

BITTLE OF LOS ANGELES



Monday, September 1st, 2014
The Fabulous Forum
Los Angeles, California

[We fade up on a white screen. There's an ominous tone playing - not music mind you, just one deep, booming note that fills you with dread. A voiceover begins.]

"Power."

[The white screen fades to a three-way split of Percy Childes, Larry Doyle, and Sandra Hayes as "One Day" by Hans Zimmer begins to play.]

"Power is always dangerous. Power attracts the worst and corrupts the best."

[The trio fades to footage of Ryan Martinez facing Mr. Sadisuto... then Tony Sunn... then Johnny Detson on that fateful night in Phoenix.]

"Power doesn't corrupt people, people corrupt power."

[Then to a shot of Marty Meekly counting a victory for the Lights Out Express, putting the World Tag Team Titles around their waist.]

"The way to have power is to take it."

[A montage of bodies sprawled upon the hoods of automobiles, the windshield glass shattered in a spiderweb fashion around their faces.]

"People who are in power make their arrangements in secret, largely as a way of maintaining and furthering that power."

[Supreme Wright slams the Tower Of Doom cage door shut on the skull of a bloodied Eric Preston, cementing his alliance with the Wise Men.]

"Power is dangerous unless you have humility."

[The arrogant Wise Men celebrate the crowning of Percy Childes as the AWA President.]

"For the forces of darkness, power is the ultimate achievement - the ultimate goal. Individuals like these will strive at all costs... will shatter any rule... will step on any and all that line their path.

Their quest for power is all-consuming."

[The split-screen shot comes up again, slowly fading to black and white as it slowly starts to shake.]

"But the hold on power can be fleeting. Because where power is abused with overwhelming force, there are those who will always find a way to fight back."

[Dave Bryant flips Marty Meekly over into the Iron Crab.]

"To struggle..."

[Bobby O'Connor and Jack Lynch trade blows with members of the Wise Men's Army.]

"To battle with the ferocity they did not know they even had..."

[Terry Shane swings a chair across the head of Demetrius Lake.]

"To put aside past differences... to bury ambitions in the quest for the common good..."

[Ben Waterson stands between Stevie Scott and Calisto Dufresne, reuniting the heart and soul of the Southern Syndicate... for at least one night.]

"To return from the darkness... to cast off fear and doubt..."

[A split-screen of Cletus Lee Bishop standing next to Chris Blue shares the shot with Louis Matsui, smirking into the shadows.]

"To go to war if necessary..."

[A series of a black and white shots of Eric Preston... of Hannibal Carver... of Marcus Broussard...]

"To avenge..."

[Silent footage of Todd Michaelson making his return to the AWA... and Supernova doing the same.]

"To become the man they were destined to be..."

[And finally, to Ryan Martinez.]

"Those who thrive on power must defend their grasp against those who suffer underneath it. It's a story as old as time itself."

[We fade to footage from the end of All-Star Showdown with the two teams doing battle.]

"It has led to battles."

[And then to the brawl inside the bar in Las Vegas.]

"It has led to wars."

[And finally to footage of the now-infamous "riot" in Phoenix.]

"And tonight, it leads to Los Angeles - the home of some of the greatest conflicts in the history of professional wrestling.

Tonight, it leads to the Battle Of Los Angeles.

[The riot footage fades to a black and white shot of the assembled Wise Men's Army squad.]

"Power."

[Then to a similar shot of the assembled Team AWA.]

"Survival."

[The two teams come together in a final split-screen shot.]

"In the ultimate conflict, only one can prevail."

[The images fade, the music likewise as we fade to black.

After a few moments of black, we fade back up to the exterior of the Forum in Inglewood, California. The freshly-repainted red building has fans by the thousands streaming through the front doors in a pre-taped shot, panning to a large marquee that reads "AWA - BATTLE OF LOS ANGELES TONIGHT!"

As "Los Angeles" by Beta Wolf plays over the shots, the voice of Gordon Myers breaks through.]

GM: Happy Labor Day to one and all! My name is Gordon Myers and tonight marks a momentous evening for the American Wrestling Alliance. In one match on this night, the fate and future of this company dangles in the balance!

[We fade to the interior of the building where the crowd is jammed into a seat every eighteen inches, screaming their heads off for the professional wrestling action about to come their way.]

GM: For the first time since SuperClash IV, the AWA has come to one of the capital cities for the world of professional wrestling - Los Angeles, California. This once was the home of the Empire Wrestling Council and if the Wise Men have their way, there may be a brand new empire formed right here tonight in the building once known as the Fabulous Forum! It's the Battle Of Los Angeles and it starts now!

[Another fade shows the red, white, and blue roped squared circle in the middle of the building. Black floor mats surround the ring as does a metal barricade keeping the fans back. The ringside fans are sitting in folding metal chairs but as we go further back, we find the permanent seating full as well.]

GM: There are over 15,000 fans here in Los Angeles for what promises to be a huge night for everyone involved with this company. Tonight, there are no titles on the line but yet the stakes have perhaps never been higher.

[We get a panning shot of the aisleway, the return of the elevated rampway leading from the locker room to the ring. A large Jumbotron hangs over the ring, currently flashing the Battle Of Los Angeles logo as the fans continue to cheer.

And now fade to ringside where Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde are standing. Gordon is the Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing and it shows in a charcoal grey suit with a white dress shirt and royal blue tie. Bucky sports a sunburst yellow suit jacket, "matching" orange pants, a dazzling white dress shirt, and a light-up tie that flashes #SCUMBAGTRAVIS down the length of it.]

GM: Bucky Wilde, this is it. This is the night that many of us have been waiting for since the first time the Wise Men were even mentioned and certainly since Percy Childes, Larry Doyle, and Sandra Hayes managed to secure the AWA President for one of their own.

BW: This is it for sure. One way or another, when this night is over, the AWA will never be the same. Either President Percy gets thrown from office and the whole company falls into despair or he gets locked in as the President for the next calendar year and ushers in a brand new era of prosperity for this company!

GM: Prosperity? You've gotta be kidding me. All the Wise Men have managed to accomplish since the elevation of Percy Childes to the role of AWA President is the out and out theft of every AWA championship, the banning of one of the sport's most legendary holds, and a series of wild brawls and riots everywhere we've gone!

BW: Who started those brawls? Who started those riots?

GM: I can't believe you'd even ask that, Bucky. But like we said, tonight is the night to settle this. The Cibernetico is coming here tonight as the Wise Men's Army takes on a collection of some of the most talented and dangerous competitors in this company's history. It's Team AWA versus the Wise Men here tonight with the future of this company hanging in the balance.

BW: But that ain't all we're gettin' tonight, Gordo. How do ya like the tie?

[Gordon looks at Bucky's light-up tie with disgust, shaking his head.]

BW: Available now at [#scumbagtravis.com](http://scumbagtravis.com).

GM: I'm sure it is. Travis Lynch will attempt to finally put this war with Sunshine to rest as he meets one of the most dangerous men in this business - Ebola Zaire - in a No Disqualification match.

BW: When Zaire met Old Man Lynch, he nearly bled him dry, Gordo, and as much as I hate to say it, Travis ain't nowhere as tough as his old man was. Travis Lynch fans better huddle up and cry themselves to sleep right now so they don't have to see the nightmare still to come.

GM: We've got tag team action by the handful as we'll see a match from Japan for the Global Tag Crown titles with the 2014 Stampede Cup winners, Violence Unlimited, defend their newly-won titles against former AWA World Tag Team Champions, Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds! We'll also see a #1 Contender's match when Strictly Business meets Air Strike in a grudge match.

BW: The new World Television Champion, Tony Sunn, is gonna meet that lunatic Shadoe Rage in a non-title match... and big Cain Jackson is gonna big boot Robert Donovan's empty noggin into the seventeenth row, daddy!

GM: We've got all of that plus much, much more and to kick things off, we're heading right up to the ring for our opening contest with the Northern Lights taking on the Samoan Hit Squad!

[We crossfade to the ring where Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet are already standing. Choynet is high jumping, keeping his legs loose as Rousseau tugs at the top rope to stretch. Phil Watson starts it off.]

PW: Tonight's opening matchup is a tag team contest set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... at a total combined weight of 448 pounds... Rene Rousseau... Chris Choynet...

THE NORRRRTHERRRN LIIIIIIIIIIIGHTS!

[Cheers go up from the Los Angeles crowd for the fan favorite duo who pump their fists, waving to the cheering fans.]

GM: Earlier tonight, we caught up with the Northern Lights to get their comments on this matchup. Let's take a look!

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT." The setting is backstage where two young men stand flanking Mark Stegklet. Clad in white satin ring entrance jackets (with "NORTHERN LIGHTS" stitched on the back in blue, and the Quebec and Maine flags intercrossed on a patch on the right chest), white trunks, blue knee pads, and white boots with blue trim and a Quebec-Maine "crossing flag" logo, Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet are a bundle of energy. They hop, stretch, limber up, and appear to be very excited to get started tonight. Rousseau has a mid-length black mullet, blue wristbands, and the faintest bit of stubble. Choynet has brown hair in a short ponytail, blue full forearm supports, and a more focused expression. Both have the classic good looks that draw cheers from the ladies in the crowd.]

MS: With me at this time, the Northern Lights. Gentlemen, we are mere moments from your matchup with the Samoan Hit Squad. There are those who say that you're crazy for trying to challenge these two violent, destructive men. You have to admit... you're big underdogs tonight.

[Both Rousseau and Choynet take exception to this, and their expressions darken. Choynet answers about as curtly as one can.]

CC: Why?

[This reflection seems to take Stegklet off guard, and he stammers a bit as he tries to defend his question.]

MS: Er...ah, the Samoan Hit Squad has injured a number of competitors along their path with their savage style...

RR: And that's why you say we're underdogs?! Because we win matches without having to resort to that?! Listen, Mark Stegklet. We know that the Samoan Hit Squad are rough, tough, crazy, and bad. But the Northern Lights have wrestled all over the world by now. And we take a back seat to nobody! Tell them, Chris.

CC: Oh, sure, Scola and Manu have padded their record against some guys who are smaller than them. Against guys who don't have the experience they have. Against guys who can't take what they dish out. But two weeks ago, we saw what happens when they step into the deep end of the pool. They fought against Tex-Mo until they got disqualified. No discipline. No direction. No sweat! The Samoans are lacking in the most fundamental part of wrestling... that word on the marquee.

RR: Wrestling! If you ask me, the Samoans are the underdogs! We're not going to curl up into a ball and roll away just because it gets a little rough out there. We're going to stay the course and do it our way! The right way!

CC: Rene and myself are prepared to do what it takes. We know that it'll hurt, we know that it'll get nasty, and we know that it'll get bloody. But we came here to hurt, to scrap, and yes, to bleed. But above all of that... to win. The name of the game is professional wrestling, Samoans.

RR: And we simply do it better than you. Let's go, Chris!

[The duo strides out of view as we fade back to a shot of the ring where Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet have just seen themselves on the arena's big screen and are nodding approvingly.]

GM: Tough talk by the Northern Lights, who will not be intimidated tonight!

BW: I guess I'm torn. Anybody who wants to be somebody in the sport has to have that attitude. But tonight, it's gonna get these guys killed. Maybe literally.

GM: The fact remains that the winners of this matchup have to be considered in the discussion for a tag team title shot. The Northern Lights and the Samoan Hit Squad both have outstanding win-loss records. In fact, the Samoans have not lost since returning to the AWA under the tutelage of William Payne. They fought Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor to a standstill on All-Star Showdown, Bucky, but tonight they have to face a tag team with much more experience as a unit... and perhaps more to the point, a team who will not play to the Samoans' strengths.

BW: True. But the opposite is true, too. The Northern Lights have been Quebec Tag Team Champions, and they're lookin' to win gold in Minnesota, too. They're stretched out WAY too thin. And going against two beasts who won't play mat wrestling with them might not be as much to their advantage as they think. They got ambition and confidence, sure... but so did the people behind the Titanic.

GM: We shall see about that, Bucky... right about now.

[On that note, the music of the Northern Lights is replaced by the first tubular bells from the theme of "The Exorcist" ring over the speaker system, bringing a loud reaction from the crowd.]

PW: And their opponents... from the Isle of Samoa... weighing in at 545 pounds... they are led to the ring by their manager, William Payne... they are Scola and Mafu...

THE SAAAAAAAAMOOAAAAAAN HIT SQUAAAAAAAAD!

[William Payne comes through the curtain first, shouting threats down the aisle at the opposition...]

...and then smirks widely as stomping from the back come the Samoan Hit Squad. Manu and Scola don't stop as they make their appearance, railroading all the way down the elevated entrance ramp towards the ring. Barefoot and clad in solid black pants, the tattooed Samoans roar with tongues out, clawing the air and threatening immediate violence. Their pull at their long hair, snarling gutturally as they finally enter the ring...

...and get a pair of dropkicks thrown at their torsos, sending them falling back through the ropes onto the wooden ramp!]

GM: Ohh! That's one way to get things started!

[Referee Ricky Longfellow signals for the bell to officially start the match as Chris Choynet steps up on the second rope, giving an excited whoop as William Payne

shouts at his charges to get up off the ramp. Rousseau calls him down, gesturing towards the ropes...]

GM: Rousseau to the ropes, coming back strong...

[Choisnet ducks down, using a modified backdrop that uses his shoulder more than his back, throwing his own partner over the ropes into a plancha onto the rising Samoans, toppling them again to a second big reaction!]

GM: The Northern Lights take 'em down!

BW: This might be the only way that Rousseau and Schwanny stand a chance against the Samoans - attack before the bell and never let them up to fight back.

[Rousseau pulls Mafu off the mat, chucking him through the ropes to a waiting Choisnet who pushes the Samoan back into the corner, throwing a pair of knees into the midsection as he waits for his partner to get back in.]

GM: Both Northern Lights back into the ring... double whip coming up...

[Mafu slams into the buckles as Rousseau grabs Choisnet by the arm, whipping him across the ring...

...where the Portland, Maine native connects with a running dropkick on the chin!]

GM: Ohh! He connects with the dropkick in the corner!

[Rousseau barrels across the ring, leaping up to connect with a flying clothesline, his legs sailing between the ropes, allowing him to drop out onto the apron as Mafu staggers out...

...and gets taken up and over with a Choisnet hiptoss!]

GM: Choisnet takes him down and-

[With a roar, Scola comes tearing across the ring, connecting with a running clothesline that flattens the fan favorite!]

GM: Ohh! Scola from the blind side!

[Rene Rousseau complains as the official pushes him back into his corner. Mafu rolls to the floor as Scola takes over on Chris Choisnet, dragging him up and then knocking him right back down with a clubbing forearm between the shoulderblades.]

GM: Scola takes him down again!

[A few hard kicks to the ribs has Choisnet rolling out on the apron as Scola stalks him across the ring. William Payne is nearby, shouting instructions to Scola as the big man reaches through the ropes, pulling Choisnet up...

...but Choisnet explodes with a kneelift on the doubled-up Scola!]

GM: Choisnet with the big knee rattles Scola!

[Choisnet slingshots over the ropes, catching Scola with a crossbody...

...that the powerful Scola snatches out of the sky, stalking away from the ropes, and DRIVING him down across a bent knee!]

GM: Good grief! What a show of power out of Scola!

BW: That guy is half man, half beast, all devastating!

[Scola lifts Choynet up, turning to show him to the opposite side of the Fabulous Forum...

...and DRIVES him down a second time!]

GM: A pair of backbreakers out of Scola and that'll put the Northern Lights in a bit of trouble here early on in this one.

[Scola stalks around the downed Choynet, waving a muscular arm, ordering him to get up as William Payne taunts the Maine native from the floor.]

GM: William Payne is never short for words as he shouts at Chris Choynet.

BW: He's really got these Samoans on a hot streak as of late, Gordo. A win here tonight could put them in that World Tag Team Title picture and a potential matchup with the Lights Out Express.

GM: Choynet crawling over to the ropes, trying to get back to his feet...

[As he does, Scola slams a double axehandle down across the back, putting him down on all fours where a second hammer blow flattens him on the mat. He reaches down with one hand, grabbing him by the ankle, hauling him to the corner.]

GM: The tag is made... in comes Mafu...

[Scola pulls Choynet up by the hair, holding him steady as Mafu buries a back kick into the ribcage.]

GM: Hard thrust kick to the ribs right there...

[Mafu follows it up with a Mongolian chop, striking both sides of the neck and forcing Choynet down to his knees.]

GM: Big chop puts him down!

[Mafu sneers, barking like a wild dog before backing off to throw a second thrust kick, this one to the sternum, knocking him down on the mat... and promptly tags Scola.]

GM: The Samoans make the exchange...

[Not quite as Scola yanks him up, each grabbing an arm to send Choynet across the ring, ducking down to LAUNCH him skyward with a double backdrop, bouncing Choynet off the canvas!]

GM: Impactful doubleteam by the Samoans!

[Mafu vacates as Scola measures the downed Choynet, watching as he tries to crawl towards the corner where Rene Rousseau is standing, shouting at his partner with his arm outstretched...]

GM: Choynet needs to make the tag!

BW: He sure does. The Samoans are cleaning his clock right about now and Rene Rousseau may not fair any better even if he gets in there, Gordo.

GM: We may be about to find out- ohh! Big elbowdrop to the back of Choynet's head... that'll cut off any tag attempt.

[Scola climbs up, throwing a right hand to the head of Rene Rousseau, knocking him off the apron as he pulls Choynet up by the back of the trunks. He hooks him for a bodyslam but puts too much "oomph" behind it, allowing Choynet to slip out, landing on his feet behind Scola...]

GM: This might be his chance! He's got an opening!

[Scola spins around, swinging his head in for a headbutt but Choynet catches him coming in, landing a big European uppercut to the chest that staggers Scola.]

GM: Choynet with the uppercut and-

[He secures a rear waistlock, swinging Scola to the side, throwing him down to the mat with a takedown!]

GM: He gets the takedown and-

[Choynet quickly ties up the legs of Scola, grabbing the arms and rocking back into a surfboard!]

GM: OHHH! Look at that! This might be-

[Mafu's not wasting any time in stepping in, jamming his bare heel into the ribs of Choynet to break the hold. The crowd jeers...

...until Rene Rousseau rushes in, blasting Mafu with a flying forearm that knocks the wild Samoan through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Rousseau sends Mafu to the floor!

[He swings around as Scola is getting to his feet, peppering him with short forearms to the jaw. The referee is shouting for Rousseau to exit the ring as he backs Scola into the ropes. Choynet moves to join him, going for a double whip...]

GM: The Northern Lights shoot him across!

[Rousseau and Choynet lift Scola up into the air on the rebound, falling back into a flapjack!]

GM: SCOLA GOES FACEFIRST TO THE CANVAS!

[The referee pushes Rousseau out of the ring as Choynet rolls Scola onto his back, diving into a lateral press.]

GM: He's got him covered but the official is tied up getting Rousseau out of the ring!

BW: Hah! What a bonehead play by Rousseau and he's leaving Schwaneeee hung out to dry!

[Choynet angrily slaps the mat three times, shouting at the official who finally spins around, diving to all fours.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Scola kicks out easily, breaking the pin. Choisnet shakes his head, pounding a fist into the mat as he looks to the corner where Rene Rousseau is waiting, arm outstretched...]

GM: And again, Chris Choisnet looks to make the tag!

[Choisnet is crawling on his knees, heading towards his Canadian partner who is waiting for the tag.]

GM: Can he get there? Can Choisnet make the tag in time?

[The fans are roaring for the Portland, Maine native as he draws closer and closer to his partner's outstretched hand...

...when a big boot to the back of the head from Scola cuts him off, knocking him right back down to the mat to jeers.]

GM: Scola cuts him off!

BW: In emphatic fashion no less. Scola wanted no part of that tag being made. That's good tag team wrestling, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is. Cutting the ring in half, keeping the tired man in... very much key to successful tag team wrestling. And if they can keep doing that tonight, that may be all she wrote for the Northern Lights.

[Scola pauses, taunting Rousseau who wisely keeps his spot on the apron despite being fuming mad at the Samoan.]

GM: Man, Rousseau wants to get in there and throw some bombs at Scola. He's showing tremendous restraint right about now.

[The big Samoan leans down, looking to pull Choisnet up...

...and gets caught with a right hand to his abdomen!]

GM: Big right hand downstairs by Choisnet!

[Choisnet throws a second, doubling up Scola before climbing to his feet, grabbing Scola and dragging him towards the neutral corner where he SLAMS Scola's head into the top turnbuckle.]

BW: Hah! You don't do that to a Samoan, daddy!

[Scola snaps his head back, glaring at Choisnet...

...and then proceeds to slam his OWN head into the top turnbuckle several times.]

BW: See, Gordo?!

GM: I see... and so did Chris Choisnet!

[The crowd cheers as Choisnet throws a dropkick to the back of Scola, sending him pitching forward to smash his head into the steel ringpost!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst into the post! That might be a different story, Bucky!

[The fans are roaring for Choisnet as Scola steps back, grabbing at his forehead as Choisnet front rolls...

...and LUNGES into a diving tag! HUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: THE TAG IS MADE! IN COMES RENE ROUSSEAU!

[Rousseau comes in hot, throwing a pair of haymakers to the slightly-dazed Scola's temple. He lifts him off the mat, dropping him down in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Atomic drop by the French-Canadian who hits the ropes...

[With a shout, he leaps up, snaring Scola's head and DRIVING him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: BULLDOG! HE PLANTS HIM!

[Rousseau flips Scola over, diving across in a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Mafu steps in, leaping up...

...and ends up driving his skull into his own prone partner as Rousseau rolls out of the way!]

GM: DIVING HEADBUTT HITS SCOLA!!

[Rousseau pops up, grabbing Mafu by the hair, flinging him through the ropes out onto the wooden entrance ramp. He turns back towards the prone Scola, marching towards him...]

GM: Rene Rousseau was trained by Quebec wrestling legend James Audiet, making his debut at the age of 16 in Quebec City. He's a very popular superstar up in Canada and is looking to translate some of that success into similar status here in the States. If they can knock off the Samoans, he might take a big step towards that, Bucky.

BW: You think the Northern Lights are future World Tag Team Champions?

GM: I believe they could be, absolutely.

[Rousseau grabs the dazed Scola, backing him to the corner where he leans over to drive shoulder after shoulder into the midsection before slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: Quick tag to Chris Choynet... that might be too soon after Choynet got out of there...

[Choynet steps in, joining his partner in driving a pair of boots into the gut of Scola. Both men lean in, tucking their heads under the armpits of the much-larger man, reaching around his waist...

...and taking him over with a double Northern Lights Suplex!]

GM: OHHHH! What a move by the Northern Lights!

BW: They couldn't hold the bridge though to go for the win because both of 'em are in there.

[Rousseau steps out as Choynet attempts a lateral press, only getting a two count before Scola powers out.]

GM: Another two count on Scola as the Northern Lights are giving the Samoans perhaps the toughest fight we've seen them go through since returning to the AWA.

[Choisnet climbs up, slapping Rousseau's hand.]

GM: Another quick tag...

[Both men grab the top rope, Choisnet inside the ring and Rousseau outside the ring as they wait for Scola to rise...

...and Choisnet tugs the rope, launching Rousseau into a flying shouldertackle that takes Scola down again!]

GM: Rousseau floors him and-

[Mafu comes rushing back in, catching a surprised Rousseau with a forearm to the back of the neck. Two quick overhead chops to the back of the neck puts him down on his knees as Choisnet starts to come in...

...and EATS a thrust kick to the chops, sending him sprawling out on the floor!]

GM: Down goes Choisnet off the thrust kick and the Northern Lights may be in trouble right here, fans!

[Mafu pulls Rousseau up, ignoring the official as he lights up the Canadian with chops in the corner, waiting for Scola to rise.]

GM: Both Samoans on the attack now... big double whip shakes the ring as Rousseau hits the corner!

[Rousseau stumbles out as Scola grabs Mafu by the arm, firing him across...]

GM: We've seen this before!

[Mafu rushes hard, leaping for a crossbody...

...but Rousseau uses the momentum to twist around, driving Mafu into the canvas with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! ROUSSEAU WITH THE COUNTER!

[A shocked Scola rushes in after his partner...

...and Rousseau sweeps the legs out, hooking them under his armpits to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE QUEBEC CRAB!

[That's William Payne's cue to get up on the apron, shouting at Rousseau who abandons the submission hold attempt to charge at Payne who drops back down, wagging a finger at the angry Canadian...]

GM: Rene Rousseau's shouting at Payne but he needs to keep his focus on-

[As he turns around, Scola is there to grab him under the armpits, launching him skyward...

...and snatching him out of the sky before driving him back with a Samoan Drop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That might do it!

[Scola flips over, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Chris Choynet breaks it up by dragging Scola under the ropes by the leg from out on the floor!]

GM: Choynet yanks him clear!

[Choynet throws a series of right hands at Scola who responds with a knee to the gut...

...and SLAMMING Choynet's head into the ring apron]

GM: Ohh! That'll take Choynet out of the picture for a bit!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Mafu comes rushing down the apron, throwing himself into a crossbody that wipes out the stunned Choynet!]

BW: And if it doesn't, THAT will, daddy!

GM: It certainly will! Chris Choynet's in some serious trouble after that for sure.

[Scola crawls back in, dragging Rousseau off the mat. Mafu soon joins him as they both grab Rousseau by the hair, winding their heads up...

...and DROP him with a double headbutt!]

GM: OHHH! Simply devastating!

[Scola grabs the legs, hauling him out to the middle of the ring as William Payne points the corner buckles, shouting at his tag team.]

GM: Payne's telling them to go for the kill!

[The Samoan Hit Squad looks to oblige, heading towards the corner. Scola falls back in the corner, turning to face the ring as Mafu steps out on the apron, pointing to the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Mafu's heading up top! Rousseau is down and Mafu's heading up top!

[Mafu is very confident, pausing to bark at the jeering fans as he makes his way to the second rope. Scola is nodding, pointing towards the downed Canadian as his partner places one foot on the top rope. He beats his chest, tearing out his hair before stepping up to the top...]

GM: Mafu's up top and-

[Suddenly, Chris Choynet drags himself up on the apron, rushing down the length of it...

...and throws a dropkick to the side of the leg, causing Mafu to stumble, crotching himself up top!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Scola turns around angrily towards Choisnet who uses the ropes to slingshot a shoulder tackle into the gut...

...and then straightens up, sending Scola over the ropes and down onto the wooden ramp!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACKDROP ON THE RAMP!!

[Choisnet slips in, helping his partner back to his feet. The Maine native frantically points to the corner. A dazed Rousseau nods as they head towards the corner in tandem. The fans are roaring in anticipation as Choisnet climbs the ropes, pulling Mafu into a front facelock...]

GM: What in the...?

BW: We've seen this before, Gordo!

GM: They're going for the Aurora Borealis on Mafu!

[Choisnet reaches down, hooking Mafu's leg as Rousseau steps up on the bottom rope, then to the second. He leans over, slipping his head between the legs of his partner as he lifts him into an electric chair...]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: Can they get him up?!

[Choisnet somehow muscles Mafu up, falling back as Rousseau does the same...

...and DRIVES him down with the "stacked" fisherman suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MAFU'S DOWN! MAFU'S DOWN!!

[Rousseau rolls over, applying a lateral press on the downed Samoan.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH- WHY ISN'T THE REFEREE COUNTING?!

BW: Mafu's not the legal man! Good call by Ricky Longfellow!

GM: I think you're right, Bucky. Scola was the legal man and... Chris Choisnet is complaining but he's being forced out. He's not the legal man either. He's not-

[Rousseau gets up off the mat, waving his arms in protest...

...and turns into a DEVASTATING flying clothesline off the top by Scola!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Scola plants his palms in the chest of Rousseau, sticking out his tongue as the referee wheels around, slapping the mat once... twice...]

GM: CHOISNET DIVES!

[...and a third time just before Chris Choisnet can break up the pin!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The Samoans win!

[William Payne gives off a triumphant shout as the music starts up again and Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winners...

THE SAAAAAAAAAAAMOAN HIT SQUAAAAAAAAAAD!

[Scola rolls out of the ring, dragging Mafu out with him. He holds his partner up, celebrating the victory with Payne as the trio backs down the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: A good win for the Samoans and like we said before, you have to believe this puts them into the World Tag Team Title picture, Bucky.

BW: I'd give an eye tooth to see the Samoans and the Lights Out Express. What a war that one would be.

GM: Absolutely. A hard-fought battle for the Northern Lights who come up just a little bit short in their attempts to win here tonight at the Battle Of Los Angeles. An exciting way to start off our show for sure but in the back of everyone's minds has got to be that Cibernetico Main Event, Bucky.

BW: Twenty-six of the best in the world battling it out with the very future of this company at stake. You don't want to miss that.

GM: That's for sure. You heard what most of those competitors had to say during our Preview Show earlier today but right now, let's catch up to someone we haven't heard from yet - the returning Supernova who is standing by with our own Mark Stegglet! Mark?

[We cut to backstage where we find Mark Stegglet standing next to Supernova. The AWA fan favorite is dressed in his wrestling attire, that being black wrestling tights with yellow flames up the sides, plus black wrestling boots. His face is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame.]

MS: Fans, it has been a long time since we have seen this man, Supernova, on an AWA broadcast. Supernova, the last time we saw you, you had your head put through a windshield, an act we now know was perpetrated by the Dogs of War, who are under the employ of the Wise Men. You will now enter the Cibernetico tonight as part of Team AWA... Supernova, the first question I have to ask you is, are you medically cleared to wrestle?

S: Mark, you ask that like there some reason to doubt that I'm gonna be ready for tonight's match! Now, don't get me wrong... it took a lot of months for me to recover, but I actually got medically cleared to wrestle back in July. I was ready to return then, so when I saw that Jim Watkins was hoping to become the AWA president again, I called him up and asked him about returning.

MS: Well, as you know, Watkins did not claim the AWA presidency... it instead went to Percy Childes.

S: Unfortunately, that is true. But that brings me to something that Jim told me at the time I called him up.

He told me that he appreciated the support, but not to get too anxious about coming back, and about him returning to head up the AWA, because as crazy as it may have sounded, he didn't want to believe that the AWA presidency was signed, sealed and delivered to him... and it wasn't because Stevie Scott was up for consideration. No, Jim had a feeling that Percy Chiles might be up to something, particularly because the third Wise Man hadn't been revealed yet. Most of all, Jim told me it wouldn't be a good idea for him to reveal what he had in mind, before finding out what Chiles was up to. So he told me that it was best to wait and find out all those details, before he started making his own announcements.

After Sandra Hayes made her play and the Wise Men's hand was revealed, I understood why Jim told me what he did. I also knew that I needed to make my return to the AWA when the time was right... and then when I heard Todd Michaelson's challenge to The Wise Men, his idea about the Cibernetico and that he was looking for people to step to the plate for the AWA, I knew I wanted to be on Michaelson's team!

Now, you take a look at some of the guys who Michaelson brought on board, I'm not gonna deny there's some people I'm not too sure about. Calisto Dufresne and I would never be called friends. Terry Shane III has a checkered history in the AWA. And I'm not certain if I can trust anybody who works on behalf of Louis Matsui. On the other hand, you have guys who I have teamed with before, but can be unpredictable in nature. I actually formed a great team with Stevie Scott one time, and Hannibal Carver proved he would stand by my side when he was needed. But you know as well as I do that those two march to the beat of their own drums... kind of like me, I guess you'd say.

[Slight laugh.]

S: Yet when Todd Michaelson issued his challenge, there was never a doubt in my mind that I wanted to be part of Team AWA! Because the AWA is my home... this is where I truly made my mark, where I truly established myself as one of the best in the business! And I owe a lot to guys like Michaelson, Jon Steggle and Bobby Taylor for giving me that chance!

MS: Well, that brings us back to the All-Star Showdown... it almost looked like you weren't going to have a spot on the team, until Michaelson's final choice, Morgan Dane, announced that he was instead going to fill the final spot on The Wise Men's team.

S: See, Mark, this goes back to what Jim Watkins was telling me... don't reveal too much until those who you are up against have revealed what they are up to. So when I showed up that night, I knew the best thing for me to do was wait... wait until we find out what Percy Chiles, Larry Doyle and Sandra Hayes were really up to. And once everyone found out the truth behind Morgan Dane, I knew the time was right to reveal my return!

And I can promise you this, Mark, that my return is only the beginning. Don't get me wrong... I want nothing more than a win tonight to ensure that Chiles' reign ends right now. Plus I've got a chance to get a lot of payback. Rick Marley and I still have unfinished business, and I could care less what issues he's got with Johnny Detson. In fact, Detson has a lot to answer for and I'm more than happy to make him. Let's not forget it was those Dogs of War... or the Lap Dogs of the Wise Men, as they really should be known.

MS: Supernova, you mentioned earlier that some of the team members Michaelson has recruited are people you aren't too sure about... is there anyone on this team that you do believe you can trust?

S: Sure, there are plenty of guys I can trust, Mark. I know enough about Jack Lynch that he feels the same way I do about this great company. I look at what Dave Bryant has done the past year and it's clear to me he values the AWA and doing the right thing. And I definitely have to tip my hat to Bobby O'Connor, who refuses to back down, no matter the odds! But the man I really have come to respect, as someone I am truly proud to stand by and call a friend... that's Ryan Martinez.

When I was recovering from that parking lot attack, I watched the AWA and everything that happened, and there I saw Ryan Martinez taking up the cause, standing up for this great promotion, the people who built it, the fans who support it, and every single wrestler who came here with the intent of making the AWA the best in the business, rather than just pursuing a personal agenda at everyone else's expense. So I have to give a lot of thanks to Ryan Martinez for taking up the cause and doing what's right... but I hope he will also understand why it is important to me not to reveal everything just yet, but to take it one step at a time.

Whenever he needs me, I will gladly stand by his side. I just want him to know that revealing too much at once, without knowing everything the enemy is planning, wouldn't be... well, wise.

[Slight laugh.]

S: And tonight, in the Cibernetico, I can promise The Wise Men and their cronies one thing...

[An intense look forms on his face.]

S: IT'S TIME TO FEEL THE HEAT!

[He cups his hands to his mouth and howls, before walking off camera.]

MS: There you have it... Supernova is back and ready to represent the AWA! Fans, don't go away 'cause we'll be right back after this commercial break!

[We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloops are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are half-heartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could _really_ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Rick Marley?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Dave Bryant running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoo 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, Shadoc 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...

A fade back up to the back brings us to three men wearing Team Supreme's colors. Two of the men are hooded, standing behind and to each side of the third man, whose hood is thrown back -- none other than the young Tony Donovan, II. The younger Donovan's smirk runs from ear to ear, and he's quick to start running his mouth.]

TD2: Tonight's gonna be one hell of a night, folks.

[Donovan's grin somehow gets wider, and the two hooded Team Supreme members nod slightly.]

TD2: President Percy is going to wipe those delusional rabblers from "Team AWA"...

[Complete with air quotes.]

TD2: ...off the face of the earth, Supreme Wright will march out of that ring with his cleanly won championship held high overhead, carried out on the shoulders of Team Supreme...

[He notable pauses.]

TD2: ...and a really loud, obnoxious, aging seven footer is going to catch a boot square in his jaw for being rude enough to try to horn in on his son's interview time.

[The pause was so Tony could look over to the side...where said aging seven footer has just walked into the room, looking none too pleased.]

RD: Pick up yer damn phone, an' I wouldn't have to do this to get a word with ya, boy. The hell is wrong with you? I raised you better'n this, boy, raised you better'n to run with thieves --

[At this point, the younger Donovan interrupts.]

TD2: "Raised you better"...that's damn rich, dad. I didn't really have any interest in airing our dirty laundry for the audience, but hey, you're here, the camera's rolling, Team Supreme stands behind me...so let's have this out. For one thing, since you were gone for the first...what, twelve years of my life, coming home about two months out of a year a time? You don't get any claim on how I was raised. Hell, I spent more time with either of my uncles growing up than I did with you, and considering Uncle Adam's...transient nature, that's pretty sad, pops.

[The last is said sarcastically, and Rob winces.]

TD2: Funny thing, though, I've never held that against you. When you were home, it was clear where you'd rather be -- on the road. Not to get away from the rest of us, not because you didn't love us, none of that crap that the sons of old wrestlers try to foist off on the audience to gain a little sympathy -- it was because

wrestling was your first love, and was always calling you anytime you spent away from it, even if it was time YOU asked for, or times you were hurt.

[Rob tries to say something, but gets cut off.]

TD2: I'm not finished! I never held that against you, but you can damn sure bet I remembered. You weren't home much, but you weren't hard to find on TV...and even when you were, turns out the name "Donovan" still carries enough weight in some places to get footage of things you wouldn't think you'd be able to find that much footage from, so while you were away, I studied. I watched everything you did that I could, and when I got older, I started talking to everybody I could. By the time you noticed that I wanted to follow in your footsteps...

[Tony pauses.]

TD2: ...I'd learned enough to know just how terrible an idea that was. You've always had a passion for wrestling, always been willing to put your heart into it even when the body started getting to the point where it couldn't take it. You left more blood on the floors of high school gyms, rat trap arenas and lousy hole-in-the-wall bars than anybody with an ounce of sense would've, and you did it with gusto. "Uncle" Tex ruined your ear -- and half your damned hearing -- and you rode with him until he up and vanished. Casey James tried to rip off your arm at the elbow and you STILL call him a friend. Hell, the damned Outlaw himself, the man who helped me get into the Corner, one of your best friends, a man you held a tag team championship with?

[Rob looks down at the ground, arms folded across his chest.]

TD2: Well? Do I have to finish that thought, or have I managed to hammer my point home?

[Rob looks up, glaring at Tony.]

RD: What the hell IS yer point, boy? That I got my ass kicked a lot?

[Tony laughs.]

TD2: That's not it at all! Everybody gets their ass kicked in the wrestling business. The point I'm trying to make is that you'd get your ass kicked and then go back and get it kicked over, and over again, by the same damned people. People you called friends, people you ran with, rode with, split hotel rooms with, ruined a few cheap bars with. They were never your friends, all they did was take advantage of you, take advantage of the fact that fighting with a seven footer, no matter what happened, would always make them look good. I'm not ignoring you and your advice because you don't know anything about wrestling...as long as you've been around and as long as grandpa was around to teach you, I know that's not the case. I don't take your phone calls and I don't listen to your advice because you have made the WORST series of decisions anybody in the business has EVER made.

[Rob bristles, but the younger Donovan is on a roll.]

TD2: You gave up an ear, pints of blood, the ability to use your left arm without pain to a crappy little hole in the ground in Texas, for a man who couldn't even pay you regularly. You eventually went to California, and while the guy who ran that place never bounced a check, he didn't give half a DAMN about you personally, so you ended up in every stupid, humiliating situation I can think of, bled like a sieve, and were damn near KILLED by a guy people now reverently call "Hall of Famer".

[Tony is looking as pissed as his old man.]

TD2: All I wanted was to respect you, respect the fact that you stuck it out, but I couldn't. I couldn't because you were always giving, willing to bleed in front of a hundred people for no check...but you couldn't stand to spend a month at home with your wife and your son.

[Rob looks up.]

RD: What happened to not holdin' that against me?

TD2: Maybe I lied, dad! You sure as hell managed to teach me how to do that...every time you said, "Don't worry, it'll be fine," from the time I was old enough to understand it, I knew it was a lie. Now, I'm gonna say one last thing to you before I walk out of here, and I'm gonna look you right in the face so you can see this ISN'T a lie.

[Tony steps right up to his father, getting as in his face as he can.]

TD2: Tonight, when Cain Jackson drills you in the jaw with that boot, if you get back up...you'll wish you hadn't.

[With that, the younger Donovan turns and storms out, hooded Team Supreme members quick to flank him, leaving Rob Donovan behind.]

RD: ...damn it.

[We crossfade away from the elder Donovan looking off-camera, his gaze following his son's exit...

...and then back up to Phil Watson standing in the center of the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The sounds of "Point Of No Return" by Immortal Technique come to life over the PA system.]

PW: From Goose Creek, South Carolina... standing six foot eight and weighing in at 285 pounds... representing Team Supreme...

He is "The Beast"...

CAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAIN JAAAAAAAAACKSONNNNN!

[A trio of unknown Team Supreme members file through the entrance curtain into view on the elevated ramp. Tony Donovan comes out next, fresh off his confrontation with his father, shouting at the jeering fans. A few more moments pass before cool, calm, and collected Cain Jackson walks into view. Jackson is a large, muscular African-American... not wide as a barn in the mold of a bodybuilder but 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.]

GM: There he is, fans. The enforcer of Team Supreme... the big man with the big, big boot. He recently turned 24 years old and the future has never looked brighter for this young man.

BW: He's got a pure, raw talent that few ever possess plus he sits under the learning tree of the World Heavyweight Champion. You think that's not readying him for greatness?

[Tony Donovan grabs at the camera lens as they walk down the aisle, shouting into it...]

"The big man's gonna kick my old man's head into the fifth row! Can you deal with that, jack?!"

[He laughs manically as he shoves the cameraman back, almost causing him to fall over as Cain Jackson stoically stares at the ring.]

GM: And then there's that guy. Ungrateful little-

BW: Ungrateful?! Tony Donovan is grateful for everything his REAL father - Supreme Wright - has done for him!

GM: Tony Donovan has spit in the face of his legendary father time and time again, Bucky. You know as well as I do that Robert Donovan put Tony in the Combat Corner, wanting him to learn the right way to do things... and instead, he finds himself instructed by a guy who would stab his own mother in the back to win the World Title.

[Upon reaching the ring, the Team Supreme members walk down the ring apron, forming a wall, looking back at Jackson who slowly raises a gloved right fist into the air to more jeers...

...and then nods to the crowd, swinging a leg over the top rope and stepping into the ring. He marches across the ring, pounding himself on the chest with the same gloved hand, shouting at the fans.]

GM: Cain Jackson certainly appears to be fired up here tonight in Los Angeles and rightfully so. This is, by far, the biggest match of his young career. This is a rematch from Guts & Glory where he lost via disqualification. Tonight, you better believe he wants that pinfall.

BW: Absolutely. Supreme Wright is back on top of the wrestling world and he won't be tolerant of failure within Team Supreme if you ask me. That means that Jackson and to some degree, Tony Donovan, need to be on top of their game every time they step into the ring, Gordo.

GM: Robert Donovan continues to make waves about getting a match with Supreme Wright but in order to get that match, I'd have to think he has to beat Cain Jackson in the middle of the ring.

BW: Donovan is so far past his prime, he's about to lap it. I mean, he and the Beale Street Bullies failed against the Stenches last year at SuperClash and he's been on a downward fall ever since, Gordo. There's no way he stands a chance in there against Cain.

GM: That remains to be seen.

[The music fades as the Team Supreme members file down the steps to the floor.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening notes of the Metallica cover of "Turn the Page" hit the PA.]

PW: From Pensacola, Florida... standing seven foot two... weighing in at 332 pounds...

ROOOOOBERRRRRRRRRT DONNNNNNNNOVANNNNN!

[A few moments later, the looming figure of Robert Donovan steps into the aisle. Donovan is wearing a pair of loose leather pants with stylized griffins running up the outside of each leg, a dark red double-strapped singlet with the word "Heritage" scrawled across his abdomen, and black boots. He pauses halfway up the aisle to adjust the heavy brace on his left elbow, then makes his way up the aisle, pausing on the apron briefly before stepping over the top rope into the ring...

...where Cain Jackson attempts to strike hard and fast!]

GM: BIG BOOT!

[But Donovan is ready for it, sidestepping and catching the charging Cain Jackson under his left arm, lifting him into the air...

...and DRIVING him down with a side slam to big cheers!]

GM: Oh ho! Cain Jackson tried to get the early edge... maybe even the knockout shot before the bell but the veteran, Robert Donovan, made him pay for it!

[Tony Donovan leaps up on the apron, shouting and pointing at his father who slowly climbs to his feet. Referee Davis Warren shouts at the younger Donovan, ordering him back down to the floor.]

GM: Get him down from there!

[Robert Donovan points at his truculent son, shouting at him as the official succeeds in getting him to drop back down. The veteran shakes his head, pulling Cain Jackson up by the dreadlocks...

...and PASTES him with a right hand, sending him staggering back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: What a shot! Donovan cut his teeth in this business in quite literally the Wild West of Professional Wrestling down in South Laredo. It was a place where the best in the world would go to compete - even though it was a smaller territory - just to find out where they stood against the best in the world.

BW: Hall of Famers like Brody Thunder... like Casey James... like Steve Spector... all did their time in South Laredo. It was wild, it was bloody, and it was fighting for your life every time you stepped into the ring.

GM: And it's where Robert Donovan became the wrestler he is today, Bucky.

[Grabbing Cain Jackson by the arm, Donovan shoots him across to the opposite corner, lumbering across after him...

...and CRUSHING him in the corner with a running avalanche splash!]

GM: OHHHHH! That's 332 pounds crushing the man against the buckles!

BW: Jackson is in the ring with a guy who both is taller and heavier than he is. That's not going to happen too often in his career but it's happening here tonight.

[Donovan steps back, giving a shout as Cain staggers out...

...into the big man's waiting arms as he lifts, pivots, and DRIVES Jackson down to the mat with a ring-shaking powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM!

[Donovan reaches back, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Jackson's shoulder flies up off the canvas at the count of two. Donovan grabs him by the dreadlocks, throwing off a flurry of right hands to the side of the head before the referee forces him to break.]

GM: The seven footer climbs back to his feet... and again, his son is giving him some attitude from the floor. Donovan shouting back at his boy.

BW: So disrespectful towards his own son. It's no wonder that Tony's put his lot in with Team Supreme.

GM: That's certainly one way of looking at it.

[Donovan pulls Jackson off the mat again, nodding his head as he ducks down, getting a good grip...

...and muscles Jackson up, trying to push him up into a press slam.]

GM: Wait a second! Can he get him up?! Can he get the near three hundred pounder up?!

BW: No way, Gordo! No way!

[Donovan stands in the middle of the ring, lets loose a tremendous roar, and PRESSES Jackson overhead!]

GM: OH MY STARS! LOOK AT THE POWER!!

[Donovan holds him up for all to see for a few more seconds...

...and then HURLS him down to the canvas to a big reaction from the Los Angeles crowd!]

GM: These fans here in Los Angeles showing their support for the big man. Don't forget that Donovan did his time here in Los Angeles in the Land of Extreme as well.

BW: If there was a promotion known for blood and guts, you can lay down money that Donovan did his time there.

GM: He's been known to say that he's bled in rings all over the world and I certainly believe that.

[After the press slam, Cain Jackson rolled under the ropes out to the apron, sliding to the floor where a pair of unknown Team Supreme members rush to check on him.]

GM: Jackson's down on the floor and- look out!

[Donovan reaches through the ropes, clashing the Team Supreme members' heads together to a big cheer!]

GM: Double noggin knocker! Down goes Team Supreme!

[Donovan grabs a handful of dreadlocks, dragging Jackson up on the apron, hooking him in a front facelock, setting up for a suplex...

...but Jackson buries a trio of short right hands into the ribs, stunning Donovan long enough to loop his hands behind Donovan's head...]

GM: Off the apron! He snaps Donovan's throat down on the top rope!

[Donovan staggers back, falling to a knee as he gasps for air. Cain Jackson grabs the ropes, pulling himself back into the ring and climbing to his feet. He breaks into a dash, hitting the ropes in front of Donovan, rebounding back...]

GM: Off the ropes comes Cain...

[...and SLAMS a double axe handle blow to the chest of Donovan, knocking him flat!]

GM: What a hammer blow to the chest of the big man!

[Jackson attempts a cover of his own, getting a two count before Donovan powers out, hurling the smaller man off of him. Jackson scrambles up, stomping Donovan a few times...

...and leaps up, dropping a big leg across the chest!]

GM: Legdrop by Cain Jackson... and he goes for another cover! Referee Davis Warren counts one... he counts two... but that's all as Donovan kicks out again.

BW: Look at this, Gordo. A page out of his mentor, Supreme Wright's, playbook as he swings the leg over, taking the mount...

[Jackson rains down right hands to the skull of Donovan until the referee forces a break.]

GM: Jackson backs off, raising his hands. The referee's warning him against those closed fists.

[Donovan rolls to a knee as Cain moves back in, hammering a double axehandle down between the eyes...

...and then yanks Donovan into a double underhook.]

GM: What's he going for here?

BW: I'm not sure. I'm not sure he's got the power to get a guy who outweighs him by fifty pounds up into the air.

[Jackson pulls Donovan to his feet, clenching his jaw as he pulls him to the middle of the ring...]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: Can he do it, Gordo?! Can he do it?!

GM: I don't- he's gonna try!

[Jackson lets loose a roar as he struggles and strains, lifting Donovan off the mat...

...and DUMPING him down on the mat with a butterfly suplex!]

BW: HOLY-

GM: Goodness! What power out of Cain Jackson!

[Jackson shouts "it's over!" before angrily covering Donovan.]

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

[But again, Donovan kicks out at two.]

GM: Two count only! Donovan kicks out again!

[Cain Jackson slams a fist down into the mat, shouting angrily at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Cain Jackson's starting to lose his cool a bit here, shouting at referee Davis Warren for what he perceived as a slow count.

BW: Looked slow to me, Gordo.

GM: Why am I not surprised?

[Jackson pulls Donovan off the mat, grabbing his left arm and folding it back to expose his chest...]

GM: He's looking for a heart punch!

BW: He calls it the Mark Of Cain!

[Jackson winds up his gloved right hand, taking aim...]

GM: HEART PUNCH!

[But Donovan sidesteps, grabbing the arm as it goes by. He grabs the other arm as a struggling Jackson tries to escape...]

...and POWERS Jackson up into an elevated double chickenwing!]

GM: OH MY STARS! HE'S GOT HIM HOOKED IN THE CHICKENWING!

[The referee runs around Jackson, trying to find out if he wants to submit...]

...and Tony Donovan leaps up on the apron, shouting at his father, screaming wildly at the referee, pointing and waving his arms.]

GM: Get him down from there!

[The referee spins around to do exactly that as Donovan continues to hold Jackson up in the submission hold. A few more seconds pass before he throws Jackson down in frustration, stalking across the ring where his son and Davis Warren are nose-to-nose arguing.]

GM: Donovan does not look happy at- whoa! Hang on there, big man!

[The crowd is buzzing as Donovan whipped Warren around by the shoulder, sticking a finger angrily into his face.]

GM: Donovan thinks he had the match won with that double chickenwing and the referee got distracted by Tony Donovan!

[Donovan turns his attention towards his son, throwing his arms apart and screaming "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!" at him. Tony Donovan shouts back, dropping off the apron as his father gets closer to the ropes...]

...and then lunges under, grabbing his father by the leg!]

GM: What's he-?!

BW: CAIN!

[Jackson comes rushing across the ring, throwing his leg up, and catching a trapped Donovan flush in the jaw!]

GM: BIG BOOT!

[Donovan collapses to the mat as Tony backs off, raising his arms at a protesting referee...]

BW: Cain's got him covered!

GM: The referee should disqualify him for outside interference! This is Tony Donovan's fault!

[The referee angrily turns around, shaking his head as he drops down to all fours.]

BW: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Tony Donovan jumps for joy on the floor, celebrating the victory as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

CAAAAAAAAAAAAAAIN JAAAAAAAAACKSONNNNN!

[Jackson climbs to his feet, raising his arms in victory as the official points to him, drawing jeers from the crowd. Jackson nods his head, backing through the ropes where the other Team Supreme members join him in making their exit down the ramp.]

GM: Cain Jackson scores a victory with that devastating big boot... all thanks to Tony Donovan's blatant interference against his own father.

BW: Jackson could turn out the lights on a T-Rex with that big boot, Gordo.

GM: You could be right about that but Robert Donovan wouldn't have been in position to get hit with it if it wasn't for Tony Donovan getting involved in that match, Bucky. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, we're going to take a look at some footage taped earlier today in the Land of the Rising Sun!

[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 Shadoc 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 Dufresne 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 AWAsShop.com. Get yours today!

[One last look at the product screen, and the commercial ends as we fade back to the interior of the locker room, where three members of Team AWA, Jack Lynch, Bobby O'Connor, and Eric Preston are warming up and making preparations for tonight's Cibernetico.

Jack Lynch is leaning forward, lacing up the boots on his foot, which is propped up on a wooden bench. Near him is his partner in the TexMo Connection, Bobby O'Connor, who has a square bandage slightly on the left of his forehead, a souvenir from the attack he suffered at the hands of the Wise Men. He stands with his arms crossed, wearing a blue and green flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up nearly to his elbows, a pair of dark blue jeans and a pair of black and white cowboy-style wrestling boots.

And not far from them is Eric Preston, who is quiet, steeling his injured body for what's to come tonight. All three lift their heads, looking up, as the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez, enters the locker room.]

RM: I brought the camera with me because what I have to say, I want the world to hear.

[Martinez isn't yet dressed for the ring. Instead, he's wearing a black T-shirt with the letters "AWA" written on red across his chest. Along with this, he wears a pair of blue jeans, and black and white shoes.]

RM: We've really been through it, haven't we?

[The four of them nod.]

RM: And here we are, at the end. And let me tell you something, I couldn't have picked three guys I'd rather be here with.

You three, you're the backbone of this team.

There are people who've got question marks in their heads about our team. But I don't. Because standing across from me right now is the beating heart and the living soul of Team AWA.

We've been beaten up. We've been called dumb kids. We've been spit on, and we've been cheated. We've been pinned, and we've had things we love taken from us. And through it all, two things have remained true - we've never been broken, and we've stuck together.

And that, my friends, is a hell of an accomplishment.

Eric, you remember when we started this? I know I do.

You were lost. You'd gone off on the wrong path. But I knew that you were ready to get back to where you were. I could see it in your eyes. You were hungry. Not for titles or wins, but for a chance to prove that you were still the good man you used to be.

And you've proven yourself.

I'm proud to call you my best friend, Eric. You were the first to step up and stand by my side, and I'll never forget that. You've paid the price in sweat and blood. But look at you, you've done it, Eric. And I'm damn proud.

So tell me Eric. You ready to finish this?

[Preston nods his head.]

EP: I'm ready, brother. We've come this far. Tonight, we put an end to this, once and for all. I'm with you, just like I always have been.

[Preston exhales. The effort of saying even that much taxing.]

RM: That's what I thought.

[Ryan nods his head, and then turns to the lanky man in the black cowboy hat.]

RM: Jack Lynch...

[There's the subtlest nod of the cowboy's head in acknowledgement.]

RM: You might be the steadiest hand in the entire AWA.

You're the guy who doesn't falter. Who doesn't break. I've watched you for a long time, and what I've seen is, through every storm, you're the solid oak who doesn't bend, and damn sure doesn't break. Whether you're standing behind Bobby, your brothers, or me, one thing is for certain.

When you're backed by Jack, you can't lose.

They took the claw from you. But anyone who thinks that you're some kind of one trick pony? Well, they don't know you well at all. So, you ready to take care of business tonight, Jack?

[Lynch removes his hat and gives a nod.]

JL: You're damn right I am.

[There's a momentary pause as Ryan waits for Lynch to say more, but it would seem the cowboy has said all he wants to.]

RM: Bobby...

[A rare grin appears on the usually serious face of Martinez.]

RM: There's no one who better epitomizes what the AWA, and what tonight, is all about.

My mentor, Yoshito Katsumura taught me about something called fighting spirit. That drive, that burning desire to keep getting back up, to keep pushing ahead. A

man with fighting spirit never gives up and never surrenders. No matter what happens, a man who has true fighting spirit will always be there. And that's what you've got, Bobby.

Jack said it before, and it's true. You're ALWAYS there.

There's never been a moment when you weren't right there, ready to back me, Eric, or Jack up. You've come through for all of us, every single time. Like all of us, you've taken your lumps. But I've never known you to do anything but come through.

So Bobby, you tell me what I can do to pay you back.

BOC: Ryan, I will never ask you to pay me back. Because everything I've done, I did because it was right. But these animals have done countless things that I can never forgive. They've made a mockery of this sport, they've caused trouble for people's families, including my own...

[Bobby shakes his head.]

BOC: ... they turned my mentor from the good man he became in Texas to the sick man that spilled the blood of everyone in his path over a decade ago. So for all those reasons and for those fans in those seats out there that make lacing up our boots even when we're in pain worth it... tonight we have to finish it. So don't pay me back, my friend.

[Bobby claps Ryan on the right shoulder.]

BOC: Let's pay THEM back, for everything they've done... and then some.

RM: Oh we will. We'll give them everything they've got coming to them, and then some.

So, are ready?

"You bet we are."

[It's another voice, and the camera pans over to the man who spoke: Supernova, who is dressed in his wrestling attire and face painted black and yellow.]

S: Hey, you didn't think I was going to not be here to show my support for the man who has taken up the cause? To support those who have been right by his side along the way? Well, I may be playing my hand carefully, knowing how The Wise Men operate, but you better believe I'm just as ready to step forward.

[He approaches Ryan, slapping him on the shoulder.]

S: You may have been dealt some setbacks, Ryan, but you have a lot to be proud of.

[Motioning to the others]

S: Everyone here does. And I've got your backs, no matter what happens.

"And he's not the only one..."

[All eyes turn to see the man standing in the doorway. Dave Bryant. Former World Heavyweight champion.]

[The lights then dim, as "The Show Goes On" by Lupe Fiasco begins to play and spotlights on the ramp flicker on and off in time to the music. Suddenly, a throng of Japanese girls dressed as cheerleaders burst through the entrance, surrounding the two men that emerge with them, Hercules Hammonds and Skywalker Jones.

Jones is dressed in a white ring robe with gold trim. He is a young, good-looking African- American male with a mini-fro and neatly trimmed goatee. One lone spotlight hits him as he drops to his knees, holding out his arms, as the massive Hammonds, a stern-faced, African-American male in matching white wrestling trunks and white boots with gold trim, stands behind him. At that moment...

"OHHHHHHH!!!"

...Jones and Hammonds "make it rain", showering the crowd with flakes of gold and dollar bills that float down from the ceiling! The two then proceed to walk down the rampway, with the cheerleaders following.

Stopping about halfway down the rampway, Jones stops. He removes his robe, revealing white leg-length wrestling tights with gold trim. He then takes a step back, suddenly breaking out into a sprint running the rest of the way towards the ring, before leaping over the top rope in a somersault, landing on his back and rolling backup to his feet to a roar from the crowd!]

GM: And there they are, the former AWA World Tag Team Champions. Any other time, I'm sure they would relish a chance at winning the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Titles, but their minds have to be on tonight's main event in Los Angeles.

BW: If that's what their minds are on, then they better get their butts in gear, 'cause Violence Unlimited are gonna' tear them apart! They need to concentrate on the men in front of 'em, 'cause there's nothing...absolutely NOTHING they can do about what's going on here in Los Angeles!

[We cut back to Megumi in the ring.]

SUBTITLES: They are the 2010 and 2012 winners of the Stampede Cup and your current Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Tag Team Champions! Tonight, they weigh in at a combined weight of 595 pounds...

[Cue the name screaming.]

"THE HAMMER! JACKSON HAAAAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYNNNNNEEEEESSSSS!!!!"
"DANNY MORTOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!"

"VIOLEEEEEENNNNNNNNNNCCCCCEEEE UNLIMMMIIIIITTTTTTEEEEDDDD!!!!!"

[The sounds of Motley Crue's "Shout At The Devil" suddenly fills the air. The Japanese crowd, familiar with this entrance, sing along to the opening lyrics.]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[The arena lights cut to black as the Japanese crowd then ROARS as huge columns of fire spout forth from the top of the rampway like the flames of hell!]

WOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!

"AHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

[When the flames disappear, the crowd roars once more at the sight of Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes, standing at opposite sides of the v-shaped rampway, illuminated by spotlights, both wearing frightening Japanese Daikijin (great devil god) Noh masks. Beneath the masks, Morton is dressed in his traditional red boxer's robe. Meanwhile, Haynes is in his leather duster, revealing Confederate flag-style wrestling trunks underneath. In his right hand, he carries his infamous bull rope. Around their waists, are the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Team titles.]

The house lights return as they make their way down to the ring. Morton jogs down the aisle, ready to get the match started ASAP, while Haynes takes his sweet time, moving at a glacial pace and threatening various sections of the crowd by swinging his bull rope at them, causing the fans to wisely scatter away from him in fear.]

GM: And there they are, the two-time Stampede Cup winners, the current Tiger Paw Pro tag team champions, and the team that many consider, the very best in the world.

BW: I'm sure SkyHerc and The Lights Out Express got something to say about that, Gordo.

GM: Indeed. But Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds get their chance to prove that they are the very best tonight in Japan.

[As the ring is cleared, Danny Morton elects to go first, shouting and challenging for either Jones or Hammonds to take him on. The crowd roars, as Hercules Hammonds gently shoves Jones aside, volunteering himself to start the match against Morton.]

GM: And it looks like Hercules Hammonds wants to start this match off against Haynes!

[The two monsters lock up, pushing and shoving each other all around the ring, neither one able to gain an advantage until Hammonds gives a big shove, breaking the two apart.]

GM: They went right into the tieup, trying to outmuscle each other, but neither had a real advantage.

BW: That's almost six hundred pounds of humanity inside that ring right now, Gordo. Two of the strongest men that ever stepped in a wrestling ring and they ain't giving up an inch!

[Hammonds and Morton lock up once more, once again struggling to gain an advantage on the other. This time, it's Morton who shoves Hammonds off, slapping himself in the face a couple of times, before motioning for Hammonds to give it another try.]

"IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO? BRING IT ON!!!"

[Not needing to be told twice, Hammonds marches towards Morton and bypasses the lock-up, smashing him across the jaw with a forearm!]

GM: OH! What a shot from Hammonds!

[Hammonds follows up his initial forearm shot with three more before shooting Morton off into the ropes. As Morton bounces off, he lowers his shoulder, knocking the Oklahoman off his feet and onto his back to a surprised roar from the crowd!]

GM: And the big shoulder tackle takes Morton down!

[Morton is back up quickly, charging at Hammonds, who side-steps him, sending Morton into the ropes once again. He ducks under Morton's lariat attempt, LEAPFROGGING over Morton as he rebounds off the ropes...]

"OHHH!!!"

GM: Tremendous display of agility from Hammonds!

BW: Woah!

[...and then proceeds to plow over Morton once again with a shoulder tackle! This time, Hammonds taunts Morton, sticking out his tongue and making a huge double bicep pose at the stunned Oklahoman!]

GM: Hercules Hammonds is large and in charge in the ring!

BW: Danny Morton can't be happy about that! He's one of the strongest to ever lace up a pair of boots. One of the toughest to ever fight in the squared circle,,,and he just got knocked down on his butt twice!

[Morton shakes his head furiously, slapping himself in the face several times to fire himself up before getting to his feet and bellowing, before charging in at Hammonds with fists flying!]

GM: And Danny Morton seems to have had enough! He's going toe-to-toe with Hammonds!

BW: They're throwing some serious leather in there, daddy!

[Morton rocks Hammonds with a haymaker, before Hammonds comes right back at him with a roundhouse right. Morton comes firing back with a flurry of rights of his own that stuns Hammonds, finally doubling the Tupelo Terror over with kick to the gut. He sends Hammonds into the ropes...]

GM: Hammonds shot off to the ropes...

[Morton rushes towards Hammonds...

...and CRACKS him across the jaw with a massive lariat!]

GM: OH MY!

[Morton quickly drops down and hooks a leg...]

GM: ONE! TWO! NO!!

[Hammonds quickly powers out at two, avoiding the pin as Skywalker Jones and Buford P. Higgins scream encouragement from the apron and ringside.]

BW: I don't think Morton really believed he had Hammonds beat with that lariat, as much as he was sending a message to him. Yeah, Hammonds might've had an early advantage, but Morton can turn his lights out at any moment!

GM: Danny Morton right back on Hammonds, not giving him a single second to breathe.

[Morton pounds on Hammonds, smashing huge clubbing forearms between his shoulderblades as he's on his knees. The Oklahoman then wraps his arms around Hammonds' waist, yanking him forcefully back up to his feet and lifting Hammonds into the air, dropping him on the back of his head and neck with a German release Suplex!]

GM: OHH!!! WHAT A SUPLEX BY DANNY MORTON!

BW: That's a near three hundred pound man he just tossed! And he did it with ease!

[Morton heads to a neutral corner, holding his right arm high into the air, before dropping down into a three-point stance as the Japanese crowd roars, recognizing what he's about to do.]

BW: Already!?

GM: Danny Morton looks like he's ready to end this NOW! Hercules Hammonds is in big trouble!

[A dazed Hammonds pushes himself up off the mat, ignoring Skywalker Jones' warnings from the ring apron to stay down. As he turns around, Danny Morton charges across the ring, smashing into him with a HUGE running shoulderblock that knocks Hammonds into the turnbuckles and right into Morton's grasp, as he scoops Hammonds up into his arms!]

GM: MORTON'S GOING FOR THE OKLAHOMA STAMPEDE!

[Morton charges towards the far corner, smashing Hammonds back-first into the turnbuckles, before spinning around, looking to repeat the motion in the opposite corner. However, as he turns, Hammonds slips out of his grip, landing behind him...]

GM: Hammonds escapes!

[As Morton turns, Hammonds does a forward flip, catching Morton right in the chest with the heel of his boot as a shocked crowd roars with surprise!]

GM: OHH!! What a move!

BW: That's called a koppou kick, Gordo, and I don't think ANYONE expected Hammonds to have that in his bag of tricks!

GM: Hammonds is usually thought of as a pure powerhouse in the ring, but he's proving to be full of surprises!

[Hammonds shakes out the cobwebs before grabbing a handful of hair and pulling Morton to his feet. He scoops Morton up in his massive arms, before driving him down across his knee with a backbreaker. Holding on, Hammonds drives Morton down with another backbreaker. He then pauses, before turning to his corner and shouting...]

"SHOULD I BREAK HIM IN HALF???"

[Skywalker Jones, Buford P. Higgins, and a surprisingly large amount of the crowd shout back the only answer they could possibly have...]

"INTO A MILLION PIECES!!!"

BW: Hey! Wait a minute!

GM: Neither team is bothering with a feeling out process here. They're going straight for the win!

[Shifting his grip, Hammonds powers Morton high into the air with a military press...]

GM: Look at the strength of Hercules Hammonds! Danny Morton is two hundred and eighty-five pounds and Hammonds is holding him up in the air like nothing!

[He walks around the ring with Morton held up in his arms for all to see...

...and then drops him, catching Morton across his shoulder and DRIVING him down to the canvas with a Samoan drop!]

"THHUUDD!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS! What a devastating maneuver...and here's the cover! ONE! TWO! OH! There's Haynes to break up the pin!

[This time, an angry Jackson Haynes charges across the ring and stomps Hammonds in the back to break up the pin. As the referee directs him back to the corner, Haynes shouts a few choice words at Hammonds.]

GM: Please excuse the foul language from Jackson Haynes, folks.

BW: You better believe Haynes has been itching to get into the ring since that bell rang. It's gotta' be frustrating for him to stand on the apron just waiting for his turn!

[Pressing their advantage, Hammonds tags out to Jones. He scoops Morton up and bodyslams him down in front of Jones, before the high flyer from Hot Coffee, Mississippi slingshots over the ropes, and crashes down across Morton's chest with a somersault senton!]

GM: Oh my! Skywalker Jones is tagged in and he comes flying in with cannonball dive right onto Danny Morton!

[Foregoing the pin, Jones pulls Morton up, whipping him into the ropes and hitting him with a spinning leg lariat that knocks him flat on his back!]

GM: Big spin kick from Skywalker Jones...

[As Gordon is in mid-sentence, Jones has already gotten back up onto his feet and crashes down onto Morton with a standing moonsault!]

GM: ...RIGHT INTO A BACKFLIP SPLASH! Jones with the cover!

[The referee slaps his hand down on the mat for a two count before Morton throws him off!]

GM: Skywalker Jones sometimes literally moves and executes moves faster than I can even describe them!

BW: He gave Danny Morton some big shots right there, but it's gonna take a lot more than that to keep him down!

[Jones hits Morton with a few punches, before attempting to Irish whip the Oklahoma native into the far corner.]

GM: Whip to the corner...NO! Reversed by Morton!

[However, putting his otherworldly agility on display once again, Jones runs up the turnbuckles, hopping up to the top turnbuckle...]

GM: JONES OFF THE TOP...

[...and springboards off into a breathtaking moonsault...

...only to be CAUGHT by Danny Morton!]

GM: OH!

BW: This ain't gonna' be good!

[Morton takes a step forward, DRIVING Jones down into a shoulderbreaker!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: What'd I tell you, Gordo? Morton can change the entire complexion of a match at any moment! All it takes is just one move! One mistake!

GM: I'm not even sure if Skywalker Jones did anything wrong there! That was just Morton using his overwhelming power!

[Getting up slowly, Morton walks over to his corner and emphatically tags in Jackson Haynes, as the Japanese crowd groans in sympathy for Jones, knowing full well about the pain that's to come.]

GM: And in for the first time in this match, is Jackson Haynes!

BW: Jones is still lying helpless on the mat! This ain't gonna' be pretty, daddy!

[Haynes snapmares Jones over into a seated position on the mat, right before he bashes him across the face with a crossface forearm smash!]

GM: Oh my goodness! What a shot!

[Jones holds his face, kicking his legs in pain. Haynes pulls "Mr. Steal the Spotlight" off the canvas by the mini-fro and hooks him up for a vertical suplex. He easily lifts the smaller Jones into the air and crashes him down onto the canvas, before running into the ropes and dropping a HUGE legdrop across the throat of his opponent!]

GM: Haynes isn't exactly the prettiest wrestler to watch, but his style is undoubtably effective.

BW: This ain't figure skating and we're not judging on a point system. All that matters is everything Jackson Haynes does inside a wrestling ring hurts like hell!

[With a big smile across his ugly mug, Haynes sits there for a moment, before getting to his feet. He slaps Jones in the back of the head a few times, yelling, "GET UP, PUNK! SHOW ME WHAT'CHA GOT!" before burying a boot in his back.]

GM: Jackson Haynes showing absolutely no respect to Jones in there.

[Pulling Jones to his feet, Haynes whips Jones into the corner, running in close behind him and smashing him with a clothesline as soon as his back hit the turnbuckles.]

GM: OH! Big clothesline in the corner from Jackson Haynes!

[He repeats the move, whipping Jones across the ring and nailing him once more with a big clothesline! As Jones stumbles out of the corner, Haynes rears his right arm back, CLUBBING the high flyer in the back of the head with an enzuilariato!]

GM: DEAR LORD! RIGHT IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

BW: That's like someone taking a baseball bat and swinging for the fences with your head! Jones has gotta' be out cold!

[Haynes drops down for the cover.]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[This time, it's Hercules Hammonds breaking up the pin, yanking Haynes off Jones.]

GM: Hammonds breaks up the pin and Haynes is not happy!

[Yelling a few more choice words at Hammonds, Haynes yanks Jones up into a headscissors, as the Japanese crowd roars!]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE POWERBOMB!

[As Haynes lifts Jones into the air, the high-flyer flails his legs wildly, striking Haynes in the face to set him back down on the canvas. Haynes holds on, trying to power Jones up once more, but Jones fights it off once more, backdropping Haynes onto the canvas!]

GM: OH! Jones escapes the powerbomb!

[Haynes gets back to his feet, as Jones moves in, lashing out with a quick jab... and another... and another...]

GM: Jones dancing and moving, popping Jackson Haynes with those stinging punches!

[Jones drops his arms to his side and stick out his chin, inviting Haynes to take a swing...]

GM: He's telling Haynes to take a shot!

BW: That might be the dumbest thing I've seen anyone ever do!

[A furious Haynes throws a looping right hand that Jones easily ducks under that sends the Madman from Moscow, Tennessee off-balance. Hitting the ropes, Jones leaps up into the air and throws a Superman punch that knocks Haynes through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OH! That big leaping right hand sends Jackson Haynes to the outside!

[Jones is quick to follow-up, racing towards Haynes on the outside and diving feet-first through the top and second rope, DRIVING both feet into his face!]

GM: Skywalker Jones is simply relentless!

[Catching himself from falling out of the ring completely by grabbing the top rope as he dove through, Jones skins the cat, pulling himself up, over, and back into the ring. Having put some distance between Haynes and the ring, Jones catapults

himself onto the top rope and springboards off, crashing onto Haynes with a shooting star plancha!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME!?!

BW: That man might be the greatest high flyer professional wrestling's ever seen, Gordo! You'd think you'd stop being shocked at what he can do!

GM: My stars! What a spectacular move by Skywalker Jones, but you have to wonder how much he took out of himself.

[Getting up slowly, Jones pulls Haynes off the mat, shoving him under the ropes and back into the ring. Jones then leaps up onto the apron, grabbing onto the top rope and slingshotting himself over, over-rotating...

...and landing onto Haynes with a 450 splash!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: THAT'S THE "IN YOUR FACE DISGRACE"!!! FROM THE RING APRON!

BW: Holy cow!

[Jones hooks a leg tightly as the referee counts.]

GM: ONE! TWO! T-NOOO!!! HAYNES KICKS OUT!

BW: Jones hit him with two of his best shots in a row and it still couldn't keep Haynes down!

[Jones slaps his hands furiously on the canvas in frustration, before walking over and tagging Hercules Hammonds in! Hammonds comes in quickly, pulling a dazed Haynes off the canvas...]

GM: And Hercules Hammonds is back in!

[...hooking a full nelson and lifting Haynes into the air and then releasing in mid-lift, DRIVING Haynes down across his knee!]

GM: OHHHHH!

BW: That's over three hundred pounds he just muscled into the air! This man ain't human!

[Hammonds drops into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The count is broken up when Danny Morton runs in, stomping Hammonds in the back of the head.]

GM: Danny Morton might've just saved the match right there! Hammonds and Jones are giving Violence Unlimited all they can handle!

BW: They were the last team to beat Violence Unlimited and that was nearly a year ago. Since then, I don't think there's been a team here in Japan that's even come close!

[Hammonds gets to his feet, holding the back of his head as he glares at a laughing Danny Morton. He pulls Haynes up by the hair, before lifting his boot into the Tennessee native's chest and nailing a thrust kick that sends Haynes flying!]

GM: Hammonds with a BRUTAL kick to the chest that sends Haynes halfway across the ring!

BW: I don't think I've ever seen Jackson Haynes treated like this! I gotta' remind you, this is a man that's SIX FEET SIX, THREE HUNDRED AND FIVE POUNDS that Hercules Hammonds is having his way with!

[Hammonds turns towards Morton, talking some serious trash, before climbing up to the second turnbuckle.]

GM: Wait, what's he doing? I don't think I've EVER seen Hercules Hammonds climb the ropes!

[The Tupelo Terror points a finger at Morton, before leaping off the second turnbuckle for a splash on Haynes...

...that misses!]

"THHUUDD!!!"

GM: OH! Hammonds went for it all and comes up empty!

BW: For all his accomplishments, ya' gotta' remember Hammonds is still a baby in this sport. There was no reason he should've been going for something that risky when he was dominating with his power...and that was his inexperience coming into play right there!

[Hammonds rolls around on the canvas, clutching his ribs as Haynes rolls towards his corner. Haynes reaches out, slapping Danny Morton's outstretched hand, just as Hammonds lunges and does the same!]

GM: AND BOTH MEN MAKE THE TAG! HERE COMES MORTON AND JONES!

[Jones leaps over the ropes and into the ring, as Danny Morton charges in like a wild bull, taking Jones by surprise, as he leaves his feet and BURIES both of his feet into Jones' chest with a running dropkick!]

"OHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS! A DROPKICK from Danny Morton and it was a beauty!

BW: Where did THAT come from!?

[The crowd ERUPTS for Morton's shocking offense as the Oklahoma native then quickly gets to his feet, charging towards the corner, where he knocks Hercules Hammonds off the ring apron with a running kneelift!]

GM: HERCULES HAMMONDS GETS KNOCKED DOWN TO THE FLOOR AND HE HIT HARD!

BW: And Morton's going out after him!

GM: But he's not the legal man!

BW: Hammonds has been the one leaving a big impression on both members of Violence Unlimited with his power all match, Gordo! I think Morton wants to take him out and eliminate any possibility that SkyHerc can win!

[On the other side of the ring, Jackson Haynes rolls off the apron, approaching Morton and Hammonds!]

GM: Wait a minute! Wait just a minute! Here comes Jackson Haynes!

BW: This don't look good for Hammonds!

[Haynes suddenly runs at Hammonds, smashing him across the back with a double axehandle! He then pulls the Tupelo Terror into a standing headscissors, as the crowd roars!]

BW: This REALLY doesn't look good! He's gonna' powerbomb him on the floor!

[Hearing Buford P. Higgins' cries for help, Skywalker Jones rushes over, diving through the ropes and onto Haynes with a sloppy tope!]

GM: OH! JONES BREAKS IT UP!

[Unfortunately for Jones, Danny Morton is right on him, smashing forearms across his back, as an angry Jackson Haynes shoves his tag team partner aside and grabs Jones, SMASHING his head into the guardrail!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!!

BW: That's one way to get rid of a problem!

[Tossing Jones aside, Haynes grabs Hammonds and pulls him into a standing headscissors once more and lifts him into the air, as Danny Morton grabs Hammonds by the head and they send Hammonds down onto the padded mats with a spike powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[The crowd goes into a complete frenzy, Hammonds lays flat on his back, looking completely knocked out by the impact of the move!]

GM: DEAR GOD! A powerbomb...a POWERBOMB on the floor has completely wiped Hercules Hammonds out of this match! That has to be it for him!

[Morton and Haynes give each other an emphatic double high-five as they then turn their attention to Skywalker Jones. Morton grabs Jones, shoving him under the ropes, as he and Haynes slide back into the ring.]

GM: Skywalker Jones is in dire straits here, folks. Hercules Hammonds is out cold on the outside and he's at the mercy of Violence Unlimited!

[Pulling Jones to his feet, Morton and Haynes launch Jones into the ropes, before they BOTH drop down into three-point stances...

...and barrel over Jones with a double running shoulderblock!]

GM: Skywalker Jones just got laid out flat!

BW: That's gotta' be like running into a brick wall! Six hundred pounds of the toughest tag team in the world just comin' at you like a runaway train!

[Haynes and Morton then both raises their elbows, taking turns dropping elbows on Jones!]

GM: Stop this, ref! Restore some order in this match!

[The referee finally steps in, ordering Jackson Haynes to leave the ring, as the "Hammer" simply cackles. Meanwhile, Danny Morton drops down for a cover as the referee makes his count.]

GM: Will this be enough?

[The referee slaps his hand once...twice...]

GM: NO! Jones slips a shoulder!

[The crowd cheers, clapping and stomping their feet as Jones weakly raises his arm off the canvas before the three. An angry Morton holds up three fingers at the referee, before shaking his head and heading to the corner, tagging Haynes in.]

GM: And the brutality continues, because here comes Jackson Haynes!

[The camera cuts to a quick shot of Hercules Hammonds, still laid out on the floor, as a panicked Buford P. Higgins furiously fans him with a towel, trying desperately to revive him. Meanwhile, Morton and Haynes look to give Jones the same treatment they gave Hammonds, as Haynes immediately walks over and yanks Jones up and pulls him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: Oh! Violence Unlimited are looking for another powerbomb!

BW: If they hit this on Jones, it's all over!

[Haynes hooks Jones for the powerbomb, but Jones blocks it, refusing to be lifted. Haynes throws down clubbing forearms to Jones' back, before muscling Jones into the air...

...only to have Jones reverse it into a rana!]

GM: JONES COUNTERS THE POWERBOMB!!

[Danny Morton is quick to react, charging at Jones with his arm reared back for a lariat, only to have Jones ducking down and pulling down the top rope, sending him flying over to the outside!]

GM: AND THERE GOES MORTON! IT'S JUST THE TWO LEGAL MEN IN THE RING NOW!

BW: If Jones can pull this off, this'll be a miracle!

[An angry beyond all belief Jackson Haynes rises to his feet, but Jones quickly snatches him into a small package!]

GM: INSIDE CRADLE BY JONES! ONE! TWO! TH-NOOOO!!!

[As they both get to their feet, Haynes swings for the fences, cracking Jones across the face with a huge left hand!]

"SMMAAACCKK!!!"

GM: OHHH!!!

BW: That could've knocked out a horse!

[Haynes drops down for the cover.]

GM: ONE! TWO! TH-JONES KICKS OUT!

[As Haynes pulls Jones to his feet, he sends him off into the ropes. Haynes goes for a lariat, which Jones ducks under, flipping himself forward with a front handspring just as Danny Morton climbs back up onto the ring apron on the opposite side of the ring and nailing The American Murder Machine with both feet as his back hits the ropes...]

GM: OH!

[...and rebounding off, using the momentum to launch himself backwards and catching Haynes with a back elbow that knocks the Tennessee native on his back!]

GM: OHHH!!! WHAT A SEQUENCE OF MOVES BY SKYWALKER JONES!

[Getting to his feet, Jones then swings his leg back, before launching himself forward into a standing shooting star press!]

GM: OH MY STARS! A STANDING ZERO-G!!! ONE! TWO! THR-

[MASSIVE POP!]

GM: -NOOOOOO!!!! JACKSON HAYNES ESCAPES!

BW: So close, Gordo! Half a second more and Jones would've got those titles!

[Holding his mini-fro in disbelief, Jones gets to his feet, mustering up all his power to drag Haynes to the nearest corner. There, he makes a quick ascent to the top, pausing briefly to look out into the crowd. He cups his hands to his mouth and shouts...]

"SHOOT! THE! MOON!"

[The crowd rises to their feet to witness Jones' next breathtaking dive, but before he can leap, Danny Morton is back up on the apron, SHOVING Jones off the top rope, where he hits his back on the canvas hard!]

GM: MORTON! MORTON KNOCKS JONES OFF THE TOP!

BW: The numbers are too much, Gordo! Jones just can't fight both members of Violence Unlimited off by himself!

[On the outside, the crowd gives a loud roar, as they see Hercules Hammonds rolling over and onto his knees, still looking dazed and confused.]

GM: There's some signs of life from Hercules Hammonds, but it might be too late for Jones!

[A pissed off Morton reenters the ring, grabbing Jones and scooping him up into his arms. Morton charges across the ring and smashes Jones' back into the corner...]

GM: Morton slams Jones into the corner!

[...and spins around, charging across the ring and smashing Jones into the corner once again!]

GM: And into the other corner!

BW: OKLAHOMA...

[And spinning around one more time, Morton LEAPS into the air and dives forward, DRIVING Jones into the canvas with a running powerslam!]

BW:STAAAAMMMPPPPPEEEEEEDDDDEEEE!!!

[Haynes is quick to dive onto Jones for the pin as the referee begins his count...]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE-

[HUGE SHOCKED POP!]

GM: HAMMONDS!!! I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT HERCULES HAMMONDS MAKES THE SAVE!!!

[Hammonds has a glassy look in his eyes, as he charges across the ring, TACKLING Morton and sending the both of them falling out of the ring!]

GM: AND THERE GOES HAMMONDS AND MORTON TO THE OUTSIDE!

[Haynes pulls Jones to his feet, but is met with a cross-chop to the throat that stuns him.

Seeing his opening, Jones spins around and then flips through the air, nailing Haynes with a kick that catches him across the top of the head!]

"OHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: THE PELE KICK! JONES HAS HAYNES ON THE ROPES!

[Sturdy as ever, Haynes absorbs the blow but refuses to fall. Jones takes a step back, before then lashing out with a superkick...]

GM: THE CALISTO KIL-

[...that Haynes side-steps! And as Jones spins around, he never sees the heavily taped thumb of Jackson Haynes flying right at him and striking him in the throat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: NO!!! THE WHISKEY LULLABY!!! ONE! TWO!

[...]

GM: THREE!!! VIOLENCE UNLIMITED RETAINS THE GLOBAL CROWN TAG TEAM TITLES!!!

[The camera holds on Morton and Haynes celebrating their victory.]

GM: Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds go to Japan to try and beat the team that many are calling the best in the world but they too fall short in their efforts. You've gotta wonder - can ANYONE beat Morton and Haynes at this point?

[We slowly fade away from the footage from Japan 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...

...and then back up to live action where Mark Stegglet is standing backstage, microphone in hand, waiting in front of a locker room door. A moment later, out steps Hannibal Carver. Carver rubs his forehead, muttering to himself. He stares dead ahead at Mark, eyeing him like a wolverine eyes a wounded rabbit. Undeterred by Carver's surliness, Stegglet steps forward, blocking Carver's way.]

MS: Mr. Carver! I was told you requested some interview time.

[Carver blinks, looking confused at Mark.]

HC: What the hell're yeh talking about? They came down to the locker room to let me know YEH wanted to talk to ME.

[As the two look quizzically at each other, Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor step into the hallway.]

JL: I'm afraid that we're the cause of the confusion. See, you've been dodgin' me and Bobby somethin' fierce, and this seemed like the best way to pin ya down.

So Hannibal Carver, welcome to your intervention.

[Carver's brow furrows, his lips curling into a snarl.]

HC: Have yeh lost it, Jack?

[Lynch holds his hand up, and shakes his head.]

JL: Now you hold up Hannibal. We're doin' this, and you can be as pissed off about it as you want, but it's happening. Now, you may not like what you hear, and you may not want to hear it.

But by god, you -will- listen.

Bobby? You wanna start?

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: Mister Carver, ever since we first met you've taught me a lot. Everything you've ever told me, I've listened to. But right now, I need you to listen to me for once.

[Carver glares at Bobby, finally shaking his head.]

BOC: I'll be the first to admit it, when you and I first started training together... it caused some concern in my household. My father and grandfather knew only too well of your reputation, of your past. But all I knew was you were a man that stepped up when things were as bad for me as they can be.

And despite all the talk of barbed wire and flaming tables, that was a man I could relate to and more importantly... respect.

[Carver nods, and then flashes a look at Bobby which seems to say "Not seeing the problem, then.".]

BOC: But then something happened to slowly erode that away. The Wise Men happened. I'll give you all the credit in the world, you were the first to point out them for the poison they proved to be.

[Bobby frowns slightly.]

BOC: Maybe that was the whole problem. Maybe because you have been in this war since the very beginning, it's affected you more than the rest of us. Because you went from determined to put a stop to them, to being obsessed with putting them out of action... and then at the Coliseum, something far beyond obsession. Something dangerous, a man that didn't care who he hurt and what the

repercussions of his actions were. Construction workers, not the Wise Men, innocent me--

[Carver finally has heard enough, and blows up at Bobby.]

HC: NO ONE IS INNOCENT!

[Bobby is taken aback slightly by Carver's outburst, and lets his mentor continue... no doubt hoping that he will calm once he vents his frustration.]

HC: I haven't talked to yeh two? Did yeh ever think that wartime is no time for laughs over a round of brews? Yeh, maybe for a time I thought I could be this ideal of a good man. But then I saw it for what it was -- a big crock. If we want to put these jackals down for good? It ain't gonna happen by obeying the rules, it ain't gonna happen by worrying about being no damn boy scout.

[Carver scowls, getting right in Bobby's face.]

HC: So don't cry for me, Argentina. This "eroding" is the best thing that's happened to me in years. Because I ain't their lapdog buying their sale of goods no more... I'm the man that held this sport in the palm of his hands and squeezed it bone dry.

[Lynch steps forward then, levelling his gaze at Carver.]

JL: Yeah, and where'd that get you?

A couple of years of notoriety, and then what? Where were you before the AWA? You were the latter half of a question that began with "whatever happened to...?"

You were the Irish version of Morgan Dane. Unemployable, untrustworthy. Someone only the lowest of the low would ever hire. And then ya turned it all around. You get your stuff together, and you, yeah, got your head screwed on straight. And what happened?

You became a leader. You became the man that brought Bobby all the way here.

You really ready to toss that all in the bin?

You think this is us tellin' ya to play nice? You think I want you to go out there tonight and trade wristlocks with Johnny Detson? Weren't you the one, Mr. Carver, who got on Ryan about seein' everything in black and white? There's a whole world between boyscout and maniac. I ain't askin' ya to place nice.

But I'm tellin' ya to pull your head outta your hind end.

You need to get it together, Hannibal. You need to take a minute to get a clear view of the situation. And you need to remember one thing. Tonight is the night when the war ends. Tonight, the Wise Men go down, or we all die tryin' to put 'em down. But tomorrow is right around the corner.

And the choices you make tonight determine your tomorrow.

You can be the man I know you are, or you can descend into bein' the monster you think you're supposed to be.

Maybe you think Ryan is just a kid with stars in his eyes. He ain't, but maybe that's what you think. But you look at me Hannibal, knowin' who I am, where I've been and you tell me if I'm just some naïve punk dreamin' of rainbows and unicorns.

[There's a long, tense silence, as the two stare holes into one another.]

JL: You think about what Bobby and me said. And you see if you can't find your way back to bein' yourself. You're my friend Hannibal, and I respect the hell outta you.

I just hope it's the man I respect that shows up tonight.

[Now it's Carver's turn to take a slight step back, Jack's words seemingly having made an impact on him. He opens his mouth to make a rebuttal... but then closes his mouth before uttering a single word, simply shaking his head instead. Bobby looks at Jack and nods... and Jack returns the nod wordlessly saying "Well, that's all there is to say". The TexMo Connection walk off, leaving Hannibal Carver to stand in the middle of the corridor with plenty to think about...

...as we fade back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor with a last ditch effort to get through to Hannibal Carver who has been in a very bad mental state since Guts & Glory earlier this summer - if not before.

BW: The real question is - was Carver ever NOT in a bad mental state? The guy's a lunatic nutball that somehow managed to shove it down for a brief period of time. He's not a good guy. He's not a nice guy. He's not a mentor or a teacher. He's a brutal, savage, psychopath with a insatiable bloodlust and more than a few screws loose. Team AWA is kidding themselves if they think they can count on Carver tonight.

GM: That remains to be seen but right now-

[Gordon is interrupted by the sounds of Irene Cara's "Fame." The crowd immediately breaks out into boos.]

GM: Now what is this all about?

[The curtains part and Shadoe Rage steps backwards through them into view, arms spread wide so that everyone gets full view of his full leather cape.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is quite obviously coming to the ring. His match is scheduled up next but he could at least do the courtesy of waiting until it was time for his entrance.

BW: There you go again, Gordo. You expect Hannibal Carver to "do the right thing" just like you expect this unhinged paranoid lunatic to be courteous. Your desire to want to see the best in people is staggering.

GM: Shadoe Rage was a very popular competitor here in the AWA for quite some time since his return... but things started to change for him earlier this year as he reached the end of his rivalry with the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White.

BW: You mean when he tried to end White's career in that Scaffold Match?

GM: That's exactly what I mean. Ever since then, Rage has gone over the line time and time again. It's a shame for the fans who gave him their support.

[Rage spins around to face the camera, clutching a microphone in his hand.]

SR: My name is Shadoe Rage!

[The fans boo the obvious statement as Rage nods his head at their reaction.]

SR: Los Angeles, I'm disappointed in you. You boo me when you've got a fraud like Tony Sunn wearing the Television Title. This is the LA Forum where real recognizes real. You and I know Tony Sunn would never travel south of Pico if he weren't driving the 405 to Orange County.

[The local fans boo Rage.]

SR: He isn't real. Not like me. He's a fake, a phony, a fraud. But maybe the Forum crowd has got a little too West Hollywood since I was last here.

[More boos from the local fans. Those from out of town are quite puzzled now. Rage seems oblivious to this fact as he continues.]

BW: Someone must've bought Shadoe Rage a map of the area when he got to town.

GM: If you're not up on your Southern California geography right about now-

[Rage's voice interrupts Gordon again.]

SR: Or maybe, Los Angeles, you just can't forget the past? Last time I wrestled here in LA, I took something of yours, didn't I? A World Tag Team Championship that no one can ever take away from me. I took your hearts, didn't I?

[The fans continue to boo.]

GM: Rage, of course, referring to being one-half of the final EMWC World Tag Team Champions alongside his brother, Derek, in the Prophets Of Rage while he was actually setting out to destroy the company.

BW: Yeah, the Los Angeles fans aren't too forgiving of stuff like that.

GM: Can you blame them?

[Rage grins at the seething crowd.]

SR: Well, it isn't my fault that Los Angeles was never New York...

[That gets some boos... not a lot.]

SR: ...never Toronto...

[More boos.]

SR: ...never Portland.

[Yep, that did it. Lots of boos this time. Rage seems to be enjoying that as he continues to make his way down the aisle, nodding at the crowd's reaction.]

SR: Don't hold a grudge! You were almost good enough. Too bad! Marissa Monet, get out here!

[The curtains part and Marissa Monet emerges uncomfortably. She looks down at the ground as she hears the fans boo. She is dressed in flat shoes and a soft sundress. Her normally proud afro has been slicked back into a French braid. The effect shrinks her.]

SR: Down that aisle, Marissa. Inglewood, it's alllll goooooood!!

[The fans boo vociferously.]

GM: Well, if the goal was to get the Los Angeles fans absolutely livid at him, Shadoe Rage has certainly accomplished that, Bucky.

BW: It's been a while since we've seen Marissa Monet too. She looks... different.

GM: Marissa Monet has often been accused of wearing the pants in this particular relationship... but not tonight. Rage is ordering her down the aisle, pointing at the ring.

[Monet slowly walks down the aisle, Rage stalking behind her as they head down the elevated ramp towards the ring as Phil Watson starts speaking.]

PW: The following contest is a NON-TITLE match set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... hailing from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 248 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by Marissa Monet...

SHAAAAAADOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[Rage hops up to the second rope, placing one foot up top as he points out at the jeering fans. His tongue lolls out of the corner of his mouth as he drags a thumb across his throat, shouting at the fans as Marissa Monet softly applauds from a few feet away. Rage hops down, ordering Monet to take him out of his entrance gear as he waits.]

PW: And his opponent...

["We Hold On" by Rush blasts to life over the PA system, cutting off the 80s synth song.]

PW: From Ithaca, New York... weighing in at 287 pounds... he is the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMMMMPIONNNNNN...

TOOOOOOOOONYYYYYYY SUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!

[The curtain parts to reveal the new World Television Champion to a big reaction. Sunn thumps his well-toned chest with a fist, pointing out to the fans. He slaps the title belt draped over his shoulder before making the walk down the aisle towards the ring. He leans down here and there, slapping the hands of some of the young fans in Los Angeles but keeps his eyes on the ring where Shadoe Rage is pacing back and forth.]

GM: The brand new World Television Champion, fresh off defeating Johnny Detson in surprising fashion at All-Star Showdown, Tony Sunn doesn't have to worry about defending the title tonight but he does have to worry about the ever-volatile Shadoe Rage who might take just as much enjoyment out of hurting Sunn than he would winning the title.

BW: I don't know about that, Gordo. Rage has been obsessed with that title for months now and it keeps managing to elude him.

GM: Well, the title is not on the line tonight but you'd have to imagine a victory over Tony Sunn would lock in a future title opportunity for the Canadian wildman.

[Sunn steps in, handing the title belt over to referee Ricky Longfellow who nods before handing it out to a ringside attendant.]

GM: The belt is handed over... both men ready for action here as Marissa Monet exits the ring.

BW: Remember, a fifteen minute time limit in this one - actually five minutes longer than most World TV Title match time limits.

[The referee checks with both men as Rage throws his arms out to the side, shouting across at Sunn who simply nods in response.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go!

[Rage rushes across the ring, promptly tangling up into a collar and elbow, jostling with Sunn, trying to get an advantage...

...but the powerhouse is having none of that, chucking Rage down to the mat with relative ease to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Wow! Pure power out of Tony Sunn!

[Sunn slaps at his bicep as he steps out to the middle of the ring, watching Rage belly-slide backwards towards his own corner. He pushes up to his knees, shouting at the official, gesturing to his hair.]

GM: Rage is saying that Sunn pulled the hair but I certainly saw none of that, Bucky.

BW: I might have caught a glimpse of it.

GM: I'm sure.

[Rage climbs to his feet, slapping his own biceps a few times, grabbing the top rope to stretch out as he lurches across, ducking down and comes up into another collar and elbow.]

GM: Rage going to give it another try apparently...

[Rage tries to muscle Sunn back but the TV Champion plants his feet, refusing to budge as Rage tries to shove harder and harder...

...and Sunn simply steps back, causing Rage to splatter facefirst on the mat. The crowd laughs as Rage rolls from the ring, clutching his nose.]

GM: Well, that turned out about as well as the first time did.

[Rage hobbles away, checking his nose for blood as Marissa Monet moves in to check on him...

...and gets brushed away, ordered to back off as he turns to stare at Sunn who is inviting him back inside the ring.]

GM: The referee starting his ten count as Rage paces out on the floor. He's frustrated already and we're barely a minute into this fifteen minute time limit, Bucky.

[Rage angrily climbs up on the apron, leaping through the ropes into the ring. He stalks across the ring, jabbing a finger into the face of Tony Sunn who grabs Rage by the wrist...

...and allows Rage to use the other hand to rake the eyes of Sunn!]

GM: Oh, come on! Right in front of the official.

BW: Longfellow's warning him. You want a DQ off an eyerake?

GM: If it's needed, yes.

[Rage grabs Sunn by the back of the head, dragging him to the corner before slamming his skull into the the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Headfirst into the corner!

[Rage spins Sunn around, throwing a stiff right jab to the jaw. A second and third follow, leaving Sunn with his arms wrapped around the top rope to stay on his feet.]

GM: Those are closed fists, ref.

BW: Longfellow's warning him for that too! Get off the man's case, Gordo.

GM: I just want to make sure that we're at least TRYING to abide by the rules in this President Percy era.

[Rage grabs Sunn by the muscular arm, looking to whip him across.]

GM: Irish whip... or not!

[The crowd cheers as the powerful Sunn holds his ground.]

GM: Rage is trying to whip him but Sunn won't budge!

[Rage tries it a second time but Sunn goes nowhere...

...and then YANKS his own arm back towards him, sending Rage sailing over the top rope, crashing down to the barely-padded floor in a heap!]

GM: Oh my!

[The crowd is roaring with cheers and laughter again as Rage scrambles to a seated position, looking up at the ring where Sunn is walking around, waving his arms up at the fans, getting them on their feet to cheer louder. Marissa Monet moves quickly, kneeling down next to Rage who is full of anger as he climbs up off the floor, pointing at the official, shouting at him.]

GM: I think Shadoe Rage wants Sunn disqualified for throwing him over the top rope. Of course, longtime AWA fans will recall that rule does not exist in this company thanks to the fans themselves who voted it down.

[Sunn stops at the ropes by Rage, stepping up on the middle rope and shouting for Rage to get himself back into the ring. Rage slams his hands down on the ring apron, scrambling up next to where Sunn is standing...

...and gets popped with a right hand, sending Rage back down to the floor!]

GM: Hahaha!

BW: This is ridiculous, Gordo! Tony Sunn tells him to get back in and when he tries, he knocks him back down!

GM: Shadoe Rage is throwing a fit out here!

[Rage is pacing around the ring, knocking papers off the timekeeper's table, throwing a bottle of water down on the floor. He turns, shouting at the jeering fans...

...which allows Sunn to grab him by the hair from behind, pulling him up on the apron in a deadlift.]

GM: Wow!

[His feet back on the apron, Rage blindly throws an elbow back into the jaw of Sunn, sending him falling away. Rage steps up on the second rope in the middle of the apron, placing a foot up top and leaping off to drop a forearm across the back of Sunn's head, putting him down on his knees.]

GM: Shadoo Rage is so quick to strike when it's necessary. Tony Sunn gets taken down to his knees.

[Rage grabs Sunn by his dirty-blond hair, winding up...

...and PASTING him between the eyes with a right hand, sending Sunn down to the mat where Rage dives across him in a lateral press.]

GM: Rage gets one! He gets-

[But before two, Sunn PRESSES Rage up and off of him, throwing him halfway across the ring to cheers from the crowd. Sunn scrambles up as Rage does the same, running towards him...]

GM: Scoops him up... and slams him down!

[Rage pops up, rushing in again...

...and gets scoop-slammed a second time!]

GM: Two big slams by the World Television Champion!

[Rage is a little slower to get up this time, staggering towards Sunn who catches him coming in...

...and easily presses him overhead!]

GM: GORILLA PRESS! THE POWER OF TONY SUNN ON DISPLAY HERE TONIGHT!

[Sunn does a full turn, showing Rage off for one and all to see...

...and then HURLS him down in a ring-shaking slam!]

GM: Gigantic press slam by the champion... and Rage is seeking higher ground one more time, rolling out onto the elevated ramp this time.

[Rage sits on the ramp, staring into the ring where Sunn strikes a big double bicep pose to the cheers of the crowd, breaking into a front pose as well that sends Rage sliding on his butt further back up the ramp, pointing into the ring. The referee moves over, starting his ten count again...]

GM: Shadoo Rage continuously keeps bailing out of the ring, trying to stay away from the power of Tony Sunn.

BW: Good luck with that. This guy's got muscles on top of muscles.

GM: Sunn's waving him back in as Rage slowly gets up, grabbing at his lower back.

[Rage steps forward, grabbing the top rope as he shouts at Sunn and the official...

...which allows Sunn to grab the top rope, yanking it to catapult Rage into a full somersault, landing hard on his back on the mat!]

GM: SUNN BRINGS HIM IN THE HARD WAY!!

[And this time, Sunn prevents Rage from escaping, grabbing him by the legs...]

GM: CATAPULT!

[...and sends him sprawling facefirst into the corner! Rage staggers back as Sunn pulls him down in a sunset flip type pin!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Rage slams his heels together on the ears of Sunn, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only for Sunn and-

[Rage dives on the slower Sunn, throwing himself into a double axehandle on the powerhouse who was only up to all fours.]

GM: Oh! Rage is on him like an animal!

[He flips Sunn to his back, hammering him with closed fists to the side of the head to the jeers of the crowd and the admonishment of the referee.]

GM: Get in there, referee!

BW: Rage saw his opening right there and he took it. Sunn may be a big power freak but he's slower than molasses and Rage made him pay for it right there.

[Rage pulls Sunn up by the hair, turning around with an arm raised in the air...

...and then rushes the ropes, leaping over the top to SNAP Sunn's throat down on the top rope, sending him falling back down to the mat.]

GM: Rage racing back in from the floor, right into a cover!

[Another two count lands, this time with a weaker kickout as Rage is thrown off his powerful opponent.]

GM: Two count only as Rage gets back up...

[Rage leans down, slamming an open hand into the chest of Sunn before leaping up, dropping a knee into the sternum!]

GM: Leaping kneedrop connects! That gets him one! Two! But Sunn lifts the shoulder again, breaking the pin.

[Rage instantly scrambles up, walking in a circle, muttering to himself before DRIVING the point of his elbow down into the back of Sunn's neck before he can get off the mat!]

BW: Shadoe Rage loves using those knees and elbows to ground and punish an opponent. He knows those are his best chance to floor Sunn and keep him there.

GM: A second driving elbow down across the back of the neck by Shadoc Rage who pops right back up... legdrop down on the back of the neck!

[Rage scrambles back to his feet, this time leaping into the air to drop a second legdrop down on the back of the neck!]

GM: A second legdrop. Shadoc Rage drawing a bullseye on the neck of Tony Sunn, perhaps thinking ahead to that flying elbow off the top...

BW: Where the heck is he going now?

[Rage dashes a few steps towards the ropes, leaping up to the middle rope, springing back with extra height for a third legdrop to the back of the neck!]

GM: A third legdrop! Tony Sunn isn't even moving at this point, Bucky!

[The Canadian wildman climbs to his feet, going into a full spin with his arms outstretched to his sides, drawing serious boos this time. He throws a quick obscene gesture of the middle finger variety at the jeering fans, earning a quick cut to the crowd.]

GM: We apologize for that, fans. There's absolutely no call for that.

[As we cut back to Rage, he has moved out to the ring apron where he is scaling the ropes quickly, stepping to the top rope...]

GM: Shadoc Rage is up top! This is a dangerous place for him to be if you're Tony Sunn!

[Rage leaps off the top, extending his right leg...

...and DROPPING it down across the back of Sunn's neck!]

GM: Guillotine legdrop off the top right down on the neck... and he's rolling the big man over, looking to finish him right here in this non-title affair!

[Rage hooks a leg as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Sunn lifts a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin. Rage pushes up to his knees, promptly tearing at his own hair.]

GM: Tony Sunn kicks out after four legdrops from Shadoc Rage and... where's Rage going now?!

BW: He's going up again! He's gonna finish this big lug off once and for all!

[Rage hops through the ropes, showing off his agility on the simplest of moves. He starts to scale the ropes...

...but pauses to point and shout at a ringside fan, threatening to backhand him.]

GM: This guy is so volatile... so erratic. You just never know what in the world he's going to do.

BW: Like jump off a scaffold?

GM: He certainly intended to do that to Donnie White at Memorial Day Mayhem, absolutely. Luckily, Marissa Monet was able to talk him down from that but right now, she looks completely powerless.

BW: She's tried to talk to Rage out here a few times but he keeps ignoring her. Right now, I don't think she could talk him into trying a chicken sandwich for dinner instead of a burger.

[The Canadian madman steps up to the top rope, placing one foot there as he jerks a thumb at himself, doing the belt gesture a few times before stepping up to the top, looking down at Sunn who has managed to stagger up to his feet...]

GM: Rage looks flustered! I think he wanted to drop another leg or maybe that elbow but he took too long and Sunn is up on his feet!

[Rage shouts at Sunn before throwing his arms up over his head, leaping off to clasp his hands together...]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[...but Sunn snatches the plummeting Rage out of the sky, wrapping his powerful arms around him in a bearhug!]

GM: AHHH! BEARHUG!

[Rage screams out in pain as Sunn squeezes the ribcage of his opponent.]

GM: In most wrestlers' arsenals, this is to buy them some time to recover but in a powerhouse like Tony Sunn's, this could be the end! Sunn might squeeze him into submission!

[Rage cries out as Sunn ragdolls him back and forth, holding the smaller man off the canvas as he continues to squeeze...]

...and then rushes forward, DRIVING Rage backfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh!

[Sunn doubles over, grabbing the middle rope, and slams his shoulder into the ribs once... twice... three times...]

...and then straightens up, firing Rage across with an Irish whip.]

GM: Rage hits the buckles... bouncing back out...

[The faster Rage leaps up, throwing himself into a crossbody...]

...but Sunn catches him, holds him...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[...and LAUNCHES him up and overhead with a fallaway slam, sending Rage bouncing off the canvas and rolling out to the floor!]

GM: Good grief! What a move! What a move out of Tony Sunn!

BW: He threw him clear out of the ring, Gordo!

GM: He certainly did and-

[Sunn gets back to a knee, taking some deep breaths as Marissa Monet rushes to Shadoe Rage's side.]

GM: Marissa Monet immediately over there to check on Rage, helping him up to a seated position.

[But Rage flings an arm back, causing her to duck away to avoid getting drilled.]

GM: Whoa! Shadoe Rage... he almost hit her!

BW: He didn't!

GM: Thanks to how quickly she avoided it!

[Tony Sunn is fuming at Monet almost getting clocked and ducks through the ropes, dropping down to the floor. He moves over to check on Monet who nods that she's okay...

...and he turns right back into Shadoe Rage rushes him, leaping up and dragging him down to the barely-padded floor with a clothesline!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Haha! Brilliant! I bet he and Monet set that whole thing up!

[A quick camera shot of Monet show that's incredibly unlikely.]

GM: I highly doubt that.

[Rage pulls Sunn up off the mat, dragging him over towards the ringside barricade. He shouts at the fans before SLAMMING Sunn's head down into the railing.]

GM: Ohh!

[The wild-eyed Canadian bails back from Sunn, allowing him to slump against the barricade before dropping to the floor. Marissa Monet fires off a few strong words in Rage's direction before he silences her with a shout, rolling back into the ring.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is right back in after that cheapshot attack on-

BW: Cheapshot attack?! Sunn walked right into it head-on!

GM: It was still a cheapshot and you know it. And now, Shadoe Rage is telling the official to start his ten count.

BW: Rage lost via countout at Guts & Glory and it's pretty obvious he wants to return the favor right now.

[Rage grabs the official by the arm, dragging him over to the ropes where he waves for the count to start.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow is not amused by Rage's antics but he'll start that ten count anyways.

BW: This might be it, Gordo. Sunn's head hit that railing pretty hard down here on the floor.

[As the count continues, Rage is mimicking the official, shouting at him to count faster.]

GM: Shadoe Rage doesn't seem happy with the speed of the official's count as Ricky Longfellow does his job.

[At the count of four, Tony Sunn uses the railing to drag himself to a kneeling position. Rage again shouts at the official to count faster. Longfellow turns towards Rage, giving him a warning as Sunn climbs to his feet...

...and Rage shoves the official aside, quickly scaling the turnbuckles. He stands tall up top, raising his arms above his head, and leaps off, dropping a double axehandle down across the skull!]

GM: Ohhh! Death From Above by Rage who quickly rolls Sunn back in...

[Rage scampers up on the apron, turning to taunt the fans with his arms spread out, shouting at them.]

GM: Shadoe Rage needs to concern himself with his opponent, the World Television Champion Tony Sunn, and not the fans here in Los Angeles.

"TEN MINUTES HAVE GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Five minutes left in this one.

BW: And if this was a title match, it'd be a time limit draw already.

GM: Certainly would as Rage turns back towards the ring... and he's heading up top again, I believe.

[Rage starts to scale the turnbuckles as Sunn pushes up to his knees, staring towards the corner where Rage steps up to the middle rope, turning to shout at Sunn who is still down on the mat. But as Rage steps to the top...]

GM: Here comes Sunn!

[Sunn gets to his feet, staggering towards the corner where he slams a muscular arm into the back of Rage's knee, causing him to crotch himself up top.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A not-so-nice landing for Shadoe Rage as Tony Sunn steps up on the middle rope, slinging that arm over his neck... superplex on the way!

[Sunn powers Rage up into the air with ease, standing tall for several seconds...

...and DROPS Rage down in a spine-rattling superplex!]

GM: Superplex! Sunn with the cover!

[The referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Rage lifts a shoulder before the three count. He promptly rolls to his side, clutching at his lower back as Sunn slowly climbs to his feet...]

GM: Tony Sunn looks like he's running out of steam in there but he's got Rage down, he's got him hurt, and all he needs is a way to finish him off for the one-two-three.

[Sunn pauses, hands on hips, breathing heavily before leaning down to drag Rage back to his feet...]

GM: We've seen this before! This is how he won the title!

[Sunn turns Rage around so that they're back-to-back, trapping the arms like he's going for a backslide. He lifts Rage up, causing Rage's ankles to get hooked onto Sunn's muscular thighs as Sunn pulls down on the arms.]

GM: Sunnstroke! He's got it locked in! This might be it! The referee is right- what's she doing?! Get her down from there!

[The crowd jeers the sight of Marissa Monet up on the apron as Sunn tries to wrench a submission out of Shadoe Rage...]

...and then releases the hold, shouting at her. Sunn approaches her slowly as she begs off, shaking his head.]

GM: Rage is up! From behind!

[The wildman rushes Sunn's exposed back, leaping up to drive a knee between the shoulderblades...]

...which sends Sunn crashing into Monet, knocking her off the apron to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He knocked her flat!

BW: #ScumbagTony!

GM: It wasn't his fault! Rage knocked Tony Sunn into Marissa Monet, knocking her down to the floor and-

[Rage shows no concern for his downed ally as he spins Sunn around, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[As Rage rebounds back, Sunn catches him, powering him up into a gorilla press. He quickly drops him down, catching him over his shoulder, pivoting, and DRIVING him down to the canvas!]

GM: HIGH NOON! HIGH NOON!

[Sunn doesn't even attempt to take advantage of the big slam though, promptly rolling under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Sunn rolls out!

BW: Cover him, ya big goof!

GM: Tony Sunn just rolled out on the floor and... what's he-?

[Sunn leans over the downed Marissa Monet, trying to check on her wellbeing.]

GM: He's checking on Monet!

BW: After he knocked her down!

GM: That's not right. You know how that happened, Bucky. You saw it as well as I did. Shadoe Rage knocked Tony Sunn into his own... what? Valet? Girlfriend? I can't quite tell the relationship between those two but Rage knocked her down and didn't even care! He went right after Sunn after it happened!

BW: He's trying to win the match!

GM: You don't think that Tony Sunn is trying to win the match?

BW: Not right now he ain't!

[Sunn looks around a few times helplessly...

...and then picks Monet up off the floor, carrying her in his powerful arms as he starts back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: Tony Sunn is leaving! Tony Sunn is taking Marissa Monet back to the locker room for medical attention!

[The crowd is split on the decision, booing Sunn for walking out while cheering his show of compassion.]

GM: If Shadoe Rage doesn't care what happens to Marissa Monet, apparently Tony Sunn does!

[Sunn continues to walk back up the aisle, carrying Monet in his arms as Ricky Longfellow continues his ten count, shouting for Sunn to get back into the ring. At the count of five, Shadoe Rage manages to use the ropes to haul himself to his feet, waving for the count to continue.]

GM: The count is up to six now as Tony Sunn doesn't even seem to notice. He's out of here, Bucky.

BW: Coward. He knew he couldn't take more of Shadoe Rage so he's beating a quick retreat.

GM: That's not right at all as the count hits seven.

[The referee's count goes to eight as Rage pushes off the ropes, staggering out into the ring.]

GM: The count is at nine... this is it right here.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Shadoe Rage throws both arms up in triumph as the referee makes it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, Tony Sunn has been COUNTED OUT of the ring. Therefore, your winner is... SHAAAAAADOOOOOE RAAAAAGE!

[The boos pour down on Rage as he celebrates his victory, forcing Ricky Longfellow to raise his hand before hopping up on the midbuckle, taunting the fans by doing the "belt gesture" over and over again.]

GM: A controversial victory for Shadoe Rage here tonight in Los Angeles as he-

BW: What was controversial about it? That was a legit ten count by a sanctioned official.

GM: Tony Sunn was helping Marissa Monet get medical help!

BW: That's his fault. Not Rage's.

GM: You don't think Rage should have been the one to get his own manager out of harm's way?

BW: Hey, he had a match to win, Gordo.

GM: Unbelievable. So, Shadoe Rage is victorious via countout and would certainly seem to have earned himself a future shot at the World Television Title. But tonight is not about titles, Bucky... tonight is about the Cibernetico and all reports we are getting from backstage say it is a very pressure-filled environment backstage right now. Mark Stegglet, can you confirm that for us?

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is nodding before speaking.]

MS: Guys, it is absolutely tense back here. It feels like a war is coming. And I'm hoping to get a couple of words from some of those warriors. Now let's see who we can find.

[Mark gestures for the cameraman to follow him. They walk down the hall a bit, looking for somebody to interview, passing a bunch of locker rooms in their search. And, just then, as Mark comes to the end of one hallway, he nearly gets knocked down by an oncoming beast of a man. Flustered, he brushes himself off before shouting after him.]

MS: Hey, watch where you-

[Stegglet stops cold as he looks up. His eyes go wide as he had forgotten just how big of a man this guy is. He fumbles with the microphone as the mammoth man keeps walking. Mark wildly gestures for the cameraman to go get in front of him. The cameraman and Mark exchange a few whispered words.]

Cameraman: Come on, Mark, you can't be serious.

MS: I am! Now... go!

[The cameraman audibly sighs and rushes towards the man, managing to sneak his way around so we can see the wild-haired visage of "The Redneck Wrecking Machine" himself, Cletus Lee Bishop. By this point, Mark has also caught up.]

MS: Cletus Lee! I never thought I'd say this, but thank heavens you're here. The AWA really needs your help tonight. But I've got to ask the question - can you be trusted by the rest of Team AWA?

[Cletus Lee keeps walking, but at least takes a second to glance out of the corner of his eye at Mark, acknowledging his presence. He mutters something under his breath.]

MS: I'm sorry, I didn't catch that.

[Mark looks earnestly at Cletus Lee, who has a "Is this guy serious?" look on his face.]

MS: OK, we'll get back to that, I guess. I've got other questions for you too... like... where exactly is your brother, Duane Henry? Last we saw him, he had been through one of The Wise Men's dreaded windshield attacks.

[Cletus Lee actually nods sharply. But he doesn't answer the question.]

MS: And what exactly is the nature of your seeming alliance with Chris Blue?

[Cletus Lee looks to be in no mood to be answering questions. He looks around wildly for something.]

MS: Is that who you're looking for right now?

[Cletus Lee looks down at Mark, an annoyed expression on his face.]

MS: Don't want to answer any of those? How about a question about your teammates? Can we really trust you to work with the old Southern Syndicate? It must be hard to swallow your pride and work with men that have been a thorn in your side, especially with Ben Waterson showing his face again.

[Oh boy, now he's getting angry. That one name seems to set him off, as he starts to breathe heavier and has that "Somebody's gonna die" look on his face.]

MS: Okay, okay, wrong question. Let's try something different. Knowing that Ryan Martinez is the captain of this team, can we expect you to fall in line? Are you fully committed to being a part of Team AWA?

[Cletus Lee stops in his tracks. Mark gulps a bit. Cletus Lee takes one more look down at him, then promptly raises his hand.]

MS: Hey, hey... even President Percy doesn't allow abuse of announce-

[Mark is surprised to see that Cletus Lee is pointing at something behind him. He slowly turns around, not knowing what to expect. His eyes light up as he realizes what Cletus Lee is pointing at. As he turns back, Cletus Lee gestures for Mark to get out of his way. Mark gladly does so as Cletus Lee promptly opens the door behind him, steps inside, then slams it closed. The cameraman turns back to Mark, who's sweating a bit, yet looks relieved.]

MS: Well, I think we have our answer.

[The cameraman turns to the door, catching something very important. "Team AWA" is written on it. As he focuses in on that, we hear Mark from off-screen.]

MS: I can't believe I'm saying this, especially considering the way this feud has developed, but I've never been more glad to see Cletus Lee Bishop in my life. I... uhhh... think we can get in there too?

[The cameraman shrugs as Mark Stegglet slowly pushes the door open, peeking inside. A voice shouts for him to come in. A grinning Stegglet walks in, waving the cameraman into the locker room as well. Jack Lynch, Bobby O'Connor, Eric Preston, Supernova and Dave Bryant have all left. There, standing tall in the center of the locker room, his expression intense, is Ryan Martinez.

But Martinez is not alone. Gathered around him are the remaining members of Team AWA. Marcus Broussard stands, looking forward, while Stevie Scott is crouched on a wooden bench. Calisto Dufresne is clad in his wrestling garb already; eyes moving from one partner to the next, keeping an eye on all of them, and somewhat off to the distance might be the blackest sheep of them all, Terry Shane, the Ringleader still under a good deal of suspicion. Also off to the side is the hulking form of Cletus Lee Bishop, the Redneck Wrecking Machine silent as usual. Martinez gives a nod to the cameraman, acknowledging his presence.]

RM: You probably all heard me talking to the others. But I've got something I want to say to all of you too. First off, let's just get it out there. You've all heard the talk. You know what's being said.

They say you're the problem children. That you're the black sheep. That none of you can be trusted. They're saying that Todd and I are fools for putting our trust in you and letting you stand with us. That's what they're saying.

I say there isn't one of you who doesn't belong here.

I can say proudly, that there isn't a person on Team AWA who doesn't want to be here. No one was here because they were contractually obligated to show up, or because if they don't step up, their family will suffer. This is a volunteer army. And no matter what anyone says, I wouldn't have chosen any differently if I could.

Look at who we have. Cletus Lee Bishop. Half of the most legendary, most dominant tag team the AWA has ever seen. Marcus Broussard – a founding father. The first National champion. A giant whose shoulders I'm standing on. Stevie Scott, two time National Champion. Calisto Dufresne, our first World Champion. And Terry Shane? Has there ever been anyone who seemed earmarked for greatness as much as you?

But for all of that, you're all here for one reason. Because you all have something you need to prove. You need to prove that you've still got it. You need to prove that the potential you showed early hasn't been wasted. You need to prove that you can be trusted. You need to prove that you're more than your bad reputations.

Well? I've got something to prove too.

[Martinez begins to pace back and forth.]

RM: Ever since I came to the AWA, I've had something to prove. I had to prove that my middle name wasn't "Alex's son." I had to prove that I'm not just the poster child for nepotism. I had to prove that I belonged. And no matter what I do, I still have to prove it, every second of every day.

Just like all of you.

So this isn't "good guys" versus "bad guys." This is about proving ourselves to the world. And it's about saving this place that we all love, the AWA. You all have something to prove. To the world, and to yourselves.

And I'm in the same boat as all of you.

Just tell me that you want this. Just tell me that you're ready. Tell me that I can trust you, and I swear I will. Team AWA is your team too.

Just tell me that you're with me.

[A smirk from Dufresne.]

CD: Can you trust me? No.

I think you're well aware of that, despite the moisture behind your ears. But as far as tonight is concerned, you can rest assured that every dirty trick that I will employ... every act that Gordon Myers will be disgusted with... every underhanded trick I can use to gain an advantage...

...will be pointed at the other side of the ring.

[Martinez turns to face Cletus Lee.]

RM: And you, big man?

[Cletus Lee Bishop takes a look around the room with a grim expression. He slowly turns from person to person, taking in the rest of this notorious bunch. He looks ready to turn back, but then two people catch his attention. Stevie Scott and Calisto Dufresne. Two members of the Southern Syndicate, who used the Bishop Boys as hired muscle and then discarded them, leading to the Bishops winning the AWA National Tag Team Titles from Dufresne and Adrian Freeman.]

Cletus Lee snarls in their direction, but before he can do anything to jeopardize this team, he looks out of the corner of his eye, and catches Ryan Martinez staring at him. He turns his head to look at the team captain, then back to his old rivals. The Redneck Wrecking Machine just grumbles, and then turns to face Martinez. He hesitates for a second, but then sharply nods and pounds a fist into an open palm. His hate for the men who sent his brother through a windshield outweighs any differences from the past. Amazingly enough, even though his brother and Chris Blue aren't present to rein him in, it looks like Cletus Lee is on board.]

RM: I'll take that as a yes.

[Martinez turns to face the pair of former National Champions, Broussard and Scott. It's the Hotshot who speaks first.]

HSS: A couple of weeks ago, it was me giving you the pep talk. It was me telling you how it had to be. All I have to say is, I'm glad you listened.

But now, I'm tired of talking. All I'm ready to do is rearrange some faces, punch some throats, and maybe...just maybe...end a few careers.

[Broussard speaks up.]

MB: I am not inclined to repeat myself, young Mr. Martinez. I stated my case already. You know why I am here. You know what I want. As to your specific question?

I am, without a doubt, and indubitably so, ready for this, and I pledge myself to your cause.

[And then, almost as one, all eyes fall to Terry Shane. The Ringleader does nothing more than calmly repeat words he's already spoken.]

TS: I am here.

I am on your side.

[It's a calm that's come over Terry Shane. He's not frothing at the mouth. He's steady. And all the more dangerous for that steadiness.]

TS: Until my heart is ripped from my flesh and the Wise Men are left dying on the floor beneath my feet.

I am yours.

[Martinez and Shane seem to come to an understanding then, as both men nod their heads in unison.]

RM: Then get ready gentlemen.

Because it's time for war.

[We fade away from the locker room scene 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!"

[Suddenly, the screen is overcome with static. After a moment, the picture corrects itself, as it goes from a heavily distorted and blown out image of blurry black and tan to a clear closeup of an weathered piece of parchment. All we can see is a drawing of two mermaids with the phrase "A Scale Of 3 English Miles" between them.

We pan back a bit, and can now clearly see it is what appears to be a treasure map, detailing an island. It is held to the desk it sits on by a strange small sculpture, used as a paperweight. The small statue depicts a bizarre creature seated - a pulpy, tentacled head surmounted a grotesque and scaly body with rudimentary wings. We pan back farther, and see various gems and rubies scattered across the desk... all of which pale in comparison, however, to the crystal atop a cane held by a black gloved hand.

We pan yet further back, and see the man holding the cane. A tall, slender man in a white suit. Bald, with his scalp waxed so that the lights overhead shine off of his smooth dome. Familiar to fans of Tiger Paw Pro, he is "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett.]

"D"HF: Greetings and welcome. I thank you kindly for once again allowing this intrusion on your television screens from my temporary base. As you will see in a moment, while this study is lavishly decorated with but a small sampling of my most cherished spoils of a lifetime of study and searching... we are in fact at the very precipice of what will no doubt prove to be my greatest find.

[Fawcett laughs quietly to himself. A dark laugh, an ominous laugh.]

"D"HF: Small minds. They have a need for understanding that which is far beyond their comprehension. In this need, they have been desperate to label me in terms they can grasp. Simple terms like "master of monsters". I have searched the dark corners of this globe and found the truly remarkable. The simple mind has to deem men such as Muteesa as monsters, but for what I am about to do...

[A slight smile tugs at the corners of Fawcett's mouth as he takes a handkerchief out of his breast pocket, dabbing at his sweating forehead.]

"D"HF: ... they will ironically be all too correct. For I am about to see my life's work realized, I am about to unearth that which is far beyond humanity. For I am a TRUE collector of oddities, not just in name only. An assassin from the Far East, an insane man allowed to be out of the asylum...

[Fawcett raises his cane so he can peer directly into the crystal atop it... a crystal that now seems eerily similar to the one Percy Childe used in the past to keep control over James Monosso.]

"D"HF: ... those are not quite odd enough for my liking. Even the spectacular savages I have unearthed... in the end, they still all have one unifying theme.

[His slight smile is replaced with a sneer.]

"D"HF: They are all merely men. But that all comes to an end today. For today I enter into the halls of scientific legend. Today I became unquestionably the greatest discoverer of ALL time.

[Fawcett walks past the camera, which quickly spins to see him open a door to the outside. He walks at a quick pace down a hill as the cameraman races to catch up...]

"D"HF: Join me, won't you?

[... as the "Doctor" stands at the mouth of a cave, mist pouring out of it.]

"D"HF: Destiny awaits.

[And just then an enormous, almost demonic, roar is heard from deep within the cave. So staggering that it causes the cameraman to drop the camera out of fright, as the visual is once again consumed with static.]

We crossfade back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: For months now, we've been seeing these strange interruptions to our program - talking about power and nature and bizarre occurrences. With that right there, I believe we may finally know who was responsible for them.

BW: Doctor Harrison Fawcett. That's a name I have not heard in a long time... a long time. That man is... well, he's brilliant... but he's also on the twisted side of the spectrum, Gordo. Percy Childe may be CALLED the Collector of Oddities but Fawcett lives that. He's always surrounded himself with the truly unique and bizarre... in wrestling, sure... men like Muteesa... like Ebola Zaire... like Morgan Dane... but also just in life. He's a collector of antiquities as you could see by his office... of unique, unusual, and most often... evil artifacts. If it's even been rumored to be cursed... if it was ever part of a legend that might send chills down your spine, Harrison Fawcett has wanted to own it. And for him to have found... something... that he claims is his greatest discovery yet?

[Bucky shudders.]

GM: He says that destiny awaits. Well, right here later tonight, destiny awaits the twenty-six men stepping into the Cibernetico but some might also argue this next match is the product of destiny as well as the former World Tag Team Champion duo of Strictly Business meets Air Strike.

BW: Tucker and Sebastian are a legendary tag team, Gordo. When you say Strictly Business, you think about Hall of Fame teams like the Epitome Of Cool... like the Down Boys... like the Fraternity Boys and the Outlaws. But for whatever reason, Strictly Business have never been given serious consideration to that honor. They came back to the AWA to change that... and found themselves face to face with a pair of guys who treated them like old men.

GM: Give me a break. Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons treated them like heroes! Mertz and Aarons worshipped these two men growing up and just wanted to have a nice, clean match with their idols way back earlier this year during the Stampede Cup. However, after Air Strike won that match, we saw a much different side of Strictly Business as they viciously assaulted Mertz and Aarons, essentially taking them out of the tournament... yet they've ducked them ever since. Tonight, the ducking and the games? It's over. We're going to see these two teams collide one more time here tonight in Los Angeles and we're going to find out exactly who the better men are.

[The sounds of "Can't Hold Us" by Macklemore and Ryan Lewis starts to play as the team of Air Strike emerges through the curtain, making their way down the elevated ramp to a huge response from the fans. Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons are soaking up the cheers from the crowd as they slap hands on either side of the aisle.]

GM: It is time for a confrontation that has been brewing for a long, long time. These two young men, Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons, have been hunting down the veteran tag team of Strictly Business for most of 2014...

BW: Wait, wait, wait. LEGENDARY tag team, not "veteran" tag team.

GM: I can't even dispute that label, it is true. But legends don't become legends by avoiding challenges, and the team of Mike Sebastian and Andrew Tucker have not been behaving in a manner that befits their legacy.

BW: You got it all wrong, Gordo. Their legacy justifies their behavior. And pretty much anything else they want to do.

[The music continues to play and the fans continue cheering as Air Strike hits the ring. Aarons has a well-toned, tanned small size frame with shoulder length brown hair. He is wearing long green tights with a white vertical stripe going down the leg; Mertz is a similar size if not a little smaller with short, messy dirty blonde hair. Mertz has on long white tights with a green vertical stripe going down each leg. Each is wearing the Air Strike Fan Club tee shirt! GET YOURS TODAY!]

GM: However, the one time that these teams did get in the ring to face one another, Air Strike beat Strictly Business in the middle of the ring during Round One of the Stampede Cup in the Tokyo Dome! And then Strictly Business assaulted them... not once, but twice... resulting in Cody Mertz' injury that kept him out of action for almost two months. And while Aarons joined up with Brian James to make it to the finals... one wonders if having his regular tag team partner would have gotten Air Strike over the top.

BW: Over the top against Violence Unlimited?! Hahahahahaha... wait, are you being serious?

GM: Yes!

BW: They might have lasted an extra thirty seconds.

GM: Please. We're now waiting on Strictly Business, who insisted on coming out second despite that normally being reserved for the crowd favorites.

[It has been a while. "Can't Hold Us" stops, and Mertz and Aarons are now in their corner, limbering up and moving with some impatience. The crowd's cheers settle down to a buzz.]

BW: Who the crowd favors shouldn't ever have anything to do with anything. Remember, we're in the Childs Era. He is ending that favoritism. Strictly Business will be here when they are good and ready.

GM: They need to be good and ready now, because their match is now. Wrestling doesn't change based on your track record.

BW: Not with Percy as President, no, but before that all the fan favorites and alleged legends got huge breaks and free title shots. The only reason that Strictly Business haven't gotten twelve title shots by now is that Percy is making them earn it, but there's really nobody that qualifies to face them so it's hard to build up a contender ranking. Do you know how much they're condescending to fight these two?

GM: Who they have already lost to.

BW: The only reason that Andrew Tucker didn't kick out at Rising Sun Showdown is because he was conserving energy by waiting until just before three to kick out. But he don't speak Japanese so he didn't know what count the guy was on.

GM: That is inane on every level... and where in blazes are Strictly Business?!

[The crowd is booing, and Mertz and Arons are hot. They repeatedly ask Johnny Jagger what the deal is, and Jagger is just shrugging.]

BW: Maybe Strictly Business finally decided that these guys really are too low on the totem pole to wrestle. It is the truth, after all.

GM: That makes zero sense. Bucky, this isn't just a grudge match... it is also a Number One Contenders match.

BW: Ludicrous. The Number One Contenders are Dichotomy. The draw in Vegas, remember?

GM: In REALITY, the Number One Contenders will be whomever wins here. Johnny Jagger is putting a ten count on; there is no earthly reason for Strictly Business to...

[The opening whispers of Powerman 5000's "When Worlds Collide" begin to creep through the Forum's PA system as the crowd leaps to their feet, not in anticipation as they once did, but to shower them with boos. 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.

The crowd's volume kicks up a notch at the sight of the two, who look completely oblivious to the reaction as they slowly make 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.]

BW: Ah, now they're ready. Can't rush greatness, you know.

GM: And taking their sweet time about it, now that Jagger has stopped counting. This is a mind game, nothing more.

BW: Playing games with Air Strike's minds is like playing catch with that cripple, James Stench.

GM: Bucky!

[The entire way down, Strictly Business interacts with the fans, usually in a dismissive and insulting manner. They do find one fan of theirs, wearing a Strictly Business shirt, and stop to shake hands with him, and use his phone to take a selfie with big fake smiles. Then, after spending all that time, they walk away wiping their hands in disgust. Mertz and Aarons continually wave them on, and just get angrier and angrier at every blatant act of stalling.]

Finally, Sebastian and Tucker get to the ring. The two proceed to climb into the ring, fully focused on the match at hand, discussing strategy in an empty corner.]

GM: I refuse to dignify anything you just said with a reaction. Mike Sebastian and Andrew Tucker are in the ring now, and with the music dying down, we can finally get to the match. Let's go to Phil Watson.

[*DING*DING*]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit, and it is a Number One Contender's Match.

Introducing first, to my left. From El Paso, Texas and Carson City, Nevada respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred thirty pounds...

...CODY MERTZ... MICHAEL AARONS...

...AIIIIIRRRRRR STTTTTRRIIIIIIIKE!

[The fans cheer loudly for the popular flyers, who are locked in on their opponents so much that they don't respond.]

PW: And their opponents, to my right. From Oakland, California and Palm Springs, California respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred fifty-two pounds...

...ANDREW TUCKER... MIKE SEBASTIAN...

...SSSSSTRIIIICTLLLYYYYYYYY BUSSSSINEEEEESSSSSS!

[The boos are just as loud as the cheers were, and the duo of Tucker and Sebastian turn to give half-hearted pageant-style waves to the fans, while keeping comically bored expressions on their faces. Which just irritates the crowd more.]

GM: Only a few seconds more before Air Strike gets their... what is this?

[Sebastian has blocked Phil Watson's exit, and is complaining that "that was not a Hall Of Fame worthy introduction - do it again".]

BW: Well, Buford P. Higgins is in Japan, so we really don't have a ring announcer capable of giving Strictly Business the introduction they deserve.

GM: This is more stalling... and Air Strike has had enough!

BW: CHEAP SHOT!

GM: AIR STRIKE ATTACKS!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[The fans cheer as Mertz and Aarons dash across the ring and start unloading! Tucker and Sebastian fire back, but the young duo of Air Strike has so much pent-up aggression that they are firing at three times the rate of their veteran adversaries. Sebastian is sent reeling with a big jumping forearm shot following a flurry of blows by Aarons. He then runs over to join Mertz in attacking Tucker. Air Strike sends Tucker to the far ropes, sets for a devastating double dropkick... but Sebastian intercepts Tucker by tripping him before he can rebound, and Strictly Business rolls out of the ring to the boos of the crowd.]

BW: No way, Strictly Business is way too smart for that nonsense. I can't believe these so-called clean cut pretty boys backjumped these legends before the bell. They must be Todd Michaelson disciples.

GM: They trained at the Combat Corner.

BW: I can tell. Cheap shots followed by pretending to be fan heroes. They'd fit in on Team Todd.

GM: Sebastian and Tucker regrouping outside the ring, and Air Strike is livid! They have waited much of the year for this, and now that the match is here, Strictly Business is essentially running from them.

BW: Let me correct you. Strictly Business is not running from them; they're frustrating them. These two dumb kids were bent out of shape before the bell even rang.

GM: From two men who claim to be so much better than Air Strike that they were unworthy to even face them, it seems like they shouldn't need to do this. By their own logic.

BW: Psychological tactics are part of what makes them great, Gordo. Air Strike wanted them so bad? They're gonna get every trick in the book used on them tonight.

GM: Strictly Business back up on the apron, and Jagger reached nine before Mike Sebastian entered the ring. He is insisting that one member of Air Strike leave the ring, which is the first reasonable demand he has made in months.

BW: Of course Air Strike wanted a two on one.

GM: Michael Aarons heads out. Cody Mertz to start against Mike Sebastian. Mertz wants revenge after these two speared him into a concrete wall in Tokyo!

BW: He'll want more after they spear him into the canvas tonight.

[Mertz stands in center ring, glaring at Sebastian hatefully. Sebastian seems to take offense, and steps right up to him, glaring back.]

BW: They're staring each other down, daddy!

[Sebastian shoots off a few words at Mertz who lunges into a lockup, pushing Sebastian back but the veteran spins away, scooping Mertz up and slamming him down.]

GM: Big bodyslam by Sebastian... and a quick elbowdrop to the chest to follow up.

[Sebastian promptly makes the cover, hooking a leg.]

BW: And he got him!

GM: That wasn't even a one count.

BW: Slow count!

GM: Please. Straight into a chinlock by Sebastian.

BW: Sebastian wants to clamp a weardown hold on, because that'll wind these two up even more while workin' on them at the same time.

GM: But Mertz pushing to his feet. Cody Mertz has put on about ten pounds just for this match alone, Bucky. He told me that he believes Strictly Business will target his ribs, so he has been building up his abs. Our female fans will likely approve.

[And besides that... Mertz pounds Sebastian in the midsection with an elbow to escape the hold. Sebastian yelps and rolls out of the ring. Wasting no time, Cody rushes off the ropes, going for a ring dive... but Tucker is there on the outside, poised and waiting. Seeing that he'd get nailed if he jumped, Cody stops. Sebastian hops around ringside holding his abdomen.]

BW: Go on, Mertz. Jump! You're Air Strike, right?

GM: He's Air Strike, not Air Head. Mike Sebastian is overreacting to one elbow to the ribs, and this is more of the mind games.

[Sebastian calls out: "Medic! Medic! Medic!" A confused AWA staff medic walks up... it is a young lady. Sebastian points to a spot on his abs, and holds her hand to it to demonstrate where it hurts. And then he starts moving it around. And then she stomps off, because he's obviously just fine and is being a pervert. The fans boo, and Cody rushes out there in an outrage... getting whacked in the face with a haymaker by Tucker as he does.]

BW: HA HA HA! What an idiot!

GM: Strictly Business with a double team on the floor, hammering away on Cody Mertz! I cannot believe that they used that poor paramedic, who is one of the ringside medical staff there for the safety of our wrestlers!

BW: Considering we got both Ebola Zaire and Morgan Dane yet to come tonight, we're gonna need a lot more of them than that!

[With Mertz in trouble, Tucker and Sebastian lift him up, slamming him down in a double bodyslam on the barely-padded floor. Michael Aarons rushes around the corner to aid his partner but doesn't make it in time.]

GM: Michael Aarons is finally over there, but Strictly Business finally caused Air Strike to make a bad mistake!

BW: It was only a matter of time. Mertz and Aarons are young and dumb. They need a manager and an attitude adjustment in the worst way.

GM: Are you volunteering?

BW: No chance. I'm needed here.

GM: Sebastian is back in the ring, and Mertz recovering... Tucker back in the corner and Strictly Business wants Jagger to run Aarons out of there.

BW: Because he's on the opposite side of the ring from his corner!

[The official nods, rolling out of the ring where Aaron's has just helped his partner up off the floor. He grabs Aaron's, pushing him back towards his own corner much to the dismay of Michael Aaron's...

...which allows Tucker to measure a just-standing Mertz, dropping off the apron with a chop to the base of the neck. This staggers and freezes up Mertz so that he is easy prey for a baseball slide dropkick to the mush from Sebastian, sending him down to the floor again! The boos pick up even more.]

GM: Strictly Business is creating openings with their devious ploys, and then taking full advantage of them.

BW: Notice how you don't see crazy moves from Tucker or Sebastian yet. They do that flying stuff that Air Strike does too. But they wait until the time is right and never so early.

GM: Very controlled, yes. Sebastian back in the ring, and Tucker bounces Mertz's face off the apron before rolling him in as well.

[Once Mertz is in the ring, Sebastian grabs his right leg, drags him in towards center ring, and drives a knee down to the right hamstring. A second time. Then a third. And after the third time, he slaps on a tight kneelock. Cody shouts in pain as Sebastian expertly bends his leg, attempting to get that knee bent the wrong way.]

BW: And now here comes the grounding. That extra ten pounds of muscle won't help him now!

GM: No, it certainly will not. Mike Sebastian is a capable technician, and he is using those skills in an effort to damage the leg of Cody Mertz.

BW: And there's the difference again. Strictly Business can fly just as good as Air Strike...

GM: That's dubious.

BW: ...but can wrestle circles around them.

GM: Also dubious. Air Strike are better flyers, Strictly Business are better technicians, but neither holds an overwhelming advantage over the other.

BW: You make it sound like they're evenly matched, Gordo. That's crazy talk. Crazy talk!

GM: Mertz pulling Sebastian in close... look at that!

[Grasping Sebastian under one of his elbows, Mertz pulls the "Money Driven" man in towards him, which causes Sebastian's hold to loosen. When it does, Mertz uses his free leg to push Sebastian back abruptly, showing great flexibility in doing so. The result is Sebastian losing his grip as Mertz slips away.]

GM: Cody Mertz very cleverly escaped the hold!

BW: Okay, that was... decent. But it didn't help him.

GM: Sebastian caught Mertz by the leg as he tried to head back for the tag, and spikes his right knee into the canvas!

[Mertz howls in pain, grabbing at his kneecap as Sebastian smirks at Michael Aarons' reaction in the corner. The veteran gabs Mertz by the leg, dragging him towards the corner where he tags in Andrew Tucker.]

GM: Our first legal tag of the match brings in Andrew "Flash" Tucker who grabs the leg... and hooks in a spinning toehold!

BW: Shades of Terry Shane Junior. If only he used that on Henrietta that one time, we might not have had a Terry Shane III to betray Sandra Hayes like he did.

GM: Don't even start with that! The spinning toehold is clamped on, and Cody Mertz trying to kick Tucker away. But Tucker very expertly timing his spins to avoid Mertz. Sound technical skill and experience.

BW: And Mertz won't be able to counter this one.

[It should go without saying that Bucky has jinxed it. Tucker spins the toehold again, and as he does, Mertz spins himself, scooting along the mat around Tucker about 90 degrees in the same direction he is turning. Therefore, when Tucker stops, he still hasn't gotten the hold all the way around, and Mertz kicks him away.]

GM: Another very clever escape!

BW: He must have been watching some film. They say Mertz studies film obsessively.

GM: That is true; he does.

BW: Imagine how much better he'll be when someone teaches him how to load it into the projector first.

GM: Will you stop?!

[The opening gives Cody a chance to crawl back towards his corner but Mike Sebastian runs in and clamps on a front facelock to keep him from the corner.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Jagger descends upon Sebastian with a loud count, but that is interrupted as Michael Aarons slingshots himself over the top rope with a fist to the base of Sebastian's spine. Sebastian rolls off in pain, and Aarons throws him out of the ring.]

BW: There was no tag there!

GM: No, there was not! Mike Sebastian just ran in and locked on a hold!

BW: I was talking about Aarons. Sebastian had the right to run in because of his legacy and pedigree. He gets a freebie.

GM: I thought you said President Percy was forbidding such things!

BW: He is. Jagger's gonna get fined.

GM: But... you're the one who was justifying that!

[Meanwhile, Mertz gets to his corner. But Aarons isn't there. By the time Michael gets over there, Andrew Tucker has rushed over, leapt at Mertz from the side, and nailed him with a spinning heel kick in the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Nice kick by Tucker... and look at this!

[As Mertz staggers out, Tucker picks his ankle, and rolls him into a legscissored anklelock!]

BW: Enough about me, let's talk about how Strictly Business is dominating, and how Cody Mertz will tap out without ever tagging once.

GM: They're controlling the match, yes. There is a difference between control and domination. But the mind games of Strictly Business have paid large dividends early. This is a punishing hold applied to Cody Mertz, and he will need to get out quickly to avoid being hobbled for the remainder of the match.

BW: The easiest way out is to tap. Just think, if he taps now, maybe Strictly Business will be good sports and let them get front row tickets to watch them face the Lights Out Express. Now there is a team worth facing, even for Strictly Business. And all Cody Mertz has to do to end the pain and ensure that he doesn't end up on crutches is to tap and get the bonus of being able to tell his grandkids that he not only wrestled THE Strictly Business, but got to watch them wrestle THE Lights Out Express.

GM: Mertz is trying to hang on! The young man does not want to give this up and... he rolls onto his stomach!

[Tucker tries to adjust but quickly adapts his plan, breaking the hold himself before Cody can escape. He switches his grip on the leg, abandoning the submission hold to drag Mertz back to the corner, tagging Sebastian back in.]

BW: Tucker bailed on the hold before Mertz could escape it. Smart.

GM: Sebastian in, and driving his shin across the knee of Mertz. This match proceeding very differently than their match at Rising Sun Showdown. It is all Strictly Business with aggressive mat wrestling, targeting the leg, and the stalling game to set it all up.

BW: Sebastian's wrapping him up, daddy! This could be it... figure four!

[Mike Sebastian reaches down to gather up Mertz' right leg (as you tend to use the damaged leg as the straight leg in a figure four). But Cody pulls him back in an inside cradle! However, he doesn't stop there... he then rolls back over, putting Sebastian on top... and then over again... and rolls all the way across the ring into his corner!]

BW: Wha? WhatwhatHEY!

GM: Cody Mertz makes the tag! And he's keeping Sebastian tucked in on top of him in that cradle...

[Sebastian wiggles and twists, trying to free himself but Mertz hangs on as Michael Aarons slingshots up to the top rope, leaping off...]

GM: AARONS OFF THE TOP ROPE! He hammered Sebastian over the back with a double axehandle, and Sebastian had nowhere to go!

BW: Augh, I can't believe that cheap trick worked!

GM: Michael Aarons is the legal man, and the crowd is on their feet! Aarons pulls Sebastian up, sends him off the ropes... and plows him down with a running elbow! And a dropkick catches Tucker trying to sneak attack him from the backside!

BW: Yeah, but that bought Sebastian the breathing room to roll out of the ring. And we're gonna start this process over, but this time with Mertz already having a bum wheel.

GM: Aarons off the far ropes, rushing at Sebastian...

[The crowd cheers as Michael Aarons leaps through the ropes for a suicide dive on Sebastian...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SEBASTIAN GETS TAKEN DOWN BY MICHAEL AARONS!!

[The LA crowd is roaring now as Aarons pulls Sebastian up off the ringside mats, ignoring the referee's count...

...and THROWS Sebastian backfirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohhh! The small of Sebastian's back slams into the apron and after that and that flying axehandle, those are two huge blows to the back of Mike Sebastian, Bucky.

BW: I call it dirty pool, Gordo. It just goes to show that Air Strike has to do whatever they can to bring Strictly Business down to their level: spineless.

[Aarons rolls Sebastian back under the ropes, crawling in behind him.]

GM: He's got the man from Palm Springs hooked... SNAP SUPLEX! What velocity! Mike Sebastian was "Money Driven" right into the canvas!

BW: Ha ha, very funny. By the way, Sebastian only has a seasonal residence in Palm Springs. He's too rich to be from just one place.

GM: That's fine, because if this keeps up, he'll have lost to Air Strike in multiple locations as well.

[Aarons hops up on the second turnbuckle in a neutral corner, and waits for Sebastian to rise. Tucker tries to warn Sebastian to no avail as a flying Aarons lays in a dropkick to the back of Sebastian, sending him careening and collapsing in the corner opposite.]

GM: Nice flying dropkick... and here comes another!

[Aarons rolls through his landing, dashes into the corner with a followup, and propels himself with a sliding dropkick into the kidney area of Sebastian, who is splayed out against the bottom turnbuckle!]

BW: Ooooh. That hurt just lookin' at it.

GM: Devastating combination of moves! A pair of dropkicks, one off the second rope, one sliding into the corner has put Mike Sebastian in some serious trouble!

[The crowd is cheering on Aarons as he drags Sebastian to the corner, making the exchange with Cody Mertz. Aarons pulls Sebastian into a front facelock as Mertz begins climbing the turnbuckles...]

GM: The tag is made and Mertz is going up...

[A big jump off the top gives Mertz a lot of hang time before SPIKING the point of the elbow into the lower lumbar region of Mike Sebastian!]

GM: Effective doubleteam by Air Strike, continuing to target the back of Mike Sebastian.

BW: And a ginger one-leg landing, did you notice?

GM: I don't think the leg of Mertz has suffered actual injury at this point, but he's favoring it a bit. Sebastian has taken a lot of damage to the back, and... OOF!

[Mertz walks up to Sebastian, who is on his knees holding his back. Approaching from the side, Mertz jumps into a flying headscissors on Sebastian. But since Sebastian is on his knees, he doesn't flip over... he faceplants!]

BW: OW!

GM: RANA DRIVER! That's practically a variant on a DDT, and Sebastian is dazed! Mertz hooks the leg!

BW: Nope, Andrew Tucker wasn't even gonna let that get to a one count.

GM: He was in there in a "Flash", as his nickname suggests. And a cheap shot on the leg! Tucker spiked the knee of Cody Mertz into the canvas after breaking up the pin!

[The crowd boos that dirty trick as Tucker hustles out of the ring. Mertz clutches at his leg, rolls to his corner, and tags. As he does, Sebastian begins slowly rolling in the opposite direction.]

BW: He had five seconds, Gordo, and he's so quick he was able to do two moves. Plus, Mertz not usin' his leg to get to his corner gave Sebastian time to roll to HIS corner!

GM: Michael Aarons a shade too slow to prevent the exchange. Andrew Tucker with a slingshot over the ropes, and a kick to the chest as he comes in pushes Aarons back! And both men throwing punches!

[This fast exchange, with both men throwing rapid blows, gets a rise out of the crowd. It is not long before Tucker whiffs a wild swinging haymaker, gets himself turned around, and Aarons takes advantage with a big atomic drop! Tucker bounces off of his knee, clutching his posterior in agony.]

BW: Tucker has got to get back to wrestling! Strictly Business is a lot tougher than Air Strike, but these kids are so frustrated and angry that fisticuffs might work out for them. I'd give them a chance to unload it all and calm down.

GM: "A lot tougher"? I think they're fairly equivalent on that count, but your statement on the effect that a slugfest may have on their psyche seems accurate. Aarons with a handful of hair rams Tucker to the top turnbuckle! And now he mounts the second buckle! Tucker is trapped in the corner!

BW: And this idiot is asking the fans if he should hit him. "Gee, should I attack my opponent in a combat sport? I dunno! Let me ask a bunch of unathletic nobodies!"

[In all fairness, Aarons has made up his mind before Bucky gets four words out, and whales on Tucker throughout Bucky's mocking speech. The fans know what they must do.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"
"FIVE!"
"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[With Tucker reeling, Aarons changes his stance, using a monkey flip to take Tucker over, sending him sprawling down to the canvas.]

GM: Tucker's in major trouble right about now!

BW: 'Major', no, but he does need to stop Aarons' momentum. Like that!

GM: Andrew Tucker is begging off! He is on his knees begging Michael Aarons not to hit him! What kind of legend is that?! He said that Air Strike didn't deserve to fight them, and now he's begging?

[Nope. Aarons hesitates going in, and Tucker grabs the front of his trunks and falls back. Michael Aarons does a faceplant into the second turnbuckle and bounces out as Tucker hops up, laughing. The crowd boos the shameless tactic.]

BW: Yeah, he's begging this kid to show at least half a brain! Ha ha ha ha!

GM: Tucker with a kneedrop. And again, a high jumping one that time after the first one flattened his man out. Aarons is stunned and down on the mat as Andrew Tucker mocks these fans.

[A cocky expression on his face, Tucker takes a couple of steps towards Mertz on the apron, points at him, and says "THIS is how it's done, junior!" before dashing at a now-standing Aarons and leaping into a high-velocity hurricanrana that whips Aarons over with great force! The Oakland native then bounces up and spreads out his arms, talking some more trash at Mertz.]

BW: Beautiful! Cody Mertz couldn't hit a hurricanrana like that in his fondest dreams.

GM: It is clear that Tucker is goading Mertz to get him angry and bait him into the ring for a distraction. Cody resisting that temptation at the moment. Nonetheless, Tucker's execution was phenomenal. He is measuring up Aarons... European Uppercut staggers him back to the corner!

BW: Tucker's got this. Normally, you'd see fast tags, but he wants Sebastian's back to be good and rested when he gets him back in.

GM: Tucker dashing at the corner... a high jumping corner splash! Shades of Supernova right there, but he turned to the side to use the hip... and go into a bulldog transition... NO!

[While Tucker set that up nicely, using his side and hip to not only get the impact on Aarons' chest, but cause him to land in bulldog position, Tucker may have taken too much time between moves to do a little showboating with a Vernon Riley-esque arm twirl. Because when he sprints out of the corner with the bulldog headlock, Aarons hurls him off as he jumps!]

GM: COUNTER! Tucker gets thrown off and he hits the mat hard!

[Tucker rolls when he hits the mat, ending up in the opposite corner on a knee.]

GM: Tucker's down and- AARONS!

[Aarons charges in, looking to deliver a running kick to the head but Tucker avoids it, causing Aarons' leg to slip through the ropes in the corner, narrowly avoiding driving his own leg into the steel ringpost.]

GM: Tucker's back up now, backing away from Aarons who is still trapped in the corner.

[Aarons is trying to withdraw his leg from the ropes, bouncing on one foot off-balance as Tucker lowers his shoulder, charging across the ring, aiming to spear him in the lower back...]

GM: TUCKER CHARGING IN!

[But Mertz screams out "DROP!" at his partner, who then falls to his back rather than try to dodge off-balance... just in time, as Tucker's shoulderblock misses. And he doesn't miss the post!]

BW: OH NO!

GM: ANDREW TUCKER JUST SHOULDERBLOCKED THE RINGPOST! And he had a full head of steam!

BW: Air Strike needed a fluke like that!

GM: I'd hardly call dodging a fluke.

BW: He didn't dodge! He slipped on his own puddle of sweat, from the fear that's going through his veins in having to face a legend in the biggest match of his life, and then Tucker slipped on the same puddle and this is a disaster!

GM: Aarons rolls to his corner, and tag to Mertz! Cody Mertz in, and Tucker is clutching that left shoulder in great pain.

[The first thing that Cody does? Hurricanrana. Followed by "THAT is how it's done!"]

BW: That was the worst hoolacarama or whatever you call it that I ever saw.

GM: You knew the name of the move sixty seconds ago.

BW: You oughta talk, Gordo! You been in the business for a hundred years and you still don't know what anything is called!

GM: I prefer technical terminology, like short arm scissors. Which is what Cody Mertz has on Andrew Tucker right now! The tables are turned on Strictly Business, and now it is one of them who is being worn down with mat wrestling to an injured limb.

BW: This is the lack of experience by Mertz, though. To do a short arm scissors, you need your legs at full strength. Tucker is twisting that right leg of Mertz, and that helped him escape!

GM: Clever. A mirror, perhaps, of how Mertz kept escaping holds earlier on.

[Back on his feet, Tucker starts to make a move towards a waiting Mike Sebastian but Mertz charges in, leaping up to scissor the arm and shoulder between his legs, rolling him over onto the mat.]

GM: Flying shoulder scissor takedown... and right into a grounded hammerlock!

[Tucker is down on his face, clawing with his free hand at the mat as Mertz rides the back with the hammerlock, keeping his legs back out of reach for Tucker.]

GM: Now you see Mertz wisely keeping his leg away from Tucker, making sure he can't exploit it for a counter.]

BW: And this hold can ruin an injured shoulder! I bet Air Strike is so jealous of Strictly Business that they're going for an injury! Trying to take out their childhood heroes... how low can you be?!

GM: Tucker slides to his side, gets his seat under him, and sits out into a nice armwringer reversal!

[Tucker pops up with a nod to the jeering crowd, arrogantly smirking at a struggling Mertz who quickly reverses the armwringer to a big cheer.]

GM: Reversal by Cody Mertz!

[Mertz wraps the arm back into the hammerlock, leaning in to scoop Tucker into the air, slamming him down on top of his own arm!]

GM: Hammerlock slam by Cody Mertz, right down on the left arm!

BW: But Mertz was a bit unstable there. His leg is still bothering him, Gordo. He still ain't movin' full speed.

GM: Indeed. Three of the four men in the match have taken significant damage to a body part. This is much more of a technical style of match than we expected, with both teams reserving the high-flying heavy artillery.

[Grabbing the arm again, Mertz twists it around into an armwringer, pulling Tucker back to the corner to tag his partner.]

GM: Aarons off the tag is climbing up again... and DOWN across the outstretched arm with an elbow!

[Now it's Aarons' turn to reapply the armwringer, twisting the arm anew.]

BW: Slick transition. Probably learned that from Strictly Business.

GM: Possibly! Aarons tagging Mertz right back. Same maneuver!

[The armwringer-top rope elbow double team repeats. Then Mertz reapplies the hold and tags... and they keep doing it. Rapid fire. Each time, the crowd gets louder. Eventually, they start counting them.]

BW: Uh, oh. This is bad, Gordo. Air Strike is bein' smart. Either this is a case of a broken clock bein' right at least twice a day, or somebody gave them some strategy.

GM: Or maybe they're not as foolish as you believe.

BW: No, don't be silly. They're definitely as foolish as I believe. They showed up for this match! It took a couple miracles for it to get like this.

GM: No. But four times now, Air Strike with the big move on the shoulder of Tucker, who has been driven down to one knee. His eyes are practically rolling in the back of his head with pain! He's going to need a gut check here... something

he's done many times against some legendary figures in the sport, so he's certainly capable.

BW: At last, you give them almost half the credit they're due.

GM: Tucker up to both feet... LOOK AT THAT!

[Finally, on the SIXTH attempt at the double team, Tucker lashes out with a big crescent kick... almost a version of the Chronic Jumble Jaw, but aimed at the right knee of Cody Mertz as he jumps down off the ropes! The kick takes Mertz's feet out from under him and he faceplants into the canvas with a splat! Aarons is briefly taken aback by this, allowing him to be caught offguard with an eye rake.]

BW: Right in the bad wheel! What do we call that, Chronic Knee Pain?

GM: It was a vicious kick, and a clever improvisation by Tucker.

[Staggering away from the stunned Air Strike, Tucker makes the tag.]

GM: Tucker's arm in a very bad way after all of those flying elbows, but Sebastian is in and he has had a good deal of recovery time!

[Over in the other corner, a hobbled Mertz is the legal man, but manages to get Aarons on the apron and tags him in just before Sebastian arrives. He chucks Mertz from the ring and nails Aarons a couple of times coming in.]

BW: Believe me, this man won't let a little back pain come between himself and gold. There is a reason these guys are called Strictly Business; Air Strike thinks it's personal. But it ain't... not for Tucker and Sebastian at least.

GM: Mike Sebastian with a rake of the eyes, come on! Now sending Aarons off the ropes... back body drop!

BW: He was wincing as he sent the man over. What heart! What guts!

GM: What?!

BW: Heart and guts.

GM: No... Sebastian is blatantly choking Michael Aarons in the middle of the ring! Two hands on his throat and strangling him, badmouthing him as he does! Come on, referee!

BW: He's just tryin' to save time. We all know Aarons will choke all by himself in the end.

GM: But that may have backfired! Aarons is furious!

[As Sebastian breaks on the count of four, Aarons rolls away. Still gasping for breath, he rises to his feet with rage-filled eyes. When Sebastian heads back towards him, Aarons lashes out with a wild uppercut that connects, rocking Sebastian to the approval of the fans!]

BW: Illegal closed fist! Where's your outrage now, Gordo?!

GM: Aarons is swinging away at Sebastian, and battering him back into the corner! It's all Mike Sebastian can do to cover up!

BW: Not this again!

GM: Aarons on the second rope, and hammering... wait!

[As Michael Aarons starts the ten-punch, Sebastian turns himself around so that he's facing the corner. He then takes a single step back, causing Aarons to fall off the turnbuckle... right over Sebastian's shoulder. With a big heave, Sebastian sends Aarons forward... facefirst on the top turnbuckle!]

BW: HA HA HA HA! He set him up! He got that dummy mad, and positioned him RIGHT where he wanted!

GM: It looks that way and-

[Sebastian boots the staggering Aarons in the gut, hooking a front facelock, and SPIKING him skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: BAD CREDIT DDT! He follows up the facefirst drop to the buckles with that DDT and-

BW: That's gotta be it!

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Diving off of one leg, Cody Mertz manages to break up the pin in the nick of time to the relief of the crowd!]

GM: Mertz makes the save! Sebastian created an opening for a killshot, took it, and may have had it if he had been just a bit further from Air Strike's corner.

BW: Because the guy outside the ring has a bad wheel. That's no accident, daddy. That's the difference experience makes. Everything they did set up for this. They held off all their big moves until the time was right. Now they got Aarons in hot water, and his partner is slowed and hobbled.

[As Mertz is forced out by the official, Sebastian brings Aarons over to his corner, bashing him in the head with a right hand before smashing his skull into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Their target on Aarons is clear now... they're headhunting.

BW: And they're one more Bad Credit or a Chronic Jumble Jaw away from winning, don't you think? Or a Trendsetter, or a Cash Flow. Most of their big moves target the head!

GM: There is an exchange, and Tucker in now, still favoring his left arm. HEY!

[After tagging in, Tucker runs across the ring, and baseball slides into Cody Mertz's right leg, drawing boos from the fans. Mertz tries to dodge, but Tucker is too fast. Mertz' excellent balance keeps him from falling off the apron.]

GM: Cheap shot by Tucker and...

[Sebastian drops down to his hands and knees in the opposite corner, giving Tucker a target as he sprints across, and uses Sebastian as a stepping stone (after which Sebastian clutches his back) for a high whipping spinning leg lariat on Aarons' head! Michael Aarons has nowhere to go and the Carson City kid is whiplashed and collapses to the canvas in a heap. Boos are loud for this.]

BW: LAUNCHPAD! They nailed him with it!

GM: And a cheap shot on Mertz outside the ring!

BW: That dummy is coming in the ring to do something about it too. What an idiot!

GM: Oh no... Mertz is inadvertently distracting Jagger! Strictly Business continues to double team! They're sending Aarons off the ropes...

[This time, Sebastian hits another back body drop (as before, this causes him visible pain), but this time, Tucker hits a leaping kneedrop to the forehead as Sebastian hits the mat. The crowd is unhappy at the extra doubleteaming.]

BW: Ha ha ha! That's just brutal. Well, good job, kids. You did better than I thought, but it is over now.

GM: Mertz back out, and Tucker with the leg hook and cover!

[On the count of two, Aarons kicks out. Tucker's eyes bulge as he unthinkingly hooked with his left arm... and that doesn't have any strength to resist a kickout.]

BW: Aw, no! If he used the other arm...

GM: It may have ended. All four men have a significant physical impairment that is affecting this match. It may come down to who can best take advantage.

BW: Tucker up, and tags his partner back in. Strictly Business smells blood, and the quick tags are in force. Sebastian going up top... FLASH AND CASH COMING UP!

[The fans recognize it, and loudly react. Tucker drags Aarons up, looping his leg over the back of the neck for the legdrop bulldog known as the Trendsetter...

...but Aarons stands straight up, flipping Tucker over backwards!]

GM: Counter by Aarons!

[However, the agility of Tucker allows him to flip all the way over onto his feet!]

GM: Tucker counters in turn!

[Tucker throws a clothesline at Aarons, who ducks. Aarons turns to catch Tucker coming back... and gets blasted with a top rope knee smash to the back of the head by Mike Sebastian, who he completely forgot about!]

GM: Aarons with enough presence of mind to recognize the danger of the Flash And Cash, but he lost focus and Sebastian leveled him!

BW: And if he takes too many more shots to the head, his presence of mind will be gone. Along with everything else in there.

[Sebastian doesn't attempt a cover as the flying knee carried Aarons too close to his own corner where Mertz has his arm stretched out. A smirking Sebastian approaches, throwing a kick at the arm. Mertz shouts something at Sebastian who ignores him, dragging his partner to his feet...

...and hooking on the Cash Flow sleeperhold a few feet away from the corner, holding the struggling Aarons up so that Mertz can watch before dragging him back out to the middle of the ring.]

GM: The sleeperhold - the Cash Flow - is applied and Sebastian is just taunting Cody Mertz with this.

BW: And with all that head trauma, this won't take long.

GM: It may not, indeed. Sebastian cutting him off from his corner. Aarons is fighting for all he is worth, trying to back Sebastian up towards his corner... but he's fading fast. Very fast.

BW: He's done... HEY!

[While Aarons' backing Sebastian down only got him about halfway to his corner, that was enough. Mertz runs in the ring, jumps on Sebastian's back with both knees, grabs a chinlock, and pulls him back into a lungblower to a huge crowd reaction! Both Mertz and Sebastian yell loudly as back hits knees with Aarons' weight landing on it and pressing it down even more! The hold is broken as Sebastian rolls around holding his back, and Mertz clutches his right leg as he rolls out of the ring despite Jagger's yelling.]

GM: MERTZ WITH A POTENTIAL MATCH SAVING MOVE! And that was a sacrifice play! But Sebastian was crunched between Mertz' knees and Aarons' body, making that maneuver super effective even before you factor in the back damage Sebastian took earlier!

BW: It should be an automatic disqualification to just run in and do a move that devastating! Or at least it should be a rant from you about it, Myers! Like you do on the other side!

GM: By that same logic, Bucky, you should approve!

BW: Oh. Uh, yeah, okay. Both guys are down!

GM: Jagger putting a double count on! Sebastian is probably in better shape, and both men reaching to their corners to tag a teammate with a limb injury!

BW: You don't need your arm to do a Trendsetter or a Jumble Jaw. You need your leg to do a Mertz Express or a Herpederprana.

GM: Sebastian makes the tag, and in comes Tucker! He reaches over... and catches Aarons before he can...

[Before Gordon can finish the sentence, Aarons lashes out backwards, leaping up and blindly twisting around to drive an approximation of an enzuigiri into the left shoulder of Andrew Tucker!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A MOVE!!

[Tucker stumbles back, falling to a knee as he clutches his shoulder allowing Michael Aarons to regroup...

...and make a lunging tag!]

As Tucker tries to drag him back in center ring by the right leg, Aarons' left leg mule-kicks back into Tucker's left shoulder! Tucker drops him, stumbling back in pain... and Aarons lunges to make the tag to the roar of the crowd!]

BW: NO!

GM: Cody Mertz is in! And the adrenaline is flowing!

[Mertz connects with a backhand chop on a rising Tucker. A haymaker follows, sending Tucker into the ropes where he slowly staggers back...

...and gets hiptossed up and over, Mertz angling it to put Tucker down on his shoulder!]

GM: Sebastian in... HURRICANRANA BY MERTZ! Fighting through the pain in the leg!

BW: I gotta applaud, Gordo. Fighting through a disability like that.

GM: Mertz is on fire!

BW: I meant you, naming a move right.

GM: Mertz with both members of Strictly Business... DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER!

BW: No, that wasn't... he slammed Sebastian's head into Tucker's shoulder!

[And with both members of Strictly Business in the ring, Michael Aarons re-enters, tying up Sebastian and snapping him back with a Russian Legsweep!]

GM: Down goes Sebastian and now all four men are inside the ring, fans! It's breaking down here at the Battle Of Los Angeles!

"TWENTY MINUTES HAVE ELAPSED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Ten minutes left in the time limit as Air Strike has taken control of this matchup, pulling both men up again...

[The fans cheer as Mertz tosses Tucker shoulder-first into one turnbuckle and Aarons whips Sebastian hard into the opposite corner, jolting his injured back once more. A few blows are landed in the corners before the two members of Air Strike turn to signal to one another.]

BW: Johnny Jagger needs to disqualify Air Strike for turning this into a brawl!

GM: Air Strike for the double Irish Whip... Sebastian reversed!

[The reversal sends Aarons towards Tucker who leaps up, hooking a front facelock, twisting around...

...and DRIVES Aarons skullfirst into the mat with a tornado DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: These fans are stunned! That might've knocked Michael Aarons cold!

[Sebastian shoves Aarons out to the floor under the ropes, moving out after him.]

GM: Sebastian clears out Aarons. Remember, Cody Mertz is the legal man, fans. As is Andrew Tuck-

[Tucker spins back to his feet as Mertz rushes towards him...]

GM: CHRONIC JUMBLE JAW!

[No, Mertz sees that one coming and ducks. The momentum carries Tucker past him, and leaves his left arm wide open for Mertz to clamp onto it, with a devastating move that even Gordon recognizes.]

GM: FUJIWARA! MERTZ HAS THE FUJIWARA ARMBAR APPLIED!

BW: OH NO! WHERE THE HECK DID HE LEARN THAT?!

GM: I believe he learned that at the Combat Corner at the hands of Marcus Broussard who learned it from the master of the hold, Hall of Famer Jeff Matthews, but he has never used it in a competitive match before! But he may have debuted it at the best possible time! Tucker's hand is raised! He's considering tapping!

BW: Just hang on, Andrew! Remember your legendary battles with the legends of the past! Don't tap to a nobody after all of that!

GM: Air Strike are not nobodies... NO!

[A sudden blur of green flies into view... as Mike Sebastian hits the big frog splash across the body of Mertz! The fans boo loudly.]

BW: STOCK MARKET CRASH! HE PLASTERED HIM WITH IT!

GM: Mike Sebastian from out of nowhere! Aarons is still semiconscious out on the floor! It is two on one!

BW: And Sebastian dragging Tucker to the corner, because Tucker can't hook a leg or a good half-nelson pin with his shoulder messed up. Brilliant!

GM: Mike Sebastian tags himself in, and over to Mertz... hooks the good leg!

BW: It's all over!

[The fans boo as the referee slaps the mat once... twice... and...

And then they explode!]

GM: AARONS!

[Because Michael Aarons just dropped in from what seems like the ceiling with his flying elbow drop, right to the small of the back! Sebastian howls in pain.]

GM: HIGH IN THE SKY! HE HIT IT!

BW: HOW IS HE STILL CONSCIOUS?!

GM: He barely is! He is moving slowly and erratically after landing with the elbow! Tucker in... AND SPIKES AARONS' HEAD TO THE MAT WITH THE TRENDSETTER!

BW: NOW he's out!

GM: Sebastian's back is killing him! He picks up Mertz for a slam... INSIDE CRADLE!

BW: ANDREW! TURN AROUND!

GM: ONE... TWO...

BW: NO!

GM: HE GOT HIM!

[The crowd explodes as Tucker, who was headed back to his corner, realizes too late that his partner is being pinned. He dives to break it up, but falls inches short!

With all of Sebastian's weight on his shoulders, he needed his back strength to kick out... and he just didn't have it. The crowd is going crazy for this turn of events!]

BW: THAT WAS A FLUKE!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: It was not! Mike Sebastian's back gave out on him! Cody Mertz held on with grit and determination... and vengeance is his for what they did to him in Tokyo! Let's get the official word!

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS... MICHAEL AARONS... CODY MERTZ... AAAAAAIIIIIRRRRRR SSSSSSTTRRRRIIIIIIIKE!

["Can't Hold Us" by Macklemore and Ryan Lewis plays again, as Mertz rolls over atop Aarons to check on him. Aarons is face down and unmoving, and Mertz doesn't look especially healthy either.]

GM: They gave it everything! And Air Strike, for the second time, has cleanly defeated a pair of legends! They're the new Number One Contenders, and rightfully so!

BW: Wrong on every level! Michael Aarons illegally hit his finisher, and Dichotomy are the Number One Contenders! That was not a clean win!

GM: Coming from a man who doesn't think there's such a thing as a dirty win, that falls hollow, Bucky.

[The camera gets a shot of Tucker, cradling his left shoulder, looking over the crowd with wide eyes. He is in abject disbelief. Sebastian is pounding the mat in a rage, loudly cursing this outcome.]

BW: I'm in as much shock as Tucker. Gordo, this all happened when Tucker hit the ringpost. If not for that fluke, Strictly Business would have won five minutes ago.

GM: It is not a fluke when someone forces their opponent into a mistake, or else Aarons' head trauma would have been a fluke, too! The fact is, Air Strike are your winners and will no doubt have the World Tag Team Championships directly in their sights. Strictly Business certainly could have pulled that out, and I am sure that they can rebound from this stunning loss. Once they convince themselves that it happened.

[Tucker is shaking his head, trying to deny that it happened so hard that it will rewrite history. Sebastian is just disgusted and rolls out of the ring to yell at the fans to shut up. Mertz helps Aarons to his feet... Michael is more-or-less out on his feet, but Air Strike manages to take a bow for the fans before Mertz limps out of the ring and helps his groggy partner to the back.]

BW: Okay, I'll admit this much. Air Strike is a good tag team with a lot of potential. I still don't think they're in Strictly Business league, but you have to be at least very good to even win on a fluke with such a legendary team. I'll give them that. They're opportunists, in the good non-swarthy sort of way.

GM: Am I the only person here that knows what the word 'swarthy' means?

BW: But they'd never have pulled this off against the Tucker and Sebastian of ten years ago, and they won't be able to pull it off on the modern-day version of Tucker and Sebastian from ten years ago... the Lights Out Express!

GM: I am sure, despite the Cibernetico for all the marbles, that the Lights Out Express was watching very intently to catch a glimpse of a team you can expect that they'll be meeting in the near, near future. And speaking of the Cibernetico, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet. Mark?

[Once more, we cut backstage. This time, Ryan Martinez is alone, save for Mark Stegglet. Martinez is seated on a wooden bench, while Stegglet is standing, his microphone lifted to his mouth.]

MS: Throughout the evening, Mr. Martinez, we've seen you giving speeches to your teammates. Now that you've got them properly motivated, I was hoping to get a word with just you. I'm curious as to your thoughts on what might be the most important night, not only of your career, but in the entire history of the AWA.

[Martinez lifts his head, as Jason holds the mic low.]

RM: Well Jason, I...

[But before Ryan can continue, a large shadow falls over his face, as another man enters the locker room. All eyes turn towards the newest entrant.]

As Ryan looks up at his father, Alex Martinez.]

AM: Look at you, White Knight.

[Ryan gets to his feet, as the camera turns to take in the sight of the Last American Badboy. Seven feet tall, slimmed down slightly but still well over three hundred pounds of solid muscle. The man who once won the World Title in his hometown of Los Angeles. Wearing his usual studded black leather jacket, black t-shirt, blue jeans and mirrored sunglasses.]

AM: I think ya owe me some money for copyright infringement, kid.

[Ryan smirks, as the two Martinezes, elder and younger, stare at one another. Instead of an immediately warm embrace, the two spend a moment sizing each other up. This close together, it's easy to see the familial resemblance. Ryan isn't as tall as his father, but they have similar builds and facial features. And more importantly, they share the same intensity. It's Alex who moves first, extending his hand to his son. The two shake, before Alex pulls Ryan forward, bringing him into a crushing hug, complete with manly slapping on the back.]

AM: I haven't been around, but I've been watchin'. And I tell ya, there's been a hundred times when I've picked up the phone, ready to tell ya I was joinin' ya in the fight against the Wise Men.

But I put the phone down each time.

And it wasn't because I had other things to do. And it wasn't because I couldn't go. It was because one thing was blindingly obvious to me throughout all this mess with the Wise Men.

You got this, kid.

I've seen all you've been through. I've watched ya take a stand, and I've seen all the bumps you've taken in makin' that stand. But you and I both know that the individual lumps ya take along the way don't matter in the final accountin' of things. What matters is who is left standin' tall at the end.

Ain't no one standin' taller than you.

You made the call. You stood up and you told others to join ya. And week after week, that's what happened. Ya took in Eric Preston when no one else trusted him. Ya gave Bobby O'Connor a chance to prove himself when others might have dismissed him. One by one, they came. And now, you got your army. Hell, at this point, I'm not even sure ya need your old man fightin' with ya.

But there is one thing I need to do.

Tonight, I've seen ya pull your troops together. Watched as ya rallied them to the cause. I've seen ya motivate people, and I saw, in all their eyes, their readiness to do this. But I'm askin' myself, who's doin' that for you? You believe in them. You're makin' sure their ready. You're leadin' this team, and doin' what a good leader does, makin' sure they know you believe in them.

Well, I'm tellin' you that I believe in you, Ryan.

[Both men are silent for a moment, but the intensity of the emotion between them is obvious.]

AM: Like I said, kid. You did this. You're the reason why the Wise Men are gonna crumble tonight. You got this. You've got your allies, and you made those alliances in blood. You didn't need me. Because you saw what needed to be done, and you didn't wait for someone else to do it for you.

You and all the men on your team are the AWA.

Tonight is your night.

You said you had somethin' to prove. No, you got nothin' to prove, Ryan. All you gotta do tonight is win. And you will. Used to be, you were Ryan Martinez, Alex's son. Well, nothin' makes me prouder to say that, after the year you've had, that ain't the case no longer.

Now, I'm Alex Martinez, Ryan's father.

So you tell me, White Knight. You gonna take back the AWA? You gonna put an end to all this Wise Men nonsense?

[Ryan nods his head and reaches for the microphone.]

RM: Count on it!

[The two share another handshake, as 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."

[We slowly fade from the graphic back to the backstage interview area where the AWA's own Mark Stegglet stands, microphone in hand. The camera pulls back and reveals Travis Lynch standing by his side. Travis is ready for action, attired in black chaps over his classic white wrestling trunks with a yellow and black stripe, two white kneepads and white wrestling boots.]

MS: Tonight, this man standing by my side will step into the ring against Sunshine's hired beast, Ebola Zaire. But before I we discuss that match, I have to know Travis, who do you think Sunshine's benefactor is?

[The Texas Heartthrob runs his hands through his dirty blonde hair, his trademark pearly white smile is gone.]

TL: You know Mark, over the years, the old man, Jack, Jimmy, well... especially the old man... and you can add my name to that list... each of us has our share of enemies. It could be anyone from The Texas Ranger to Oliver Strickland to any one in San Francisco... it's not even a stretch to say it's Hamilton Graham or even Terry Shane Jr. With Sunshine reaching into the PCW's history, it could be even be the man I took the PCW title from, Rex Summers.

[Travis slowly shakes his head side to side, shrugging his shoulders as he does so.]

TL: And that's the tip of the iceberg, Mark. The list can go on and on...

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Well, we may not know who the benefactor is but we do know that tonight your parents have stated that they will not be here watching your match against the wild man, Ebola Zaire. I have to ask-

"Hold up, just a sec."

[The camera turns, revealing the entrance of Travis' older brother, Jack. Dressed in his ring gear - a long black duster, black trunks and black boots, the eldest Lynch brother is for once, sans his black cowboy hat. He moves to stand in front of his younger brother, looking him up and down, sizing him up.]

JL: You're ready.

[Travis opens his mouth to respond, but Jack waves his answer off.]

JL: That wasn't a question, Trav. It was a statement.

You're ready for this.

You're goin' to war, ain't no doubt about that. You're gonna bleed. As someone whose been in there with Zaire before, I'm speakin' from experience. It won't be easy for ya, and, I hate to say it, but there's stitches and a night spent in a crowded ER in your immediate future.

But, baby brother, you got this.

It's right there, in your eyes. I see that look. That Lynch look. The look that says you ain't gonna lie down for nobody. You may be the pretty Lynch, but you're still a damned Lynch, and the good lord ain't never made a soft one yet.

[Jack exhales slowly, running a hand through his dark hair.]

JL: Couple of weeks ago, our father said that he and momma wouldn't be watchin' this. I didn't say nothin' then, but I'm sayin' it now. That was a damned disgrace. They should be watchin'. No matter how bad it gets, they ought to be watchin'.

So they can see just how ready you are.

And I want you to know that I'M watchin'. And ya know who else is watchin'? Jimmy is watchin' too. Your brothers got your back, Trav. Don't you ever forget that. You might be goin' in there by yourself. But when you're a Lynch? You ain't never alone.

So you go out there tonight, and you do what needs to be done. You take care of business and you remind everyone watchin' that there ain't no monster bad enough to mess with a Lynch.

[Jack reaches forward, and pulls his brother into a strong embrace, clapping him hard on the back. When that hug ends, Jack steps away, leaving Travis once more alone with Mark.]

MS: Talk about a vote of confidence and it must be good to know that some of the family supports you.

[Travis nods his head.]

TL: For as long as I can remember Mark, Jack and James, they've always been there, no matter the situation, no matter the distance, if I needed them... they've been there. Every one of the fans in Phoenix saw Jack run to my aid as Zaire tried to carve my forehead like the Thanksgiving Day turkey. Hell, Jack, James and I we

came into the AWA together and they were there celebrating with me when I defeated Rex Summers. We stood side by side against the Beale Street Bullies, so it's not a real surprise they're watchin' tonight... but it means a helluva a lot to hear Jack say it.

And Jack knows that when he steps into that ring I'll be watchin'... assuming he's wrong about the ER visit in my future.

[Travis pauses.]

TL: Unfortunately, knowing Jack's battles with Zaire and what happened to Blackjack, I probably won't be watchin' it from the backstage area.

As for that support comment, Mark, I would lying if I said it didn't hurt that they aren't here watching... but I understand where the old man and ma are coming from. I really do and that's their decision... but I know I have their support. There's no decision that they haven't supported... well, maybe Jack going to San Francisco but that's a story for another day.

So what you think is a lack of support, well... I know the truth Mark, when the blood of the Lynches flows through your veins, you have the support of each and every single member of the family whatever the decision you make ... and that included tonight.

[Travis pauses once again and runs his right hand through his hair revealing the bandage over his stitches.]

MS: Even the decision to step into the ring with the savage animal, Ebola Zaire?

TL: Yes. even that. And in a few minutes, I'm steppin' into that ring and I will put an end to all of this! The endless parade of beasts from the darkest ends of the Earth, the incessant ramblings of the tramp of the south and even the endless supply of cash to remove me from the AWA and the world.

When the savage animal is put down tonight, I will finally be free of this scumbag crap. After tonight Mark, I will finally be free of Sunshine and it will FINALLY be my time here in the AWA!

[With that, Travis walks off leaving Mark Stegglet standing by himself in the interview area.]

MS: Ready or not, you have to wonder if Travis Lynch knows just what he's getting into tonight against the Walking Nightmare, Ebola Zaire. Let's head down to the ring right now and find out!

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

PW: The following contest is a NO DISQUALIFICATION match scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The drumbeats start low, but quickly build in intensity. More join in... this is "Mai", as heard here: (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aFxJDaaasm8>).]

PW: From Deepest, Darkest Africa... weighing in at 380 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by Sunshine...

He is the Walking Nightmare...

EBOOOOOOOOOOOLAAAAAAA ZAIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIRE!

[The curtain opens abruptly as the immense girth and massive frame of Ebola Zaire lumbers into view. Looking like something out of a horror movie, the morbidly obese Zaire trudges towards the ring. He wears a red cloth hood over his head, long tails hanging off it over his back. His fingers are heavily taped - something we notice as he continually slaps at his own chest with one hand. His red boots with a curling point polish off the white pants ensemble.

Sunshine trails him... from a safe distance... dressed in a pair of black cowboy boots, a red leather miniskirt, and a red and black #ScumbagTravis tanktop. She looks pleased by what she imagines is about to unfold but looks like she has no desire to be anywhere near the Walking Nightmare as he slips through the ropes into the ring, making a beeline for referee Davis Warren who bails out of the ring.]

GM: No need for an official in this one except to count the one-two-three.

BW: I haven't seen Warren move that fast since they opened that Gentleman's Club down the street from the Detson Center.

GM: The Detson Center... give me a break.

[Zaire is pacing back and forth. He finally stops, leaning against the ropes facing the entrance, sinking his teeth into the top rope as the music fades. After a few moments, the sounds of "Tom Sawyer" by Rush bursts out to a huge reaction from the Los Angeles crowd.]

PW: And his opponent... from Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 252 pounds...

TRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAVISSSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The curtain pulls back to reveal the youngster of the Lynch brothers and as it does so the screams of the ladies in attendance nearly drown out the classic rock song. Travis makes his way down the aisle as the screams get louder with each step. But on this night, Travis wants no part of playing to the crowd, having already peeled off his t-shirt and chaps, heading straight down the aisle towards the ring, all business. Sunshine points at him, screeching loudly...

...which is Zaire's cue to strike, slipping back through the ropes and lumbering down the ramp towards Travis who balls up his fists, ready for the fight of his life as Davis Warren signals for the bell.]

GM: Here we go!

[Travis greets the incoming monster with a big haymaker to the side of the head that stuns the big man. A second one follows... and a third has Zaire backpedaling towards the ring where Sunshine has made her way out to the floor, watching with great interest as Travis pursues...

...and gets a knee slipping into his gut for his efforts.]

GM: Zaire goes low to cut him off...

[Grabbing Travis by the hair, the African Beast delivers a skull-splitting headbutt, knocking the youngest Lynch down to a knee. Keeping the grip on the hair, Zaire pulls his head back and slams an elbow down across the forehead, causing Travis to fall to the wooden ramp...]

BW: And just like that, Travis Stench is down on the ramp. I'm gonna enjoy this, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure. But you better believe that Travis Lynch will NOT be going down without a fight.

[Zaire grabs a handful of hair, trying to haul Travis off the mat...

...and Travis pops him in the flabby midsection with a right hand!]

GM: Travis goes downstairs!

[A second body shot finds the mark, causing Zaire to stumble backwards as Travis moves towards him...

...rushing into a clothesline, trying to take Zaire over the ropes into the ring but Zaire doesn't budge, hanging onto the ropes out on the ramp.]

GM: Big clothesline... but little effect on the Walking Nightmare!

[Travis rears back, slamming a powerful forearm down across the back... and another... and another, battering Zaire down to a knee.]

GM: Look at this! Travis is actually knocking Zaire down off his feet!

BW: I can't believe it!

[But Zaire returns the favor, throwing a stiff-fingered blow into the abdomen of Travis Lynch, doubling up the Texan. A second one connects with the windpipe, causing Travis to gasp for air, falling away from Ebola Zaire who regains his feet...

...and with a handful of trunks, he HURLS Travis over the ropes and back into the ring.]

GM: For the first time, this match has spilled into the ring as the African beast steps back in as well.

[He slams a hooked boot into the ribs of Travis Lynch, causing him to roll over to his back in pain. Zaire leans down, hauling Lynch up by the hair, dragging him to the corner where he slams Travis' head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Headfirst to the corner... and again!

[Zaire winds up, ready to drive him in again...

...but as he does, Travis extends his muscular arms, grabbing the top rope with his hands.]

GM: Travis blocks! He's blocking it!

[Travis swings his left elbow back into Zaire's blubbery torso before grabbing the back of the head with both hands and returns the favor, slamming Zaire's badly-scarred head into the turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Travis fighting back again!

[Travis spins Zaire around, shoving him back into the turnbuckles before blasting him across the chest with a knife-edge chop!]

GM: Big chop by Travis Lynch!

[A second chop lands... and a third... and a fourth. The referee steps in, shouting at Lynch to back out of the corner.]

GM: Davis Warren is trying to get Travis Lynch to back off but there's no disqualification. He can shout at Lynch all he wants but he can't make him do anything of the sort.

[Travis shoves Zaire back, stepping up on the second rope, balling up a fist as he looks out at the crowd...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FO-!"

[But before he can finish it off, Zaire reaches up, shoving Lynch back down to the mat. He lumbers out after him...]

...and Travis promptly leaps up, landing a standing dropkick to the chest of Zaire, sending him back to the buckles.]

GM: Dropkick connects! Travis right back up...

[Getting back to his feet, Lynch leaps into the air a second time, landing a second dropkick...]

GM: That's two!

[Lynch scrambles up, going for a third...]

...but Zaire slaps the legs aside, causing Travis to crash and burn, smashing chestfirst down to the mat. Zaire sticks out his tongue, lolling it out crazily as he cranks up his right arm, dropping a near four hundred pound elbow into the back of Travis' head and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: All that weight dropped down on the back of the head!

[Zaire stays down on Travis, leaning his weight down on the head as Sunshine applauds at ringside. The Walking Nightmare climbs to his feet, wobbling as he strides across the ring to the corner, digging at the ties holding the turnbuckle cover in place.]

GM: Ebola Zaire looks like he's trying to take that turnbuckle cover off. Remember, this is a No Disqualification match so this is perfectly legal.

[Zaire yanks off the cover, throwing it aside before turning back to Travis Lynch who has pushed up to a knee, trying to recover as Zaire approaches, lifting his hand overhead...]

...and SLAMS it down into the shoulder area with a tomahawk chop!]

GM: Down goes Travis off the chop.

BW: You know, Gordo... you'd have a hard time guessing by looking at him but Ebola Zaire is quite accomplished in the world of martial arts. He's got some very dangerous martial arts strikes like the one we just saw.

[Zaire pulls Travis up, landing a pair of knife edge chops of his own, forcing Travis back up against the ropes...]

...and a hard back elbow sends Travis toppling over the ropes, landing on the floor with a thud!]

GM: All the way over the top and down to the floor goes the youngest of the wrestling Lynch family.

[Travis lands a few feet from Sunshine who decides it's an opportune moment to shout and taunt him...

...until Ebola Zaire steps out on the apron, at which point she bails out and makes a run for it.]

GM: Even Sunshine, the woman paying for Ebola Zaire to be here tonight in this match, wants no part of the Walking Nightmare, Bucky.

BW: Do you blame her? No one has ever been able to control this beast, Gordo. Not effectively at least. Not Percy Childes. Not Ben Waterson. And not Sunshine. And if I had to guess, not even the man footing the bill for Zaire's appearance here tonight could control him either.

GM: How do you know it's a man?

BW: Oooh, good point. Sisters before misters.

GM: Huh?

[Zaire pauses on the apron, staring down at the prone Travis Lynch.]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: What?!

GM: Look at him! He's measuring Travis Lynch! He's gonna drop that elbow off the apron on him! Nearly four hundred pounds dropping off that apron on the man!

[Zaire raises his right arm, holding it high as he backs down the ring apron. He pauses, leaning against the post before lumbering down the length of the apron, throwing himself off...

...and CRASHING down on the barely-padded floor as Travis rolls out of the way in time!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE ELBOW!!

[Travis slowly climbs to his feet, leaning against the railing to clear the cobwebs...

...and then leans over the railing, getting slapped on the back by the fans as he retrieves a steel chair from the front row!]

GM: Travis has a chair! It's No Disqualification and-

BW: This is just like one of those stinkin' cheatin' Stench boys!

GM: Bucky, this isn't cheating - not tonight!

[Travis winds up with the steel chair, giving a shout...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and BLASTS the on-all-fours Zaire across the back with the chair!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a shot by Travis Lynch! And down goes Zaire off that shot across the back.

[A fired-up Travis gives another shout before sliding the chair under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Travis puts the chair back in, dragging Zaire up by the arm now...

[Travis nods to the cheering fans, waving them back from the barricade as he goes for the whip...

...and sends the big man CRASHING into the steel railing!]

GM: OHHH! INTO THE STEEL GOES ZAIRE!!

[Lynch leans against the ring apron for a few moments before charging across the distance between the ring and the railing, leaping up to drive a forearm into the side of Zaire's head!]

GM: Ohh! Running leaping forearm out of Zaire!

[With the Walking Nightmare stunned, Travis throws a foot up on the railing, climbing up on it, trying to keep his balance so he can rain down blows on the Botswana Beast...

...who slips out from under Travis, shoving the off-balance Texan into the crowd, sending him sailing a couple rows deep before crashing down on the vacated chairs!]

GM: TRAVIS LYNCH GOT THROWN INTO THE CROWD!!

BW: Uh oh. Ebola is loose in the crowd!

[The wild-eyed African steps over the railing, tearing straight through the front row by throwing chairs aside, sending fans scattering as he moves towards Travis who is sprawled across a row of seats.]

GM: They're in the crowd here in Los Angeles!

BW: Well, at least these fans in LA are used to this kind of action.

GM: They absolutely are, Bucky.

[Zaire wraps his hands around the throat of Travis Lynch, his eyes wide in aggression as he strangles the young Texan in the second row of seats.]

GM: He's choking him! A blatant choke out here in the crowd and the referee can't do a thing other than ask for a break.

BW: That's right! He can't count, he can't threaten a disqualification. Ebola Zaire is free to do whatever he wants in a match like this!

GM: Which is why Travis' parents were so concerned about him agreeing to this No Disqualification showdown.

[Zaire breaks the choke, dragging Travis up by the hair where he lifts him up...

...and SLAMS him down on the row of seats with a bodyslam!]

GM: Good grief! That's a heck of a way to break someone's back, Bucky.

BW: And right back to the choke now, trying to rip all the air out of Stench's lungs to make him easy prey for the Walking Nightmare.

[Using one hand to hold Travis down on the chairs, Zaire raises his other hand, swinging it down like an axe on the throat of Lynch, causing him to grab his throat, coughing violently.]

GM: Another shot to the throat, one of the trademark attacks by Ebola Zaire.

[Zaire follows after Travis who is crawling, trying to create some space. Lynch rolls to his back, lashing out with a kick to the chest that slows Zaire but does not stop him.]

GM: Travis is trying to create some space, crawling out of the chairs into the aisleway...

[But Zaire is right there, grabbing him by the hair and SMASHING his face down onto the seat of a chair!]

GM: Goodness! This is wild out here in the front rows of the building!

[Pulling Travis up, he places his throat over the seatback, pushing down with his forearm on the back of the neck.]

GM: Zaire's choking him! He's choking him on the chair!

[A second overhand chop blow to the back of the neck again leaves Travis gasping for air on the concrete floor, just beyond where the protective mats end.]

GM: They're out there on the solid concrete now. No padding out there.

[Zaire pulls Travis off the floor, lifting him up again...

...and SLAMMING him down on the exposed concrete!]

GM: OHHH! BODYSLAM ON THE FLOOR!!

[Travis wails in pain, clutching at his back as Zaire stands over him, a vacant, wild look in his eyes as Sunshine applauds from beyond the safety railing.]

BW: Now THAT'S how you break someone's back, Gordo.

GM: I stand corrected, I suppose.

[Zaire lashes out, kicking aside a few nearby seats to create some space, sending more fans scattering...]

GM: Those fans down at ringside should get out of there. There's just no telling what this maniac might do at any given opportunity.

[The Botswana Beast drags Travis off the floor by the hair, tugging his head back...

...and SLAMS a stiff-fingered thrust into the throat!]

GM: OHH! To the throat again!

[Travis staggers away from Zaire, falling facefirst on top of the steel barricade, his upper body draped over it.]

GM: Travis needs to create some space, get away from this monster and figure out what's next.

BW: What's next is pain. More pain. Some blood probably.

GM: Would you stop?

[Zaire grabs the back of Travis' trunks, pulling him off the railing...

...but Travis wheels around, landing a right hand to the jaw to a big cheer!]

GM: Big right hand by Travis Lynch! And there's another!

[A third one has Ebola staggering back, his arms pinwheeling around as Travis leans over, hands on his knees...

...and grabs an offered crutch from a ringside fan!]

GM: That fan just gave Travis his crutch!

BW: WHAT?! He can't-

[Travis winds up, taking aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BENDS the metal crutch over the head of Ebola Zaire with an overhead shot, sending Zaire down to a knee on the concrete floor!]

GM: What a shot with that crutch!

[Travis approaches on Zaire, grabbing a loose side headlock on the kneeling beast, repeatedly driving his closed fist into the skull!]

GM: Travis is hammering away on Zaire, perhaps trying to split open that badly-scarred forehead!

[He drags Zaire up, pulling him towards the railing...

...and SLAMS his head down into the steel!]

GM: Zaire goes headfirst to the steel and- where is Travis going?!

[Travis waves the ringside fans aside as he climbs up on the second row of seats, walking down, getting about ten feet of distance between himself and Zaire who is leaning against the railing...]

GM: What in the world is he doing?!

BW: I don't like the looks of this, Gordo!

[Travis suddenly breaks into a run, running down the row of seats before leaping off with a world of momentum...

...and throws himself into a crossbody that takes both Zaire and Travis back over the railing and into the ringside area to a HUUUUUGE REACTION!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A MOVE OUT OF TRAVIS LYNCH!

[Both men are down on the barely-padded floor, breathing heavily as the referee slides out to check on them both. A nearby Sunshine is screaming for Zaire to get up and finish the job he's being well paid for.]

GM: Travis Lynch is taking the fight to the Walking Nightmare - a man that many thought would walk right over the youngster but the Texas Heartthrob is showing that he's not one to back down from a fight. He's taking everything that Zaire has got and he's giving it right back to him!

[Using the ring apron, Travis drags himself back to his feet, waving an arm at the fans to a big reaction. He slowly staggers over towards the timekeeper's table, snatching up the ring bell.]

GM: Uh oh! Travis has got that steel ring bell!

BW: These Stenches are goin' too far!

GM: It's all legal in this one, Bucky... you know that. For once in your life, choke down your irrational hatred for this family and call this match down the middle.

BW: Not a chance. I want to see Zaire carve up this punk kid like the old man carves a chunk out of all his kids' paychecks.

[Travis raises the ring bell over his head, walking towards Zaire who has pushed himself up to his knees...

...and BURIES a stiff-fingered thrust into the sternum, causing Travis to fall back, dropping the bell!]

GM: And just like that, Zaire gets right back into this thing. He's grabbing Travis by the hair now and-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: OHH! HEADFIRST INTO THE RINGPOST!

[Lynch slumps down to the floor, landing facefirst on the mat, his arms up over his head as Zaire leans against the post, breathing heavily as Sunshine cheers him on. The fans are jeering her as she waves her arms over her head, clapping repeatedly.]

BW: Sunshine certainly likes what she's seeing and I'm right there with her.

GM: Zaire digging in his pocket... it's very rare to see wrestling ring attire with pockets but... oh no.

[The crowd roars its disapproval - for the most part - as Zaire pulls a steel fork into view, holding it high so that it glitters off the spotlights. He slowly approaches Travis Lynch who is still down facefirst on the ringside mats.]

GM: Zaire's got one of those trademarks forks... again, totally legal in this No Disqualification matchup.

[Zaire drags Travis' head off the mat, pulling him to his feet and throwing him under the ropes into the ring.]

BW: Zaire wants to do this in the middle of the ring with the whole world watching, Gordo.

GM: It appears that way as he rolls himself back in, no easy task for a man of his girth.

[Back on his feet, he pulls Travis up to his knees, raising the fork overhead...

...and DRIVES it down into the forehead, digging the sharp tines into the bandaged-skull of the Texas Heartthrob!]

GM: HE'S USING THE FORK ON TRAVIS LYNCH!!

BW: Right in the same spot he did it before. Those white bandages were like a bullseye for Ebola Zaire as he digs into the gauze, ripping and shredding it apart.

[He lifts the fork up, grabbing the torn bandage and ripping it from the skull of Travis Lynch, revealing a small cut underneath near the stitches Travis earned from their last encounter. Zaire throws the bandage aside before raising the fork up in the air, slamming it down into the forehead a second time... and a third time... and a fourth time in a stabbing motion before leaving it there, digging into the skin again.]

GM: This is getting difficult to watch, fans. If you have young children at home, you might want to consider now to get them out of the room.

BW: Or if you've got an old lady watching the show, Blackjack, wheel her decrepit carcass down into the sewing room 'cause her baby boy is getting carved like a Thanksgiving turkey, daddy!

GM: Bucky!

[With blood now streaming down the face of Travis Lynch, Zaire takes the fork away, tucking it into his pocket as he shoves Travis down, causing him to flop facefirst down on the mat, leaving a bloody pool starting to form under his head.]

GM: A disgusting... absolutely sickening display put on there by Ebola Zaire as he-

[Zaire STOMPS the back of Travis' head, driving his bloodied face into the canvas. A second stomp follows the referee steps in, asking Zaire to try and finish the match.]

GM: Referee Davis Warren is encouraging Ebola Zaire to cover him for a pin but I'm not sure that'll satisfy the bloodlust of this savage beast right about now, Bucky.

BW: I'm not sure it'll satisfy Sunshine either.

[Zaire walks away from the official, leaning down...

...and coming up with the steel chair that Travis Lynch put inside the ring earlier in the match.]

GM: Oh no... now Zaire has the chair, fans.

BW: And if he's using it, he's not aiming for Travis' back like when Stench used it earlier. He's head hunting, daddy!

GM: Travis Lynch is still down on the mat, bleeding profusely now as- NO!

[Zaire SLAMS the chair down, driving the top of the seat back into the base of Travis' neck!]

GM: A shot right to the back of the neck with that chair!

[Zaire winds up again, slamming the chair down to the neck a second time.]

GM: Another one! The referee may need to take a look at stopping this thing, Bucky. This might be going too far.

BW: It doesn't go too far until this punk is out of the AWA for good and is roommates with his cripple of a brother at the nursing home. Hey, Nurse Cratchett... wake up that invalid James and tell him that he's about to get a permanent visitor!

[Zaire lifts the chair again as the referee pleads with him to stop, holding it over his head...

...and SLAMS it down onto the back of the neck a third time, causing a worried buzz to ripple over the capacity crowd.]

GM: Good god almighty. That might be it, fans. That might be all she wrote for Travis Lynch here tonight... and perhaps longer if Zaire, Sunshine, and the mysterious benefactor have their way.

[Zaire throws the chair aside, using his hooked boot to roll Travis to his back, settling down into a lateral press.]

GM: Zaire gets one! He gets two! He gets thr-

[The crowd ROARS as Travis lifts the shoulder, breaking the count!]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: Travis kicked out! He kicked out just in time! What a show of courage, guts, and resiliency by this young man from deep in the heart of Texas!

BW: I can't believe it. Get the chair and finish him, Zaire!

[An angry Zaire grabs Davis Warren by the shirt as he rises, bullying him back into the corner.]

BW: No, no, no! Stay on Stench! Leave the referee alone!

[Zaire spins around, wobbling across the ring to retrieve the discarded chair. He grabs it by the legs, slamming it into the mat a few times... then slamming it into the top turnbuckle a few times...]

GM: What in the world is he doing?

BW: He's warming up like a hitter in the on-deck circle.

GM: He's wasting time if you ask me! Look at Travis Lynch, bloodied and battered but still getting back to his feet!

[Zaire winds up with the chair as Travis climbs to a standing position, looking to club him over the head with it...]

GM: Zaire's got the chair and-

[He SWINGS it down, trying to crown Travis over the skull with the weapon...

...but the powerful Texan lifts his arms, grabbing the swung chair with his hands!
The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: HE BLOCKED IT! HE BLOCKED IT!

[Travis struggles with Zaire, each trying to get control of the weapon before burying a boot into the gut of the big man. The blow loosens the grip on the chair which Travis snatches away, driving the edge of it into the ample midsection!]

GM: He got him low and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ACROSS THE BACK WITH THE CHAIR!!

[But Zaire doesn't fall, simply staggering away towards the ropes as Travis pursues, winding up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The second blow sends Zaire pitching forward, landing chestfirst on the ropes with his torso hanging through.]

GM: Travis throws the chair down.

BW: What an idiot! He's got the guy where he wants him and he throws the weapon away?!

GM: That's the kind of man this guy is! He's not going to batter a man in the head with a steel chair when he's defenseless!

BW: Never assume that Ebola Zaire is defenseless, Gordo.

[Travis steps through the ropes, dropping down to the floor where he takes aim and BLASTS Zaire with a right hand to the skull!]

GM: Big right hand by Travis! Zaire is stunned and Travis can just pummel away at him right now!

[Travis lands a second shot... and a third...]

GM: A series of haymakers has Zaire on Dream Street and- now what's Travis doing?

[Lynch drops down to a knee, reaching down to adjust his boot.]

GM: Travis is trying to fix his boot, I think. Maybe having some kind of equipment trouble here and-

[The crowd ROARS as Travis stands up, raising the boot over his head.]

GM: Or not!

BW: He's gonna use that stanky Stench boot as a weapon?! You've seen their ranch, Gordo! Who knows where that boot has been?!

[Travis takes the boot in hand, standing with one bare foot as he winds up with the boot...

...and BLASTS Ebola Zaire over the skull with it, causing Zaire to slump back, falling back into the ring as Lynch holds the boot high to another big cheer!]

GM: What a shot with that boot and now it's Zaire who is in some serious trouble, Bucky.

BW: Sunshine is beside herself and who can blame her?! Do you know how much it costs to bring in Ebola Zaire for a match like this?!

GM: I do not.

BW: Well, let's just say there are more zeroes on paper than after a Lynch family spelling test.

[Travis pulls himself up on the apron, boot still in hand as he heads towards the corner, gingerly climbing the ropes with one boot on and one boot off...]

GM: Travis is trying to get up top, hanging onto that boot as he does...

[A dazed Ebola Zaire pushes himself off the mat, a trickle of blood now coming from his busted forehead.]

GM: Zaire got split open with that boot and Travis may be looking for more!

[The crowd is on their feet, cheering for Travis Lynch as he stands straight up on the top rope, holding the boot overhead as Zaire staggers to his feet...

...and Sunshine acts, clambering up onto the ring apron and giving Travis a shove!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TRAVIS FALLS ON THE TOP!

[Lynch winces, grabbing his groin in pain as he straddles the top rope.]

GM: Sunshine saw Ebola Zaire potentially on the verge of losing this thing and she acted!

BW: She didn't have a choice! There's too much money at stake!

[Zaire stumbles towards the corner, grabbing the bloodied Travis by the hair and pulling him forward...

...where he sinks his teeth into the ear of Travis Lynch!]

GM: HE'S BITING HIM! HE'S BITING TRAVIS LYNCH!

[He yanks Lynch down, throwing him down on the mat as Zaire spits a mouthful of blood and god knows what else on the mat.]

GM: Ughh. I hope to God that there wasn't any ear in whatever he just spat out.

[A bloody grin crosses the face of Ebola Zaire as he grabs the bloody Travis Lynch, tugging him into a front facelock. He lifts him up in the air, throwing him down in a sloppy suplex/slam.]

GM: Other than the bodyslam on the floor, that's the first sign of an actual wrestling move out of Zaire.

[With the bloodied Travis sprawled on the mat, Zaire lumbers into the ropes, rebounding off equally awkward and slow...

...and DROPS a heavy elbow down into the chest and throat!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: That's it, Gordo!

[The referee drops down to count as Zaire stays in that position, his heavy arm covering Travis.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But again, Travis FIRES a shoulder off the mat at the last possible moment, breaking the pin!]

GM: No, no! He got the shoulder up in time!

BW: What?! How?!

GM: I have no idea! We've seen countless wrestlers put down for three with that elbowdrop out of Ebola Zaire but somehow, somehow, Travis Lynch managed to kick out in time!

[Zaire looks disbelievingly at the official, shaking his head as the official holds up two fingers, lifting his arms to put his hands very close together.]

GM: Davis Warren says it was that close to a victory and- listen to Sunshine!

BW: Mount Sunshine is ready to blow out here! She's furious at the referee and is really letting him have it.

GM: Zaire slowly to his feet, blood streaming down his face now as well as Travis'... and he's gonna drop the elbow again!

[Or is he? Zaire pauses, digging into his pocket again, withdrawing the fork he used earlier.]

GM: Uh oh. He's got that fork out again and-

[Zaire stalks towards Travis Lynch who is trying to get up off the mat. He leans down, grabbing the ankle and yanking Travis' leg up into the air, causing Travis to put his hands on the mat to keep his balance...

...while Zaire's go wide at the sight of Lynch's bare foot!]

GM: Oh god, no.

[The crowd HOWLS as Zaire digs the fork into the bare foot, causing Lynch to scream in pain.]

GM: I can't believe... who would do such a thing?! What kind of a monster does something like that?!

[The referee's protests are loud and aggressive, shouting at Zaire who finally breaks the attack on the foot, grabbing the referee by the collar, throwing him down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Zaire throws Davis Warren down!

BW: No DQ!

GM: There's certainly not and-

[A quick cut to show a closeup of Lynch's bare foot reveals rivets of blood coming down his foot.]

GM: Uggh.

[The camera cuts back to Zaire who tucks the fork back in his pocket, leaning down to grab Travis by his blood-soaked hair...]

GM: CLAW!

[...and the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of the banned hold being applied!]

GM: THE IRON CLAW IS LOCKED IN!!

BW: NO, NO, NO! THIS IS ILLEGAL! IT'S BANNED!

GM: Not in a No Disqualification match!

[Zaire's flabby arms start pumping wildly, trying to find an escape as Lynch digs his fingers into the fleshy skull of the Walking Nightmare!]

GM: This is not the first time that Ebola Zaire has felt the Lynch family's most dangerous weapon, the Iron Claw. He's felt it from the patriarch of the family, Blackjack. He's felt it from older brother Jack. He's even felt it from older brother James. Now the youngest of 'em all, Travis has that hold sunk in deep, squeezing the skull of the Botswana Beast!

[Zaire's pumping arms are visibly slowing as Lynch grabs his left wrist with his right hand, increasing the pressure on the Claw.]

GM: Travis is trying to put this beast to sleep! He's trying to put him down!

[With Zaire in a daze, Travis abruptly break the hold, using the grip on the head to shove Zaire back a step...

...and goes into a full spin before CRACKING Zaire in the temple with a right hand!]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH CONNECTS!

[Zaire falls back into the ropes, staggering back off of them, shaking his head back and forth trying to clear the haze...]

GM: He's gonna-

BW: NO WAY!

[The powerful Texas Heartthrob muscles the off-balance Zaire up off the mat...

...and SLAMS the near-four hundred pounder down to the canvas!]

GM: SLAM! HE SLAMMED THE BIG MAN!!

[The Los Angeles crowd is ROARING for the big slam as Travis dives atop the bigger man, desperately trying to hook a massive leg as the referee drops down to make his count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, the bloodied Travis Lynch rolls off to his knees. He looks down at the mat, burying his face in his arms for several seconds...

...and then lets loose a roar as he thrusts his powerful arms into the air!]

GM: Travis Lynch has done it! Travis Lynch has conquered the Bostwana Beast! He has put down the Walking Nightmare!

[The crowd is roaring as Davis Warren helps Travis Lynch off the mat to continue his celebration.]

GM: After all those months of being taunted and tormented by Sunshine, Travis Lynch has put down the biggest threat - the biggest challenge - of his career! He has defeated The Lost Boy. He has defeated Ebola Zaire! What's left, Sunshine? What more does this man have to do before you slink back to where you came from?

BW: You sure you want to ask her that... and maybe you need to direct that question to her benefactor instead.

GM: Who is this benefactor? Wherever that coward is hiding, I hope he's furious about spending all that money on Ebola Zaire only to see Travis Lynch put him down for a three count! Fans, we've got take a break but when we come back, it's almost time for our Main Event so don't you dare go away!

[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."

[We slowly fade from the graphic back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing alone.]

MS: Welcome back, fans. I'm standing back here in the interview area, and about to step into the picture is one of the men battling to disband the Wise Men, the man who rallied the troops all those months ago, and a man who has paid the price tenfold, putting his body and his livelihood on the line for the cause. Eric Preston, come on in here.

[The crowd erupts as Preston walks into the shot, deep purple wrestling trunks on, and a simple black t-shirt over top. He looks healthy, but weary, with dark bags under his eyes and a five o'clock shadow adding years to the young face the AWA has known over the years.]

MS: Eric, I'm going to cut to the chase here. With the Cibernetico not far away now, what were you thinking when you agreed to this match, aren't you at all concerned about your long term health? What were you thinking?

EP: The answer is simpler than you think.

Sometimes there are battles to be picked. And there are hills to die on. Right now is one of those battles. Tonight is one of those hills.

[Preston raises a finger to the camera and calmly shakes it.]

EP: We all have moments when we ask ourselves, what are we made of? What do we stand for? I've grown up in front of these cameras, I've gone grey in front of these people. The AWA is the only home I have ever known, it's the only paycheck I've ever drawn. And by God I cannot stand idly by as Percy Childes and his cronies rape it week after week. I won't LET them do it anymore.

They have tried and they have tried to move us out of their way, they stacked the deck again and again and again so that they could get their way. And we keep coming back. All of YOU keep coming back...

[Preston points with his finger off camera, at the crowd who respond in kind.]

EP: ...because we LOVE the AWA. We LIVE the AWA, every second, every moment. The Wise Men have not broken our bonds, they've reinforced them. And Percy Childes...

...I owe him.

[Preston looks down at the ground and shakes his head, emotional.]

EP: I was just a kid. I was just a kid with a dream, trying to find my place in the world, and you chose me.

You singled me out of a cast of many, and all these years later I don't know why. I was thrust headlong into a battle I had no business fighting, into a war I just wasn't ready for. But you kept coming. You kept coming. The feud with Monosso isn't just preserved on film for eternity, it's scarred on my soul. I have said things and done things that I NEVER thought I was capable of doing. I have ruined lives, I have ended careers, I have basically written my own ticket into an early retirement...

...because of YOU, Percy Childes.

[This declaration is met with a sardonic voice just offscreen. Preston turns to see who it is, and the hatred in his eyes tells the whole story. President Percy Childes is here, clad in his white suit and carrying a brown attache case. The bald squat goateed ex-manager seems completely unafraid to walk up to the man who wants to destroy him.]

PC: My, my. That's quite an effect you've allowed me to have on your life, Eric.

[Preston takes a step in the direction from which President Percy Childes is walking, but stops. His gaze darts past Childes, and he takes a wary step back.]

PC: Oh, no need for alarm. My security detail can't lay a finger on you unless you attack me. The Cibernetico contract forbids preemptive action of that sort tonight. Todd was afraid that I'd use the age-old method of divide-and-conquer, it seems. But I have a better weapon: the truth.

EP: The truth? That's new for you.

PC: Not at all, not at all. Many people call me a liar, but I always tell the truth. Go back and look at footage. I'm here to do what you've wanted for quite some time, I hear. You want answers. You want to know why. Why did I target you, so long ago.

[Preston peers at Childes and simply nods his head, inviting him to continue.]

PC: When I first came to the AWA, my goal was simple. I was to take Nenshou to the then-National Title. At that point, I would work to gain World Title status for the AWA, which already had the best competition in the world, arguably alongside Phoenix at the time. When Phoenix fell... and their finances made that seem inevitable... Nenshou would be the only legitimate World Champion and my task would be completed.

EP: Heck of a job on that one, Childes.

[Childes smugly smiles at the perceived slight.]

PC: He came infinitely closer than you ever did.

EP: Correct. Thanks to you, Percy. Thanks to your-

[Childes cuts in.]

PC: And now you've answered your own question.

EP: ...excuse me?

PC: I targeted you, because if I hadn't, you would have become a World Champion, Eric. It is really that simple. There were only two young talents with that potential in the AWA. You and Nenshou. Everyone else in the title scene was either a longtime veteran, or a paper tiger. The AWA would inevitably get behind a youth movement, because the men headlining in those days were running out of time. And I was correct; none of them are a factor any more.

Sure, Stevie Scott shows up several times a year to kick me in the face, but when was the last time he competed in a full-time grueling schedule? Juan Vasquez finally burned himself out. All of the others had one or more fatal flaws. But you, had you gone unchecked, would have been the stumbling block. I didn't want Nenshou to have a rival of his age until he had already achieved his goal... so I delayed you. I simply told James Monosso to put you out, and, well, you know the rest of the story. He delayed you, alright.

A bit too well, I suppose.

[Both men stand two feet away from each other, Preston peering at Childes, Childes steadfast in his truth.]

EP: So that's it, huh? Two lives changed for good, one career ended and one more on the verge, and all the people that were connected to Monosso and I in _any_ way, all affected. Forever. For a business deal? To put money in YOUR pocket?

[Preston gets one step closer to his long time adversary.]

EP: You're a goddamned weasel. You're slime. And I only hope-

[Childes interrupts again.]

PC: Yes, yes, I stole your destiny. What of it? The grand future you probably envisioned for yourself while you were toiling away at the Combat Corner. It is almost.. almost beyond your grasp. There's really only one chance for it, now.

EP: Oh, is that so?

PC: Eric Preston, I am offering you, one time, the chance to take back what I took from you. Your destiny. I have in my hands...

[Childes raises the attache case.]

PC: ...a contract for the World Title Match at SuperClash.

[The in house crowd roars and Preston does a double take, as does Mark Stegglet.]

MS: What?!

PC: This contract already bears your name and needs only your signature. It states that you get the title match, and you can choose which AWA official will work the match if there's any you do not trust.

And it states that in order to go into effect, you must not compete in the Cibernetico tonight, or interfere with it in any way.

Yes, a catch, but in life nothing worth having is free. And look at the facts. You need at least another month before you can be at fighting capacity in the ring. Every move you would make tonight could be your last... your future health hangs on a thread. The last time someone competed under those circumstances, it was James Monosso. Do you remember how that ended, Eric?

Of course you do... you ended it for him. Now here you are, in his shoes. You know how this ends.

So do something new. Learn from your mistakes and the mistakes of others. Take back what was taken from you. And this is it. If you turn this down, you have no further right to feel as if I have wronged you, because I am offering you back everything I took; more, since I only took a possibility and this is a reality. As the President, I can't have grudges with the wrestlers. I went too far with Ryan Martinez and I won't make the same mistake again.

What say you?

[Preston looks at Childes, then at the attache case, then back at Percy.]

EP: Open it. Let me see it. In my hands.

[Delicately, Childes produces the actual paper the contract is printed on, and hands it to Preston, who glares at it. The camera follows his eyes as he quickly reads it over, scanning down the contract. Moisture gathers under his eyes as he addresses Childes.]

EP: This is everything I ever wanted.

[And with that, Preston tears the papers in half and drops them to the floor.]

EP: But not like this. Not from you.

[The crowd erupts, half in support and half in shock, as Stegglet's eyes go wide.]

EP: I'm glad you came out here and interrupted me, because we've never had this chance. We've always had to speak through intermediaries. There's always been a buffer in between us. I've never gotten to tell you in person that I hate every bit of you, I despise your existence. I've never gotten to say to your face that I can NEVER forgive you for what you took from me, I can NEVER forget the scars and the trauma. I can never live down all the tears I shed and my family shed because of you.

Because of a goddamn BUSINESS decision.

I hate your guts, I LOATHE you, Percy Childes. I wouldn't walk across the street to spit on you if you were on fire. I would do almost anything to be in the main event of SuperClash, to fight for that World Title I covet so much. But I will NEVER shake your hand. I will NEVER go into business with you.

You've sent monsters, you've sent devils, you even sent Dogs of War after me. I've been blinded, I've been concussed, I've had every appendage sprained or broken or popped out of place. All in conflict with you. You have won EVERY battle.

But I will win this war. I would walk across hell in bare feet to kick you out of the AWA. There's not enough money or contracts or guarantees on Earth to get me out of this match. And if my career ends after this match, if I'm confined to a bed or a wheelchair or even worse, if I'm not of right mind a year from now, putting you out of business will be worth it. Every concussion, every hospital stay, every tear, every trauma, ever scar.

All worth it. I will be the last person you see as you're escorted out of the building.

So say goodbye, you son of a bitch.

[Childes merely nods.]

PC: I had to make the offer. Then no matter what happens tonight, I've still given you what you want.

EP: Oh yeah?

PC: Closure. You have closure. You've made the decision to put your pride over everything else in your life, and you can claim that you lived by your principles... if you're able to remember what those were. Tonight, you'll either destroy yourself in taking far more from me than I ever took from you by essentially ending professional wrestling, or you'll destroy yourself in a doomed effort and have no further justification to keep fighting. Either way, it all ends tonight.

And for the record, Eric... you do have one enemy that is even more to blame for your lot than myself or Monosso. You may have heard of him; his name is Eric Preston. And you know it better than anyone.

[With that, Percy stomps off in a huff.]

MS: Eric... Eric, I don't-

[Preston, emotional, turns and leaves Stegglet in the middle of his thought.]

MS: I don't have the words. Fans, let's...

[Stegglet listens through his earpiece with a nod.]

MS: Right, let's roll the footage to get you caught up to date with the Hometown Hero Gauntlet!

[We crossfade to footage marked "Sacramento, California - August 17th - Hometown Hero Challenge. "Big Bad" Bruno Bradley stands in center ring. The 340 pound tatted-up ex-bounty hunter glares across the ring at "Sweet Science" Johnny Saunders, the ex-PWR talent.

We get a clip of Bradley whaling on Saunders in the corner, then using a cartwheel(!) to evade a counter-charge by Saunders before dropkicking him in the face. The crowd is in awe from these moves by the big man. A later clip shows Saunders having taken Bradley face-down, working a combination armbar-hammerlock (using one of his legs to bar in the hammerlock. Saunders rams Bradley's face into the mat with some nasty forearms to the back of the head, then reapplies the armbar. The final clip shows Bradley headbutt Saunders off of a superplex attempt, and then come down with a crushing flying headbutt off the top to finish him off.

The next graphic comes from San Francisco, in the dark matches before All-Star Showdown. And here Bradley is taking on a man even larger than he is, the 380 pound Johnson Blackwell. We gets some early big-man shoulder block exchanges, and then an amazing scene where Bradley uses the cartwheel evasion move to dodge Blackwell, only for the San Franciscan to show amazing agility by stopping and turning to level Bradley with a jumping forearm shot to the mush as he tries to adjust after the cartwheel. And finally the finish... Blackwell hits an avalanche, and then calls "one more time" to the crowd. His second avalanche attempt whiffs, and Bradley steps out to the apron in order to hit a slingshot splash on Blackwell for the win in the agile-big-man hoss fight.

Next up, "San Jose, California - August 23rd". Bradley is in against an Asian-Hispanic man named "The Mexanese Expertise" Ignacio Izaki. Izaki, a 225 pound man in outstanding physical condition, is doing some grandiose showboating early, and dodging Bradley's attacks. We see Izaki manage to dodge a running avalanche and use the rebound to actually back suplex the enormous bounty hunter. However, Ignacio's attempt at a ring dive ends up being caught, and Bradley rams his back into the ringpost. The final clip we see involves Bradley executing a flying somersult senton off the top... the Big Bad Day. And again, the bad man from Sin City advances.

We are now up to "Bakersfield, California - August 24th" On this night, Bruno's opposition comes in the form of a squat, pugnacious-looking blond man named Val "The Maul" Eisenschlag. Bradley goes on the early offense with some headbutts and a big powerslam. But Eisenschlag was just getting warmed up, clobbering Bradley with a hard-swinging forearm to the face that drops him, followed by a nasty elbowdrop to the face. In the end, we see a hobbled Bradley miss a legdrop, and Eisenschlag follow up with a standing figure-four leglock back into a bridge! The bridging figure-four is too much for Bradley, who eventually submits. His impressive run has ended.

Val Eisenschlag's first defense would come from "San Diego, California - August 30th" The man opposite the ring from him this night was the former NAM (Naval and Marine Corps Achievement Medal) recipient, former Naval Petty Officer First Class "Sharpshooter" Thomas Lensman. Lensman, a 220 pounder, has a huge following in his hometown area, and shows great speed and execution early, using rapid takedowns to keep Eisenschlag off of his feet. Eisenschlag would fire back, hitting a loud European uppercut that sent Lensman sprawling into the ropes, and catching him with a shinbreaker on the way out. But despite the leg injury, Lensman would battle back, hitting a spectacular flying headscissors off the ropes to the roar of the crowd. Unfortunately, he would later miss his finisher, Hurricane Thomas... which is a double kneedrop off the top rope. The bridging figure-four would claim another victim immediately thereafter.

We then cut backstage, to where Mark Stegglet stands by with Val "The Maul" Eisenschlag. Eisenschlag has a pug nose, a thick neck which makes it appear that his head is directly connected to his shoulders, and a super intense look on his face. Wearing a nice black robe with silver spangles in a line design, the blonde-haired man is wringing his hands together in anticipation of his fight.]

MS: With me at this time, the defending Hometown Hero challenger, Val "The Maul" Eisenschlag. Tonight, Mr. Eisenschlag, you face a very flamboyant challenger by the name of "Hollywood" Ozzie Culver. You've shown a very aggressive, meat-and-potatoes style with a devastating submission hold... how do you think you match up in your final challenge?

VE: Let me put it to you like this. I don't care if my opponent is from Hollywood or from THE hood. I don't care if it's Ozzie Culver, or Ozzie Smith. I will beat whoever gets in that ring with me, and I'll beat them the same way I beat everyone: viciously.

MS: By the way, what do you call that bridging figure four?

VE: I don't name moves, Stegglet. I just use them. And you could call it anything that tickled your fancy, because that won't change the fact that it ends careers and shatters lives. As far as my style goes, I don't care if the fans cheer me or boo me. I don't care if you announcers like what I do or hate it. The only thing that matters is that my hand gets raised. And it will. It will happen tonight. It will happen at Homecoming when I throw everyone in my way out of the Rumble, and it will happen when I walk in the ring at SuperClash for my World Title shot.

MS: That's getting ahead of yourself, don't you think?

VE: No, that's called "confidence". And if you had what I had, you'd say the same. It's just this simple: when somebody tests me, I beat them to a pulp, break their legs, and walk away. And then the next night I do it again. And again. And again. And pretty soon, nobody'll be left standing in my way, because nobody'll be standing at all. Ozzie Culver's no different. I've seen him wrestle; we've competed on the same cards. I know he's smart, ruthless, and dangerous. And I know they hate him here in LA. But I hate him too, for only one reason. He's between me and what I want.

That's the last mistake he'll ever make while he's in this sport, Stegglet. Because in a few minutes... he won't be.

[Eisenschlag walks away, and Stegglet looks to the camera.]

MS: Alright, let's go to Colt Patterson standing by with the challenger, "Hollywood" Ozzie Culver.

[We cut to another interview stage, where Colt Patterson is, as advertised, standing by with Ozzie Culver. Culver is reminiscent of a young Patterson, actually. He's tall, fantastically muscular, and wearing a tie-dyed pink-purple-blue-green muscle shirt that looks like it took a wrong turn at 1975. He has two feathered boas, one purple and one blue, and a long mane of blonde hair which is receding just a bit in front. He's got a MANLY~ 80's mustache that goes down each side of his mouth, and a rhinestone-filled dimple on his left cheek. A white beret, designer shades, and dangling gold-and-sapphire earrings completes the look.]

CP: Alright, standing here is a man who could very well be the winner of the Hometown Hero gauntlet, "Hollywood" Ozzie Culver. And you know why I say that? Because I trained him. But Ozzie, your opponent is a dangerous man. Val Eisenschlag has left a lot of broken bodies in his wake even before the Hometown Hero. What do you have in store?

OC: Well, Colt, you know Val Eisenschlag's a bad dude. But this body...

[Culver flexes a bicep in front of the camera. It's rather impressive.]

OC: ...just can't be broken.

As for what I have in store? It's the same thing I always have in store. I've got the best body in wrestling. I've got the most talent in wrestling. And I'm definitely the prettiest face in wrestling. I'm the kind of man that Val Eisenschlag, and each and every deadbeat watching this at home, could never be. I don't need any special plans, because when I get in the ring, my opponents are so jealous of my physique that they beat themselves trying to overcompensate.

CP: You have to admit, though, this is the biggest match of your life. Win this one, Ozzie, and it's the big time.

OC: No, no, Colt, you got it backwards. I am "Hollywood" Ozzie Culver, and wherever I am, wherever I go, THAT is the big time just because I'm there. I've been in movies, I've been on the silver screen, and tonight, when I beat Val Eisenschlag in the middle of the ring one-two-three, it's the AWA that's going to get the star treatment. As a matter of fact, Colt, the only thing that makes the AWA big time in my book is that you're there. So let your bosses know that Hollywood Oz said "you're welcome".

CP: Well, I don't know how I feel about that, but I have one last question. We already have a "Hollywood" in the AWA, you know.

OC: I understand, and I know Larry Doyle is arguably the best manager in the world, so I'll do this: when I show up in the AWA to throw twenty-nine people over the top rope at Homecoming, I'll change my nickname. To "The One True Champion" Ozzie Culver. Then again, the ladies call me that already. Ha ha!

[Culver flexes again, showing off his magnificent physique.]

CP: Alright, the Hometown Hero finals are next!

[And we go to a pre-taped highlight reel of the final match: Val "The Maul" Eisenschlag against "Hollywood" Ozzie Culver.]

Eisenschlag is wearing a pair of pewter-grey trunks with a yellow outline of a maul along the upper back, pewter-grey boots with his initials on them, and pewter-grey kneepads. Culver is wearing full-length blue-pink-red-violet tie-dyed trunks, white wrestling boots, tied-dyed wrist tape, and his earrings. The story of the match is told via a series of highlight clips as Gordon and Bucky give us the story.]

GM: Alright, Bucky, before we went on the air tonight, the Hometown Hero finals took place. The gauntlet featured impressive runs by the likes of "Desert Fox" Blaine Howe and "Big Bad" Bruno Bradley. But it is the last winner who takes it, and Ozzie Culver with the opportunity to sneak in the back door tonight.

[We see Culver stalling in taking off all of the extra to-ring attire we saw in his promo; Eisenschlag advances on him, but Culver steps out and complains to Davis Warren, making him back Eisenschlag up.]

BW: Any way you can get it done, get it done. Early on, "Hollywood" Ozzie Culver took his sweet time, and got Val "The Maul" Eisenschlag all worked up.

GM: A dangerous gambit to be sure. Because eventually, Eisenschlag got his hands on Culver.

[We see Eisenschlag get Culver backed up on the ropes, and whack him with some stiff, brutal forearms.]

GM: I've been told 'Eisenschlag' is a German name that means 'striker of iron', as a blacksmith. And Val Eisenschlag absolutely hammered Ozzie Culver in the chest much like a blacksmith would hammer iron.

BW: Oh yeah. Forget Miley Cyrus, THAT guy hits like a wrecking ball!

[Later on, Culver counters a corner charge with both feet, then rakes his face. He then goes into his trunks for something, right in front of the referee. Warren immediately jumps in, and Culver shows him his hands to prove that he has nothing... taking the ref's attention away from a mule kick between the legs that hit Eisenschlag low!]

GM: A despicable cheating move by Ozzie Culver there. You can tell that Colt Patterson trained him.

BW: Yeah, because he's smart. Obviously not from the Combat Corner. Supreme Wright and Dichotomy got all the brains there.

[The next clip shows Culver raking Eisenschlag's eyes along the top rope. This blinds the Bakersfield native, who swings blindly... setting up a running side slam by the powerful 273 pounder from Muscle Beach.]

GM: A high impact move from the man who refers to himself as Hollywood Oz.

BW: Soon to change that to "The One True Champion" for legal reasons. Though I don't see why he and Larry Doyle can't both have the name. Larry's a mover-and-shaker and Ozzie's an on-camera star. Totally different but still Hollywood.

GM: While Culver has had bit parts and extra roles, he's only got a shot for stardom in the wrestling ring. And he did his best to make that happen tonight.

[This sets up the next clip. After some high-quality posing and flexing, Culver goes for a torture rack backbreaker... but Eisenschlag hits him in the skull with several elbows before he can get the chin hooked. Culver drops him behind, and the 250 pounder hustles up behind him for a perfectly executed belly-to-back suplex!]

BW: Ozzie went for the Muscle Beach Massacre, but Val had that one scouted, Gordo.

GM: And this is where Hollywood Oz found himself in trouble.

[That same clip continues... both men struggle to their feet, but Eisenschlag is up first, and hits Culver with a knee clip from behind!]

BW: Not only does Val Eisenschlag look like a bulldog, he's as tenacious as one when he gets a guy hurt.

[Clips of Eisenschlag dropping knees and elbows on the left knee of Culver, and clamping on a stepover toehold.]

GM: His nickname has two meanings, Bucky. A maul, as in the huge hammer-axe implement that hits with incredible impact... and maulING which is what Eisenschlag proceeded to do to Ozzie Culver's left knee.

BW: He's relentless, and crazy intense. But Ozzie wasn't done yet!

[As Val attempts the spinning toehold start of the figure-four, Culver reaches up, grabs the back of his trunks, and yanks Eisenschlag backwards through the ropes!]

GM: A nasty fall! We thought that could well be a countout, but Val Eisenschlag is incredibly durable and hardy.

BW: Ozzie had a couple of chances, and then this happened...

[Ozzie gets Eisenschlag on his hands and knees, and a kneedrop to the back of the head spikes "The Maul" into the canvas. Culver gets up limping as his bad knee was used there. He tries to pull up Eisenschlag and go for the Muscle Beach Massacre again, but his leg gives way. Eisenschlag uses a drop toehold to take him down, and immediately transitions into a kneelock. From there, he stands while controlling the leg... and gets the standing figure-four on. Culver is helpless from stopping him fall back into a bridge... and he taps out very quickly!]

GM: That bridging figure-four claims another victim, and Val "the Maul" Eisenschlag is your Hometown Hero. He'll go on to Homecoming and compete in the 30-man Rumble for a shot at the World Title... the opportunity of a lifetime.

BW: I don't know if anybody had Bakersfield in the pool for where the Hometown Hero winner would come from, but this guy's legit, daddy. A tough guy who will break your leg with no remorse.

GM: It would be interesting to see him against the likes of a Hannibal Carver or Bobby O'Connor. In any event, we're ready to return to live action. Earlier tonight, we saw the surprise appearance of Alex Martinez. The Hall Of Famer has asked for a chance to address his hometown fans. And somewhat surprisingly, President Percy Childes has agreed to give him that time.

BW: Percy always does what's right for the people.

GM: Or Percy knows better than to try and tell Alex Martinez no.

#It's alright...

[The Los Angeles crowd is already up on its feet.]

#It's alright...

#It's alright...

#I'm just a...

[And all at once, the crowd goes]

#LITTLE CRAZY!!!

[The curtain to the back is pulled aside, and there, at the top of the entranceway, stands the iconic Hall Of Famer.]

GM: THE LAST AMERICAN BADBOY IS HERE!

[Martinez steps up to the ring, and throws one long leg, and then the other over the top rope, moving towards the center of the ring. Pulling a wireless microphone from inside his jacket, he pauses a moment to bask in the crowd's adulation.]

AM: There was absolutely zero chance I was gonna miss the AWA in LA!

[There's another loud roar from the crowd, incoherent at first, but those raucous cheers begin to coalesce into a single chant.]

"ONE MORE MATCH

ONE MORE MATCH

ONE MORE MATCH

ONE MORE MATCH

ONE MORE MATCH

ONE MORE MATCH"

[But Martinez shakes his head.]

AM: That ain't happenin' tonight.

I came here to watch my boy and his teammates win back the AWA. And that's all I'm plannin' on doing tonight.

And let me promise somethin'. That Cibernetico? It'll be a hell of a match. It's gonna be twenty guys steppin' face first into a meat grinder. But I know this. We Martinezes? We're used to takin' three shots to get in one. And we're always the ones that hit the hardest.

And you can say the same thing for the Lynches, the O'Connors, the Prestons and the Carvers. And as for the rest...

[The words of the former multiple-time World Champion and Hall of Famer are cut off by a sound that sends a chill down the collective spines of the AWA faithful.

It's the sound of snarling, barking, and snapping dogs.

The lights extinguish, replaced by a swirling spotlight that dances over the darkened crowd...

...and then come to rest on a trio of men making their way through the crowd in their midnight blue attire.]

GM: What the hell are these guys doing out here?!

BW: Maybe Percy wasn't as okay with this address as we thought.

GM: I don't like the looks of this at all.

BW: Why not? Martinez is a former World Champion. He's a Hall of Famer. You think he can handle himself in there?

GM: It's a three-on-one if this breaks down. NO ONE can stand up against that.

[As the trio hurdles the barricade, spreading out to each take a spot on a different side of the ring. The sounds of KISS' "War Machine" fades out as Martinez shrugs out of his leather jacket, ready for a fight. With the three men up on the apron, Martinez waves someone forward. Pedro Perez smirks at the legend before calling for a house mic and stepping through the ropes. Isaiah Carpenter and Wade Walker follow, taking up flanking positions behind Perez.]

GM: The Dogs Of War are in the ring with the Last American Badboy... and look at this, Bucky. We've got a wall of security guards at the top of the aisle! What is this all about?! This looks like a damn trap to me!

[Perez steps forward, getting right up in the face of the big man who towers over him.]

PP: Alex Martinez. The Last American Bad... boy.

[Perez chuckles.]

PP: Heard of you.

[Martinez doesn't respond, staring down at the insolent punk.]

PP: Look, big man... I understand why you'd come out here tonight. It's a big night for you. The spawn of your loins is trying to be the freedom fighter. We're in your - and his - hometown.

[Big cheer from the LA fans! Perez looks around in disdain.]

PP: Back in your Extreme days, you used to own this town, right?

[The cheers imply that he perhaps still does.]

PP: Well, I know you've been busy starring in the latest creation from the genius mind of Tyler Perry... so maybe you haven't heard the news.

[Perez gestures to himself, Carpenter, and Walker.]

PP: But WE own this town now. This and every other town the AWA steps foot in. The Wise Men rule the roost and after this night is over... and your boy is in a hospital bed... I expect that the next time you want to show your face in OUR ring, you'll ask OUR permission.

[Martinez warily looks over his shoulder to where Carpenter and Walker have slowly moved behind him, before turning back to Perez.]

AM: Let me tell you somethin', Perez, I know exactly who you are. You ain't the first punk kid to be all full of piss and vinegar, ready to spit in the eye of a legend and make their names on his bones.

Hell, son, I invented that act.

[Big cheer!]

AM: But before you make your play to be top dog, you better make sure the current ruler of the yard is ready to be put down. I didn't come here to fight. But don't think for a second that I won't make an exception when it comes to you.

You think long and hard...

[Martinez pulls off his mirrored sunglasses, glaring at Perez.]

AM: Before you come at me.

[Perez looks a little surprised at Martinez not backing down from the apparent three-on-one situation. He raises his hands, taking a step back.]

PP: Hey, big man... no need for the threats. The Dogs Of War were just here to tell you what's been going on while you were gone... to catch you up. It's a warning, old timer... nothing more.

[Perez shrugs.]

PP: Never let it said that the Dogs Of War don't have mercy in their hearts for a senior citizen.

[A fuming Martinez nods his head as Perez steps back again.]

AM: All right then. Go on now, little doggy. Take your pups with you, before I forget that I'm just a spectator tonight and the three of you all get bur-

[Before Martinez can deliver his trademark line, Wade Walker BLASTS him between the shoulderblades with a double axehandle sledge, causing Martinez to pitch forward towards Pedro Perez who grabs Martinez around the head and neck, dropping back to drive him facefirst into the mat!]

GM: OHHH! Modified faceslam by Perez and- look at this!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Carpenter and Walker start stomping and kicking the seven footer into the canvas as Pedro Perez scampers to his feet to join them!]

GM: We've got a three-on-one in there with the Dogs Of War taking the fight to Alex Martinez! We're going to need some help out here!

[Perez and Carpenter haul Martinez to his feet, holding him steady as Walker bounces off the ropes, rebounding into a thunderous spear tackle to the ribcage of the Hall of Famer!]

GM: SPEAR! Walker speared the hell out of Alex Martinez!

[A cackling Perez is kicking the ribs of Martinez as soon as Walker clears out, keeping him down as Isaiah Carpenter slingshots himself up to the top rope, poised to strike as Perez backs off...]

GM: Carpenter off the top!

[...and DROPS a knee down into the ribcage of the former World Champion!]

GM: FLYING KNEE OFF THE ROPES!!

[Perez and Walker are right back into the stomps and kicks to the ribs as the crowd begins to roar!]

GM: LOOK! LOOK AT THE TOP OF THE AISLE!

[The camera cuts to show Ryan Martinez trying to get past security to help his father.]

GM: Ryan Martinez is trying to get out here but these security guards are holding him back!

BW: Keep him back there! He's got a match in a few minutes!

GM: He doesn't care! Martinez is trying to get past security because his father is in serious trouble at the hands of the Dogs Of War! We need more help out here! We need to get-

[Pedro Perez slides back into the ring, having exited during the camera cut, clutching a steel chair in hand as Walker and Carpenter drag Martinez off the mat, holding him by the arms...]

GM: Oh no... no, no, no...

[The camera cuts again to show the AWA's White Knight trying to fight his way past security who are managing to hold him back.]

GM: There's too many of them, Bucky! Ryan can't get through!

[Perez looks down the aisle, pointing at Ryan Martinez with the steel chair.]

GM: This is a message to the leader of Team AWA! This is- NO!

[Perez winds up with the chair, ready to strike...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd EXPLODES in a DEAFENING REACTION as someone hurdles the barricade, sliding into the ring to grab the chair to prevent it from being smashed into the skull of Alex Martinez!]

GM: THAT'S-

[Perez swings around, getting the edge of the chair driven into his gut before the chair is thrown aside and an incoming Isaiah Carpenter gets hit with one of the most recognizable blows in wrestling...

...the Right Cross!]

GM: JUAN VASQUEZ IS IN THE RING! VASQUEZ IS TRYING TO SAVE ALEX MARTINEZ!

[With Carpenter dazed, Vasquez uses a handful of midnight blue attire to HURL him through the ropes to the floor. Wade Walker rushes at him...

...but Vasquez drops down, pulling the top rope with him and causing Walker to sail over the ropes!]

GM: WALKER'S OUT TOO!

BW: This isn't fair, Gordo! Vasquez is supposed to be a fan tonight! He's supposed to just be watching the show!

GM: He WAS until this happened!

[Vasquez turns back towards Perez, ready to attack...

...when Perez dives through the ropes, rejoining his allies out on the floor as Vasquez shouts at him to get back into the ring.]

GM: Juan Vasquez has cleared house here in Los Angeles and listen to this reaction from these fans!

[The fans are absolutely rabid at the sight of one of their hometown heroes saving another one of them. Vasquez grabs the discarded chair, slamming it down on the ropes and shouting at the Dogs Of War to get back into the ring as they step back out over the railing, Carpenter being dragged by Perez and Walker.]

GM: Thank goodness Juan Vasquez was in the crowd here tonight!

[With the Dogs Of War scrambling, the security wall breaks down, allowing Ryan Martinez to charge down the ramp to the ring. He takes a knee next to his father, checking his condition as Vasquez paces around them both, holding the steel chair in his hands...]

BW: This is ridiculous, Gordo. We had one of the most important shows in AWA history interrupted by a non-wrestling actor who walked away from the business... and then when the Dogs Of War step up to put him in his place, another guy who walked away from the business interferes to save him! Ridiculous!

GM: This was a set up! Now we know why Percy Childes allowed this! He let Alex Martinez go out there so he could be attacked!

BW: Take off the tinfoil hat, Gordo!

GM: This isn't paranoia! This is the truth, don't you see it? This is Percy Childes sending a message to the captain of Team AWA, Ryan Martinez!

BW: I'd say message received.

GM: And I say that Percy Chiles may have put the final nail in his own coffin. The Cibernetico is next. And what is Ryan Martinez going to do, now that he's entering the match covered in his father's blood?

[In the ring, we spy that Alex is spitting up blood that is running from his mouth. Ryan does indeed have some on his hands and arms as he stares at the retreating Dogs Of War as Vasquez stops behind him, chair in hand...

...and we 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.

[Cut.

We fade back up to the backstage area where Johnny Detson stands alone. Plain, white cinder block backdrop with Detson standing there dressed to wrestle with his long gold tights, black boots and a black sweat jacket zipped up.]

Detson: You sure do seem to have a lot of formers standing behind you, Todd. Former champions... former wrestlers... former people who were healthy... former people who were relevant...

[A cocky smirk forms on Detson's face.]

Detson: In the end, I'm glad you came back, Todd, I really am. It should be you that watches it all fall down. And you brought some friends for the final curtain. Chris Blue, Broussard, Stevie Scott... a collective who's who of formers. People who at one time thought they were great, thought they were at the top, but really they never were.

[Detson stretches out his arms.]

Detson: But you brought them back for a reason. Because they, just like you, need to see the new reality that lies before you, the reality that was always there, but you were too damn stubborn to witness. The reality that I AM the standard in this industry. I've been the one setting the bar this whole time. That when the books are finally written and the stories are finally told, it will be me and NOT you, ME, NOT Chris Blue, ME, NOT Marcus Broussard, ME, NOT Stevie Scott.

[Detson glares straight at the camera as if his audience was directly in front of him, years of bitterness spilling over on his face. His hand clenches tightly in a fist.]

Detson: I've been the one time after time, that's gone through your little army person by person, time after time. I've been the one that's assembled the masses and lead them to victory each and every time. The greatest ring general... the man that gets the job done... and you call yourself Team AWA?

[Detson looks to his left and then to his right and then back at the camera, disgust on his face as he jabs his thumb in his own direction.]

Detson: I AM THE AWA! The Wise Men represent the AWA! That AWA they think they're fighting for, that AWA you naively told them still exists, the one they think will come back when their "good" triumphs over our "evil"? It's gone... and the sooner the new reality sinks in for all of you, the better off we'll all be.

[Detson relaxes for a second, his expression eases, as he takes a huge sigh.]

Detson: So if it takes one more battle, one more war, one more final fight to end all fights... so be it. For I, with the ever present help of the Wise Men, have assembled one of the greatest forces in the history of the industry with one minor... really insignificant... flaw. And you?

[Detson pauses and lets out a small chuckle.]

Detson: Well, you know what you have Todd. We all know what you have Todd, and we all know it keeps up at night. Half the people on your team were at one time on ours, so they were either not good enough...

[Detson smirks.]

Detson: ...or they never left. Think about it Todd. It all boils down, once again, to trust. Look to your left, look to your right... can you trust the person you see? You can't look anyone in the eyes and answer that with a straight face. How many deals with how many devils did you make to piecemeal that team together? And that's the group that takes us down when so many others have failed before you?

[Detson shakes his head.]

Detson: No, Todd, and deep down you know it. You know that Hannibal Carver isn't on your team and he isn't on ours, he's on his own. You know that Terry Shane can't be trusted and that no one really does. You know that Marcus Broussard led the initial Wise Men charge, and Dufresne was there at the end to reap its benefits. Waterson, Matusi? Are they there for revenge or are they looking for a way to redeem themselves back to the winning team?

[Detson shrugs as if he doesn't know the answer or he doesn't care to share.]

Detson: So that's Team AWA? Backstabbers, cheats and thieves? But since they're yours that group is okay, while our group is corrupt?

[Detson shakes his head in mock disappointment.]

Detson: Your team is in trouble, Todd, and you haven't even gotten to the ring. You don't know which direction any of them are going and what their motivation is for getting there. Well, I can tell you which direction this team is going...

[Detson points at the camera.]

Detson: Straight at you! Because not only do you have to worry about the team you threw together, you also have to worry about what stands in front of you...

[From the left, the Dogs of War - Pedro Perez, Wade Walker and Isaiah Carpenter - file in and stand in the background.]

Detson: ...the greatest collective force ever assembled...

[From the right, in walks TPP Global Champion Noboru Fujimoto, World Tag Team Champions Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong with Miss Sandra Hayes.]

Detson: ...proven winners through and through...

[From the left, "Hollywood" Larry Doyle with the Russian War Machine Kolya Sudakov and Brad Jacobs.]

Detson: ...overwhelming brute strength...

[From the right, comes Demetrius Lake.]

Detson: ...superior cunning and intelligence...

[Now from both sides behind all the other competitors comes Team Supreme, from the right in walks World Champion Supreme Wright with Cain Jackson standing with the champ on his right.]

Detson: ...and supreme technical skill...

[Percy Childes walks in from the left now and stands right next to Detson.]

Detson: This is what stands in front of you, the undeniable, unmistakable... unbeatable force. There is no chance for you, there is no hope... the only solace to be gained was from the fact that you could have prevented all of what is to come and yet, you did not. So their failure and demise, like always, is on your hands. This ends tonight, you choose this path, and now we choose to destroy everyone...

[A sick, sadistic smile forms on Detson's face as he looks behind him and to his left at President Childes before back at the camera.]

Detson: ...and let God sort it out.

[As the group stands there, the shot slowly fades out to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: It was the 4th of July in 2011... over three years ago now that the group known as the Wise Men made their first public strike, a group beatdown - a

mugging - of Juan Vasquez to put him on the shelf and to strip the National Title from around his waist. Since then, there have been trips to the hospital on both sides... shattered windshields... corrupt referees... power struggles... shocking surprises... the elevation of a new AWA President... and controversial title changes. Tonight, hopefully... it all comes to an end.

BW: You know what comes to an end? The Dumb Kid Alliance. The whining, the crying. The so-called forces of good jumping people in parking lots and bars and nightclubs... the so-called forces of right causing riots endangering the fans and the wrestlers as a whole. When the Wise Men win tonight and President Percy is assured of being in power for the next year, things will finally settle down and we can get back to what's best for business.

GM: These Wise Men wouldn't know what's best for business if someone came out and told them every week. They've sabotaged this company in an attempt to gain power, hold power, and to tilt things in the advantage of the wrestlers that they support. They talk about even playing fields and opportunity. Ask Ryan Martinez how even the playing field was when he defended the World Television Title against three men in one night. Ask Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds how even the playing field was when they defended the World Tag Team Titles. Ask Dave Bryant how much of an opportunity he felt he was getting when a crooked referee ripped the World Title from around his waist.

[Gordon pauses.]

GM: There is a line in the sand that has been drawn and one way or another, this ends tonight. If Team AWA wins, the forces of evil can be thrown aside and this company can start to be put back together. But if Team Wise Men win, I believe a lot of AWA employees will be looking for work tomorrow morning... and I just might be one of them, Bucky.

BW: That's a bold statement, Gordo.

GM: Nonetheless, the time for talk is over. We've heard from both teams. We know the stakes. Now all that's left is to see the action and see just who can prevail in this ultimate showdown...

[Pause.]

GM: Phil Watson, the show is yours.

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

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, it is now time for your MAIN EVENT of the evening... and it is the CIIIIIBERRRRNETICOOOOOOOO!

[HUUUUUUUUGE ROAR from the Los Angeles crowd!]

PW: The rules for this match are as followed. Two teams of thirteen will collide in an elimination matchup. Eliminations are scored by pinfall, submission, or disqualification. Once inside the ring, you can make an exit by tagging out or by having both feet touch the floor. Before the show, both teams submitted a batting order to the official referee for this match - Johnny Jagger - and that is the ONLY order the competitors can enter the ring.

[AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger holds two sheets of paper in the air, showing off the batting order.]

PW: Johnny Jagger is the negotiated official for both teams and has been instructed to strictly enforce the rules as stated.

[As Phil Watson speaks, a flood of armed security guards come marching out from the entrance curtain towards the ring. Some take up spots on the ramp. Others head down to the ringside area, standing near the ringside barricade.]

PW: As you can see, AWA President Percy Childes has instructed security to be at ringside and to block the entrance aisle to the ring to prevent any outside interference.

BW: Brilliant move by Percy!

GM: I guess he's thought of everything, hasn't he?

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: Introducing first... they are accompanied to the ring by the managers, "Hollywood" Larry Doyle and Miss Sandra Hayes as well as the AWA President Percy Childes... they are the WISE MEN'S ARRRRRRRRRMYYYYYYY!

[The sounds of Led Zeppelin's "Kashmir" kicks off to an extremely loud negative reaction for the forces of evil. Predictably, Percy Childes, Miss Sandra Hayes, and Larry Doyle are the first ones through the curtain, drawing even more of the ire of the crowd than before.]

GM: The Wise Men lead the way. Johnny Detson may be the team captain but I have to imagine that those three - in some way - are calling the shots to some degree.

BW: I'm sure they've met with Johnny for hours, going over the strategy for this match. It's an equal effort if you ask me.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Phil Watson keeps on going, announcing people as they start coming through the curtain...]

PW: PEDRO PEREZ... ISIAH CARPENTER... WADE WALKER... the DOOOOOGS OF WARRRRRRR!

[The midnight blue sporting trio walks menacingly out behind the three managers.]

PW: A former AWA National Champion... a former Mixed Martial Arts champion... the PRO WRESTLER HUNTER KILLER... the RUSSIAN WAAAAAR MACHIIIINE...

KOLLLLLLYAAAAAA SUUUUUUUUUUDAKOVVVVV!

[The Russian War Machine arrives in his standard black singlet with a relic of a previous time, the Hammer and Sickle, across the midsection. His trademark Russian chain is draped over the back of his thick neck.]

PW: Formerly one-half of the World Tag Team Champions...

BRAAAAAAAAAAAD JAAAAAAAAAAAAACOBSSS!

[The bulky African American powerhouse walks into view, staring down at the ramp.]

GM: Brad Jacobs certainly isn't happy about being here tonight... being a part of this team.

BW: But he'll do it. He'll do it because his family depends on it.

GM: Jacobs is the perfect example of how far these Wise Men are willing to stoop to get their way. They threatened to put his younger brother - out on parole - back in prison unless he worked alongside them. What kind of people do that? What kind of people set out to destroy someone's life in order to get their way?

BW: The Wise Men are NOT nice guys, Gordo. They'll do whatever it takes to win this war... WHATEVER it takes.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: Former World Champion...

"SHOOOOOWTIIIIIIIME" RIIIIIIICK MAAAARRRLEYYYY!

[Marley doesn't look much happier than Jacobs to be here, striding slowly down the ramp behind the bigger man.]

PW: From the Land of the Rising Sun... the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion...

NOOOOOOBOWWWWORUUUUUU FUJIMOOOOOOTOOOOO!

[Fujimoto walks the aisle, his title belt slung over his shoulder as he stares out at the crowd through pitch black sunglasses.]

PW: The AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... AARON ANDERSON and LENNY STRONG...

THE LIGHTS OUUUUUUUUT EXPRESSSSSSSS!

[Anderson and Strong are in trash-talking mode as soon as they walk into view, yelling at the rampside fans as they make their way down the elevated platform.]

PW: He is the Shadow Of Violence...

"MANIAC" MORRRRRGAAAAAN DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANE!

[Dane steps out through the curtain, the pearl-handled razor blade clinched between his teeth as he stares coldly at the jeering fans.]

GM: One of the most dangerous men in the history of our sport. Rarely have North American promoters been willing to allow this man into their rings... until now.

BW: Just another example of how far the Wise Men are willing to go to win this thing, Gordo.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: The KING of professional wrestling... the Black Tiger...

DEMETRIUS LAAAAAAAAAAAAAKE!

[Whatever level the Lights Out Express' trash talk was at, Demetrius Lake just turned it up to eleven as he seems to be taking the time to verbally berate every single fan in the building.]

PW: He is the AWA... WORLD... HEAVYWEIGHT... CHAAAAAMMMMMPIONNNN...

SUUUUUUUUUPREEEEEEEEEEEEME WRIIIIIIIIIIIGHT!

[Wright strides through the curtain in his fighter's robe, the World Title belt held over his head. There is no sign of any other Team Supreme members.]

GM: Apparently Supreme Wright has elected to go it alone here tonight. No sign of Cain Jackson, Tony Donovan, or the rest of Team Supreme out here with the World Champion tonight.

BW: Wright doesn't need any help against these knuckleheads that the so-called White Knight has put together to face him, Gordo. He'll cut through the goofs like a hot knife through butter.

GM: That remains to be seen... and now the team captain...

[Phil Watson wraps it up...]

PW: And finally, the team captain...

JOHNNYYYYYYYY DEEEEEEEETSONNNNNNNNNNNNN!

[Detson brings up the rear, arms held high over his head as he follows the rest of the team to the ring. Many of the team members are already in the ring, taking up spots alongside the ring ropes as the crowd jeers them wildly.]

GM: That's quite the assemblage of talent inside that ring... but perhaps the most unpopular group to ever come together.

BW: Says who?

GM: Says the thousands of fans jammed into this building tonight! Listen to their reaction for this team, Bucky!

BW: What do they know? The Lakers are bunch of washed-up has-beens and the Dodgers haven't been to the World Series since you were a young man. This town wouldn't know a winning team when they see it!

GM: So much at stake tonight. So much on the line if this team manages to pull off a victory.

BW: And they look like a team ready to make history here tonight.

GM: They certainly look confident, that's for sure.

[The classic rock song fades as the rest of the team enters the ring.]

PW: And their opponents...

[Gone is the classic rock of Led Zeppelin only to be replaced by the thunderous drums and shredding guitar of "Painkiller" by Judas Priest. The crowd rises to their feet, roaring for what's coming next.]

PW: They are known as TEAM AWA!

[Big cheer!]

PW: First, accompanying them to the ring... managers Ben Waterson and Chris Blue... and the co-owner of the American Wrestling Alliance, Todd Michaelson!

[The cheers for Michaelson outweigh the boos for Blue and Waterson as the three men make their way into view, starting the walk down the aisle.]

PW: The heart and soul of one of the most feared groups in wrestling history, the Southern Syndicate... two former AWA National Champions... one former AWA World Heavyweight Champion...

"HOTSHOT" STEVIE SCOTT and CAAAAALISSTOOO DUUUUFRESNNNE!

[The two veterans come through the curtain, standing pretty far apart from each other, glaring at one another.]

GM: These two don't exactly like each other... they may not even trust one another... but on this night, they're going to fight side by side to make sure the AWA they helped build is here tomorrow morning!

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: One of the most popular men in the entire AWA...

THIS! IS! SUUUUUUUPERRRRRNNOOOOOOVAAAAAA!

[Supernova walks out to a huge reaction, raising an arm to salute the cheering fans. The face-painted young lion looks just as we saw him several months ago when the Wise Men took him out of action.]

PW: The former leader of the Shane Gang...

TERRRRRRRRRRRY SHAAAAAAAAAAAAANE!

[The Ring Leader steps into view, taking a large amount of boos from the AWA faithful who are not quick to forgive and forget the dastardly actions of Terry Shane's past.]

PW: He is one-half of the former AWA National Tag Team Champions... arguably one-half of the greatest tag team in AWA history...

CLEEEEEETUS LEEEEEEE BIIIIIIISHOP!

[The Redneck Wrecking Machine makes his way into view, staring coldly at the men who've entered before him.]

PW: Family tradition is the name of the game for these two men... representing two of the most legendary families in our sport.... JACK LYNCH... BOBBY O'CONNOR...

THE TEXMO CONNECTION!!!

[O'Connor and Lynch walk into view, drawing big cheers from the crowd.]

PW: He is the very first AWA National Champion and one of the pillars that this company was built upon...

The San Jose Shark... MAAAARRRRRCUUUUS BROUUUUUSSAAAAAARD!

[Broussard walks out on the ramp, staring down at the ring at the Army that awaits him.]

GM: Remember, Marcus Broussard lost a Loser Leaves Town match-

BW: To his own teammate, Stevie Scott.

GM: That's true. The AWA takes those stipulations very seriously but for this match, Percy Childes agreed to allow ANY competitor who wanted to join Team AWA which is how Broussard got brought back for this showdown.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: Fighting out of the Combat Corner... the one and the only...

ERRRRRRRRRRRIC PRESSSSSSSSSSSTON!

[Preston steps through the curtain to a huge reaction from the crowd. He smiles, waving a hand appreciatively as he heads down the ramp towards the ring.]

PW: The Boston Brawler himself...

HANNIBAAAAAAL CAAAAARRRRRRRVERRRR!

[The crowd buzzes with concern as the curtain does not part at this announcement.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Hah! He's not coming, Gordo! Carver's called it a night and gone to the local bar. He wants no part of this fight... no part of a team that doesn't give a damn about him to begin with! He said it himself - he's on Team Carver and apparently, Team Carver's taking the night off.

[From inside the ring, Percy Childes arches an eyebrow with interest as the Wise Men's Army begins to laugh at the situation.]

GM: After all that work to assemble a team, Team AWA may still find themselves a man down heading into this match. Where in the world is Hannibal Carver? Where is-

[Phil Watson interrupts.]

PW: He is the two-time AWA Heavyweight Champion of the World...

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYYYYYYANT!

[A big cheer goes up for the former World Champion as he walks out onto the ramp, pointing threatening at the ring where Supreme Wright again thrusts the title belt up into the air.]

PW: The team captain... he is a former AWA World Television Champion... he is the leader of this movement... he is the AWA's White Knight... he is...

RYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAN MAAAAARRRRRTIIIIIIINEZ!

[The leader of Team AWA strides out to a tremendous reaction from his hometown crowd. He is dressed differently than we're used to seeing - clad in a pair of white tights with a red inseam and the letters "AWA" scripted down the right leg. He's sporting white boots with black laces and tight fitting white gloves with a black palm.]

GM: This is the man who brought this all together. Todd Michaelson will get a lot of the credit for assembling a team but Ryan Martinez helped give birth to the anti-Wise Men movement. He was the man who stood up... alone... and said that the Wise Men must be stopped at any costs. And tonight, he'll have to live up to that statement, Bucky.

BW: But what's going through his head right now? He just saw his father stomped into the mat by the Dogs Of War. He can't be in the best emotional state. He can't be composed enough to lead this team... a team that is ALREADY a man down!

[Martinez reaches the ring and is instantly stopped from tearing after the Dogs Of War by Marcus Broussard and Eric Preston who encourage him to save it for the match. The Judas Priest song fades as all eyes turn towards the entrance again.]

"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 Fabulous Forum Jumbotron comes to life with old war footage - burning and smoldering rubble left behind by the bombing of London by the German Luftwaffe... thick columns of smoke rising from burning ships in Pearl Harbor... a burning village in Vietnam with children fleeing the scene... tanks rolling into a city, oil wells ablaze in the background... 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.]

GM: Who the... who is this guy?! He's huge!

BW: Michaelson failed to name him before the end of All-Star Showdown! His entry into this match should not be valid!

GM: You want to go over and tell this monster that, Bucky?

[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.]

BW: This monster... he's gotta be over three hundred pounds, Gordo. Almost seven feet tall. He's a beast!

GM: And he's under the control of Louis Matsui who continues to bring the most dangerous and monstrous competitors in the business to the American Wrestling Alliance.

[The Jumbotron lights up with a single word - "Deimos."]

GM: Deimos?

BW: Is that... is that his name?

GM: I don't have a clue but... Deimos, if I recall correctly means "dread" and in Greek mythology, he's the personification of terror. That's what Matsui meant when he said that fear was coming with him! Deimos is fear itself!

[As Deimos makes his way down the aisle, the smoke clearing before him, he pays no attention to the fans on either side. Following close behind, Louis Matsui's face betrays only the slightest hint of a smirk. Reaching the ring, Deimos steps onto the ring apron, as the lights come back on, then over the ropes and into the ring. Matsui steps through the ropes, following his latest, for lack of a better word, client, who heads directly to the Team AWA corner who look... uncomfortable.]

GM: The arrival of Deimos appears to be a total surprise to Team AWA... and... well, none of them look exactly pleased at this development.

BW: That's why they're going to fail, Gordo. You get a near seven foot, three hundred pound monster dropped in your lap and you're going to be upset about it?

GM: I'm not sure it's upset as much as a lack of trust. No one trusts Louis Matsui and... well, in turn, no one trusts Deimos.

[The music fades as Deimos stands with his back to the ropes. Matsui stands before him, seemingly in control, as the lights return to normal, revealing Team AWA now, soaking up the cheers as they stand united...

... that is, save for one familiar face.]

GM: The entirety of Team AWA is out here now... almost.

BW: No Carver! Still no Carver!

GM: This is bad news for Team AWA... and for the AWA in general, Bucky. This was going to be a horrific war even at full strength but in a handicap match...?

BW: In a handicap match, this might be a rout!

GM: Hannibal Carver... he's nowhere to be seen, fans.

BW: No surprise there. He said himself he was out for himself, no "intervention" from his drinking buddies is going to change that maniac's mind!

[As Ryan shoots a worried look at the TexMo Connection, it seems as if Bucky's words ring all too true until the crowd explodes again in cheers.]

GM: Think again, Bucky!

[Out walks Hannibal Carver, stonefaced as he walks the length of the ramp, stopping just before the ring ropes where he eyes each of his supposed teammates. Stoic, until his eyes fall on Calisto Dufresne, who he looks at with disgust.

He steps into the ring, getting closer to his teammates where that disgust turns to visible rage as he stares eye to eye and nose to nose with Terry Shane. His hands clench into fists as the fans in attendance get to their feet, anticipating a brawl between the two heated rivals breaking out right there amidst the throng of Team AWA.]

BW: But is he here as their teammate or here to fight his own teammate?!

[Bucky is answered as Carver takes a step back, forcing his hands down to his side. He quickly turns from Shane, now looking at the TexMo Connection. Finally, he nods and high fives both Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor to a tremendous ovation. He

makes a cutting motion across his throat with his thumb while he points at the Wise Men's Army with the other with such ferocity it looks like he just threw a strikeout pitch...]

GM: Oh yeah! He's their teammate, Bucky! He's still their teammate!

BW: He says that now. We'll see how it goes when things get tough and he's gotta rely on Terry Shane or Calisto Dufresne or Deimos.

GM: Both teams in the ring now - all twenty-six men plus their managers, advisors, and what have you. Security is surrounding the ring as AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger is telling both teams to get out to the floor. Only one man from each team - the man on the on-deck circle - is allowed on the apron. Everyone else has to stay on the floor until it's time for them to get up there.

BW: And this is where the strategy comes into play. Both teams had to submit a batting order earlier today and they can't change it now. Johnny Jagger is the only man who knows the batting order for both teams and it's his responsibility to hold them to it. I don't know about you, Gordo... but when I want a strategy to follow - a winning strategy - I look to Percy Childes... to Larry Doyle... to Sandra Hayes.

GM: Is that a fact? I may not be fans of all of these men on Team AWA but you look across there and you see Ben Waterson who HAS to be in the debate for best manager in AWA history. You see Louis Matsui who has managed some of the greatest big men in our sport. You see Chris Blue whose resume speaks for itself. And you see Todd Michaelson. That's just OUTSIDE the ring. Inside the ring, you've got Ryan Martinez taking input from men like Marcus Broussard and Stevie Scott and Dave Bryant... this is a team filled with experience and filled with fire. They are not lacking in the strategy department in my opinion.

BW: I guess we're about to find out.

GM: I guess we are. Slowly but surely, the ring is emptying out and it appears as though the Wise Men's Army are going to lead off with the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion, Noboru Fujimoto, who shocked wrestling insiders by appearing in the AWA about a month ago, taking out Nenshou who had pledged himself to Team AWA.

BW: Pick the guy that no one across the ring knows anything about. Brilliant!

GM: Pretty sure all these guys have the Internet and have seen lots of Fujimoto's matches against men like Yoshinari Taguchi and Kenta Kitazawa among others.

BW: I bet this guy doesn't have the Internet.

[The crowd buzzes as Team AWA vacates the ring, leaving the Redneck Wrecking Machine, Cletus Lee Bishop standing alone.]

GM: Wow! So, it'll be Cletus Lee Bishop starting things off against Noboru Fujimoto in what should be a fascinating clash of styles.

[Referee Johnny Jagger steps out to the middle, checking to make sure both men are ready, and then signals for the bell.]

GM: And here we go! Twenty-six men battling it out for the future of this company in the first-ever AWA Cibernetico!

[Cletus Lee Bishop stands in his jeans and wifebeater, staring across at the smaller man. He slowly raises his hand, waving Fujimoto forward to a big reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Cletus Lee is not backing down from the Tiger Paw Pro champion! He's ready for him! He's ready for this fight!

BW: The Bishop Boys have been gone from the AWA since SuperClash last November - nearly a year on the shelf for Cletus Lee Bishop.

GM: Fujimoto coming out of his corner, looking for the tieup...

[But Cletus Lee rushes forward, swinging his leg up for the Charging Big Boot, looking for a quick elimination...]

...but Fujimoto spots it coming, dropping down to a knee a split second before contact to an "OOOOOOOOH!" from the Los Angeles fans. Fujimoto pops up off the mat, throwing a charging high kick of his own that catches the Redneck Wrecking Machine in the sternum, knocking him back a few steps.]

GM: Whoa! Fujimoto avoided Cletus Lee's big boot but scored one of his own.

[Fujimoto grabs a handful of greasy hair, blasting Cletus Lee with two short elbows to the jaw...]

...but Cletus Lee has other ideas, grabbing him under the armpits and HURLING him into a neutral corner!]

GM: Cletus Lee puts him in the corner! Look out!

[Here comes the clubbing as one-half of arguably the greatest tag team in AWA history rains down forearms on the head of Fujimoto, forcing him to duck down under the barrage of blows. The fans are roaring for the big man as we cut to both corners showing Calisto Dufresne on the apron for Team AWA and Kolya Sudakov on the apron for the Wise Men.]

GM: Dufresne and Sudakov are on the on deck circle for their respective teams as Cletus Lee dishes out a pounding in the buckles, driving Fujimoto down to a knee... oof! Big knee to the mush by Cletus Lee has Fujimoto seated in the corner.

[Cletus Lee stalks away from the corner, walking across the ring where he glares at Dufresne before settling into the opposite neutral corner as Chris Blue shouts encouragement from the floor...]

BW: Perfect example of bad strategy right there, Gordo.

GM: What's that?

BW: Calisto Dufresne follows Cletus Lee Bishop in the batting order. Anyone who has watched the AWA knows those two have a long and brutal history. How can you expect those two to work together? Cletus Lee is as likely to knock him out as he is to tag him in.

[The Redneck Wrecking Machine barrels across the ring, looking for a big clothesline but Fujimoto uses the ropes, pulling himself off the mat, rolling up to a seated position on the top turnbuckle, causing Cletus Lee to run full speed into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Cletus Lee misses the clothesline after a smart counter by Fujimoto who steps up top...

[Fujimoto leaps from the top, connecting with a front missile dropkick to the chest of Cletus Lee Bishop, sending the big man staggering backwards.]

GM: Flying dropkick but it doesn't put the big man down!

BW: The scouting report on Cletus Lee Bishop says that he's incredibly hard to knock down and take off his feet.

GM: If that dropkick didn't do it, I'm not sure what will.

[Fujimoto kips up onto his feet, giving a shout as he barrels across towards Cletus Lee, leaping up to throw a forearm smash...

...but Cletus Lee catches him around the torso in a bearhug!]

GM: Caught!

[Cletus Lee lifts him off the mat, hurling him overhead and down to the canvas!]

GM: OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY BY CLETUS LEE!

[Fujimoto bounces off the mat...

...and promptly rolls out to the floor, allowing the Russian War Machine to step through the ropes, rushing across to smash a double axehandle off the back of Cletus Lee's head, causing him to stumble forward into the ropes.]

GM: Sudakov from behind! Remember, this match follows lucha libre rules. A man rolling out to the floor like that is a legal tag in this Cibernetico matchup.

[Sudakov swings Cletus Lee around, launching in a series of rounding kicks into the ribcage of the near seven footer.]

GM: We've got a Battle of the Machines in there right now with the Russian War Machine taking on the Redneck Wrecking Machine! And now Brad Jacobs has taken his spot in the on deck circle, waiting to tag in next.

[The barrage of kicks to the torso by the former MMA champion forces Cletus Lee down to a knee where Sudakov grabs two hands full of greasy, tangled hair, slamming his knee up into the face over and over again, forcing the big man down to his chest on the mat where Sudakov grabs the top rope, promptly kicking Cletus Lee in the ribs over and over and over until he forces the big man under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Sudakov forces out Cletus Lee!

[Former World Champion Calisto Dufresne slips through the ropes, charging Sudakov from behind...

...but quickly slams on the brakes, falling back to his rear end with his hands up, begging off as he spots the Russian War Machine with the devastating Russian Sickle at the ready!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Dufresne wants no part of the Russian Sickle and I can't say that I blame him one bit, Gordo.

GM: Dufresne needs to get up off his tail and fight like a man! There's too much at stake for him to behave like this!

BW: There's too much at stake for him to run blindly into a Russian Sickle in some twisted sense of honor.

[Dufresne slides back towards the corner where Supernova reaches over the ropes, tagging himself in to a big cheer!]

GM: Supernova's next!

[Supernova steps into the ring, pointing a finger at Kolya Sudakov.]

GM: And these two men are no strangers to one another, Bucky.

BW: They were on opposite sides of that Team USA vs the Foreign Legion war from a few years ago.

GM: Supernova's been out of action for-

[Gordon gets cut off by Supernova rushing Sudakov, throwing right hands to the skull of the Russian that catch him by surprise.]

GM: Supernova's all over him! Big right hands!

[The face-painted young lion switches his stance, throwing backhand blows to the head instead, staggering Sudakov as Supernova pulls him from the corner to the middle of the ring, whipping him across.]

GM: Irish whip sends him in...

[Supernova drops his head for a backdrop but Sudakov pulls up short, catching him with a front kick to the head, sending Supernova staggering back.]

GM: Ohh! He dropped the head too early! Maybe some ring rust on display by Supernova...

BW: SICKLE!

[The Russian Sickle is cocked and at the ready as Sudakov tears across the ring, looking for the first elimination of the match...

...but Supernova sidesteps, grabbing the back of Sudakov's head and throwing him over the ropes.]

GM: Over the top... but Sudakov hangs on! Scrambling to stay on the apron and-

[Supernova leaves his feet, throwing a standing dropkick that sends Sudakov sailing off the apron and down to the floor to big cheers!]

GM: Supernova sends Sudakov out and-

[Brad Jacobs comes lumbering in, blasting a turning Supernova with a forearm to the jaw. A second one nearly knocks Supernova over the ropes but he manages to stay inside the ring as Jacobs grabs him by the arm.]

GM: Irish whip and... OHHH! Jacobs runs him down with a clothesline!

[Larry Doyle loudly cheers from his place at ringside as Jacobs stands over Supernova, looking down at him. Doyle can be heard shouting "STOMP 'IM!" just before an obliging Jacobs does it, stomping the back of Supernova's head and neck.]

GM: Jacobs going after the head and neck, the likely areas to be injured from Supernova being driven facefirst into a windshield by the Dogs Of War.

[The former World Tag Team Champion leans down, dragging Supernova up off the canvas by the hair, standing him up straight...

...and BLASTING him with a standing clothesline to the back of the head, knocking him facefirst to the mat!]

GM: Down goes Supernova again... and you can see Terry Shane standing on the apron, waiting to get the tag into the match for Team AWA while "Maniac" Morgan Dane waits for the Wise Men's Army.

BW: I can't wait to see Dane in that ring, Gordo. There's been a lot of people waiting to see that happen for a long, long time and we're finally going to see it here tonight.

GM: You can count me amongst the number of those who NEVER wanted to see that lunatic inside an AWA ring.

[Jacobs stands over Supernova, staring down at the face-painted fan favorite as the LA fans let Jacobs have it for his continued service of Larry Doyle and the Wise Men.]

GM: These fans are letting Jacobs know how they feel about him... but honestly, I'm not sure what they want him to do. It's his family! It's his baby brother for crying out loud.

BW: For once, I agree with you, Gordo. He might not agree with what the Wise Men or Larry Doyle are doing but he doesn't have a choice. He can't stand up against them and see his brother sent back to prison.

GM: These fans need to try to put themselves in Brad Jacobs' position. It's obvious he wants no part of this... it's obvious that he hates it. But what can he do?

[Jacobs pulls Supernova up off the canvas, leaning down to scoop him up...

...and PRESS HIM overhead!]

GM: Gorilla press! Jacobs has got him up!

[But Supernova slips out, dropping down into a schoolboy rollup.]

GM: CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Jacobs kicks out, throwing Supernova off of him.]

GM: A close one right there and a reminder of what this match is all about. You have to eliminate the entirety of the other team to win this match so you need to take any and every chance you can get to finish someone off and get them out of there. Brad Jacobs is a big weapon for his team so if you can get him gone, your team takes a big step closer to winning this thing.

[Supernova scrambles to his feet, waiting for Jacobs to get up, greeting him with a series of right hands that backs him into Team Wise Men's corner...

...where Morgan Dane aggressively tags himself in, slapping the muscular arm of Brad Jacobs!]

GM: Dane tags himself in! Morgan Dane just tagged himself in!

[Larry Doyle immediately screams "HOLD HIM! HOLD HIM!" and Jacobs obliges, tying up Supernova as Morgan Dane slips through the ropes and buries a kidney punch into the lower back of Supernova!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot to the back!

[Dane roughly grabs a handful of Supernova's hair, yanking his head back and driving the point of his elbow down into the throat, throwing the fan favorite down to the mat where he's gasping for air. Miss Sandra Hayes can be heard shouting into the ring as a grinning Morgan Dane turns towards the Team AWA corner, laying eyes upon Terry Shane.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: You think Sandra doesn't want to see her lunatic Uncle Morgan get his hands on the guy who snubbed her at All-Star Showdown?

GM: You better believe she does.

[Dane boots Supernova in the ribs, rolling him towards the Team AWA corner, inviting Terry Shane to tag himself in.]

GM: Morgan Dane is practically begging him to tag in now.

[The "Maniac" leans down, hauling Supernova up by the hair...

...and shoves him towards the corner where Terry Shane slaps his partner's shoulder, stepping in and rushing Morgan Dane!]

GM: Shane's coming in fast!

[Shane is throwing rights and lefts, battering Morgan Dane back into the corner. He grabs the brawler by the messy tangled hair, blasting him with a European uppercut!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot by Shane!

[He lands a second and third, leaving Dane reeling before reaching for an arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Dane!

[Shane slams backfirst into the corner, staggering back out into a cross-armed chop to the throat, knocking Shane back down where he's gasping for air. Dane promptly drops an elbow down into the throat, rolling to his knees where he wraps his hands around the throat of Shane!]

GM: He's choking him in the center of the ring, completely ignoring Johnny Jagger's call to break.

BW: Hey, he's got a five count to break, Gordo.

GM: And he's going to use every single second of it... finally breaking at about four and a half, I'd say...

[Dane glares at the official who warns him about the choke...

...and then applies it again.]

GM: Right back to the choke... digging his thumbs into the windpipe of Terry Shane...

[We cut to the floor where Sandra Hayes is smiling from ear to ear.]

GM: Well, someone is definitely enjoying this.

BW: And why shouldn't she? Terry Shane is an ungrateful punk who deserves everything he gets here tonight from the Wise Men's Army.

GM: Bobby O'Connor, Shane's childhood friend, is out on the apron waiting for his turn to get in there and fight.

BW: Pedro Perez is on the other side of the ring, never one to back down from a fight himself.

[Dane again breaks at four and a half, climbing off the mat...

...and DROPPING a knee down on the cheekbone!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: That was precise as can be, Gordo. He didn't jump, he just dropped down and jammed his kneecap into the cheek as hard as he could.

GM: That's how someone ends up with a broken cheekbone.

[Dane kneels on the face, grinding his knee back and forth to the jeers of the crowd as Todd Michaelson shouts at his brother-in-law.]

BW: Michaelson better watch his mouth out there. You better believe that Morgan Dane won't hesitate to rip out his spine and beat him down with it.

[Dane climbs to his feet, staring out at Michaelson with a smirk on his face...

...and then STOMPS Shane's cheek.]

GM: Again to the face...

["Maniac" Morgan winds up, dropping a fist down on the same spot.]

BW: You know, everyone likes to claim that Dane's just crazy and can't control himself but he's really very precise, very calm, very focused.

GM: For now. We've BOTH seen different sides of Morgan Dane inside that ring and I'd wager we'll see that other side yet tonight unless someone gets him out of there and fast.

[Morgan Dane climbs to his feet again, this time waving Todd Michaelson to get into the ring. Michaelson shakes his head, shouting encouragement to Terry Shane as he slams his open palm into the mat several times.]

GM: Morgan Dane drags Terry Shane up to his feet...

[And promptly CHUCKS him over the ropes, sending him crashing down to the concrete floor with a thud...

...which is Bobby O'Connor's cue to duck through the ropes, rushing at Morgan Dane with the roaring crowd cheering him on!]

GM: O'Connor is in and- fists are flying now!

[The Los Angeles fans are quickly to their feet at the sight of "Maniac" Morgan Dane and "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor trading fisticuffs at high velocity.]

GM: Now THIS is a fight, fans!

[O'Connor fires off a series of hooks to the jaw, stunning Dane before he hits the ropes, rebounding back at top speed...

...and gets HURLED over the ropes to the floor as well!]

GM: Dane throws O'Connor over the top! What the heck is he doing?!

BW: There's gotta be someone in this match that Dane's trying to get his hands on. He's throwing people out to force the exchange. In comes Jack Lynch now, the big Texan winding up...

[Lynch cracks Dane with a pair of right hands to the jaw, backing him up against the ropes. A stiff uppercut rattles the brawler as Lynch grabs the arm, looking for an Irish whip...]

GM: We've passed the ten minute mark in this one. No time limit in a match with stakes this high.

BW: Ten minutes without a single elimination? We may be here all night, Gordo.

GM: We certainly might as Lynch goes for the whi- reversed!

[As Lynch rebounds back, Dane drops down to a knee, burying a back elbow into the gut. He gets to his feet, grabbing a handful of hair to slam his knee up into the mush!]

GM: Hard kneelift on the Texan!

[Dane uses the same grip on the hair to YANK Lynch down to the canvas, the back of his head bouncing off the mat as Dane gives a sickening grin at the jeering fans.]

GM: The fans getting on the case of Morgan Dane who, I can assure you, could not possibly care less.

[The "Maniac" climbs to his feet, sneering at the booing fans as he wanders to his corner, slapping the hand of the waiting Pedro Perez who grabs the top rope with both hands, catapulting over the top in a somersault senton on a prone Jack Lynch!]

GM: Nice move out of Pedro Perez as the Dogs Of War make their first appearance in the Cibernetico.

[Perez flips over, diving into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Lynch kicks out, lifting his shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Two count only for Pedro Perez who immediately went for the pin. The Dogs Of War may have some personal issues inside this ring tonight that they're looking to settle but most of all they want the win... they want the Wise Men to reign supreme...

[Perez rolls to his side after the knockout, slapping the hand of his larger partner.]

GM: Wade Walker in off the tag and whoever constructed this part of the batting order certainly knew what they were doing, Bucky.

BW: You gotta put all three Dogs Of War right in a row and as Isaiah Carpenter climbs up on the apron, you can see that's exactly what the Wise Men chose to do.

GM: We're about halfway through the batting order for the Wise Men's Army at this point of the contest as well as Team AWA.

[Walker waves for Perez to lift Lynch up off the mat. Walker hops up on the middle rope as Perez hooks Lynch for a suplex, lifting him up...

...and then setting him down on the shoulder of a waiting Wade Walker who stands up, holding Lynch over his shoulder!]

GM: Wait, wait, wait!

[Walker leaps off the second rope, DRIVING Lynch into the canvas with a second rope powerslam!]

GM: Perez is out, Walker covers! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[A diving Hannibal Carver cracks Walker on the back of the head, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only thanks to Hannibal Carver who is the next one due in and-

[The crowd roars as Isaiah Carpenter slingshots up to the top rope, pausing before springing off, driving a flying knee into the side of Carver's head, sending him pitch backwards and down to the mat.]

GM: Carpenter didn't tag in!

BW: No, but he was the next man on the apron. It's legal for him to come in and out with a five count!

GM: It appears that's the way Johnny Jagger sees it as well, forcing Carpenter back to the corner...

BW: Walker rolls out Lynch... tag!

[Carpenter again springs to the top as Walker pulls Hannibal Carver up off the mat, lifting him up into a bearhug and leaning over as Carpenter readies himself up top...]

GM: LEGDROP!

[The flying legdrop connects, snapping Carver's head back into the canvas as Walker is forced to exit the ring, allowing Carpenter to make the cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH- PRESTON WITH THE DIVING SAVE!!

BW: And this just shows how brilliant the strategy behind this batting order is. They've given the Dogs Of War the opportunity to work as a unit - what they do best - and have gotten several near falls in this section of the matchup. They had Jack Lynch in danger... they had Hannibal Carver in danger right there...

[Carpenter gets up, narrowly missing a dive onto Carver who rolls to the floor to recover from the high impact legdrop. He spins around, getting patted with a right hand from Eric Preston to a big cheer!]

GM: The action is hot and heavy in this matchup.

BW: Twenty-six guys in there means there's always someone fresh waiting to get in to replace you... and look at this, Gordo. Team Captain Ryan Martinez is the next one in for his squad while Aaron Anderson, one-half of the World Tag Team Champions has taken his spot on the Wise Men's side of the ring.

[Preston backs Carpenter into the ropes, unleashing with a series of wild right hands.]

GM: There was a lot of talk going into this match about the physical wellbeing of Eric Preston and whether or not he should be allowed to compete in this match.

BW: We've been watching Preston for a long time now, Gordo, and I'm not sure you could have stopped him from being in this match.

GM: Absolutely.

[A fired-up Preston grabs an arm, firing Carpenter across the ring...

...and NAILS him with a lunging clothesline that flips Carpenter backwards, dumping him chestfirst on the canvas to a HUGE reaction!]

GM: OH MY! WHAT A CLOTHESLINE!

[Outside the ring, we cut to Ryan Martinez slamming his hand down on the top turnbuckle, cheering on his best friend. We cut back to Preston hauling Carpenter back to his feet by the hair...

...and DRIVING an elbow into the side of the head. A second one sends Carpenter down to a knee.]

GM: Eric Preston will NOT forget what the Dogs Of War did to him in the Tower Of Doom. While everyone will always assume that it was Supreme Wright slamming the cage door on Preston's head that led to his latest concussion, there are many who believe the Dogs Of War are just as responsible, Bucky.

BW: It's hard to do but Preston needs to forger about revenge here tonight. He needs to win this match for his team... THEN he can get revenge another time.

GM: But as Eric Preston has said before, he's not sure how much time left he has in this sport. It's not a ticking clock like James Monosso but it certainly is in that ballpark.

[Preston backs off towards the ropes, looking for momentum...

...and Aaron Anderson pulls down the top rope, causing Preston to topple over the ropes and land HARD on the floor below!]

GM: OHH! COME ON!

[Anderson holds up his hands, pleading his innocence as the referee shouts him down...

...and then Ryan Martinez barrels across, throwing a forearm smash to the jaw of Anderson, sending him down to the floor as well!]

GM: YEAH!

BW: Well, I guess we know whose side you're on tonight.

GM: Was there ever any doubt?

[Martinez wheels around, charging to catch a rising Carpenter with a forearm smash that sends him sailing backwards, his head snapping back as he hits the turnbuckles.]

GM: Isaiah Carpenter is in a world of trouble in there without his partners to help him.

[Martinez stays in the corner, delivering a half dozen brutal forearm strikes to the face as the crowd cheers him on. He grabs Carpenter by the hair, charging across to the opposite neutral corner...

...and SLAMS his head into the top turnbuckle. Carpenter bounces high into the air off the move, flailing his arms as he crashes down to the canvas.]

GM: Ryan Martinez is fired up, fans. The Dogs Of War added fuel to that fire when they assaulted his father just moments ago and now the former World Television Champion is looking to score the first elimination of the night.

[Martinez pulls Carpenter up, hooking a front facelock.]

GM: He's calling for the Brainbuster!

[But Carpenter isn't having that, dropping down out of the front facelock, rolling to his back...

...and kipping up to catch a surprised Martinez in a headscissors, snapping him over in a rana!]

GM: Whoa! Where did THAT come from?!

[The dazed Carpenter staggers to his feet, slumping to the corner to tag Aaron Anderson who steps in...

...and then turns around to tag Lenny Strong!]

BW: The champs are here!

GM: The World Tag Team Champions are in the match, pulling Martinez back up off the canvas...

[Each man grabs an arm...

...and HURLS Martinez backfirst into the turnbuckles. They pull him back out... and throw him back in!]

GM: The Lights Out Express with this whiplash-type maneuver we've seen so often out of them in the past. They're trying to do as much damage as they can in a short span of time before the referee forces one of them out.

[A third whiplash move has Martinez out on his feet as the referee steps in, forcing Aaron Anderson to exit. Demetrius Lake steps on the apron, shouting at Lenny Strong for the tag.]

GM: The self-professed King Of Wrestling is looking to get in there against the AWA's White Knight, Bucky.

BW: You know how he feels about that "self-professed" garbage, Gordo. I'd watch your mouth.

GM: Lenny Strong doesn't look too eager to tag out quite yet though, pulling Martinez out of the corner.

[Strong plants a boot into the gut of Martinez, doubling him up. He runs to the ropes, rebounding off, and SNAPS Martinez over with a lightning quick spinning neckbreaker!]

GM: Ohhh! That one's gotta stun Martinez!

[Strong rolls over, applying a cover.]

GM: Strong gets one! He's got two! But that's all. Martinez kicks out at two and the former World Heavyweight Champion Dave Bryant is on the apron, waiting for Martinez to get to him.

[One-half of the World Tag Team Champions swings a leg over Martinez, straddling into a mount. He grabs a handful of hair before repeatedly slamming his elbow into the temple of Martinez. The referee immediately launches into a five count, trying to get Strong off the downed team captain.]

GM: Strong breaks off his attack at four...

[The Knockout Kid turns towards the Team AWA corner, shouting something disparaging towards Dave Bryant who starts to come in but is stopped by Johnny Jagger.]

GM: Dave Bryant needs to keep his cool out there. It does Martinez no good to have the referee distracted by keeping Bryant under control and allowing Strong to do things like...

[Strong lifts Martinez for a slam, pressing him slightly before dropping him throatfirst over the top rope, leaving Martinez gasping for air down on the canvas. Strong again attempts a cover, earning another two count before the White Knight escapes.]

GM: Another two count... and you can tell how important it is for the Wise Men's Army to take out Ryan Martinez. He's the heart and soul of this team... the leader of this team. If they can take him out of the game early, that might open a world of possibilities for them.

[A smirking Strong pulls Martinez up again, hooking a double underhook on him...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Billion Dollar Bomb, daddy!

[Strong shouts in the direction of a fuming Todd Michaelson...

...which buys Martinez enough time to backdrop out of the setup, sending Strong crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: Counter! Martinez counters and- now both men are trying to get to their corner to make the tag! Dave Bryant on one side of the ring... Demetrius Lake waiting on the other...

[A crawling Strong slaps the hand of the Black Tiger who gives off a loud, "HAH! NOW I GOTCHA!" as he climbs through the ropes...

...only to find the former two-time World Champion waiting for him, fresh off his own tag!]

GM: TAGS ON BOTH SIDES!

[Lake rushes Bryant, leaping up into the air for a forearm smash...

...but Bryant catches him on the way down with a right hook to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh!

[Bryant tees off, throwing rights and lefts downstairs on the bigger opponent as Lake doubles up, grabbing at his midsection. The former World Champion swings a knee up into the jaw, straightening up Lake who spits a wad of saliva into the air on the kneelift!]

GM: Dave Bryant is fired up after the events of All-Star Showdown and he's taking it on the King of Wrestling right about now!

[As Lake staggers away, Bryant grabs a handful of trunks, yanking him into a forearm shank to the lower back, causing Lake to arch his back, tiptoeing away in pain as Bryant rushes the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Bryant off the ropes... ohh! Double handed chop by the Black Tiger!

[Lake sends Bryant crashing down to the mat off the double chop before he jumps up, throwing a stomp down into the chest. He grabs the legs, pulling them apart. He looks out at the crowd with a grin on his face...]

GM: Demetrius Lake risking disqualification right here if he does what he's thinking of doing...

[Lake leaps up, dropping an elbow down between the legs. Bryant recoils, clutching his groin as Lake argues with the official that it was above the belt line.]

GM: Come on, Johnny! You gotta call that one!

BW: Looked like a clean shot to me.

GM: Of course you'd say that. Demetrius Lake, in the meantime, is hauling the former World Champion to his feet... oof! Back elbow up under the chin sends Bryant staggering back into the neutral corner.

[Lake follows him in, grabbing the top rope and swinging his left knee up repeatedly into the midsection of Bryant.]

GM: Rick Marley waiting on the apron for Team Wise Men and he's perhaps the only man on the team who looks about as upset about being there as Brad Jacobs does. Stevie Scott, the Hotshot himself, waiting on the other side for a tag.

BW: And you gotta wonder about the health of Stevie Scott. It wasn't long ago that he was telling the world that he was seeking the office of the AWA Presidency because he wasn't medically cleared to compete due to his history of neck injuries. Has that changed?

[The Black Tiger grabs an arm, whipping Bryant across to the opposite corner. He turns to look at Terry Shane.]

"I'm comin' for you next!"

[Lake turns back to Bryant, rushing across the ring...

...where Bryant leans back, delivering both boots into the face of the incoming Lake!]

GM: OHH! Bryant caught him coming in!

[Bryant surges forward, picking both legs in a double leg takedown!]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE IRON CRAB! HE'S GOING FOR THE IRON CRAB!

[Lake's eyes bug out of his head, frantically clawing at the mat, trying to block any attempt at the hold being applied...]

BW: DO SOMETHING, MARLEY!

[Percy Childes is giving "Showtime" the same order but the former World Champion simply smiles at his former manager, staring in as Bryant struggles to get the larger man flipped over onto his stomach!]

GM: Bryant's having trouble getting him over!

BW: Lake's fighting it with all that he's got and-

[Bryant suddenly breaks off the attempt, dropping an elbow down between the legs of Lake, returning the favor from moments ago.]

BW: WHAT?! DQ! DQ!

GM: Looked like a clean blow to me!

BW: It was NOT!

[Lake is down on the mat, his cheeks puffing in and out in exaggerated pain as Bryant gets back up, making the same gesture above the belt that Lake did to Johnny Jagger. Jagger shakes his head, waving for the match to continue as Bryant pulls Lake up, twisting the arm around and dragging him to the corner where he slaps the hand of Stevie Scott.]

GM: The tag is made... in comes the Hotshot...

[Scott hops up on the middle rope, giving a shout to the fans before leaping off with a double axehandle across the trapped arm!]

GM: Right down on the arm... Bryant steps out as Stevie Scott steps in, twisting the arm around again...

[Lake wobbles out to the middle of the ring, begging for mercy as Scott yanks hard on the wrist, sending a jolt of pain up the arm of the Black Tiger. Lake throws his free hand out, stretching it towards the corner...]

GM: Lake's trying to make a tag!

BW: Marley's short-arming him!

GM: He is not! His arm is out there but Lake's nowhere near it!

[Lake struggles and strains, trying to make the tag as Scott slowly starts to spin Lake by the arm, building more and more momentum until finally Lake losing his footing, flopping facefirst down to the canvas to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Demetrius Lake is having some trouble getting back on track after that counter in the corner by Dave Bryant... ohh! Scott drops a leg across the arm!

[Lake winces in pain, kicking his heels into the canvas as Scott smiles at the reaction of the Black Tiger. The King of Wrestling rolls back to his feet, throwing a wild right hand...

...but Scott blocks it, throwing a left uppercut that sends Lake sailing into the air before flopping back down on the mat.]

GM: Stevie Scott caught him good with that left hand... and now the Hotshot's going back to the arm, twisting it around again.

[Lake wobbles out to the middle of the ring again, grabbing at his shoulder. Stevie Scott grabs the wrist, preparing for a second armtwist as Lake shouts, "NO! NO!" The Hotshot nods, slowly turning the arm over to the roar of the crowd as Lake runs in place on tip toe in pain. Stevie tucks a hand up behind the neck, flipping Lake over to his back and dropping a prompt knee on the bicep... and another... and another...]

GM: Stevie Scott is doing a number on the arm of Demetrius Lake who is shouting at the referee to do something but there's nothing he can do. This is a completely legal attack on the arm as Stevie uses the arm to drag him to the corner...

[The Hotshot looks to the corner, shaking his head in disbelief as he slaps the hand of the San Jose Shark.]

GM: In comes Broussard! Marcus Broussard, the very first man to wear championship gold here in the AWA, tags in.

BW: He's also was the first guy SIGNED to an AWA contract. When they say he's the pillar that this company was built on at the beginning, that ain't no lie, Gordo.

GM: It's absolutely not... and a little bit of a verbal exchange there between Stevie Scott and Marcus Broussard. There is no love lost between those two men.

BW: Absolutely not. We've mentioned it before. It was Stevie Scott who drove Marcus Broussard out of the company he loves - out of the AWA in that Loser Leaves Town matchup.

[Broussard takes over where Stevie left off, wrenching the arm into an armtwist...

...and slamming his free arm up into an uppercut on the trapped arm. He follows up with a downward elbowsmash to the top of the trapped arm...]

GM: Broussard is a ring technician - a true Rembrandt on the canvas - and he knows a thousand different ways to break down a man physically.

BW: But it's a long time since he's been in the ring, Gordo. You gotta wonder if we'll see a sign of some ring rust here tonight out of the San Jose Shark.

[Broussard hooks the arm, using an armdrag to take Lake down to the mat where he quickly locks in an armbar.]

GM: Armbar applied on the mat. Earlier tonight, we saw Cody Mertz use a Fujiwara Armbar - a hold mastered by Hall of Famer Jeff Matthews and taught by Matthews himself to Marcus Broussard.

BW: This is just your standard armbar, the knee jammed into the shoulder joint as he tries to wrench the limb back... and we've reached the end of the Team AWA batting order as the monstrous Deimos takes a spot on the apron.

GM: Still three men left for the Wise Men as Rick Marley, Johnny Detson, and Supreme Wright, the World Champion himself, have yet to step foot inside the ring.

[Broussard hangs on to the wrist as Lake battles back up to his feet...

...and rakes his fingers across the eyes!]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot by Demetrius Lake and- tag!

[With his good arm, Lake waves at Broussard, shouting at Marley to "get in there!" The former World Champion obliges, charging at Broussard...

...who ducks down, taking Marley off his feet in a drop toehold!]

GM: Drop toehold takes him down... and look at this!

[Broussard rolls his body up the torso of Marley, ending up by his head where he hooks a front facelock. The former Unholy Alliance member tries to battle out of it, grabbing the wrist of the San Jose Shark...

...who promptly decides to roll to his right, rolling Marley all the way over and back down onto his belly.]

GM: Rolling facelock by Broussard... and back the other way he goes!

BW: That move serves a few different purposes, Gordo. He wants to frustrate Marley... he wants to wear him down trying to escape it... and he wants to disorient him by those frequent rolling movements.

[The very first AWA National Champion is forced back up to his feet by a rising Marley who backs Broussard up, then lifts him up, throwing him forward into the turnbuckles...

...before DRILLING him with a knife-edge chop!]

GM: Big chop by "Showtime" Rick Marley back against the corner! Marley, continuing to work with the Wise Men because he believes they give him his best chance of success here in the AWA, working over the first AWA National Champion with chops in the corner.

[Grabbing Broussard by the arm, Marley hurls him across the ring with a whip, sending him crashing into the neutral corner. "Showtime" dashes in after him, leaving his feet with a spinning leg lariat that smashes Broussard against the buckles while carrying Marley over the ropes and down to the floor.]

GM: Oh! I don't think that was intentional! Marley tried to land on the apron but his momentum carried him out.

BW: It's a legal tag nonetheless and in comes Johnny Detson, the team captain!

[Detson rushes in, diving into a shoulder block to the gut of Broussard. He straightens up, throwing a trio of right hands to the jaw before hooking a front facelock...]

GM: Suplex coming up!

[Detson goes for the vertical suplex out of the corner but Broussard battles it, dropping back down to the mat...]

...and plucks the former World Champion into a small package!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!!

[The surprised referee dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Marcus Broussard has some of the best pinning combinations in the history of our sport and Johnny Detson ALMOST got trapped in one right there for a three count.

[With both men scrambling to get up, Detson is a little bit quicker and catches the rising Broussard with a stiff kick to the temple. He grabs him by the upper body...]

...and THROWS him backwards, causing his head and neck to snap in a whiplash-type effect as he hits backfirst on the middle turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! A vicious assault by Johnny Detson who is trying to get on the board for his team here. We are past the twenty minute mark and then some in this Cibernetico for all the marbles and not a single man has been eliminated yet.

[Detson launches into a brutal stomping attack in the corner before grabbing Broussard by the foot, dragging him out to the middle of the ring. He holds the leg up, viciously kicking the knee a number of times...]

...and then leaping into a somersault, snapping the hamstring against the grain!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: We're seeing a vicious side of Johnny Detson right now as he tries to lead his team to victory in perhaps the biggest match in AWA history, daddy.

GM: Detson grabs the leg again...

[He points out to the floor at Terry Shane...]

...and then twists the leg around, applying the Shane family's trademark hold, the spinning toehold!]

GM: Spinning toehold applied by Johnny Detson and you better believe this is a message directed straight at Terry Shane.

BW: That traitorous son of a gun deserves a message upside the head.

[Detson breaks it, again taunting Shane before applying it a second time. Broussard cries out, grabbing at his knee. Detson leans into it, ordering the official to "ASK HIM!"]

GM: Detson wants the referee to check for a submission but he's not getting one out of Marcus Broussard - not yet at least.

BW: It may be only a matter of time if Broussard can't find a way to break the hold.

[On cue, Detson attempts to apply the hold again...

...and a boot to the backside sends Detson sailing off of Broussard!]

GM: OH! LIKE THAT, BUCKY?!

BW: Yes, like that.

[A now-hobbled Broussard battles back to his feet as Detson steadies himself, charging across the ring...

...where the San Jose Shark sidesteps, hooking a rear waistlock that he uses to slam Detson chestfirst into the turnbuckles, rolling back into a rolling reverse cradle!]

GM: CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Detson kicks out... hard.]

GM: WHOA! Broussard goes through the ropes into the post!

[The camera cuts to the far side, showing the San Jose Shark wincing in pain at his shoulder having slammed into the steel ringpost.]

GM: Broussard hit the post and this could be trouble for the San Jose Shark!

[Detson staggers to his feet...

...where Supreme Wright slaps his shoulder, tagging himself in to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Wait a second! The World Champion just tagged himself into the match and Johnny Detson's in shock!

[Detson pauses, shouting at Wright who turns to glare at the voice. Percy Childes immediately is in action, screaming at Detson who shakes his head, stepping out to the floor as Wright stalks towards Broussard who has managed to get back through the ropes, clutching his shoulder in pain...]

GM: Supreme Wright smells blood in the water like a...

BW: Shark?

GM: Yes. Sadly.

[Grabbing Broussard by the injured arm, Wright cranks it around in an armtwist...

...and YANKS it hard, forcing Broussard down to the mat.]

GM: Good grief!

[Pinning the arm down to the mat, Wright drops knee after knee into the shoulder joint, causing Broussard to cry out in pain. He steps to his feet, dragging Broussard up with him...]

GM: Broussard's arm is being absolutely tormented right now by the World Heavyweight Champion as he slams his elbow down into the shoulder repeatedly...

[A wild swing from Broussard is ducked, causing his back to be turned to Wright who hooks him, pauses...

...and then DUMPS him on his injured shoulder with a German suplex!]

GM: OHHH! RIGHT DOWN ON THE SHOULDER!!

[Wright is absolutely emotionless on his face as he rolls to his knees, staring down at Broussard who is wincing in pain, clutching his arm. The World Champion climbs up, looking out at the floor, locking eyes with Ryan Martinez... with Eric Preston... with Todd Michaelson...

...and slowly drags a thumb across his throat, waving his arms apart!]

GM: Wright with a rare show of emotion there! He says this one is over!

[The World Champion drags Broussard off the mat, clutching the left wrist with his right hand, slipping the left arm under Broussard's...]

GM: He's going for the Cobra Clutch Crossface!

[But before he can lock it in, the ringwise Broussard slips out, jamming his injured left arm back, slamming it into the midsection.]

GM: Broussard with an elbow downstairs! There's another one! And a third!

[The repeated elbows break Wright's grip, forcing him back a step. Broussard grabs him by the head and PASTES him with a European uppercut, snapping his head back and sending him staggering into the ropes where he bounces off, wobbling back...]

GM: What a shot by Broussard!

[Broussard wraps his arms around Wright's, hooking the body lock to lead into the belly-to-belly suplex...]

GM: BELLY TO BELLY...

BW: NO! COUNTER!

[As Broussard attempts the lift, his arm gives out and he bails out of the move halfway through it...

...which allows Wright to hook the arm, driving Broussard down to the mat, planting his feet, and leaning back on the injured limb!]

GM: FUJIWARA! FUJIWARA! FUJIWARA!

[Broussard screams out in pain as his injured arm and shoulder are pulled back at an obscene angle. He claws at the canvas, searching for an escape but finds himself nowhere near the ropes.]

GM: The hold is locked in in the center of the ring! Broussard is trapped in one of his own favorite holds!

[Broussard plants the palm from his free hand on the mat, trying to push up against the pressure to escape...

...but only manages to increase the pressure, giving out one final scream of pain...]

GM: He quit! He quit!

[The referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Marcus Broussard has been ELIMINATED!

[Wright breaks the hold, dismissively booting Broussard in the ribs and forcing him to roll from the ring to the floor.]

GM: Wow! What a statement! The World Heavyweight Champion just forced the pillar of the American Wrestling Alliance to give up to one of his own signature holds! Marcus Broussard is the first man eliminated and... look at Todd Michaelson. He's in shock, fans. He's absolutely in shock.

BW: One man down and it's a big one for Team AWA! Supreme Wright walked right in there like he owned the joint - and he does - and made Broussard quit. That was impressive, Gordo.

GM: There's a reason he's the two-time World Heavyweight Champion and it's because of things like that. That man truly may be the best in the world inside that squared circle and he just notched another line on his resume here tonight.

[Wright is standing near the ropes, watching as Todd Michaelson and Eric Preston tend to Broussard out on the floor...]

...completely oblivious to the fact that the monster known as Deimos has stepped into the ring, standing behind an unaware Wright!]

GM: DEIMOS IS IN! DEIMOS IS IN!

[He slowly extends a black-gloved right hand, wiggling his fingers as he waits for Wright to turn. Slowly, the World Champion does exactly that...]

...and his eyes go wide as that gloved hand is soon wrapped around his throat to a HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

GM: DEIMOS HAS GOT HIM! HE'S GOT WRIGHT!

[He hauls him away from the ropes by the throat, powering him up into the air with one hand...]

...and THROWING him down to the canvas with a monstrous chokeslam!]

GM: CHOKESLAM! HE CHOKESLAMMED THE WORLD CHAMPION!

[A frantic Percy Childes shouts at the Lights Out Express who grab Wright by the arm and leg, dragging him out to the floor to save him from possible elimination.]

GM: Ohh! The Lights Out Express just saved Wright from Deimos and-

[Noboru Fujimoto slides into the ring, rushing at Deimos from the blind side. The Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown champion lands several hard blows across the back before Deimos slowly turns, as if he didn't feel a single one of them.]

BW: What the-?! What kind of monster is this thing?! Fujimoto's clubbing him like he owes him money and Deimos didn't even budge!

[Deimos shoots out his right hand again, wrapping it around the throat of Fujimoto. Fujimoto desperately buries a knee into the midsection, breaking the grip. He lands two overhead slap chops to the pectorals, pushing Deimos back against the ropes while grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whip...

[Fujimoto goes high with a spinning back roundhouse that Deimos skillfully ducks under, hitting the far ropes...]

...and leaving his feet, striking Fujimoto across the chest with a flying clothesline, rolling through it to a knee where he stares out at a gleeful Matsui!]

GM: Where in the world did Louie Matsui find this creature?!

[Deimos climbs to his feet...

...and spins, CRACKING Kolya Sudakov with a gloved uppercut and knocking the Russian War Machine off the ring apron!]

GM: Good grief!

[The personification of fear spins back towards a rising Fujimoto, rushing at him...

...but Fujimoto goes into a full spin, catching him in the midsection with a back kick.]

GM: Ohh! Fujimoto caught him low!

[The Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown champion dashes to the ropes, charging back out...

...and gets lifted up under the arm of Deimos who slowly turns, showing him to the entire crowd before DRIVING him down in a side slam!]

GM: Big slam by Deimos!

[The ease that Deimos is manhandling one of their big money weapons drives Hayes, Doyle, and Childes into an impromptu strategy huddle out on the floor as Louis Matsui shouts at the trio from the other side of the ring.]

BW: Hell hath no fury like a former Wise Man scorned.

GM: That's right. You have to wonder if the hubris of the Wise Men are coming back to haunt them right now as Percy Childes showed Louis Matsui AND Ben Waterson the door, kicking them out of the Wise Men before settling on Larry Doyle and Miss Sandra Hayes as his allies. Matsui and Waterson are both here and with big weaponry on the side of Team AWA looking for payback.

[Deimos climbs back to his feet, extending the gloved hand towards the corner of the Wise Men's Army, practically begging them to come into the ring. No one looks real eager to oblige...

...except Morgan Dane who has to be restrained from getting into the ring out of turn.]

GM: They've gotta hold him down! If Dane gets into the ring out of order, he'll be disqualified from the match and that's a big price to pay!

BW: It certainly is. You've got Brad Jacobs and Wade Walker holding him by the arms, trying to keep him from getting inside the ring as-

[Deimos stalks towards the ropes, looking down at Morgan Dane...

...and then grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the top rope onto Dane, Walker, and Jacobs, wiping all three out to a HUUUUUUUGE REACTION!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT IN THE WORLD DID HE DO?!

BW: He's not human, Gordo! That man ain't human!

[With the chaos down at ringside, Cletus Lee Bishop steps into the ring behind a surprised Fujimoto who is trying to get back up. Fujimoto swings around, throwing a forearm that Bishop slaps aside, snatching the arm under his armpit. Fujimoto throws the other arm and Bishop captures it as well.]

GM: He's got the arms trapped!

[The Redneck Wrecking Machine unloads with a series of stiff headbutts to a trapped Fujimoto before swinging him around...

...and using the arms to HURL him up and over with an overhead suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big show of power by Cletus Lee!

[Bishop rises to his feet, ready to strike again...

...when Calisto Dufresne SLAPS him in the back of the head, tagging himself in.]

GM: Oh, that man loves playing with fire, Bucky.

[The former World Champion slips in, ducking out of the reach of Cletus Lee who takes a swipe at him before angrily exiting the ring at Chris Blue's orders. Dufresne snatches Fujimoto off the mat, pulling him into a front facelock...]

GM: He's going for the kill!

[Fujimoto blocks the lift, wrapping his arms around the torso to take Dufresne up and over in a Northern Lights suplex...

...that he rolls through, getting back to his feet, and repeating the move!]

GM: Back to back suplexes by Fujimoto!

BW: He ain't done. He's rolling through again...

[This time though, he simply lifts Dufresne, dropping him down in an inverted atomic drop before sprinting back to the ropes...

...and WIPING OUT the former World Champion with a running STO takedown!]

GM: OHH! Dufresne goes down hard!

[Fujimoto throws his arms back, giving off a roar as he heads towards the corner, hopping up on the middle rope, waving for Dufresne to get up off the canvas.]

GM: Fujimoto's looking to finish off Dufresne and give the Wise Men a 2-0 advantage.

[As Dufresne staggers back to his feet, Fujimoto leaps through the air in a somersault, trying to hook Dufresne by the head...

...but the Ladykiller flattens out, causing Fujimoto to slam harmlessly to the canvas. Dufresne rises, slapping the hand of Supernova.]

GM: The ultimate opportunist... Dufresne tried to eliminate Fujimoto while he was done but as soon as he's up, Dufresne's headed for higher ground as Supernova slips into the ring.

[Supernova launches into an assault on Fujimoto, blasting him with rights and lefts, backing him into the ropes where he fires him across...

...only to have it reversed.]

GM: Reversal by Fujimoto... Supernova bounces back...

[And as Fujimoto sets for a backdrop, Supernova leaps up, grabbing the back of the head and SLAMMING him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: OHH! FACESLAM BY SUPERNOVA!

[Supernova quickly climbs to his feet, giving off a howl as he drags Fujimoto up, backing him to the corner.]

GM: Big whip...

[The face-painted fan favorite barrels across the ring, leaping into the air to smash Fujimoto against the turnbuckles!]

GM: HEAT WAVE IN THE CORNER!

[He steps out, throwing Fujimoto down to the canvas. He grabs the legs, tying them up...]

GM: THE SOLAR FLARE IS LOCKED IN!!

[Fujimoto screams out in pain, clawing at the canvas, looking for help...

...and then slaps the canvas several times!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Noboru Fujimoto has been ELIMINATED!

[Kolya Sudakov steps into the ring, rushing towards Supernova with his arm extended...]

GM: SICKLE!

[...but Supernova leaps up, hooking the arm and dragging him back down to the canvas!]

GM: CRUCIFIX!! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: WHAT?!

PW: Kolya Sudakov has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd ROARS as Supernova scrambles back away from a furious Sudakov.]

GM: Supernova quickly eliminates TWO members of the Wise Men's Army and just like that, Team AWA has taken a numerical advantage, Bucky.

BW: How the heck did that just happen, Gordo?!

GM: I don't know but the Wise Men are BESIDE themselves! Hayes is screaming at Fujimoto. Doyle is screaming at Sudakov! Percy Childe is livid as well! The Wise Men's Army just suffered a major blow at the hands of the last man to join Team AWA!

[Brad Jacobs steps in as Supernova backs to the corner...

...only to have Terry Shane slap him on the shoulder.]

GM: Terry Shane tags himself back in!

[With the action slowed down for a moment, Shane lunges into a collar and elbow tieup with the much larger man...

...and gets thrown down to the mat for his efforts!]

GM: I'm not sure that's the approach to take with Brad Jacobs.

[Out on the floor, we see congratulations being issued to Supernova who is shouting for Shane to take the fight to Brad Jacobs.]

GM: We're over a half hour into this matchup and now you get the feeling that any sort of feeling out process is just about over. Now you get the feeling that the heat is being turned up by both sides as they try to find a way to whittle that other team down to nothing.

[Shane goes back in, feinting the collar and elbow this time before going into a rear waistlock. He dips down into a rear double leg trip, putting Jacobs facefirst down on the canvas. Shane slides up the body, slipping into a side headlock, wrenching down on Jacobs.]

GM: Terry Shane, ever the ring strategist, is trying to ground the big powerhouse on Team Wise Men, Brad Jacobs. And listen to the abuse being heaped on Jacobs by Larry Doyle.

BW: Hey, Doyle's hot under the collar at Sudakov. I'm not exactly surprised at what he's saying right about now.

[Jacobs powers up to his feet as Shane hangs on to the side headlock, backing him up to the ropes...]

GM: Blind tag to Morgan Dane!

[Jacobs hurls Shane off to the ropes, dropping down as Shane comes back, hurdling over him...]

...and gets FLATTENED with a vicious back elbow across the face from Dane!]

GM: Morgan Dane going right back to work on Terry Shane, pummeling him down on the mat!

[The referee's count reaches four before Dane flips Shane over, smashing his face down into the mat...

...and then rubbing his face back and forth on the canvas viciously!]

GM: Oh, come on, referee! Do something about this!

BW: What do you want him to do? He's warning Dane for the illegal activities.

[Dane drags Shane off the mat by the hair, revealing a nasty red welt on his cheek. He balls up his fist, slamming it into the face and causing Shane to stumble back into the neutral corner. Dane lumbers into the corner after him, promptly smashing him with a right hand to the cheek, knocking him down to a knee.]

GM: This is not where Terry Shane wants to be against Morgan Dane, Bucky.

BW: Terry Shane doesn't even want to be in the RING against Morgan Dane, Gordo.

[Grabbing the top rope, Dane lands brutal knee after knee to the kneeling Shane, knocking him back against the buckles where the barrage continues, opening up a cut on the eyebrow of the Ring Leader. The referee steps in, forcing Dane to back away...]

GM: Thank heavens for Johnny Jagger right there because Terry Shane was getting his clock cleaned by the Maniac...

[...until he charges back in, DRIVING his knee into the face again, leaving Shane sprawled out in the corner!]

GM: Good grief! That might be all she wrote for Terry Shane as Dane hauls him out of the corner by the ankle... makes a cover...

[The referee's count hits two before Shane lifts a shoulder.]

BW: You've gotta be kidding me!

GM: Terry Shane's out at two, showing tremendous resiliency to kick out after something like that, fans.

[Dane angrily hauls Shane off the mat, lifting him up for a belly-to-back suplex, and letting go, dumping Shane violently on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: Released back suplex by Dane...

[Dane slowly turns to face the Team AWA corner, pointing a finger at Ryan Martinez.]

"Where's your old man now, boy?!"

[Martinez grabs the middle rope, ready to fight... but Eric Preston calms him down, shaking his head and backing him away.]

GM: Eric Preston making sure that Ryan Martinez' temper doesn't get the best of him and cause a costly mistake.

[Morgan Dane grins at the reaction as he grabs Terry Shane, dragging him towards the ropes.]

"Hey Michaelson... tell yer Outlaw buddy I'm waiting..."

[Dane grabs Shane around the torso, lifting him up...

...and DUMPING him over the ropes, dropping him with a sloppy version of the Outlaw's Curse suplex onto a waiting Preston and Martinez who manage to break Shane's fall somewhat.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Perfectly legal! Bobby Taylor and J.W. Hardin did it for years!

GM: Morgan Dane has come to the AWA to cause chaos and havoc. And in sending another message to AWA owner Bobby Taylor, you know what he's trying to do.

BW: He wants some member of AWA management to step up to him. Michaelson chickened out... maybe it's Taylor who'll have to do it.

[Bobby O'Connor rushes in again, throwing himself into a tackle on Dane and forcing him back against the ropes where he throws rights and lefts to the body before landing a stiff uppercut that snaps Dane's head back...]

GM: O'Connor bringing the fight to Morgan Dane after watching Dane punish his childhood friend!

[O'Connor grabs an arm, firing Dane across the ring...

...and taking him down with a crossbody block! O'Connor rolls into a mount, quickly hammering away at the skull of the Maniac as Dane lifts his arms to block it.]

GM: O'Connor is all over Morgan Dane, hammering him into the canvas.

[He pulls Dane back up by the hair, charging across the ring...

...and HURLS him over the ropes, sending him crashing down to the floor. The fired-up O'Connor shouts at Dane, ordering him to get back into the ring.]

BW: It don't work like that, O'Connor. Not tonight.

[Which the rookie quickly recalls when Pedro Perez storms the ring, throwing himself at the back of the knee with a clip, taking O'Connor down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Cheap shot from behind by Pedro Perez!

[The hot-blooded Perez grabs O'Connor by the head, smashing the back of his skull repeatedly into the canvas before scrambling up, rushing to the ropes, and rebounding back with a sliding dropkick to the temple!]

GM: OHHH! What a shot that was!

[Perez hauls O'Connor up, dragging him to the Wise Men's corner where he tags in Wade Walker.]

GM: Again, the Dogs Of War working as a unit, trying to get Bobby O'Connor out of this matchup.

[Perez holds O'Connor up by the hair, gesturing at Walker who hits the ropes, building up steam as he hits the second ropes, rebounding back towards O'Connor...

...who steps aside, pulling Perez right into the path of Wade Walker's spear!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Perez crumples to the mat, clutching his ribcage as a shocked Wade Walker looks down at him...

...and Bobby O'Connor makes the tag to his TexMo Connection partner!]

GM: The tag is made... in comes Jack Lynch off the exchange...

[Lynch and O'Connor are in, battering Walker back against the ropes where they grab him by the arms, whipping him across...]

GM: Walker off the far side...

[A somewhat sloppy double dropkick sends Walker staggering back as Lynch gets back up, rushing in...

...and connects with a leaping high knee that takes Walker over the top, dumping him down to the floor!]

GM: Walker is out... Carpenter from behind!

[Carpenter rushes at Lynch from the blind side, leaping up for a dropkick...

...but Lynch sidesteps, causing Carpenter's legs to hit the ropes, crashing down hard the back of his head before rolling from the ring.]

GM: Carpenter rolls out as well! Anderson in!

[A charging Aaron Anderson runs right into a right hand from Lynch... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Lynch is hammering away at one-half of the World Tag Team Champions!

[Lynch grabs Anderson by the hair, throwing him into the corner where he buries a pair of knees into the gut before shooting him across...

...and HURLING him skyward, crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP BY THE LANKY TEXAN!!

[Out on the apron, you can see Lenny Strong making an adjustment to his elbowpad.]

GM: What the...?! What's Strong doing?!

BW: He's having an equipment issue!

GM: He's... he's what?! He is not! He is NOT having that at all! He's loading up that elbowpad!

[Lynch turns towards Strong who has his back turned...

...and rushes him from behind, throwing another high knee, sending Strong sailing off the apron to the floor! Big cheer!]

GM: Lynch sends Strong to the floor!

[He spins back around, rushing to the ropes to build up a head of steam, charging back towards a rising Anderson...

...who catches him coming in, shooting him skyward, and DRILLING him with a pop-up European uppercut on the way down!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[A diving save from Hannibal Carver breaks up the pin to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Carver with the save! Johnny Jagger's making sure to get him out of there, sending him back out to the apron while Anderson pulls Lynch back up off the mat, looking to the corner...

BW: Strong's still down! There's no one to help Aaron Anderson!

[Anderson curses as he shoves Lynch back into the Wise Men's corner, throwing kick after kick to the gut as he shouts for his partner to get back up on the apron.]

GM: Anderson's looking to finish off Lynch but he needs the aid of his partner who Lynch sent off the apron to the floor.

[The first graduate of the Combat Corner lifts Lynch up, setting him down on the top turnbuckle. Anderson backs off, throwing a right hand to the skull... and a second... and a third...]

GM: Anderson firing off those haymakers, trying to keep Lynch dazed...

[Anderson steps up to the middle rope, hooking a front facelock, slinging Lynch's arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: He's going for a superplex!

[Lynch fires back, throwing short right hands to the ribcage, stunning the Axeman.]

GM: Lynch is firing back and-

[He swings his arms together, cracking them on the ears of Anderson, knocking him off the ropes and down onto the mat...

...where Lynch hooks a front facelock, giving a swing of his arm.]

GM: He's going for a tornado DDT out of the corner!

[Lynch kicks off the ropes, swinging around for the DDT...

...but Anderson holds his ground, blocking the DDT...]

GM: What's he...?

[...and LAUNCHES Lynch overhead, sending him crashing into the turnbuckles!]

GM: NORTHERN LIGHTS INTO THE BUCKLES!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Anderson pulls Lynch away from the ropes by the arms, throwing himself into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as Hannibal Carver drops down to the floor, yanking Anderson out of the lateral press...

...and right out to the floor!]

GM: Carver pulls him out and-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: -HURLS HIM INTO THE RAILING!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Carver glares at the downed Anderson...

...and somehow misses Lenny Strong sliding in on the other side of the ring, diving into a lateral press of his own!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

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

GM: Jack Lynch kicks out! He kicks out!

[Strong angrily slams his fists down into the canvas, shouting at Johnny Jagger.]

GM: Strong can't believe it! Carver saved his friend from Aaron Anderson's pin attempt but Jack Lynch kicked out of Strong's on his own!

[Strong climbs up to his feet, slamming his elbowpad-covered arm into his hand a few times, backing away as he waits for Jack Lynch to get back to his feet.]

GM: Strong's going to knock him into the middle of next week!

[Hannibal Carver suddenly reaches under the ropes, dragging his friend out to the floor.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Carver pulled out Lynch and-

[Carver climbs up on the apron, shouting angrily at Strong, stepping through the ropes into the squared circle...

...and points furiously at Strong. He slaps himself in the face with a "THROW IT! THROW IT, YOU SONUVABITCH!"]

GM: What... is Carver asking for Strong to throw that loaded elbow at him?!

BW: He is! This guy is nuts! He's snapped, Gordo!

[Strong nods, rushing at the unstable Carver, throwing it from way back deep...

...and Carver sidesteps, catching the arm as it goes by, snaring a full nelson.]

GM: Full nelson and-

[Carver lifts, sending Strong high up into the air...

...and sits out, causing Strong's tailbone to get jolted!]

GM: DORCHESTER DROP!

[Still sitting, Carver slams forearm after forearm into the back of Strong's head, sending the crowd into a wild roar!]

GM: Carver's beating the tar out of him, fans!

[Reaching over the ropes, Demetrius Lake slaps the hand of Lenny Strong, stepping through and SLAMMING a knee down into the base of Carver's neck from behind!]

BW: Carver was so focused on beating the heck out of Lenny Strong, he didn't even notice the King getting in there!

[Lake pulls Carver back to his feet, whipping him into the ropes, and taking him down with a back elbow under the chin, promptly dropping a leg on the prone Carver to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Lake with the legdrop... telling him to count!

[Jagger drops down, slapping the canvas once... twice...]

GM: Two count only!

[Lake berates the referee as he gets back to his feet, dragging Carver up, and leaping up to drop a forearm across the back of the neck. A second forearm puts the Boston Brawler down on his knees...

...and Lake slaps the hand of a waiting Rick Marley, waving at Carver and telling Marley to finish him off.]

GM: Uh oh. Demetrius Lake directing traffic in there with Rick Marley and-

[Marley steps in, glaring right in the eyes of the Black Tiger. He angrily shakes his head, sticking a finger up in the face of the Black Tiger. Outside the ring, Johnny Detson is screaming at Marley to finish off Carver but Marley is too busy arguing with Lake...]

GM: What the-? Detson tags himself in!

[Detson angrily shoves Marley aside, stomping over to pull Carver up off the mat, booting him in the gut.]

BW: Oh yeah! He's going for the Wilde Driver!

GM: Detson sets, double underhooks the arm... now the other...

[But as he goes to deliver it, Marley yanks him off Carver by the arm, sticking a finger in his face.]

GM: Team Wise Men is falling apart before our very eyes!

[Detson and Marley are arguing loudly with one another as Percy Childes screams for the two men to calm down and work together...

...which is Carver's cue to grab both men by the heads, clashing their skulls together to a big reaction!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER BY CARVER!!

[Carver celebrates as Marley staggers away, falling through the ropes to the floor. Carver grabs Detson, firing him towards the ropes... winding up with the elbow...

...and Detson grabs the ropes, throwing himself through the ropes to the floor! The crowd jeers as the team captain spins around, wagging a finger at Carver who grabs the ropes, shouting at Detson...]

GM: What a coward! Detson bailed out! He STILL wants no part of Hannibal Carver!

[A distracted Carver gets grabbed from behind by Wright who spins him around, blasting him with a series of short elbows to the temple. He backs off at the referee's orders, moving back in...

...and Carver DRILLS him with a right hand!]

GM: Carver's fighting back... fist after fist sending Wright scurrying across the ring!

[Carver backs Wright to the ropes, grabbing the arm to fire him across but Wright reverses it...

...and then yanks Carver back towards him, cracking a forearm off the skull!]

GM: Ohh! If anyone's willing to trade shots with Hannibal Carver, it's going to be Supreme Wright!

[With Carver stunned, Wright steps in behind him, stepping on the back of the knee to force Carver down to his knees. He pulls Carver's head down, throwing kick after kick to the forehead of Carver.]

GM: Wright with a series of shots to the head. He's got Carver stunned!

[Wright spins away, setting for the roundhouse kick.]

GM: ROUNDHOUSE!

[But Carver comes up in the middle of it, lifting Wright up with one leg draped over his shoulder...

...and DRIVES Wright down with a makeshift powerbomb!]

GM: Down goes Wright! What a counter!

[Carver throws his arms apart, giving a roar before leaping up, stomping down on Wright's outstretched arm... then leaps again, stomping the chest.]

GM: The Boot Party is in full effect with a guest list of one!

[The Boston Brawler works his way around the World Champion's body, stomping every limb and body part in sight...

...and wraps it up with a leaping stomp to the side of the face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Carver with the cover, trying to eliminate the World Champion!

[But the count only reaches two as Wright escapes in time.]

BW: Something that just occurs to me, Gordo... if someone manages to pin Wright here tonight, you'd have to think that might put them right at the top of the line of challengers for that World Heavyweight Title.

GM: You're absolutely right about that. Dave Bryant, of course, is waiting for his contractually-obligated rematch at the title but there are a lot of men in this match - on both teams - who will be looking to get their title shot soon. Men like Ryan Martinez... like Jack Lynch... like Terry Shane... like the former champion Calisto Dufresne...

BW: What about guys like Johnny Detson or Demetrius Lake?

GM: All of those guys certainly have a stake in that race.

[Carver climbs to his feet, slamming his elbow into the palm of his hand as he positions himself so that he'd be standing behind a rising Supreme Wright. Wright gets to a knee as Carver nods his head, slamming the elbow into his hand again...]

GM: Carver's looking for the Mind Eraser! He's trying to finish this!

[A shouting Larry Doyle gets the attention of Brad Jacobs who steps into the ring behind Carver, spinning him around by the arm...]

...and BLASTS him with a standing clothesline, knocking Carver flat just before Wright gets up off the mat.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers Jacobs uncontrollably as the former World Tag Team Champion glares at Wright...]

...and then gestures at the motionless Carver, stepping back through the ropes to the ring apron.]

GM: Jacobs just laid out Carver for Supreme Wright... just like he did to Dave Bryant when Wright defeated Bryant to regain the World Title at All-Star Showdown.

[Wright settles into a lateral press, making a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Eric Preston steps in, stomping Wright in the back of the head to break the pin...]

...and then throws himself on top of Wright, hammering him in the skull with right hands to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: NO LOVE LOST HERE! PRESTON'S GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH SUPREME WRIGHT FOR SURE!

[The referee steps in, forcing Preston back as Carver rolls out, allowing Preston to get his pound of flesh.]

GM: Preston's all over Wright again, rights and lefts, battering him back across the ring...

[With a whip, Wright hits the ropes, rebounding back into a Preston powerslam!]

GM: Powerslam by Eric Preston!

[But Preston doesn't even attempt a cover, promptly taking the mount to hammer Supreme Wright with right hands to the skull again!]

GM: Preston with right hand after right hand to the head! He wants Wright to hurt... to suffer just as badly as he did after taking that steel cage door to the head back at Guts & Glory in July!

[Preston hauls Wright to his feet, slamming his head into the top turnbuckle. He grabs an arm, firing him across again.]

GM: Wright hits the corner... staggering out...

[Preston rushes the corner behind Wright, leaping up to the middle rope...

...and springs back, catching a turning Wright under the chin with a back elbow!]

GM: What an athletic move out of Eric Preston! Todd Michaelson is cheering the man on who he says is the closest thing in this world that he has to a son.

[With Wright sprawled out on the mat, Preston gets up...

...and slaps his knee several times, giving a shout to the fans.]

GM: Preston's calling for the Dream Machine!

[He backs off, measuring the World Champion as Wright slowly staggers up off the mat, pushing up to his feet, leaning over...]

GM: Here it comes!

[Preston charges in, looking to deliver the killshot...

...but Wright abruptly stands up, going into a spin...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ROLLING ELBOW! RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES OF ERIC PRESTON!!

[Preston staggers back, falling into the corner with a glassy expression in his eyes.]

GM: Oh my god. Preston is-

[Ryan Martinez doesn't waste a second in tagging himself in, shoving his best friend aside as he charges the World Champion...

...and CONNECTS with a spear tackle, taking him down to the mat!]

GM: MARTINEZ TAKES HIM DOWN!!

[Down on the mat, Martinez opens up on Wright, battering him with haymakers to the skull as Wright attempts to cover up. Todd Michaelson can be seen in the background, checking on Eric Preston as Martinez pummels the World Champion.]

GM: We are almost fifty minutes into this epic showdown as Martinez drags Wright off the mat, shoving him back into the corner...

[Martinez looks out at his roaring hometown crowd, nodding his head at the fans.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the 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 pulls Wright out of the corner and lets him flop to the center of the mat. He pauses a moment, once more looking to the crowd, who shower him in adulation.]

GM: Martinez has chopped Wright into oblivion in the center of the Fabulous Forum and...

[Martinez throws his arms apart, approaching the downed World Champion.]

GM: He's calling for the Brainbuster! Ryan's gonna finish off the World Champion and what a blow that would be for Team AWA to strike!

[Martinez pulls Wright up, tugging him into the front facelock, pausing...

...and then pointing to Dave Bryant to a DEAFENING ROAR from the crowd!]

GM: Martinez is gonna let Bryant do it! He's gonna let Bryant get his payback right here and now!

[Bryant nods, sticking out his hand with a huge smile as Martinez stomps across, slapping the hand of the former World Champion.]

GM: TAG!

[Bryant comes in, burying a right hand into the ribs as Martinez and Bryant each grab an arm, firing Wright across. They join hands, rushing at Wright for a double clothesline...

...but Larry Doyle strikes, tripping up Wright and dragging him out to the floor!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Don't look now, Gordo!

GM: BEHIND Y-

[Martinez and Bryant turn...

...and gets MOWED DOWN by big Brad Jacobs with a double clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JACOBS TAKES 'EM BOTH DOWN!!

[Martinez rolls out to the floor as Jacobs stares down at the stunned Bryant, much like he did at All-Star Showdown en route to helping steal the World Heavyweight Title from around Bryant's waist.]

GM: Jacobs laid out Bryant again and now... and now he's REALLY gonna finish him off!

[Jacobs grabs Bryant by the hair, hauling him up off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: He's going for the jackhammer!

[Jacobs looks set to deliver until...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: HEATSEEKER!!

[The crowd ERUPTS for Stevie Scott's interruption of Bryant's certain elimination. Stevie simply shrugs at the protesting official, stepping back out of the ring as Bryant and Jacobs both lay prone on the canvas.]

GM: Both men are down! Both men are in trouble! Both men crawling towards their respective corners!

BW: Stevie Scott should be DISQUALIFIED!

GM: That's not about to happen! Johnny Jagger has allowed both sides to get away with quite a bit here tonight. He knows these fans want to see a conclusive winner - not a match riddled with disqualifications.

[Bryant gets to the corner first, slapping the hand of Stevie Scott.]

GM: The Hotshot's in and...

[Stevie comes rushing in...

...but stops cold at the sight of Morgan Dane stepping into the ring, staring across at him.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Stevie's not such a tough guy now, is he?

GM: Stevie Scott's not about to rush into a fight with a lunatic like Morgan Dane!

[The Hotshot pauses, rubbing his chin as he stares at Morgan Dane who leans over, hands on knees, a big grin on his face...]

GM: This is... this is intense.

[Stevie Scott backs off, hands raised, turning back towards his corner...

...and then wheels around, catching an incoming Dane with a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand! Stevie with another! Third time's a charm!

[With Dane staggered, Stevie Scott spins, rushing to the ropes...

...where Deimos pulls down the ropes, causing his own partner to topple over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Todd Michaelson shoves past several members of Team AWA, getting right in the face of Louis Matsui who pleads innocent as Deimos steps over the ropes into the ring, staring right in the eyes of Morgan Dane...

...and wrapping his massive hand around the throat of Dane!]

GM: Dane's trapped! He's got him!

[But Morgan Dane has other ideas, hauling off and booting Deimos in the gut...

...and sliding the glove-covered hand up, sinking his teeth into the hand!]

GM: AHHH! HE'S BITING HIM! HE'S BITING HIM!

[Deimos falls back, grabbing at his hand as Morgan Dane stalks at him from behind. He sticks his fingers in the eyeholes of the mask, pulling Deimos around into a flurry of right hands followed by a headbutt that causes Deimos to fall back against the ropes...

...where Dane suddenly charges the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: What is...?!]

[Dane throws himself into a clothesline, causing both he and Deimos to topple over the ropes, crashing down to the floor in a heap to a huge reaction from the crowd!]

GM: OHHHH! MORGAN DANE TAKES 'EM BOTH TO THE FLOOR!!

[Pedro Perez steps back in, charging across to try and catch Cletus Lee Bishop offguard...

...but the Redneck Wrecking Machine piefaces Perez, throwing him back down to the mat.]

GM: Cletus Lee is in, throwing Perez to the corner...

[The big man steps in, raining down forearms and fists on the cornered Perez, trying to cover up as he absorbs a beating from the former National Tag Team Champion!]

GM: Cletus Lee is all over him! Cletus Lee is all over him!

[Bishop steps back, grabbing an arm, flinging Pedro Perez across the ring into the turnbuckles...

...who pulls himself clear as Cletus Lee slams chestfirst into the corner! Perez leaps up, hooking a neckbreaker...]

GM: OHHH! Down goes Cletus Lee off the neckbreaker!

[Perez backs off, tagging in Wade Walker who promptly tags in Isaiah Carpenter.]

GM: Triple team coming up on Cletus Lee Bishop!

[Perez and Carpenter grab Cletus Lee, hauling him up to his feet. Wade Walker leans down, powering Cletus Lee up into an electric chair lift!]

GM: Oh my stars! They've got the big man up!

[Perez and Carpenter hop up on the middle rope, stepping up top...]

GM: Wait a minute! What in the world are they...?!]

[Perez and Carpenter leap off with a double flying clothesline, flipping Cletus Lee off the shoulders of Wade Walker...

...and DUMPING him chestfirst to the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[Carpenter dives on top of Cletus Lee as Walker and Perez take up defensive positions...

...not like Calisto Dufresne is coming in to save Cletus Lee.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The Dogs Of War have ELIMINATED Cletus Lee Bishop! Man oh man, that was something else, fans!

[The former World Champion, Calisto Dufresne, waits on the apron, watching as Walker and Perez are forced to exit the ring. The Ladykiller slips in, slowing the action down as he ties up in a collar and elbow with Isaiah Carpenter, promptly raking the eyes to get control.]

GM: Dufresne goes right to the eyes... big right hand! And another! And another!

[Dufresne rains down elbows to the back of the neck, battering Carpenter down to the canvas. Measuring his opponent, Dufresne throws a thrust kick to the mush, knocking Carpenter flat on the canvas.]

GM: The Ladykiller puts him down, the former World Champion dragging him right back up... right back into the front facelock...

[But Carpenter's got other ideas again, rushing Dufresne back into the corner. He pops back out...

...then rushes back in with a front kick to the chest!]

GM: Ohh!

[Carpenter uses the momentum to backroll out of the corner, rolling up to his feet again, charging back in with double knees to the chest!]

GM: OHHHH!

[He falls back again, this time charging across the ring where he jumps up on the middle rope, leaping off to barrel across the ring again...

...where Dufresne drops his head, backdropping Carpenter OVER the top rope, over the ringpost, and down to the floor below to a huge cheer!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[Out on the floor, Cletus Lee Bishop has apparently just been informed that he lost and is losing it!]

GM: Uh oh! Cletus Lee's snapped out there!

BW: What happens if he gets back in there?! What happens if-?!

GM: Cletus Lee's dazed but he's shoving away members of his own team out there on the floor!

[Dufresne spots Cletus Lee trying to get up on the apron, grabbing the incoming Aaron Anderson and hurling him towards the Redneck Wrecking Machine...

...who grabs Anderson by the throat!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Cletus Lee hoists Anderson off the mat, throwing him down in a chokeslam onto the assembled members of Team AWA down on the floor!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Calisto Dufresne falls back, shaking his head as Cletus Lee steps over the ropes into the ring...]

GM: What in the world is Cletus Lee doing?!

BW: Team AWA is falling apart! Cletus Lee is coming for Calisto Dufresne!

GM: Why?! It was the Dogs Of War who eliminated him!

BW: Cletus Lee Bishop HATES Calisto Dufresne... besides, it's not like Dufresne tried to help him right there, Gordo! He didn't try to break up that pin!

[Cletus Lee is glaring at the pleading Dufresne who has backed up against the ropes.]

GM: Dufresne's out of room! He's got nowhere left to go!

[Cletus Lee Bishop rushes at Dufresne who drops down, bailing out...

...which gives Lenny Strong a clear shot, CRACKING Cletus Lee with the loaded elbowpad!]

GM: OHHHH! WHAT A SHOT!

[Cletus Lee falls back down to the canvas like a dead man, the loaded elbowpad having done its damage.]

GM: Good grief! Dufresne avoided Cletus Lee AND that elbowsmash!

[Strong steps through the ropes, ready to fight...

...and Dufresne catches him coming in with a boot to the gut, quickly hooking the front facelock...]

BW: NO!

[The Ladykiller lifts Strong off the canvas...

...and SPIKES the World Tag Team Champion into the canvas with a Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Dufresne spikes him! That's it!

[Dufresne rolls into a cover, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ROARS as Demetrius Lake comes crashing down off the top, dropping a flying splash down on the back of Dufresne!]

GM: BIG CAT POUNCE!

[Lake flips Dufresne over, shoving Strong out of the ring.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Calisto Dufresne is gone! He's eliminated!

BW: Team AWA is down to ten men!

GM: The former World Champion just got eliminated by Demetrius Lake, the King of Wrestling!

[Lake pops to his feet, raising his arms triumphantly...

...and gets overrun by Supernova who batters Lake back into the corner, throwing backhand blows to the face!]

BW: Hey! You can't treat the King like that!

[Supernova grabs an arm, flinging Lake across...]

GM: Lake hits the corner! HEAT WAAAAAVE!

[But as Supernova leaps, Lake pulls himself aside, causing Supernova to slam chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: OHHH! SUPERNOVA MISSES!

[Lake drags him down in a schoolboy, feet draped over the middle rope for leverage!]

GM: NO, NO, NO!

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Supernova is gone as well! Demetrius Lake just eliminated TWO members of Team AWA in just a split second of time!

BW: And now, your heroes are down to nine men, Gordo!

[Terry Shane rushes into the ring, throwing himself into a full tackle on Demetrius Lake, his former best friend. He straightens up, throwing rights and lefts to the skull of Demetrius Lake to actual cheers from the AWA faithful!]

GM: Terry Shane is beating the tar out of Demetrius Lake in the corner!

[Shane grabs an arm, whipping Lake across. He throws himself back to the corner, ready to deliver his running leaping clothesline...

...but Miss Sandra Hayes hooks him around the ankle, preventing that from happening. Shane spins around, shouting at Hayes, kicking at her grip as the fans jeer.]

GM: Hayes saves Demetrius Lake for now!

[Lake wobbles out of the corner as Hayes lets go of Shane. The fired-up Shane turns...

...and gets CAUGHT with a thumbstrike to the throat!]

GM: TIGER STRIKE! TIGER STRIKE!

[Lake dives atop Shane, hooking both legs as Shane coughs violently from having a taped thumb slammed into his throat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!! You gotta be kidding me!

BW: That's three, daddy! Demetrius Lake, the King of Wrestling, is living up to that nickname right now as he just knocked off his THIRD member of Team AWA in practically no time flat! They're dropping like flies on Team AWA as they're down to eight men, Gordo!

GM: It's an eleven on eight advantage for the Wise Men and there is an obvious look of concern on the faces of the remaining members of Team AWA right about now.

[Demetrius Lake is stomping the heck out of Terry Shane, forcing him under the ropes and out to the floor...

...and as he turns around, he catches an overhead elbow to the skull by Bobby O'Connor!]

GM: And these two are no strangers to one another as well!

[O'Connor lands elbow after elbow to the head of Lake, sending the crowd into a frenzy. "Bunkhouse" Bobby grabs him by the arm, looking for an Irish whip...]

GM: O'Connor shoots him across...

[Rick Marley slaps the shoulder of Lake, tagging himself in.]

GM: Blind tag by Marley!

[O'Connor catches the rebounding Lake, lifting him up into the air, and DRIVING him down with a spinning spinebuster!]

GM: OHHH! HE PLANTS LAKE!!

[Rick Marley rushes in, trying to catch O'Connor from behind...

...and runs right into an O'Connor sleeperhold!]

GM: SLEEPERHOLD! O'CONNOR WITH THE SLEEPERHOLD! HIS FAMILY LEGACY IS LOCKED IN ON RICK MARLEY!

[The crowd is roaring as Marley pumps his arms, searching for an escape from the hold locked in in the center of the ring.]

GM: "Showtime" Rick Marley's in trouble, fans... and Johnny Detson is the only one who can help him!

[Marley reaches out towards his corner, stretching out, trying to tag his partner...

...who flashes him a middle finger!]

GM: Oh! Detson says no thank you, buddy!

[Marley's eyes go wide as his arms slow... his movements stall...]

GM: He's going out! Marley's... he's out, fans! He's out!

[Johnny Jagger checks, leaning in. He lifts the arm once... lets it drop. He lifts it a second time... lets it drop.]

GM: One more time!

[He lifts the third time, waiting... and then lets it drop!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: THAT'S IT! He's gone! We are getting very close to the one hour mark of this match as we look at Team AWA with eight men remaining and with the Wise Men's Army standing tall with ten men left!

[With Marley eliminated, Detson slips into the ring, smashing O'Connor with a forearm to the back of the head.]

GM: Ohh! Cheap shot from behind!

[Detson spins O'Connor around, burying a boot into the gut. He pulls O'Connor into a standing headscissors, looking for the Wilde Driver...

...when O'Connor yanks the legs out, flipping over into a double leg cradle!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Detson slips the shoulder free, breaking up the pin to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: He almost got him! The rookie almost pinned the team captain!

[O'Connor pulls Detson up, pasting him with a knife edge chop, sending Detson falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Into the neutral corner as O'Connor lights him up with those chops to the chest... and now up on the second rope!

[The fans cheer as O'Connor balls up his right hand, raining down blows on Detson...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[O'Connor drops down, marching to the corner to tag in his partner.]

GM: Lynch in off the tag...

[Lynch hits the corner, ready to charge. But Detson is YANKED off his feet by a furious Rick Marley...]

GM: Whoa, whoa, whoa!

[...who PULLS Detson's groin into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Detson grabs his groin, wailing in pain as Marley is forced away from the ringside area by security. A smirking Jack Lynch pulls Detson up off the mat, lifting him up...]

GM: Inverted atomic drop!

[Detson grabs at his nether regions again as a smiling Lynch PASTES him with a right hand, knocking Detson down to the canvas where he rolls under the ropes to the floor...]

...which brings in Supreme Wright, the World Champion spinning Lynch into a hard elbowstrike to the temple!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot by Wright!

[Wright bends Lynch over, blasting him with a series of European uppercuts, backing Lynch into the turnbuckles. A whip sends the Texan across as Wright follows him in...]

...and BLASTS him with the running European uppercut!]

GM: OHHH!

[Wright bounces off, walking back...

...and then throws himself into a koppo kick!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[Wright gets up, grabbing Lynch in a front facelock, using it to suplex Lynch up and over to the mat, rolling into a guillotine choke on the canvas!]

GM: He's trying to choke out the Texan! He's trying to-

[But Hannibal Carver has seen enough, charging in, and BLASTING the kneeling Wright with a clothesline to break the hold!]

GM: CARVER SAVES LYNCH AGAIN!!

BW: You may not be able to count on Carver for much here tonight but you can count on him saving his friends - O'Connor, Lynch, and Preston.

[Carver is about to go for more on Wright but gets backed to the corner by the referee, forced out to the apron. Wright rolls out of the ring at the urging of Percy Childes, allowing Brad Jacobs to step in, pulling Lynch up off the mat...]

GM: Wright rolls out, Jacobs is in...

[Jacobs leans over, slamming his fists into the canvas, shouting for Lynch to get up, waving at him to rise...]

GM: The big Texan getting up off the canvas...

[Jacobs barrels towards him, looking for his big spear tackle...]

GM: LYNCH LEAPFROGS!!

[Jacobs whiffs on the tackle, slamming chestfirst into the turnbuckles...

...and staggers back into a schoolboy!]

GM: ROLLUP! ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[The crowd groans as Jacobs kicks out in time, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Jack Lynch almost had him, fans! He almost had him right there and-

[Lynch scrambles up to his feet, pulling back the Iron Claw hand!]

GM: NO! DON'T DO IT, JACK!

BW: If he does it, he's disqualified!

[Johnny Jagger steps in front of Jack Lynch, shaking his head, waving his hands, warning Lynch.]

GM: Jagger stopped him and-

[Lynch grimaces, curling his fingers into a fist and BLASTING Jacobs in the jaw instead, knocking him backwards. A second right hand knocks him back further. A

third one has Jacobs falling back to the corner where Lynch steps up to the second rope, ready to rain down right hands...

...when Morgan Dane rushes down the apron, shoving Lynch off into a somersault, crashing down to the floor!]

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Morgan Dane stumbles back, a huge grin on his face...

...which quickly fades as Hannibal Carver tears across the ring, throwing himself between the top and middle ropes with a tackle that knocks Morgan Dane down to the floor!]

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[The crowd is ROARING for the daredevil move by the psychotic Carver as he and Dane spill to the floor. Brad Jacobs straightens up in the corner, looking puzzled at the brawl ensuing on the floor...

...when Eric Preston rushes down the apron, climbing to the top rope!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Preston's legal!

GM: Yeah, but what in the world is he-?! Don't do it, Eric! DooooooooooooN'T!

[Preston gets the fans on their feet with a huge bodypress off the top rope, wiping out several members of the Wise Men's Army on the floor!]

GM: PRESTON TAKES 'EM DOWN!!

[Ryan Martinez winces, burying his head in his hands before stepping into the ring, staring out at the chaos on the floor. Brad Jacobs is watching as well.]

BW: What the heck is Jacobs doing?! Get him!

GM: They're both stunned by what they're seeing on the floor! They're both trying to figure out what in the world is-

[The shouts of Larry Doyle gets Jacobs' attention. The former World Tag Team Champion rushes Martinez from behind, blasting him with a double axehandle between the shoulderblades.]

GM: Jacobs, on the order of Larry Doyle, attacks him from behind!

[Jacobs stomps Martinez into the canvas as Larry Doyle climbs up on the apron, sitting on it as he tugs at his cowboy boot.]

GM: Larry Doyle's pulling off that boot! That loaded cowboy boot that we've seen coldcock many a man in the past!

[Doyle is yanking and tugging on his boot as Jacobs drags Ryan Martinez off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Jacobs trying to get that jackhammer slam to finish him!

[...and gets plucked into an inside cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Jacobs kicks out, just barely breaking the pin in time.]

GM: He almost got him, fans! He almost got him!

[Martinez pops back up to all fours, crawling towards a waiting Dave Bryant as Brad Jacobs staggers up to his feet...

...and charges in hard, spearing Martinez into the corner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A SPEAR IN THE BUCKLES!!

[Which gets Martinez close enough to slap Martinez' shoulder, tagging himself in.]

GM: Bryant's in! Dave Bryant tags himself in!

[Bryant slips in, pasting Jacobs with a pair of right hands!]

GM: Bryant wants him a piece of Brad Jacobs from All-Star Showdown! Bryant wants some payback on the guy who cost him the World Heavyweight Title!

[Bryant grabs Jacobs by the arm, looking for a whip but Jacobs reverses, sending Bryant crashing into the corner of Team Wise Men...

...when suddenly, Sandra Hayes climbs up on the apron!]

GM: What the... what's SHE doing on the apron?!

BW: It's a setup! Get 'im, Larry!

[Doyle shouts at Jacobs, ordering him to hold Bryant's arms back!]

GM: Doyle's got the boot! He's winding up with the boot and-

[Jacobs looks disgruntled as he pulls Bryant's arms back, turning him towards Doyle who takes the swing...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CRACKS his own man between the eyes as Dave Bryant moves aside!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Dave Bryant UNCORKS a superkick aimed at Larry Doyle!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOWN GOES DOYLE!! DOYLE GOT FLATTENED BY DAVE BRYANT!!

[Bryant smirks, diving on top of the unconscious Jacobs, hooking the legs.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Brad Jacobs has been eliminated by Dave Bryant! That makes it an eight on nine showdown with the Wise Men still having a slight edge, fans! Team AWA is battling their way back into this thing!

[Bryant pops back up to his feet, waiting for Morgan Dane who is still brawling at ringside with Hannibal Carver.]

GM: Dane and Carver are still fighting on the floor! They're brawling out at ringside!

BW: What does that mean? What's the rules about this?!

GM: I don't know! There's no countouts! Dane has to get in the ring though!

BW: Who is gonna make him?!

[Apparently the former World Champion intends to do exactly that, leaning through the ropes to grab Dane by the matted hair, dragging him out of the fight...

...which causes Dane to jam a stiff-fingered blow into the windpipe of Bryant!]

GM: Ohh! Dane goes to the throat!

[Dane climbs up on the apron, an angry expression on his face as he steps through the ropes where Bryant is gasping for air...]

GM: We've passed the one hour mark as Morgan Dane muscled Dave Bryant over the ropes, pushing his throat down on the second rope.

[Dane plants his shin in the back of the neck, choking the life out of Bryant as the referee starts his five count.]

GM: Come on, referee! That's a blatant choke!

[The referee forces Dane back, reprimanding him...

...and allows Isaiah Carpenter to leap up on the apron, throwing himself into a front flip legdrop to the back of Bryant's neck!]

GM: That's illegal! That should be a disqualification on Carpenter!

BW: It should... but the referee didn't see it, Gordo!

GM: Morgan Dane drags Bryant up off the mat, slapping him across the face, shoving him back to the corner.

BW: Imagine the kind of hatred that Dane has for a man like Dave Bryant. Dane has busted his tail, bleeding all over this planet to get his chance to compete in the big time... but someone like Dave Bryant who spent years drowning his sorrows in cheap booze and a gambling problem got a second chance to have his career be reborn and ended up winning the World Title! Dane didn't even get a first chance and this piece of trash has gotten a second one!

[Dane slams his elbow into the throat of Bryant, again leaving him gasping for air...

...and then sinks his teeth into the forehead of the former World Champion!]

GM: Dane's biting him! He's biting the former champ!

[Dane drags Bryant out of the corner to the center of the ring, lifting him up across his chest...

...and DROPS him in a front powerslam!]

GM: Ohh! He plants the former World Champion...

[Hayes shouting "COVER!" gets Dane to do it, a sloppy, arrogant pin attempt as Johnny Jagger drops down to count.]

GM: He gets one! He gets two! But Bryant's out at two!

[Dane angrily grabs a handful of hair, smashing his fist down like a club into the face of Bryant with great velocity, giving little care as to where it lands.]

GM: He's just mauling the former World Champion... look at this...

[The Maniac plants his forearm bone against the bridge of Bryant's nose, dragging it back and forth across it.]

GM: He's trying to break the nose of Dave Bryant.

BW: He just likes to hurt people, Gordo. Just likes to hurt people bad.

[Dane pulls Bryant up off the mat by the hair, staring out at Michaelson...

...and with a grin, he pulls Bryant into a standing headscissors, leaning over to double underhook the arms.]

GM: Oh my stars! He's going for the Billion Dollar Bomb! What a slap in the face to his brother-in-law this will be if he connects with it!

[The crowd jeers as Dane hoists Bryant up into the air, twisting him around...

...and dropping him across a bent knee!]

BW: Oh yeah! He took the Billion Dollar Bomb and he made it BETTER!

GM: Bryant's down... Dane with another cover! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Bryant lifts the shoulder at two, breaking the count. The Maniac pushes to his knees, glaring at Johnny Jagger.]

GM: Morgan Dane doesn't like the count - it looked fine to me.

BW: Me too but don't tell him I said that.

[Dane climbs up off the mat, looking out at Michaelson again...

...and spits on the prone Bryant.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The fans are jeering the Maniac as he leans down, dragging Bryant up by the hair, ducking down to hoist him into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Dane's got him up! He's been known to use a Death Valley Driver to put his opponents away and that may be what he's got in mind right here.

[Dane walks out to the center of the ring, ready to drive Bryant skullfirst into the canvas...

...but Bryant wiggles, slipping free!]

GM: Bryant's loose!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The Call Me In The Morning catches Dane right under the chin, knocking him flat. Bryant collapses to his knees after the superkick. Dane starts rolling as he hits the mat, Bryant crawling after him...]

GM: Cover him, Dave!

[...but Dane rolls clear to the floor just as Bryant misses a diving pin attempt.]

GM: Ohh! Dane escapes and-

BW: THE DOGS ARE OUT!

[Pedro Perez slides through the ropes, charging the downed Bryant with a trio of stomps to the back of the head to the jeers of the crowd. He hauls Bryant up off the mat, jamming a back elbow up under the chin!]

GM: Pedro Perez is all over Dave Bryant up against the ropes, raining down rights and lefts!

[Perez hauls him off the ropes, hooking a front facelock...

...and SNAPS Bryant over with a spine-rattling suplex!]

GM: The Dogs Of War have got an opening here and they're looking to eliminate the two-time World Champion!

[Perez hops back to his feet, driving an elbow down into the throat quickly followed by a throttling chokehold down on the canvas!]

GM: Perez is choking the life out of him on the mat!

[He breaks at four, climbing back to his feet, pointing to the downed Bryant as he stalks to the corner, slapping the hand of Wade Walker.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes the big man off the exchange...

[Walker muscles Bryant up into a Canadian backbreaker, bending Bryant's spine as Perez steps under, cradling Bryant's neck against his shoulder..

...and drops down in a neckbreaker as Walker lets him go!]

GM: Ohh! Big doubleteam by the Dogs Of War! Perez rolls out, Walker covers!

[The referee's count gets to two and a half before Stevie Scott comes in to make the save.]

GM: The Hotshot makes it in time to break the pin!

[Stevie starts to exit when Isaiah Carpenter comes rushing in at him. Scott wheels around, catching Carpenter with a right hand, knocking him down to the mat.]

GM: The Hotshot's coming after Carpenter!

[Walker grabs Stevie from behind as Carpenter gets up, leaping up to the middle rope, springing back for a kneestrike...

...and Stevie ducks down, causing the knee to catch Wade Walker flush on the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WALKER GOT CAUGHT!

[Stevie Scott grabs a handful of Carpenter's midnight blue tights, rocketing him over the ropes to the floor. He spins around, grabbing Dave Bryant, pointing to the stunned Walker...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK IN TANDEM ON WADE WALKER!!

[Stevie grins stepping out as Bryant dives atop Walker.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: WADE WALKER'S GONE! THE FIRST CHINK IN THE ARMOR OF THE DOGS OF WAR HERE TONIGHT!!

BW: Gaaah, the sides are even again! It's eight on eight!

[Bryant pushes up to his feet, a grin on his face as he turns towards the floor where Isaiah Carpenter is being helped up by his teammates. He slides back in...

...and gets taken up and over the ropes by a Bryant clothesline!]

GM: BRYANT CLEARS OUT CARPENTER!

[Aaron Anderson rushes in, charging Bryant who ducks down, sweeping the legs...]

GM: IRON CRAB!!

[Bryant flips Anderson over, wrenching back on the hold...

...and Stevie Scott comes rushing in, tackling Lenny Strong down to the canvas!]]

GM: STEVIE'S GOT STRONG HELD DOWN! HE CAN'T SAVE HIS PARTNER!

[Anderson struggles, fighting to get to the ropes...

...and then frantically taps out!]

GM: BRYANT FORCED ANDERSON TO SUBMIT!!

[Stevie Scott rolls to the side as Lenny Strong scrambles to his feet, rushing at Dave Bryant who again sweeps the legs...

...and turns Strong over!]

GM: BRYANT'S GOING TO ELIMINATE BOTH OF THE WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

BW: NO, NO, NO!

[Miss Sandra Hayes steps up on the ring apron, screaming and shouting at Dave Bryant who abruptly breaks the hold, walking over to Hayes...

...and grabs her by the hair!]

GM: WHOA! We may be in Los Angeles but this ain't the land of Extreme, Dave Bryant! I don't know what you've got in mind but-

[Bryant leans over and plants one on her!]

BW: AHHHH! ASSAULT! ASSAULT!

[Hayes struggles against Bryant, scratching and clawing...

...and then falling down on her rear, falling to the floor as Bryant looks a little disgusted, wiping his mouth...]

GM: STRONG FROM BEHIND!

[A running dropkick to the chest sends Bryant sailing through the ropes, crashing to the floor...

...while Stevie Scott rushes in behind Strong, rolling him into a rolling reverse cradle!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!! ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd jeers at the Tiger Strike - the taped thumb of Demetrius Lake - catches Stevie Scott right in the throat, knocking him back down to the mat as Strong rolls from the ring.]

GM: Lake covers! ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Stevie Scott has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd jeers that announcement as Deimos steps over the ropes, looking dead in the eyes of Demetrius Lake as he climbs to his feet, staring back at him.]

GM: Seven on seven! We've got O'Connor, Lynch, Carver, Preston, Martinez, Bryant, and Deimos against Morgan Dane, two of the Dogs Of War, Lenny Strong, Demetrius Lake, Johnny Detson, and Supreme Wright as we close in on the seventy minute mark of this colossal battle for the future of this company.

BW: And look at this showdown, Gordo... Demetrius Lake, the King of Wrestling, standing nose to nose with Deimos!

[Predictably, Lake is trashtalking the personification of fear, jabbering on about his mask... his gloves... his manager. All seems to be going well...

...until Deimos uppercuts him and Lake flops backwards, landing on his rear!]

GM: Oh my! What a shot from Deimos!

[Lake promptly changes his tune, begging off and scooting backwards, trying to get away from the mysterious masked man who is stalking him. He looks to his corner, waving a frantic hand...]

...but Johnny Detson doesn't seem to be in any great rush to tangle with the walking personification of fear either.]

GM: Demetrius Lake, the so-called King of Wrestling, seems to be on his own right about now, Bucky!

BW: He's in there with a monster! Somebody's gotta help him!

[Deimos reaches down towards Lake who somehow finds the gap in the mask, sticking a thumb into the eye of Deimos, sending him staggering backwards!]

GM: Lake goes to the eyes!

BW: Even a monster gets hurt when you poke him in the eye!

[Lake scrambles to his feet, holding up his taped thumb for one and all to see.]

GM: Lake's got the Tiger Strike at the ready again! He's already claimed victims here tonight with it and now he's looking to add another one!

BW: Even a monster gets laid out when you hit him with the Tiger Strike, daddy!

[Matsui can be heard shouting instructions at Deimos from the floor as Lake winds up, swinging his arm around and around to loosen it up...]

GM: Deimos starting to turn...

[Lake lashes out, swinging the thumb...

...but Deimos grabs his wrist, blocking the blow!]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: I've never seen that before! He's blocking it!

[Deimos holds the wrist, staring at Lake whose eyes have bugged out, struggling to get free from the grip...

...and jabs at the eyes with his other hand, causing Deimos to stagger back. Lake stalks to his corner, slapping Detson's shoulder with a "YOU GET HIM!" The crowd roars at the panicked expression on the face of Johnny Detson who shakes his head back and forth, refusing to get into the ring!]

GM: Detson's the legal man but he doesn't want to get in there with Deimos!

[It quickly proves that he doesn't have a choice as Deimos stalks over towards him, grabbing him by the head and yanking him over the ropes into the ring, throwing him down to the mat.]

GM: Deimos brings him in the hard way!

[Matsui can be heard screaming for his charge to finish off the Wise Men's team captain...]

GM: Deimos, stalking Detson across the ring now as the team captain searches for an escape...

[Detson climbs up to his feet, making a dash for the ropes to get out of the ring but Deimos stops him, grabbing a handful of trunks, dragging him back out to the center of the ring where he scoops him up, throwing him down with a powerful slam!]

GM: Big slam by Deimos!

[Matsui continues to shout at Deimos who doesn't give Detson room to escape, dragging him back up by the arm. He twists the arm around, locking fingers with Detson...

...and then HOISTS him up into the air by the wristlock, putting insane pressure on the wrist and elbow!]

GM: AHHH!

[He lets go, allowing Detson to crash down to the mat, clutching his arm as he tries to crawl away from his attacker.]

GM: Detson's trying to bail out again but Deimos is having none of it, hauling him up by the hair... ohh! What an uppercut, sending Detson falling back into the neutral corner!

[Deimos grabs his wrist with one hand, using a one-armed whip to fire Detson across the ring where he flips over the ropes, crashing down to the floor in a heap!]

GM: Detson goes upside down and over the hard way! You know that's gotta hurt but it might have been a good thing for Detson with Deimos dominating him right now.

[The World Champion steps into the ring, staring across at Deimos.]

BW: Now THIS should be interesting.

[Wright stomps across the ring, glaring at Deimos as he slowly turns to face him. Several words are fired from Wright including "this is MY ring!"...

...which is punctuated by Wright slapping Deimos across the face!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Fear THAT, you freak!

[Deimos snaps his head back towards Wright who ducks a right hand, throwing a hooking blow into the ribs as he goes past. He ducks another right, throwing another blow to the ribs.]

GM: Wright's fighting back and he's fighting smart, using his speed and quickness to throw Deimos off his game.

[Wright lashes out with a pair of kicks to the side of the knee, slowing Deimos down as the World Champion tries to find the weakness to exploit. A stiff elbow strike to the side of the masked head sends Deimos staggering back against the buckles.]

GM: Wright follows him in...

[He turns his back, throwing repeated back elbows to the right and left side, rocking Deimos under the impact...

...and then spins into a rolling elbow off the forehead of the bigger man!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot that was!

[Grabbing the arm, Wright sends Deimos across, charging in after him to blast him with the running European uppercut in the Team Wise Men corner...

...where Morgan Dane hooks his fingers into the mask's eyeholes, pulling his face back and allowing Wright to tee off with roundhouse kicks to the ribcage of the monster!]

GM: The Wise Men with a double team on Deimos, immobilizing the big man while Supreme Wright attempts to physically dissect him!

[Wright drags him out of the corner, somehow muscling him up onto his shoulders.]

GM: Wright's looking for Fat Tuesday! He wants to finish off the big man!

[He steps out to the middle of the ring, tremendous effort under every step as he tries to keep the three hundred pounder in the air...

...and then steps forward, shoving Deimos up and over...]

GM: HE LANDS ON HIS FEET!

[Deimos promptly throttles Wright by the throat, swinging him back and forth, staring into the World Champion's eyes...]

GM: CHOKESLAM!

[...but as Wright goes up for the lift, he slaps the arm away, ducking down, lifting him up again...]

GM: FAT TUESDAY!

[The gutbuster connects, causing Deimos to bounce off the knees of Supreme Wright, rolling under the ropes to the floor...

...which brings Bobby O'Connor barreling into the ring, tackling Wright down to the mat!]

GM: O'CONNOR WITH FISTS AND FIRE ON THE MAT!!

[The fiery rookie batters Wright with haymakers until the referee forces him to back off. O'Connor pumps a fist as he rises, turning to face the roaring Los Angeles fans. The World Champion struggles back to his feet as O'Connor comes in again, leaning over to drive Wright back to the corner...]

GM: O'Connor driving shoulders into the ribs, trying to soften up the World Champion...

[He grabs Wright by the arm, looking to whip him out...

...and whips him RIGHT into a short-arm clothesline, taking him down to the canvas to a big cheer!]

GM: O'Connor's got the World Champion reeling! He steps out to the apron, he's heading up top!

[With Wright down on the mat, O'Connor steps up to the second rope, then to the top, leaning down to steady himself...]

GM: We're not used to seeing O'Connor come off the top but that's what he's about to try right here!

[As Wright staggers to his feet, O'Connor comes sailing off the ropes, landing an overhead chop between the eyes that takes the World Champion again.]

GM: O'Connor covers! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Morgan Dane steps in, burying a falling headbutt in between the shoulderblades of O'Connor to break the pin...

...which means when he gets back up, Jack Lynch is waiting to PASTE him with a right hand!]

GM: Morgan Dane's no stranger to the Lynch family, Bucky!

BW: Yeah, but at times, he was on the SAME SIDE as they were! Morgan Dane used to be a six man tag team partner for the Lynches at times down in Texas against various combinations of Misery Incorporated!

[Jack has Dane back on the ropes, drilling him with right hands when Dane starts to return the favor, throwing bombs that has the fans on their feet!]

GM: O'Connor's back up, moving in to help his partner...

[A haymaker from O'Connor puts Dane on his heels as O'Connor and Lynch each grab an arm on Dane, whipping him across...

...into a drop toehold from Lynch as O'Connor bounces off, dropping an elbow down to the back of the head!]

GM: Nice doubleteam by the TexMo Connection has Dane rolling out... but O'Connor's going after him!

[Out on the apron, O'Connor pumps an arm, backing down the length of the ring apron, back against the ringpost...

...and then charges down the apron, leaping off with a clothesline on a rising Morgan Dane!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BOTH MEN DOWN ON THE FLOOR AGAIN!

[Jack Lynch seizes the chance to pull Supreme Wright off the mat, scooping him up and slamming him down. He backs into the ropes, giving a whoop as he leaps up, dropping a knee down in the chest of the World Champion!]

GM: Leaping knee connects!

BW: Dane's out of the picture! Wright's all alone!

[The referee counts one... two... but that's all as the World Champion lifts a shoulder up.]

GM: OHHH! HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE CROSSBODY OFF THE TOP!

[Wright promptly is pulled from the ring by Morgan Dane who is now bleeding from the forehead.]

GM: Dane's been busted open but he's the legal man now, sliding into the ring...

[A pissed-off Morgan Dane yanks Preston off the mat, stares out at Todd Michaelson...

...and yanks him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: NO!

BW: Oh my god. He's gonna kill him!

GM: Dane's setting for the piledriver!

[Michaelson makes a lunge for the ring as does Ryan Martinez...

...but before either man can get there.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CHAIRSHOT ACROSS THE BACK BY HANNIBAL CARVER!!!

[Dane slumps down to his knees as Carver, wild-eyed, bleeding, and mad at the world stares down at him. Preston falls to the canvas as Carver grips the chair in a white-knuckled grip...

...and then rears back again!]

GM: NOOOOO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd falls silent as the steel chair DENTS over the skull of Morgan Dane, causing the Maniac to slump motionlessly to the canvas. The silence is deafening until...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... Hannibal Carver has been DISQUALIFIED!

GM: Well, that was predictable after his actions just now but... I'm not sure he cares, Bucky.

BW: He wanted to save Preston... and probably at least a little bit of him wanted to hurt Morgan Dane in the process.

GM: That... that shot to the head was absolutely vicious. We never like to see a professional wrestler take a blow to the head from a steel chair like that. There's just never telling what that might do to someone.

[Carver is forced out on the ramp, dented and bloody chair still in hand as he backs down the aisle. A stunned Ryan Martinez turns to watch him leave as Eric Preston throws a limp arm on top of Morgan Dane.]

GM: One. Two. Three. An academic pinfall right there after the blow to the head from that chair. Morgan Dane may need medical help getting out of here after that.

BW: And just like that, we're down to six on six, Gordo.

GM: Six on six with Eric Preston barely able to move in there... uh oh, and look at this...

[The predatory grin on the face of Pedro Perez speaks volumes as he slips through the ropes, pointing at the downed Eric Preston.]

GM: As we draw near the 80 minute mark of this contest, Pedro Perez is obviously overjoyed to see Eric Preston on Dream Street.

[Perez lifts Preston's limp arm, chuckling as it falls back down to the mat.]

GM: Preston's out. He might be easy pickings for Pedro Perez.

[Perez lifts Preston's arm again, dragging him to his knees. He points at Preston, mocking him to Isaiah Carpenter who grins gleefully...

...until Preston suddenly surges up, tying up Perez and dragging him down to the canvas in the Cobra Clutch Crossface!]

GM: CROSSFACE! CROSSFACE LOCKED IN!

[Carpenter quickly slingshots over the ropes, running to viciously stomp the head of Eric Preston breaking the hold!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Carpenter lands a few more stomps to the head before Ryan Martinez tears across the ring, connecting with a clothesline to save his best friend, flipping Carpenter over and dumping him on the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! What a clothesline by the AWA's White Knight!

[Martinez boots Carpenter in the ribs, driving him under the ropes to the floor. The referee forces Martinez back to the corner as Perez gets up, shouting across the ring at the hot-blooded Martinez. He rushes to the ropes, rebounding back with a sliding kneesmash to the skull of the downed Preston!]

GM: OHHH!

[Perez flips Preston to his back, arrogantly sliding into a cover.]

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

[BIG CHEER as Preston raises a shoulder!]

BW: You've gotta be kidding me!

GM: Eric Preston refuses to stay down! There's only twelve men left in this match and Eric Preston is determined to be there at the end!

[An irate Perez rolls off Preston, questioning the referee. He gives a wave to Isaiah Carpenter who climbs back on the apron, tagging in.]

GM: The tag to Carpenter as the Dogs Of War continue to work as a team even with the big man, Wade Walker, having been eliminated.

[Perez grabs Preston by the legs, wheelbarrowing him up with the aid of Isaiah Carpenter who hooks a front facelock...]

GM: No, no, no, NOOOO!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[...and DRIVES Preston headfirst into the canvas with a DDT!]

GM: Good god almighty!

BW: That's gotta be-

[The referee doesn't even get down into position to count this time as Ryan Martinez storms the ring, throwing knife edge chops at Perez... then at Carpenter... and then SMASHING their heads together to a huge cheer from the Los Angeles crowd!]

GM: Martinez in again to save his best friend!

[Martinez rushes at them both as they rise to their feet...

...and takes 'em both over the top to the floor with a double clothesline!]

GM: OHHH! MARTINEZ CLEARS OUT THE DOGS OF WAR!!

[Which is Lenny Strong's cue to rush in, upending Martinez over the ropes. He spins back towards Preston who is down on the mat.]

GM: Lenny Strong, one-half of the World Tag Team Champions, is still in this match, dragging Preston back up...

[A series of stiff forearm shots to the side of the head has Preston barely able to stand. Strong bodily throws him into the neutral corner, charging to the far corner where he steps up on the middle rope before charging back across, leaping up...

...and airballs a flying forearm into the buckles as Preston pulls himself clear!]

GM: Ohh! Strong misses in the corner!

[Preston buries a right hand into the gut as he staggers out, doubling him up...

...and CRACKING him with a Dream Machine kneelift, sending him staggering back...]

GM: Preston turned his lights out!

BW: Not quite.

[Martinez scrambles back up on the apron, tagging his partner. He steps in, booting the off-balance Strong in the gut, lifting him high...

...and SPIKES him with the Brainbuster!]

GM: BRAINBUSTER! ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Demetrius Lake is a half-step too slow to break it up, clubbing a forearm down on Martinez' head after the bell sounds. He keeps up the attack, hammering forearms on Martinez...]

...and using a handful of hair to slam his face into the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Lake drives Martinez' head into the mat!

BW: The pressure is on Demetrius Lake here. He needs to get some kind of elimination and do it quickly. The Wise Men are down to six to five deficit now.

[Lake pulls Martinez up, shoving him back into the corner. He lifts a hand, putting a finger to his lips to silence the crowd... which fails miserably... and then throws a double handed chop to the chest...]

"KING!"

[He winds up a right arm, throwing a clubbing forearm to the sternum...]

"OF!"

[He steps back, grabbing a handful of hair for a big headbutt!]

"WRESTLING!"

[Lake nods to the crowd, making a "repeat" gesture with his hands but he's the only one chanting along as he throws the double handed chop...]

"KING!"

[The clubbing forearm.]

"OF!"

[The headbutt.]

"WRESTLING!"

[He looks out at the jeering crowd, hands on his hips. Lake stalks around the ring, shouting at the fans for their "disrespect" before charging back in, arms over his head...]

...and runs right into a big raised boot to the chest!]

GM: OHH! MARTINEZ CATCHES HIM COMING IN!

[Martinez drops down, charging at Lake with his shoulder lowered for a spear tackle...]

...but Lake catches him coming in, muscling the smaller man up, and dropping him with a sitout powerbomb!]

GM: OHHHH! DID YOU SEE THAT?! WHAT A COUNTER BY THE BLACK TIGER!!

[Lake pops up, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture...]

...and then pivots to drill Dave Bryant in the jaw with a right hand but the former World Champion sees it coming, blocking the shot before returning fire with a right hand of his own!]

GM: Bryant fires back and-

[Lake's arms drop, his hands resting on the top rope...

...and Bryant gives it a tug, taking Lake over the top rope where he slams backfirst on the ring apron before slumping down to the floor!]

GM: OHH! What a move by Bryant!

[Johnny Detson looks down at Lake in shock before sliding in, hoping to seize his moment by pulling Martinez up...

...and right into a standing headscissors!]

GM: He hooks one arm... he hooks the other arm...

BW: WILDE DRIVER COMING UP!

[Detson seems prepared to spike Martinez' skull into the canvas when the White Knight suddenly straightens up, backdropping Detson down to the canvas before slumping to his knees.]

GM: It took a lot of out of Martinez but he counters the Wilde Driver and now he needs to make the tag! Dave Bryant is standing in the corner, his arm outstretched, he's ready to make the tag!

[Martinez crawls towards the corner as Detson regains his feet, stepping back to the corner where Supreme Wright tags back in.]

GM: In comes the World Champion...

[Martinez makes a lunge...]

GM: TAG!

[...and in comes Dave Bryant, tearing across the ring towards the man who stole the World Title from around his waist. The Los Angeles crowd surges to their feet, screaming their heads off as Bryant hammers away with rights and lefts to the World Champion, battering him back against the ropes...]

GM: Dave Bryant's got a whole lot of aggression to take out on Supreme Wright and that's exactly what he's doing right now!

[Bryant grabs Wright by the arm, shooting him across...

...and charging in after him, burying a knee into the ribcage that causes Wright to flip over the leg, dropping down to the mat clutching his midsection!]

GM: Running knee to the gut and-

[Bryant drops down to all fours, slamming his knee down into the ribs as he does. He stays down on the mat, swinging his knee up into the ribs repeatedly!]

GM: Bryant's taking a page out of Supreme Wright's playbook with these brutal knees to the body!

[Wright rolls away from the knees which only means he gets a few in the back before he's able to get to the ropes, rolling out...

...but Bryant grabs him by the legs, shaking his head, refusing to let Wright roll to the floor and bring in Pedro Perez!]

GM: Bryant's not letting him go! He's not done with Supreme Wright just yet!

[Bryant steps back, dragging Wright with him...

...and then drops back in a catapult, snapping Wright's throat up into the bottom rope!]

GM: OHHH!

[Wright flails about on the mat, clutching his throat as Bryant gets back to his feet, leaning down and dragging Wright back into the ring again. He backs to the corner, hopping up to the midbuckle, waving a hand for Wright to get back to his feet.]

GM: Bryant's up in the corner... perhaps looking for that tornado DDT that his old rival Glenn Hudson was so well known for...

[As Wright gets to his feet, Bryant is ready, and as the World Champion turns around, he leaps...]

GM: NO HARD FEELINGS!

[...snaring the front facelock, twisting Wright around, and DRIVING him skullfirst into the canvas! The crowd ROARS for the high impact move as Bryant scrambles into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Wright's shoulder comes flying off the mat, breaking up the pin. Bryant pushes up, grabbing the arm that Wright lifts, scissoring it between his legs and falling back into a cross armbreaker!]

GM: Oh my! Submission hold applied by the former World Champion! He's trying to get Wright out of this match in the worst possible way!

[Pedro Perez has seen enough, slipping through the ropes, charging, and leaping into the air to drop himself down on a prone Bryant with a senton backsplash!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: Shades of Tommy Stephens!

GM: Not quite but it was effective enough to break the hold before Perez slides back out of the ring, leaving Bryant and Wright to continue their war.

[The referee is laying a count on both men as the only two-time World Champions in AWA history are trying to recover.]

GM: As we get deeper into this match, I suppose it's no surprise that these two men are still in this thing considering they battled over an hour at Memorial Day Mayhem earlier this year.

[Wright is the first one to his feet, slowly dragging Bryant up by the hair, ducking down to lift him into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Wright's looking for Fat Tuesday, he's trying to finish off Dave Bryant right here and now!

BW: Drop him!

[Wright steps out to the center of the ring, ready to put Bryant out of the match...

...but Bryant pulls back, leaning his momentum backwards as he hooks Wright's arms...]

GM: CRUCIFIX!!

[The crowd ROARS as Bryant pulls Wright down into a pinning combination.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars, he almost had him right there!

[Bryant pushes up to his knees, burying his head in his hands before slamming a fist down into the canvas.]

GM: Dave Bryant showing some signs of frustration as he climbs back to his feet, trying to find a way to finish off the World Champion and eliminate him from this oh-so-important Cibernetico matchup. With the Wise Men down to five members on their team, you can see the anxiety on the faces of Larry Doyle, Sandra Hayes, and Percy Childes. They realize how close they are to having this whole thing slip away from them.

[The Las Vegas native pulls Wright up to his feet, grabbing an arm to whip him into the Team AWA corner. He charges in after him, throwing himself into a back elbow up under the chin.]

GM: Wright got rocked with that one!

[Bryant pulls him out of the corner, tugging him into a side headlock with a series of short right hands to the head. The referee reprimands him for the closed fists as Bryant grabs the arm, looking to whip him again...]

GM: Irish whi- no! Wright pulls him back the other-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Bryant SLAMS into Deimos, knocking the big man down off the apron...

...which allows Wright to hook Bryant in a double chickenwing, taking him up and over with a bridging Tiger Suplex!]

GM: CHICKENWING SUPLEX CONNECTS!

[Wright holds a firm bridge as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But Bryant's shoulder comes flying off the mat, breaking the pin!]

GM: He couldn't quite get him! Back and forth go these two world class athletes, trying to find a way to put the other one down for a three count and-

BW: Uh oh!

[As Wright gets back to his feet, he finds Deimos standing in the ring staring at him...]

GM: The personification of fear is not pleased, Bucky!

[Wright makes a move towards him but Deimos reaches out his right hand, hooking Wright around the throat!]

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

[Pedro Perez spots Wright in trouble and comes rushing into the ring to intervene...

...only to be grabbed around the throat as well!]

BW: AH HH! HE'S GOT 'EM BOTH!

[Deimos strides out to the center of the ring, the crowd roaring as he gets there...

...and powers both men up into the air, one in each hand, before HURLING them down with tremendous impact!]

GM: CHOKESLAM! DOUBLE CHOKESLAM BY DEIMOS!!

[The crowd is ECSTATIC at the sight of two of the final members of the Wise Men's Army being laid out on the canvas.]

GM: Dave Bryant needs to get up! He needs to cover someone! He needs to get this thing down to the final four - at least - for Team Wise Men!

[Bryant pushes up off the mat, staring up into the mask-covered face of Deimos...

...who reaches down and grabs HIM by the throat as well!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: Deimos is taking out everyone!

[Ryan Martinez can be heard screaming at Deimos from the corner, trying to stop him...

...but it's too late as Deimos hoists Bryant up into the air, throwing him down with another massive chokeslam!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[The referee steps in, shouting at Deimos, ordering him out of the ring...]

BW: I'm not sure I'd do that if I were you, Johnny!

[...and gets a hand wrapped around HIS throat as well!]

GM: Oh my god! Deimos has snapped! He's-

[The personification of fear lifts the AWA's Senior Official high up into the air and throws him down with great velocity and impact, shaking the ring as the crowd ROARS in disbelief!]

GM: CHOKESLAM ON THE REFEREE AS WELL!

[Percy Childes instantly is in motion, running up the steps to get on the entrance ramp, waving his crystal-topped cane like a madman.]

GM: Get him down from there! What is he-?!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as Marty Meekly, in his referee attire, comes jogging down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Yes! We've got another referee! The match continues!

[Meekly slides into the ring, shoving Johnny Jagger under the ropes and down to the floor with a thud before waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The corrupt official kneels down, speaking to Phil Watson who nods before speaking.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... Deimos has been DISQUALIFIED!

BW: Of course he has! Matsui unleashed a madman on us and he's out of here, daddy! He's out of here! It's all even at five again!

[Deimos steps over the top rope onto the ramp, stalking back up the aisle with Louis Matsui in tow with the crowd jeering like crazy.]

GM: Deimos is gone - it's a five on five matchup now with O'Connor, Lynch, Preston, Martinez, and Bryant taking on Perez, Carpenter, Lake, Detson, and the World Heavyweight Champion. The future and the fate of this company now lies in the hands of these ten competitors!

[Meekly runs around the ring, checking on the various competitors. Percy Childes is shouting into the ring at the official who pauses to listen before nodding.]

GM: What the... what is Meekly doing?! He's moving Wright over-

[Demetrius Lake leans under the ropes, pulling Wright out!]

GM: Oh, come on! How blatant can you get?!

[Todd Michaelson is shouting at Meekly from the floor, threatening his job in every possible fashion as Meekly nudges Pedro Perez closer to the ropes where Johnny Detson hauls him out...]

BW: Carpenter's legal!

[Isaiah Carpenter takes to the top rope, poised to strike... and then slaps the hand of Demetrius Lake who begins climbing the ropes as well!]

GM: What the... Carpenter off the top!

[Carpenter drops a flying knee down across the chest of Bryant then rolls through, moving aside as Lake comes off the top...]

GM: BIG CAT POUNCE!

[...and CRUSHES Dave Bryant under his flying splash!]

GM: Meekly down to count! ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Dave Bryant has been ELIMINATED!

GM: And just like that, the Wise Men take a five on four advantage as we creep ever closer to the ninety minute mark of this epic battle!

[Lake climbs to his feet, spitting dismissively on Bryant's prone carcass...

...and in comes Bobby O'Connor again, throwing himself at Lake with a Fierro Press!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS! FIERRO PRESS!

[O'Connor opens up, showing his hot temper with a series of rights and lefts on the downed King Of Wrestling. The referee jumps in, dragging O'Connor off...

...and O'Connor threatens to drill Meekly who seems to invite the punch before the hot-blooded Missouri native stalks off, shaking his head. The fans jeer the corrupt Meekly who tried to lure O'Connor into getting disqualified.]

GM: Demetrius Lake was overwhelmed by that Fierro Press, barely able to get back to his fee- ohhh! What a chop by O'Connor!

[The knife edge chop knocks Lake back into a neutral corner where O'Connor opens up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[He winds up again but has his arm physically grabbed by Marty Meekly who prevents another chop from being thrown.]

GM: This is ridiculous, fans! Marty Meekly is completely changing the course of this matchup as- ohh! Lake goes to the eyes on O'Connor while Meekly was holding his arm back!

[Lake grabs O'Connor by the hair, slamming his head into the top turnbuckle. He spins him around, wrapping his hands around the throat of O'Connor.]

GM: He's choking him! A blatant choke in the corner and Marty Meekly's not doing a thing to stop it!

BW: Yeah, I'm not sure that's a choke, Gordo. I think it might be a nervehold of some kind and it looks like Meekly's having the same problem. He's trying to get the right angle to see... okay, maybe it is. He's telling Lake to break it now.

GM: After about ten seconds! Do you know what kind of damage a chokehold like that can do in ten seconds?!

[Lake nods to the official, grabbing O'Connor by the arm, whipping him across. He turns to shout at the fans as O'Connor gets whipped towards the buckles...

...where Jack Lynch leans across the turnbuckles, absorbing the charge from his partner who bounces out towards a turning Lake!]

GM: FEAR THE REAPER!

[O'Connor mows down Lake with the crooked arm lariat, flattening the big man. He dives across, hooking a leg in an attempt to even the score.]

GM: O'Connor covers! Where the... where's Marty Meekly?!

[Meekly steps to the Wise Men's corner, shouting at Johnny Detson, warning him to not get involved.]

BW: He's keeping Detson out of the ring!

GM: He's ignoring a pin attempt in the ring to talk to Johnny Detson! They've given up all efforts to be subtle, Bucky. This is an out-and-out attempt to steal this match!

[A furious O'Connor slaps the canvas three times, shouting at Meekly who very slowly turns, dropping down to count. He hits the mat once...

...and waits... and waits...]

GM: Give me a break!

[He slaps the mat twice...

...and waits... and waits... and waits... and waits... until Johnny Detson grabs O'Connor's ankle, dragging him under the ropes to the floor. Detson goes for a right hand but O'Connor blocks it, throwing one of his own before SMASHING Detson's face into the ring apron to a big cheer!]

GM: Demetrius Lake should be eliminated from this match but Marty Meekly just saved his no-good skin!

[A furious Jack Lynch storms the ring, pulling his arch-rival off the mat, pasting him with a right hand that sends Lake stumbling back into the neutral corner.]

GM: The Texan is hot under the collar and taking the fight to his arch-rival, beating Lake into the corner with right hands!

[Lynch grabs Lake by the arm, whipping him across...

...and sending the staggering King of Wrestling high up into the air before he crashes down to the canvas!]

GM: HIGH BACK BODY DROP BY JACK LYNCH!!

[The crowd is fired up, just like Jack Lynch is as he batters Demetrius Lake back and forth across the ring, grabbing a handful of afro and SLAMMING his head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: He's gonna do it again!

[Looking out at the cheering Los Angeles fans, Lynch winds Lake's head up, slamming it down to the buckle repeatedly!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"
"FOUR!"
"FIVE!"
"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[Lake staggers out, taking a wild swing at the air before faceplanting on the canvas. Lynch gives a big fist pump, rolling Lake over onto his back before dropping into a lateral press.]

GM: Lynch with the cover and- where the heck is Marty Meekly?!

[The camera cuts to the floor where Meekly is pleading with Bobby O'Connor to stop beating up Johnny Detson on the floor.]

GM: Get back in the ring!

[Lynch, much like his partner moments ago, slaps the canvas three times, shouting at Meekly to get back into the ring.]

GM: This is ridiculous! Todd Michaelson is beside himself out here at ringside!

BW: I guess Michaelson didn't have a plan for this! He thought his precious Johnny Jagger was going to be able to steal this match for Team AWA!

GM: WHAT?! Johnny Jagger called this right down the middle! It's this piece of trash Meekly that's as crooked as the day is long!

[The Texan climbs to his feet, marching over to the ropes...

...and leans through, grabbing Marty Meekly by the hair, hauling him through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Lynch brings the referee in and-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The sight of Marty Meekly SLAPPING Jack Lynch's hand away, shoving a finger in the Texan's face drives the fans into a frenzy.]

GM: Uh oh! Keep your cool, Jack! Keep your cool!

[Staggering back up on the apron after being pummeled around the ringside by Bobby O'Connor, Johnny Detson shouts at his partner to make the tag...

...but gets yanked down off the apron by O'Connor who throws him towards the barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES DETSON!!

[O'Connor shouts into the ring at his partner who turns angrily away from Meekly, pulling Demetrius Lake off the mat. Lynch steadies him before making a break towards the ropes...

...where a desperate Percy Childes reaches under the ropes, tripping Jack Lynch and sending him facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: OHH! COME ON, REFEREE!

[Marty Meekly, who plainly saw the interference, spins away, shouting at Demetrius Lake and pretending he was doing that the whole time.]

GM: This is a sham! Marty Meekly is conspiring with the Wise Men to just hand this match to them!

[Jack Lynch rolls to the floor, grabbing a smirking Percy Childes by the collar!]

GM: Yeah! Get him, Jack! Get him!

[Lynch winds up a fist, threatening a pleading Percy Childes with a big haymaker.]

GM: He's gonna drill him! The big Texan is gonna coldcock the AWA President!

[But the attack never comes as Demetrius Lake leaps off the apron from behind, clubbing Lynch with a double axehandle to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Lake nails him from behind!

[Johnny Detson staggers back to his feet, rolling under the ropes to find Eric Preston waiting for him. Preston backs Detson into the corner, hammering away with fists to the jaw. He grabs an arm, firing Detson across. The former World Champion hits the corner hard, staggering out...]

GM: Preston hooks him! Overhead belly to belly!

[Preston slams back to the canvas as well, getting up a little slowly as he grabs at the back of his head.]

GM: And every time you see Eric Preston grab his head, you have to feel a nervousness in the pit of your stomach.

[Preston slowly moves after Detson, a misstep causing him to fall to a knee before getting back up.]

BW: The guy shouldn't even be in this thing, Gordo! He's out on his feet!

GM: I'm not sure I can argue against that, Bucky.

[The Combat Corner graduate drags Detson to his feet, pulling him into a front facelock. He lifts Detson up...

...and then throws himself forward, hanging him out to dry over the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Detson goes gutfirst down on the top rope!

[Preston steadies himself before throwing a standing dropkick that barely connects but it's enough to send Detson off the apron to the floor..

...which is Supreme Wright's cue to run into the ring, waiting as Preston reaches his knees...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: OHHH! ROUNDHOUSE TO THE HEAD!!

[Preston slumps over on his back as Wright drops into a cover, shouting at Meekly who drops down to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

BW: WHAT?! WHAT?!

GM: PRESTON KICKED OUT! MY GOD, ERIC PRESTON KICKED OUT!!

[Wright looks up disbelievingly at the official.]

GM: I can't believe it either! Eric Preston got the shoulder up... this guy refuses to stay down! He refuses to not help drive this team to victory!

[An angry Wright drags Preston up, tugging him into a front facelock. He turns, looking dead in the eyes of Ryan Martinez as he slings Preston's limp arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: We've seen this before, fans! Supreme Wright is looking to finish Eric Preston off with his best friend's own finishing move!

[But as Wright goes to lift Preston up, Preston plucks him into an inside cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He ALMOST got him, Bucky! Preston almost shocked the World Champion!

BW: Almost don't count for nothin', Gordo.

[Preston tries to scramble up, hoping to get up before Wright...

...to no avail.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD!

BW: Another one! Another roundhouse to the head and that's gotta be it, Gordo!

[In the corner, Ryan Martinez is cringing at the second head kick, grabbing at his own head and leaning over the ropes, stretching out an arm to his best friend. Todd Michaelson has his head down on the apron, not wanting to look as Wright stares down at the motionless Preston.]

GM: What's he doing, Bucky? Why isn't he covering Preston?

BW: You want me to get into the psyche of Supreme Wright? That's a trip I ain't about to take, Gordo.

[Wright turns to stare at Ryan Martinez who is pleading with his best friend to get out of the ring to save himself. Then he turns towards Todd Michaelson, staring his former teacher in the eye.]

"This? This is... your son?"

[Michaelson glares at his former student.]

GM: If looks could kill, we'd all be witnesses to a homicide right about now.

[Wright leans down, pulling Preston off the mat...

...and gets YANKED down, Preston swiftly and expertly applying the hold that only two men in the business have been taught!]

GM: CROSSFACE! CROSSFACE! CROSSFACE!

BW: WHAT?!

[Preston cranks on the hold, leaning back with his teeth clenched as he screams at Meekly...]

GM: Marty Meekly doesn't know what to do! Marty Meekly's looking for help from Percy Childes... from someone! From anyone!

BW: Cover your ears and close your eyes, Marty!

[Meekly is looking around frantically as Wright's hands claw at the canvas, the hold locked in fully.]

GM: Once this hold is on, there's no escape! You either tap out or you get choked out!

BW: Somebody do something! Wright is fading!

[The arms of the World Champion are starting to slow, just resting on the canvas now as Preston leans back further...]

"QUIIIIIIIIIIT!"

[Preston screams at his former friend and classmate, demanding that he give up to the hold that he's used expertly so many times.]

GM: Wright can't get out of this! Wright is trapped in the center of the ring!

[Pedro Perez suddenly springs into action, dashing into the ring...

...and gets SPEARED by Ryan Martinez, nearly cut in half as he crashes down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MARTINEZ STOPS PEREZ! WRIGHT'S GOT NO ALLIES LEFT! WRIGHT'S GOT-

[A desperate Percy Childes slides into the ring himself, raising the crystal-topped cane over his head...

...and DRIVES it down into the head of Eric Preston, causing him to release the hold and slump motionlessly back to the mat.]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Ryan Martinez turns, spotting Childes' dirty work. He dashes at him but Childes falls through the ropes, narrowly escaping from the AWA's White Knight.]

GM: PERCY CHILDES JUST SAVED SUPREME WRIGHT!

BW: The hell with that, he just saved the Wise Men!

[Barely conscious, Wright rolls from the ring, making Perez the legal man but he too rolls out after the spear tackle...

...which brings Isaiah Carpenter rushing into the ring, leaping up to land an enzuigiri on Martinez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Carpenter turns back towards Preston, scooping him off the mat and slamming him down. He drops down to a knee, grabbing Preston by the hair and driving closed fists into his skull!]

GM: Carpenter's battering Preston down on the mat...

[From the floor, Percy Childes shouts an order to Carpenter who nods, a smile on his face as he heads to the corner, stepping out to the apron. He pauses to lay the badmouth on Todd Michaelson as he slowly climbs the ropes, heading towards the top. He stops on the midbuckle, shouting at the jeering fans...]

GM: He's taking an awful lot of time getting up there, Bucky.

BW: He's got a lot of people to lay the badmouth on before he ends Preston's career!

[Carpenter steps to the top rope, steadying himself...

...when a desperate Ryan Martinez throws himself at the ropes, crotching Carpenter up top!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CARPENTER GOT CAUGHT! He was trying to end Preston but Ryan Martinez with a desperation save of his best friend!

[Martinez leans against the ropes, breathing heavily as the referee orders him out of the ring...

...but Todd Michaelson pulls Eric Preston under the ropes, getting him clear.]

GM: Martinez is legal, stepping up on the middle rope...

[He grabs Carpenter in a front facelock, slinging his arm over the back of the neck...]

GM: He's going for the Brainbuster!

BW: From THERE?!

GM: Martinez sets... he's ready...

[The AWA's White Knight lifts Carpenter up into the air, holding him straight up and down, letting the blood run down into Carpenter's head...

...and then DROPS him skullfirst on the top turnbuckle!]

GM: BRAAAAAAIBUSSSTERRRRRRRR!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez drops down, diving into a cover. Marty Meekly looks anxious at Percy Childes as he drops down...]

GM: ONE!!!

[Meekly raises his hand, looking around for a way out of counting the pin.]

GM: TWO!!!

[He pauses... a really, REALLY long time now...

...and then has no choice but to slap the mat a third time.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Isaiah Carpenter has been ELIMINATED!

GM: We're down to eight! Four men on each side!

[Martinez rises to his feet as Demetrius Lake comes charging across the ring at him, ducking down and throwing Lake into the corner of Team AWA where Bobby O'Connor DRILLS him with an overhead elbowsmash!]

GM: Ohh!

[Lake spins around off the elbow, swinging at the air once more as Martinez boots him in the gut, reaching out to tag Bobby O'Connor who quickly tags Jack Lynch.]

GM: The TexMo Connection is looking to finish off the Black Tiger!

[A double whip shoots him across and a double backdrop sends him sailing through the air, crashing to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my!

[Lynch pulls him up, shoving him at O'Connor who lifts the larger man up in a bearhug, leaning down as Lynch builds up some speed...]

GM: Lynch off the far side... LARIAT!

[Lynch crawls into a cover as O'Connor takes up a defensive posture...

...but Marty Meekly refuses to cover, ordering O'Connor out of the ring before he starts to count.]

BW: Good call by Meekly! You can't count when Bobby No Honor is still in there!

GM: Don't you start with the silly nicknames too!

[As O'Connor protests, time is wasted. Jack Lynch climbs to his feet, over the hot head, and threatens to knock Meekly into the middle of next week if he doesn't count the next pin attempt.]

BW: Hey, you can't threaten a ref like that!

GM: Meekly shouldn't even be a licensed official at this point!

BW: Maybe not but he is, Gordo!

[Lynch leans down to drag Lake off the mat...

...and gets a thumb to the eye!]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot from Lake!

[The King Of Wrestling grabs Lynch from behind, hurling him over the ropes. He turns his back, pointing at his head...

...and fails to see Lynch scramble, saving himself from going to the floor and being forced out of the match!]

GM: Lake wanted to throw him out! He wanted to-

[Lake spins around at Percy's shouts, rushing at Lynch with his hands over his head for a double axehandle...

...but Lynch leans down, using the ropes to tug himself into a shoulder tackle to the gut!]

GM: Lynch goes low... and then goes high, up and over with the sunset flip!

[Lynch's legs are holding down Lake's struggling arms as Marty Meekly again looks for some kind of help to avoid counting this pin... and not getting clubbed by Jack Lynch for NOT counting the pin.]

GM: Count, damn it!

BW: Meekly's trying not to get his clock cleaned for not counting... but he also is being paid very well to NOT count, I'd imagine.

GM: You admit it! He's been bought and paid for!

BW: It'd be pretty hard to deny after seeing this, wouldn't it?

GM: Then why bother trying to hide it?! Why not just disqualify every member of Team AWA and call it a day?

BW: Hey, Percy wants no room for argument. He wants no room for debate. He wants the Wise Men to be the clear winners of this... and who knows what kind of legal mumbo jumbo Michaelson might try to pull if it was THAT obvious. It's a fine line to walk - you gotta rob 'em blind while lookin' like you're doin' your job.

[Meekly finally drops to his knees, ready to count...

...and Johnny Detson slips in, booting Lynch in the back of the head to break the pin attempt!]

GM: Detson from behind to break it!

BW: Preston's in the corner, Gordo, but he can barely stand. Are they really going to send him back in there?

[Detson is trying to get back out of the ring when Jack Lynch stalks after him, spinning him around and drilling him with a right hand!]

GM: Ohh! What a right hand out of Lynch!

[Lynch mounts the midbuckle in the neutral corner, raising his right hand to rain down thunder on the Wise Men's team captain...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NI-"

[But before Lynch can finish his assault, Demetrius Lake steps out to the apron, steps up to the middle rope to grab Lynch by the hair...

...and DROPS off the apron, snapping Lynch's throat down over the top!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lynch falls back, clutching at his throat as Detson stumbles out of the corner, yanking him into a standing headscissors. He quickly double underhooks the arms...

...and DRIVES Lynch facefirst to the canvas!]

BW: WILDE DRIVER! WILDE DRIVER!

[Detson flips him over, diving across as a badly-hurt Eric Preston steps in, trying to make the save...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!!

[...and fails as he falls short as Meekly hits the mat the third time.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Jack Lynch has been ELIMINATED!

BW: HAH! The so-called Team AWA are down to three men - Bobby O'Connor, Eric Preston, and Ryan Martinez. The future of the company is in the hands of two dumb kids and a guy who can barely even stand at this point!

GM: On the other side, Pedro Perez, Demetrius Lake, Johnny Detson, and the World Champion are trying to finish off Team AWA as we're well past the 90 minute mark in this epic encounter!

[Johnny Detson seizes the moment, stomping Eric Preston's head viciously as the Combat Corner graduate is laid out on the mat. He drops down to his knees, pulling Preston up by the hair...]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst to the mat! And again!

[Detson flips Preston over, dropping into a lateral press.]

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

[Preston again lifts the shoulder, breaking the pin!]

GM: Near fall right there as Eric Preston continues to try and fight, trying to keep in this matchup!

[Detson pulls him up, whipping him towards the ropes...

...where Ryan Martinez drops down, tripping his own best friend, and dragging him out to the floor as Detson misses a running stomp to the head!]

GM: Martinez pulls his best friend out! He's trying to spare him some punishment at the hands of the other team's captain!

[Ryan Martinez pulls himself up on the apron, blasting an off-balance Detson with a trio of forearm strikes to the side of the head. Detson staggers backwards as Martinez enters the ring, giving a shout as he barrels towards Detson...

...who ducks a clothesline, reaching back to grab Martinez' arms, trying to drag him down to the mat!]

GM: BACKSLIDE! DETSON'S TRYING TO PULL HIM DOWN!!

[But Martinez is fighting it, the young lion battling against the pin attempt as Detson tries to pull him down. Marty Meekly circles around, trying to get in position to count the pin...]

GM: Detson can't get him over! He's having a world of trouble trying to get-
MARTINEZ IS REVERSING IT! HE'S PULLING DETSON DOWN!

[The former World Champion suddenly swings his leg back, catching Martinez square in the family jewels!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DETSON KICKS HIM LOW!

[He swings around, pulling Martinez into a standing headscissors.]

GM: That mule kick down South was right in the view of Marty Meekly and he did NOTHING about it!

[Detson leans down, hooking one arm.]

GM: He's going for the Wilde Driver!

[But Martinez sweeps the legs out, diving into a double leg cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[A diving save by Supreme Wright breaks up the pin!]

GM: Ohh! The World Champion breaks it up... and look at this, Wright and Detson working together...

[The duo pulls Martinez off the mat, tugging him into position for a double vertical suplex...

...but as they lift him up, Bobby O'Connor runs in behind them, allowing Martinez to have a soft landing where the White Knight drops to his knees, rolling to the floor clutching his groin in pain as O'Connor grabs Detson and Wright, slamming their heads together!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER! O'Connor's the legal man... to the ropes...

[But on the rebound, Detson catches him coming in, lifting him up for a flapjack...

...and twisting to the side, dropping O'Connor throatfirst over the top rope!]

GM: OHHHH!

[O'Connor falls back, staggering towards Wright as Detson rolls out. Wright lifts up O'Connor into the torture rack...]

GM: NO!

[...and throws the third generation star up and over, dropping down to his back and raising his knees!]

BW: REIGN! SUPREME!

[Wright flips over, applying a cover as the referee dives down.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Bobby O'Connor has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd jeers the elimination of the young fireplug who put up such a fight all night long...

...and then jeers louder at the realization they're down to a four on two match.]

GM: Four on two with the future of the AWA at stake. It's Eric Preston and Ryan Martinez, the two men who started this whole thing, taking on Pedro Perez, Demetrius Lake, Johnny Detson, and Supreme Wright with the fate of the AWA hanging in the balance!

[Eric Preston comes back through, stumbling as he does...

...and runs right into Supreme Wright who unleashes a brutal series of elbowstrikes to the temple, forcing Preston back into the neutral corner. Preston covers up, raising his arms in the path of Wright's brutal blows.]

GM: Wright grabs the arm to shoot him across...

[He goes to follow but Preston instinctually leaps up to the midbuckle, blinding leaping back to catch Wright with an elbow in the mush!]

GM: Ohh! What a counter out of Preston!

[Preston rolls over, making a cover but Marty Meekly is nowhere to be found to count, instead arguing with Pedro Perez who was about to step in.]

GM: Get over there, Meekly!

BW: Hey, he's trying to help! He's keep Perez at bay!

GM: He is NOT!

[Preston tiredly pushes up off the mat, marching over to Meekly, swinging him around...

...and pointing at the downed Wright angrily. Meekly shrugs, pointing at Perez who sneaks up behind Preston...]

GM: OHH! PRESTON DROPS PEREZ WITH A RIGHT HAND!

[The crowd is roaring for the Combat Corner graduate as he marches back out to the middle of the ring, pulling a weary World Champion off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Preston hooks one arm!

[The crowd EXPLODES as they know what's coming!]

GM: He hooks the other arm!

[The crowd is REALLY roaring now, waiting for Preston to plant Supreme Wright with the signature move of the Combat Corner. Todd Michaelson raises his arms, shouting for his prize student to "DO IT! FINISH IT!"]

GM: PRESTON LIFTS!!

[He powers Wright up into the air, flipping him over...

...and sitting out in a thunderous Tiger Driver!]

GM: BILLION DOLLAR BOMMMMMMMMMB!

[Preston sits, holding the legs as a hesitant Marty Meekly looks back and forth, trying to figure out what to do...

...when the crowd suddenly EXPLODES!]

BW: What the-?!

GM: MICHAELSON'S IN! MICHAELSON'S IN!

[The AWA owner spins Meekly around, delivering a boot to the gut of the corrupt official. He tugs him into a standing headscissors, reaching down to hook one arm... then to grab the other...]

BW: HE CAN'T DO THIS! HE'S NOT ALLOWED TO DO THIS!

GM: DID SOMEONE TELL _HIM_ THAT?!

[Michaelson lifts Meekly into the air, flipping him over, and sits out in a Billion Dollar Bomb of his own that practically blows the roof of the Fabulous Forum!]

GM: OH YEAH! MEEKLY'S DOWN!

[The AWA owner stands up, looking down the aisle...

...and starts waving his arms towards the back, waving toward the ring.]

GM: Todd Michaelson is calling for someone... what is he...?!

[The crowd buzzes with confusion as the curtain parts...

...and then ERUPTS into a standing ovation at the man running down the ramp in a black and white referee's shirt.]

GM: JASON DANE! JASON DANE!

BW: WHAT?! HE WON'T... HE CAN'T...

GM: My partner's speechless for the first time ever!

BW: But... but... he's not a referee! He's not a licensed official!

[Dane comes through the ropes, diving to the mat where Preston is still holding Wright down...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Michaelson punches the air in frustration as Preston slumps back down to the mat after the kickout. Shaking his head, Michaelson steps out to the apron, dropping down to the floor. He spins around, slapping his hands against the ring apron, getting the fans roaring in support of Eric Preston.]

GM: Wright is down! Preston is down! Meekly is out and Jason Dane... listen to Percy Childes! Childes is screaming at Dane, ordering him out of the ring and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Dane flashes a middle finger at the Collector of Oddities, the camera quickly cutting to Childes' enraged expression, waving his crystal-topped cane at the new official.]

GM: Jason Dane just let Percy Childes that he's number one in his book!

BW: That's not what that means!

[Preston crawls to the ropes, using them to drag himself up to his feet. He turns slightly, leaning against the ropes, waving for Wright to get up off the mat. He slaps his knee twice, shouting at Wright to get up.]

GM: He's setting for the Dream Machine! Preston's setting up for the Dream Machine!

[As the World Champion staggers up off the canvas, Preston rushes towards him, throwing the big kneelift...

...the impact of which actually causes Wright to sail backwards, flying through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OHH! TO THE FLOOR GOES WRIGHT!

[Preston falls to his knees, disheartened by his enemy escaping the ring again...

...which allows Pedro Perez to slip in behind Preston, pulling him into an inverted facelock, yanking him to his feet...]

GM: Perez pulls him up...

[But Preston manages to kick his legs into the air, his feet landing on the middle rope, springing off into a backflip up and over Perez. He hooks a rear waistlock, rushing towards the ropes...

...but Perez lowers his head, ducking through the ropes as Preston SLAMS chestfirst into them, falling back out...]

GM: MARTINEZ!

[The White Knight lets out a horrific scream as he runs down the apron, SMASHING his boot into the side of Perez' head as his torso hangs between the ropes!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Perez staggers out towards a dazed Preston who leans up, dragging him down into a cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Pedro Perez has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd ROARS as Jason Dane backs off. Pedro Perez pops up, rushing at Dane, grabbing him by the shirt and shoving him back into the corner!]

GM: Get him away from there! Get him off Jason Dane!

[Perez grabs Dane by the hair, dragging him away from the corner, sticking a finger in his face as Demetrius Lake steps into the ring, sticking his white-taped thumb up into the air...]

GM: Lake's got that Tiger Strike ready! He's gonna hit Jason Dane with that Tiger Strike!

[Perez grabs the arms, holding Jason Dane helpless as Lake turns to the jeering crowd, nodding his head...]

BW: Lake's gonna finish off Jason Dane! We're never gonna have to hear his voice again after Lake slams that Tiger Strike home!

[Lake hits the ropes, deciding to get a little extra "oomph" this time around...

...and Eric Preston pops up into his path, throwing a standing dropkick that sends Lake sailing backwards, flopping over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: LAKE GOES OVER THE TOP!

[Detson slips in, burying a knee into the kidneys of Preston from behind...

...and then ROCKETS him between the ropes, sending him shoulderfirst into the ringpost!]

GM: OHHHHH! INTO THE STEEL!

[Detson spins around, cracking his knuckles and threatening Jason Dane who is still being held in place by Pedro Perez. The team captain turns to the floor where Percy Childes flings the crystal-topped cane over the ropes into the waiting hands of Johnny Detson...]

GM: This is gonna be a disqualification!

BW: Dane's not disqualifying anyone if he's out cold!

[Detson winds up, gripping the cane between his hands...]

GM: He's gonna crack that cane over Jason Dane's head and-

[Ryan Martinez steps in behind Detson, snatching the cane out of his hands. The crowd roars as Detson turns, getting the cane jammed into his midsection.]

GM: Ohh! Martinez goes downstairs!

[A shocked Pedro Perez lets go of Jason Dane, moving to attack Martinez who BASHES him over the head with the cane! Perez falls back, staggering in a circle...]

GM: WHAT?!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Jason Dane grabs at his windpipe, dropping down into a crouch...

...and SPEWING red mist into the eyes of the Dog of War!]

BW: WHAT?! WHAT?! HOW THE-?!

GM: NENSHOU! NENSHOU MUST'VE TAUGHT HIM-

[Martinez BASHES Perez over the back with the cane, sending him sprawling over the ropes to the floor. He smiles at Dane who wipes his mouth before revealing a red grin of his own.]

GM: I can't believe that just happened!

[Preston falls through the ropes to the floor as Martinez drags Detson away from the ropes and out to the middle of the ring. He pulls him into a standing front facelock...

...but Detson spins out of it, grabbing the arm...]

GM: OHH! Short-arm clothesline by Detson! What a counter!

[Detson backs to the corner, hopping up to the middle rope...

...and leaps off, burying a fist down between the eyes.]

GM: Detson with the cover for one! He's got two! But that's all!

[The former World Champion gets right back up, dragging Martinez up off the mat, throwing him by the arm into the corner...

...and rushes in, connecting with a big clothesline!]

GM: Clothesline in the corner!

[Pulling Martinez out, he boots him in the gut, and SPIKES him with a DDT!]

GM: DDT! HE PLANTS HIM!

[Detson flips him over, making the cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Martinez just barely gets the shoulder up, saving his team from being down to one man!]

GM: Only two men left. Martinez and Preston are fighting for their lives and for the future of this company!

[Detson angrily gets to his feet, stomping the AWA's White Knight a few times before turning to the corner...]

GM: What's this all about?

BW: Oh, I know what's going on here!

[Detson approaches the corner, climbing up the ropes.]

GM: Wait a second! Detson's going up top?! I don't know if I've ever seen him do that before!

[The team captain reaches the top, looking out at the jeering crowd. He jumps up, springing into a sideways 180 to hit the ropes again, facing forward, and springing off into the air...]

BW: SHOWSTOPPER!

[He plummets downwards with a senton bomb towards the downed Martinez...

...who raises his knees, catching Detson FLUSH in the back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Detson sprawled across his knees, Martinez shifts his weight, rolling Detson into a makeshift crucifix!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! DETSON'S GONE! DETSON'S GONE!

BW: NO! That's the team captain!

GM: And the team captain is ELIMINATED, Bucky! We're down to a tag team match now! Supreme Wright and Demetrius Lake against Eric Preston and Ryan Martinez for all the marbles!

[Wright rushes in, pulling a dazed Martinez off the mat, ducking down to lift him into a fireman's carry...

...but Martinez slips out, landing to a knee behind Wright. He slips his head through the legs, hoisting Wright up into the electric chair!]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE KNIGHT'S END!

[Up on the shoulders of Martinez, Wright scissors his legs around the head and neck of the Team AWA team captain, raining down elbows to the top of the head, forcing Martinez down to a knee...

...and then rolls it into a triangle choke!]

GM: CHOKE! OUT OF NOWHERE! WHAT A COUNTER BY THE WORLD CHAMPION!

[Martinez frantically claws at the mat, searching for a way out of the hold that could end his night... and the AWA as we know it... in a hurry.]

GM: Come on, Ryan! Get out of this thing!

[Martinez slips his legs underneath him as Wright switches his grip, raining elbows down on the skull again, busting open a cut on the forehead of the AWA's White Knight...]

GM: Martinez has been busted open, just having the life choked out of him by the World Heavyweight Champion!

[With a massive roar, Martinez grabs his own wrist, fighting the triangle choke trying to knock him out...]

...and LIFTS! WRIGHT! UP!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM UP!!

[Martinez pivots...]

...and HURLS Wright backfirst into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez slumps to his knee, wiping the blood from his eyes before climbing to his feet...]

...and giving off a deafening cry as he storms the corner!]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the fans' chant.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

[Martinez steps back, hands on his knees, breathing heavily as the blood flows down his forehead...]

...and then with another crazed cry, he steps forward, throwing chops too fast for the crowd to chant along with (although they certainly try.)]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
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"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Martinez grabs the arm, whipping Wright from corner to corner, charging across the ring...]

...and OBLITERATES the World Champion with the running big boot in the buckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez gives off another shout as he ducks down, lifting Wright up into the air, dumping him down on the top turnbuckle. He steps back, throwing his arms apart!]

GM: Martinez is going up! Martinez is going for that Brainbuster!

BW: DETSON!

[The crowd ROARS in warning to Ryan Martinez as Johnny Detson slides into the ring, steel chair in hand!]

GM: DETSON'S GOT THE CHAIR!!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The blow across the back sends Martinez down to his knees. Detson nods his head at the worried crowd, turning to face them, shouting at the fans.]

GM: He's gonna finish off Martinez! He's gonna club him with that chair to the head and end this thing!

[Detson turns back towards Martinez, winding up with the chair...]

GM: NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd falls silent at the sight of Eric Preston, a desperate and barely-conscious Eric Preston, diving in front of his best friend, taking the full shot from that steel chair to his already injured head! Preston instantly collapses motionless to the canvas.]

GM: My god... my... Eric Preston just...

[Johnny Detson looks shocked, staring down at the unmoving Preston, the steel chair still gripped in his hands...

...and Demetrius Lake comes tearing into the ring, shoving Detson aside, delivering a big boot to the face of the kneeling Martinez, sending him sprawling.]

GM: Lake shoves Martinez out!

[Turning towards the corner, Lake shrugs...

...and SHOVES the World Champion off the top rope, sending him crashing down to the floor in a heap!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: Lake's got a chance! He's gonna take it!

[Lake shouts at Detson, ordering him out of the ring as Jason Dane does the same. Demetrius Lake steps out on the apron, quickly scaling the ropes, waving his arms apart as he steps to the top...

...and DROPS a crushing Big Cat Pounce right on the head of Eric Preston!]

GM: HE SPLASHED HIS HEAD! Good god!

[Lake settles in, hooking a leg as a dejected Jason Dane drops to the mat, slapping the canvas three times.]

GM: HE GOT HIM! PRESTON'S GONE!

BW: Truer words have never been spoken. A guy with a history of concussions who admitted he didn't know how much time he had left just dove in front of a chair shot to the head... as noble as it might be... and got himself coldcocked! And then a three hundred pound man just dropped all his weight down on the head!

GM: Eric Preston is... he's not moving, fans.

[Lake uses the toe of his boot to roll Preston out of the ring, taunting the downed fan favorite as the fans jeer both Lake and Detson loudly.]

GM: Fans, we're down to three but... but all eyes right now are on Eric Preston as Todd Michaelson rushes to his side.

[Michaelson climbs the steps, kneeling on the entrance ramp where Lake booted Preston out to, checking on his former student. There is obvious concern in the eyes of Michaelson as he turns towards the curtain, throwing his arms up into an "X" and waving towards the back.]

GM: We've got medical personnel on standby... you can see them hurrying down the aisle right now. Dr. Bob Ponavitch leading the way. Fans, we are closing in on the two hour mark of this epic encounter... just three men remaining... this has to be the longest match I've ever called by far.

BW: Absolutely. What a war it's been.

GM: And now it's down to Ryan Martinez who - I don't even know if he's aware what his best friend just did for him - taking on Demetrius Lake and Supreme Wright with the future of this company hanging in the balance.

[Lake looks around for Martinez, spotting him out on the floor. He drops down, grabbing Martinez and shoving him back into the ring.]

GM: Lake puts Martinez back in... he's trying to finish him off!

[The Black Tiger climbs up on the apron, waving his arms apart, calling for the end...]

GM: Lake's gonna finish it! He's going for one more Big Cat Pounce to finish this thing.

BW: How many guys has Lake eliminated in this thing?! He's gotta be the MVP for Team Wise Men!

GM: If he gets one more and puts Ryan Martinez away to win this, he's DEFINITELY the MVP for the Wise Men. Percy Childes is shouting at him to finish it...

[Lake steps to the top rope, throwing his arms apart again...

...and leaps off his perch, sailing through the air and crashing down on a prone Ryan Martinez!]

GM: HE GOT IT! HE HITS THE SPLASH!

BW: IT'S OVER! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

[But there is no bell.

In fact, there is no count except for Bucky Wilde's.]

BW: What the hell?! Why didn't he count?! Why didn't Dane count?!

[Demetrius Lake springs to his feet, shouting at Dane and asking the exact same question, pointing to the downed Martinez...

...and Dane turns, pointing to Wright!]

GM: He's saying... he says that Supreme Wright is the legal man!

BW: Huh?!

GM: He's right, Bucky! Lake left the ring of his own accord! He dropped down to the floor! The moment he did that, Demetrius Lake "tagged in" the World Champion.

[A furious Lake kicks the bottom rope as Percy Childes shouts at him. The King Of Wrestling drops to the floor, rolling under the ropes to pull Wright off the floor, shoving him back in...]

GM: Lake puts him back in!

BW: Cover him, champ!

[A dazed Wright is dragged on top of Martinez by the Black Tiger who orders Dane to count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! THE SHOULDER IS UP! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?!

BW: NO! NO, I CAN'T!

[A furious Demetrius Lake stomps about the ring, slamming his arms down on the top rope, shouting at Jason Dane who holds up two fingers. Lake angrily pulls Wright off the mat...

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

GM: Good grief! Demetrius Lake has apparently abandoned any and all alliance with Supreme Wright in an attempt to win this thing!

[Lake throws his arms apart, with a "NOW IT'S OVER!" and heads towards the corner, stepping out to the apron. He's jawing at the fans... at Supreme Wright... at Todd Michaelson... at everyone in sight as he's climbing the ropes...]

GM: Lake's heading to the top! Lake wants to hit that splash again!

[But as he reaches the top...

...Martinez lets loose a hellish cry, racing across...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: YAAAAAAKUUUUZAAAAAA!

[The blow catches Lake in the head as he was hunched over to balance himself...

...and Martinez grabs him by the head, hooking it...]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[Martinez grits his teeth, muscling Lake straight up and down, slowly stepping back from the corner towards the middle of the ring...

...and DROPS Lake on his head on the mat!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BRAAAAAAIBUSSSSSTEEEEERRRRR!

[Martinez floats over, hooking both legs tightly.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: OH MY STARS! MARTINEZ HAS BATTLED BACK! WE'RE DOWN TO RYAN MARTINEZ AND THE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION, SUPREME WRIGHT!

[A frantic Percy Childes rushes to the side of Supreme Wright who is down on the floor. Todd Michaelson slides in, dragging Martinez towards the ropes, giving his team captain a final peptalk.]

GM: We're down to one on one! It all comes down to this! Whoever is the next man to score a decision has won this thing for their team!

BW: And somehow, it HAD to come down to this, didn't it? The guy who started this whole war - the so-called White Knight - Ryan Martinez against the man who stuck the blade in the heart of the AWA at the Tower Of Doom and made a pact with the Devil himself to put the World Title back around his waist.

[Martinez is slow to get up but as he does, he finds the World Champion up on the ring apron. The White Knight approaches...

...and Wright uses his grip on the middle rope, swinging himself into a shoulder tackle to the gut!]

GM: Wright goes low, dragging Martinez through the ropes...

[With a grip on the hair, Wright slams front kick after front kick into the forehead of Martinez...

...and then pulls him further out, slamming a knee up into the chest before driving an elbow down to the shoulderblades! He repeats the attack - knee, elbow, knee, elbow, knee, elbow...]

GM: Wright is taking the fight to Martinez...

[Wright uses the handful of hair, dragging Martinez out onto the apron. Martinez leans chestfirst against the ropes, arms wrapped around them as Wright slips in behind him, hooking a waistlock...]

GM: Wright hooks him! He's going for a German off the apron!

BW: That'll DEFINITELY finish off Martinez if he hits it!

[Martinez clings to the ropes with all he's got as Wright tries to hurl him off. Percy Childes is shouting encouragement at Wright as Todd Michaelson pleads with Martinez to hang on for dear life...

...when Martinez suddenly cracks Wright with a back elbow to the temple!]

GM: Ohh! Martinez caught him!

[He throws a second one, stunning Wright.]

GM: A second one connects as well!

[A third elbow knocks Wright down off the apron...

...where he yanks Martinez' legs out from under him, causing Martinez to SLAM facefirst down on the ring apron!]

GM: With no one left on either team, the action CAN spill out to the floor now and Supreme Wright is taking advantage of that right here, pulling Martinez off the apron... look out!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: MARTINEZ GOES SPINEFIRST INTO THE STEEL!

[Wright stalks towards him, pulling him off the railing to shove him back under the ropes into the ring. The World Champion grabs the ropes, pulling himself back up on the apron, ducking through...

...and getting plucked into a small package!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! HOW CLOSE WAS THAT?!

[A fired up Wright gets up, hooking Martinez in a cravate, holding him over while Wright slams knee after knee into the skull...

...and then uses the cravate to flip Martinez over into a seated position.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big kick to the spine!

[Wright rushes the ropes, rebounding back towards Martinez...

...and DRIVES a running knee into the skull of the White Knight!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHH! DOWN GOES MARTINEZ!

[The World Champion drops to his knees, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Martinez' shoulder pops up off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Still not enough to put him down for a three count!

[Pulling the White Knight off the mat, Wright fires him into the ropes. He slowly backs to the opposite corner, waving his right arm around to loosen it up...

...and then tears across the ring, BLASTING him with a running European uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wright steps back, grabbing Martinez' limp arm, yanking him into a bearhug, swinging around...

...and THROWS the White Knight overhead into the corner with a belly to belly throw!]

GM: OHHHH! GOOD GRIEF!

BW: That might do it, Gordo!

GM: Wright with the cover - ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE-

[But again, Martinez lifts the shoulder, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Jason Dane says it wasn't three... although I'm not sure Supreme Wright believes him.

BW: I don't believe him! Why would anyone believe him?! He's a former interviewer! He works in marketing now!

[Wright pulls Martinez off the mat by the hair, steadying him as the White Knight seems barely able to stand...]

...and BLASTS him with an elbowstrike to the temple!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot by Wright!

BW: He's hanging onto him, Gordo! He ain't done!

[Three more elbows connect, causing Martinez to stumble back, turning away...]

...and then turns back towards Wright, throwing an elbow of his own that stuns the World Champion!]

GM: OHH! BIG SHOT BY MARTINEZ!

[He lands a second elbow... and a third which has Wright backpedaling.]

GM: Martinez fighting back!

[The White Knight leans down, slapping the canvas with both hands, letting loose a war cry before spinning around...]

GM: ROLLING ELBOW!!!

[...and BOUNCES the elbow off the jaw of Wright, sending him falling back into the ropes where his upper body falls between the ropes, using the ropes to bounce back and build momentum...]

GM: REBOUND!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wright CONNECTS with a brutal rebound lariat that flips Martinez over, dumping him down on the canvas! Childes can be heard shouting "THAT'S IT! PIN HIM!" from the floor as Wright dives into a cover.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HOW?! HOW DID HE KICK OUT, GORDO!?

GM: I have no idea. This kid just refuses to stay down! He started this fight with the Wise Men so long ago and he just refuses to stay down and lose it! He's put so much into this war for the past year... he's gotta do it. He's gotta find a way to win it! To end it!

[A furious Wright straightens up, giving a shout down at Martinez before ripping off his glove, throwing it down to the mat.]

GM: What in the world?!

[Wright leans down, hauling Martinez up to his feet, steadying him...]

...and goes into a full spin, looking to land a spinning backfist!]

GM: BACKFIST!

[But the White Knight slumps to a knee, ducking under it. He comes up, hooking a rear waistlock...]

...and takes Wright up and over, dumping him into a bridging German Suplex!]

GM: GERMAN! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Wright's shoulder comes off the mat, breaking the pin...]

...but Martinez hangs on to the waistlock, rolling to his side, taking both men back up to their feet.]

GM: Martinez rolls back up! He's still got him hooked!

[The White Knight gives a grunt of effort, taking Wright up and over with a second German Suplex!]

GM: ANOTHER ONE!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WRIGHT KICKS OUT AGAIN!!

[But Martinez hangs on again, again rolling to his side, taking Wright back up to his feet...]

GM: Third time's a charm?!

[...where he quickly switches to a full nelson, giving a HUUUUUGE shout as he takes Wright up and over, DUMPING him on top of his head with a released Dragon Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THAT'S IT! THAT'S GOTTA BE IT!!

[Wright rolls with the impact, trying to get out of the ring and get a breather as Martinez crawls, trying to get into a lateral press...]

GM: Wright gets out to the apron!

BW: What a brilliant move by a ring general! He knew had to do it! He knew he had to get there to save himself and the match!

GM: Fans, we have officially passed the two hour mark in this epic encounter! What a war!

[Martinez climbs to his feet, breathing heavily as he stalks across the ring, reaching over the top rope, pulling Wright up by the arm...]

...and yanks him into a front facelock!]

GM: He's gonna bring him in the hard way!

[The White Knight goes to lift him up...]

...and gets tripped up from the floor by a desperate Percy Childes who pulls down on the ankle, hiding out of view as Jason Dane drops down to count Wright's cover on a struggling Martinez!]

GM: NOT LIKE THIS! NOT LIKE THIS!

BW: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as Todd Michaelson makes his way quickly around the ring, BLASTING Percy Childes with a kick and knocking him off of Martinez' leg, allowing the kickout.]

GM: Todd Michaelson just saved this match for Team AWA! He just saved it after two hours of action!

[Supreme Wright shouts something at Michaelson as he gets to his feet, dragging Ryan Martinez up off the mat. He spins, burying a rolling sole butt into the midsection, doubling him up...]

GM: What's he... he's gonna try to beat him with his own move?!

[The crowd is buzzing with concern as Wright pulls him into a front facelock, slinging the arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: Supreme Wright is... he's going for the Brainbuster, fans!

BW: Oh, what a slap in the face this is! He's gonna beat this dumb kid with his own damn move! I love it!

[Wright shouts something at Michaelson again before going to lift Martinez off the mat...

...and getting dragged down in an inside cradle!]

GM: OUT OF NOWHERE!! ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEE- NO!! NO!!

[The crowd that had started to explode on the VERY near fall deflates at the sight of Jason Dane pulling away, holding up two fingers. He lifts his other hand, holding his hands very close together to show how close it was.]

GM: Ryan Martinez almost snatched victory out of the jaws of defeat right there!

[Wright scrambles to his feet as Martinez tries to do the same...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: ROUNDHOUSE TO THE HEAD!!

[Martinez starts to slump over but gets grabbed by the hair. Wright shakes his head, refusing to let Martinez fall to the mat. He hauls the AWA's White Knight off the mat, pushing him back to the corner, grabbing the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[But as Wright approaches the corner at top speed, he runs up the turnbuckles, flipping off the top in a backflip, trying to evade a charging Martinez...

...who pulled up short, ducking down to lift the off-balance Wright up onto his shoulders in an electric chair!]

GM: KNIGHT'S END! MARTINEZ GOING FOR IT ALL!!

[The World Champion has other ideas, slamming the point of his elbow repeatedly down into the crown of the skull...

...and then leans forward, rolling Martinez into a Victory Roll!]

GM: VICTORY ROLL BY WRIGHT!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE- MARTINEZ ROLLS IT BACK THE OTHER WAY!

[Martinez is kneeling on the shoulder, using his arms to hold down the legs of the World Champion, leaning forward to get as much leverage as he can.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Wright kicks out JUST after the three count, throwing Martinez off but the party is already going as Dane points to Martinez, raising a hand in the air.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... Supreme Wright has been ELIMINATED!

[HUUUUUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

PW: Your winners of the Cibernetico... TEEEEEEEEAM AAAAAAAA-W-AAAAAAAA!

[Todd Michaelson slides into the ring, rushing to embrace Ryan Martinez as the camera cuts to a shellshocked Percy Childes who is staring at the ring in disbelief.]

GM: And THAT man is out of a job!

BW: I can't believe it. This did NOT just happen!

GM: Ryan Martinez pinned the champion of the World and in doing so, has won this Cibernetico for Team AWA and for fans of the AWA all over the world!

[Michaelson yanks Martinez to his feet, raising his arm as Jason Dane stands in the corner, clapping with a smile on his face. Soon, the locker room starts to empty as fan favorites come pouring into view - men like Sweet Daddy Williams, like Air Strike, like Tony Sunn... then the members of Team AWA are next, men like Stevie Scott... like Marcus Broussard... like Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor.]

GM: The celebration is on, fans! Here in Los Angeles... back home in Dallas... and likely all over the world as AWA fans are going to party all night long as the Wise Men - at long last - have been vanquished!

[Martinez is grinning from ear to ear as he embraces his allies as they come into the ring - hugs for Bobby O'Connor and Sweet Daddy Williams... high fives with the Lynch Brothers...]

GM: This place is going nuts! And who can blame them?!

[We cut again to a dejected Percy Childes who has been rejoined by Larry Doyle and Sandra Hayes. Hayes seems beside herself, shouting at Childes who is just shaking his head over and over again, looking down at the ground.]

GM: The Wise Men have fallen! They're done!

BW: But... but... Percy said there would be a walkout! This isn't over, Gordo!

GM: It may not be over... but on this night, victory has arrived! Victory has come to the forces of good as Team AWA has overcome all the odds and accomplished what many thought was impossible!

[Martinez gets hoisted onto the shoulders of Jack Lynch and Tony Sunn, thrusting his arms into the air to an even louder cheer from his hometown fans!]

GM: It's a tremendous victory - a tremendous night for Ryan Martinez and his allies!

BW: And while he's out here partying it up, his so-called best friend is on his way to a nursing home... and his father might be headed that way too! Some hero this punk kid is!

GM: Shut up, Bucky! Allow Ryan and the rest of the AWA to enjoy this moment! If you knew this young man half as well as I have come to know him, you'd know that Eric Preston and Alex Martinez are definitely on his mind right now but he's worked so hard for so long to have this moment... to GIVE this moment to the entire locker room and all of the fans... just let him have it!

BW: Ahhh, whatever. This isn't over, Gordo. That's all I have to say. Percy Childes won't go out like this. He will NOT go down without a fight.

GM: He just HAD his fight... and he lost! Percy Childes is no longer the AWA President... thank God! He may still be a manager... he may still be in the AWA... but his power is gone! The Wise Men are done!

BW: We'll see about that.

GM: Fans, the ring is full! There's dancing and partying in the aisles of the Fabulous Forum! The Coast To Coast Tour has come to a spectacular end here at the Battle Of Los Angeles! It's been one heckuva ride all summer long and... well, it's time to head home sweet home. When we join you next time, we'll be LIVE from... well, well, well... I guess we can call it the Crockett Coliseum again!

BW: Ahh, shut up.

GM: We'll be live from Dallas, Texas and the Crockett Coliseum for the annual event known as Homecoming... and on that night, the road to SuperClash VI begins with the 30 man over-the-top Rumble! It's been an amazing night of action and I can't wait to get back to Dallas to start a whole new era of the American Wrestling Alliance! For Colt Patterson, Mark Stegglet, and Bucky Wilde, I'm Gordon Myers and we'll see you next time... at the matches!

[The celebration is ongoing in the ring, Martinez screaming in triumph as the fans stand and roar their appreciation for what Team AWA accomplished on this night in Los Angeles...

...as we slowly fade to black.]