective immediately, and I'm gonna win the Rumble tonight. Everybody else has been scrappin' and fightin' like their life depended on it, because it did. But I'm in mint condition, partner, there ain't no one fresher than Kenny Stanton. It looks like-

[Stanton is broken off in midstream by none other than the Last Wise Man Standing... Larry Doyle. "Hollywood" is greeted with an overwhelming chorus of boos, and Brad Jacobs trails a step behind him, looking at the ground. Rounding out the trio is Van Alston, black suit, white shirt and black tie.]

MS: Larry Doyle, what're you-

LD: Shut up Stegglet, let the real men around here talk.

[Doyle puts on his best canned smile and opens his hands to Stanton.]

LD: Kenny. I'm glad to see you back, my friend. You look great, you sound great, it looks like you're ready to get right back to the top. And I gotta tell ya, you're a sight for sore eyes. I'm sure you know that things haven't been great these last few weeks, but with you back in the fold then I gotta say that Larry Doyle Enterprises would be right back at the top of the pecking order. And you've got it right, amigo, there's a huge void at the top now. Everyone's looking for their piece of the pie, everyone knows that Supreme Wright is a paper champion who won't last long without backup.

If you win tonight's Rumble, and with me by your side...

[Doyle lifts his hands in the air and spreads them out, reading an imaginary marquee.]



LD: ...you could rise to the top in less than a month. You're a shooting star, kid, and I'm pleased as punch to welcome you back into the family!

[Doyle sticks his arms out for a hug as the crowd boos. Behind him, Jacobs is glaring at his former partner and shaking his head "No."]

KS: Y'know Larry, I was figuring on you comin' out here. So I've already got an answer about comin' back into the welcoming arms of the Manager of Champions, Sir Lawrence of Doyle.

[Stanton exaggeratedly bows to Doyle, who puffs out his chest and grabs his lapels.]

KS: Not on your life!

[The crowd cheers as Doyle spins around, seething.]

KS: I was in the hospital for a week and I never heard a damn thing from you. Not a phone call, not a text, certainly not a visit. You dropped me, man, like a bad habit. And I had no choice -- no choice, but to watch you treat my brother from another mother like a slave.

You should be ashamed of yourself for how you've treated THIS man, who made you RICH, who lined your pocket with money, who made you a someone after those two goofs you showed up with bombed out. Forget me, forget me, you should thank your God every night that Brad Jacobs hasn't punched your nose through the back of your fat head for what you're doing to him.

And now your Russian meal ticket dropped YOU like a bad habit, and you want to get the band back together?

[Stanton pie faces Doyle and pushes him away.]

KS: Get out of my face.

[Doyle goes from shocked to angered in about ten seconds, and composes himself.]

LD: Oh really? That's how you feel? Because if I recall correctly, I rescued you two from a Japanese cathouse after Bill Masterson forgot who the hell you were. I brought you back to the good side of the world and made you into champions! I MADE YOU! YOU WERE DOING THE FAVORS FOR BUDDY LAMBERT BEFORE I MET YOU! YOU COULDN'T SPELL WIN, MUCH LESS EARN ONE!

AND YOU!

[An enraged Doyle points at Jacobs, who had been nodding along with Stanton the whole time.]

LD: You were living off of welfare in the middle of a crack den before I found you, your family was making government cheese sandwiches and running from the police before I saved your life. You owe every cent of your stinkin' life to Larry Doyle, and so does your no good criminal brother. Your family owes me EVERYTHING! I SAVED YOUR LIVES! Don't you ever, EVER forget that! I own you, I OW\_N YOU!

Don't forget it, punk!

[The crowd is... nuclear in their hate for Larry Doyle, who adjusts his sport coat and calms down.]

LD: Now do your job and break his face so we can leave.

[Jacobs doesn't budge. He just looks at Doyle, whose face bends into a grimace.]

LD: Did you not hear me, son? Take him out! No one disrespects Larry Doyle like that!

[Still nothing.]

LD: Did you not-

[Jacobs grabs the microphone and the crowd suddenly roars.]

BJ: I heard you just fine. I ain't layin'a finger on him. That's my brother, as much as any family could ever be. You need to find someone else.

[The crowd roars as Doyle's eyes go wide.]

LD: Excuse me? Excuse me?! DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM?! Were you not LISTENING to what I just said?! I SAVED YOU! I BROUGHT YOU OUT OF POVERTY! WITHOUT ME, THAT STUPID PUNK BROTHER OF YOURS IS BACK IN PRISON!

I CONTROL YOU! I \_OWN\_ YOU! NOW DO YOUR JO-

[Doyle's hateful ranting is interrupted by Stanton, who grabs the manager by the coat, spins him around and PASTES him right in the face, and then screams at him off mic.]

GM: Oh my goodness! Kenny Stanton couldn't take it anymore!

[The crowd erupts as Stanton berates his former manager...

...and then deflates as a nearly in tears Brad Jacobs drops his former partner with a forearm to the head.]

GM: OH!

BW: Hah! Hollywood Larry speaks the truth, daddy! Brad Jacobs would be nowhere without him and he knows it!

GM: That's not it at all! It's his brother, Bucky! His family! Brad Jacobs continues to have to do Larry Doyle's dirty work because of Doyle's stranglehold over Jacobs' brother's future!

[Shaking his head, Jacobs pulls his former partner up. A sharp lip reader will catch a "I'm sorry" before Jacobs lifts Stanton up and with one mighty heavy lifts him over his head...]

GM: NO! NO, NO, NO!

[...walking slowly over to the edge of the platform, looking out at the fans pleading with him not to do it.]

GM: Don't do it, kid! Don't-

[Jacobs then lets go, dropping Stanton straight down so that his face SLAMS into the interview stage before crumpling in a heap on the exposed concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

MS: MY GOD! We need help! We need assistance out here! Somebody- get someone in the back!

[Stanton writhes in pain on the floor, both hands covering his face as he kicks his legs. A seething Larry Doyle gets to his feet, holding a handkerchief to his nose to wipe a dab of blood away. As officials swarm out from the back, he grabs the microphone from Stegglet and addresses the downed Stanton, as Jacobs squats ten feet away, head in hands.]

LD: That's the power of family, Kendall. That's the power of ME! Now get out of here.

[And with that... Fade to black.

A black screen slowly fades to a graphic that reads as follows, accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[And then we cut to a grainy handheld camera, walking around the ringside floor of a small arena. Dimly lit and filled to capacity, the arena boasts a crowd that is loud and rowdy.]

VOICEOVER: The whole world has its eyes on Dallas, every Saturday Night.

[We get a couple of quick clips from Saturday Night Wrestling, of major stars in action. Juan Vasquez hitting the right cross on Stevie Scott. Alphonse Green nailing Dave Cooper with the Hunger Strike. Jack Lynch chasing Demetrius Lake in an effort to Claw him. After this, we go back to the handheld. The user is climbing the ring steps, giving us a first person view of what it must be like for a wrestler to enter that ring.]

VOICEOVER: But what about those two weeks in between? You hear us promote the great action all over Texas and nearby states. And every summer, we travel all around the world. No TV production; just a gala featuring the AWA stars and a few thousand of their closest friends.

[The cameraman walks around the ring, filming the crowd. There are about five thousand here, and a sign that bids all welcome to the Cal Farley Coliseum in Amarillo, Texas.]

VO: What great matches have we never seen? How much blood was spilled in the pursuit of a dream, and we never knew?

[Now more clips... in less professionally-produced areas. The clips feature not only current, but former AWA stars. We see Rick Marley with a flying headscissors taking down Shadoe Rage. We see The Rave diving out of the ring at the Blonde Bombers. We see MAMMOTH Maximus pressing Kolya Sudakov overhead. We see Calisto Dufresne using the ringpost to free himself from the grip of Glenn Hudson. And we see Hannibal Carver slugging it out with Hercules Hammonds.]

VO: They're called "house shows". Classic matches, held in arenas all over the United States, seen only by the fans in attendance. But the AWA did have cameras at some of these events... and captured some of these intense battles. And now, for the first time ever, you can witness them too.

[We get a product screen featuring a DVD Set: AWA Signature Series Volume Three: House Show Classics. The cover features a montage of images from each clip shown above.]

VO: The AWA Signature Series, Volume Three. House Show Classics, featuring unaired matches from the entire AWA run.

[As each match below is mentioned, we get a clip of it...]

VO: See... From 2013, Calisto Dufrense defends the AWA World Heavyweight Championship against the World Television Champion Glenn Hudson.

From 2012, James Monosso defends the very same title against Dave Cooper.

From 2009, a 15-man West Texas Bunkhouse Battle Royal.

From 2010, Stevie Scott defends the National Title against Vernon Riley.

From 2013, Dave Bryant defends the World Television Title against Mr. Sadisuto.

From 2011, Nenshou defends the same belt against James Lynch.

From 2013, The Blonde Bombers defend the World Tag Team Titles against The Rave.

[Back to the product splash.]

And besides these seven great matches, there are eleven other great contests. Eighteen matches in all, on a two DVD set. Special features include...

[A clip of a variety of young wrestlers setting up a ring... some of whom we recognize as stars today.]

VO: ...a behind the scenes documentary on the travels and travails of life on the road...

[And then another of a training session at the Combat Corner.]

VO: ...and an exclusive look inside the Combat Corner over the years. See some of the friendships and rivalries that formed before they were stars!

AWA Signature Series Volume Three, House Show Classics. Available today from Amazon, Best Buy, and AWAshop.com. Get yours today!

[One last look at the product screen, and the commercial ends as we fade back to footage marked "EARLIER THIS WEEK." The scene looks like your typical business boardroom. A long wooden table in the middle of the room is surrounded by chairs filled with businessmen. At one end of the long table sits Todd Michaelson, one of the AWA's co-owners. Michaelson glances at his watch, tapping the face a few times.]

TM: He's late.

[A few nods around the table before finally, the door to the room opens and Marty Meekly, AWA referee, walks in. He's wearing dark sunglasses as he ambles in, taking a seat opposite Michaelson.]

TM: Before we go any further, please note the cameras are here to make sure that the entire world understands what is about to happen.

[Meekly nods.]

TM: A lot of people would say that the most important person in a match is the referee. A good referee can make sure that the better man wins. A bad referee

can... well... we've seen what a bad referee can do. But that's my problem, Meekly. You're not a bad referee. You're just a corrupt one.

[Meekly shows no reaction.]

TM: Your grandfather, Max... was one of the finest referees that I've ever seen. When the AWA was born, he was the one I wanted in charge of all the officials. He retired a couple years ago but he remained on the AWA payroll as an advisor. So, when this situation came up, he was my first phone call.

Have you spoken to him?

[Meekly shakes his head ever so slightly.]

TM: How about your father? You talked to him?

[Another head shake.]

TM: Your brother?

[A final head shake. Todd nods.]

TM: A whole family of officials who now have their name soiled forever based on the actions of a selfish kid who couldn't resist the dollar signs on the check signed by the Wise Men. That's all it was, right? Money?

[Meekly doesn't respond.]

TM: You don't have to answer. It's all it could have been.

Your lawyer has been in touch with AWA legal...

[Todd gestures to the rest of the people at the table.]

TM: So you know what's about to happen. Effective immediately, your contract has been terminated. You are no longer an AWA official.

And after lengthy discussions, it has been ruled that you are officially BANNED for LIFE plus ten years as a referee.

[Meekly nods.]

TM: I'm... disappointed. I'm surprised. I'm angry. But at least now... finally... it's over.

[Michaelson nods to one of the lawyers who produces a document, sliding it over to Meekly who grabs a pen, quickly signing it.]

TM: You have anything to say for yourself?

[Meekly rises from the chair, nudging the dark sunglasses down to the tip of his nose. He looks at Michaelson over the glasses, a smile forming on his face.]

MM: I'll see you soon.

[And with that, the former referee turns to exit the room as we fade to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" of the backstage area of the Crockett Coliseum.]

"FINALLY."

[The camera pans to see Joshua Barnes walk into the camera shot, holding a contract in his left hand. He's scowling under the shaggy mop of black hair, and wearing jeans a buttoned-up white shirt.]

JB: Didn't have a match in Phoenix. Didn't have a match in Las Vegas - hell, they told me to go spend the night on the town. Like I'm sort some of desperate tourist with delusions of grandeur trying to play blackjack to get rich. I didn't come here to this part of the country to have a good time... I came to work. You know what you can do in Las Vegas if you aren't spending money? 'Jack' and...

[Barnes pauses.]

JB: I'm not making enough money to get fined.

[He shakes his head.]

JB: And then, no match in Los Angeles. Everyone else in this place is having conniption fits about whose in charge. I don't give a damn... I just want to work. But I can't, because everyone else in this place is freaking out. I've been wasting my time counting the ceiling tiles while waiting for the AWA to give me something to do. I can't even call my family because the reception was lousy and we were stuck in the locker room because they were afraid people would interfere in the Cibernetico match. Like I give a damn what faction runs the AWA this week.

[Barnes holds up the contract]

JB: But they finally gave me a match. Me and Hugh Jenner. Great. Wonderful. We get into the ring, have a match, I beat him, collect my winnings, and get out of the Crockett Coliseum as quickly as possible. Because if I have to stay here listening to one more person wasting my time about the Wise Men...

???: Hey! Hey!

[The camera pans over - on the other side of the room is a man in his late 40's with a beer gut, curly brown hair that is starting to grey, and a sweater with "HUGH" handstitched on. It's Hugh Jenner, longtime AWA enhancement talent.]

HJ: What's your problem?

JB: Excuse me?

HJ: The entire league has been in turmoil, and all you do is complain. "I can't get a match... life on the road is tough... blah blah blah..."

[Hugh holds up his hands. Barnes looks irritated, drumming his fingers against the wall.]

HJ: Please... buddy... just stop with the whining.

[At that last word, Barnes stops drumming his fingers... stops moving. He gives Hugh a cold glare, then turns around and walks out of the picture. Hugh just shakes his head as the camera fades back to a live shot of the ring where Phil Watson is standing, ready for the next match.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, this next match is one fall with a ten minute time limit! Already in the ring, in the corner to my left, weighing 243 pounds and hailing from Wheeling, West Virginia, here is HUGH JENNER!

[Some polite applause and vocal cheers from his wife and kids at ringside.]

PW: And his opponent... hailing from Brownsburg, Indiana, and weighing in at 295 pounds, here is JOSHUA BARNES!

[Barnes walks down the aisle - with no entrance music, it's easy to hear both the crowd and the big man's massive footsteps as he walks down the aisle...

...steps through the ring ropes

...charges the opposite corner and greets Hugh Jenner with a left fist to the jaw.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Barnes isn't even waiting! He's just assaulting Hugh Jenner right from the outset!

BW: It's not like Barnes was a happy guy BEFORE Jenner opened his trap in his direction backstage... it looks like he's taking out his anger on him now.

[Two more left hooks stagger Jenner into the corner before Barnes grabs Jenner around the throat and slams his head into Jenner's face. Blood immediately starts flowing down Jenner's nose, and as Barnes releases him, Jenner slumps down into the corner.]

GM: I think Hugh Jenner may be out on his feet. The three count is aca-

[Instead of covering, Barnes grabs Jenner by the ankles, pulls him out into the middle of the ring, then begins stomping on Jenner's head. Referee Davis Warren starts yelling at Barnes, but Barnes ignores him to continue kicking the side of Jenner's head.]

BW: This isn't a match. It's legalized assault.

GM: Davis Warren may have to stop this match. Jenner doesn't even look like he's able to defend himself.

[The camera cuts over to ringside where Hugh Jenner's wife and children are standing up and watching with horror. The youngest daughter buries her head in his mother's dress, while Jenner's son is screaming for his dad to fight back.]

GM: The man's got a family for crying out loud!

[Barnes finally stops kicking Jenner, but as Davis Warren checks Jenner out, Barnes reaches down, grabs him by the throat and yanks him up, shoving him back into the corner.]

GM: Barnes is going to put Jenner in the hospital at this rate!

BW: And I'm not sure if there's anyone who can stop him. Certainly Jenner can't.

[Jenner's eyes are glazed, blood is pouring out of his nose, and only the cornerpost is keeping him up. While the referee is telling Barnes to back up, Barnes leans forward and gets into Hugh's face. The microphone can clearly pick up Barnes' words.]

"Who's whining now?"

[Barnes rears back and delivers a HARD slap across Jenner's face.]

GM: This is ridiculous. Jenner is completely unable to defend himself.

BW: That might be the point.

[Barnes grabs Jenner by the hair, pulls him out of the corner - and LEVELS him with a standing clothesline.]

GM: Ohh! That clothesline can take a healthy man's head off. Jenner was dead weight there.

[Barnes hooks the leg as Davis Warren makes the obvious count to end this match.]

GM: There's one... two... and mercifully, three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: You could have counted to three hundred.

GM: You may be right about that, Bucky. And we may be looking at a stretcher ride for Hugh Jenner after that beating.

BW: The ref's already calling for help.

[Davis Warren tells Barnes to step aside as he kneels, checking on the condition of Jenner. Barnes stands in the middle of the ring with his arms raised, giving the same scowl he's worn the entire match. As he looks around the ring, he spots Jenner's wife and children huddled together, still in shock over Jenner's condition. As he spots them, Barnes' scowl is replaced by...

...actually, it's not replaced at all. If anything, the scowl deepens, and Barnes shakes his head in disgust. He points a finger at the crumpled form of Jenner, and yells in the direction of Jenner's family]

"This... is his fault."

[With that, Barnes steps out of the ring and walks back up the aisle.]

GM: Joshua Barnes is just... all he ever does is complain, he's a miserable human being, and as soon as someone called him out on it, Barnes tried to injure him.

BW: Miserable human being? Yeah. But also a very dangerous miserable human being. A piece of advice for everyone - when you hear Barnes gripe, just let him do so.

GM: Fans, we've got to take another break but before we do, let's hear from more of the participants in tonight's Rumble!

[Cut to the locker room where we find AWA's Television Champion Tony Sunn lacing up his boots. He nods in acknowledgement at the camera, but his face is etched in a deep frown. He pulls himself up to his full height, folding his arms across his chest as he does so.]

TS: In one breath, I'm hearing from the EMTs in the back that I did the "right thing" in carrying Marissa Monet for help and two seconds later when they think I'm not listening, they're calling me an idiot for falling into "an obvious trap". Never mind the fact that a woman might have been hurt -- badly...

[Tony's voice trails off. Grimacing, he shakes his head.]

TS: Television title's put a target on my back, I get it. Now everyone wants to get their shots in! The Bucky Wildes of the world work themselves in a slobbering



frenzy that winning should be the ONLY thing -- and at any cost! What's a little collateral damage if it means you keep hold of the gold?

[Sunn picks up the belt on the bench next to him and holds it out for the camera to get a good shot of.]

TS: That's not the kind of man I am. That's not the kind of champion I want to BE! This title means I have a responsibility to uphold. An innocent person gets hurt and I'm supposed to just ignore that?! I got in Dave Bryant's face for punching Marty Meekly out -- damn RIGHT, I'm gonna hold myself to the same standards!

Maybe I am an idiot. Just a dumb boy scout falling for the femme fatale's set-up who had nothing to lose 'cause his title wasn't on the line. Just let her bat her lashes and he'll go stick his head in the snare again...

[Tony shakes his head again.]

TS: ...in that split second, I saw fear in Marissa Monet's eyes. That was no trap. For knocking into her and making her fall -- for any hurt or injuries, I apologize to Marissa Monet...

[The Ithaca powerhouse drapes the belt over his left shoulder. Hazel eyes brimming with fire, Sunn scowls.]

TS: ...but Rage, YOU put her in that position in the first place! You wanna blame someone for your constant failings?! Not me, not some "grand conspiracy" -- the only person you have to blame is YOU!

[The glare slowly fades from Tony's face. He pats the golden plate of the Television title belt, allowing himself a brief smile.]

TS: Tonight, however, I've got something more important than dealing with you, Rage. Tonight, I've got a chance at the AWA Heavyweight title in this upcoming Rumble. Now part of me could take this opportunity to shut down your petty rantings once and for all.

But I don't intend to waste my time in the Rumble on a small-minded, impotent maniac like you. Not with what's at stake.

[Tony nods. Once more, he picks up the Television title, determination and pride in his eyes as he looks at it.]

TS: Like I said, I have a responsibility.

[We fade away from the World Television Champion...

We open to an empty locker room. Empty, besides the telltale signs of a party having taken place. Empty soda and champagne bottles, beer cans, streamers and more. Suddenly, a familiar voice is heard.]

HC: Quite a bash. They lived it up... they had plenty to celebrate.

[In walks Hannibal Carver, dressed in his usual attire of black jeans, black boots and black hooded sweatshirt. He kicks an empty beer can across the floor.]

HC: But not me. I've got my eyes on the big picture. There was sacrifice. There was me sacrificing my spot, throwing away my chance at the bragging rights as the man that has his hands wrapped tight around the Wise Men's throats when their time was

up. Instead, I slayed a beast. The nightmare that everyone around here seemed to share. Funny thing?

[Carver nods.]

HC: He went down just like every sad sack that gets too loud for their own good own at the Spur. I'd say sorry to his family since they're everywhere yeh look around here... but if yeh think about it his brother-in-law is the one who sent me down this path of crushing every slimebucket that stands against this company. Besides, a word of wisdom for yeh as yer cooling yer heels in a hospital bed?

Wearing a red cape doesn't make yeh Superman...

[Carver smirks.]

HC: ... just like waving a razor around don't make yeh the Blood Angel. Yeh learned that the hard way, and I was damn happy to teach yeh that lesson. And I was happy to take that hit if it meant yeh were out of the running to take anyone that was standing up against fat boy out of the running. But in doing so, I made something else a certainty.

[Carver nods his head.]

HC: That I wasn't allowed anywhere near that ring when Eric took his final violent bow. Even though I saw it coming a mile off, even though I knew there was no way in hell he should've been put in that spot... it still doesn't mean I have to like it.

But in the end, it was all worth it... right? The Wise Men lost. Childes had to step down as the big boss around here.

Wrong.

Because even with Ryan getting his hands raised and that fat lard put in his place... there's still something from that old guard around.

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: No, I don't mean Detson. He was Childes' golden boy... but that's just typical for the likes of him. He'll latch his wagon onto anyone that can get him a shortcut to the top. No... I'm talking about the pups that dropped the Wise Men's name every single chance they got.

It's bad enough what happened to Eric. Bad enough I had to stand on the same side of the ring with Terry Shane without bashing his brains into oatmeal. Bad enough Detson ran from my grasp after all the months of keeping my name in his mouth...

[Carver scowls.]

HC: That the so-called Dogs of War are still walking around. The ones that tried to put Bobby and more than I even have time to list on the shelf on Childes' say so. The ones that were at his beck and call. The ones that more than anyone else, were so proud to call themselves among the Wise Men's number.

So when everyone else is looking to the future? When they're breathing easy and concentrating on this sport instead of fighting some scumbag boss hellbent on killing their career?

[Carver nods.]

HC: I'll be the one with perfect vision in the valley of the blind. Because until yeh three are put in the animal shelter for keeps?

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: The war continues.

[And with that, we fade to footage marked "RECORDED AT BATTLE OF LOS ANGELES" as Mark Stegglet stands before a door. He appears a bit shaken up as he looks towards the camera and nods.]

MS: Fans, currently the introductions for the Battle of Los Angeles main event, the Cibernético, are underway but I'm here backstage as I've gotten word of a serious situation. Travis Lynch, after his vicious war with Ebola Zaire, has collapsed!

[Mark motions to the door behind him.]

MS: He's currently being attended to by Doctor Ponavitch behind this door.

[Mark Stegglet turns and pushes the door open. The room is bustling with Doctor Ponavitch barking orders to a few members of his medical team. The camera pans towards the trainer's table closest to the wall where the muscular body of Travis Lynch is propped up, his head resting against the wall as a young female has a red wad of gauze pressed to his forehead. She is motioning towards another member of the medical team who comes rushing over with clean gauze. She grabs the gauze and presses it to Travis' forehead.]

MS: Doctor Ponavitch, can I get a few words?

[The doctor quickly looks at Mark and motions for him to take a few steps back. Once again, the camera returns focus to Travis where the nurse continues to press gauze to his wounds. She grabs some more and tries to wipe it from his face but she only succeeds in smearing across his face. She removes the gauze from the wound and the blood begins to once again flow down his face, carving a path through the dried, smeared blood, like a river eroding its banks.]

MS: Doctor, I saw Travis walk from the ring under his own power...

DP: And he collapsed once he reached the backstage. I can only assume it was the adrenaline that got him that far. Now if you'll excuse me, Mark.

[Doctor Ponavitch grabs gauze and a bottle of hydrogen peroxide. He pours the peroxide on the gauze and places it to the forehead of Travis as the Texas Heartthrob winces. The doctor removes the gauze and looks at the deep gash that is torn into the young man's forehead.]

DP: We need to get this closed. Get me a needle and suture thread.

[The young nurse dashes across the room as Doctor Ponavitch once again presses fresh gauze on the wound, absorbing the blood.]

MS: Is it possible to get a few words from Travis, doctor?

[As Mark asks the question, Travis closes his eyes and Doctor Ponavitch quickly taps him across the cheek.]

DP: Come on kid, keep those eyes open. Seriously Mark, do you think this is a good time to get a few words from him?!

MS: I just wanted to know if it was worth it and what is next for Travis here.

DP: The only thing that's next for him is a number of sutures and a trip to Centinela Hospital.

[As the nurse hands Doctor Ponavitch the needle and suture thread, a voice can be heard saying "Hopefully the sutures don't leave a scar"; Doctor Ponavitch removes the gauze and looks towards Mark.]

DP: Now if you'll excuse us...

[Before Mark can turn and leave, Travis opens his eyes again and slowly begins to push himself back to his feet.]

DP: Travis, you need to sit down.

[Travis places his hand on the shoulder of the good doctor, closes his eyes for a moment and opens them again.]

TL: You want to know what's next, Mark?

[Again, Travis closes his eyes, he appears to wobble a bit but continues to hold onto the shoulder of the doctor for support.]

TL: What's next, Mark...

[Travis exhales deeply and drips of blood are sprayed in all directions.]

TL: I go back to Dallas... back to the Crockett Coliseum...

[The camera focuses on the blood-covered face of Travis, blood flowing from the deep gash where Ebola Zaire's fork has torn flesh from the bone. His eyes flutter for a moment before he continues to speak.]

TL: ...It's time for a Lynch Homecoming!

[Travis staggers and Doctor Ponavitch catches him and eases him back onto the trainer's table. The nurse quickly wipes the wound with some more hydrogen peroxide and gauze; Mark nods as all fades to black.

In the background, we hear the slowly building sounds of the Alan Parsons Project's "Sirius."

One word slowly fades in, filling the entire screen.]

"SUPERCLASH"

[We cut to a montage of still photos from SuperClash events gone by - Stevie Scott standing nose to nose with Juan Vasquez, Alex Martinez putting William Craven into barbed wire, Dave Bryant locking the Iron Crab on Calisto Dufresne, City Jack standing over his best friend to protect him with a baseball bat, Bobby Taylor trading blows with Kevin Slater, and so on and so on. The graphic changes.]

"VI!"

[As the roman numeral fades, we catch a glimpse of AWA owner Bobby Taylor in what appears to be a major city, walking the busy streets in his cowboy boots. We see glimpses of illuminated marquees with the latest big musical productions. We see towering buildings. Jam-packed streets. A small hot dog cart with a vendor hawking his offerings.

And then shots that become slightly more obvious.

A street of major theaters.

The 9/11 Memorial.

The Empire State Building.

The Statue Of Liberty.

The shot fades to the black screen again with three letters that say it all, coming up one by one.]

"M...S...G."

[Cut immediately to a panning shot of the world's most famous arena, the camera circling around it before cutting to an overhead shot of it before cutting to the sign that reads "MADISON SQUARE GARDEN." And then one more cut to a black screen with all the details.]

"SUPERCLASH VI  
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN  
NEW YORK CITY  
NOVEMBER 27, 2014"

[The graphic holds for a moment and then cuts to one more graphic.]

"LIVE ON PAY PER VIEW."

[Fade to black...

We fade up to the sight of young Derrick Williams pacing backstage near one of the video monitors. He looks nervous, worried, and... angry, all rolled into one. He looks up and lets out a sigh, then turns as the cameraman speaks.]

C: Can we get a word, Derrick?

[Williams starts to nod before he turns slightly, coming face to face with the fresh off his match Joshua Barnes. The two similar height men stare at each other for a moment before Williams breaks the silence]

DW: Not cool.

[Barnes takes a second before letting out a chuckle and stepping past the young rookie. Williams watches him go, before removing his ring jacket and walking off screen, a look of intensity on his face that he hasn't shown before.

And we cut back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

BW: Oh yeah, go ahead, kid... jump on Barnes. That'll change your game a bit.

[Phil Watson begins.]

PW: Ladies and Gentlemen, our next match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. In the ring at this time, in the corner to my right, from Beverly Hills California, weighing in at 190 pounds, "Pin Up Boy" Kenneth Doll!

[Doll appeals and poses to the crowd, looking for the cheers from the ladies as he looks on with confidence]

GM: Kenneth Doll looking more confident than usual tonight... and that's saying something considering the arrogance of that particular individual.

BW: If you were facing Williams, Gordo, you'd be confident too. I think even you might stand a chance at beating that kid.

[And to the sound of apathy, Birthday Massacre's "Video Kid" starts up.]

PW: And his opponent, from Brooklyn, New York, weighing in at 265 pounds... Derrick Williams!

[And out steps Williams just in his ring gear - no jacket, no appealing to the crowd, just a look of intensity as he stares a hole through the ring. He walks down the ramp, stepping through the ropes and immediately doing a quick stretch routine on in the corner, checking the bounce on the ropes]

GM: Well, Williams has tried everything else to get on track here in the American Wrestling Alliance. Now it seems like he's trying out some intensity. I'm not sure we've seen this much intensity on the face of this young man to date, Bucky.

BW: He can be as intense as he wants. If he tangles with Joshua Barnes, he's gonna get the intensity punched right off his goofy face.

GM: You have to believe that this young man may be nearing the end of his rope here in the AWA with a handful of losses on television as well as several at our non-televvised events. He has, however, picked up a few wins during the Coast To Coast tour in recent weeks. It may not be enough to keep earning him matches on Saturday Night Wrestling though if he can't string together a winning streak of some sort.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell rings and off we go.

[Williams stands up straight in the corner, staring across at Kenneth Doll who is in mid-single bicep pose to the crowd, fluffing his hair with the other hand. The young rookie shakes his head as he strides across to the center of the ring, diving into a lockup with Doll.]

GM: Right into the collar and elbow, not wasting any time before slipping right back out and into the armwringer.

[The smaller man winces in pain, grabbing at his arm as Williams twists it around again... and again...]

GM: Nice wristlock applied young Derrick Williams who, as we've mentioned before, comes out a training school run by former World Champions Kevin Slater and Curtis Hansen.

BW: I always wondered where Hansen ended up, fireballer.

[Williams drives a couple of elbows down into the shoulder region before swinging the arm around into a hammerlock.]

BW: It looks like during some point in getting his tail kicked for a couple of months, the kid realized maybe he oughta grab a body part and get down to brass tacks.

GM: The hammerlock is locked in, wrenching up on that arm... and Kenneth Doll makes it to the ropes, forcing Williams to break the hold.

[The referee starts to count but Williams has already let go, backing off with his arms raised.]

GM: Clean break out of the rookie.

BW: A Boy Scout just like his trainers.

GM: Kevin Slater was a Boy Scout?

BW: Kevin Slater dabbled in the dark side from time to time but at his core, he was a baby-kissin', hand-slappin', goody two shoes Boy Scout, daddy.

[Kenneth Doll is busy complaining to the referee about the hammerlock, shaking out his arm in pain. The official shakes his head, turning to ask Williams about the complaint...

...and Doll lunges at him!]

GM: Doll with the cheapsho- whoa! Williams takes him down with an armdrag!

BW: The kid saw the cheapshot coming that time. You gotta give him a thimblefull of credit.

[Williams lets go as Doll hits the mat, allowing the rulebreaker to scramble up, and to get taken right back down with another armdrag... and a third before he holds Doll down, cinching in an armbar!]

GM: Williams hooks in the armbar, going right back after the arm he was working over earlier...

[The rookie pulls Doll by the arm into a seated position, switching his grip into an overhead wristlock.]

GM: Some basic technical offense out of Williams this time, not trying anything too flashy yet.

BW: It's still early, Gordo. A screwup can come at any minute.

GM: Doll works his way back up to a vertical base, not an easy task with Williams holding a 70 pound weight advantage on him but up he goes and right back into the ropes, shoving Williams back.

BW: Bet we don't get a clean break this time.

[Williams lifts his arms for the break...

...and gets a big slap across the face out of Doll to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: Ohh! Doll slaps him and-

"SLAAAAAAP!"

GM: Williams slaps him right back! The kid's not taking that from Doll!

[Doll gets indignant from being slapped and goes to slap Williams again.]

GM: Block! And he fires back again!

[Doll whips around, grabbing at the side of his face. His red cheek is on display as he wheels around, fired up, winding up again...

...but Williams ducks this time, lifting Doll up in a back suplex position before dropping him tailbone-first on a bent knee!]

GM: Big atomic drop out of Williams!

[He grabs an arm, swinging Doll around before lifting again, dropping him in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Ohh! Inverted atomic drop! The kid's on a roll!

[Williams, building momentum, shoves Doll back to the ropes, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whip coming up...

BW: Wait for it, Gordo... here comes the mistake...

[But this time, instead of his usual mistake, Williams waits the right amount of time and unloads on Doll with a double chop across the chest, sending the smaller man crashing down to the mat!]

BW: I'll be darned, Gordo. He kept it simple and effective.

[Williams hits the ropes, rebounding slowly, measuring his man before dropping a knee down on the skull of Kenneth Doll!]

GM: Kneedrop connects!

BW: He took his time with it... making sure he didn't blow it.

GM: You almost sound impressed. Williams is sticking to the basics and it's working wonders for him here tonight at Homecoming as he pulls Doll up off the mat... hooks him...

[The crowd politely applauds Williams as he takes Doll up and over with a gutwrench suplex.]

BW: Even the fans seem to be waiting for the screwup, Gordo.

GM: They're supportive but cautious.

[Doll struggles back to his feet as Williams approaches, blasting him with a European uppercut, sending Doll falling back to the ropes!]

GM: Nice shot there by the rookie!

[Williams makes a quick "throat cut" gesture.]

BW: Oh, NOW here it comes. He's getting cocky now, Gordo.

GM: Williams grabs the arm...

[The whip sends him across. Doll rebounds and Williams lowers his head at the last second, catching Doll and lifting him up with precision not seen from Williams before and quickly spinning around and DRIVING Doll spine first into the mat in a textbook perfect...]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! Shades of his mentor Kevin Slater there, Williams covers and hooks the leg!



[The referee dives down, slapping the mat three times.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Holy... the kid won, Gordo!

GM: He sure did!

BW: I can't believe it!

GM: Williams may not believe it himself, Bucky.

[Williams rises, his hand raised by the official. He gives a single fist pump to a scattering of cheers before he exits the ring.]

GM: Derrick Williams scores a victory - his first victory here on television and that has to feel good for the young rookie.

BW: Well, now he's got a win under his belt. Now we'll see what happens when he gets in there with some tougher competition.

GM: Like Joshua Barnes?

BW: Not if Williams wants to see a second year in the business.

GM: Derrick Williams is standing by at the interview area with our own Mark Stegglet. Mark?

[We cut to the interview stage where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

GM: Thanks, Gordon... and as you can see, I'm being joined right about now by Derrick Williams, fresh off his first televised win in the AWA.

[Williams walks into the shot, joining Stegglet. He's all smiles, hands on his hips as Stegglet continues.]

MS: How does it feel, Derrick, to finally get that first win under your belt?

[Williams nods.]

DW: Ah Mark, it's exciting, it's amazing. Finally, get my win on TV. But you know, Mark, I have to thank someone. I have to thank Joshua Barnes.

[Mark looks surprised.]

MS: Joshua Barnes?

[Williams nods.]

DW: Yes Mark, Joshua Barnes. You see Mark, earlier today, when I arrived, the office informed me that I was on, but that this was it. I've been a disappointment, and that with another loss to a low ranked competitor, I'm off the main roster. I was off the roster and moving over into the preliminary wrestler locker room with guys like... well, Kenneth Doll.

That's a place no one wants to be, Mark... and not just because of Kenneth Doll. And I paced around, I worried, I made phone calls, I called my trainers, my family, my friends, anyone, to see if anyone could figure out why I could not get myself together.

[Williams shakes his head.]

DW: You see Mark, it's not a secret that I was trained by former World Champions. That I was dominant on the student circuit in the Northeast and that at least some of that should've translated over here in the AWA. But no, I was overwhelmed. By the crowds, by the level of competition, by the stars. I tried too hard to showboat, to feel the rush of the crowd, to entertain, and I lost focus. But, then Joshua Barnes happened. That match he had before mine happened. I guess Joshua Barnes has been happening for a few weeks now, and I owe him.

[Stegglet looks on confused as Williams continues]

DW: Because Joshua Barnes reminded me of why I got into this business. He reminded me of why I went from Brooklyn to Boston to train, to learn from guys I idolized growing up. Of why I busted my rear up and down from Maine to Maryland to Ohio and back. Of why I joined the AWA on tour. Because Mark, I love wrestling. I love it. And everything that comes with it. And this little losing streak humbled me, and gave me more respect for the other side of that locker room... the side filled with Kenneth Dolls and Hugh Jenners and Allen Allens and the like. The guys who come out here every week and bust their tails, work as hard as anyone else in the back... but always seem to come up just short.

But they don't let that bother them. They don't let it stop them. They continue to come out here week after week and in some cases, year after year... lobbying management for matches... hitting the gym... heading down to the Combat Corner to learn every spare second that they can. They go in there against guys that no one gives them a chance in heck of beating.

Why?

[Williams nods.]

DW: Because they love it... and they'll do anything just to step in that ring and compete in front of all these great fans.

[The fans cheer... for themselves mostly.]

DW: Which leads me to Joshua Barnes. Barnes came around same time I did but we've had... different paths. Barnes has sat in the back for 4 weeks, whining and moaning that he's not being given a match, that he wants to beat someone up, that he only shows up here for the money.

Then, when he gets his match, he takes out his "frustration" on Hugh Jenner. A good guy, Mark. A guy that all he did was call out Barnes on his whining. And he went overboard. Brutal statement. But you see, it woke me up. It flipped a switch in my head.

Joshua Barnes, you made me remember. You made me remember that you have to earn it. You have to fight for it. That you need to keep your eyes on the prize, and that success doesn't happen overnight. I wanted to get all the fans behind me day one, and it cost me. I wanted to be as big as life right off the bat without earning it. I lost my head, because when I left the Northeast, the fans loved me. When I got here, the fans didn't know me, and I took that for granted. I forgot my lessons, that I need to go out to that ring and take care of business, and everything will come in time.

[There's a few more cheers now for the young rookie. He smiles, nodding.]

DW: Joshua Barnes, no one, and I mean no one, ever got to where they are in this business by it being handed to them. Everyone, throughout history, and even now,

EARNED it. They fought, they bled, they succeeded, they failed, they started sitting outside the Matchmaker's office and begged for even just the pre-show match in front of ten people while the line outside was filing in. Joshua Barnes, you want a fight? You got it. I'll oblige you. But just warning you, Barnes, I fight back. Come get it, Barnes, I'm not hard to find. Thank you, Mark.

[Williams shakes Stegglet's hand as he walks away.]

MS: A big win here tonight for the young rookie Derrick Williams.

[Stegglet chuckles.]

MS: It's funny. On one side of the coin, we see a competitor like Derrick Williams who is at the start of their career but in mere moments, we'll see Blackjack Lynch take on Hamilton Graham - a battle between two men beyond the end of their in-ring careers. But before we get to that, we're going to take a look at an interview I conducted several days ago down in Hollywood, California... believe me, you do NOT want to miss this.

[The words "PREVIOUSLY RECORDED" flash on a black screen, before the scene opens to see none other than Mark Stegglet on what looks to be a movie set. There are various people, both actors and craftspeople, behind him, milling about, doing this or that. But the focus isn't on the background, but rather, the man seated next to Stegglet. That man? The Last American Badboy himself - Alex Martinez.

Martinez is dressed in what looks to be a modified and hyper stylized version of his "wrestling uniform." A black leather jacket, slick and shiny, a tight fitting, black t-shirt, ripped at the chest, a pair of blue jeans. And of course, his signature mirrored sunglasses, the overhead set lights reflecting off the mirrored lenses. Despite his sunglasses, its easy to see that Martinez is sporting a black eye, and that his face is bruised and swollen, and not due to any makeup effects.]

MS: As you can see, I'm here on the set of the legendary Alex Martinez' newest movie. A movie that's shrouded in secrecy. So secret in fact, that I can't even reveal the name of it.

AM: Not yet. But don't worry, because in just a few weeks, the AWA will have the exclusive first look at the trailer. And Mark? Trust me when I say that everyone is gonna be blown away.

MS: Exciting news. That's definitely something for everyone to look forward to. But there is something else we need to talk about. The last time you were seen on an AWA show...

[Shifting in his chair, Martinez shakes his head.]

AM: Ya don't gotta sugar coat it, Mark. Last time I was seen, I was gettin' my tail kicked by the Dogs of War.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: It has to be asked. How are you doing in the wake of that attack?

AM: Well, I won't lie. That attack set me back some, I even missed a few days of filming here. But we're back on track now, and I'll be done shootin' come the middle of November.

MS: Good news. On the subject of that heinous attack, what was in your mind when you woke up?

AM: It was somethin' different, that's for sure.

[Martinez rubs a hand down his cheek, pulling his sunglasses down a notch to look at Mark.]

AM: See Mark, I've been jumped plenty of times in my career. Hell, I spent a year dealin' with attacks from the Dragon when I got to the AWA. That's nothin' new. But what's new is why I got attacked.

MS: I'm not sure I follow.

AM: There was a part of me that was happy that when he started, my son wrestled in Japan. Not because I didn't think he could cut it in the States, but because I was worried as hell that someone would go after him to get to me. I was worried he'd be a target of my enemies.

Never thought the shoe would be on the other foot.

But that's what happened in Los Angeles, Mark. The Dogs didn't come after me to get to me. I was just a way of gettin' to Ryan. That's somethin' that's never happened before. I ain't used to bein' a pawn.

And if I'm bein' honest, I don't like it.

MS: And what, if anything, do you have planned when it comes to what happened?

[There's a thoughtful pause before Martinez answers.]

AM: Well, Mark, the truth is, I ain't an AWA wrestler. I'm not licensed or sanctioned. So right now, I ain't plannin' on doin' anything.

But ya know what they say Mark, plans change all the time...

[Stegglet is quiet a moment, waiting for Martinez to elaborate. When its obvious no other words are forthcoming, Stegglet clears his throat and continues.]

MS: At the Battle of Los Angeles, you were aided-

AM: Nah, let's call it what it was, my butt got saved.

MS: ...saved then, by Juan Vasquez. It's no secret that you two are friends and have been for awhile, have you spoken with Mr. Vasquez since then?

AM: Before I answer your question, let me just say somethin' about Juan. He was the man that a couple of people, includin' Ryan, are tryin' to be. He was the man that put the AWA on his shoulders, and carried it forward. He was the man in all the wars. He was the guy who put his body on the line and took three shots to get in one.

And I'd say he's earned the right to take a breather.

But now, as to your question, yeah, I've spoken with Juan. And he and I came to an agreement about the Dogs, and about the AWA.

MS: Can you tell us what that "understanding" was?

AM: Well, Juan and I, we've got this in common. Even when we ain't active in the AWA, we always keep an eye on it. Every time there's somethin' AWA-related to see, he and I are watchin' it. So we know everything that's happened. We've seen

every underhanded trick, every sneak attack, and also, we've seen every time Percy and his cronies have come up short.

So, Perez, Carpenter, Walker, I know EXACTLY who you three are. I know your stories. I know what you're all about. And I ain't got no respect for any of you. But me and Juan? We're giving you three a chance, and it ain't a chance either of us usually give.

You three got a chance to walk away from this.

All you gotta do is keep your mouths shut and your noses clean.

[Martinez pulls off his sunglasses.]

AM: You made your point, and you made it in my blood. I ain't happy about that, but it's done. Now, it's time for you three to be men, not dogs. No more attacks from behind. No more sendin' regards, if ya know what I mean. You three do what you do in the ring, and in between the first bell and the last.

Anything else, and we're gonna have a problem.

And boys? Believe me, when I say you don't wanna have a problem with me or Juan.

[The camera holds on Martinez' steely gaze for several moments before Stegglet speaks to wrap things up.]

MS: I thank you for your time, Mr. Martinez. And we are all looking forward to the exclusive first look at your new movie, which, as a reminder, will be coming in a few weeks.

[The two shake hands as we cut back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Some strong words out of the Hall of Famer who has issued a very clear warning to the Dogs Of War, Bucky.

BW: I think the Dogs Of War showed in Los Angeles that they're not afraid of Alex Martinez' threats.

GM: If I'm the Dogs Of War, I'm pretty sure I don't want to tangle with the Last American Badboy... especially if former World Champion Juan Vasquez is waiting in the wings to help. And speaking of former champions, it's time to go up to the ring to see the latest in a series of historic showdowns pitting the Texas wrestling icon Blackjack Lynch against former World Champion Hamilton Graham! Phil Watson, take it away!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first... from Kansas City, Missouri...

HAMILLLLTONNNN GRAAAAAAAAHAM!

[On this night, Graham has elected to enter sans music, jogging down the ramp in a red singlet that comes down to mid-thigh. His barrel chest is covered in hair and his stomach sticks out a bit further than his glory days but he still looks ready to kick the crap out of someone. He ducks his well-permed head through the ropes, stepping out to the center of the ring where he raises his arms to the jeers of the Texas crowd.]

GM: Hamilton Graham is a legend in our sport. Typically, the AWA fans will cheer a man like that out of respect but on this night, Graham has spit in the face of the man that most of these fans grew up watching - or in some cases hearing about.

BW: Every Texas wrestling fan grows up hearing their parents talk about Blackjack Lynch. If you weren't there for some of his biggest matches, you at least feel like you were.

[Graham settles back in the corner as Phil Watson begins again.]

PW: And his opponent... from Dallas, Texas... he is the patriarch of the Lynch wrestling family...

BLAAAAAAAAACKJAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The cheers intensify, nearly blowing the roof off the Crockett Coliseum as the Texas wrestling legend steps into view. He's in a pair of black trunks and boots, perhaps borrowed gear on this night. He looks determined, raising a gloved hand into the air to a tremendous reaction.]

GM: And these people would love nothing more to see Blackjack Lynch wrap that Iron Claw on Hamilton Graham's head here tonight in Dallas.

BW: An illegal hold!

GM: Not anymore. The Lynch family Iron Claw is legal once more!

BW: That's a miscarriage of justice if I've ever heard one.

[Lynch makes his way down the elevated ramp, shouting angrily at Graham, threatening him as he gets closer and closer to the ring. He steps through the ropes...

...and rushes a surprised Graham, shoving him back into the corner where Lynch winds up and throws the right hand!]

GM: Lynch has him back in the corner, opening fire with blow after blow to the head.

[Graham's head pinballs back and forth as Lynch grabs him by the arm, whipping him across where the former World Champion hits hard, staggering out to the middle...

...and gets LAUNCHED up and over with a backdrop!]

GM: OH MY!!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Lynch holds up the gloved hand, looking to squeeze the skull of his longtime rival...

...when suddenly, the fans roar with jeers!]

GM: NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[An incoming Demetrius Lake SMASHES a steel chair across the back of Lynch, knocking him down to his knees.]

GM: Where the heck did he come from?!

BW: I didn't even see him but he was suddenly there!

[Hamilton Graham pushes himself up, a nasty expression on his face as he approaches the kneeling Lynch, winding up and **BLASTING** him with a right hand to the eyebrow. A second one lands... a third one lands... a fourth one lands, splitting open the eyebrow and leaving blood dripping onto the canvas.]

GM: Graham's busted him open!

[He grabs Lynch by the back of the head, drilling him with a headbutt that puts Lynch down on his back where Demetrius Lake immediately starts stomping and kicking the legendary figure. The crowd is on their feet, screaming for the heads of Graham and Lake as they work together to stomp the bloodied Lynch...

...when suddenly, the jeers turn to cheers at the sight of Travis and Jack Lynch tearing down the aisle towards the ring!]

GM: THE LYNCHES ARE COMING! THE LYNCHES ARE COMING TO SAVE THEIR FATHER!

[The Texans hit the ring, coming fast and hard...

...but not fast enough as Lake and Graham bail out to the floor. Jack Lynch is livid, mounting the second rope and shouting at the fleeing Lake who is taunting him from ringside.]

GM: Travis and Jack got out here in time to save their father from any further attack but not before Lake and Graham busted him wide open. He's bleeding profusely up inside the ring.

[Jack hops down, spitting mad as he goes to help Travis with their battered father.]

GM: What a disgusting scene this is.

BW: I agree, Gordo.

GM: You do?

BW: I can't stand seeing one Stench out here... now I gotta look at all three.

GM: That's not what I meant and you know it. Demetrius Lake just jumped the legendary Blackjack Lynch from behind - a brutal, cowardly assault by the so-called King of Wrestling.

BW: Don't let him hear you call him "so-called."

GM: Yes, I'm sure he'd be willing to attack me too... probably only from behind though.

BW: The man eliminated over half the opposing team at Cibernetico, Gordo. Show him some respect.

GM: I'll be happy to as soon as he shows some for someone else.

[Bloodied and dazed but still proud, Blackjack Lynch pushes his sons away as he refuses their aid. Struggling, the veteran gets to his feet, but remains wobbly as he motions for a microphone. Quickly accommodated, Blackjack can be heard breathing heavily with each word.]

BJL: Enjoyed that, did you?

Well, you got two weeks to feel good about yourself.

But two weeks from now, I want you, Demetrius Lake. Right here, in this ring!

[Jack and Travis can be heard trying to take sense into their father, but the legend is having none of it. As the crowd cheers his defiance and howls in anticipation of the match to come, Blackjack hurls the microphone down, finally accepting his sons' help to get to the back.]

GM: A challenge has been issued for two weeks from now. Blackjack Lynch has had enough! He wants Demetrius Lake inside that ring! He wants him in that ring to get a pound of flesh for all that Lake has done to him and his family over the past year! But will Lake accept the challenge?

BW: The King of Wrestling is gift-wrapped an opportunity to put that ol' mule down once and for all and you think he'll hesitate to take it? You better believe that the King is cutting another notch in his throne in two weeks' time.

GM: You may be right... and when and if he does accept that challenge, he just might be the next man to challenge for the World Heavyweight Title as well because Demetrius Lake is one of thirty men who will step into that ring tonight, doing battle to be the man who will challenge for the World Heavyweight Title at SuperClash VI. Let's hear from a few more of those men right now!

[We cut backstage to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where Mark Stegglet is standing by with "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor. Bobby is dressed in his ring gear of cardinal red wrestling trunks with gold trim and matching knee/elbow pads and boots. Bobby nods at Mark as Stegglet begins.]

MS: Bobby, tonight noticeable by his absence is Jack Lynch. Is this a bad sign for the future of the TexMo Connection?

BOC: Not at all, Mister Stegglet. The bond between me and Jack is as strong as ever, especially after the big win in Los Angeles. And I'm hoping we'll ride that momentum into tag title contention. But tonight isn't about the tag team titles, tonight is about celebrating what seemed like a never-ending battle is over. We stop fighting for our jobs, for our lives...

[Bobby grins.]

BOC: ... and start fighting for the biggest opportunity there is in this sport. A shot at the World Heavyweight Championship.

MS: Does that mean if it came to it, you would eliminate your own tag team partner?

BOC: Me and Jack have already agreed that the most disrespectful thing we could do is bring anything less than one hundred percent tonight. We both care way too much about this sport to let friendship get in the way tonight. Tonight is way too big. Percy Childes is no longer ruining everyone's life. We are all back to business, and if anyone here is in this profession for anything less than to one day be champion?

[Bobby shrugs.]

BOC: Then I have no idea why you're here. So if I have my way, the TexMo Connection will steamroll over twenty-eight other men and toss them over the top rope...



[Bobby nods.]

BOC: Then shake hands and let it all hang out until the best man wins. But make no mistake, win or lose...

[Bobby pumps his fist.]

BOC: They'll ALL know they were in there with an O'Connor.

[The camera focuses on Bobby's determined stare before fading to Supernova who stands in front of an AWA backdrop. The face-painted wrestler is already dressed in his wrestling attire.]

S: They say the Wise Men are now disbanded. They say that they shall never reign over the AWA again. They say that, therefore, our work is done and the AWA will carry on.

Well, they may be right about a few things. The AWA will carry on, that much is true. It shall always carry on. The Wise Men disbanded... that may be true, but only time will tell if they may resurface. One can only hope they shall never reign again.

But to say the work is done... it's far from being done.

[Beat.]

S: The fact is, Larry Doyle still holds a manager's license and an iron grip on men like Brad Jacobs and Koyla Sudakov... men who once thought for themselves, but show an unwillingness to break free from Doyle's grasp. Sandra Hayes is still sneaking around the place, proclaiming the Lights Out Express truly represent what the World Tag Team Titles are all about, even as everyone knows those belts were won under the most questionable circumstances ever witnessed. And then there's Rick Marley and Johnny Deston not seeing eye to eye, even though their egos and approaches still make them two peas in a pod. Oh, and Demetrius Lake and his delusional mindset is still around, acting like he's a king of wrestling when he really sounds like the court jester.

[A slight laugh.]

S: So the way I see it, there still a lot of work left to be done around here. There are those who tried to set the rules the way they thought they should be, who still have a lot to be held accountable for. And you better believe than men like Ryan Martinez, like Bobby O'Connor, like Dave Bryant, and like myself, are going to do everything in our power to see that they are held accountable.

And the one man who needs to be held accountable the most... that's you, Supreme Wright.

[Beat.]

S: Wright, you are one of the most talented wrestlers to ever set foot in the AWA. I remember it coming down to you and me in a past Rumble. And I give you credit where it's due... you won it fair and square that night. You certainly were on the path to greatness.

The problem I have with you, though, is how you took the path from there.

See, I won a Rumble match before. I earned my way to a title shot, and when I got it, I gave it my best shot. I didn't win, but I bided my time, I continued to face the best the AWA has to offer, and kept myself in the hunt. I might not have received

another title shot, but nobody could say I wasn't being talked about as a legitimate contender.

You, on the other hand, after getting your first shot and coming up short... you started to succumb to one of the worst traits a man can have: Arrogance.

[Beat.]

S: You didn't want to continue to work for that next opportunity. You took shortcuts. You got yourself into a Steal the Spotlight match, and from there, you took your title shot the moment after Dave Bryant had just fought a grueling match. You lost it to him the next time around... and I won't argue it was under questionable circumstances... but then you chose to make a deal with Percy Childe, to get yourself that title shot again, and then got that title back under even more questionable circumstances.

This is why so few people are willing to respect you, Supreme Wright. No matter how much you talk up your ability, as good as it may be, everyone is going to continue to doubt you because you fell victim to arrogance. That you believed it didn't matter how you became the World Champion, as long as you were World Champion, is something every fan out there, and a lot of the guys in the back, can never respect you for doing... and thus have no reason to stop doubting that you are as good as you think you are.

But with all that said, I'm not looking for any shortcuts to success... and that brings me to the Rumble tonight.

[A slight laugh.]

S: Yeah, I'm not gonna forget about what's coming up later tonight. I've been in the Rumble many times before, I know what it takes to win one, and I'm going to win it again. Oh, sure, there will be a few loose ends I'll need to sort out... I still owe Rick Marley plenty. I'm gonna even the score with Demetrius Lake. The Dogs of War are still on my mind. And there's plenty of others in the Rumble who need to be knocked down a peg or two.

And then there are men who I consider friends. But they all know, and they all understand, that only one of us can win. And I plan on being that one man who wins it all.

After that's done, then I'll show Supreme Wright exactly how a World title is truly earned, and how one can really cast the doubts out of anyone's mind about how great a champion I can be.

[He now smiles.]

S: It's good to be back, AWA. And tonight, you know what time it's gonna be.

[His eyes widen.]

S: TIME TO FEEL THE HEAT!

[He cups his hands to his mouth and howls. Fade out and then up to a live shot where Mark Stegglet is standing next to Johnny Detson. Detson still has the same sour expression on his face as he died earlier. He is still dressed to wrestle with his long gold tights and black boots.]

MS: I'm here with Johnny Detson, and Johnny from what we saw earlier tonight is it now official that the Wise Men are done?

[Detson looks up at the ceiling and then looks around at his surroundings before looking down at Stegglet. He frowns.]

JD: You know, this place use to have my name on it. And just like that... it's gone. Just like say... Percy Childes' power is gone, his effectiveness is gone... his usefulness is gone.

[Detson shrugs.]

JD: And every single one of those things is Percy Childes' fault. He got too smart... too clever for his own good. Percy Childes likes control and power... who doesn't? Well, he has neither now.

[Detson looks at Stegglet.]

JD: You asked if the Wise Men are done, is the Unholy Alliance broken? The answer is who cares? The Wise Men and the Alliance were relevant because Johnny Detson made them relevant, and I'm done making things relevant for everybody else! For over a year, I listened to Percy Childes' vision, the Wise Men's prerogative... did you hear THAT?! For over a year I've wasted my time on the goals of others because I was told that it would benefit me!

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: Well THAT... did NOT come to pass. So now? There is no Team Wise Men, I couldn't care less about Team AWA. The only team that matters is Team Detson and it's a team of one! And what this team is going to do is win! Win the Rumble, win at SuperClash, win the title... win. And for the people who thought I was bad before?

[Detson glares at the camera and just laughs.]

JD: Think about how bad it's going to get when I don't have to follow orders!

[With that, Detson storms off and we fade to black.

In the background, we hear the slowly building sounds of the Alan Parsons Project's "Sirius."

One word slowly fades in, filling the entire screen.]

"SUPERCLASH"

[We cut to a montage of still photos from SuperClash events gone by - Stevie Scott standing nose to nose with Juan Vasquez, Alex Martinez putting William Craven into barbed wire, Dave Bryant locking the Iron Crab on Calisto Dufresne, City Jack standing over his best friend to protect him with a baseball bat, Bobby Taylor trading blows with Kevin Slater, and so on and so on. The graphic changes.]

"VI!"

[As the roman numeral fades, we catch a glimpse of AWA owner Bobby Taylor in what appears to be a major city, walking the busy streets in his cowboy boots. We see glimpses of illuminated marquees with the latest big musical productions. We see towering buildings. Jam-packed streets. A small hot dog cart with a vendor hawking his offerings.

And then shots that become slightly more obvious.

A street of major theaters.

The 9/11 Memorial.

The Empire State Building.

The Statue Of Liberty.

The shot fades to the black screen again with three letters that say it all, coming up one by one.]

"M...S...G."

[Cut immediately to a panning shot of the world's most famous arena, the camera circling around it before cutting to an overhead shot of it before cutting to the sign that reads "MADISON SQUARE GARDEN." And then one more cut to a black screen with all the details.]

"SUPERCLASH VI  
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN  
NEW YORK CITY  
NOVEMBER 27, 2014"

[The graphic holds for a moment and then cuts to one more graphic.]

"LIVE ON PAY PER VIEW."

[Fade to black...

The scene fades out, and a new segment begins. A beachfront area is shown, piled up with ruins.]

Voice-Over: Haiti. 2010.

The land was devastated by a magnitude seven earthquake. Three hundred and sixteen thousand dead, a million left homeless. A nation left in poverty and despair. A cholera outbreak ravaged the land for years following the disaster. To this day, two hundred thousand still live in tent camps, and much of the land remains uncleared and unrecovered.

[Various sights in the island nation are shown, all outlying the brutal conditions in the land. The next voice to speak is a different one. Instead of the neutral tone of a narrator, this voice has an island accent and speaks with passion on the subject.]

Voice: The world reached out to help us. But we still have not made it. And the world can't hold us up. We have to do this ourselves. We have to rise up out of the rubble and not wait for a handout.

[The scene fades out again, and we switch from professionally shot stock images of post-earthquake Haiti to somewhat grainy home video footage. A makeshift wrestling ring is set up in a clearing, surrounded by damaged buildings. The ring has an exposed brown plywood surface, and the ropes are made of actual hemp rope. In the ring, a pair of wrestlers are going at it. They're not wearing wrestling attire; instead, they are wearing normal pants and shoes. A large crowd is encircling the ring, standing as there are no chairs.]

Voice: We started wrestling around May of 2010. Too many people had nothing all day. Nothing to do but survive. We wanted something, anything to give people something to enjoy. To make them happy.

[To say that the wrestlers are unpolished would be quite generous. But they're fighting hard, and the crowd is very responsive.]

Voice: We knew right away that we needed this. Some of us who had musical talent used music. Some of us who could perform any kind of entertainment, that was needed. My group, we were fighters. Some of us did things, before and after the earthquake, that was pretty rough. Violent stuff. But no killers. No rapists. Nothing like that. That wasn't going to move the people. We needed a chance to smile, surrounded by the hell we had to live in. And then you can go back to fixing it, and making things better, until we can live in heaven again.

[We move to a scene with a young man standing in front of a now-empty ring. His skin is the shade of milk chocolate, and his hair is an inconsistent very-dark-brown due to the bleaching of the sunlight. He has a neatly groomed mustache and beard, and is current shirtless to reveal a very well-defined physique. His teeth are exceedingly white, and his brown eyes are sharp, conveying a real presence. He is the man who has been speaking, and he continues.]

Man: We didn't know what we were doing, really, back then. All we knew is that we needed something. Our people needed it, and we needed it. And we still do.

The world has forgotten us, but they have their own problems. They did more than what was fair. Now we have to rise up and finish rebuilding Haiti. So many people have quit. Many of them do not even know it. They lost their hope. Hope. That is what we need now. Entertainment was needed for a time, and still is to a degree. But now we need to do more. We need to inspire the people. We have to show them that a Haitian can achieve.

[He pauses, nodding softly.]

Man: That is my goal.

[Back to the clips of wrestling, shot with cellphone camera. The original narrator speaks again.]

Narrator: From May 2010 to October 2013, the Port-au-Prince Wrestling League entertained thousands of people, free of charge. An assemblage of young men with no formal training, they received commendations from local authorities for their efforts in energizing the people during the hardest times in their lives. Of this group, one man stood out.

[The footage is clearly of the Haitian who spoke in the prior segment.]

Narrator: Reginal Levois was a founder of the Port-au-Prince Wrestling League, but very quickly became the star of the show. Nicknamed by some "Ayisyen Sansasyon", which rhymes in Haitian creole, French, and English as the "Haitian Sensation", Levois was the champion of Haiti for much of the league's run.

[Back to Levois' interview.]

Reginal Levois: When word got out, a man heard and flew to Haiti to teach us. I cannot tell you his name, he swore us to secrecy. He has a bad-man reputation to uphold. But inside, he felt for our people, so he came over to train us. He told me that when I felt ready, to call him and he would see that American promoters heard of me. His word was good. I have an opportunity now in Dallas, Texas.

The AWA has agreed to give me a tryout. One match. If I win it, I will be on their roster. My people, as I have said, need to know that a Haitian can make it in the world. We need to know that we can do anything we set out to accomplish. In America, this is taken almost for granted. We need that mindset. I want to inspire

that mindset in my countrymen. I want to truly be, out of the ring as well as in it, a Haitian Sensation.

[We return to the stock footage of Haiti. Scenes of recovery. People working to clear rubble and build new buildings.]

Narrator: The recovery continues slowly, even to this day. But the "Haitian Sensation" Reginal Levois reminds us that there still remains a strong spirit in the hearts of many Haitians. Will he be the man to kindle that spirit? His chance to do that begins... on the next episode of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling.

[And we cut down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: What a great story that is, Bucky. The story of the Haitian Sensation, Reginal Levois. I can't wait to see that man compete two weeks from tonight in hopes of earning a spot here in the AWA.

BW: There's no denying it's a good story. But you know the problem with a story, Gordo? It doesn't always have a happy ending. That guy may be comin' a long way to go home a loser.

GM: I highly doubt that. Fans, it's been an exciting night so far and we still have that huge 30 man Rumble to come. The fans in Dallas have been thrilled left and right at this annual event known as Homecoming and we're nowhere done yet. Coming up next, the World Tag Team Titles will be on the line!

BW: The Lights Out Express have been deserving of those titles for months and finally... finally... under the reign of President Percy, they got their shot at the titles and made the most of it, defeating Jones and Hammonds for the gold.

GM: They made the most of outside interference and illegal referee assists from the now-banned for life Marty Meekly!

BW: You can use whatever excuses you want for Jones and Hammonds but you can't deny the greatness of Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong as THE best tag team in all of wrestling.

GM: All of wrestling history according to what they had to say to the Hall of Fame duo - the Epitome of Cool - earlier tonight... and as you can see, Dan Thomas and Andrew Sterling have made their way to their ringside seats as promised.

[We cut to Thomas and Sterling who smile at the camera just before Sterling throws a handful of popcorn in the air, both men trying to catch the popped kernels in their mouths.]

GM: The champions believe this is their chance to take one giant step towards being recognized as the greatest tag team in the world... although the 2014 Stampede Cup winners, Violence Unlimited, might dispute that. But for the challengers, this is their chance to get back on track after spending nearly all of 2014 sidelined in a rivalry with their childhood idols, Strictly Business. We caught up with both champions and challengers earlier today so let's see what's on their minds before this big Tag Team Title showdown!

[Cut to the outside of the Crocket Coliseum and footage marked "EARLIER TODAY!". There's a few people walking throughout the parking lot, mostly vendors and arena work hands, but two individuals are unmistakable and they stand side by side on the steps leading up to Gate 1 underneath the main entrance to the venue. Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson. The Lights Out Express. Strong's light brown hair spills across his shoulders and over the top of his zipped up black track suit

with gold trim. Anderson's attire is identical to that of Strong however his head stubble is about a week and a half old and matches the length of his beard.]

LS: Look at it Aaron. Take a good hard look at that marquee?

[The camera pans back to the front of the Crocket Coliseum, "AWA HOMECOMING" – MAIN EVENT: THE RUMBLE.]

LS: Do ya see that? Do ya see those letters? It ain't spellin' out the Wise Men no more. It ain't highlightin' the real show stealers starrin' some real swell fellas. The question is... do the rest of ya REALLY understand what this means?

[Aaron Anderson, arms folded against his chest, shakes his head.]

LS: I don't think they do neither, Aaron. This is the NEW American Wrestling Alliance featurin' the same old jibba-jabba nonsense we had one year ago. This is a sham. We worked so hard to elevate this place and give YOU people some'em to be proud of. Some'em to remember. Some'em to tell yer little grandtwits 'bout and now... now its all for naught.

All because of the grandest Spotlight Stealer of them all, Todd Michaelson.

AA: You know Todd... it's funny how this all played out. I could go on for hours about the irony of you choosing Eric Preston who more than any other graduate of the Corner personifies the same values and killer mentality as someone like Percy Childes. We aren't buying the good cop charade of Eric Preston, even the devil wears a cape but that doesn't make him a good guy now does it? But the real travesty in the grand scheme of things is that it wasn't one of your own who took down Supreme Wright. It wasn't your first graduate...

[He brushes his right shoulder.]

AA: ...it wasn't Skywalker Jones, Willie Hammer, or any other Combat Corner student that took down THE champ. It was the bastard son of Alex Martinez and we all know your selfish pride is ready to erupt because he isn't one of yours. You can spin the story anyway you like but we all know the truth. You wanted one of YOUR boys to come out on top. Your chosen disciple was carted off on a stretcher and may never see a wrestling ring again except in the cheap seats sipping his microwave dinner down through a straw. But you know what makes things even worse? Do you know what really is the icing on the cake?

Tonight you get to watch your pride and joys, your greatest advocates and Todd Michaelson cheerleaders, Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons, the Golden Guys of the Combat Corner... suffer the same horrific fate as that cripple Eric Preston.

[Anderson nods his head very matter-of-factly.]

LS: Didja think we were all just gonna crawl into a hole and die? Didja think cause Percy lost his shiny badge that Sandra Hayes and the World Tag Team Champions were just gonna take their ball and go home? Not a chance, big buck. Tonight your little poster-boys are gonna hop and skip their way down to the ring fresh off their heroic burial of the Grumpy Old Men that mighta meant something ten to fifteen years ago and they are gonna get mowed down by the locomotive known as the Lights Out Express.

AA: This is OUR playground, Todd. You may have changed the name back on the Coliseum but Supreme Wright is still the World Champion between these doors and outside of them. The Dogs are still pummelin' people into the ground and runnin' wild, and Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson are still the champions of everything and anything tag-team wrestling.

LS: As for you two clowns. You ain't half the men ya think ya are. Yer legacy is built on a pair of wins over two men whose best days are over a decade past and your biggest win to date wasn't even as a team. Newsflash, Whitebread Jr. ain't gonna save yer butts this time out. So the AWA can hype you as the second coming of the Epitome of Cool but you're missin' the swag and don't have the talent to back it up. And you know what? That's okay. The cutesie flips and the pearly white smiles are your thing and we don't have a problem with it – until now. Now you're gunnin' for us and our Gold, flappin' your gums and wavin' your hands and screamin' to anyone that will listen that this is your time...that you've earned this shot...that you deserve these titles and that tonight will be your night and how Air Strike is gonna fly to the top!

[Almost a snarl of a sneer curls over the lips of Strong.]

AA: Don't insult us, boys. This is OUR town. This is OUR night. And these...

[Aaron holds up his title and points to the one around Strong's neck.]

AA: ...these belong to US. And as much we would have loved to watch Mike Sebastian tear you limb from limb and seen you running with your tails tucked between your legs out of Los Angeles it didn't happen. As much as we would have loved to see Andrew Tucker run circles around you until your tongues were hanging all of your mouth and you were pleading for him to end it... it didn't happen. They were too old and too weak. Two things we are most definitely not.

These... THESE [holding the title higher] are a symbol of all the blood, all the sweat, all the people that we threw aside and friends we left for dead in effort to get to the top of the food chain and be the stars we were destined to be and I'll be DAMNED if anyone – you two or TexMo or SkyHerc or God himself is going to come out into OUR town, on OUR show, and take it away just because they feel like they earned it.

We are stronger than ever.

Better than ever.

And tonight we will show the world ONE MORE TIME why we are the ONLY true champions of tag-team wrestling.

LS: And for you two it's gonna be LIGHTS...

[Strong lifts elbow into the air and then spikes it down into the palm of other hand creating a loud "SMACK!" noise.]

LS: ...OUT!

AA: Ain't no way else around it.

[We cut to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing with the Number One Contenders to the World Tag Team Titles, Air Strike. Cody Mertz is dressed with long green tights with a double vertical white stripe going down each leg. He also wears a heather grey Combat Corner tee shirt. Michael Aarons is wearing long white tights with a green vertical stripe going down each leg. He is wearing a black Ryan Martinez shirt.]

MS: Gentlemen, we are just moments away from the tag team title match between yourselves and Lights Out Express. And the question is are you ready?

MA: Ready?



[Aarons flashes a smile as he looks at the interviewer and then his partner.]

MA: Stegs, we are ready, willing and more than able.

CM: You see situations like the one tonight is what you dream of. Situations like the one tonight is why you sign up at the Combat Corner, put in fifteen hour days, study film, lift the weights and everything else you endure to get to that point. And somewhere along the line Anderson and Strong lost sight of it.

[Mertz shakes his head.]

CM: Not that they aren't talented because they are. It's just maybe the things that came easy didn't come so easy anymore. Maybe they got so far and just wanted to get farther faster. But somewhere along the way they just forgot. Maybe that's what time and disappointment do, they make you forget?

[Mertz shrugs but a determined look then comes over his face.]

CM: The Lights Out Express and Air Strike had similar paths getting to a certain point. But tonight, gentlemen, are where the paths go their separate ways. You choose the path of least resistance, the one with Miss Hayes, the one where if there was adversity and disappointment, you stacked more cards in your favor to make sure that it wouldn't happened again. We've had to fight and claw our way since we got here: we didn't pay enough dues, had too much hype; didn't give enough respect, and so on and so on. Each time we fought and clawed our way out, just to get to the new fight.

[Aarons puts a hand on Mertz' shoulder and smiles.]

MA: I think what my poetic friend is trying to say is, sure The Lights Out Express stacked a whole bunch of cards with their pretty little temptress, but cards? They're flimsy and they don't hold up to a whole bunch of weight. While over here on the Air Strike side of things, we built this up – brick by brick by brick. So come Los Angeles, you saw most of those cards fall down.

[Aarons emphatically points down.]

MA: After LA, we saw the head man with his tweets telling the whole entire world that you, Lights Out Express, were the tag champions of all the world by hook and most definitely by crook!

CM: What Mr. Michaelson also said was that if someone didn't like it, step up, and do something about it! Anderson, Strong, we're stepping up. You stole those titles and for months you've been rubbing our trainer's name in the dirt with your actions. We intend to do something about it.

[Aarons nods in approval.]

MA: Lights Out Express, you got the training, you got the talent, and you got the gold. But tonight, you also got a date for the fight of your life! And that date is with the high-flying, death defying, highlight reel supplying, championship defense denying, tag team scene redefining, Teenage Dream Team... Air Strike!

[The duo exchanges a fist bump.]

CM: No more Wise Men, no more gold.

MA: And you got to like the sound of that!

[The challengers walk out of view.]

MS: The challengers are certainly ready and that smell in the wind just might be the scent of a title change, fans! Now, before we go down to the ring for that tag team title showdown, let's take a look at a special interview we received via satellite earlier today from the 2014 winners of the Stampede Cup and the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions, Violence Unlimited!

[We fade into a black screen as the Tiger Paw Pro logo slowly fades in. A familiar gravelly voice that we recognize as belonging to Danny Morton can be heard shouting...]

"BEST TAG TEAM IN THE WOOOORRRRLLLLLDDDD!!!"

[The logo then fades out as "Shout at the Devil" by Motley Crue begins to play. As the song plays, we see several action shots of Violence Unlimited laying waste to their competition. Footage of Jackson Haynes obliterating opponent after opponent with his trademark powerbomb and the Whiskey Lullaby. Rapidfire cuts to Danny Morton hitting Oklahoma Stampedes and Backdrop Drivers on wrestlers of all shapes and sizes. The music then cuts off, as we cut to footage dated "September 1, 2014." There, we see Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton, still in their wrestling gear, following their successful title defense over Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds.]

DM: Man o' man, what'd we tell ya'? WHAT'D WE TELL YA'?

[Morton cackles.]

JH: Now, me and Danny, we always give credit where credit's due and Jones and Hammonds, you are without a doubt, one of the greatest tag teams in all the world. Those two fought tooth and nail and they gave us everything they got, but bein' ONE of the greatest tag teams in the world just ain't the same as bein' THE greatest tag team in the world!

[Nodding his head up and down furiously in the background, Morton screams, "THAT'S RIGHT, JACK! THAT'S RIGHT! THAT'S RIGHT!"]

JH: Now me and Danny, we got the Cup. We got the money. We got the belts. We've proved time and time again that we ARE the greatest tag team in professional wrasslin', but that STILL ain't enough!

[Morton rubs his hands together, laughing.]

DM: It never is! We're not done yet! We're not done by a long shot! There's still one more prize that we want, 'cause we're just that greedy and we're just that needy!

And that's the AWA World Tag Team titles!

JH: This match tonight should've been for all the marbles and all the goods, but dem Wise Men screwed it all up! So, me and Danny, we're layin' down the challenge! The BIGGEST challenge! The ULTIMATE challenge! We know at Homecomin', there's gonna' be a tag team title match! And right here, right now, Violence Unlimited is callin' out the winner!

[Morton steps up, pointing a menacing finger towards the camera.]

DM: Write it up! Send it out on Twitter! Post it on your Facebook! Alert the presses! Write your congressman! We're challenging the AWA World Tag Team champions, whoever they might be to a title unification match...

RIGHT!

HERE!

IN!

JAPAN!

[He emphasizes each word with a stabbing pointing motion down towards the ground.]

JH: Winner take all! Ya' walk away with the Global Crown Tag Titles! Ya' walk away with the AWA World Tag Team titles! And most important of all, you walk away with the right, with the privilege, with the official, no question, no doubt about it, heavenly mandated AUTHORITY to call yourselves the greatest tag team in the world!

DM: So whoever it is, all you gotta' do is tell us yay or nay. "Yes", you want everlasting glory or "No", you're able to live with yourself knowing that the world thinks you're a bunch of cowards!

[An unsettling grin forms on Haynes' ugly mug.]

JH: The ball's in your court, ladies...we'll be right here waitin' for 'yer answer.

[And with that, we fade to black.]

GM: The challenge issued by the team that many believe are currently the best tag team in the world.

BW: They won the Stampede Cup! They ARE the best tag team in the world!

GM: Better than the Lights Out Express?

BW: I hate to say it, Gordo... but yeah, they are. The LOE didn't win the Cup. They might've if they hadn't been robbed by old man O'Connor but they didn't get the job done. Morton and Haynes did. They're the current Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions - a title they've held multiple times. They're the only repeat Stampede Cup champions. They're former AWA National Tag Team Champions. The only thing missing from their resume is the AWA World Tag Team Titles and if they get their way, they're going to face the winner of this next match in Tokyo sometime this fall.

GM: What a match that would be... whether it's the Lights Out Express or Air Strike taking them on. Let's go down to Phil Watson and find out!

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

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and it is for the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first, they are the challengers...

[The rapping sounds of "Can't Hold Us" by Macklemore and Ryan Lewis brings the fans to their feet as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: From Carson City, Nevada and El Paso, Texas respectively... at a total combined weight of 420 pounds...

MICHAEL AARONS... CODY MERTZ...

AIR STRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIKE!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Aarons and Mertz burst through the curtain, throwing their arms up into the air!]

GM: Here they come! The Teenage Dream Team has arrived and they're looking to win the biggest match of their lives right here tonight!

[Mertz makes the "belt gesture" before trading a high five with his partner, both men pointing towards the ring before they both break into a dash, charging down the aisle...

...and diving over the top rope in tandem, front rolling back to their feet. They march to adjacent corners, mounting the midbuckle to salute the cheering fans.]

GM: One of the most popular tag teams in the entire world, Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons have had quite the year, fans, as they've battled their childhood heroes almost all year long. But the fall has come - the season of SuperClash is upon us - and these two young men would like nothing better than to welcome their trainer, Todd Michaelson, back to the AWA by winning the World Tag Team Titles right here tonight.

BW: These two have been cheerleaders for Michaelson and the Corner for months now. And you're right, Gordo... they would love to knock off the first graduate of that school, Aaron Anderson, on their way to becoming the tag team champions of the world.

[The music fades as Mertz and Aarons huddle up in their corner.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The arena goes black. A loud whistle screeeeeeeeeeeeeeeches over the airwaves.]

V/O: This is the final boarding announcement for Amtrak train 73, the westbound Cardinal, departing on track 18 for Dallas, Texas...

...ALLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL AB00000000000ARRRRRDDD!!!

[The slow clanking of train wheels churning quickly heightens into hard grinding noises just as the hard hitting lead guitar riff kicks in for the "Kundalini Express" by Love and Rockets. The rapid banging of drums and synthesizers fire up next before the methodical and monotone voice of Daniel Ash is cued.

Smoke spits out from the entrance portal and spills out of the entrance portal. The silhouettes of three individuals emerge and evoke an image of them floating on clouds as they step out and are only visible from the knees up. The Siren is the first that we lay eyes on and she is still decorated in the scorching hourglass ensemble we saw her in earlier. Her black rat tail hangs over her right shoulder, fastened by a gold hair clip, and over her other is her signature florescent pink-taped branding iron with one half of the World Tag Team titles clipped around it.]

GM: Miss Sandra Hayes leading the way for her charges - she called herself the most powerful woman in all of wrestling earlier.

BW: You dispute that?

GM: Actually, no... I think she's earned that distinction. But if her boys can't hang on to those titles here tonight, she may have a hard time convincing anyone else of that.

[Out next are Hayes' gang... Strong and Anderson... Strong's light brown hair spills across his shoulders and over the top of his zipped up white track suit with gold trim. He has short ring trunks on and the tip of his matching knee pads are slightly visible. Anderson matches him step for step. Head shaved tight, facial stubble five to six days old. Unlike his counterpart he wears long ring tights that vanish into the smoke. His track jacket is unzipped and the trio make quick work down the ramp and to the ring.]

GM: Here comes the World Tag Team Champions. You may not like how they won the titles from Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds a couple of months ago but you have to admit that they are one of the best tag teams in the world.

BW: Why wouldn't you like how they won the titles?

GM: Give me a break, Bucky. That win was as tainted as a crate of meat left out in a Texas summer for a week.

[The trio enter the ring as Anderson and Strong rip off the jackets, throwing them to the floor as Miss Hayes takes a spot between them, raising her arms and gesturing to both men as they jaw at the Dallas fans in the front row.]

GM: The World Tag Team Champions hand the belts off to the official... the AWA's Senior Official, Johnny Jagger.

[Jagger holds both titles up, showing them to the challengers as well before handing them out to the timekeeper.]

GM: During the reign of President Percy, we saw the Wise Men steal control of the World Television Title... the World Tag Team Titles... and the World Heavyweight Title. Air Strike looks to remove the second of those from their control here tonight, leaving just Supreme Wright as the last remnant of the reign of the Wise Men.

[Anderson and Strong trade a high five with a grinning Sandra Hayes before she makes her way down the ringsteps, circling around the ringpost. Anderson and Strong have a brief discussion, ending in Lenny Strong staying in the ring as Anderson ducks through the ropes. Across the ring, Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons trade another high ten before Mertz ducks out.]

GM It's going to be Lenny Strong and Michael Aarons starting this match off.

[Johnny Jagger steps out to the middle, waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Both champion and challenger move from their corner, circling one another, looking for an opening. Aarons dives in, trying to pick an ankle for a single leg but Strong pulls his leg back, wagging a finger at the challenger.]

GM: Aarons trying for a single leg but he couldn't get there.

[Aarons gets back to his feet, shaking out an arm as he tries to cut off Strong's escape, edging him towards the corner. He lunges at him, coming together in a collar and elbow.]

GM: Aarons and Strong tying up, pushing Strong back to the corner...

[Aarons raises his hands, backing off for a clean break.]

GM: Nice clean break there by the challenger.

[Aarons stands in the middle of the ring, waving Strong towards him. "Lights Out" smirks, nodding his head as he edges towards Aarons.]

GM: Another tieup... and Strong goes downstairs with a knee!

[Grabbing an arm, Strong shoots Aarons into the ropes but Aarons ducks a clothesline on the rebound, hitting the opposite ropes...

...and leaves his feet, cracking Strong under the chin with a flying back elbow!]

GM: Down goes Strong!

[Aarons springs back up, catching a rising Strong with a hiptoss, taking him up and over and down to the mat...

...and then catches an incoming Anderson with a dropkick, sending him through the ropes and down to the floor where Sandra Hayes is shouting at the referee!]

GM: Sandra Hayes is beside herself!

[Aarons catches the rising Strong, twisting the arm around in an armwringer as he marches him back to the corner, slapping the hand of Cody Mertz.]

GM: The tag is made as Cody Mertz climbs up the buckles...

[Mertz pauses up top before leaping off, slamming an arm down across the trapped limb!]

GM: Nice doubleteam by the challengers!

[Mertz grabs Strong by the arm, wrenching the arm into a rear hammerlock. Strong winces, trying to reach back for an escape. He hooks his arm around Mertz' head but Mertz pushes up on the arm, causing Strong to cry out and grab at his shoulder.]

GM: Cody Mertz is hanging onto that arm...

[He abandons the hammerlock, switching to an armbar, pushing Strong back against the ropes, using the arm to fire Strong across the ring...

...and then brings him down with a drop toehold, smashing Strong facefirst into the mat as Mertz rolls over the prone Strong, keeping him down as he rolls to his feet and grabs the arm again.]

GM: Mertz hooks the limb again... and a legdrop across the arm!

[The crowd cheers as Strong flails about on the mat, grabbing at the arm. He gets to his knees, looking towards his corner but Mertz grabs the arm, pulling it back into an armbar on the kneeling Strong.]

GM: Lenny Strong was looking to bail out of there but Cody Mertz was having none of that, using the armbar to pull Strong back across the ring...

[Mertz reaches behind himself, getting a tag from Michael Aarons who quickly climbs the turnbuckles... and skies high into the air, dropping a double axehandle down on the shoulder!]

GM: Another solid doubleteam by the challengers, continuing to work the arm of Lenny Strong.

BW: Which is a sound strategy, Gordo. Strong likes to throw those forearms... likes to throw those elbows... and if you can limit - not even take away - just limit his ability to do that, you greatly increase your chances of winning this match and the World Tag Team Titles.

[Aarons grabs the wrist, wrenching the arm around in an armtwist, using it to keep Strong on the Air Strike side of the ring.]

BW: You can see Michael Aarons making an effort to cut the ring in half. That's what it takes to win in tag team wrestling.

[Aarons wrenches the arm again, taking Strong down to his knees, grabbing at his shoulder. The fan favorite turns, nodding to the cheering fans...

...and gets Strong's free forearm SLAMMED into his midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Strong goes downstairs!

[Strong gets up, moving towards Anderson's outstretched hand but Aarons hangs on to the wrist, yanking Strong back down to the mat before dropping his knee down into the shoulder joint.]

GM: Haha! How about that, Bucky?

BW: Strong thought he was out the back door but he wasn't. Sandra is livid out here on the floor. She wants to keep those titles in the worst possible way.

GM: Aarons back up... and back down with another knee to the shoulder!

[Michael Aarons gets back up as Strong pushes up to his knees... then up to his feet as he grabs at his twisted arm...

...and YANKS the hair on Aarons, pulling him down to the mat as Strong marches to the corner, grabbing his shoulder before tagging in the first graduate of the Combat Corner.]

GM: The tag is made! In comes the other half of the World Tag Team Champions!

[Aaron Anderson, the Axeman, comes in fast, charging Aarons as he tries to get up off the mat...

...and gets hiptossed up and over to the mat!]

GM: Hiptoss by the challenger!

[And as Anderson sits up on the mat, Aarons throws a dropkick to the mush, knocking him right back down to the mat to cheers from the Dallas crowd.]

GM: Aarons with that low dropkick puts Anderson back down...

[A tag brings Cody Mertz back in as both men grab an arm on one-half of the World Tag Team Champions, firing him across the ring with a double whip...

...and go downstairs with a pair of right hands, doubling up Anderson!]

GM: Ohh! Downstairs on Anderson!

BW: With closed fists! Come on, referee!

[The referee follows Aarons out of the ring, warning him to use the open hand as Mertz ties up Anderson, snapping him back and down to the mat with a side Russian legsweep!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Anderson off the Russian legsweep and Mertz with an early cover!

[But Mertz barely gets a one count before Anderson kicks out.]

GM: Aaron Anderson's not wasting any time in kicking out of that.

BW: I like that, Gordo. A lot of guys wait for a two count just trying to get a breather but two can turn into three in a heartbeat. Anderson wasn't about to hang around with his shoulders on the mat.

[Mertz catches the rising Anderson with a pair of reverse knife edge chops, knocking him back towards the corner. He grabs an arm, whipping him across to the opposite neutral corner...]

GM: Anderson hits the corner...

[Mertz comes charging in as Anderson steps out. The challenger leaps up, looking for something but Anderson elevates him up and over...

...where Mertz lands on the top rope, balanced perfectly to a huge cheer!]

GM: Whoa! Cody Mertz saves himself and-

[Anderson swings around and SHOVES Mertz off the top rope, sending him sailing off the top rope and CRASHING down to the barely-padded floor with a thud!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! GOOD GRIEF!! Anderson shoves Mertz off the top to the floor!

BW: Cody Mertz with that high risk attempt to save himself and Anderson took advantage of it, sending him crashing down to the floor... and look at Sandra now! She's loving it!

[The camera cuts to Miss Sandra Hayes who is loving life at this moment, applauding the move by Aaron Anderson who is shouting at Johnny Jagger, waving a hand at Cody Mertz.]

GM: The Axeman is ordering Johnny Jagger to start his count. He wants Mertz to get counted out here.

BW: A countout is as good as a pinfall for the champions, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is. The title can NOT change hands on a countout or a disqualification.

[Anderson leans back, watching as the count reaches three.]

GM: The count is up to three as Cody Mertz has yet to stir out there on the floor.



[The camera cuts to a closeup of Mertz who is trying to get his arms underneath him, breathing heavily as Michael Aarons shouts encouragement from his spot on the ring apron, shouting for Mertz to get back into the ring.]

GM: Michael Aarons is trying to cheer on his partner along with all these fans here in the Crockett Coliseum, calling for Mertz to get back into the ring and continue this match but that was an incredibly hard fall to the floor, Bucky.

BW: Incredibly hard. That count is past five now and Mertz is... well, he's up on all fours but he's moving VERY slowly, Gordo.

GM: Keep an eye on Sandra Hayes, referee. She's lurking over there with that branding iron again.

BW: Sandra does not LURK, Gordo.

GM: Looks like she's lurking to me, Bucky.

[As the count gets to seven, Cody Mertz turns himself towards the ring, crawling towards the ring apron.]

GM: Mertz is trying! These fans are on their feet and Cody Mertz is trying to get there! Trying to get up on that apron and into the ring to break the count!

[The count hits eight as Mertz' hand wraps around the top of the ring apron, dragging himself to a knee.]

GM: Jagger's up to nine!

[Mertz gives a strong pull, yanking himself under the bottom rope and into the ring to a HUUUUUGE cheer!]

GM: He's in! Mertz is in!

[Aaron Anderson curses, kicking the bottom rope as he turns back towards Cody Mertz, dragging the smaller man up to his feet.]

GM: Cody Mertz, a hair under two hundred pounds out of El Paso, Texas, is almost out on his feet as Anderson grabs him by the hair, smashing his forearm into the side of the head, forcing him back into the corner of the World Tag Team Champions... and there's the tag to Lenny Strong.

[Strong steps in, each grabbing an arm on Mertz. They pull him out of the corner a couple of feet...

...and then HURL him backwards into the buckles, causing a whiplash-style impact!]

GM: Ohh! Vicious doubleteam by the champions!

[Strong grabs a handful of hair, earning a warning from the official as he hauls Cody Mertz out into the middle of the ring where he hooks the back suplex, dropping Mertz down on the back of his head!]

GM: Back suplex! Right down on the head and neck!

[Strong rolls into a lateral press, earning a two count before Mertz slips a shoulder up in time.]

GM: Two count only... and look at this, Bucky.

[The crowd jeers as Strong takes the mount, battering Mertz with brutal elbowstrikes to the side of the head, shoving him back down to the mat at the count of four.]

GM: Dangerously close to a disqualification right there as Strong climbs to his feet, glaring at the official. Strong's hauling Mertz up to his feet now by the arm, flinging him into the corner...

[Strong dashes to the opposite corner, stepping up on the second rope to build momentum and sprints across, leaping into the air to club Mertz with a forearm to the side of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Running leaping forearm smash in the buckles!

[Dragging Mertz out of the corner, shaking his arm from the earlier damage done to it, Strong hooks him in a front facelock, snapping him over with a snap suplex!]

BW: He almost suplexed him out of his boots with that!

[Hanging onto Mertz, Strong rolls back to his feet, still hanging on to the front facelock, snapping Mertz over a second time.]

GM: A second snap suplex! Mertz' spine getting rattled from head to toe!

[Strong rolls up again, lifting Mertz up...

...and then sits out, dropping him facefirst to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Sitout gourdbuster by Strong!

[He rolls Mertz over to his back, diving into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Again, Mertz' shoulder flies up off the mat.]

GM: Another two count there for the champions as the Lights Out Express are searching for a way to put Cody Mertz down for a three count.

[Strong pulls Mertz off the mat, walking him back to the champions' corner where he tags Aaron Anderson back in.]

BW: In comes the Axeman off the tag... look at this, Gordo!

[Each grabs an arm again, flinging Mertz bodily back into the turnbuckles. They pull him out, throwing him back a second time.]

GM: Come on, ref! That's a doubleteam!

BW: They've got a five count to get in and out of there, Gordo.

[The champions use the whiplash-type move a third time, leaving Mertz slumped down on his rear in the corner as Anderson trades words with Johnny Jagger.]

GM: Anderson drags Mertz out of the corner by the legs...

[Anderson turns to the jeering crowd, nodding his head.]

GM: Anderson looks like he's calling for a Giant Swing!

[Mertz uses the momentary distraction to crawl back, grabbing the bottom rope to block the move. Anderson struggles, trying to rip him free from the ropes.]

GM: Mertz is hanging on for dear life!

[The challenger grabs the middle rope, lifting his body off the mat as Anderson continues to try and pull him free.]

GM: Look at the tenacity of Cody Mertz, hanging on for dear life!

[As Anderson continues to try and pull him off, Mertz grabs the top rope, pulling himself up again. With both hands wrapped around the top rope and Anderson pulling at his legs, Mertz gives a hard pull of his own, yanking himself over the ropes, dragging Anderson over the ropes and down to the floor with a makeshift bodyscissors!]

GM: Whoa! What in the world was that?! Cody Mertz thinking outside the box right there, saving himself but taking Anderson down hard in the process!

[The referee starts his ten count on BOTH men this time as Sandra Hayes stands a few feet away from her charge, shouting for him to get up off the ringside mats and finish off Cody Mertz.]

GM: Both men are down on the floor after that unique counter by Cody Mertz.

BW: If I was Aaron Anderson, I'd take the countout.

GM: What?!

BW: Why not? You can't lose the title on a double countout either. Sandra needs to keep the titles here tonight and should be developing a strategy that says keep the titles first, win the match second, Gordo.

GM: Why am I not surprised that would be your strategy?

[Strong shouts to his partner as the count gets to four. Anderson drags himself up off the floor, grabbing at his lower back as he grabs the rising Mertz by the hair...

...and SLAMS him facefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! That's not where you want to hit - the hardest part of the ring right there.

[Anderson slams him into the apron a second time before rolling himself back in under the ropes at the count of six.]

GM: Anderson back in... and he's dragging Mertz up on the apron, pulling him into the front facelock...

[Anderson nods at the jeering crowd as he sets to suplex Mertz over the ropes into the ring...

...but Mertz drops to a knee, lunging forward to drive a shoulder into the midsection!]

GM: Mertz goes low!

[Mertz grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the ropes into a sunset flip!]

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

[Anderson clashes his legs together on the head of Mertz, breaking the pin attempt to the disappointment of the cheering fans!]

GM: Cody Mertz almost had him there!

BW: I don't think so, Gordo.

[Aaron Anderson climbs back to his feet, looking down with disdain at Cody Mertz.]

GM: Six foot five, 245 pounds out of Charlotte, North Carolina... he'll surprise you with his power though and it looks like he's about to do exactly that.

[Anderson reaches down, securing a gutwrench on the downed Mertz...

...and deadlifts him off the mat, holding him, dangling him in the gutwrench as he walks out to the center of the ring, staring across at Michael Aarons.]

GM: It takes a lot of power to walk around like that...

BW: And a whole lot more to do this!

[Anderson lets loose a grunt of effort as he powers him up into the air, flipping him over...

...and DROPS him across a bent knee!]

GM: BACKBREAKER!

BW: No, no, no - the Tobacco Road Breaker, daddy!

GM: Whatever you want to call it, I call it effective!

[Anderson settles into a lateral press, pushing his forearm bone down across the cheek bone of Mertz.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got- no! Kickout at two!

BW: He got out of it but as we cross the ten minute mark of this match, it's pretty obvious who is in control of this one, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is. After that hard fall on the floor, Cody Mertz has found himself at the mercy of the World Tag Team Champions.

[Anderson drags Mertz up by the hair, pasting him with a pair of European uppercuts, knocking Mertz back into the neutral corner. He switches his stance, lighting up Mertz' chest with a series of knife edge chops before Johnny Jagger physically steps in, forcing Anderson back.]

GM: The referee had to get in there...

BW: I'm not fond of that, Gordo. Count all you want... DQ if you have to... but don't physically get yourself involved in the match.

[Anderson nudges past the official, moving in on Mertz to grab an arm.]

GM: Irish whip sends him across... Mertz hits the corner hard!

[The Axeman backs up, swinging his arm around and around before dashing across the ring...

...and running headlong into two raised boots!]

GM: OHHH! MERTZ BRINGS UP THE BOOTS!

[Mertz promptly hops up on the midbuckle, grabbing the ropes to steady himself...

...and leaps off, snaring Anderson's head between his legs, snapping him over into a rana!]

GM: HEADSCISSOR TAKEDOWN!! HE'S GOT THE CRADLE!!

[The referee dives down to count!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Anderson just BARELY kicks out in time!]

GM: Oh my! Cody Mertz has been called the Master of the Rana by many of his peers and we saw exactly why right there! He hit it out of nowhere and very nearly won the World Tag Team Titles that way!

[With Anderson kicking out, Mertz turns his attention towards the corner where his partner is waiting, arm outstretched...]

GM: Cody Mertz has got an opening here! He needs to get across the ring and make that tag!

[Mertz is crawling on his hands and knees towards the corner where his partner waits...

...but a diving Aaron Anderson cuts him off with a double axehandle to the back of the head. Anderson sneers at a waiting Aarons before dragging Mertz by the hair towards the corner, tagging in Lenny Strong.]

GM: Another exchange by the World Tag Team Champions... looks like a doubleteam coming up for the champions...

[A double whip sends Mertz across the ring...

...and a double back elbow takes him off his feet, dumping him down on the mat where Anderson and Strong take turns stomping him for a few seconds before the referee forces Anderson out of the ring. Sandra Hayes slams a hand down on the mat, shouting at a nodding Strong.]

GM: Sandra Hayes may be getting impatient out there on the floor, looking for this to be finished and finished quickly.

[Strong grabs Mertz by the hair, hauling him up off the mat. He scoops him up, walking near the ropes before slamming him down.]

GM: Bodyslam by Strong, steps out to the apron...

[He grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the ropes into a somersault senton!]

GM: Oh my! What a move out of Strong!

[Strong flips over into a lateral press, shouting at the official who starts the count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Mertz again lifts the shoulder, breaking the pin attempt. Strong climbs to his feet, angrily kicking the bottom rope as Hayes slams her hand down on the apron again and again.]

GM: Lenny Strong couldn't get the three count and both he and Sandra Hayes showing some signs of frustration here in this one.

[Strong turns back towards Mertz, watching with his hands on his hips as Mertz crawls towards the corner. He shakes his head, grabbing Mertz by the ankle, dragging him out to the middle of the ring...]

GM: Elbow!

[But Mertz rolls aside, causing Strong to SLAM the arm that was worked on earlier in the match into the canvas!]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[Mertz pushes up to his knees again, staring across with glassy eyes towards Michael Aarons who slaps the top turnbuckle with a "COME ON, CODY!" that gets the fans to cheer loudly!]

GM: These fans are on their feet, cheering him on towards the corner!

[Aarons starts slapping the buckle in rhythm, getting the fans going with a chant of...]

"CO-DY!" "CO-DY!" "CO-DY!"

GM: Listen to these fans in Dallas! They want that tag as badly as Air Strike does!

[Mertz edges himself forward, stretching out his arm, searching for the hand of his partner...]

...but Lenny Strong has other ideas, cutting off the tag attempt with a stomp to the back of the head. He pulls Mertz up, grabbing him around the torso to shove him back across to the opposite corner as the fans jeer.]

GM: Strong cuts off the tag... bringing Anderson back in...

[They grab the arms again, flinging Mertz back into the buckles, knocking him instantly off his feet.]

GM: Good grief! A whole lotta impact right there!

[Anderson throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as he leans over, lifting Mertz up and setting him down on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Anderson puts him up top... and he's going up after him!

[The Axeman steps up to the middle rope, hooking a front facelock. He slings Mertz' arm over his neck, setting for a superplex...]

GM: Mertz fires back!

[A pair of short right hands to the ribs stalls Anderson's attempt.]

GM: These fans are cheering him on, trying to get him to break this up!

BW: Another right hand! And another!

[Anderson straightens up, wincing as he grabs at his ribs...

...and Mertz SLAMS his arms together on the ears of the Axeman, causing him to fall backwards, crashing down to the mat!]

GM: MERTZ KNOCKS HIM BACK!

[Mertz straightens up, stepping up to the top rope, arms raised as Anderson gets back to his feet...

...and leaps off his perch, catching Anderson flush across the chest with a cross body off the top rope!]

GM: CROSSBODY!!

[But the crowd begins to buzz with worry as Anderson rolls through it, getting right back to his feet holding Mertz across his chest!]

GM: Whoa! Whoa!

[Anderson shakes his head, denying Mertz' efforts...

...and then muscles him up into a fireman's carry with a lift, looking out to the crowd!]

GM: He's got him up... tags in Strong!

[The Lights Out Express prepares to finish off Cody Mertz as Anderson and Strong step out to the center of the ring. Strong hits the ropes, rebounding back...

...and leaps up, hooking the head of Mertz as Anderson drops back for a Samoan Drop...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NECKBREAKER OUT OF STRONG WHILE ANDERSON DRIVES HIM BACK!!

[Strong throws his arms apart, shouting "THAT'S IT!" as he attempts a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ROARS as Michael Aarons makes a diving save, smashing Strong in the back to break the pin!]

GM: Aarons breaks up the pin! He saves his partner right there!

[A disgruntled Sandra Hayes shouts at the referee from the floor as Johnny Jagger reprimands Michael Aarons, forcing him out of the ring as Strong gets up, glaring at Aarons before pulling Mertz up off the mat...]

GM: He's gonna try to finish him again!

[Steadying Mertz to stay on his feet, Strong backs off, slamming his elbow into the palm of his open hand a few times...

...and then goes into a full spin, ready to drive his elbow between the eyes of Cody Mertz!]

GM: ROLLING ELBO-

[But as Strong spins to face him, Mertz leaps up, hooking the headscissors, twisting around into another rana!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- KICKOUT!

[But the kickout has enough mustard on it to send Mertz sailing into his partner's outstretched hand!]

GM: TAG!

[The Dallas crowd ERUPTS in a deafening roar as Michael Aarons slingshots over the ropes, charging at a rising Lenny Strong, cracking him between the eyes with a flying forearm as he leaves his feet!]

GM: FOREARM TAKES STRONG DOWN!

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

GM: The halfway point in the time limit... Aarons charges the corner!

[He leaps up, connecting with a dropkick that sends Anderson sailing off the apron, crashing down to the floor where Sandra Hayes is freaking out!]

GM: Anderson's down and out! Aarons turns his focus back to Lenny Strong, dragging him up off the mat... facefirst to the turnbuckles! Again!

[Aarons gives a shout as the fans count along with faceslams to the buckle.]

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[With Strong dazed, Aarons scoops him up, hanging him upside down in the tree of woe.]

GM: What in the... Aarons backing off, measuring his man...

[The man from Carson City, Nevada rushes across the ring, leaping into the air, seemingly freezing in mid-leap...

...and DRIVES both feet into the face!]

GM: DROPKICK IN THE CORNER!!

[He yanks Strong down, attempting a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!



[But Strong is out at two as Aarons fails to hook a leg in time. He claps his hands together, dragging Strong out to the middle of the ring for a scoop slam, driving him down to the canvas.]

GM: Big slam puts him down... and Aarons is going up top!

[Aarons leaps through the ropes to the apron, scaling the turnbuckles swiftly. He reaches the top, throwing both arms up into the air as the crowd roars their support for the challengers!]

GM: Aarons up top... Aarons is gonna fly!

[He leaps from his perch, tucking his arm...

...and DRIVING it down into the sternum of Lenny Strong!]

GM: OHH! HIGH IN THE SKY CONNECTS!!

[Aarons pounces into a lateral press, this time hooking a leg immediately.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd JEERS as Aaron Anderson yanks Michael Aarons under the ropes and out to the floor where he promptly PASTES him with a European uppercut...

...and then bodily HURLS him backfirst into the steel barricade!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: COME ON, REFEREE!

BW: What do you want Jagger to do?! Disqualify him?! If he does that, the titles stay with the champions! Is that what you want, Gordo?

GM: If that's the right call, then that's the right call!

[The referee slides out to the floor, screaming at Aaron Anderson who backs off, arms raised...]

GM: Aaron Anderson just saved the World Tag Team Titles for he and his partner in my estimation, Bucky!

[Anderson takes his place on the apron as Miss Sandra Hayes shouts at Lenny Strong, encouraging the Knockout Kid to get out to the floor and finish off Michael Aarons.]

GM: Strong is still down off that elbow but Michael Aarons is barely able to stand, just being held up by that barricade out there at ringside.

[A barely-conscious Strong rolls under the bottom rope towards Hayes' voice. She grabs him, shaking him by the shoulders, trying to revive him as she frantically points at Aarons, screaming in Strong's ear.]

GM: Well, that oughta wake him up.

BW: Hmm. Who wouldn't want to wake up to that?

[Strong grabs the dazed Aarons, blasting him with three short forearms to the jaw. He drags him towards the ring...

...and gets CRACKED in the jaw with a forearm from Aarons!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Aarons leans over, wrapping his arms around Strong's torso...

...and SLAMS his lower back into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Knock it off, Myers!

GM: Someone's a bit touchy. You feel momentum building for the challengers?!

BW: The only thing I feel is the desire to smack you for your biased announcing!

GM: Talk about the pot calling the kettle black.

[Leaning over, Aarons muscles Strong up so that he's sitting on the ring apron. Aarons grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron. He grabs the top rope, throwing a glance down to Strong...

...and catapults himself over the top, swinging back to drive both feet into the shoulderblades of Strong, sending him pitching off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Incredible move by Michael Aarons!

[Aarons drops to a knee in the ring, breathing heavily as he watches Hayes kneel down next to Strong.]

GM: Sandra Hayes trying to shake some life into one-half of the World Tag Team Champions... but the challengers are slowly getting momentum on their side.

[The fan favorite climbs to his feet, looking out at the cheering fans as Hayes helps Strong up to his feet. Strong's got an arm draped over her neck as they turn towards the ring...

...and Aarons catapults himself over the top, soaring over with a crossbody plancha...]

GM: OVER THE TOP!

[Accompanied by a loud yelp, Sandra Hayes bails out of the way of Michael Aarons...

...and gives a strong shove to Strong as she does, knocking him out of the way as Aarons CRASHES to the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THAT NO-GOOD PIECE OF-

BW: Easy, Myers! That's the boss' stepdaughter!

GM: She did that on purpose!

BW: Of course she did! Whaddya think, she fell into it?! But that was Aarons' fault!

GM: WHAT?!

BW: Michael Aarons was trying to throw himself on top of Sandra Hayes! I can't blame him for that but-

GM: You're out of your mind! He was trying to attack Lenny Strong and Hayes made him miss the mark completely!

[Sandra Hayes is pleading her case to the questioning official before she finally shrugs and screams, "FINE! DISQUALIFY US!"]

BW: That's your option, Jagger! If you think she did it on purpose... that she somehow lured Aarons into it, ring the bell and DQ the champs!

GM: But then they'll keep the titles!

BW: Huh. How 'bout that?

GM: This is ridiculous!

[A pleading Cody Mertz convinces Johnny Jagger to do otherwise, waving for the match to continue.]

GM: Johnny Jagger won't do it! He's not gonna fall into Hayes' trap!

BW: It's not going to matter, Gordo. The Lights Out Express have this one locked up now.

[Strong pulls a motionless Aarons off the floor, shooting him under the ropes into the ring. He pulls himself up on the apron, dragging his thumb slowly across his throat to the jeers of the crowd. Stomping down the apron towards the corner, Strong gives a shout to Sandra Hayes who applauds, shouting "FINISH HIM!"]

GM: Strong's going up top! He's looking to finish this right now!

[Aaron Anderson comes rushing into the ring, leaping into a forearm smash, knocking Mertz down to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! What the-?!

[Anderson ignores the protesting Jagger, pulling Aarons off the mat, hoisting him up into an electric chair lift as Strong steps to the top rope...]

GM: They're looking for the Glass Cutter!

BW: If they hit it, that's all she wrote, daddy!

[...but Cody Mertz isn't as down as the Axeman thinks, sliding back into the ring, rushing across the ring to throw himself at the corner...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOWN GOES STRONG ON THE TOP ROPE!!

[His eyes go wide, Strong clutching his groin as a shocked Anderson's grip loosens, allowing Aarons to slip out, dropping down behind him...]

...and a double dropkick sends Anderson through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: DOUBLE DROPKICK! DOUBLE DROPKICK!!

[Mertz pops up, the crowd going nuts as he dashes to the Air Strike corner. Michael Aarons crouches near Strong's corner, waving Mertz forward. The smaller member of Air Strike tears across the ring, jumping as Aarons gives him a boost, sending him sailing towards the corner where Mertz snares Strong's head between his legs...

...and SNAPS him down off the top rope!]

GM: MERTZ EXPRESS! MERTZ EXPRESS!

[Mertz goes for the cover...]

GM: He covers!

BW: No, no! He's not the legal man!

[Johnny Jagger says the same thing, shouting at Cody Mertz to get out of the ring. Michael Aarons buries his head in his hands in disbelief as Mertz scrambles to his feet, trying to get out of the ring...]

GM: Hayes is on the apron!

[Michael Aarons turns to shout at her as Mertz steps out, screaming for his partner to cover the downed Strong...]

...and Aarons wastes a few valuable seconds before diving into a lateral press!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STRONG GETS THE SHOULDER UP!!

[Aarons rolls to a seated position, again burying his face in his hands.]

GM: Michael Aarons can't believe it and neither can I! I thought it was over right there, fans!

BW: It would've been but Air Strike made two costly rookie mistakes right there.

[Aarons climbs to his feet, still shaking his head as he leans down, pulling Lenny Strong up with him...

...and ducking down under him, hoisting him up into an electric chair lift of his own. Mertz shouts, sticking out his hand which Aarons quickly slaps.]

GM: Tag! And Cody Mertz is heading up top!

BW: Are they going for their own version of the Glass Cutter?!

GM: I'm not sure what they're going for, Bucky.

[And we'll never get to find out as Aaron Anderson slips under the ropes, charging from the blind side...

...and CLIPPING the knee of Michael Aarons, bringing him crashing down to the mat as Strong does the same, hitting hard on the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Anderson took out Aarons but he took out his own partner as well!

[The Axeman scrambles up to his feet as Mertz steadies himself, leaping off the top...

...as Anderson springs upwards, BLASTING Mertz under the chin with a leaping European uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: THAT'S IT! GAME OVER!!

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE- NO! NO!

[The crowd ERUPTS as the referee springs up holding two fingers in the air.]

GM: TWO COUNT! TWO COUNT ONLY! The Lights Out Express were a half count away from retaining the World Tag Team Titles right there!

BW: Who the heck is legal right now?

GM: I think it's... actually, I think it's Strong and Mertz! The referee shouldn't have counted that pin attempt at all! Aaron Anderson is not the legal man!

BW: Shush! Quiet, Gordo.

GM: Hey, Johnny! Johnny, he's not the legal man!

BW: Would you knock it off, Gordo?! Do your job!

[A furious Aaron Anderson pulls Cody Mertz off the mat, pausing to do a throat slash gesture as Sandra Hayes gleefully cheers her man on, turning to taunt the fans as Anderson grabs Mertz by the arm, whipping him to the ropes...]

GM: Mertz off the far side...

[Anderson crouches down, shoving Mertz skyward in preparation of hitting the pop-up European uppercut...

...but Mertz twists his body in mid-air, scissoring the head on the way down, and dragging Anderson into an airtight hurracanrana with the double leg cradle!]

GM: COUNTER! COUNTER!!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

[Strong makes a lunge only to be stopped by Michael Aarons grabbing his leg, cutting him off. Sandra Hayes makes a lunge of her own, trying to get there before...]

GM: -EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: THEY DID IT! AIR STRIKE DID IT!!

[The crowd is ROARING for the title change as Cody Mertz releases the cradle, slumping forward with his face down on the mat, exhausted and overwhelmed with emotion. Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

...and NEWWWWWWWWW WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

AAAAAAAAIIR STRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIKE!

[Mertz pushes up off the mat, tears in his eyes as Michael Aarons crawls into an embrace with his partner. Moments later, Johnny Jagger walks over, smiling as he hands the title belts to the young duo.]

GM: We've got new World Tag Team Champions!

BW: NO, NO, NO! This isn't right! This isn't- Strong was the legal man! Mertz pinned the wrong guy! Where the heck is Johnny Jagger's head at?!

GM: Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons have achieved their lifelong dream and they ARE the brand new World Tag Team Champions right here in Dallas, Texas where they trained so long and so hard to get ready for the big time! Two products of the Combat Corner - two kids who've ALWAYS done things the right way - are the new champions and somewhere, Todd Michaelson has to be overjoyed at what he's seeing here tonight!

BW: Who gives a DAMN what makes Michaelson happy?! This is wrong! This is a total miscarriage of justice! Sandra was robbed!

GM: Sandra?! You mean the Lights Out Express were robbed!

BW: I... yes, yeah of course!

GM: Sandra Hayes started the night telling the world that she's the most powerful woman in wrestling because she managed the World Tag Team Champions. Well, now what, Miss Hayes?!

[Sandra is seething mad, screaming at Johnny Jagger as Air Strike celebrates their victory, standing on the middle rope, saluting the fans before hopping out onto the entrance ramp, heading down the aisle together to the roar of the Dallas fans.]

GM: What a contrast of emotions right there as Mertz and Aarons are over the moon at their victory while Sandra Hayes, Aaron Anderson, and Lenny Strong have to be absolutely distraught. A hard-fought match by both teams... a great match... but we've got new World Tag Team Champions and the party is on here in Dallas, Texas!

[We cut to the ringside floor where Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson are leaning on the apron, shocked at the match result. Just beyond them, we can see Dan Thomas in the front row, leaning over to say something to Andrew Sterling who starts laughing... hard.]

BW: Oh, and those retired goofballs are just lovin' this, Gordo!

GM: They did warn the Lights Out Express against looking past Air Strike, Bucky.

BW: Maybe they did but-

[Strong turns around, glaring at Dan Thomas. He shouts something at him, causing Thomas to stand up, shouting something in response.]

GM: Uh oh. We may have a problem out here, fans. We may need to get some security out here at ringside.

[Sandra Hayes snaps out of her rage, moving over towards the railing, turning her ire towards Thomas and Sterling with a series of strong words. Aaron Anderson steps in, playing the voice of reason as he tries to get his partner and manager to back away.]

GM: Finally, someone is able to get some control over this situation and-

[Suddenly, Anderson wheels around, reaching over the railing to grab Sterling by the shirt, practically yanking it off him as he pulls him over the security barricade to ringside, putting the boots to him. A surprised Thomas gets caught with a lunging right hand by Strong, knocking him back into his seat. Strong keeps throwing punches as the fans surrounding the skirmish leap from their seat, screaming and shouting their support for the Hall of Famers.]

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

[Thomas fights back, throwing blows of his own, sending Strong back and hurdling the railing to get a shot at Anderson. He leans over, wrapping his arms around Anderson and shoving him back from Sterling as the ringside area fills with AWA officials and security!]

GM: The fight is on at ringside! Sterling getting up...

[The cheers get louder as he throws himself into the pile, connecting with Strong's jaw with a right hand! Security quickly pulls him back, wrapping up his arms as Sandra Hayes is screaming at Thomas and Sterling...

...and we fade to black.

Open to a finely set dinner table in an upscale restaurant, as soft classical music is playing. Tuxedoed servers are hustling and bustling, bringing finely polished silver trays of food to tables. The camera zooms in on one table, where one person stuffs a napkin into his collar and picks up his fork and knife...

...Bucky Wilde.]

BW: Ya know, daddy, I been everywhere in this sport of ours, and I seen 'em all. I know what it takes to be a top guy, I know what it takes to keep them turnstiles movin' and keep them cash registers ringin'.

I've seen the best technical wrestlers of all time, I've seen the highest flyers that've ever lived, I've seen the most powerful human beings to ever walk the face of the Earth!

But when it comes down to it, we all wanna see the same thing...

[The last waiter comes and sets down the kind of plate you'd see for a gigantic bird or maybe a small dinosaur. With a finely manicured hand the waiter takes off the lid of the obviously gourmet meal...

...and reveals the newest AWA DVD! AWA's Best Grudge Matches!]

BW: ...a good fight!

[The scene goes from Bucky in the restaurant to clips of some of the AWA's most famous fights, as Bucky narrates.]

BW: AWA's Best Grudge Matches is gonna bring to you the most intense, the most personal battles we've ever seen. Fifteen matches in high definition, with yours truly and my main man Gordo on the call. And even better, I'm your host!

[The shot switches to the intense staredown between Calisto Dufresne and City Jack.]

BW: It was nothing but high drama and emotion when Calisto Dufresne and City Jack squared off, I guarantee you that.

[Switch to a much younger Eric Preston pulling back on James Monosso in their famous Towel Match.]

BW: Or maybe you wanna relive Eric Preston and James Monosso goin' toe to toe in a towel match, with nothin' but pride and sanity on the line!

[Switch to the Southern Syndicate huddled outside the massive WarGames structure, with Juan Vasquez looking across the ring, the crowd in the background frenzied.]

BW: And what would a DVD about grudge matches be without WarGames? The Southern Syndicate in all their glory, daddy, standin' across the ring against Juan Vasquez and his all star team. What a match it was! And for you completist fans, we've got the first ever AWA WarGames, featurin' names you haven't heard in a long time, like Werewolf Gregorson and Despair!

It's all here, baby, all the matches that made your hair stand up. Alex Martinez and the Dragon, William Craven!

[Cut to that barbed wire match, both have been punctured.]

BW: The Lynches, the Beale Street Bullies, Broussard vs. Stevie in a Loser Leaves Town. Juan Vasquez and Dave Cooper puttin' it ALL on the line!

The tension, the emotion, the heartbreak, the sorrow. The pain, the blues and the agony! It's all right here, daddy. So get off the couch, run to your car, and go get you some!

[Cut back to Bucky in the restaurant, piece of meat on his fork.]

BW: Bring home the bacon today, daddy, and sink your teeth into the finest the AWA has to offer!

[As Bucky inhales his dinner, the camera fades to the DVD cover as a voice over plays.]

"AWA's BEST GRUDGE MATCHES is available at AWAsShop.com, Target, Wal-Mart, KMart and wherever DVDs are sold. Kids, get your parents' permission!"

[We fade back in from black on Colt Patterson in the backstage area. The flamboyant former wrestler is standing, mic in hand.]

CP: Ladies and gentlemen - the sensational Shadoc Rage

[At the mention of his name, Shadoc Rage slides into the shot stage left. The Wildman from the Maritimes wears his wild mass of beaded and gold trinketed dreadlocks tied back by a fuchsia bandana. He wears amber-lensed pink tortoise shell sunglasses that barely tamp the brilliant intensity of his bright, laser-focused hazel eyes. Rage is smiling, his two-braided beard bouncing against his chin and chest. Rage points to his chest, showing his newest mulberry-colored T-shirt with "THE NEXT WORLD CHAMP!" in gold lettering.]

CP: Nice shirt, Shadoc. I like the confidence. Where can I get one of those?



SR: This is a one of a kind, Colt. But I'll give you the shirt right off my back when I beat every man in the Homecoming Rumble and toss them all over the top rope. And then everybody will know that Supreme Wright will be the next to fall. I am too good, Colt. And everybody in LA saw it! And all these wannabe cowboys in Dallas, Texas will see it to. I'm going home to the east coast with a World Championship, brother!

CP: You mentioned Los Angeles, Shadoe. Let's talk about Tony Sun-

[Rage cuts him off with a sharp finger to the lips.]

SR: Bigger fish to fry, Colt. Bigger fish to fry.

CP: You got it, brother. How about an update on the condition of Marissa Mo-

[Again, Rage cuts him off with the same gesture. He turns to stare sharply at Colt, wagging his finger.]

SR: Absolutely irrelevant to the mission at hand.

[Patterson gives a shrug and then nods.]

CP: Confidence AND focus? Those are two tremendous tools to take into the Rumble tonight.

[Shadoe spins back around to face the camera. His face is contorted with rage. His savage eyes burn through the camera. His body shakes and he gesticulates wildly.]

SR: Tonight, I don't want to talk about the past. I have my sights set on bigger prizes. The AWA World Heavyweight championship. This Homecoming Rumble is my passport to the top of the World where I belong, Colt! Top of the World!

CP: Well, I'll be the first one there to congratulate you if you win it. Any special strategy for tonight?

SR: The strategy is simple. I'm going to dump everybody over that top rope by just being me! Colt, I'm too fast for the big men. Too big for the fast men. So when they try to lift me, I'll slip away. When they try to leverage me, I'll power through. I'm the world's greatest physical specimen. I'm the best pure athlete in the business. I'm the prototype of a World Champion. Last time I was in one of these battle royals for a title, they had to cheat to get me out. Well, it won't work this time. I'm going to win the Rumble. Then I'm going to win the World Title. And there's nothing anybody can do to change that. There's nothing anybody can do to prevent that, Colt.

[Rage faces the camera.]

SR: I'm sorry, Supreme, but I'm not wrong. I'm sorry, Dave Bryant, but there will be no rematch. I'm sorry, Ryan Martinez, because nepotism isn't going to push you through. This is a brave new world. My new World! This is now Rage Country, Colt. Do you hear me?

CP: I hear you, my man.

SR: The AWA may think that everything's back to normal because the Wise Men fell but they're wrong. I'm not going back quietly to just collecting a check. I'm not going back to pleasing these fans! I'm not going back to the back seat, Colt. I'm going to kick down those doors and take what is rightfully mine. I'm going to take what I rightfully deserve. Percy Childes may not be the boss, but I'll never forget

what he said to me. Force them to give you what you want. This is all about strength of will, Patterson. And nobody's will is stronger than mine. The campaign for the World Heavyweight Championship begins tonight. I am on my way, Colt.

[Patterson seems caught off-guard by his intensity.]

CP: Hey, you don't have to convince me. I've always been on your side, champ... not just don't forget me when you're the World Champion.

SR: Colt Patterson, I'm not that kind of guy! I don't forget a friend.

[And he stares straight through the camera to deliver his next line.]

SR: And I don't forget an enemy. YOU'RE ALL MY ENEMIES!!! Tonight I break your spirits! Tonight, I break your backs! Shadoo Rage is going to the top!!!!

[He slides off camera stage left, snarling and growling.]

SR: I'M THE NEXT CHAMP!!!!

[Colt Patterson grins at Rage still shouting off-camera.]

CP: If I was a betting man - and I am - I'd put down some cash on that guy to win the whole thing tonight, jack.

[We fade away from Colt Patterson to footage marked "PREVIOUSLY RECORDED."

The AWA banner, in all of its red, white, and blue glory extends from corner to corner of the room. Standing before it in a logoed polo shirt tucked into his jeans is none other than Mark Stegglet.]

MS: I am joined at this time by a man who is all too familiar with the subject of tonight's headline act. A man who made his debut two years ago on this very night and then a year later settled his blood feud in one of the craziest and ugliest wars we have ever seen with his nemesis Hannibal Carver. A man whom the last time the stakes were this high in the most star studded Rumble the AWA has ever seen came out as the undisputed survivor and number one contender to the World Title.

I am of course talking about...

...Terry Shane III.

[Shane tips his brow. His jet black hair is pulled back into a knot against the back of his neck. He wears an unzipped gray sweatshirt over a v-neck of the same color. Black jeans and boots cover the lower half of his body as he stands several feet away from Stegglet, eyes fixated away from the reporter.]

MS: Terry, I'd be lying if I told you I didn't have a laundry list of questions to sort through. So much so, that I don't even know where to begin. Another shot at the World Title has to be imbedded in your mind. Miss Hayes. Demetrius Lake. The preparation and commitment that goes into surviving a night like -

TS: Stop. Just stop.

[Stegglet, whose emotions were starting to build, does as he is asked.]

TS: Tonight is all of those things, Mark. Just as you stated, each point no more or no less relevant than the next. But is tonight really about whether or not Sandra Hayes and I are going to kiss and make up?

[Stegglet gives a half shrug.]

TS: Tonight I must address one thing and one thing only...

...the people of the AWA.

The masses if you will. The men and woman who in Los Angeles heralded my name and stood behind every punch and slam I dealt to the Wise Men and their followers. The men and women who for the first time did not stare at me with sullen eyes and wish death and pain upon my followers or myself. The men and woman who rallied me as I battled against some of the most hated men in our industry, men who wanted nothing more than to bury Todd Michaelson and everything the AWA stands for.

To THESE people...

...I thought it impossible for YOU to stoop any lower, but clearly my cynicality does not do justice to your immorality.

MS: Wait, what --

[Shane waves Stegglet off.]

TS: At the Battle of Los Angeles you people cheered me. ME. You people opened your mouths and hollered me on as I caved Demetrius Lake's skull in with a steel chair leading up to this monumental night. You bellowed "Terry! Kill Morgan Danel!" as I tackled the barefoot monster who has built a career on gutting opponents and leaving them near death in the center of the ring. You all were foaming at the mouth, dripping with saliva, as I fought for you...FOR YOU... because you wanted so bad and so much to destroy the Wise Men.

There was a moment in Los Angeles where I froze, I looked around me, I hesitated just for a split second because I was bewildered. Acceptance. The specter of acceptance crept into my reason like a menacing phantom who neither exists nor does not. You people led me to this place. You showed me the bait. You made even me doubt by conceptions.

YOU DID THIS TO ME!!!

[Shane leaps towards the camera which jumps around as the man behind it tries to regain focus.]

TS: YOU FILTHY, DESPICABLE, GUTLESS COWARDS! As if watching me lose MY opportunity in MY hometown to Dave Bryant was not enough you had to take my DIGNITY! MY PRIDE! MY WORTH! Within a blink of an eye you robbed me of that clarity, that sweet, callous, malicious intent that rules the bane of my existence and you left me vulnerable in that ring at the hands of Demetrius Lake.

And I know...I KNOW... that deep within despite the outcome, despite the tilting odds that your heroes would now face, you relished in the moment when he defeated me.

No one came to my aid. Not a White Knight, not my childhood friend, not any man that wore the AWA colors in Los Angeles. Not a single damn one. You cried out for the execution of the Wise Men yet you watched me get hung and crucified in the center of the ring and did nothing. NOTHING! You sought to use as an object of your spite, something to be toyed with and molded until such time as it became obsolete. A play thing to your emotions.

Scum. ALL OF YOU

[Shane is seething now.]

TS: I, Terry Shane, no longer care. I will destroy those whom you hate and those whom you adore. I have re-found my reason to exist. And that reason is loathing. Demetrius, I took pleasure in what I did to you as I am certain you did to me as well. As I heard the wet snap of your skull against the metal, I wanted more. Just as I felt the heavy thunk of Steve Spector's head against my fist not so long ago. Just as I felt the choking lungs squeal of the countless men who fell victim to my inescapable wrath as they gasped for their last breath.

I wanted more.

Now, as I look at all of you... ALL OF YOU... ready to hurl yourselves into total annihilation tonight... ready to sacrifice yourselves for one chance... ONE OPPORTUNITY... to walk into SuperClash with EVERYTHING on the line. I know my purpose. I want to see you all die at my hands. I want to see your carcasses lying pallid and cold on this arena floor, the blood drained from your bodies. I want to inflict indescribably pain upon ALL of you and I want to make you suffer.

Just as I have.

Because it is all of your faults that I do not already hold the World Title around my waist. And as long as I am breathing I will not stop. I will not quit. I will never stop trying until I am physically and mentally unable to do so. That title, that prize, IT is now more than EVER the bane of my existence. It is my reason. It is my passion. You can take it to New York, California, Mexico, Japan, or put it around the waist of any man alive today.

And I will follow.

I will hunt.

I will seek what is mine and I will win. I no longer care nor will I concern myself with others. With friendships. With Gangs. I no longer care about the familiarities of my past. I do not care if I must climb scaffolds, cages, or wage a war unlike no other this place has ever seen.

What I care about is THAT title and the man who holds it. I care about rending flesh from their bones. Crushing them. Making them suffer as I have. Showing THESE people and those all around us how arrogant and how possessed I truly am. I will never, never, forgive any of you for what has become of me.

[Shane coils his fingers into tight fists.]

TS: You will never free yourselves from me. I will follow you across the globe and avenge my name against all of you. I have not won a single thing in nearly a year that merits any worth or value. I stand before you at the bottom just as lowly and unaccomplished as I did two years ago. No better off than Derrick Williams, Gibson Hayes, or Tony Donovan. Men deemed too insignificant to be called upon by either Todd or Percy with everything on the line.

But this bottom dweller, this fodder, this demon for the heroes and villains alike to fight is taking charge of his own destiny now. I will not play the putrid games of the bureaucrats anymore. I will make you pay. Do not underestimate me. What I did before, the lengths I went too, the measures I took, was merely the tiniest iota of what I am going to do to your champion when I get my hands on him and any man that stands in my way. Not it is you who are all of my pawns...

...and it is you who shall suffer.

[We cut away from Terry Shane to another piece of footage marked "PREVIOUSLY RECORDED" where a young, proud member of Team Supreme stands, clad in his ring attire, a red and black hooded jacket over it. The hood is thrown back, revealing the face of Tony Donovan, II -- standing alone, arms folded across his chest, and a slightly grim look on his face.]

TD2: I'm sure a lot of you are having a good laugh at what went down in Los Angeles...but let me remind you of one very simple, unassailable fact...

[Donovan grins.]

TD2: Supreme Wright is still YOUR reigning World Heavyweight Champion!

[Tony laughs.]

TD2: ...but tonight, the boss gets a night off, and we're gonna find out just who will walk into SuperClash to \_try\_ to take the title from around his waist. There's all kinds of great names in this Rumble! We've got the Dogs of War! We've got the KING of Wrestling himself, Demetrius Lake. We've got Cain Jackson, the giant killer himself...and some other fools, too.

[Donovan unfolds his arms and cracks his knuckles audibly.]

TD2: Tonight, some of the AWA's very best are going to set foot in the ring. Only one of them gets to go to SuperClash to fight Supreme Wright, so it's every man for himself...every man with a shot at the glory, the absolute honor of facing the champion in a one on one contest in the main event of the biggest show of the year.

[Pause.]

TD2: Tonight, in the Rumble, there's no Team Supreme. There are no friendships, no alliances, it doesn't matter whether the person you're tossing over the top is your mentor or your father, in the Rumble you can't show mercy, you can't hesitate, because the second you do, that mentor, that brother, that cousin, that friend, that father, whoever they are, is going to grab you by the scruff of the neck and haul you out over the top rope without so much as a second thought...

[Tony slams one fist into an open palm.]

TD2: That's not happening to me. I'm not here to protect anybody, I'm not here to make sure somebody else wins. I'm here just to make sure a Donovan wins the Rumble, that a Donovan goes on to SuperClash...

[Tony pauses, then chuckles.]

TD2: And don't get excited, pops, because when I say the name "Donovan", I mean the only Donovan that matters -- me. You get in my way, and just like every other poor soul I run into out there tonight...you're going home empty-handed.

Again.

[The smirk returns, and Tony Donovan, II departs as we fade to more previously recorded footage and this time, again, Mark Steglet stands, microphone in hand.]

MS: Joining me at this time is the former AWA World Television Champion, but a man better known as the AWA's White Knight. Ryan Martinez.

[The camera pulls back to reveal that Ryan Martinez is standing at Stegglet's side. Ryan is tall and muscular, and some of the youthfulness has gone from his face, to make him look more like his famous father. His black hair has grown out some, and there's a hint of stubble on his face, again to make him look older than the fresher faced boy that first arrived in the AWA. He wears a black tank top, stretched tightly across his muscular chest, the letters "RM" across the chest in red, the font a stylized medieval/gothic style script. His hands are covered in black gloves, with white lines along his knuckles, and white squares in the palms. Over his right elbow is a black pad. He wears a pair of dark blue, long legged ring tights, with a dark black inseam, as well as a pair of black boots, the same stylized "RM" done in gold on the outer side of each boot.]

MS: For two hours, in your hometown of Los Angeles, you and your teammates waged war against the Wise Men's Army. It wasn't easy, but in the end, it was you pinning our World Champion, Supreme Wright. It was you and your team, Mr. Martinez, that won the day. You have to be feeling good about that.

[Martinez inhales and exhales slowly, bringing his gloved hand to his chin, scratching it thoughtfully.]

RM: I feel a lot of things, Mark. Mostly, what I feel is gratitude.

To the fans who stood by our side. To the men, women and children who came to every show, cheering for us and booing the Wise Men. We stand on your shoulders, and you push us forward. Every single person who buys a ticket or who tunes in. You're the reason I'm here, you're the reason we won.

And I don't say I won. Because I didn't win. I was part of a team. We did this together. When no one else said we could. We did this. Thirteen men.

I say thank you to all of my teammates. To Calisto Dufresne, to Marcus Broussard, to Stevie Scott, to Supernova, to Dave Bryant, to Cletus Lee Bishop, to Terry Shane, to Deimos, to Bobby O'Connor, to Hannibal Carver, to Jack Lynch. And especially to the man who never left my side, Eric Preston.

You are all immortal now.

[Another breath is taken and expelled slowly.]

RM: When it comes time for you to be remembered, this is what you will be remembered for.

When someone asks "who were these men?" It won't be the titles they remember. It won't be the rivalries. It won't be the words. It will be what you did at the Battle of Los Angeles.

They will remember that darkness fell over the AWA. That three tyrants tried to take everything. And that, when you were called, you answered. That when it was time, you stood up and you stood against the Wise Men.

No matter how bad it got, no matter how much power Percy Childes and his cohorts held, no matter how severe their abuses, you would not back down. You would not be broken. All of you had to overcome something before you could stand firm, and all of you did.

And we prevailed.

MS: But not without cost.

[Martinez nods in acknowledgement.]

RM: No, not without cost. Eric Preston made the supreme sacrifice. And he did it for me. And I swear that I will never forget what he did for me. I owe you everything, Eric. And I know that if anyone can come back from the horrible cost of that sacrifice, it's you.

But I promise you, Eric, I will honor you with every action I take.

You saved my life, and my career. And everything I do will be to honor that sacrifice. What I do, I do because of you. My debt to you can never be repaid. But I'll spend this day to my last trying to balance the ledger.

MS: For almost a year, your war with the Wise Men has defined who you are. Now that the war is over, I have to ask, what's next for Ryan Martinez?

RM: The war is over, Mark. What's next? What's next is what happens after every war ends.

The time has come to settle all accounts.

Because Mark, after war comes reparations. And there a lot of men who have debts to pay. There were many crimes committed during this war. And now, the bill has come due. What's next for Ryan Martinez?

I'm calling in all debts, and settling all scores.

And let me tell you something Mark, there's a lot of men who have heavy prices to pay.

[The young lion runs his hand through his hair.]

RM: Shadoe Rage. Did you think I'd forgotten you? You have a price to pay for what you did to me. You don't get to jump me from behind and gloat about it.

Dogs of War, how many months did you spend attacking me from behind? How many times did I get splattered on concrete or jumped three on one? I might be able to forget that. But you come after my father? You come after my blood?

Blood pays for blood. You remember that.

Johnny Detson. You stole my Television Title. Something I sweat for. Something I was so proud of. And you swooped in and stole it from me. Tony Sunn has the title now. But you, small fish... yeah, I said it, you're not so small time that I'm going to forget about what you did to me.

And I damn sure won't forget what you did to Eric.

He took the chair from you that was meant for me. I'm not letting you make your bones over what you did to Eric. I'm not going to stand by while you brag about what you did to my best friend. You're not walking away from this. You took Eric's career from him. I'll make sure you repay him with your own.

But there's one man who has a heavier debt than all others.

[Anger overtakes Martinez in that moment. The fire in his blood turns his face red. Fists clench. Martinez makes no attempt to stifle or control his emotions. Instead, the frequently hot-headed Ryan Martinez lets every tempestuous emotion storm across his face. It serves as sharp contrast to the usual controlled countenance of the man he's about to name.]

RM: Supreme Wright.

You were supposed to be the one. You were supposed to be the man who came back into the light. You were supposed to be the one who saw the truth. And you sold me out, and you sold out the AWA. You were the man who began what Johnny Detson ended. When you were needed most, you showed your true colors.

You're a coward.

You're weak.

And you were wrong.

[Having obviously inherited his father's intensity, Martinez stares straight forward, still feeling everything, letting that serve as fuel to his inner fire.]

RM: And your debt, Supreme Wright, is going to be paid in gold.

The World Title around your waist is the only thing you have. I once vowed to keep it from you. I couldn't keep that vow. But I will keep the next promise. I couldn't keep that belt off your waist.

But I'm going to take it from you.

The Rumble is tonight. And the winner of the Rumble goes on to face you at SuperClash. I'm going to win the Rumble tonight, Wright. Friend or foe, tonight, all I see are twenty nine other people standing between you and I.

And no one is going to be able to get between us for very long.

You have a date with destiny, Supreme Wright. A date that will take place in Madison Square Garden.

For what you've done, Wright, you have to pay. You sold a man's career for gold, and that's the price you'll pay. You owe me everything, and tonight, in the Rumble, I'll step forward and begin the quest that will end with you paying the price of a lifetime.

Count on it!

[The camera lingers on Ryan's intense expression, until finally, we cut back to live action, this time to the interview platform. The crowd is booing with vigor, because the "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake is standing there looking awfully smug and proud of himself. The six-nine King Of Wrestling, still garbed in his dress clothes, has his hands on his hips with a self-assured demeanor as Mark Stegglet begins the interview.]

MS: With me, the "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake... Mr. Lake, what in the world were you trying to accomplish in attacking Blackjack Lynch?!

DL: Mr. TV Announcer, I'm gonna test you right now...

[The crowd is booing so loudly that Lake is distracted. He stands up and growls "SHADDUP!" at the fans, which does not lower their volume.]

DL: If these Mexans don't shut their collective foot-sockets right now, I refuse to answer any questions!

[BOOOOO!]



DL: I will leave this building if they do not remain silent and show me the proper respect!

[And that ratchets them up even louder. Lake shakes his head as he glares at the fans.]

MS: Since the last time you were here, you burned a Texas flag, used questionable tactics to defeat Jack Lynch in a match, banned the Iron Claw twice, and said things about Henrietta Ortiz Lynch that were absolutely uncalled for. And tonight, you ambushed Blackjack Lynch himself! You expect them to be silent?!

DL: Even a dog knows his place if you hit him with the newspaper roll enough. Apparently, dogs are smarter than Mexans. but that's no surprise. They're smarter AND they smell better. But back to what I was saying. I'm gonna test you, Mr. TV Announcer. What have I called Blackjack Lunch this whole time?

MS: You usually refer to him as 'Old Yeller'.

DL: Exactly. Exactly. Now what do you THINK I was tryin' to do?!

[BOOOO!]

DL: Old Yeller has got to be put down. He didn't like it when I told the world about his woman's other son, Terry Shame. And I can understand that, because I would be ashamed if my woman had given birth to something like Terry Shame. But obviously, with all the worthless fools that Old Yeller sired over the years, six so-called boys with six different mothers, he doesn't know what shame is. Or he'd never show his face again.

MS: The Lynch boys do NOT have different mothers!

DL: They do, and don't you ever contradict the King Of Wrestling, TV Announcer! They all have different mothers, and every one of them was pro-life until they saw their son for the first time. Not even a woman with standards low enough to be with Old Yeller would make that mistake twice! Not even Henrietta Oinktiz, who only stays with the man because Old Yeller has to give her a percentage of the cut of the percentage cuts he gets from all his gutless kids. The only reason Old Yeller ain't kicked her out or left is because he lives in mortal fear of the woman. And I can't fault that, because that woman's face would give Freddy Kruger nightmares. I think her wrestling name was MAMMOTH Oinktiz.

MS: Considering that what you've said already has Blackjack enraged enough to come after you, and you're still going at it, I take it you heard his challenge earlier?

DL: Of course I did. That crippled-up old bum doesn't really want to get in the ring with the King Of Wrestling. You got to look at the facts. At the Battle Of Los Angeles, what happened?

MS: Your team lost and the Wise Men lost con...

DL: SHADDAP! What happened was that the King Of Wrestling proved why he IS the King Of Wrestling! I whipped seven bums in one night! SEVEN! Then you had two more that got themselves disqualified so they wouldn't have to face me! It is very obvious after that match in Los Angeles that myself, Johnny Detson, and Supreme Wright are the real stars in the AWA. I will give, at least, Riot Martinez enough credit to come in a distant fourth. He had a fake referee helpin' him with blatant bad calls, like when I pinned him one two three in the center of the ring and he didn't count. Then again when I kicked out at one-point-seven and he kept on counting. You can watch the replay on the website. I really beat ten men. I

actually feel bad for Johnny Detson and Supreme Wright, because they woulda beat five men each had I not been there.

MS: You were impressive, Mr. Lake, but I think you're exagger...

DL: You don't have the right or capacity to think. You're a TV Announcer. My POINT is... Old Yeller is a hundred and thirty-two years old and he wants to face the ath-e-lete of the day, who just got done whippin' ten men in the biggest match of the year. Every one of the men I beat would beat up that old man real bad. Except maybe Eric Preston, because he's a vegetable. If not a mineral.

MS: Obviously he does want to face you, because he made the challenge!

DL: Well, I don't believe it. Even Old Yeller can't be that stupid. Even these Mexans aren't that stupid, and let me tell you there is not a Mexan in this crowd who could pour water out of a boot if they knew there was instructions on the heel. So I'm gonna test Old Yeller. We will see if he really has finally got dementia. Then again, he's Mexan. Dementia would be an improvement.

If Blackjack Lunch wants to fight me on the next show, all he has got to do is ban Jack Lunch and Travesty Lunch from the building. That's all. If those two egg-suckin' dogs stay home, I will lower myself to have a match with Old Yeller. I didn't want to make a big production out of this. I just wanted to put him down real quick and be done with it. There's no glory in an execution. Kings don't execute criminals. But I will make an exception if Old Yeller agrees. Otherwise, I have to assume that he's tryin' to set a trap for his fool kids to backjump me. Because that's the only thing that makes sense. And it don't even make that much sense because I'd just whip them again too.

So that's it, old man. If you think you can still walk in a ring and fight, that's what it takes to get me to take you seriously. But if not, then I guess it ain't too bad for you. You got no shame and nobody takes you seriously anyway except these Mexans.

[BOOOOO!]

DL: And they ain't somethin' to be proud of.

[Lake walks off, yelling at the fans to shut up as Stegglet closes.]

MS: There you have it. Demetrius Lake accepting the challenge of Blackjack Lynch, if Jack and Travis Lynch stay out of the building. Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[We crossfade to our announce duo at ringside.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. It'll be interesting to see if Blackjack Lynch will accept the challenge under those terms but that'll have to wait until later because right now, it's Main Event time here at Homecoming-

"READY...HUT!"

GM: What in the...

BW: THE CHAMP IS HERE!

["Jesus Walks" by Kanye West begins to play over the PA system, as the crowd roars with boos when they see the massive figure of Cain Jackson step through the curtain, followed by the entirety of Team Supreme. In contrast to his comrades wearing silver and red tracksuits, Jackson wears a sheer black tracksuit, signifying his status above them all. They form two row opposite of each other in the aisle...]

#(Jesus walk)

#God show me the way because the Devil tryna break me down

#(Jesus walk with me...with me...with me...)

[... as the lights in the Coliseum then go completely dark and "Black Skinhead" begins to play, signifying the entrance of the AWA World Heavyweight champion, bringing the boos to a deafening crescendo! The champion is dressed in a black tracksuit with gold trim, cradling the greatest prized in all of professional wrestling, the AWA Heavyweight championship belt, in his right arm. As he passes by his charges, Team Supreme follows him towards the ring, where Tony Donovan and Cain Jackson both hold open the ropes for their leader. Supreme then steps through the ropes and into the ring, as the rest of Team Supreme join him.]

SW: I...

[Supreme is drowned out by a roar of boos. He doesn't let his annoyance show, pausing briefly before starting again.]

SW: At Battle of Los Angeles, I was pinned.

[A huge pop at Wright's admission...]

SW: But I was NOT defeated.

[...that quickly become massive jeers once more.]

SW: Percy Childes was defeated. Larry Doyle was defeated. Sandra Hayes was defeated. The WISE MEN were defeated.

[A smirk.]

SW: Team Supreme was NOT.

[Standing behind him, the members of Team Supreme applaud their leader as the crowd boos.]

SW: So congratulations, Ryan Martinez. You ended the rotten and corrupt system implemented by The Wise Men. Just like how you and everyone wanted.

[Pause.]

SW: Just like how *\*I\** wanted.

[The crowd boos at Wright's audacity.]

SW: And now, everything in the AWA is how it should be. Free from the manipulation of evil minds. Free from the meddling of biased parties. A wrestling paradise restored to its former glory...

...with Supreme Wright as its champion.

[Massive boos!]

SW: The Wise Men may be dead, but *\*I\** am not.

[He stops and turns to Team Supreme, pointing to them all.]

SW: WE are not!

[This only encourages Team Supreme to cheer even louder.]

SW: No, far from it. Everything that I wanted to protect. Everything that I've worked so hard to build. It still exists. And as we gather here tonight to witness who will challenge me for MY World Title at SuperClash, I can proudly say that the state of THIS union...

[He thrusts the World Title belt high into the air.]

SW: ...is STRONG!

[As the crowd boos their hearts out, "Bad to the Bone" by George Thorogood and the Destroyers kicks up over the PA. The crowd murmurs with confusion for a moment, before they cheer at recognition at a face from AWA past:

Former Combat Corner graduate, Ricky Armstrong. ]

GM: That's Ricky Armstrong! We haven't seen him in the AWA in years! He's been touring Japan and building experience overseas! I had no idea he was back in the states!

[He's wearing blue tights, white boots and rockin' a black nylon jacket. The extremely good-looking youngster has matured a bit since he's left the US for an extended stay in Japan, but still sports curly black hair that comes down to his shoulders. He walks down the aisle with a determined look on his face and a microphone in hand.]

RA: Oh, man...Supreme Wright. There's a face I haven't seen in a minute. But you remember me, don't you, Supreme?

[Supreme glares at him coolly, his face refusing to betray any emotion.]

SW: It's been a long time, Ricky.

[Armstrong grins.]

RA: It has, hasn't it? The last time I saw you, it was the day you packed your things and abandoned the Combat Corner.

[The grin on Armstrong's face disappears.]

RA: You're nothing but an ingrate, man. We all trained our butts off to get a chance to wrestled the greatest wrestlers in the whole wide WORLD...and you threw it away! Todd Michaelson always had our backs, but all you've ever done was spit in his face! All you've ever done was stab him in the back! And brother, I'll tell it to you now. You might have the AWA World Title around your waist, but you sure as heck are NOT a champion!

[Big cheers!]

RA: I've been spending time in Japan honing my craft, becoming the best I can be so when the day I came back to the AWA, I'd be able to jump right back in these rings and show 'em what Ricky Armstrong's all about! Well, what better way to do that than to take on the quote, unquote, "greatest wrestler in the world"...

[He points right at Supreme.]

RA: ...you.

[Supreme smirks and shakes his head at Armstrong.]

SW: Is that what this is all about, Ricky? You know me too well...you know I would never refuse a challenge. So you want a shot at MY title? Then do this right. All you need to do is step into MY ring...

...and shake my hand.

[Wright motions for the members of Team Supreme to make room for Armstrong, as they part like the Red Sea for the Combat Corner graduate. The champion proceeds to hold his hand out for a handshake.]

GM: I don't like the looks of this. Ricky is severely out-numbered here and he may just be walking right into a trap.

BW: Oh, will you quit being so paranoid? Why would Supreme Wright, the champion of the world, even need to do something like that?

GM: I don't know what would possess Wright to do a lot of the things that he does and quite frankly, I don't care to know what's going on in his head. That man is certifiable.

[With an emphatic nod, Ricky points to the fans and steps through the ropes, walking past the members of Team Supreme and right up to Wright...

...and shaking his hand!]

GM: Well, I'll be darned.

BW: See? What'd I tell you! Supreme Wright, salt of the Earth!

[Ricky Armstrong locks eyes with the champion and says a few words to Wright, before breaking his gaze and turning away to get ready, but finds that Wright won't let go of his hand!]

GM: Wait just a minute!

\*SMMMMAAAACCK!!!\*

GM: TONY DONOVAN! TONY DONOVAN ALMOST DECAPITATED ARMSTRONG WITH THAT LEAPING SUPERKICK! THIS WAS A SET-UP!

\*DING! DING! DING!\*

GM: Who rang the bell!?

[The camera cuts over to Alex Martin, gleefully striking the ringbell repeatedly, as Matt Lance holds the timekeeper at bay.]

GM: This isn't a match! This is a mugging!

[Supreme hands the World Title belt over to Cain Jackson, who orders the rest of Team Supreme to disperse and exit the ring, while Tony Donovan remains, apparently to play the role of referee. Microphone still in hand, Supreme berates Armstrong, who's busy clutching his jaw in pain.]

SW: Ricky, you're not worthy to challenge for MY title, much less step into MY ring. But I'll give you this match, out of the goodness of my heart.

[Tossing the microphone, Supreme hauls Armstrong to his feet and wraps his arms around his torso into a front waistlock, before popping his hips and tossing the Combat Corner graduate over his head...]

"OHHHH!!!"

[...and right into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHH!!! This is disgusting! Supreme Wright never had any intention of giving Ricky Armstrong a match!

BW: And he shouldn't! This punk flies back after messing around in Japan and thinks he can immediately call out the champ? Ridiculous!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Supreme pulls Armstrong to his feet and piefaces him into the corner. He then holds out his arms and motions for the crowd to make some noise and they obliged, showering him with boos. Meanwhile, the members of Team Supreme begins to beat rhythmically on the ring apron, as Wright blisters Armstrong with a chop...and then an elbow to the side of the head...another chop...and then another elbow to the head, repeating these blows, as Team Supreme chants...]

"SU! [CHOP!] - PREME [ELBOW!] - WRIGHT! [CHOP!]"

"SU! [CHOP!] - PREME [ELBOW!] - WRIGHT! [CHOP!]"

"SU! [CHOP!] - PREME [ELBOW!] - WRIGHT! [CHOP!]"

"SU! [CHOP!] - PREME [ELBOW!] - WRIGHT! [CHOP!]"

GM: Somebody stop this!

BW: Hey! The referee doesn't see anything wrong with this!

GM: Tony Donovan's chanting along!

[Wright then switches it up, pounding Armstrong in the chest with a rapid blur of forearms that almost send him right to the canvas, before grabbing Armstrong around the head and whipping him violently to the canvas with a snapmare. There, he grabs a handful of Armstrong's hair to keep him upright and buries several rapid kicks right to his spine!]

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

[Wright then yanks Armstrong back to his feet, holding his head down and throwing kick after kick to his forehead!]

GM: DEAR LORD!

[Holding a glassy-eyed Armstrong up by the hair, Supreme seemingly parades him around the ring as Matt Lance mockingly yells, "STOP IT, HE'S ALREADY DEAD!" on the outside, right before going into a spin and taking Armstrong off his feet with a BRUTAL rolling elbow!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[Looking around at his charges, Supreme holds his arm out with his outstretched thumb turned to the side. Almost in complete unison, every member of Team Supreme gives a thumbs down to a massive roar of boos!]

BW: I think they just told him to finish him off, Gordo!

GM: Stop it! Damnit, just end this!

[Keeping his thumb held sideways, Wright brings it close to his neck, before running it across his throat and then pulling Armstrong to his feet into a front facelock and then lifts Armstrong up high...

...before SPIKING him down to the canvas head-first with a brainbuster!]

GM: THE BRAINBUSTER!

BW: You think Wright might still be a little peeved about what happened at Battle of Los Angeles? Message sent, Martinez!

[Floating over, Wright grabs an unconscious Armstrong's arm and falls back right into a triangle choke! Donovan pretends to check for a submission from Armstrong, wasting an unnecessary amount of time to do so, before grabbing Armstrong's free arm and using it to simulate a tapout!]

GM: A farce. This was a complete and total farce.

[Seeing the "tapout", Alex Martin once again enthusiastically rings the bell.]

"DING!DING!DING!DING!DING!DING!"

BW: Jeez, forget the armbars for a second and spend some time to teach'em how to ring a bell some time, Wright!

[Releasing the hold, Wright gets to his feet as Team Supreme enters the ring, lifting their leader up onto their shoulders as Cain Jackson hands him the World Title belt. Wright holds it high into the air as the crowd jeers loudly.]

GM: This is despicable. Ricky Armstrong was right. Supreme Wright may hold the AWA World Title belt but that man is NOT a champion.

BW: Says you. He looks like a champion to me after another successful title defense.

GM: Let's go backstage with yet another Rumble participant!

[One cut to the back later, and we're presented with a member of the winning team from the Battle of Los Angeles -- former two-time World Heavyweight Champion Dave Bryant. Bryant's already dressed for the Rumble, robe sparkling under the lights, and the grin on his face would indicate he's in a pretty good mood. Standing with Bryant is Mark Stegglet, armed with microphone as always.]

MS: I'm here with Dave Bryant, former two-time World Heavyweight Champion... and I would love to get your reaction from the events at the Battle of Los Angeles.

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: Well, Mark, like everything in life, there was some good and some bad. On one hand, Percy is out, Doyle and Hayes have no stroke to speak of, and things might start to get back to kind of normal around here. On the other...Eric might have ruined himself to get us there. I don't think he'd want to hear anybody feeling

sorry for him or wondering if it was worth tossing those scumbags out if it meant he had to get his skull damn near crushed...again.

MS: That being said, can I get some comments about the Rumble tonight? As far as anybody knows, you still have a rematch coming with Supreme Wright...why enter the Rumble?

DB: That's a pretty fair question, Mark...for one thing, nobody knows what the hell is going on with anybody's rematches. Percy had things so screwed up and turned around that me, Ryan, SkyHerc...none of us actually knows for sure if we've got guaranteed rematch clauses or not. Truth be told, Mark...I'd just as soon win this Rumble tonight and not have to worry about it. It won't be the first time I fought my way through a wall of the very best the AWA has to offer to get to the champ, after all.

[Bryant chuckles.]

DB: Even if I knew I had that rematch coming, Mark...the Battle of Los Angeles might have helped get rid of Percy Childes, but there's still a lot of garbage left in his wake. The Dogs of War, Demetrius Lake, Detson...you've all got big, bright targets painted center mass, boys, so if I were you, running around these parts without the protection of...well...anybody at all? I'd watch your backs.

MS: There was a name you left off that list...a man who personally helped rob you of the title.

DB: Don't worry, Mark, I didn't forget about Brad Jacobs. Truth be told, Jacobs has me in a little bit of a quandary, Mark. My first instinct is to flip him a silver dollar and then drive my boot straight down his throat, but that piece of crap Doyle has him over a barrel, and sometimes I don't even know if I can really be mad at the kid, you know?

[Bryant laughs.]

DB: No question about how I feel about Doyle, though...I hope that superkick still hurts, and I hope that piece of garbage knows that it's the first of many coming his way.

[Bryant looks away from Stegglet, clearly directing that last line to someone off camera. From that same direction, the voice of Larry Doyle calls out.]

LD: Well isn't that special. Dave Bryant's got an opinion, and we should all care. Why?

Let's be honest Bryant, no one gave a fifth of a damn about you until those people you ran out HANDED you that title. And then you had a voice, then you had sway! You were SOMEBODY!

[Doyle swaggers onto camera, followed by Brad Jacobs, with Van Alston bringing up the rear.]

LD: But once Supreme Wright took back the title you stole, you went back to being a nobody. A gnat. A peon. An empty vessel who doesn't know he's worthless. If you were smart you'd have backed the people who handed you a chance to be relevant, who gave you a voice.

But that ship has sailed, as has your fifteen minutes of fame. And the big man here is going to find you in the Rumble and make sure that this'll be the last time we hear from you...



[Doyle cackles, and then gets serious.]

LD: ...unless of course you might need someone to manage your affairs, and put you back into the spotlight. Heaven knows you can't do it yourself.

And Doyle Enterprises has an aggressive recruiting policy. Lucky for you.

[Doyle drops that offer on Bryant, walking away with a smirk as the former champion keeps his eyes locked on Jacobs and Alston as we slowly fade to black.

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

# I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

# 'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

# Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.

The camera opens on an individual whose back is turned to the camera. He is a muscular individual, dressed in a pair of black trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots. The man wears a silver helmet and has his head tilted upwards, his hands cupped and pointed upwards, as if he is reaching to the sky.

And then he speaks.]

Man: Janus has opened many doors for me... now, he opens another, so that I may embark on a new beginning... the beginning of my road to many places that few would dare to venture.

[He slowly turns toward the camera. We can make out that he is wearing a gladiator-style helmet, under which enough of his long, brown hair can be seen.]

Man: I come here to the AWA seeking only victory... seeking only glory in the name of the deities who have granted me with gifts that few could even begin to understand.

[As he continues turning toward the camera, you can just make out his eyes which stare forward from underneath the helmet. He then points toward the camera.]

Man: I know not which of those who are on the battlefields before me, are truly men worthy of combat, are merely normals who could not comprehend what the deities above have told me, or are simply scoundrels whose only fate is to fall beneath my might and to crawl away like the groveling dogs that they truly are.

[He grunts.]

Man: Soon, the AWA shall gain firsthand knowledge of The Gladiator, who has been given a higher calling that many may not understand, but many will witness. I have been sent here by Jupiter and Juno so that I may do them honor, by proving my merits on the battlefields before me, vanquishing those who are not worthy of standing in their presence, and blazing my path to the top of the mountain, where I shall stand tall and proclaim one thing.

[He raises up his arms again.]

Man: TOTAL VICTORY!

[He growls as the shot fades out on the man and then to a simple logo, an outline of a gladiator helmet with one word about in white block lettering.

THE GLADIATOR

Fade out...

...and back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: The time for talk and hype is at an end, fans. It's time to get ready to Rumble!

BW: Thirty men all looking for one thing. Victory and a shot at the World Heavyweight Title.

GM: All night long we've been hearing from the combatants and now, it's time to see who has what it takes to win this annual event, joining men like Supernova, Terry Shane, Stevie Scott, and Ron Houston in the annals of AWA history.

BW: Let's run down the list, Gordo. The very first winner of the Rumble was Ron Houston back in 2008. In 2009, Stevie Scott won the Rumble and went on to defeat Kolya Sudakov for the National Championship. 2010 saw Raphael Rhodes outlast Juan Vasquez to win it. In 2011, Supernova shocked the world with his big win. He tried to repeat in 2012 but came up just short when Supreme Wright won. And of course, last year saw Terry Shane outlast them all to win at Memorial Day Mayhem. Three of those men will be in there tonight trying to become the first two-time winner of the Rumble but there will also be twenty-seven others looking to add their name to the list for the very first time.

GM: And now it's time to find out who is going to do exactly that. Take it away, Phil Watson!

[We crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... it is time for the annual RUMBLE!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Earlier tonight, the thirty competitors in this match drew a number to determine their order of entry into this match. In a moment, the competitors who drew numbers one and two will enter the ring. Every two minutes, the next competitor will join the fray. The ONLY way to be eliminated is to go over the top rope and have BOTH feet touch the floor.

After all thirty competitors have entered, the final man remaining will be declared the winner and will move on to SuperClash VI in New York City to face the World Heavyweight Champion!

[Bigger cheer!]

PW: And now... the man who drew #1...

[All eyes turn towards the entrance, waiting to see who the unluckiest man in the building is...

...and the fans erupt into cheers as The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play over the arena speakers. Ten seconds in, an athletically-built man, with a sandy blond crew cut and lightly-tanned skin, strides through the entranceway. He is dressed in a black singlet, with bright green bands down the side, and the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. In addition, he has on black knee pads and black laceless boots.]

GM: Callum Mahoney is #1!

BW: Where the heck has he been?

GM: The Fighting Irishman has returned to the AWA and is the unenviable position of being the first man into this match. If he's going to win this thing, he's going to be in that ring for at least an hour, Bucky.

BW: Well, most guys stand no shot at that. In Mahoney, you've got a guy who loves to fight and just might hang in there for an hour so he can beat people up.

GM: You got that right. And I'm being told that our production team got a few words from Mr. Mahoney earlier tonight - let's take a look right now!

[As Mahoney continues his walk to the ring, we get a picture in picture split screen that comes up to show Callum Mahoney standing before the AWA backdrop, 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. Dangling from his left arm is a title belt; the most prominent feature of which is the Irish flag on the face plate. In his right hand, Mahoney clutches a trophy, topped by two gold figures locked in an eternal grapple.]

CM: Folks have been asking me where I've been. They ask me, "Callum, where were you when the AWA needed you to take the fight to the Wise Men?" Some of the fellas have been asking me what I think of what went on in my absence. Well, I got sick of waiting around for someone to call me up to make up the numbers. I got sick of being the fella who just happens to be there! So, instead, I decided I needed to go into business for myself and I headed home and I won this...

[He holds up the title belt.]

CM: The Irish National championship, and I took a trip to the Continent and won myself this...

[He holds up the trophy.]

CM: The top prize in the All-Europe Catch Wrestling tournament! And now that the Wise Men, um, situation has pretty much sorted itself out, I can continue adding to my accolades by, first, winning tonight's Rumble and, then, heading to SuperClash and putting the World title around my waist!

[The split screen fades as Mahoney steps into the ring, throwing up a fist to cheers from the Dallas crowd.]

GM: Mahoney entering at Number 1... let's see who the other unluckiest guy in the building is.

[Mahoney's music fades as he tugs at the ropes, staying loose from the battle to come.]

PW: And now, the man who drew #2...

[Metallica's cover of "Turn The Page" starts up to cheers from the AWA faithful as the seven foot veteran brawler lumbers through the curtain into view.]

GM: Robert Donovan is #2! The former AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion!

BW: That's a bad spot for someone the size and age of Donovan, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is. Robert Donovan has been very open as of late that he's nearing the end of his illustrious career. He's been the victim of several injuries over the past couple of years but he just keeps on fighting but as of late, Donovan seems to not be sure how much longer he can do this. Tonight was a chance for the big man to wrap his hands around Supreme Wright's throat - something he's been trying to do since his son, Tony, joined Team Supreme earlier this year... as well as get perhaps a final chance to become the World Heavyweight Champion before he's forced to hang 'em up.

[Donovan reaches the ring, swinging a leg over the top rope to step into the squared circle. He locks eyes with the waiting Mahoney and there's a several second staredown before the bell sounds and...]

GM: HERE WE GO! The 2014 edition of the Rumble is underway!

[The two fan favorites collide in the center of the ring, fists drawn back and throwing bombs at one another.]

BW: This ain't gonna be pretty, Gordo. These two big, tough brawlers have got two minutes to beat the tar out of one another.

GM: And that's exactly what they're doing right now, Bucky!

[Donovan reaches out, grabbing a handful of hair for extra leverage as he throws haymakers as quickly and with as much impact as possible, rocking the smaller man...

...who responds by grabbing a handful of hair of his own, blasting the seven footer with a half dozen European uppercuts!]

GM: Mahoney's firing back!

[The Dallas crowd is on their feet, shouting for the war inside the ring that is mere seconds old as Donovan lands a headbutt that stuns Mahoney. A big knee to the gut doubles him up as Donovan grabs an arm...]

GM: Irish whi-

[But Mahoney goes a different route, jumping up and scissoring the arm, attempting to drag the big man down in an armbar!]

GM: ARMBAR! THE ARMBAR ASSASSIN STRIKES!

BW: Yeah, but he can't get the seven footer off his feet! That armbar hurts a bit but it's not enough to do the damage that Mahoney really wants to do if he can't get Donovan down on the mat!

[Grabbing at his shoulder, refusing to go down, Donovan leans down to grab his trapped arm's wrist, clenching his teeth...]

BW: Uh oh, Mahoney's in trouble and he just realized it!

[The Irishman attempts to bail out but can't quite get there in time as Donovan POWERS HIM UP of the canvas, holding him high with the crowd roaring...]

...and DRIVES him down to the mat with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: OH MY! DONOVAN SHAKES THE RING WITH THAT POWERBOMB!!

[Donovan falls back against the ropes, grabbing at his arm, shaking his head at the near-miss getting caught in that deadly armbar.]

GM: There's a reason they call Mahoney the Armbar Assassin, Bucky. He got ahold of that arm and if was like a pit bull. If he had managed to drag Donovan down to the mat, we would have seen some serious damage done to the arm.

BW: Yeah, but remember, you can't eliminate a man in this Rumble by submission so unless Mahoney was able to take that injured arm and use it to somehow hoist the three hundred plus pounder over the ropes, the armbar wouldn't have helped him much.

GM: I'm not sure how much of that was him trying to help himself or trying to hurt Donovan because if Donovan had to compete in an over-the-top-rope Rumble with a busted wing, he would've been in a world of difficulty. The countdown clock is posted on the video wall here in the Coliseum for one and all to see as we're down under a minute until we see the man who drew #3 stepping into the ring here tonight.

BW: These early numbers are killers to the hopes of these guys coming in here tonight.

GM: It's not impossible to go the distance and win this thing but it sure does decrease the odds dramatically.

BW: Gordo, you look back at Rumbles past and see Supreme Wright won his coming in at #29 in 2012... Supernova at #25 in 2011. It's very tough to come in early and win the whole thing.

GM: Tough but not impossible.

[Donovan pulls Mahoney off the mat, burying a few knees into his midsection before he scoops him up, holding him across his chest. He slowly moves across the ring, looking to shove Mahoney over the ropes to get the early elimination.]

GM: Donovan's got Mahoney up, trying to finish him off...

[As Donovan gets to the ropes, trying to get a struggling Mahoney over the top, the countdown clock gets down to ten seconds. The fans rise to their feet, counting along with the clock.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The eyes of the fans collectively turn towards the entrance, waiting to see who is next. Eliot Lipp's "Rap Tight" starts as Gibson Hayes steps out from behind the curtains. Gibby is wearing a red satin boxer's robe with white trim. His wrestling attire is red trunks with black swirls on the side. Hayes's afro is high and fluffy, but the man himself just stares down toward the ring as the fans boo his arrival.]

GM: Gibson Hayes, a man who stood by silently during the war with the Wise Men, refusing to take sides but a man who claims tonight he will upset the status quo by winning the Rumble and moving on to be in the Main Event that no one wants him in, is number three.

BW: Again, a bad spot for anyone to be in but especially someone with a bullseye on him like Hayes. Perhaps the most hated man in the AWA locker room, no one likes this guy. He's cocky, he's arrogant, he looks down on the AWA and isn't shy about letting people know it. He's going to get beaten from pillar to post in this and there's gonna be a whole lot of people happy to see it.

[Hayes reaches the ring, shrugging out of his boxer's robe and entering through the ropes. He winds up, smashing a forearm down across the kidneys of Donovan. A second one forces Donovan to lower Mahoney down to the mat and a third sends the big man staggering away across the ring.]

GM: It looks like Hayes is trying to get himself an ally in the form of Callum Mahoney, the man he just saved from elimination.

[Hayes leans down, helping Mahoney back to his feet. He shouts at Mahoney, trying to get him fired up as he points to Donovan.]

BW: Looks like you're right, Gordo. Hayes wants Mahoney to work over Donovan with him.

GM: A potentially dangerous combination right there as-

[But Mahoney has other ideas, grabbing a handful of afro and headbutting Hayes right in the nose, sending him flopping down onto his rear to a big cheer!]

GM: Well, there goes that alliance.

BW: Hayes is going to be hard-pressed to find ANYONE willing to work with him in this match.

[Mahoney advances on Hayes, dragging him up by the afro, shoving him back into the corner...

...and DRILLS him with a knife-edge chop that you could hear down the street at the WKIK Studios!]

GM: Oh my! What a shot by Mahoney!

[He winds up a second time, smashing the controversial grappler with another chop, leaving Hayes clutching at his pectorals as he stumbles out of the corner, falling to his knees.]

GM: Those chops are enough to make the hardest of men cringe in pain, Bucky.

BW: Certainly are. That's gotta leave a mark on the chest of Hayes.

[Hayes crawls across the ring, ending up running right into Robert Donovan who reaches down, yanking Hayes to his feet by the afro...

...and DRILLS him with a right hand that sends Hayes spiraling away.]

GM: Oh, what a shot!

[Hayes staggers towards Mahoney who hits one of his own, sending him back the other way...]

GM: They're pinballing Gibson Hayes back and forth between them and Hayes really could use an ally right now.

BW: He'd have to have one first.

GM: The fans here in Dallas keeping an eye on the countdown clock... we're mere seconds now from the man who drew number four.

BW: And with every number closer to thirty that you draw, the better your odds gets of winning this thing. The luck of the draw is so very important in this matchup, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is and as Gibson Hayes continues to get knocked back and forth between two of the toughest brawlers in the AWA, these fans are starting their countdown...

[The fans again rise, turning towards the entrance as they count it down.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The boos pour down once more as "Point Of No Return" by Immortal Technique starts up and "The Beast" Cain Jackson strides into view. A large, muscular African male, but not wide as a barn in the mold of a bodybuilder like Hercules Hammonds, but fairly well put together in a "hit the weights every day on the prison yard" sort

of way. He has a heavy beard and dreadlocks tied back into a ponytail as he makes his way down the entrance ramp with purpose.]

GM: Cain Jackson draws number four and there's been quite a bit of speculation that the only reason that Cain Jackson and Tony Donovan are entered into this match are to protect the World Champion. Their mission is to take out anyone that Supreme Wright wouldn't want to face at SuperClash.

BW: That sounds slanderous, Gordo. You've got no proof of that.

GM: I said it was speculation, Bucky.

BW: Slanderous speculation! Cain Jackson is a big, tough competitor and he'd give Supreme Wright one heck of a matchup.

GM: I'm sure he would.

[Jackson steps over the top rope...

...and makes a beeline towards Robert Donovan who sees him coming and is waiting for the bodyguard of the World Champion!]

GM: Here we go again! Fists are flying here in the Crockett Coliseum, fans!

[The Dallas fans are roaring once more as Donovan and Jackson tangle up, throwing their free hand as fast and as hard and as often as they can while Hayes and Mahoney fall back into the corner where Mahoney is putting the boots to the midsection of the arrogant Hayes.]

GM: Four men inside the ring in the early moments of this one as the 30 man Rumble rolls on.

[Donovan's fists are thrown a bit heavier than Jackson's, forcing him back towards the ring ropes.]

GM: The seven footer's got Jackson on the ropes! Looking for an early elimination!

[Donovan ducks down, lifting a leg of Jackson's off the mat as he tries to upend him over the ropes. Jackson fires back with a pair of straight right hands to the eye, trying to force his way out of the awkward stance and back down on two feet.]

GM: Jackson's trying to punch his way out of this.

BW: You can be sure that the World Champion didn't teach him any of those punches but they're doing some damage to the old man.

GM: Robert Donovan has fought and bled all over the world until a few years back when he made his way to the AWA with the purpose of one more stop on the long road that has been his career. He wanted to build a legacy here... to have one more run... to maybe pick up a championship or two along the way.

BW: Hey, he won that Longhorn Heritage Championship from Nenshou. That was nothing to sneeze at.

GM: It certainly wasn't... but as Donovan nears the end of his career, you have to wonder if he's done all he hoped to do. The World Heavyweight Title still eludes him although at this point, I think he'd like a shot at Wright more for what he's done to his son than to win the World Title.



BW: What he's done to his son? Tony Donovan's got a bright future in this business and I think it's all thanks to Supreme Wright and no thanks at all to Michaelson or that bum of a father that Donovan was saddled with.

[Donovan staggers back after a few more right hands land, falling back into a well-placed thrust kick into the ribcage by Gibson Hayes, causing him to double up.]

GM: Hayes left Mahoney down on the mat somehow. I didn't quite catch that - a match like this is so hard for us to call, fans. There's just so much action going on at any point.

[With Donovan doubled up, Jackson lands a booming double axehandle across the shoulderblades, knocking the seven footer down to the mat on his knees. Hayes grabs a handful of hair, throwing a series of right hands to the head as Jackson watches, nodding approvingly.]

GM: Gibson Hayes doesn't seem like the kind of guy that Supreme Wright would be very fond of but his student and bodyguard seems to be working with him right now.

BW: The Rumble makes for strange bedfellows, Gordo. You're likely to see all sorts of weird pairings working together in a match like this.

[Hayes pulls Donovan up by the arm as Jackson grabs the other arm, whipping him across...

...and dropping the big man with an awkward doubleteam clothesline!]

GM: It wasn't a very polished doubleteam but it WAS effective as Hayes and Jackson put the big man down on the mat... and just as the man who drew number five prepares to join the fray.

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd cheers as Cesar Hernandez comes trotting into view, pumping a fist at their response.]

GM: The Mexican superstar, Cesar Hernandez is number five!

BW: I heard he drew a later number and traded it for number five.

GM: Why on Earth would he do that?

BW: It's half price night at Chavo's Taqueria on 4th Street.

GM: Give me a break.

[He is all smiles as he steps through the ropes, immediately dropping Gibson Hayes with a right hand!]

GM: Down goes Hayes! Cesar Hernandez can throw a punch with the best of 'em when the moment strikes him.

BW: I'd like to see the moment strike him... heck, I'd like to see ANYTHING strike him. As often as possible preferably.

[Hernandez wheels around, throwing a fist at Cain Jackson. He peppers him with two more before throwing a standing dropkick that wobbles The Beast. Hernandez scrambles up, throwing a second dropkick that knocks Jackson back against the ropes.]

GM: A flurry of offense out of Hernandez and he's got Cain Jackson on the ropes!

[But Hernandez doesn't attempt to toss Jackson over the ropes, instead opting to go back after the rising Gibson Hayes, grabbing a handful of afro and hauling him towards the corner.]

GM: I wonder why Hernandez chose not to try and toss Cain Jackson there.

BW: I know that cockroach better than anyone, Gordo. He's got a yellow streak down his back and it wasn't put there by last night's Burrito Guadalajara that he served up at his place.

GM: I was going to guess it was a simple matter of size and not wanting to expend energy and expose his back while trying to upend a much larger man.

BW: Nah, it's the cowardice.

[With a handful of Hayesfro, Hernandez drives him headfirst repeatedly into the top rope as the fans count along with him.]

"UNO!"

"DOS!"

"TRES!"

"CUATRO!"

"CINCO!"

"SEIS!"

"SIETE!"

"OCHO!"

"NUEVE!"

"DIEZ!"

[Hayes bounces away, falling out of the corner as a grinning Hernandez gives a fist pump to the cheering fans.]

BW: I'm surprised these morons in Dallas can speak a second language other than Pig Latin.

GM: Bucky!

[Hernandez moves after the downed Hayes, grabbing him by the arm, pulling him up and into an armtwist as he drags him towards the ropes where Callum Mahoney is chopping Cain Jackson relentlessly.]

GM: Can he get Hayes over the top?

[He wraps the twisted arm over the top rope before ducking down, grabbing a leg and lifting it up off the mat.]

GM: He's got one leg up!

BW: That's about a quarter of the battle.

GM: Trying to get that second leg up now...

[Mahoney, seeing a chance to eliminate Gibson Hayes, jumps in to grab the other leg, lifting it off the mat. Hernandez nods at the help, holding Hayes up off the mat as he hangs on with both arms to the top rope.]

GM: Mahoney and Hernandez, these fans cheering them on, are trying to toss Gibson Hayes over the top to the floor for the first elimination of the night!

BW: Uh oh! Donovan's trying to help too!

[The seven footer has pulled himself back to his feet and lumbers across the ring, putting both hands on the upper body of Hayes as he tries to simply shove him back over the ropes.]

GM: All three men trying to get Hayes over and out now! Cain Jackson is the only one not involved in this and if I'm him, I'm not sure I WANT to be involved considering you'd be angering three of the other men in the ring.

BW: The time is ticking down towards the next man but... well, Gibson Hayes doesn't really have any allies so it's not like he can hope for someone to help him out.

GM: The best case scenario would be an enemy of one of the other men.

BW: I'd toss Hernandez like he was yesterday's garbage.. but I didn't enter this year.

GM: This year, right. Why not?

BW: Someone's gotta sit out here and keep you honest.

GM: Oh, brother.

[As the countdown ticks down, the fans rise to finish it off.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The cheers of the crowd are quite loud for the arrival of the Ithaca, New York powerhouse who just happens to be the AWA World Television Champion to boot.]

GM: Tony Sunn!

[Sunn jogs down the ramp, showing off the title belt to the fans before handing it off to a ringside attendant, stepping through the ropes...]

...and pausing, checking out the three men trying to eliminate Gibson Hayes.]

GM: Is he gonna help them out?

BW: He should! Any time you can get someone up and over those ropes, you should take it... well, unless that someone is likely to help you. It's a tough rope to stay balanced on, Gordo. The key to the Rumble is survival...

[Before Sunn can make a decision, Cain Jackson lowers the boom on him from behind with a running forearm to the back of the head, putting the TV Champion down on the mat.]

GM: Ohh! Attack from behind by Cain Jackson and you better believe Tony Sunn would be one of the guys that Supreme Wright would have no desire in seeing across the ring from him in Sunn's home state of New York come SuperClash VI, Bucky.

BW: You believe that? I think Wright would LOVE the chance to take a muscleheaded Boy Scout like Sunn and tie him in knots in front of his friends and family.

GM: Highly unlikely as Cain Jackson puts the boots to the World Television Champion but doesn't budge an inch to help the struggling Gibson Hayes who is desperately trying to stay inside the ring...

[On cue, Hayes reaches out and digs his fingers into the eyes of Robert Donovan, sending the big man stumbling away from him. An extended thumb gets driven into the throat of Callum Mahoney, causing him to let go of the leg, falling back into the corner.]

GM: Hayes is fighting his way out!

[Back down on one foot, Hayes viciously digs his fingers into the eyes of Hernandez, pushing hard until the fan favorite lets him go. The arrogant Hayes steps off the ropes, "dusting off" his shoulders to the jeers of the crowd...

...and gets FLATTENED with a big clothesline from the partially-blinded Donovan, sending Hayes over the ropes!]

GM: HAYES GOES OVER-

BW: -BUT HE HANGS ON! HE HANGS ON!

[Hayes scrambles under the ropes into the ring as Cain Jackson tries to seize the moment, rushing the off-balance Robert Donovan from behind, trying to upend him over the ropes. Donovan loops an arm over the ropes, hanging on for dear life as the bodyguard of the World Champion tries to dump him to the floor and eliminate him!]

GM: Donovan's in trouble! He went for the elimination on Gibson Hayes and it opened up a window for Cain Jackson to try and toss the veteran to the floor.

BW: If Donovan EVER wants to get a shot at Supreme Wright, he needs to hang on for dear life, Gordo. This might be the only way that Donovan gets his hands on the man who he believes STOLE his son away from him.

GM: Cain Jackson is battering the back of Donovan, trying to loosen his grip on that top rope so that he can throw him to the floor but Donovan's hanging on for dear life. He's hanging on with every bit of strength that he's got.

[Donovan throws a sharp back elbow that catches Jackson on the chin, stunning him. A second one sends him back a step and allows Donovan to right himself inside the ring...

...where he turns it around, pulling Jackson into the ropes where he tries to throw him over the top!]

GM: Donovan's turned it around! He's got Jackson halfway over the ropes now, just trying to shove him to the floor!

[A quick camera cut shows Gibson Hayes pulling Tony Sunn off the mat, looking to attack but Sunn has other ideas as he hooks his hands under the armpits of Hayes, hoisting him high up into the air...

...and DROPS him down in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: OHHHH! Gibson Hayes will be singing soprano after that one!

[Hayes stumbles away, clutching at his groin...

...and walks right into a fiery Cesar Hernandez who puts him down with an uppercut. Hernandez kneels down, grabbing a handful of afro as he opens fire on the head of the rulebreaker.

Another camera cut shows Callum Mahoney burying a knee into the back of Tony Sunn, flinging him back into the corner where he goes to work on him with a series of brutal clubbing forearm shots across the sternum!]

GM: Mahoney's got no friends or allies in this one.

BW: It's every man for himself, daddy!

GM: It certainly is and you have to believe that some of Mahoney's motivation right here is that he'd love to get himself a shot at the World Television Championship if things don't go his way here tonight.

BW: We're getting ready to greet the next guy, Gordo!

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd jeers the arrival of the young rookie, Tony Donovan, as he jogs into view, pumping his arms up and down in the air.]

GM: The other member of Team Supreme in this matchup, Tony Donovan on his way down the aisle.

BW: Just in time to save Cain Jackson from Tony's no-account bum of an old man.

[Donovan steps through the ropes, pumping his fist again...

...and then charges towards the ropes where his father is tangled up with his stablemate, Cain Jackson.]

GM: Tony Donovan from behind- WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd ROARS in shock as Tony Donovan ducks down, grabbing his father's legs, flipping him over the ropes...

...a move that takes Cain Jackson with him!]

GM: HE TOSSED 'EM BOTH!

BW: WHAT?!

GM: TONY DONOVAN JUST ELIMINATED HIS FATHER \_AND\_ CAIN JACKSON!

BW: That had to have been an accident, right?!

[Donovan jumps up and down, pumping his arms in the air to celebrate his "victory."]

GM: I can't believe that just happened and just like that, we're down to five men in this Rumble! The first two eliminations of the night are Robert Donovan and Cain Jackson!

[Donovan hasn't turned around to look to the floor where both his father and his stablemate are staring in at him, glaring at the arrogant young rookie who turns his attention to Cesar Hernandez, pulling him off Gibson Hayes by the hair...

...and HURLS Hernandez over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: Tony Donovan is a MACHINE, Gordo! He just tossed another one!

GM: Three eliminations in mere seconds for Tony Donovan as he eliminates the Mexican fan favorite!

[Donovan again starts jumping up and show, waving his arms around in triumph, completely ignoring the jeering crowd. He's got a big, goofy grin on his face as he turns, looking around the ring. Gibson Hayes is slowly getting to his feet.]

GM: Donovan just saved Gibson Hayes... oh, and look at this alliance...

[Hayes extends a hand and a grinning Donovan accepts it.]

BW: It looks like we've got a partnership, daddy!

[But as Hayes turns to walk away, Donovan hasn't let go of the hand. Hayes turns back puzzled...

...and gets a wagging finger of admonishment before Donovan YANKS him into a short-arm uppercut!]

GM: Oh, what a shot! Donovan just turned on Hayes!

BW: Can we really call it that after a three second alliance?

[The uppercut puts Hayes up against the ropes...

...and a follow-up discus lariat knocks the former World Champion over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: Hayes is gone! He's eliminated!

BW: Tony Donovan has gotta be the biggest shock of this Rumble so far and we're almost a third of the way through it, Gordo!

GM: What has gotten into this kid?!

[Donovan again jumps up and down, pumping his arms in the air as he turns around...

...and spots Callum Mahoney and Tony Sunn tangled up near the ropes as his father was moments ago. Donovan grins, holding a finger to his lips to the jeering fans before he dashes across...]

GM: Donovan's going to toss them both!

[Well, Gordon's half right. The attack from behind DOES get Callum Mahoney flipped over the ropes and down to the floor...

...but the World Television Champion manages to save himself, pulling himself onto the apron.]

GM: Mahoney's gone! But Sunn stays in!

BW: Donovan didn't see that though. He's too busy celebrating again.

[Another huge celebration of jumping and shouting is cut short when Cain Jackson pulls himself up on the apron despite the orders of the ringside officials, pointing and shouting at Donovan.]

GM: Cain Jackson does NOT look happy at what Tony Donovan did to him, Bucky.

BW: Well, I get that... but I truly believe it was an honest mistake, Gordo.

GM: It might have been but he sure doesn't look too apologetic about it.

[Donovan and Jackson are pleading their cases to one another as the countdown from the fans begins again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

"So, first of all, let me assert my firm belief that the only thing we have to fear is..."

[The arena lights dim, as FDR's voice is electronically distorted into a low growl.]

"Fear itself..."

[As the second movement of Ralph Vaughan Williams' Sixth Symphony, as performed by the Academy of St. Martin in the Fields, starts to play, a fog machine, or machines, sends a carpet of white smoke billowing across the entranceway. The Crockett Coliseum "big screen" comes to life with old war footage: the bombing of London by the German Luftwaffe, burning and smoldering rubble, damaged buildings in the aftermath of one such bombing, bodies stacked one on top of the other in a German concentration camp, emaciated internees, thick columns of smoke rise from burning ships in Pearl Harbor, Vietnamese children run away from their village as it burns in the background, a result of a napalm attack by the South Vietnamese Air Force; General Nguyen Ngoc Loan executes a handcuffed Viet Cong prisoner in Saigon, Iraqi tanks roll into Kuwait, its oil wells burning; the Bosnian National Library burns after the shelling of Sarajevo, and, finally, a mushroom cloud forms after the atomic bomb had been dropped on Nagasaki. Over this footage of the growing mushroom cloud, the voice of J. Robert Oppenheimer is heard.]

"Now I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds."

[In the dim light, shrouded in shadow and smoke, a masked, massive form emerges. Most of his face, save for the eyes, is obscured by the mask, which has a metallic finish, while a black hood covers the rest of his head. His thickly-muscled torso is bare and he has on a pair of black tights and black boots.

Stepping out from behind the monstrous figure is Louis Matsui. The portly, bespectacled Asian leans in and says something to the larger man, at which point, he begins his advance to the ring.]

GM: Deimos is Number Eight!

BW: The Destroyer Of Worlds is heading for the ring and I would not want to be in the shoes of either of the guys in the ring right now.

GM: Number Eight's not usually a great number to draw in a match like this but with Deimos, we just don't know. The man is a walking, breathing wrecking machine if I've ever seen one!

[Deimos takes his time coming down the aisle alongside Louis Matsui, drawing some jeers from the fans who are waiting for the action...

...and get some as Tony Donovan who is fresh off shouting at Cain Jackson spins around angrily...]

GM: UH OH!

[...and gets gorilla pressed straight up overhead by Tony Sunn who rushes towards the ropes, dropping Donovan over the top and down onto the elevated rampway!]

GM: OHHH! DONOVAN'S GONE AS WELL!

[Donovan rolls around in pain on the wooden ramp as Deimos reaches him, looks down menacingly at him...

...and then simply steps over him, climbing over the ropes into the ring where Tony Sunn is waiting!]

GM: Deimos is in and- oh my, look at this!



[Sunn does not back down from the personification of fear, staring dead in the eye of the masked man who stares down at him. The crowd roars in anticipation, on their feet watching to see what happens next.]

GM: The World Television Champion is NOT backing down from this monster, Bucky!

BW: He's dumber than I thought. He should be running for his life right about now.

[Deimos tilts his head, almost as if appraising the man who dares to stand up to him...

...and then swiftly sticks out his hand, grabbing Sunn around the throat!]

GM: Uh oh! He's got him! He's got him by the throat!

[The power of Deimos backs Sunn down several steps, forcing him down to a knee as Deimos continues to stare into the eyes of the World Television Champion.]

GM: This is a blatant choke but in a match like this, anything goes, fans.

BW: Deimos should throw this guy like a lawn dart, Gordo.

GM: Louis Matsui's out there on the floor, shouting instructions to his dark warrior... and look at this! LOOK! AT! THIS!

[The crowd ROARS as Sunn wraps his hands around Deimos' wrist, pushing up hard, his arms shaking with intensity as he uses his powerful muscles to try and break the dark one's grasp...]

GM: HE'S FIGHTING IT! HE'S FIGHTING IT! SUNN'S BREAKING THE GRIP!

[The Dallas fans are on their feet, screaming their heads off as Sunn powers out of the one-handed chokehold, forcing Deimos' arm up into the air as Sunn climbs to his feet...

...and then ducks down, scooping Deimos up, and slamming him down to the canvas with a thunderous bodyslam!]

GM: He slammed him! Sunn slams the big man!

[Sunn strikes a double bicep pose as Deimos rolls to a knee and the fans' start their countdown a little late, having been caught up in the showdown.]

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The snarling and barking sound coming over the PA sparks jeers from the fans who know that one of the Dogs Of War are coming to the ring. That individual elects to come through the crowd, walking through the swirling spotlights in his midnight blue gear, hurdling over the barricade, diving under the bottom rope.]

GM: Pedro Perez is the ninth man in the 2014 edition of the Rumble!

[Perez throws himself at Sunn's back, leaping up on it as he clubs his forearm down and across the face of the more powerful World Television Champion. Sunn

stumbles under the attack, falling down to a knee as Perez tries to beat him down to the mat.]

GM: Perez, a former student from the Combat Corner, hits the ropes...

[He comes flying back, throwing himself into a clothesline on the kneeling Sunn, knocking him down to the canvas. The second generation grappler climbs to his feet, barking insults at the downed Sunn.]

BW: Perez is all alone in there right now but can you imagine what will happen if he's able to last long enough for Carpenter and Walker to join him, Gordo? The Dogs Of War in full effect in the Rumble?

GM: It would be a dangerous situation for the other competitors in the match - that's for sure. And I shudder to imagine a situation where Supreme Wright defends the World Heavyweight Title at SuperClash in New York City against one of the Dogs Of War.

BW: That would be one for the ages, daddy.

[Perez is putting the boots to the downed Tony Sunn, shouting at him as he suddenly turns around...

...and finds himself face-to-chest with the monster known as Deimos.]

GM: Oh yeah! Let's see how tough you are now!

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of Pedro Perez being greatly outsize by the masked man who towers over him, staring down at him as Perez slowly backpedals, shaking his head, raising his hands defensively.]

GM: Matsui's telling Deimos to get him! Louis Matsui does not have a short memory and he remembers those Dogs Of War putting his head through a windshield! He remembers those Dogs Of War being the ones to send him packing from the Wise Men!

BW: At Percy's orders! There's no reason for Matsui to take it personal!

[Perez' begging off how the crowd baying for his blood as Deimos advances on him, one step at a time. Perez frantically looks back and forth, trying to find an exit or assistance of any kind as a grinning Matsui points a finger, shouting at Perez.]

GM: Matsui says Perez had this coming! He says this is on Perez' head!

[As the Dog Of War runs out of room, he bounces off the ropes, throwing a right hand that Deimos easily blocks before CRACKING Perez with an uppercut, knocking him off his feet and putting him down on the canvas. The crowd cheers, not so much for Deimos but for seeing Perez get smacked around...

...but Perez rolls under the ropes to the floor, falling to a knee where he grabs his chin.]

GM: Perez rolls out but that's legal.

BW: That's right. No elimination there. You have to go over the top rope and down to the floor to be eliminated from the Rumble.

[Deimos tugs at his mask as he stares out at the downed Perez, turning at the shouts of his manager...

...and finds Sunn on his feet waiting for him, blasting him with a right hand to the masked head!]

GM: Big right hand by the TV Champ! Another! A third backs him into the ropes!

[Sunn grabs an arm, whipping Deimos into the ropes, rushing in to hit him with a clothesline...

...but Deimos doesn't go down, staggering but not falling.]

GM: Wow! That was a whole lot of muscle hitting him with that clothesline but somehow, the masked man stays on his feet!

[Sunn looks surprised at Deimos, shaking out his arm as he dashes to the ropes again, rebounding back to hit a running double axehandle...

...which, again, stuns Deimos but does not drop him.]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

BW: But Deimos won't fall, Gordo!

GM: Sunn's setting up again, swinging that big right arm...

[Sunn hits the ropes again, rebounding back for a clothesline...

...but Deimos switches his stance, lifting Sunn up under his arm, and DROPPING him down with a side slam!]

GM: OHHH! BIG SLAM BY DEIMOS!!

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[A HUUUUUGE cheer erupts from the crowd at the sound of "Hard Row" by The Black Keys.]

GM: JACK LYNCH! THE BIG TEXAN IS NUMBER TEN!

[Lynch lumbers through the curtain into view, lifting his cowboy hat into the air to a big cheer. He's got a very pissed-off expression on his face after what happened to his father earlier in the night as he stalks down the aisle towards the ring, ready to do some damage.]

GM: Coming in at ten, a competitor would need to last at least forty minutes to win this thing... and I think Jack Lynch can do it.

BW: Forty minutes of Jack Stench is more than any man should have to bear.

GM: Lynch is in and-

[He immediately climbs down the ringsteps, tearing around the ringpost...

...and flattens the rising Pedro Perez with a clothesline to a huge cheer!]

GM: Oho! There is no escape on the floor for Pedro Perez!

BW: Look at that cheating Lynch... he hasn't even gone inside the ring yet. Shouldn't he be disqualified for attacking someone before he's even in the match yet?!

GM: I suppose that's at the discretion of our officials at ringside who seem content to let this happen for the time being... and Pedro Perez is getting pummeled by Jack Lynch who is taking out some of his aggression towards Demetrius Lake on Perez...

[Grabbing Perez by the arm, Lynch whips him towards the railing...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES PEDRO PEREZ! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Lynch is fuming mad still as he drags Perez off the barricade by the hair, throwing him under the ropes into the ring. The lanky Texan climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes into the ring...

...and finds himself face-to-face with Deimos!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: These two were partners at Cibernetico but there ain't no partners tonight, daddy!

GM: There's certainly not! As Tony Donovan showed us earlier, this is every man for himself here tonight, fans!

[Lynch shakes his head at Deimos, pointing out at Matsui, then at Perez...

...and then DRILLS the masked man with a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand by the Texan!

[The eldest son of Blackjack Lynch uncorks a series of hard right hands that has the masked man teetering, his arms swinging around to try and get his balance as Matsui screams from the floor.]

GM: Lynch to the ropes...

[One-half of the TexMo Connection leaps up, driving his knee into the jaw of Deimos, sending him falling back into the ropes. He clutches the ropes, trying to stay on his feet...]

GM: Lynch has got Deimos in trouble... Tony Sunn coming over to help him now...

[Sunn taps Lynch on the shoulder, nodding towards Deimos. He gets a nod in response to the cheers of the crowd as each man grabs a leg, looking to toss Deimos over the ropes.]

GM: Lynch and Sunn working side by side... and as Pedro Perez climbs to his feet, whose side is he on?

BW: There's not really a good decision here for Perez. If he helps them toss Deimos, he's going to find himself pinballed between them. If he helps Deimos stay in there, he's got a third guy in there who hates him.

GM: Perez is... he's just watching!

[He leans back against the buckles, throwing a glance up at the countdown clock.]

GM: Perez taking a look at the clock. Perhaps he knows something we don't know.

BW: Do you think the Dogs Of War shared their numbers with each other? Does Perez know when Carpenter and Walker are coming out here?

GM: That seems logical to me, Bucky. They say they're a team. They fight as a team. Perhaps Perez is just running out the clock as he waits for either Isaiah Carpenter or Wade Walker to join him in that ring.

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The sounds of "Everything About You" by Ugly Kid Joe sends the Dallas crowd into a frenzy!]

GM: STEVIE SCOTT! STEVIE SCOTT IS NUMBER ELEVEN!

[The "Hotshot" comes barreling down the aisle towards the ring where Pedro Perez does NOT look happy.]

GM: Well, this doesn't help Perez at all!

[In fact, Perez attempts to attack Stevie as he steps through the ropes, battering the incoming two-time National Champion with rights and lefts, trying to keep him from getting on track...

...but the Hotshot absorbs it all and rises up, throwing haymakers to the jaw of Perez!]

GM: There is TONS of bad blood between the Dogs Of War and Stevie Scott and we just may see some of it spilled here tonight in Dallas at Homecoming, fans! The Hotshot is all over him, shoving him back to the corner.

[Scott leans over, rifling in lightning-quick rights and lefts to the midsection of Perez as the crowd continues to roar!]

GM: And can you imagine if Stevie Scott can find a way to win this thing and earn himself a World Title opportunity at SuperClash VI?

BW: He's held the National Title on two occasions. He's won this very match - the Rumble - before. He's battled the very best this company has had to offer - men

like Juan Vasquez, like Marcus Broussard, like Adam Rogers, like Kolya Sudakov... and tonight, he sets out to be the first two-time winner of the Rumble.

GM: If you remember back, it was Stevie Scott who reached the Finals of the tournament to crown the very first AWA World Champion, coming up just short against James Monosso. He hasn't come close since then but a win tonight would put him just out of reach of the most treasured prize in our sport.

[Scott has straightened up now and is throwing vicious uppercuts, landing one after another on the chin of Pedro Perez, snapping his head back repeatedly before grabbing an arm, whipping him across...

...and LAUNCHING him skyward, dumping him down with a mile high backdrop!]

GM: Oh my! What a backdrop out of the Hotshot!

[Scott turns around, balling up his fists and nodding at the cheering fans.]

GM: Stevie Scott is a legendary figure here in the AWA - the former leader of one of the most dangerous groups in AWA history, the Southern Syndicate.

BW: Calisto Dufresne would beg to differ.

GM: He'd be wrong. Scott's feud with Juan Vasquez is the war that many believe put this company on the map. It got the attention of the wrestling world and told them that the little engine that could based out of Dallas, Texas was starting to build some steam. You could argue that the AWA would not being touring coast to coast and certainly would not be seeing SuperClash VI go down in the Mecca of sports, Madison Square Garden, without that feud.

BW: So, I suppose you think that means it would be fitting for Scott to be in the Main Event that night.

GM: Maybe, maybe not but Stevie Scott has earned his spot in AWA history and what better way to prove it than to be the first two-time winner of the Rumble and to go on to win the World Title on the biggest night of the year for the AWA.

[A quick camera cut shows that Sunn and Lynch are still trying to eliminate Deimos. Sunn is getting the best of the situation, having lifted one of Deimos' legs up onto his powerful shoulder at this point, really tipping him back over the ropes as Louis Matsui screams at his charge...

...and the countdown begins again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The snarling and snapping hounds echo alongside KISS' "War Machine" over the PA, meaning the arrival of another member of the Dogs Of War.]

GM: The spotlights are swirling all over the Crockett Coliseum! Which one is it?

[The spotlights come to rest on Isaiah Carpenter who is hurrying down through the crowd on his way to the ring where his partner is being pummeled by Stevie Scott down on the mat.]

GM: Isaiah Carpenter is the twelfth man in the 2014 Rumble and as we near the halfway point of this match, that's not a bad draw for a man in the condition of Carpenter.

BW: He's sleek, he's strong, he's agile... Carpenter doesn't carry excess bulk to the ring. He's built to go the distance if he has to.

[Carpenter hurdles the barricade, leaping up on the ring apron where he grabs the top rope with both hands...

...and as Scott starts to rise, Carpenter leaps into the air, springing off the top rope in a bound...]

GM: HE FLIES!

[...and DRIVES his knee into the side of the Hotshot's head, knocking the two-time champion back down to the canvas.]

GM: And he connects! The Hotshot goes down and-

[Carpenter helps his ally off the mat, pointing at the downed Hotshot...

...and the Dogs Of War attack, living up to their name with a rabid assault on the downed fan favorite as the crowd jeers wildly.]

GM: The Dogs Of War working together on Stevie Scott, trying to take out one of the odds-on favorites to win this whole thing before he can get deep enough into the match to make an impact.

BW: You can't win a Rumble at the beginning, Gordo. You can only lose one.

GM: We're nearing the halfway point of this match as I said. The next man in will be unlucky number thirteen.

BW: Unlucky thirteen? I think if I drew thirteen, I wouldn't be too upset with that.

GM: You could be right. As you near the latter half of the draw, you'll find guys who are only a half hour or so away from having a chance to accomplish their dream in this business - be in the Main Event of SuperClash VI - in Madison Square Garden no less - to battle for the World Heavyweight Title.

BW: Even if you do have to meet Supreme Wright to win it.

GM: For now. Remember, the contract states that you face the World Champion. If Wright were to lose the title between now and SuperClash, the winner of this match WILL face the World Champion.

[Perez and Carpenter pull Scott off the mat, whipping him in unison into the ropes where they take him down with a double clothesline. Perez throws a glance over to the other side of the ring where Deimos has managed to battle back, getting both feet back down on the canvas as Lynch and Sunn struggle to upend him.]

GM: Pedro Perez is perfectly happy with those three men tied up as he and Isaiah Carpenter put the boots to Stevie Scott.

[Perez quickly leaps up, dropping a knee down into the chest of the Hotshot as Carpenter runs across the ring, leaping up to the second rope, springing back with a twist as he drops a leg across the chest of the prone Scott!]

GM: Continuous double team maneuvers by the Dogs Of War as they continue to try and wear down the former two-time National Champion.

[Perez drags Scott up by the hair, holding his arms behind him as Carpenter measures the Hotshot, bouncing off the ropes...]

...and Scott breaks free, causing Carpenter to connect with a chest-high dropkick on Perez, sending him falling back down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! He missed! He missed!

[Scott grabs a shocked Carpenter off the mat in a double underhook, lifting and twisting him into a backbreaker!]

GM: OHHHH!

[The Hotshot pulls Carpenter up, pointing to the crowd...]

...and dashes towards the ropes, throwing him over the top!]

GM: OUT GOES- NO! HE HANGS ON!

[The crowd buzzes at Carpenter's athleticism as he snags the top rope with a hand as he goes over, using his grip strength to pull himself onto the apron. An agitated Scott opens fire, hammering Carpenter in the skull as he tries to hang on.]

GM: Carpenter's out on the apron and Scott's trying to eliminate him by sending him down to the floor!

[But Carpenter's not alone as Pedro Perez charges across the ring, falling to his knees as he hammers Scott with a double axehandle between the shoulderblades, knocking him up against the ropes.]

GM: And Perez out of nowhere to save his partner!

BW: I told you, Gordo. If Carpenter's in there alone, he's probably a dead man - eliminated. But with Perez in there, he was able to save his ally. The Dogs Of War - especially if they get Wade Walker in there while Perez and Carpenter are both in - could be the top picks to win this thing.

GM: But what happens if they get down to just them? They can't all win it, Bucky.

BW: I'm sure they... erm... huh.

GM: Cat got your tongue?

[Perez ducks lower, hoisting Scott up into an electric chair lift...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"



[In mid-countdown, Carpenter again springboards off the rope, skying through the air to connect with a single-legged dropkick to the chest of Scott, sending him flipping backwards and CRASHING chestfirst down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd misses a few numbers reacting to the big doubleteam.]

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

BW: Please be Wade Walker. Please be Wade Walker.

GM: If it's Wade Walker, the rest of the men in this match are in-

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: SUPERNOVA! SUPERNOVA IS NUMBER THIRTEEN!

[The face-painted young lion comes sprinting down the aisle...

...and LEAVES HIS FEET, leaping clear over the top rope with a flying clothesline on Pedro Perez and Isaiah Carpenter!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! SUPERNOVA TAKES 'EM BOTH OUT!!

[The crowd is ROARING for the fan favorite as he climbs back to his feet, pounding his muscular chest to a huge reaction.]

GM: Supernova is on fire and the Dogs Of War are feelin' the heat right about now, Bucky!

[Spinning away from the Dogs Of War, Supernova races at Deimos, connecting with a clothesline to stun him. Deimos continues to struggle against Tony Sunn whose power is keeping him steady...

...and then Sunn breaks away, landing a thunderous clothesline of his own on the masked man!]

GM: Supernova hits a clothesline on Deimos! Sunn hits a clothesline on Deimos!

[Lynch takes his turn, hitting the ropes, leaving his feet to wallop Deimos with a clothesline with a little bit extra on it, a blow that has Deimos fall back, his arms on the top rope...

...and Sunn, Supernova, and Lynch work together to flip him over the ropes, sending him down to the floor to a huge cheer!]

GM: DEIMOS IS ELIMINATED!

[Supernova cups his hands, letting loose a loud howl before high-fiving Lynch and Sunn...

...and then all three fan favorites turn their focus towards the rising Perez and Carpenter.]

GM: Uh oh! The Dogs Of War may be in some serious trouble right about now!

BW: This is a four-on-two! This can't be good news for the Dogs!

[Perez comes to his feet, looking back and forth at the now-four fan favorites looking to finish him off. Isaiah Carpenter gets up, grabbing at the back of his head as he stares at the overwhelming odds.]

GM: The Dogs Of War, for once, are seeing the odds against them and they don't like it one bit!

[Perez and Carpenter look at one another, trying to figure out an attack plan.]

BW: Stall! Do something!

GM: Stall?! They can't stall! And even if they did, the odds against Wade Walker being the next guy in is... what? Sixteen to one?

BW: Never tell me the odds!

[Stevie Scott doesn't bother to discuss strategy with his allies, instead lunging at Pedro Perez in a double leg takedown, knocking the former Combat Corner student down to the canvas. The Hotshot rears back and throws, raining down right hands on Perez.]

GM: Yeah! The Hotshot is taking the fight to Pedro Perez!

[Isaiah Carpenter quickly finds himself trying to fight off Jack Lynch, Tony Sunn, and Supernova simultaneously... failing miserably as he does. He is getting pinballed back and forth between the three men with heavy right hands, the crowd roaring each time Carpenter gets clocked!]

GM: The Dogs Of War are getting the tar kicked out of them and these fans are loving it! They've been wanting to see this happen ever since they showed their faces in the AWA earlier this year!

BW: Just keep hanging on, guys. The clock is on your side right now.

GM: The clock may be on their side but the list of men still to come down the aisle is overwhelmingly filled with competitors who are NOT on their side... not on their side at all!

BW: Sure there are. There's Wade Walker and... and... and...

GM: And who? Maybe Johnny Detson. Maybe Demetrius Lake.

BW: Yeah! Those guys would help them!

GM: Perhaps. But the Wise Men no longer exist and any bond between those men and the Dogs Of War is gone!

BW: Maybe but... they don't have any allies either! It's in their best interest to help the Dogs!

GM: And subject themselves to a group attack from the Dogs?!

BW: That... seems unlikely.

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"  
"THREE!"  
"TWO!"  
"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The synth pop sounds of "Fame" hits over the PA system as Shadoe Rage emerges through the curtain to jeers from the crowd. He doesn't seem to be in any hurry as he pauses, glaring at the ring, microphone in hand. He wears his black and white star-spangled ring shorts.]

SR: My name is Shadoe Rage! Welcome me back, Dallas!

[The crowd boos as he strides slowly down the aisle.]

GM: I don't get it. Why does this guy get a mic on his way to the ring? No one else has done that.

BW: That's what makes him special.

GM: If by special, you mean deranged, I guess I can-

[Rage interrupts, addressing the fans.]

SR: You can boo me all you want! But I'm here to save you from your hum drum existences.

[Boos!]

SR: I pledge this to all my Rageoholics out there!

This is my vow right here right now, Dallas. I am the next World champion! Tonight I throw everybody over that top rope. And then the World Heavyweight championship will fall! And you will all bow to me! This I vow! And my will will make it come true.

[With that, he drops his microphone and charges to the ring...

...and stops short, sizing up the situation from a few feet down the ramp. He strokes his chin, pacing back and forth as he tries to plan his strategy.]

GM: Shadoe Rage checks in at number fourteen, trying to figure out which side of this he wants to be on.

BW: Ordinarily, Rage would jump Tony Sunn in a heartbeat but you heard him earlier, Gordo... he's got bigger fish to fry tonight. He wants to win the World Title. He wants to be the World Champion. And to do that, he can't get tied up with trying to eliminate Tony Sunn.

[Rage grabs the top rope, catapulting himself over the ropes into the ring. He flings his arms apart, essentially challenging everyone in the ring.]

GM: What is this lunatic doing, Bucky?

BW: I wish I had an answer for that.

[Suddenly, Rage dashes across the ring, connecting with a running double axehandle on Supernova from behind. He spins the face-painted grappler around,

blasting him with an overhead elbow between the eyes, knocking Supernova down to a knee.]

GM: Huh. Perhaps Rage was telling the truth, Bucky. Perhaps he intends to ignore Tony Sunn in this match so he can focus on winning a shot at the World Heavyweight Title.

[Rage grabs a handful of Supernova's hair, blasting him between the eyes with a right hand, knocking the face-painted young lion down to the mat...

...and then wheels around, jumping on the back of Tony Sunn, frantically clubbing the Ithaca, New York powerhouse in the back of the head over and over again!]

GM: What the-?! Oh, I knew it! I knew it, Bucky! I knew this maniac couldn't resist going after the World Television Champion! He's a liar... he's a liar and a hypocrite!

BW: Hey, all is fair in a match like this.

GM: Of course that's true but he told the whole world he had bigger fish to fry than Tony Sunn!

BW: What did you want him to say? "I'm coming at Tony Sunn over and over again?"

GM: At least that would be honest!

[Rage gets DRIVEN back to the corner by Tony Sunn who has Rage hanging on his back. The crowd cheers as Sunn flattens him against the buckles.

In other parts of the ring, we can see Stevie Scott continuing to pummel Pedro Perez on the canvas as Jack Lynch is drilling Isaiah Carpenter with kicks to the body in the corner. Supernova is still down on the canvas as the countdown begins again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The jeers get loud once again as Terry Shane walks into view, standing in his glittering robe and looking out at the fans.]

GM: This guy makes me sick, Bucky.

BW: He was a member of Team AWA! Doesn't that earn him your love for life?

GM: Did you even HEAR what he had to say earlier tonight? This guy is a disgusting piece of work. He's jealous... he's bitter of the success of the people he was on Team AWA with. He was stabbed in the back by the Wise Men and he tried

to use Team AWA - and the fans - to get even with them. Now that they're gone, he's the same Terry Shane that he's always been.

BW: If that's true, then the entire locker room is in trouble because this is the same Terry Shane who won this very match on Memorial Day of 2013. He won last year's Rumble, Gordo, and you better believe he'll do ANYTHING it takes to win this year's and earn another shot at the World Title.

[Shane shrugs out of his robe, making his way down the aisle to the ring. He steps through the ropes...

...and grabs Shadoe Rage off the mat, pasting him with a trio of forearms to the jaw, knocking him back into the corner.]

GM: I'm a little surprised that Shane opted to go after Rage rather than someone like Stevie Scott or Jack Lynch, Bucky.

BW: Hey, Shane said he was after EVERYONE and there's plenty of history between Shadoe Rage and Terry Shane.

[Shane has Rage trapped in the corner, lighting him up with knife edge chops across the chest to the jeers of the crowd...

...and then sidesteps as Supernova tries to get at Shane from behind, crushing Rage in the corner with a Heat Wave splash!]

GM: OHHH! HEAT WAVE ON SHADOE RAGE!!

[Shane grabs Supernova as he bounces out, snapping him down with a kneeling reverse neckbreaker that sends a jolt down the spine of Supernova...

...and then spins him into a snapmare down into a seated position before flipping over Supernova, grabbing the head on the way over to stretch out the neck muscles of the face-painted young lion!]

GM: Ohh! Shane going to work on Supernova now after leaving Shadoe Rage laid out in the corner!

[Shane gets back to his feet, shouting at the downed Supernova...

...and then dragging Stevie Scott off Pedro Perez with two hands full of hair, flinging him back into the corner where he starts laying in kicks to the body as Scott hangs on to the top rope.]

GM: Terry Shane is going after everyone just like he promised! He's got no friends in there, no allies. There is no more Shane Gang. There is no more gang of thugs helping him in all that he does.

BW: Maybe he should invest some money in the Dogs Of War.

GM: We're not used to seeing Shane on his own. It remains to be seen what he can accomplish without his flunkies behind him.

BW: You're talking about the World Tag Team-

GM: FORMER World Tag Team Champions thanks to Air Strike.

BW: That was a sham, Gordo. The Championship Committee should reverse that decision!

[Shane wraps his hands around the throat of Stevie Scott, blatantly choking him in the corner as the fans start to count...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The jeers are deafening once again as "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin announces the arrival of Johnny Detson. Detson strides into view, throwing his arms apart, soaking up the boos of the Dallas crowd.]

GM: Former World Champion Johnny Detson is the sixteenth man to enter the Rumble. We've passed the halfway point in this-

[Detson gets about halfway down the ramp towards the ring when suddenly...

...the lights go out.]

GM: What the...?

BW: Did Detson do that?

GM: I have no...

[Gordon's words trail off as a single spotlight hits the entrance ramp and out walks "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. He pauses, leaning slightly on his cane before straightening up. He pulls a handkerchief out of the breast pocket of his suit jacket and wipes some sweat from his bald head. He then lifts the cane and takes the handkerchief to the gem that's placed on top of it very carefully as if there's a risk of it burning his bare hand. He then removes the gem from the cane, tossing the cane aside as if it were completely worthless.]

GM: "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett has made his presence known... and by now has the attention of not only this capacity crowd but every wrestler in the ring. Hopefully he's here to make his intentions known so we can get back to the action.

BW: Quiet, Gordo! Last time around, he said he was on the verge of his greatest discovery ever, this could be huge!

[Fawcett holds the gem within the handkerchief very carefully with his left hand while reaching into his jacket pocket with his right hand, taking out a microphone. He nods at the assembled throng of fans before speaking.]

"D"HF: Last time I sought to reach out to all of you via this company's airwaves, I announced that I was standing on the very precipice of amazing discovery. I am here today to proudly announce that in that I was absolutely correct. Today, I am proud to show you the fruits of my labor...

[A sick grin spreads across Fawcett's face.]

"D"HF: ... even as that triumph will undoubtedly bring about your end. So ladies and gentlemen, children of all ages... it is my esteemed pleasure to bring to you...

[Fawcett uncovers the gem, raising it high.]

"D"HF: From The Kimon... otherwise known as The Demon's Gate... weighing in at a MONSTROUS five hundred and fourteen pounds...

YOUR DESTROYER

YOUR SOVEREIGN LORD

[A crack of thunder is heard over the PA, startling nearly all who are in attendance.]

"D"HF: KING ONI!!

[The curtain at the top of the ramp parts...]

BW: Oh... oh my...

[... and out walks an absolute monster. Clothed in an all black robe and a kabuki-style mask/headaddress in the style of the oni from Japanese folklore. Wild eyes, long teeth poking out of a wide maniacal grin and wild red hair.]

GM: You said this might be huge but that was an understatement! Look at this...

BW: If you were about to say guy, I have to stop you right there. Godzilla move over!

[KING Oni follows Fawcett, seemingly entranced by the gem that the "Doctor" holds aloft. There is no cheering, no booing. Only stunned silence from the crowd as the two make their way to ringside. Likewise, many of the men inside the ring look on in shock at the enormous physical specimen making his way to them.]

GM: Look at the... look at the size of this monster!

BW: Is he IN the Rumble?!

GM: He can't be! Johnny Detson entered. He was the next man legally entering the Rumble. I don't know what Fawcett has in mind here but it's not winning the Rumble!

[The two make their way to the ringside area as Fawcett nods at the beast he's brought out. KING removes his robe, revealing a blank singlet with a dark red mawashi [the belt or loincloth that sumo wrestlers wear during training and combat] worn over the singlet. He then removes his mask, revealing the same design painted on his face, along with a black mohawk. With a free hand, Fawcett points to the ring and Oni lets out an inhuman growl, slapping his hands together as he finally enters the ring through the ropes.]

GM: Oni's in the ring!

BW: That's KING Oni to you, Gordo!

GM: King Oni is in and-

[As the lights come back on, we see that all action in the ring has come to a halt as everyone is staring at King Oni...]

...and Supernova is the first to strike, rushing at the five hundred pound goliath.]

GM: Get him, 'Nova!

[But Oni responds with a massive one-handed slap across the face, having the same impact as a clothesline from a normal man, flipping Supernova in the air before dropping him down to the canvas.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Shadoe Rage takes the chance to jump out to the apron, quickly scaling the ropes, leaping off with a double axehandle...

...that ends when Oni catches him in a bearhug, holding him off the canvas as he ragdolls him back and forth!]

GM: He's squeezing the life out of Shadoe Rage!

[Tony Sunn takes aim, SMASHING Oni across the back with a double axehandle... and another... and another... before Oni hurls Rage aside like a ragdoll, turning slowly to glare at the attacking Sunn...

...and grabbing Sunn by the back of the head before CRUSHING him with a brutal headbutt, knocking the World Television Champion down in a heap on the canvas.]

GM: Wow! He just manhandled the World Television Champion!

[Oni turns, looking to see who else wants a piece of him. Terry Shane starts to dash at him but Oni catches him, hurling him back into the corner with ease. He wheels back to look at Jack Lynch who comes dashing in, connecting with a leaping knee that puts Oni back in the corner!]

GM: GET HIM, JACK!

[The crowd is roaring as Jack steps up to the middle rope, raining down blows on Oni's head...

...but the behemoth reaches up, hurling Jack down off the ropes to the mat!]

GM: Jack Lynch almost got a piece of him but-

[Stevie Scott rushes Oni, leaping up to attack...

...but Oni sidesteps, using a handful of Scott's hair to HURL him bodily into the corner, charging in after him...]

GM: AVALANCHE!

[Oni CRUSHES Scott into the buckles, stepping back to watch Stevie stagger out, collapsing in a heap on the mat as Oni raises his fists to the air, turning to look at the Doctor who shouts "BLESSINGS GO OUT, ONI GOES IN!"...

...and Oni leaps up, CRUSHING Stevie Scott beneath him in a MASSIVE splash!]

GM: Good... god.

[Oni slowly gets up, staring at Pedro Perez and Isaiah Carpenter who back off, wanting no part of the giant as he steps through the ropes, walking back up the ramp alongside a grinning Doctor.]



GM: King Oni has just... he's just laid out half the competitors in this match!

[Carpenter and Perez are motionless as they watch Oni exit... and as soon as he vanishes from view, the Dogs Of War strike, peeling Stevie Scott up off the canvas...

...and HURLING him over the ropes!]

GM: Stevie Scott's eliminated!

[The crowd's boos get louder as Johnny Detson climbs up on the ring apron.]

GM: Wait a second! Detson... did he HIDE when Oni came out here?!

BW: Can you blame him?!

GM: I... I can't even believe that just happened and-

[Detson slides into the ring, pulling Supernova off the mat. He pulls him into a standing headscissors, reaching down to hook the arms...

...and DRIVES Supernova facefirst into the canvas!]

BW: WILDE DRIVER!

[A grinning Detson pulls Supernova up, casually dumping him over the ropes.]

GM: Detson eliminates Supernova! Another elimination that comes straight from King Oni!

BW: Two former Rumble winners just got tossed out of there, Gordo!

GM: And we're being told that the office held back the next participants until they could get Oni out of there so we're well over two minutes to get-

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez, sailing through the curtain and tearing down the aisle towards the ring. He steps through the ropes where Terry Shane lunges at him...

...and Martinez bodily throws Shane into the corner, using his momentum against him, and then CRUSHES him with a clothesline in the buckles!]

GM: Big clothesline out of Martinez! Martinez is the seventeenth man in the Rumble and one of the odds-on favorites to win the entire thing, Bucky.

[Martinez bounces out of the corner, throwing his arms up and down as he turns to find another target...

...and flattens Shadoe Rage with a running double axehandle to the forehead!]

GM: Running hammer out of Martinez drops Shadoe Rage!

[That's the cue for Perez and Carpenter to strike. Perez goes low, wrapping up the legs as Carpenter goes high with a running back elbow, knocking the fan favorite down to the mat. Perez climbs atop him, holding him down to battering him with closed right hands...

...but Jack Lynch isn't about to let his fellow Team AWA member fight the Dogs of War on his own, dragging Isaiah Carpenter off of Martinez and into a haymaker that sends Carpenter sailing a few feet away before he crashes down to the canvas!]

GM: What a shot out of the big Texan!

[Detson slides up behind Lynch, slamming a knee up into the kidneys, cutting off his attack on Carpenter. Grabbing the arms, he holds Lynch at bay while Terry Shane buries a kick into the midsection of the Texan...

...and then clubs Detson with a forearm as well!]

BW: Wow. Shane wasn't kidding when he said he had no friends left. He's hitting anything that moves in there, Gordo.

[Detson staggers away, not really looking to actively engage with anyone willing to fight back. He stumbles into Tony Sunn, throwing a right hand that Sunn blocks before throwing one of his own!]

GM: Detson's not having a lot of luck in there since eliminating Supernova...

[As the camera pulls back, we check in on everyone. Pedro Perez and Ryan Martinez are tangled up in the corner, jostling for position. Tony Sunn has pulled Johnny Detson off the mat, pushing him back into the ropes as he tries to toss the former World Champion. Isaiah Carpenter and Shadoe Rage have got Terry Shane cornered, putting the boots to him while Jack Lynch breathes heavy in the corner.]

GM: There you get the bird's eye view of what's going on in the Rumble, fans. And as we look at the eight men in the ring, it's important to note that Tony Sunn entered at number six. He's the man who has been in the ring the longest at this point for a hair over twenty minutes.

BW: That's a long time when you're carrying around that much muscle, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is.

[Detson goes to the eyes on Sunn, driving a knee up into the gut as he moves to choke Sunn on the top rope...

...when Shadoe Rage suddenly bails out of helping Isaiah Carpenter, sprinting across the ring, leaping to drive an axehandle down on the back.]

GM: Whoa! And Rage goes right back after Sunn again! He just can't resist attacking the man he defeated back at the Battle Of Los Angeles.

BW: Rage wants that World Television Title SO badly. He's been after it for ages now. Heck, it might even mean more to him than the World Heavyweight Title at this point.

GM: I'm not sure if anyone values anything more than the World Heavyweight Title, Bucky. Not in this business.

[Rage grabs the leg of Sunn, trying to flip him over the ropes to the floor as Johnny Detson backs off, shaking his head.]

GM: Detson wants no part of the unpredictable Shadoe Rage either.

BW: It's like we said, Gordo. You can't win the Rumble early... you can only lose it.

GM: Well, it's not exactly early at this stage of the match as we're about to see the eighteenth entry into the 2014 Rumble... but I get your meaning. Johnny Detson doesn't want to make any enemies. He doesn't want to get anyone gunning for him. And he definitely doesn't want to be anywhere near someone like Shadoe Rage who could attack him at any time!

[Detson stands nearby, watching as Rage tries to get Sunn's weight over the ropes so he can tip him out to the floor as the countdown starts again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

BW: Who is it? Who is number eighteen?

[The answer is given in a loud voice over the PA. A distinctive voice, familiar to longtime AWA viewers, and it is singing in Farsi. Which can only mean one thing, and the fans loudly react, mostly in cheers.]

GM: IS THAT...

[The brand new entrance screen displays an Iranian flag logo, and a flag that is even larger than the screen splits the entrance curtain... waved by Sultan Azam Sharif!]

GM: SHARIF! SULTAN AZAM SHARIF IS BACK!

[Clad as always in his white kaffiyeh, reddish-brown bisht, white sirwal, gold sash, and gold hooked boots, Sharif walks down the aisle quickly. He holds his huge Iranian flag aloft with one arm (and that's a feat in and of itself) while professing himself "numbah won" with the other arm. Smiling at the reaction, the dusky-skinned, battle-scarred Iranian has a neatly-groomed black hair and mustache along with a physique that 99.9 percent of humanity could only dream of.]

GM: SHARIF DREW NUMBER EIGHTEEN!

[Sharif hands off the flag to a ringside attendant before scrambling through the ropes...

...and grabs an incoming Terry Shane around the torso, sending him sailing over the ropes and bouncing off the entrance ramp with an overhead belly to belly suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHARIF ELIMINATES TERRY SHANE!! OH MY STARS!!

BW: Shane's gone! Last year's winner is eliminated! There will be no two-time victory for Terry Shane - not tonight, Gordo!

GM: Terry Shane can't believe it! He's livid out there on the ramp!

[AWA officials and security quickly make their way up on the ramp, making sure that Terry Shane doesn't get back into the ring.]

GM: We've got all the referees, all the officials up on the ramp to make sure that Shane can't get in there again.

[And with the referees all looking the other way, Tony Sunn manages to muscle Shadoe Rage over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the floor.]

GM: Ohh! Rage is gone! Rage is gone!

[Sunn turns, stumbling across the ring towards Johnny Detson who is backing up, begging for mercy...

...and Shadoe Rage rolls back into the ring, charging across, and leaping up to land a high leaping knee to the back, sending Sunn tumbling over the ropes and crashing down to the floor below!]

GM: WHAT THE HELL?!

[An official who had turned back to the ring signals that the World Television Champion is eliminated.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Hah! I love it!

GM: No, no... referee, Shadoe Rage went over the top to the floor!

BW: Nobody saw it, Gordo. You can't call it if you don't see it!

GM: Rage was eliminated so he shouldn't have been able to get back in the ring and- Tony Sunn was robbed, Bucky! He was robbed by Shadoe Rage!

[With the TV Champion now being restrained from going back after Rage, the wild-eyed Canadian leans over the ropes, shouting at Sunn...

...who reaches up, gripping Rage's pointing hand with one of his powerful arms!]

GM: SUNN'S GOT HIM! SUNN'S GOT HIM!

[Rage's eyes bug out as he tries to get away from the powerhouse, pulling back as hard as he can...

...but Ryan Martinez gives an assist, sending Rage tumbling over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: MARTINEZ TOSSES RAGE!!

BW: Thanks to that no-good swarthy opportunist, Tony Sunn!

GM: And that takes us right back down to six men inside the ring. The Dogs Of War consisting of Perez and Carpenter... the big Texan, Jack Lynch... former World Champion Johnny Detson... the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez, and the returning Sultan Azam Sharif!

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

BW: And whoever drew number nineteen!

[The crowd cheers for young Bobby O'Connor as he comes jogging out onto the ramp, heading down towards the ring at a quick pace. He slips through the ropes, hitting the incoming Sharif with an overhead elbow... and another... and another. The crowd is on their feet, cheering on the fiery young lion as he snaps out a jab over and over and over to the jaw...]

GM: O'Connor's taking the fight to Sharif!

[He spins to the side, catching an incoming Pedro Perez with an overhead elbow before switching to the jabbing punches.]

GM: And now Perez!

[He spins again, this time drilling Isaiah Carpenter with an overhead elbow before switching to the barrage of jabbing right hands...

...and a big hooking shot sends Carpenter spinning away towards Jack Lynch who flattens him with a haymaker.]

GM: Ohh! The TexMo Connection in action!

[He shifts his feet, cracking Perez with a right hand that sends him spinning towards Ryan Martinez who backdrops Perez down to the canvas.]

GM: O'Connor and his good friend, Ryan Martinez, working together as well!

[O'Connor turns back to Sharif, swinging the right hand but the Iranian grappler ducks, hooking a waistlock...

...and DUMPS O'Connor on the back of his head with a released German suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Sharif DUMPS him like a sack of garbage, Bucky!

[Sharif gets up, dusting off his arms as he rolls O'Connor over onto his stomach. The crowd buzzes with anticipation as Sharif slaps at his pectorals, settling down as he pulls O'Connor up to all fours, cupping his hands underneath the chin...

...and then sits down on the back, wrenching O'Connor back in the Camel Clutch!]

GM: CAMEL CLUTCH! SHARIF HOOKS O'CONNOR!!

BW: There's no submissions in the Rumble, you idiot!

GM: There aren't submissions, that's true... but if he can hurt O'Connor badly enough, he might be easy prey for an over-the-top throw, Bucky.

BW: O'Connor's crying like his old man when Hamilton Graham used to kick his tail back in the day, Gordo.

GM: Cameron O'Connor is a former World Champion and one of the finest men I've ever met in this business, Bucky. He deserves better than to be a punchline for one of your jokes. His son is just as fine of a young man to boot.

[Sharif's Camel Clutch is short-lived as Jack Lynch hits the ropes, slamming a boot into the mush of Sharif, breaking up the submission hold.]

GM: Remember, it's every man for himself in this Rumble as we are closing in on the twentieth man to enter this Rumble. This match is the only match of the year where one victory puts you in the Main Event of SuperClash, the biggest show of the year.

BW: You've got a thirty to one shot of making it to the big show to fight for the biggest title in the land. It ain't bad odds if you're in it, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not. And as we get deeper into the match, the odds get better.

BW: That's right, Gordo. There's seven men in there... there's eleven more still to come. You come in right now and you've got an 18 to 1 shot of entering Madison Square Garden as the challenger in the biggest match of your life.

GM: We're about to find out who drew number twenty and now you get into those treasured spots - the ones that everyone wanted to get. If you're in the last ten spots, you've only got to survive somewhere around twenty minutes to win this whole thing and that's something that ANYONE stands a chance to do. It's tough for just anyone to walk in at Number One to win this. You'd need a lot of stamina and endurance... but at this point, any man who walks through that curtain could win this whole thing.

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

BW: Who's it gonna be?

[The crowd ROARS at the sound of Metallica's "Bad Seed" for the arrival of the former World Champion.]

GM: Dave Bryant is number twenty!

BW: There's some magnificent competitors still in this thing that haven't entered yet. Guys like Demetrius Lake... like former World Champion Calisto Dufresne.

GM: The third member of the Dogs Of War who still manage to stay in there. Pedro Perez is the man who has been in the ring the longest at this stage. He entered at number nine so he's been in for over twenty minutes now and Isaiah Carpenter's not far behind him.

[Bryant steps through the ropes, promptly cracking Johnny Detson with a right hand, sending the former World Champion scampering away...

...and Bryant lunges on Sharif, picking the legs!]

GM: He's going for the Iron Crab on Sharif!

BW: No submissions!

[But as Bryant flips him over, Pedro Perez makes his move and Bryant bails out...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK ON PEREZ!!

[The big superkick flattens Perez, leaving him motionless on the mat as Isaiah Carpenter throws himself towards Bryant...

...who sidesteps, grabbing a handful of hair and rifling Carpenter over the ropes!]

GM: CARPENTER'S GONE!

BW: NO, NO! CARPENTER HANGS ON!

[Carpenter scrambles, managing to stay on the apron as Bryant moves in after him. He grabs a handful of hair...

...and gets a thumb right in the eye!]

GM: Oh! Carpenter goes to the eyes!

[This time, it's Carpenter grabbing the hair, pulling Bryant over the ropes, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: He's gonna suplex Bryant to the floor! He's gonna eliminate the former World Champion!

[But in mid-suplex, Bryant starts to fight it, landing on his feet next to Carpenter out on the apron!]

GM: They're both on the apron! They're both on the apron!

BW: And they BOTH went over the top rope, Gordo! If someone knocks either of these guys...

GM: Or both of them.

BW: Right... or both of them... to the floor, this night is over for them!

[The crowd is buzzing with concern for the former World Champion hoping to get another shot at Supreme Wright at SuperClash as Bryant trades blows with Carpenter on the apron.]

GM: Dave Bryant's trying to fight off Isaiah Carpenter! He's in trouble and he knows it! Bryant is a two-time World Champion and it was last year at SuperClash when this whole thing between Wright and Bryant got ugly. It was that night when Bryant won the World Title from Calisto Dufresne when Wright cashed in his Steal The Spotlight contract and defeated Bryant for the World Title. Can he do it? Can Bryant win here tonight and have one more match with Supreme Wright for the World Title on the biggest stage in the world?!

[Bryant is drilling Carpenter with punch after punch, staggering him...

...and in comes Pedro Perez, catching Bryant with a knife-edge chop to cut off the attack on his Dogs Of War brother.]

GM: Perez and Carpenter are BOTH working on Bryant and-

[But Ryan Martinez is on the scene, yanking Carpenter away and trading right hands with him while Perez and Bryant are mere feet away doing the exact same thing as the crowd ROARS!]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The AWA faithful gives off a mixed reaction at the sight of "Showtime" Rick Marley jogging down the aisle towards the ring. He steps into the ring...

...and makes a beeline for Johnny Detson, shoving him back against the corner where he starts throwing rights and lefts at his former Unholy Alliance teammate!]

GM: MARLEY'S ALL OVER DETSON!

BW: You knew this was gonna happen, Gordo!

GM: Marley steps up to the second rope...

[He rains down blows on Detson, hammering him repeatedly with right hands to the skull...

...when Sultan Azam Sharif comes rushing into view, grabbing Marley by the tights, yanking him down off the ropes.]

GM: Ohh! Sharif and Marley aren't the best of pals either! You better believe Sharif remembers Marley betrayed him way back at-

[Marley shoves Sharif aside, moving back in on Detson.]

BW: Marley doesn't care about Sharif! He wants more of Detson!

[But Sharif doesn't take well to being shoved aside and ignored, grabbing Marley by the trunks and tugging him into a rear waistlock...



...but Marley swings his leg back, driving his heel into Sharif's groin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Marley swings around, hooking a front facelock...

...and twists around, DRIVING Sharif facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: HE LAYS OUT SHARIF!! HE LAYS OUT-

[But as Marley gets up, Detson buries a boot into the gut, tugging him into a standing headscissors...

...and DRIVES him facefirst to the canvas!]

BW: WILDE DRIVER!

[A fired-up Detson hauls Marley off the mat, chucking him over the ropes and down onto the floor!]

GM: HE'S GONE! MARLEY'S GONE!

BW: Wow! Marley came in all hot and bothered trying to eliminate Johnny Detson but it was Detson who eliminated Marley!

GM: And he's not done! He's not done!

[Detson drops to his back, rolling under the ropes to the floor where he angrily shoves the timekeeper out of his chair.]

GM: What the hell is he...?!

[The crowd jeers as Detson grabs the timekeeper's table, lifting it off the ground and flipping it over recklessly. He shouts at the cameraman to get out of his way as he leans over...]

GM: What's he... he's pulling up the mats covering the floor at ringside!

BW: Oh man, he's REALLY gonna eliminate Marley!

[With the solid concrete floor exposed, Detson pulls him into a standing headscissors again...]

GM: NO, NO! DON'T DO IT!

[...and DRIVES Marley facefirst into the solid concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Detson sneers at the crowd's reaction, slowly climbing to his feet and staring down at Marley who is now bleeding profusely right underneath his own head. A sea of AWA officials floods the scene, pushing Detson back and trying to protect Marley from any further assault.]

GM: Johnny Detson just laid out Rick Marley with the Wilde Driver on SOLID concrete floor! We've got officials down there... we've got medics down there... Detson just... he may have seriously injured Rick Marley with that Wilde Driver on the concrete floor!

"TEN!"  
"NINE!"  
"EIGHT!"  
"SEVEN!"  
"SIX!"  
"FIVE!"  
"FOUR!"  
"THREE!"  
"TWO!"  
"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The sounds of snarling and barking dogs fills the air one more time as the spotlights swirl meaning the arrival of the final - and biggest - member of the Dogs Of War.]

GM: Wade Walker drew twenty-two!

BW: The Dogs Of War are about to be unified in that ring - in the Rumble - and what chance do the rest of the competitors have now?!

GM: I don't know, Bucky. They need to work together! Everyone else in this match needs to work together now!

[Walker quickly heads down through the crowd, coming over the railing as he slides into the ring...

...and barrels across, spearing Bobby O'Connor viciously!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Walker pops up, throwing his arms apart as he turns his attention...

...and does the same thing to the lanky Texan, Jack Lynch, to tremendous jeers from the Texas crowd!]

GM: SPEAK ON JACK LYNCH AS WELL!

[With Walker getting up, he catches a hooked boot into the abdomen from Sharif who looks to hook Walker for a suplex... but Walker breaks out of the hold with ease, lifting Sharif up and throwing him down in a violent standing spinebuster!]

GM: Good grief!

[With bodies strewn around the ring, Perez and Carpenter move in alongside their ally as Walker drags Ryan Martinez off the mat, shoving him back to Perez and Carpenter.]

GM: The Dogs Of War are asserting themselves all over the ring right now as Perez and Carpenter lift Martinez up in a double belly to back...

[...and then hand him over to Walker who holds and DRIVES him down with a sitout powerbomb!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[Walker lets loose a roar as he climbs to his feet, surveying the damage. With Johnny Detson still on the floor, Dave Bryant is the last man standing in the ring against the Dogs...

...and that is short-lived as Pedro Perez rushes him, smashing him back against the turnbuckles with a tackle. Carpenter charges in after him, stepping up to the middle rope, and snapping off a kick to the back of the former World Champion's skull!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And the boos intensify as the Dogs Of War step to the middle of the ring, bodies laid out all around them...]

BW: The Dogs Of War are ruling the ring here at the Homecoming Rumble and I'm not sure there's anything that ANYONE can do about it.

[Perez pulls Sharif off the mat, dragging him over to the ropes where Perez and Carpenter throw him towards Walker who catches him, lifting him up into a bearhug...

...and then barrels into the corner, SLAMMING Sharif into the buckles. Perez charges in after him, leaping up to DRIVE his knee into the jaw and then bails out as Carpenter rounds it out with a spinning leg lariat into the buckles!]

GM: Sharif's getting worked over by the Dogs Of War and-

[Walker grabs the staggered Sharif by the back of the head, effortlessly flinging him over the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Sharif is gone! He's eliminated!

BW: Of course he is! Who can stand up to the Dogs Of War?! Who?!

[AWA officials on the floor force Johnny Detson back up on the apron, demanding that the World Champion re-enter the ring...

...where he finds himself face-to-face (to face to face) with the Dogs Of War who await his arrival.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: They used to be friends!

GM: I'm not sure the Dogs Of War HAVE any friends - other than each other.

BW: They were partners then! Cibernetico!

GM: Yes, and if I remember right, Johnny Detson did NOT give the Dogs Of War any credit in their performance in that match. In fact, he turned his back on Percy Childes - the only man who seemed to earn any kind of loyalty from this - forgive me - pack of wild dogs. Johnny Detson has done a heck of a job in this match of avoiding confrontation but he can NOT avoid this one.

[Detson throws a glance at the time clock as he begs off from the three men starting to encircle him.]

GM: Detson checks the clock... mere seconds left now... but like we said before, I'm not sure who he's looking to help him.

"TEN!"  
"NINE!"  
"EIGHT!"  
"SEVEN!"  
"SIX!"  
"FIVE!"  
"FOUR!"  
"THREE!"  
"TWO!"  
"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

GM: BRAD JACOBS IS TWENTY-THREE!

[Without Larry Doyle in sight, the former Blonde Bomber comes TEARING down the aisle to the ring to a mixed reaction from the crowd. The always-intense Jacobs busts through the ropes to get into the ring...

...and finds Johnny Detson by his side and the Dogs Of War standing across the ring against him.]

GM: Oho! And now we may find out where Brad Jacobs' loyalties are!

[Detson looks relieved, sticking out his hand to Jacobs who stares at it.]

BW: Uh oh. You idiot! You can't fight off the Dogs on your own! You gotta work with Johnny!

GM: Brad Jacobs seems to feel otherwise!

[Detson is talking a mile a minute, trying to convince the big man to work with him...

...and only shuts up when a Jacobs forearm catches him in the mouth, knocking him flat to big cheers from the fans!]

GM: JACOBS DROPS HIM!

[He turns his attention towards the Dogs Of War who charge in unison at him.]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[Jacobs drops down, ducking under a Wade Walker running clothesline but catches Pedro Perez barreling in on him, lifting him off the mat...

...and THROWING him down in a violent ring-shaking spinebuster!]

GM: JACOBS PLANTS PEREZ!!

[Spinning to the side, he ducks a wild dropkick attempt by Isaiah Carpenter. But as Carpenter scrambles back up, he gets hoisted straight up into the air in a gorilla press...]

GM: JACOBS HAS GOT HIM UP!! HE'S GOT HIM UP!!

[But as Jacobs turns towards the ropes to toss him, Walker focuses his attention on him, charging in and DRILLING Jacobs with a massive spear tackle, causing him to drop Carpenter right on top of himself!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Jacobs tried to take on the Dogs Of War all alone and he paid the price for it!

[Walker drags Jacobs off the mat, tugging him over towards the ropes where he tries to push him out...

...and Dave Bryant comes charging in out of nowhere, throwing himself into a flurry of punches on Walker!]

GM: Bryant - I'm not sure if he meant to or not but he just saved Brad Jacobs!

[Bryant spins Walker around, throwing lightning quick rights and lefts as he shoves him back against the ropes...

...and Isaiah Carpenter attacks Bryant from behind with a well-placed leaping elbow to the base of the neck!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Nine men in the ring. Seven men still to enter. This is getting down to the nitty gritty.

GM: Still over the half the men who entered this match tonight have a chance to win it. You gotta like those odds if you're in the ring or waiting to come to the ring.

BW: Maybe you do but in my view, those odds plummet if no one is able to get the Dogs Of War out of there... or at least some of them. You gotta break up that unit and you gotta do it soon!

[Carpenter holds Bryant's arms back as Walker lays in shot after shot to the midsection of the former World Champion...

...when Ryan Martinez suddenly gets into view, grabbing Carpenter and dragging him off to a corner!]

GM: Martinez has got Carpenter trapped in the corner! You know what's next!

[But before the chops can come, Pedro Perez is back on the scene, assaulting Martinez from behind. Soon, Perez and Carpenter have Martinez chestfirst over the ropes, trying to get his struggling legs off the mat so they can eliminate him.]

GM: This is getting dangerous in there for any enemy of the Dogs Of War.

BW: Which is everyone.

GM: Apparently so.

[Johnny Detson comes up off the mat, looking at Walker... and Jacobs... and Carpenter... and Perez... and with a shrug, he goes after Bobby O'Connor who is using the top rope to hold himself up on his feet.]

GM: What a coward that Johnny Detson is!

BW: He's trying to stay invisible in there, Gordo. The Rumble isn't a place to chase a grudge. That's what gets you eliminated. You hit and run, you stick and move. There is no prize for most eliminations. There's only a prize for being the last man standing!

GM: I suppose you're right but who wants to win a shot at the World Heavyweight Title fighting like that?

BW: Maybe Johnny Detson is the only man that does but I tell you right here and now that EVERYONE should because while they're beating the hell out of each other, Detson's been relatively safe and unharmed.

[While Detson puts the boots to Johnny Detson in the corner, all eyes turn towards the entrance as the countdown begins again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

GM: Who is the man who drew number twenty-four?

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Hannibal Carver running down the ramp.]

GM: CARVER!

BW: Uh oh. Katie, bar the damn door.

[But the door isn't barred in time as Carver steps through the ropes and starts throwing bombs at anyone moving in his vicinity. A right hand to Dave Bryant... to Pedro Perez... to Wade Walker... to Brad Jacobs...]

GM: CARVER'S HITTING ANYONE IN SIGHT!

[He makes a lunge at the corner, grabbing Johnny Detson by the hair. The former World Champion FREAKS OUT, shouting as he tries to get free but Carver dispatches him with a well-placed elbowstrike to the temple, putting Detson down on the mat. Carver turns, throwing a nod at his friend, Bobby O'Connor.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor with a thank you for his mentor who just bailed him out of trouble and-

[O'Connor turns to go after Isaiah Carpenter who was kicking Jack Lynch in the gut in the corner...]

...but Carver shoves him aside, running across the ring, and connecting with a clothesline that takes Carpenter over the top rope, dumping him down on the floor to a big cheer!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! CARVER ELIMINATES CARPENTER! ONE OF THE DOGS IS GONE!!

[A shocked Pedro Perez rushes at Carver who ducks down, backdropping Perez up and over the ropes. Perez grabs the top rope, hanging on for dear life. Carver winds up, ready to knock him off the apron...]

...when Ryan Martinez tears in from out of nowhere, connecting with a running big boot that sends Perez sprawling to the floor!]

GM: PEREZ IS GONE AS WELL! THE DOGS ARE BEING TAKEN DOWN!!

[Carver grabs Martinez by the arm, yanking him back and sticking a finger in his face.]

GM: Uh oh! There's no love lost between these two men!

[Carver and Martinez are trading words near the ropes as Wade Walker stands nearby, driving shoulder tackles into the gut of Brad Jacobs. Again, Dave Bryant seems to save Jacobs, yanking Walker back and into a hard right hand to the jaw, sending Walker staggering away...

...where a charging Bobby O'Connor connects with a big clothesline that takes both he and Walker over the top rope!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[But O'Connor SLAMS spinefirst down on the apron while Walker falls to the floor!]

GM: THE DOGS OF WAR ARE ELIMINATED!! GOODNESS!

BW: Out of nowhere, Gordo! It only took one. When Carver tossed Carpenter, it was like the Dogs just... fell apart. When they were no longer a unit, they couldn't get back on track as individuals!

GM: Just like that, we're down to seven men in the ring - Jack Lynch, Johnny Detson, Ryan Martinez, Dave Bryant, Brad Jacobs, Hannibal Carver, and Bobby O'Connor.

BW: And O'Connor's barely in the ring. If someone boots him to the floor right now, his night is over!

[Johnny Detson sees that chance, rushing over to put the boots to the young Missouri native, trying to shove him off the apron.]

GM: Detson's trying to eliminate O'Connor and-

[Carver HURLS Martinez aside, rushing to the aid of the man who has looked up to Carver as a mentor for so many months. He drills Detson with a pair of right hands, sending him scattering before he pulls O'Connor back to his feet...

...and BLASTS him between the eyes with a right hand, knocking him down to the floor to elimination!]

GM: WHAT THE HELL!?

[Carver looks down at O'Connor, staring at his protege with a silent shrug as many of the fans in the Crockett Coliseum have turned on Carver for this simple act.]

BW: Hey, you said it yourself, Gordo! It's every man for himself!

GM: Yes but that's his friend! That's his student... his protege!

BW: Then I'd say O'Connor just learned a REAL hard lesson, wouldn't you?

[Jack Lynch, the partner of Bobby O'Connor and the friend of Hannibal Carver, marches across the ring, yanking Carver around by the arm and jabbing a finger in his face.]

BW: The so-called Kooky Quartet... Trio... whatever... it seems to be breaking down before our eyes, Gordo.

GM: That small group of friends and drinking buddies sure seems to be having some trouble as of late and look at Jack Lynch! He is HOT under the collar after what he just saw Carver do to his tag team partner!

BW: Lynch has been in there for about a half hour now and man, there's nothing that smells worse than a sweaty Stench boy... well, nothing other than Henrietta's Meat Loaf Mexicano. That thing smells like something they dug out of the pig sty... and not Travis' prom date.

GM: Would you stop?!

[As the announcers bicker... as Jack Lynch and Hannibal Carver seem on the verge of coming to blows, the countdown begins again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[A weaselly high-pitched voice rings out over the PA system.]

"You spell wrasslin', baby... C-A-S-A-N-O-V-A."

[The sounds of "Pretty In Pink" follows the voice as the curtain parts and a very obese man in what might pass for a dress... somewhere... comes into view. His hair is filled with product, his face is covered in sloppy and hideous makeup... not Supernova makeup but Sandra Hayes makeup...]

GM: Is that...?

BW: It is! It's "Playboy" Johnny Casanova! I'd heard he'd put on a few pounds since his last run in the AWA.

GM: A FEW POUNDS?!

[Incredibly close to 400 pounds, Casanova lumbers down the ramp, ducking through the ropes and spinning around with a flourish...]

GM: Johnny Casanova is number twenty-five and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[A Dave Bryant superkick connects under the chin, sending Casanova falling back towards the ropes where Ryan Martinez connects with a clothesline, knocking the rotund one to the floor to cheers!]



GM: So long, Johnny!

BW: Wow. That might've been some sort of a record, Gordo.

GM: Johnny Casanova has been eliminated which means we're down to eleven potential winners for the 2014 Rumble and the challenger for the World Heavyweight Title match at SuperClash VI!

BW: It better not be Lynch. It just better not be Lynch.

GM: Which one? We haven't seen Travis yet!

BW: WHAT?! There's TWO Lynches with a chance to win out of eleven men?!

GM: You got that right!

BW: Gordo, seriously... if a Lynch wins, I quit. I'm going home.

GM: To the farm?

BW: MY MAMA DON'T LIVE ON A FARM!

[With Bucky throwing a tantrum, Jack Lynch and Hannibal Carver are able to cease fighting long enough to pinball Johnny Detson back and forth between them as Dave Bryant lights up Brad Jacobs with knife edge chops in the corner.]

GM: Ryan Martinez is down on a knee in the corner, holding his neck. For his sake, you have to hope he hasn't suffered some kind of a serious injury here in the Rumble.

BW: It's so easy to do. So many stray limbs swinging around. It's really easy to get an accidental poke in the eye or step on someone's foot and turn your ankle. Battle royals are one of the most dangerous matches in the sport yet never get the credit for it.

GM: And on top of all that, to lose the match, you have to be thrown over ten feet down to concrete.

BW: Absolutely.

[Detson falls back against the ropes as Carver and Lynch each grab a leg, trying to muscle Detson over the ropes as he struggles against them, swinging his arms and legs to try and free himself.]

GM: Jack Lynch and Hannibal Carver have come to a momentary truce as they try to toss the former World Champion Johnny Detson who came in at number sixteen so he's creeping up on twenty minutes in this thing as well. Jack Lynch though is the endurance winner at the moment, coming in at number ten.

[Seeing the chance to eliminate one of the competition, Ryan Martinez slowly moves across to help Lynch and Carver...

...which sees Carver break away from Detson, sticking a finger in Martinez' face, shouting at the AWA's White Knight.]

GM: Some serious tensions between those two men.

[With Carver breaking away and Lynch distracted, Detson is able to rake the eyes of the Texan to free himself...

...and the moment that Martinez turns his back, pointing at something, Detson lunges at Carver before behind, shoving him into the second generation superstar!]

GM: OHH! Detson shoved Carver into Martinez and-

[The AWA's White Knight does not hesitate this time as he wheels around and DRILLS Carver with a right hand. The Boston Brawler's eyes light up as the moment he was waiting for has arrived. In a blink of an eye, fists are flying from two of the most popular men in the entire AWA and the crowd is ROARING in reaction to it!]

GM: OH MY STARS! THEY'RE TEARING INTO ONE ANOTHER! THEY'RE BEATING THE HELL OUT OF EACH OTHER!

BW: They've been waiting for this since the 4th of July, daddy! These two have had bad blood building for months and now it's spilling over in the middle of the ring as Carver and Martinez are beating each other to a pulp and I love it!

[With the crowd on their feet cheering their favorite on, the countdown is almost completely missed except for a small group of anal retentive fans who've been ready to count every single time...]

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

GM: Here comes number twenty-six!

[There is a brief pause, and the fans stand on edge in that breathless moment of anticipation, before the piano-and-drum open to "Mack The Knife" by Louis Armstrong begins to play. Then the place comes unglued with boos.]

BW: Bow down! It's the King!

[Nobody emerges from the curtain for now. Jack Lynch has paused in laying in haymakers to the midsection of Brad Jacobs in the corner and is staring down the aisle, waiting for the arrival of the man whose music that means is coming.]

GM: Where is he?

BW: He'll be here. Give him some time.

GM: Give him some time?! This is the Rumble! This is all about time! He's supposed to get down there and get into the fight!

BW: You think the King is going to miss the chance to stomp all over Jack Lynch who is flat out exhausted by this point? Like I said, he'll be here... give him some time!

[Lynch strides away from Jacobs, stepping up on the second rope and waving an arm angrily with a "GET YOUR ASS DOWN HERE!"]

GM: Jack Lynch is obviously hot under the collar after what we saw Demetrius Lake do to his father earlier tonight.

BW: Which is nothing compared to what the Black Tiger is gonna do to Old Man Stench two weeks from tonight.

GM: IF Jack and Travis agree to be barred from ringside.

BW: Oh, they will. They're too stupid not to agree.

[With Lynch up on the ropes, Detson makes a lunge at the Texan from the blind side, trying to shove him over the ropes but Lynch jumps down, catching the incoming Detson in the Iron Claw!]

GM: CLAW!! LYNCH LOCKS IN THE CLAW!!

[The Texas crowd ERUPTS for their hometown son digging his fingers into the skull of one of the AWA's most hated competitors, causing Detson to cry out in pain.]

BW: That's illegal! That hold is illegal!

GM: It is NOT, Bucky!

[Lynch shoves Detson back against the ropes, continuing to press his fingers into the skull...]

We cut to the aisle to see the "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake sauntering down the aisle at a speed that suggests that he'd like to arrive at ringside sometime in 2016. Lake is garbed in a red ring jacket, orange trunks, kneepads, and boots with red-and-yellow monogramming, white wrist tape (as always, heavy on the left thumb), and his usual black fedora atop his round afro (second best afro in the AWA, FYI). Lake stops frequently to berate fans and tear up signs he doesn't like.]

GM: Demetrius Lake is, unsurprisingly, stalling for all he's worth.

BW: It's unsurprising because we all know he's brilliant.

[Lake gets to the ropes, pausing. He lifts a finger at one of the officials ordering him to get into the ring. Slowly, he reaches back, tugging at one of the sleeves to remove his jacket.]

GM: Oh, come on. How long does it take to remove a jacket?

[He holds the finger up again as he reaches for the second sleeve. Jack Lynch suddenly breaks the Claw, rushing the ropes where he takes a swing at Lake who just barely gets out of the way in time. He waggles the finger at Lynch, reading him the riot act for trying to attack him before he gets in the ring...]

...and then Lynch decides he's had enough, stepping out to the ramp, blasting Lake with a right hand!]

GM: Lynch cracks him!

[Lake's arms are trapped in the ring jacket, unable to defend himself as Lynch draws and fires over and over and over with the crowd roaring wildly...]

...and then grabs a handful of afro to HURL Lake over the ropes, bouncing him off the canvas!]

GM: Lynch throws him back in... and now he's going in after him!

[With Lake finally inside the ring, nearly using two full minutes to get himself inside the squared circle, the countdown starts again...]

"TEN!"  
"NINE!"  
"EIGHT!"  
"SEVEN!"  
"SIX!"  
"FIVE!"  
"FOUR!"  
"THREE!"  
"TWO!"  
"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd's jeers grow louder as the "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne comes trotting into view through the curtain.]

GM: The former World Champion, Calisto Dufresne, is number twenty-seven!

BW: Wow! What a draw for Dufresne!

GM: A tremendous draw. And as Dufresne walks that aisle to the ring, you've gotta wonder if this is his year. Dufresne has done it all in his time here in the AWA, Bucky.

BW: A former National Champion. A former National Tag Team Champion. A Stampede Cup winner. A former World Champion. This is it, Gordo. If he wins this, Calisto Dufresne has essentially done it all here in the AWA.

[Dufresne reaches the ring, stepping through the ropes.]

GM: Eight guys in the ring... three men left to get in there. We're down to 11, fans. Eleven men remaining in this match and one of those eleven men are going to New York City to fight for the World Heavyweight Title on the biggest stage in all of wrestling.

BW: Eleven men fighting it out for the biggest prize this time of year - to put your name in the record books as the winner of the Rumble.

GM: We've got former World Champions still in there. We've got heroes, we've got villains.

BW: We've got the King!

GM: We certainly do.

[The camera pulls back, giving a wide shot of the action where Jack Lynch is hammering Demetrius Lake down on the canvas as Lake tries to cover up. Johnny Detson is working over Ryan Martinez, kicking him repeatedly in the chest against the turnbuckles. Hannibal Carver has been isolated by Brad Jacobs who is slamming his shoulder into the ribcage. Dave Bryant greets the incoming Calisto Dufresne with a right hand, knocking him back into the ropes.]

GM: And the former two-time World Champion goes right after Calisto Dufresne.

BW: A little rematch from SuperClash last year, Gordo.

GM: It was just one year ago at SuperClash V down the road here in Dallas where Dave Bryant, who had won the Chase For The Clash tournament, challenged and defeated Calisto Dufresne for the World Heavyweight Championship.

[Bryant's barrage of offense gets cut off by Dufresne jabbing a thumb into the right eye, leaving Bryant wiping out the eye, trying to clear his vision as Dufresne buries a forearm shank into the kidneys!]

GM: Dufresne goes downstairs, slamming that arm into the lower back as the eight men inside the ring continue to tussle.

BW: All of these men are looking for a way to eliminate someone... to trim the odds down a little bit more. Right now, it's an eleven to one shot that you might walk out of here as the challenger for the World Title at SuperClash.

GM: And when you look at the eight men currently in there... Jack Lynch has STILL been in there the longest. Remember, he came in at number ten... that means he's been in that ring for over a half hour now, trying to battle his way to victory here in front of his hometown fans.

BW: But when you talk about the luck of the draw, Gordo... there's five men in that ring right now... five of eight who came in at 20 or later. To go even further, there is only ONE man who came in before number 16.

GM: Jack Lynch.

BW: Yes, but that's not the point. The point is that the luck of the draw is on display here tonight and showing the whole world just how important it really is.

[The camera cuts back to Jack Lynch who has chased Demetrius Lake who is back on his feet and is hammering him with right hands to the head in the corner as the countdown starts...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as Travis Lynch walks out on the platform, tearing off his t-shirt and throwing it into the crowd!]

GM: Travis Lynch is number twenty-eight! And listen to this hometown reception for the youngest of the wrestling Lynch brothers!

[Travis cracks a grin at the reaction...

...a grin that quickly drops as he spots Sunshine standing on the interview platform in a pair of blue jeans, cowboy boots, a red and black #ScumbagTravis t-shirt, and a black cowboy hat.]

GM: What is SHE doing out here?!

BW: She's looking good, Gordo! That's what she's doing!

GM: She's got no one in this match, Bucky. She's got no business being out here!

BW: That's not how she sees it. She's on the interview platform so I'm guessing she has something to say.

GM: She doesn't even have a microphone!

[Travis pauses at the edge of the ramp, shouting at Sunshine, waving for her to get down from her spot on the interview platform...

...when suddenly, a blur comes in from off-camera, nailing Travis across the shoulderblades, sending him sailing off the entrance ramp, crashing down on the concrete floor!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: A crazed and brilliant fan just shoved Travis Lynch to the floor!

GM: That's not... that's not a fan, Bucky!

[The camera spins around the well-dressed man who is dressed impeccably in what appears to be a VERY expensive suit. A flashy gold watch is seen as the man reaches up to adjust his tie. Longtime AWA fans will instantly recognize the individual... just as Gordon Myers does.]

GM: That's Alexander Kingsley! It's been ages since we've seen Kingsley and... what in the world is he doing here, Bucky?

BW: He's... he's gotta be the benefactor! He's gotta be the man with the money behind Sunshine!

[One camera shot of a grinning Sunshine seems to prove that fact as she applauds Kingsley's actions...

...and then gets a cold expression on her face, shouting "FINISH IT!" as Kingsley yanks off his expensive sportscoat, throwing it down on the ramp. He pulls off his tie, tossing it aside too as he leaps down off the ramp to the concrete floor.]

GM: Kingsley's down on the floor! He's going after Travis! He's-

[Kingsley stomps the back of Travis' head a few times, jamming his face into the exposed concrete floor. He turns to shout at the jeering fans before taking a knee on the floor, grabbing Travis by the hair...

...and DRAGS Travis' face back and forth, raking his face against the concrete!]

GM: AHH! HE'S RUBBING HIS FACE ON THE CONCRETE!

[The fans - especially the females - are screaming in horror at the sight of Alexander Kingsley raking Travis' face on the concrete, using the floor to rip the skin right off of Travis' face.]

GM: We need to get some help over there for Travis!

[A flood of AWA security comes pouring from the entryway, rushing down the steps to pull Kingsley off of Lynch. A fired-up Kingsley is shouting at Lynch as they drag him away. Dr. Bob Ponavitch is immediately on the scene, kneeling next to Lynch as he shouts for more assistance.]

GM: Dr. Ponavitch is calling for help! He needs help!

BW: Well, so much for the luck of the draw for Travis Lynch.

GM: Oh, come on, Bucky. Alexander Kingsley... what business does he have with Travis Lynch?! What in the heck is he doing bankrolling Sunshine?!

[A grinning Sunshine watches from the interview platform as the countdown begins again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The curtain parts to reveal... Val "The Maul" Eisenschlag.]

GM: Hey! It's the Hometown Hero gauntlet winner! Straight out of Bakersfield, California!

BW: Totally forgot about that guy.

GM: Bucky, I keep racking my brain but I just can't figure out who the 30th man is.

BW: Hrm.

[Eisenschlag takes his time jogging down the aisle wearing a pair of pewter-grey trunks with a yellow outline of a maul along the rear, matching grey boots with his initials on them, and kneepads.]

GM: Eisenschlag went through a lot of good competitors to earn this slot and what a lucky draw this guy got.

BW: But what can he do with it, Gordo?

GM: We're about to find out.

[Eisenschlag steps through the ropes with the other eight men who are still battling, trying to get the odds lowered down for their respective victories. Eisenschlag takes aim, clubbing Calisto Dufresne with a forearm across the back of the head, knocking him off his track while choking Dave Bryant with his boot.]

GM: The man known as The Maul instantly goes after a former World Champion, using one of those rock solid forearms to knock him off Dave Bryant.

[Eisenschlag holds Dufresne's arms back, allowing Brad Jacobs to throw blow after blow to the midsection of the Ladykiller.]

GM: A whole lot of history between Jacobs and Dufresne who were allies as part of Royalty and right now Jacobs is lowering the boom on the Ladykiller, going downstairs time and again on him.

[But as Jacobs drops back, ready to throw a clothesline, Dufresne JAMS his foot back into the groin of The Maul with a mule kick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And as a freed Dufresne ducks down, Jacobs DRILLS Eisenschlag with a heavy clothesline, knocking him flat!]

GM: An inadvertent clothesline out of Jacobs. He didn't mean to put Eisenschlag down with that clothesline but-

BW: But he's also not too sad about it, Gordo.

[Jacobs turns to pursue Dufresne across the ring...

...where Dave Bryant comes charging in, jumping on Jacobs, pushing him back against the ropes with a flurry of rights and lefts!]

GM: Bryant and Jacobs had a run in back in the locker room earlier tonight and that tension has spilled over into the squared circle here tonight.

BW: Everyone left in this thing has tension with everyone else, Gordo. Every man left in this match has a 10 percent chance of moving on to SuperClash VI to face Supreme Wright for the World Heavyweight Title!

[We cut to another part of the ring where Demetrius Lake has managed to reverse things with Jack Lynch and is using the top rope to choke the Texan relentlessly. Nearby, we can see Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver trading wild haymakers again as the countdown begins...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[As the buzzer sounds, the Crockett Coliseum crowd collectively rises to their feet, eyes turning towards the entrance looking to see who the luckiest man in the building is... searching to see who drew the final number in the 2014 Rumble. But it is not their eyes that give the answer.

It is their ears as the sounds of "They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begin to drift over the Coliseum's PA system.]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: WHAT?!

[The crowd is buzzing with wonder, pondering if it could be true when the curtain parts...

...and the AWA faithful delivers an eardrum-splitting roar!]

GM: JUAN VASQUEZ IS HERE! JUAN VASQUEZ IS NUMBER 30!



BW: NO, NO, NO! HE'S GONNA SPOIL EVERYTHING!

[The two-time National Champion, former World Champion, and Hall of Famer steps into view, a smile on his face at the reaction of the Dallas crowd. He nods at them, looking out over the fans...

...and then with a point towards the ring, breaks into a dash towards the squared circle!]

GM: Juan Vasquez is number thirty and is about to step inside the AWA ring for the first time in months, fans!

BW: This opportunistic piece of garbage makes me sick, Gordo.

GM: What?!

BW: He left before the Wise Men war really got started with a, "It'll be a long time before you see me again" and now he's back? Now he's back just in time for the kickoff to SuperClash season? Now he's back just in time to win a shot at the World Heavyweight Title that he's never held? Disgusting!

[Vasquez slips through the ropes into the ring where longtime rival Johnny Detson comes at him hard, booting him in the gut before he can straighten up. Detson winds up and throws a right hand but Vasquez blocks it, opening fire with some right hands of his own...]

GM: Big right hand! And another! These fans are roaring for every shot that Vasquez lands! Ten men inside the ring and one of these ten men are going to be the challenger for the World Heavyweight Title at SuperClash VI in just over two months' time!

[Detson is recoiling from the blows being landed by Vasquez who shoves the dazed former champion back into the ropes...

...and takes him up and over, throwing him down with his signature hiptoss on the rebound!]

GM: HIPTOSS! HIPTOSS!

[Out of nowhere, Val Eisenschlag decides to take a chance at being famous, rushing at Vasquez from the blind side...

...but Vasquez sidesteps, causing The Maul to miss, falling into the ropes...]

GM: VASQUEZ!

[Where a running clothesline from one of the pillars that the AWA was built upon connects, sending Eisenschlag tumbling over the ropes and crashing down hard to the floor!]

GM: EISENSCHLAG IS GONE! We're down to nine!

[Vasquez wheels around, looking to see who is next as the camera pulls back to reveal the whole ring. We can see Johnny Detson down on the mat, recovering from the hiptoss. A few feet away, the duo of Dave Bryant and Ryan Martinez are taking turns landing blows to the body of a cornered Calisto Dufresne. Demetrius Lake has Jack Lynch trapped in a corner, battering him with back elbows. And finally, Hannibal Carver has Brad Jacobs down on the mat and is stomping him into oblivion.]

GM: Nine men remaining in the quest to win the 2014 Rumble and earn themselves a shot at the biggest prize in our sport - the AWA World Heavyweight Championship!

[Vasquez' eyes lock on the back of Ryan Martinez, sparking him to stride across the ring...

...but Johnny Detson has other ideas, charging Vasquez from the blind side, putting him down with a leaping knee to the back!]

GM: Ohh! Detson drills Vasquez from behind and puts him down!

[The crowd loudly jeers Detson as the former World Champion begins stomping the hell out of Juan Vasquez...

...but gets run over with a Ryan Martinez clothesline to a big cheer from the fans!]

GM: Martinez takes Detson down... and he's gonna try and eliminate him!

[Lifting Detson up for a slam, Martinez walks over towards the ropes, ready to toss him over to the floor but Detson grabs hold of the top rope, trying to fight it.]

GM: The fans here in Dallas are on their feet! They want to see Detson eliminated and lose his shot at becoming the World Heavyweight Champion right here tonight in Dallas, Texas!

BW: This building is named after him! He can't go out like this!

GM: This building WAS named after him... thankfully, that travesty has been corrected.

[With Martinez struggling to get Detson over the ropes, we cut to the other side of the ring where Demetrius Lake has Jack Lynch's throat draped over the top rope, leaning down with all his weight on the back of the neck in an attempt to choke the life out of the Texan...

...but a double axehandle to the back of the head breaks it up!]

GM: Ohh! Carver breaks up the choke on his friend, Jack Lynch!

[Carver leans Lake against the ropes, ducking down to grab a leg to try and toss him over as Lynch coughs violently, trying to clear his airways. Across the ring, we see Calisto Dufresne dragging Dave Bryant out to the middle of the ring, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Dufresne's looking for his signature move - that DDT - on the former two-time World Champion!

BW: That's a pair of former World Champions going at it, Gordo.

[But before he can deliver the DDT, Dufresne finds himself sailing through the air thanks to a Dave Bryant backdrop. Bryant collapses to his knees from the effort as Dufresne angrily tries to scramble back up off the mat...]

BW: Bryant got the counter but Dufresne's only been in there for less than ten minutes so he's got plenty of gas left in the-

GM: SPEAR!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Brad Jacobs comes tearing off the ropes, spearing Dufresne right in the midsection, folding him up and dumping him down to the mat! Jacobs gets up, swinging his arms apart with a roar!]

GM: Brad Jacobs just speared the hell out of the man he once stood side-by-side with as part of Royalty and now... he's pulling him up...

[Jacobs grabs Dufresne by the hair...

...and HURLS him over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: DUFRESNE IS GONE! THE FORMER WORLD CHAMP IS ELIMINATED!

BW: Wow! That puts us down to eight, Gordo!

GM: Eight men remaining to battle for the shot at the World Title! And somewhere in this building, you know that Supreme Wright is watching with great interest, wondering just who in the world is going to be able to go the distance and meet him at SuperClash VI for the World Heavyweight Title!

[Jacobs turns around, moving in on Bryant. He grabs a handful of hair to pull him up...

...and gets CRACKED on the jaw with a Bryant uppercut!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant's not going down without a fight! He's too close now. Too close to getting another opportunity to get the World Heavyweight Title back. Too close to getting another chance to meet Supreme Wright in the middle of the ring with the title that Bryant never should have lost hanging in the balance.

BW: If you're going to go that route, you can argue that WRIGHT never should have lost the title in the first place either. It was Marty Meekly who called for the submission in the Gainesville Gyp.

GM: Just like it was Marty Meekly who allowed all sorts of interference in San Francisco when the title changed hands again.

BW: Then I'd say they're even and Supreme Wright is the - pardon the pun - rightful World Heavyweight Champion.

GM: I don't think so.

[Bryant rises up, throwing a big haymaker that sends Jacobs falling back into the ropes. He backs off, shaking out his arm...

...when suddenly Juan Vasquez appears next to him, grabbing his wrist.]

GM: Vasquez is offering to help Bryant! Double clothesline coming up!

[Vasquez and Bryant tear across in tandem, connecting with a big double clothesline that lifts Jacobs up off the mat, threatening to send him over the ropes to the floor...

...but he comes back down, clinging to the top rope to save himself.]

GM: They're gonna try it again! They back off... here they come!

[But Jacobs is ready, steaming off the ropes and CONNECTING with a giant double clothesline that wipes out both Bryant and Vasquez. The blow takes a lot of effort, causing Jacobs to sink to his knees after delivering it.]

GM: Wow! What a clothesline by Jacobs! Brad Jacobs looked like he was on his way out of the ring but he somehow managed to hang on right there and ended up putting down Dave Bryant and Juan Vasquez as a result!

[Swooping in like a buzzard, Johnny Detson pulls the downed Vasquez up off the mat by the hair, turning towards the ropes with him...

...but finds Hannibal Carver standing in his path, hands on his hips, staring dead in the eyes of Detson!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Get out of there, Johnny!

[Detson throws Vasquez at Carver but Carver shoves Vasquez aside, moving swiftly after Detson, grabbing him by the trunks and yanking him into a full nelson that he uses to lift Detson up...

...and sit out, driving Detson's tailbone into the canvas!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Carver finally got his hands on Detson and he's trying to make him pay for it!

[With Detson seated on the mat, Carver winds up and blasts him in the back of the head with forearm smash after forearm smash!]

GM: He's beating the heck out of Detson!

[Across the ring, Demetrius Lake has Jack Lynch leaning back over the top rope, laying in heavy forearm smashes to the chest, trying to get the Texan over the ropes to the floor...]

GM: Look at this! Lake's almost got Jack Lynch out of there!

[But Lynch fires back, landing a closed fist on the nose of Lake, sending him staggering across the ring.]

GM: Jack Lynch battles out of it...

[Lynch steps out to the middle of the ring in pursuit of Demetrius Lake but runs into Brad Jacobs who has just gotten up and who lashes out with a right hand to the jaw of the Texan!]

GM: Big right hand by Jacobs!

[The blow connects solidly, sending Lynch falling back into the ropes.]

GM: Jack Lynch has been in this match for over forty minutes now, fans. He's gotta be running low on steam.

BW: Being in a regular match that long is tiring. Being in a match like this for that long is exhausting. It's a constant fight... a constant battle with different opponents and never quite knowing where your next fight is coming from.

[And while Lynch tussles with Jacobs against the ropes, Dave Bryant has Demetrius Lake reeling against the opposite ropes, laying in chop after chop to the King of Wrestling!]

GM: So many interesting combinations in this one. Who wouldn't like to see Dave Bryant and Demetrius Lake collide in one-on-one action? That may not be in the cards tonight but this is the next best thing as they're just laying in shots on one another inside this Rumble, trying to be the last man standing of the eight remaining.

[Bryant gets spun around, his back pressed into the ropes by the larger man as Lake wraps his hands around the throat, pushing Bryant back into the ropes as he tries to toss him out...

...when suddenly, Jack Lynch abandons his efforts to toss Brad Jacobs, lumbering across the ring, showing signs of fatigue...]

GM: Lynch from behind!

BW: NO!

[...and throws the unsuspecting Demetrius Lake over the top rope, sending him bouncing off the floor to a HUGE reaction from the Texas crowd!]

GM: LYNCH ELIMINATES LAKE!

BW: FROM BEHIND! THAT NO-GOOD, BACKJUMPIN' STENCH!

[Jack staggers back to the middle of the ring, throwing an arm up to the cheering crowd as he slumps down to a knee. Dave Bryant pulls himself back to a standing position...

...when Brad Jacobs comes charging at him, arm outstretched!]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[But Bryant ducks down, pulling the top rope down with him!]

GM: JACOBS IS GONE! JACOBS IS GONE!

BW: Back to back eliminations and just like that, we're down to six men, Gordo! Six men remain battling it out to be the challenger at SuperClash VI!

[The former World Champion isn't done though, seeing his chance to eliminate a weary Jack Lynch. He pulls the Texan off his knees by the hair, steadying him in the center of the ring...]

GM: Bryant to the rop- OHHH!

[The crowd echoes Gordon's cry as Brad Jacobs reaches up, yanking down the top rope, and sending the former two-time World Champion tumbling down to the floor!]

GM: BRYANT'S GONE! Brad Jacobs just blatantly interfered after being eliminated from this match and he just caused Dave Bryant to be eliminated!

BW: We're down to five! Five men left - Lynch, Johnny Detson, Ryan Martinez, Hannibal Carver, and Juan Vasquez - to battle it out for the win in the 2014 Rumble!

GM: What a battle this has been! A grueling battle for the competitors involved and of the men remaining in this thing, we've got Jack Lynch who entered at #10 and Juan Vasquez who came in at #30 as the bookends.

[Out on the floor, Brad Jacobs is barking insults at Dave Bryant who gets to his feet with the aid of AWA officials at ringside...

...and throws himself at Jacobs, tackling the former tag team champion down to the floor where a brawl breaks out!]

GM: We've got a fight on the floor! We've got Bryant and Jacobs tearing into one another out on the floor!

[The AWA referees stationed at ringside quickly make their way over in an attempt to break up the brawl...

...which allows Demetrius Lake to slide back into the ring, very clearly carrying a steel chair!]

GM: Lake's got a-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[He BLASTS Jack Lynch across the back with the chair, sending the Texan pitching forward towards the ropes...

...where he charges him with the chair in hand, smashing him in the face with it and sending the Texan toppling out to the floor as well!]

GM: OH, COME ON!!

[Lake throws the chair down, shouting insults over the ropes at the Texan before stepping out on the ramp and making his exit.]

GM: Demetrius Lake got back in the ring after the bell and used a steel chair on Jack Lynch! He just caused Jack Lynch to be eliminated after Lynch battled for over forty minutes to get to the final five in this match!

BW: And that means we're down to the Final Four, Gordo.

GM: Johnny Detson, Ryan Martinez, Hannibal Carver, and Juan Vasquez remain in this match with the winner moving on to SuperClash VI to challenge for the World Heavyweight Title!

[The camera again pulls out, showing the four men who have all separated now, eyeing one another to see who is going to make the first move in this final showdown...]

GM: There you see them, fans. The four men remaining in the 2014 Rumble and... uh oh.

[The crowd's excitement grows as they quickly realize that the eyes of three of those men are now focused on the other man. The three being Martinez, Carver, and Vasquez... the one being Johnny Detson.]

GM: Detson may be in trouble, fans!

BW: Wait a second! This isn't fair! This isn't a handicap match!

GM: Johnny Detson has made plenty of enemies during his career and tonight, it may be coming back to haunt him.

[Detson has backed into a corner now, raising his hands and begging off. He's shaking his head as Juan Vasquez comes at him first, connecting with a running forearm smash.]

GM: Vasquez strikes hard!

[The Hall of Famer rains down forearms on Detson before switching to rib-cracking knees to the midsection, slowly chopping the former World Champion down to a seated position on the canvas. Vasquez backs off, clearing a path between Martinez and Carver..]

...and charges back in, DRIVING his knee into the face of a seated Detson!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Vasquez bounces away, giving a shout as Ryan Martinez stalks in after him, yanking Detson off the mat and slinging his arms over the top rope, keeping him standing...]

GM: Oh yeah! You know what's coming now!

[Martinez looks out at the roaring AWA faithful, 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 fan's 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 goes to pull Detson out of the corner but Hannibal Carver stalks in, physically shoving Martinez aside to take his turn.]

BW: Would someone please show some damn mercy for Johnny Detson?!

GM: It's not gonna be this man, that's for sure!

[Carver winds up, blasting Detson with a chop of his own... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: He's tearing the skin off the chest of Detson!

[He switches his stance, clubbing forearms down on the head and neck of the former World Champion, beating him straight down into a seated position on the canvas before he switches to stomps!]

GM: Johnny Detson's being beaten to a pulp by these three men!

[Carver stomps him flat on the canvas before stepping up to the second rope, giving a shout to the fans...

...and leaps off, DRIVING a pair of knees down into the chest of Detson!]

GM: OHHH! THE BOSTON BEATDOWN ON JOHNNY DETSON!

[Carver pushes up off the mat, turning away from the corner as Vasquez pulls a limp Detson off the mat, grabbing a handful of hair, rushing towards the ropes with him...]

GM: HE THROWS DETSON OV-

[The crowd gasps as Detson manages to hook the ropes, one foot skimming off the floor but the other dangling safely above it.]

BW: Just one foot touched! He's still in this thing!

[Detson pulls himself up on the apron, clinging lifelessly to the top rope, trying to keep himself from being eliminated as a determined Juan Vasquez takes aim at him, grabbing a handful of hair!]

GM: Headbutt! Vasquez has got one of the hardest heads in the industry!

BW: We've seen him trade headbutts with men like Raphael Rhodes and MAMMOTH Mizusawa and walk away from it!

GM: Detson's desperately hanging on! He can see his visions of a SuperClash Main Event slipping away from him!

[Martinez moves to go help Vasquez...

...but gets grabbed from behind by Carver who swings him around, hooking him for a T-Bone suplex...]

GM: OHHH! SUPLEX INTO THE CORNER!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Carver climbs to his feet, looking out on the crowd who is showering him with a mixture of cheers and boos for the suplex. With a shrug, he starts stomping Martinez into the canvas...]

GM: Carver's stomping the hell out of the AWA's White Knight, the man who led our team to victory in Cibernetico!

BW: You think Carver gives a damn about that? He's had it out for Martinez for months now and now he's getting his chance to do something about it!

[A half dozen more stomps land, leaving Martinez barely moving on the canvas as Carver spins around, looking across the ring where Juan Vasquez is busy trying to knock Johnny Detson off the apron...

...and Carver strikes!]



GM: Carver is going to help send Detson to the floor and-

[The crowd GROANS as Carver goes into a spin and BLASTS Juan Vasquez in the back of the head with the Mind Eraser!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow slumps Vasquez forward and makes it easy for Carver to lean down, lifting him up and dumping him to the floor!]

GM: Good grief! Juan Vasquez has been eliminated by Hannibal Carver!

BW: We're down to the three!

[The attack on Vasquez allowed Detson to roll through the ropes back into the ring where a furious Carver pulls him up, battering him back against the turnbuckles with right hands. He grabs an arm, whipping Detson across so hard that Detson collapses upon hitting the turnbuckles.]

GM: Carver's a machine in there right now, driven by his frustration and anger over what happened to Eric Preston at the Battle Of Los Angeles.

[Carver kneels down on a prone Detson, viciously pounding his skull with a clenched fist.]

GM: Man alive, those shots are brutal!

[After about a dozen punches to the head, Carver peels Detson up off the canvas, shoving him back into the ropes...

...and picks up the steel chair left behind by Demetrius Lake.]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: You do NOT want Hannibal Carver inside that ring with a steel chair!

[The crowd is buzzing as Carver grabs the chair by the legs, whacking it into the canvas a few times to warm up...

...and then pulls it back over his head, taking aim at the skull of the former World Champion as he stalks across the ring towards him!]

GM: HE'S GONNA DO TO DETSON WHAT DETSON DID TO PRESTON!

[But before Carver can club Detson over the head with a concussion-causing blow, Ryan Martinez comes tearing out of the corner, throwing himself at Carver...]

GM: SPEAR!! SPEAR ON CARVER!!

[Martinez flings the chair aside, taking the mount on Carver and pounding him with fiery right hands to the head!]

GM: Martinez on Carver! Martinez on Carver!

[With the chair on the mat, Johnny Detson staggers across to retrieve it, lifting it over his head as he stumbles towards Ryan Martinez...

...who wheels around, catching him with a right hand in the midsection!]

GM: Martinez goes downstairs on Detson! Those two were numbers sixteen and seventeen in this match so they've been in there for almost a half hour now, battling it out to try and win a spot in the SuperClash Main Event!

BW: They came in at sixteen and seventeen... now they're down to the final three! One of these three men will meet Supreme Wright in the Main Event of SuperClash VI for the World Heavyweight Title.

GM: And the other two will have to dream about what might have been!

[Martinez again kicks the chair aside, pulling Detson into a front facelock, slinging his arm over his neck...]

GM: He's going for the Brainbuster! Martinez is going for the Brainbuster on Johnny Detson in the middle of the ring!

[He takes a few moments to prepare himself, sucking wind into his weary body...

...and LIFTS!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM-

BW: CARVER!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The steel chair SMASHES into the back of Martinez, forcing him to set Detson back down on the mat...

...which allows Detson to grab a handful of trunks, HURLING Martinez over the top rope!]

GM: MARTINEZ IS GONE! MARTINEZ IS GONE!!

[But just like Detson before him, Martinez manages to grab the top rope with both hands...

...and uses his upper body strength to pull himself back over the ropes onto his feet inside the ring!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: HOW DID HE DO THAT?!

[A shocked Detson charges at him from across the ring...

...and Martinez sidesteps, HURLING Detson over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the floor!]

GM: DETSON IS ELIMINATED!

[Carver, still holding the chair, rushes at Martinez from the blind side...

...but Martinez ducks down, backdropping Carver over the ropes!]

GM: Carver- OVER! NO! HE HANGS ON AS WELL!

[Carver flings the chair down, reaching over the ropes to grab Martinez by the hair, pulling him towards the ropes. He delivers a hellacious headbutt, tugging the White Knight into a front facelock...]

GM: Carver's gonna suplex Martinez to the floor! We're down to the final two!

[But as Carver lifts him, Martinez struggles and flails about, battling back down to his feet. He slips out, drilling Carver with a forearm shot to the jaw. Carver hangs on to the top rope, using it to propel himself forward to land a forearm of his own!]

GM: I'm not sure Martinez wants to trade blows with Hannibal Carver!

[Carver grabs Martinez by the hair, charging towards the corner with him...

...but Martinez lifts the leg, putting his foot on the turnbuckle to block the head slam. The counter allows him to grab Carver by the head...]

GM: OHHH! MARTINEZ PUTS HIM HEADFIRST INTO THE POST!!

[With Carver dazed, Martinez breaks into a dash, hitting the far ropes, springing back...]

BW: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUZAAAAAAA!

[But Carver ducks down, avoiding the head kick...

...and then uses the middle rope to swing himself into a shoulder drive to the midsection, causing Martinez to stumble back, giving Carver enough space to step back into the ring.]

GM: We're down to these two men - Hannibal Carver and Ryan Martinez - battling it out to see who will go on to SuperClash VI to challenge for the World Heavyweight Title!

[Carver grabs Martinez by the hair from behind, pulling him straight up...

...and SLAMMING his forearm into the back of the head repeatedly, landing a half dozen blows before letting go, allowing Martinez to stagger across the ring, falling chestfirst into the ropes.]

GM: Martinez is in trouble now. Carver's got him on Dream Street and he's looking to finish him off with that Mind Eraser!

[The Boston Brawler measures his man, slapping his forearm into his open palm a few times as he tries to get in the right position...

...and then goes into a full spin, winding up with the right arm!]

GM: MIND ERASER!

[But Martinez ducks it, sending Carver sailing past him...

...which allows Martinez to duck down, lifting Carver up into an electric chair!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[Martinez staggers out away from the ropes, looking to drive Carver back with the Knight's End...

...but Carver has other ideas, driving the point of his elbow down repeatedly between the eyes!]

BW: Those 12 to 6 elbows are illegal in the world of MMA but legal as can be here in the AWA, daddy!

[Martinez' eyes glaze over at the repeated elbow strikes to the head as his knees start to buckle beneath him...]

GM: Martinez is trying to stay on his feet as Carver lands elbow after elbow after elbow!

[The White Knight stumbles back, falling faster as he loses his balance...

...and falls right back into the ropes, tumbling over the top with Carver up on his shoulders!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Martinez has the presence of mind to let go, grabbing onto the rope as Carver plummets off his shoulders...

...and CRASHES down on the floor as Martinez is left dangling from the ropes, his feet just barely off the concrete!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[At the sound of the bell, Martinez lets go, falling down in a heap on the floor as the crowd ROARS in celebration!]

PW: Here is your winner of the 2014 Rumble...

RYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAN MAAAAAAARRRRRTIIIIIIINEZZZZZZ!

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers once again as a weary Martinez slumps back against the ring apron. A pair of AWA officials make their way over to him, checking his condition.]

GM: He entered the ring at number seventeen and lasted over a half hour to win this, the 2014 Rumble! Ryan Martinez, the AWA's White Knight, conquered the Wise Men at the Battle Of Los Angeles... and in just over two months' time, he'll now go to SuperClash VI where he will attempt to conquer Supreme Wright and become the World Heavyweight Champion! What a year for this young man, Bucky!

BW: He's done it... but now he's gotta live with the fact that he's done it... and from what we saw earlier tonight, Supreme Wright is ready for Ryan Martinez. That man does not like to lose and in the Cibernetico, he lost to Ryan Martinez. He was pinned by Ryan Martinez. And if that happens at SuperClash VI, we're going to have a brand new World Champion, daddy!

GM: Martinez being helped back into the ring by the referees... he's barely able to stand at this point, celebrating his big win. These fans here in Dallas are overjoyed. The first AWA show they've gotten to see live since back in May and what a show it has been, fans! We're way past out of time. As always, we'd like to thank WKIK for letting us go as long as necessary to bring you all the great action. For Mark Stegglet, Colt Patterson, and Bucky Wilde, I'm Gordon My-

BW: Not yet, Gordo! Check this out!

[The cheers for Martinez turn to a mixture of jeers and concern for the young lion as the curtain parts one more time on this Homecoming night, leading to a stream of Team Supreme members walking into view...

...and then forming a makeshift aisle for the champion of the World who strides into view, lightly tapping the title belt around his waist.]

GM: THE CHAMP... IS... HERE!

[The World Heavyweight Champion walks with purpose down the ramp, not hesitating as he reaches the ropes to step right through them, striding right up to Martinez who is in the center of the ring barely able to stand...

...and stares dead in the eyes of the man who he will be facing in the middle of the most famous arena in all of sports, Madison Square Garden.]

GM: This is a showdown, fans! This is a sneak preview of what you're going to see LIVE on Pay Per View in just over two months' time!

[Wright slowly lifts the World Title belt as both men's gazes drift from one another, locking on the glittering golden title belt.]

GM: We've gotta go! We'll see you next time... at the matches!

[And as we hold on the two men staring at the greatest prize in all of professional wrestling...

...we fade to black.

For a few moments, the black screen remains before slowly fading back up to reveal Todd Michaelson sitting behind a desk. Across from him sits the Collector of Oddities and now-former AWA President, Percy Childes. Childes throws a glance at the camera.]

TM: It's rolling live... just like you asked for.

[Childes nods as Todd pulls a stack of documents into view.]

TM: This is the contract buyout that AWA legal and your lawyers have negotiated. Will you stipulate on camera that it is?

[Percy fans through the documents, obviously looking for certain items. He looks up with a nod.]

PC: It appears to be in order.

[Todd nods.]

TM: And you sit here with the understanding that once you sign it, your AWA days are over?

[Percy nods.]

TM: Say it.

[A slight grin crosses Childes' face as he stares at the determined AWA owner.]

PC: I agree that once this document has been signed, my contract has been bought out and I no longer am a contracted talent nor an employee of any sort for the American Wrestling Alliance. Satisfied?

[Todd nods. He slides a pen across the table to the former President. Percy lifts the pen, staring into Michaelson's eyes.]

TM: What are you waiting for? Sign the damn thing.

[Percy's eyes flash for an instant before he settles into a smile.]

PC: Patience, Todd. Patience. All good things come to those who wait. This document...

[Percy gestures at the stack of papers.]

PC: This has everything we agreed on?

[Michaelson looks at him coldly.]

TM: It does.

[Childes still sits with the pen inches above the paper.]

PC: Everything?

[Michaelson glares at the former manager of the Unholy Alliance. He lets loose the slightest of sighs before responding.]

TM: Everything.

[Percy's smile grows ever so slightly as he nods, lowering the pen down to the paper, signing it. Michaelson stares at the hand until the signature is complete. He takes the paper back, studying it as Childes holds up the pen.]

PC: A souvenir for my years in Dallas?

[Michaelson gives a dismissive gesture as he stacks the papers up. Percy nods again, tucking the pen into his jacket pocket. He rises to his feet, crystal-topped cane in his left hand. He grips it tightly, his knuckles turning white as he lifts it...

...and gestures it in Michaelson's direction.]

PC: Farewell, Mr. Michaelson.

[Todd rises out of his seat, staring at the Collector of Oddities without a word. Percy simply shrugs, smiling again as he turns to make his exit. The camera holds on Percy's smiling face as he walks out the door, shutting it behind him and leaving Todd Michaelson all alone in the room...

...as we fade to black.]