

SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

Saturday, October 11th, 2014
Crockett Coliseum
Dallas, Texas

[We fade up on a black screen with the AWA logo splashed across a starry field. A barrage of lasers flash in from all sides of the screen, etching along the borders of the letters, illuminating the plain white text into glowing and glittering gold. A deep voiceover begins. The words "American Wrestling Alliance" come up one by one at the bottom of the screen.]

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades as the sounds of KISS' rock anthem "I Love It Loud" starts to play. The thudding drumline of Eric Carr tears through as the black screen twists to reveal a shot of the World Television Title belt, glittering silver with splashes of red. The shot of the belt fades to show photos of Dave Bryant, Ryan Martinez, Johnny Detson, and Tony Sunn holding the same title aloft.

The World Tag Team Title belts follow, golden in all their glory, turning into photos of the Blonde Bombers, Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds, the Lights Out Express, and Air Strike.

And finally, the World Heavyweight Title, majestic in all its splendor with side plates listing the names of the champions past and present. The photos of James Monosso, Calisto Dufresne, Dave Bryant, and Supreme Wright follow just before the song's lyrics kick in.]

#Stand up, you don't have to be afraid
Get down, love is like a hurricane#

[Footage from the very first year of Saturday Night Wrestling appears featuring Marcus Broussard, Ron Houston, Ricky Royal, Kentucky's Pride, Stevie Scott, and Calisto Dufresne among others.]

#Street boy, no I never could be tamed, better believe it
Guilty till I'm proven innocent#

[The footage gets a little more modern, showing Juan Vasquez, Robert Donovan, Nenshou, the Southern Syndicate, and many others.]

#Whiplash, heavy metal accident
Rock on, I wanna be the president, 'cos#

[And then yet more modern featuring Supreme Wright, Dave Bryant, Glenn Hudson, Dave Cooper, Violence Unlimited, and more.]

#I love it loud, I wanna hear it loud, right between the eyes#

[A barrage of superkicks - Stevie Scott to Skywalker Jones to Dave Bryant - connect on opponents. A moonsault from Juan Vasquez. A huracanrana from Cody Mertz. A Wham, Bam, Thank You Ma'am from Calisto Dufresne.]

#Loud, I wanna hear it loud, I don't want to compromise#

[A press slam by Tony Sunn. A gutwrench powerbomb by Robert Donovan. A Mind Eraser from Hannibal Carver. The brainbuster from Ryan Martinez. And lastly, the title-winning Reign Supreme from SuperClash V by the World Heavyweight Champion, Supreme Wright. The image freezes still and then EXPLODES into fragments, leaving behind a ground-level shot of fans pouring into the building underneath the marquee with the name of the building and the words "SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" in block black text as "I Love It Loud" continues to play. The trademark voice of Gordon Myers interjects.]

GM: On a beautiful night here in the Lone Star State, we come to you LIVE once again from the Crockett Coliseum in downtown Dallas for what promises to be another exciting night of American Wrestling Alliance action!

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

A large video screen has been erected over the entrance platform, right now looping an AWA logo but certainly with the idea of showing some backstage interviews and such throughout the show. The screen isn't gigantic by any sense of the imagination but it's big enough for the fans jam-packed into the downtown Dallas building to see.]

GM: We are on the road to New York City... to the world's most famous arena in Madison Square Garden... and to SuperClash VI where the best in the world will converge for the biggest night of the year!

[We clearly see banners on the two far sides of the building. On one side, we see huge banners hanging from the rafters spotlighting the current AWA

champions - Supreme Wright, Air Strike, and Tony Sunn. Opposing them on the opposite side of the building, we can see banners for James Monosso, Calisto Dufresne, Dave Bryant, and Supreme Wright - the four men who have held the AWA World Heavyweight Title around their waist.

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

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to another star-studded edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling featuring all the stars of the AWA galaxy. I'm Gordon Myers and by my side for the next two hours, as always, is the one and only Bucky Wilde. Bucky, if you take a deep breath here in Dallas tonight, you can smell SuperClash in the air.

[Bucky takes the deep breath before crinkling up his nose, waving a hand in front of his face.]

BW: That's not SuperClash, Gordo. Either that lugnut Travis Lynch is in the building or the brass haven't bothered to fire my no-account nephews yet.

GM: Would you knock it off? You know very well that Travis Lynch is still medically banned from appearing at any AWA event... but yes, I understand that the Wilde Bunch IS here tonight and they WILL be in action later tonight.

BW: I knew I should've called in sick tonight.

GM: If you would have done that, you would have missed one heck of a night including the debut of King Oni inside this very ring.

BW: And I do NOT want to miss it when Oni claims his first victim.

GM: What about that tag team showdown pitting Dichotomy against Strictly Business?

BW: I don't like that one, Gordo. Those two should be working together to drive TORA and James out of the AWA, not tearing each other apart.

GM: Nevertheless, that one is coming up later tonight as well as many of the AWA's best and brightest in action...

[There's a big cheer from the Dallas fans.]

GM: And as you hear that cheer for the World Tag Team Champions, Air Strike, who made their way down the aisle during the opening credits, it's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling so let's go up to Phil Watson!

[Crossfade to the ring where the ring announcer is standing.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is a six man tag team match set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... they are the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... CODY MERTZ... MICHAEL AARONS...

AAAAAAAAAAIR STRIIIIIIIIIIKE!

[The crowd ROARS for the World Tag Team Champions as they jump up on the middle rope of the same corner, shouting to the cheering fans as Aarons hurls a green and white Combat Corner t-shirt into the crowd to a definite high-pitched squeal from the ladies.]

PW: And their tag team partner...

[There is the light tinkling of heavily synthesized music, which begins to grow in intensity, as Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" blares over the loudspeakers.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California...

[As the song builds, the heavy percussion of drums shakes the arena, the sound replicating the stomping of hundreds of feet. A chorus of singers belts out the opening words of "Vox Populi"]

#This is a call to arms, gather soldiers
Time to go to war#

#This is a battle song, brothers and sisters
Time to go to war#

PW: RYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAN MAAAAARRRRRTIIIIINEZZZZZ!

[The AWA's White Knight walks through the curtain at the top of the entrance ramp, wearing a black hoodie, the hood pulled up over his face. He steps down to the center of the entrance ramp and pauses, throwing his head back, to reveal his face to a crazed reaction from the AWA faithful.]

GM: There he is, fans... the man who stands here tonight just weeks away from his night of destiny - SuperClash VI - when he will walk the aisle and attempt to become the World Heavyweight Champion!

[Martinez looks out over the crowd, giving a single nod before rushing down the aisle to join his allies inside the ring. He steps through the ropes, unzipping his hoodie and throwing it over the turnbuckle to reveal that he has elected to match his partners' ring colors on the night, sporting a pair of

short white trunks, green boots with white laces, white knee pads with a black "X" in the center of the knee, and a long, white pad on his right arm that extends from the middle of his forearm to just under his armpit, the elbow portion of it heavily padded.]

GM: Ryan Martinez steps inside that squared circle tonight in the colors of the Combat Corner as he stands alongside the World Tag Team Champions to face three men who walked away from the Corner - who betrayed the Corner itself!

BW: Martinez was never in the Combat Corner at all! He's just sucking up to these idiot fans who lap up whatever rotten garbage that Michaelson shovels in their direction!

GM: Ryan Martinez stood side-by-side with Todd Michaelson at the Battle Of Los Angeles. Ryan Martinez lives and breathes the very principles that Todd Michaelson teaches all his students. Ryan Martinez may never have been a student of the Combat Corner... but he is the very epitome of what a Combat Corner student should be.

BW: Uggh. What a sickening piece of hype that was. You get that one from the PR office?

[The music fades.]

"READY...HUT!"

["Jesus Walks" by Kanye West begins to play over the PA system, as the crowd roars with boos when they see the massive figure of Cain Jackson step through the curtain, followed by a small contingent of Team Supreme members, totaling only about a half dozen. In contrast to his comrades wearing silver and red tracksuits, Jackson wears a sheer black tracksuit, signifying his status above them all. They form two rows opposite of each other in the aisle...]

#(Jesus walk)

#God show me the way because the Devil tryna break me down

#(Jesus walk with me...with me...with me...)

[... as the lights in the Coliseum then go completely dark and "Black Skinhead" begins to play, signifying the entrance of the AWA World Heavyweight champion, bringing the boos to a deafening crescendo! The champion is dressed in a black tracksuit with gold trim, cradling the greatest prize in all of professional wrestling, the AWA World Heavyweight championship belt, in his right arm.]

GM: The World Heavyweight Champion heading down the aisle with his students flanking him.

BW: You want to talk about students who are loyal? Students who are learning the right way to do things from their teacher? Take a look at Team Supreme, daddy!

[As he passes by his charges, Team Supreme follows him towards the ring, where Tony Donovan and Cain Jackson both hold open the ropes for their leader. Supreme then steps through the ropes and into the ring, as the rest of Team Supreme stand on the outside in his corner.]

GM: The RIGHT way?! Supreme Wright hasn't done a single thing the RIGHT way since SuperClash V when he stole the World Heavyweight Title away from Dave Bryant! He stabbed Bryant in the back. He joined up with the Wise Men. He helped end the career of Eric Preston. He...

BW: He may have done much and more to make you think less of him, Gordo, but there's one thing that each and every one of those things accomplished - they put him in the Main Event and they kept him there. You talk about Dave Bryant. Bryant supposedly has done things the "right way" for over a year now, right?

GM: Exactly and-

BW: And come SuperClash VI, where is he now? Is he in the World Title match? Is he defending the title? Is he even challenging for the title? No... no he's not. But you know what Supreme Wright is doing? Supreme Wright is stepping into the Main Event of SuperClash for the third consecutive year! No one else has done that in AWA history, Gordo. Not Stevie Scott. Not Juan Vasquez. Not James Monosso. Not Calisto Dufresne. No one!

GM: He has enjoyed quite the string of success... but that doesn't excuse how he's done it.

[With the six men inside the ring, AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger stands between them, trying to prevent utter chaos from breaking out before the bell. The other members of Team Supreme take up their spots on the floor, pounding on the apron with their fists as they shout across the ring at Mertz, Aarons, and Martinez.]

GM: It's a tense atmosphere out here at ringside. We've got these Team Supreme guys all over the place and-

[Wright lifts the title belt over his head, holding it high as Martinez' eyes rest upon it, nodding his head confidently. The champion hands the title belt off to the referee who hands it out to the floor before turning, asking two members of each team to exit out to the apron.]

GM: It looks like it's going to be young Tony Donovan starting it off for Team Supreme... and across the ring, Cody Mertz is going to be the first man in. This should be a very interesting encounter.

BW: Quite a size discrepancy between these two, Gordo. Donovan stands six foot six and weighs about 260 pounds while Mertz checks in at an even six foot and weighs 195 pounds.

GM: A definite advantage for Tony Donovan, a third generation competitor here in the AWA. His grandfather and namesake was "Tough" Tony Donovan who was a big name in the Memphis area for years. His father, of course, is Robert Donovan who has had issues of his own with Team Supreme for several months now.

[Donovan arrogantly strides out of the corner, sidestepping his way around the ring as the bell sounds. Cody Mertz scrambles to keep pace before the duo comes together in a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Mertz easily getting pushed back against the ropes. The referee calls for the break...

[Donovan steps back before clubbing Mertz across the sternum with a forearm smash. He smirks as the referee reprimands him, backing off with his arms raised.]

GM: Cheapshot on the break by Donovan... exactly the kind of thing he learned from Supreme Wright no doubt.

BW: You think Michaelson never cracked someone on the break? He wasn't always the goody-goody he claims to be these days, Gordo.

GM: No, no he wasn't but he's taught the kids in the Combat Corner to be better than that, Bucky.

BW: Which is why they all fail until they turn their backs on what he's taught them.

GM: You're calling Air Strike, the World Tag Team Champions, failures?

BW: Give 'em time.

[Mertz and Donovan lock up again and the six foot six rookie easily backs Mertz into the ropes a second time. He backs off, swinging the arm...

...but Mertz ducks under, spinning behind Donovan and throwing a rapid series of hooking rights and lefts to the ribs before scampering back away from a wild back elbow attempt!]

GM: Mertz using his speed and quickness right th- look out!

[Donovan comes fast at Mertz who ducks under again, causing the bigger man to tumble chestfirst into the ropes. He turns back around into a pair of quick forearms to the jaw before Donovan shoves him backwards. Mertz tumbles into a back somersault, rolling back up to his feet...

...and throws himself at an incoming Donovan with a crossbody!]

GM: Mertz takes him down!

[He scrambles back up, not ready to attempt a pin yet, and connects with a standing dropkick on the rising rookie!]

GM: Dropkick takes Donovan back down to the mat!

[Both men scramble up again and a second dropkick takes Donovan back down to the mat.]

GM: Another one!

[They come up at the same time again, this time with Mertz taking a wild haymaker and turning it into a deep armdrag, putting Donovan down on the mat where he promptly rolls out to the floor, slamming his arms down on the ring apron in frustration!]

GM: And Tony Donovan is hot under the collar, fans!

[Donovan stalks away from the ring, shouting up at a waiting Cody Mertz who waves him back into the ring. The referee steps in, forcing Mertz back as he starts a ten count.]

GM: Tony Donovan has decided to take a little walk out there on the floor, trying to clear his head and regroup a bit.

[At the count of four, Donovan pulls himself up on the apron, barking at the official and Mertz again before stepping back through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Donovan comes back in... and right back to the tieup!

[Donovan blasts Mertz with a short forearm on the jaw, stunning the tag team specialist. He grabs him by the arm, flinging him towards the ropes before winding up with his right hand...

...but Mertz goes low, sliding through the wide base of Donovan, popping up behind him, leaping into the air...]

GM: HEADSCISSORS!

[Mertz SNAPS him over, sending him crashing down to the mat with a swiftly - and expertly - executed rana!]

BW: I'm not a big Cody Mertz fan, Gordo, but I gotta say he's got one of the best - if not THE best - ranas in the game.

[Donovan again bails out to the floor, this time stomping over towards the ringside barricade where he delivers a swift kick to the jeers of the fans. He grabs the railing, violently shaking it with both hands as he leans over it, getting a count laid on him by the official.]

GM: This kid's got a hot temper and one of these days, it's going to get him in some serious trouble, Bucky.

BW: That's one of those things he got from his old man that Supreme hasn't been able to break him of quite yet.

[The third generation competitor turns, shouting at the ring where Mertz is pacing back and forth. A few hecklers get on Donovan's case as he spins back towards the front row, shouting at them...

...and then resting his eyes on a young man sitting in the front row.]

GM: Tony Donovan's out here at ringside, letting the fans have it...

[Donovan lifts a hand, pointing at the young man, shaking his head as he shouts something at his direction.]

BW: What did he just say?

GM: I couldn't quite catch it but it didn't sound friendly. He's frustrated and he's letting it show as he climbs back up on the apron...

[Still shouting at the fans, Donovan makes the mistake of leaving his hands on the top rope, allowing Mertz to catapult his six foot six frame over the ropes, bouncing him off the canvas!]

GM: Oh my!

[Cradling his lower back, Donovan butt scoots across the ring, ending up in the corner as Mertz pursues, pulling him up and into an armtwist before pointing to the corner, drawing squeals from the ladies as he slaps the hand of his partner...]

GM: There's the tag to Michael Aarons who heads up top... and comes crashing down across the arm of Tony Donovan with a forearm smash!

[Donovan staggers away, clutching his arm this time as Aarons twists the arm again... and tags Mertz back in.]

GM: Quick tags by the champs...

[Mertz grabs the other arm, resulting in a double armtwist by the champions before a double knife edge chop knocks him back down to the mat to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Simple but effective doubleteam by the champions puts him back down!

[Across the ring, Cain Jackson and Supreme Wright are huddled up, discussing strategy as they watch Mertz drag Donovan back up, twisting the arm again before tagging in Aarons who steps back in...]

GM: Ohh! Big forearm uppercut to the arm!

[Aarons grabs the arm, using it to armdrag Donovan down to the mat where Aarons shoves a knee into the shoulderjoint, barring the arm back.]

GM: Into the armbar goes Michael Aarons and the champions are showing their tag team expertise, isolating an opponent, working over a body part.

BW: They haven't even tagged the so-called White Knight in yet, Gordo.

GM: They haven't needed to yet.

[Donovan slowly works his way back to his feet, burying a knee up into the gut.]

GM: Ohh! Donovan with a knee downstairs!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, he yanks Aarons off his feet...

...but Aarons hangs on to the arm, dragging Donovan back down with him!]

GM: What tenacity on the part of Michael Aarons, hanging on to the armbar and pulling Donovan back down to the mat!

[Aarons gets up, straightening out the arm before dropping a leg across it to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Air Strike continues to work over the arm of Tony Donovan as Aarons drags him up off the mat...

[This time, Aarons grabs the wrist with both hands, looking for an Irish whip as Matt Lance shouts at the official from the floor. Johnny Jagger turns to respond as Aarons hits the ropes...

...and gets a knee driven up into the lower back by Cain Jackson!]

GM: Ohh! Cain Jackson from behind!

[Aarons staggers off towards Donovan who throws himself at the tag champion with a high impact lunging clothesline, knocking him off his feet and down to the mat!]

GM: And Donovan lowers the boom!

[Donovan gets back up slowly, turning to shout at the fans, gesturing again at the young man in the front row before Cain Jackson angrily slaps the hand of Donovan.]

GM: There's the tag to big Cain Jackson, the Beast himself!

[Jackson lands a few heavy stomps to the upper body of the downed Michael Aarons before hauling him up by the hair, burying a boot into the midsection.]

GM: What's he going for here?

[The bodyguard for the World Champion easily muscles Aarons up over his shoulder in a backbreaker submission...

...and then charges towards the neutral corner, DRIVING Aarons gutfirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Jackson backs off, taking some abuse from the official as he glares across the ring at Martinez and Mertz who are shouting at their partner to get to the corner and make the tag.]

BW: How quickly things can turn in a match like this, Gordo? Air Strike and Martinez looked like they had everything going their way until Cain Jackson got involved! There's a reason they call this guy "The Beast", Gordo.

GM: He lives up to that nickname for sure.

[Brushing past the official, he steps in to drill a seated Aarons with a right hand!]

GM: Jackson throwing some bombs at Michael Aarons who is seated up on the top turnbuckle... ohh, another big shot to the skull!

[A half dozen blows connect before Jackson backs off again, staring up at Aarons who tries to get his legs inside the ring, looking to recover...]

GM: Jackson backs off, halfway across the ring this time...

[He charges back in but Aarons lifts a leg, causing him to run facefirst into the boot!]

GM: Ohh! Aarons caught him coming in!

[Stepping up on the middle rope, Aarons gives a shout before leaping off for a double axehandle...

...but Jackson blocks it, snatching Aarons out of the sky!]

GM: He caught him! He caught him!

[Jackson propels Aarons up and over, throwing him violently down to the canvas with a released belly-to-belly!]

GM: Ohhh... down hard to the canvas goes Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz is beside himself out on the apron waiting for the tag.

[Jackson slowly climbs back to his feet where Tony Donovan gives a shout of "Finish him, big man!"]

GM: Jackson doesn't appear to be done quite yet, dragging Aarons off the mat near the neutral corner...

[He leans down, lifting Aarons up under his armpit. He holds him there effortlessly, allowing one and all to see a trapped Aarons as he strides across the ring, still holding him steady...

...and then drops down, driving his back into the canvas with a side slam!]

GM: Big slam and that might do it!

[Jackson rolls into a lateral press, grinding his forearm bone into the cheek of the good-looking Aarons. The fans cheer as Aarons kicks out and Donovan turns, shouting at the front row again.]

GM: Cain Jackson got a two count off that slam but that's all.

[Climbing off the mat, Jackson turns to stare at Cody Mertz and Ryan Martinez, both of whom have their arms outstretched towards their partner.]

GM: Aarons needs to get out of there and both of his partners on this night are waiting for him to make that tag.

BW: Fat chance of that.

[Jackson leans down, dragging Aarons off the mat by the back of the trunks and BURIES a forearm smash into the kidneys. Hanging onto the trunks, he shoves him away before yanking him back into a second forearm!]

GM: Two hard forearms to the back...

[Jackson uses the handful of trunks to sling Aarons backfirst into the neutral corner before lunging in, driving his elbow back into the jaw of the smaller man.]

GM: Aarons is trapped in the neutral corner as Jackson just lowers the boom on him with blow after blow after blow...

[Jackson drags Aarons out of the corner by the hair, leaning in to taunt the smaller man. He lifts him up, swinging him around, and slamming him down hard in the center of the ring before leaping high into the air, dropping a thunderous leg across the chest!]

GM: Ohh! Jackson drops the leg and covers!

[The big man scores a two count before Aarons slips a shoulder up off the canvas.]

GM: Two count only for Cain Jackson.

BW: The Beast is laying in a big beating on Michael Aarons.

[Jackson climbs to his feet, turning towards the corner where he slaps the hand of the World Champion to a big burst of jeers from the crowd.]

GM: In comes the World Champion and look at Ryan Martinez!

[The hot-headed Martinez shouts at Wright instantly, pacing back and forth on the apron as Wright slips through the ropes, dragging Aarons up off the mat and throwing him back into the buckles. He slowly walks in after him, twisting his body to throw a pair of roundhouse kicks into the ribcage.]

GM: The World Champion works him over in the corner... ohh! A hard back elbow to the jaw!

[Aarons is clinging to the top rope, trying to stay on his feet when Wright swoops in from behind, hooking a rear waistlock...

...and DUMPS him on the back of his head with a released German Suplex!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: That's it, Gordo! Wright just finished him off!

[Wright turns back, staring at a fuming Martinez who is stretched out, reaching out for the tag as Wright settles down into a jackknife pin attempt.]

GM: Wright's got him down for one! He's got two! He's got-

[Aarons slips the shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Wow! Michael Aarons kicks out at two!

BW: Did that really just happen? Did Aarons kick out of that suplex?!

[As Aarons rolls to his stomach, Wright ties up his legs in a deathlock, leaning down to grab the arms of the World Tag Team Champion...

...and drags his upper body off the mat, forcing Aarons to look across the ring at his partners who are begging for the tag!]

GM: Surfboard locked in by Supreme Wright!

[Aarons screams out in pain as Wright pulls back on the arms, stretching the arms, the legs, the torso...]

GM: What a punishing hold locked in by the World Champion!

[Wright leans over, slapping Tony Donovan's hand.]

GM: Tag!

[Donovan gets a running start, hitting the ropes facing Michael Aarons...

...and DRIVES a running boot into the mush, snapping his head back before Wright lets go of the arms, allowing Aarons to slump back down to the mat. Donovan stands over Michael Aarons, shouting at him, pointing to the corner at Wright and Jackson.]

GM: Tony Donovan is showing off that red hot temper of his, reading the riot act to Michael Aarons.

BW: Did you hear him, Gordo? He just told Aarons that Team Supreme is the place to be!

GM: I'm sure he believes that.

[Donovan turns, glaring out at the jeering fans, again letting his eyes rest on the young man in the front row as he hauls Aarons off the mat by the back of the trunks, pulling him into a side waistlock...

...and hoists him up, dumping him down on the back of the head with a back suplex, holding him with a picture perfect bridge!]

GM: Bridging back suplex! One! Two! Thr-

[The shoulder just BARELY flies off the canvas this time, breaking the pin attempt. Donovan rolls to his knees, slamming his fists down into the canvas.]

GM: Donovan again showing that hot temper as he pulls Michael Aarons up off the mat...

[The six foot six rookie ducks down, scooping Aarons up for a slam...

...but Aarons slips out behind him, tying him up, and SNAPPING him back and down to the mat with a Russian leg sweep!]

GM: OHHH! Nice counter out of Michael Aarons!

[The crowd is roaring their support for Aarons as he rolls to all fours, turning his attention towards the corner where Martinez and Mertz are stretched out, waiting for the tag...]

GM: Aarons is trying to get there! He's trying to get to the corner and-

[But the third-generation wrestler shows some signs of learning, using his lanky legs to scissor the ankle of Aarons who is desperately trying to get to the corner. Donovan stretches his six foot six frame backwards, tagging in Cain Jackson who steps in...]

GM: In comes the Beast...

[The big man leaps high, dropping a high impact elbow down on the back of Aarons' skull!]

GM: Ohh! Big elbow connects and that cuts off Michael Aarons' efforts to get to the corner and make that tag!

[Jackson rises to his feet...

...and lunges at the corner, decking Cody Mertz and knocking him off the apron. A furious Ryan Martinez steps in, trying to get at Jackson but Johnny Jagger steps in, cutting off the incoming fan favorite to jeers from the crowd.]

BW: Look at that lunatic Martinez trying to get in there.

GM: Martinez is famous for having a hot temper and it got the better of him right there as-

[With the referee arguing with Martinez, Tony Donovan comes back in, grabbing the arms alongside Jackson for a double whip...

...and drops Aarons with a joined-hands double clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Illegal doubleteam by Jackson and Donovan as the referee tries to get Martinez out of there.

BW: Ryan Martinez caused that! He brought that on himself!

[Donovan slips back out as Jackson settles into another pin attempt. Johnny Jagger spins around, diving on the mat to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Again, Aarons lifts the shoulder off the mat as Jackson glares at the official.]

GM: Cain Jackson, the Beast, obviously thinks he had a three count there.

BW: He did!

GM: Not according to Johnny Jagger, the AWA's Senior Official.

[Jackson slowly climbs to his feet, backing across the ring, slapping his leg a few times before turning back towards Michael Aarons who is trying to use the ropes to get up off the mat...]

GM: Aarons is trying to get up...

BW: But when he does, he's got Cain Jackson waiting for him with that big boot!

[Jackson gives a shout as Aarons gets to his feet, tearing across the ring, swinging the long leg up for the match-ending big boot...

...and Aarons drops down, hanging on to the top rope and pulling it down as Jackson drives his own groin into the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JACKSON MISSED! HE MISSED THE BOOT!!

[Aarons seizes the moment, crawling across the ring.]

GM: Aarons is going for it! Aarons is trying to get there!

[Martinez and Mertz have their arms stretched out, begging for the tag as much as the roaring fans are...]

GM: They're trying to get there! They're trying to make the tag! Can Aarons get there?!

[Martinez is slamming his open hand down on the top turnbuckle, screaming at Aarons as the young man crawls towards him. Jackson manages to extricate himself from the ropes, grabbing at his groin as he stumbles towards the crawling Aarons...]

BW: The Beast is trying to get there too! He's trying to cut him off again!

[Jackson leans down, grabbing the foot and ankle of Michael Aarons. Aarons gets dragged up off the mat, bouncing on one foot as Jackson hangs on, trying to prevent the tag...

...and Aarons leaps up, snapping his foot off the back of Jackson's head!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEAD KICK! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Jackson's eyes glaze over as Aarons rolls back to all fours, pushing up to his knees...

...and LUNGES towards the corner!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Ryan Martinez ducks through the ropes, rushing across the ring to flatten the dazed Cain Jackson with a clothesline, knocking him down!]

GM: Martinez drops Jackson!

[The Number One Contender to the World Title swings back the other way, charging the corner to deck Tony Donovan, sending him falling off the mat to the floor. Martinez swings again, throwing a right hand at the World

Champion who manages to drop off the apron, avoiding it. He waggles a finger at Martinez who is still burning mad.]

GM: Donovan's down! Jackson is down!

BW: Look again, Gordo!

[Cain Jackson climbs up off the mat, clutching his hands together as he lumbers towards Martinez from the blind side...

...but Martinez spins, burying a right hand into the midsection of Jackson who is in mid-double axehandle attempt!]

GM: Ohh! Martinez goes downstairs!

[He grabs Jackson, yanking him into a front facelock to a HUGE cheer!]

GM: Oh my stars! He's going for the Brainbuster! He's going for the Brainbuster!

BW: There's no way, Gordo! He can't get him up! He can't-

[With Martinez threatening to spike Cain Jackson with the Brainbuster, Tony Donovan slides under the ropes, burying a knee into the lower back of Martinez, breaking up the attempt...

...and then turns around to see Cody Mertz leaping off the top rope, snaring his head between his legs, and snapping Donovan over to the canvas to a huge cheer!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A MOVE OUT OF CODY MERTZ!!

[Donovan rolls out to the floor, grabbing at the back of his head as Mertz runs in place, giving a shout to the fans before hitting the far ropes, rebounding back at top speed...

...and HURLS himself through the ropes into a tope, bullrushing Donovan back into the barricade!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Mertz pops back up, pumping a fist as Donovan crumples down to a knee up against the barricade. Back in the ring, Ryan Martinez has been driven back into the buckles where Jackson lays in elbow after elbow to the chest, whipping the White Knight across the ring...

...and barrels in after him, connecting with the big running clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! What a clothesline! That shook the ring, Bucky!

[Jackson scoops him up, slinging Martinez over his shoulder...]

GM: Jackson's setting for the powerslam!

[He gets three steps out of the corner before Martinez slips out behind him. Jackson whips around, ready to strike...

...and gets CRACKED with a spinning back fist on the cheekbone!]

GM: OHH!

[The blow spins Jackson away from him, allowing Martinez to duck down, muscling the big man up into the electric chair...]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!

[Martinez staggers under the weight, walking out to the middle of the ring as he prepares to drive Jackson back with the Knight's End...

...but as he slowly turns around, Supreme Wright is waiting for him, throwing himself into a running European uppercut, snapping Martinez' head back and allowing Jackson to slip out behind him, shoving him at Wright who sweeps the legs out, driving Martinez down on the back of his head with an STO!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[The crowd is jeering Wright and Jackson as they work together, putting the boots to Ryan Martinez...

...and failing to notice Cody Mertz crawling up on the ring apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands. He leaps up, springing off the top rope!]

GM: SPRINGBOARD!

[Mertz sails through the air, flattening both Wright and Jackson with a flying crossbody to a HUGE CHEER!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A MOVE OUT OF CODY MERTZ!! HE TAKES 'EM BOTH DOWN!

[Mertz climbs to his feet, pulling Wright off the mat by the trunks and launches him through the ropes, sending him crashing down to the floor!]

GM: Mertz sends the World Champion to the floor!

[Mertz steps out as Cain Jackson drags himself up off the mat, leaning down to drag Ryan Martinez back to his feet. Martinez slaps the hands away, busting out a barrage of short forearms to the temple!]

GM: MARTINEZ OPENS FIRE!

[The White Knight blasts him with forearm after forearm after forearm to the noggin, sending Jackson falling back against the ropes. Martinez turns, dashing to the far ropes...]

...and Jackson goes into a full spin, **BLASTING** an incoming Martinez with a discus lariat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: THAT'S IT! IT'S OVER!

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP!! MY STARS!

[Cain Jackson again glares at the official, holding up three fingers in response to Johnny Jagger holding up two. Jackson angrily shakes his head as he climbs to his feet, leaning down to drag Martinez off the mat.]

GM: Jackson whips Ryan into the buckles...

[The Team Supreme big man backs into the ropes, pumping his arm up in the air a few times...]

...and then breaks into a sprint, stretching his arm out!]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[Martinez pulls himself out of the way, sending Cain Jackson crashing chestfirst into the corner as the White Knight sprints to the far corner, slapping the top turnbuckle a few times before turning, sprinting across...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUUZAAAAAA!

[The Number One Contender bounces back from the corner, pumping his arms up and down to a tremendous reaction from the Dallas fans. He grabs Cain Jackson by the hair, dragging him out to the middle of the ring, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: He's going for the Brainbuster again!

[But Jackson has other ideas, shoving Martinez backwards towards the corner where Cody Mertz slaps him on the shoulder.]

GM: Blind tag by Mertz!

[Mertz suddenly leaps up, springing off the top rope, jumping right over the head of Ryan Martinez...]

...and DRIVES his feet into the chest of Cain Jackson, sending Jackson falling backwards, crashing down to the mat. Mertz kips up, pumping his arms up and down to a tremendous roar from the crowd!]

GM: The crowd is red hot tonight here in Dallas! They're on their feet, cheering on these fan favorites as they try to win this big six man tag team showdown!

[With Cain Jackson leaning against the turnbuckles, Cody Mertz comes on fast, leaping up to attempt a monkey flip...

...but Tony Donovan hangs on to the back of Jackson's tights, causing Mertz to sail backwards alone, smashing the back of his head into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: What a smart move by Tony Donovan!

[Donovan slaps Cain Jackson on the shoulder, stepping into the ring. He throws his arms out to his sides, going into a little spin to get jeered by the fans. He leans down, dragging Mertz off the canvas by the arm, whipping him across...

...and PLANTS him with a powerslam!]

GM: Nice powerslam!

[Donovan leans in, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[This time, it's Mertz who kicks out in time, breaking up the pin. Donovan grabs a handful of hair, hammering Mertz with right hands to the skull before climbing up to his feet, dragging Mertz up with him...]

GM: Irish whip to the corner...

[Donovan rushes in after him, looking to drive his 260 pounds into the chest of Cody Mertz with an avalanche...

...but Mertz front rolls out of the corner, causing Donovan to slam chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHHH! DONOVAN HITS THE CORNER!!

[Mertz pops up off the mat, tagging Ryan Martinez!]

GM: The tag is made again!

[Ryan Martinez storms into the ring, grabbing Donovan by the hair, slamming his head into the top turnbuckle as the crowd counts along with him.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Martinez grabs the staggered Donovan by the arm, whipping him across the ring into the turnbuckles, following him in with a charging clothesline that nearly takes Donovan off his feet!]

GM: What a clothesline!

[The AWA's White Knight gives a shout, looking out at the fans for a moment before squaring up... As always, a signal to the crowd gets them to chant along to his rapid fire chops, each syllable of his name punctuated by another 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!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the fans' chant.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

[Finished, Martinez pulls Donovan 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...

...and then grabs Donovan by the legs, wrapping them up...]

GM: He's going for the STF!

[But as he does, the World Champion slips in behind him, waiting for him to make the grab for Donovan's head...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: ROUNDHOUSE! ROUNDHOUSE!

[Martinez slumps facefirst to the canvas as Aarons and Mertz come rushing into the ring, battering Wright back towards the ropes...

...and throw a double dropkick, sending Wright over the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: AIR STRIKE SENDS WRIGHT TO THE FLOOR!

[The World Tag Team Champions turn around...

...and a rushing Cain Jackson connects with a double clothesline, taking both men over the ropes as well!]

GM: JACKSON CLEARS OUT AIR STRIKE!!

[Jackson spins around, giving a roar, throwing his arms apart as Ryan Martinez, dazed and wobbly staggers up to his feet. Jackson comes barreling across the ring, taking aim at the Number One Contender...

...who sidesteps, causing Jackson to OBLITERATE Donovan with a spear!]

GM: OHHHHH! THE BEAST FLATTENS HIS OWN PARTNER!!

[Martinez spins, charging at Jackson...

...and sends the big man sailing through the ropes and out to the floor with a running clothesline!]

GM: MARTINEZ CLEARS OUT JACKSON!!

[The crowd roars as the White Knight turns back to Donovan, yanking him into a front facelock. He slings the arm over the back of his neck, shouting to the cheering fans...

...and muscles him up, holding him straight and down...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[Martinez DUMPS Donovan skullfirst on the canvas with the Brainbuster!]

GM: BRAINBUSTER! HE SPIKES HIM!

[Martinez flips Donovan over onto his back, diving across his chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

[But before Johnny Jagger can even signal for the bell, the World Champion has slipped into the ring, shoving him aside...

...and YANKS Martinez off Donovan, pulling him right into a rear naked choke!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: He's got him, Gordo! He's got him!

[Martinez claws at the arms wrapped around his head and neck as Wright clings to him, trying to force him into unconsciousness!]

GM: He's choking him out! This is a chokehold!

BW: It's not an air choke, Gordo. The arm's not on the throat - this is completely legal even though the bell has rang!

[It doesn't take long for Martinez' arms to slow, causing him to slump down to a knee. Wright leans on the back of the neck, restricting the flow of blood to the brain as Martinez starts to fade.]

BW: This is a sneak preview of SuperClash! This is what New York City is gonna see up close and personal, daddy! The World Champion is gonna choke this dumb kid out and leave him laying, embarrassed and humiliated in the center of the ring!

GM: Martinez is... he's out, fans! He's out cold!

[The referee is on the scene, screaming at the World Champion to let go of Martinez. Wright releases the hold, allowing Martinez to slump down motionless on the mat, before turning to the official with a "I DIDN'T HEAR A BELL!" A grinning Cain Jackson steps in, raising Wright's arm into the air, pointing emphatically at him as the crowd jeers loudly.]

GM: Martinez scores the win. Martinez got the pin... but in the end, it's Supreme Wright is standing tall!

[The camera holds on Wright, now holding the World Title belt high over his head as we fade out to commercial.]

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

VOICEOVER: The home of champions.

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

VOICEOVER: The home of legends.

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

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

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

VOICEOVER: And now... to you.

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

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

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

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

VOICEOVER: Rated E for Everyone.

[As we fade back from commercial, we find the SouthWest Lucha Libre logo on the screen as an announcer begins speaking. The screen soon fades to the image of a wrestler clad all in black, save for his white mask with black circles around the eyes and a skeletal toothy grin as well as his white gloves, meant to make his hands look skeletal. A helpful caption identifies him as La Fuerza.]

Announcer: He is a competitor forged from the great traditions of lucha libre, ancient traditions passed down from the mighty Aztecs!

[Of course we don't see anything regarding the mighty Aztecs in the next image, what we do see is La Fuerza in a tag team match applying an inverted Scorpion Deathlock with a chickenwing to a man in a tawny leotard and a lion mask. As the lion masked man promptly surrenders when the ref asks, the commentary can be heard saying Fuerza Infinita which is apparently the name of this particular move.]

A: He has been a villain...

[Cut to La Fuerza cracking Cesar Hernandez over the head with a 2X4 as the crowd boos vociferously. The scene switches to a robed man in a demon mask distracting the ref, so that La Fuerza can strike his opponent in the groin with his 2X4 much to the dismay of the crowd. Finally, the scene switches to La Fuerza standing over a bloodied unconscious opponent as he fends off security guards with a steel chair.]

A: A hero...

[Cut to La Fuerza charging to the ring to interrupt a beat down by some rudos, clearing the ring with wild swings of his 2X4 as the crowd cheers wildly. The scene switches to a tag team match - ironically, given earlier footage, La Fuerza's tag team partner here is Cesar Hernandez, where he and his tag team partner whip two masked men with executioner gimmicks into each other. One of the men is soon knocked cold by a running forearm smash from a three point stance, which the commentary team identifies as Fuerza Imparable. As La Fuerza gets the three count, Cesar hits El Misil de Jalisco on the masked man's partner to keep him from breaking up the pin.]

A: And a champion.

[We see La Fuerza do a beautiful moonsault onto then SWLL Rey de Lucha, El Millonario. The scene quickly switches to La Fuerza dancing a victory jig in the middle of the ring as several children, some of them wearing grinning skull masks like his own, dance with him.]

A: For eight years, La Fuerza has entertained the fans of SouthWest Lucha Libre and faced each and every challenge in front of him. Now, for the first time, La Fuerza will leave Mexico to seek new challenges.

[The AWA logo appears on the screen at this point. The reason is rather self explanatory, given what the announcer just said.]

A: Will La Fuerza be able to achieve the same glory in AWA that he did in SWLL?

Tune in to find out!

[La Fuerza's trademark ululating battle cry can be heard as we fade to black.

The camera fades up into the ring where we see Phil Watson standing in the ring alongside a farmer-tanned man with shaggy black hair, a handlebar mustache, long white trunks with tassels and brown designs on each leg, brown boots, and a white jacket with frills on the shoulders and arms.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring... from Reno, Nevada... weighing two hundred sixteen pounds... BUCK BERRMAN!

[Berrman hops on alternating feet and raises his hand to a tepid reaction.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The grating electric sounds of "More Human Than Human (Remix)" by White Zombie starts up over the PA, and the fans boo.]

PW: From Oakland, California... weighing in at two hundred nineteen pounds... "THE ANARCHIST" MATT ROGERS!

[Watson's intro takes us through the opening segment and when the main melody of the song is heard, Rogers steps out from behind the curtain. Matt Rogers has pale skin, long black hair, a mustache, and pointed goatee. He is slight of build, and has a few tattoos on his arms and chest. He wears long black tights with a red circle-A anarchist symbol on each leg, black ankle supports, and heavily taped wrists, forearms, and fingers. He's also sporting a black leather jacket with red and white bandanas wrapped around the shoulders and an intricate skull design stenciled on the back in red paint. His head is down as he walks, as if he's heading down the street and doesn't want to be bothered. Some of the lights are dimming and undimming in time to the music, giving a subtle effect.]

BW: Now here's a guy who grabbed opportunity by the face when it presented himself.

GM: That's true. Matt Rogers won the big Golden Opportunity match on July 19th in Oklahoma City, and since then, he is almost undefeated in singles action... but there's one man that he has yet to gain a decisive victory over.

BW: You mean Caspian Abaran. They've fought each other all summer long and are still going strong into the fall, daddy. It's either a time limit draw or some controversial decision. Last Monday night in Galveston, Rogers had his foot on the ropes when Abaran pinned him. Back when we were on tour, the same thing happened where the ref missed a foot on the ropes when Rogers pinned Abaran in Bakersfield, California.

[Rogers gets to the ring, stepping through the ropes. After a moment of glaring down, he lifts his head and stretches his arms out wide, giving the fans an arrogant look as he absorbs their boos. He holds this pose for a couple of seconds before walking to his corner, ignoring the referee as he goes past.]

GM: I understand that the two men are set for one more series of matches, but this time there will be no time limit and a special guest referee. Fans, when the AWA comes to town, you won't want to miss that matchup.

[*DING*DING*]

BW: Buck Berrman, by the way, does NOT have my permission to be called Bucky. He shoulda changed his name when he came into the territory.

GM: We'll just call him Buck, then. Collar-and-elbow tieup, and Rogers raking the face immediately. Arcing side kick to the ribs by Rogers, and pulling his hair to back him up to the ropes.

BW: Davis Warren trying to get in there about the hair pull. Honestly, look at Berrman's hair. It looks like he went for the hair gel and grabbed the Semtex instead. Rogers should be allowed to pull that hair. I want to pull it just looking at the guy.

[Warren manages to move between the two light heavyweights and Rogers goes ballistic. He screams at Warren, and brushes past him to pound Buck Berrman in the chest with a knee as Berrman remains on the ropes in hopes of the break being enforced.]

GM: Rogers ignoring the referee there.

BW: He ain't called "Anarchist" just to sell T-Shirts, Gordo. He'll level Davis Warren if Warren gives him any lip. There ain't no Dogs Of War penalty for that no more.

GM: That I believe... he has gotten a disqualification or two for his disdain for authority over the past month. Irish-whip sends the man from Nevada to the ropes, and a leaping leg lariat to flatten Buck Berrman!

[With relentless intensity, Rogers stomps away at his dazed opponent, and starts choking him with his foot and then his shin, pushing up on the ropes for more pressure.]

BW: That'll teach him. The nerve of that guy, to be named 'Buck'. Why, imagine if somebody came in here trying to call themselves 'Gordon', Gordo! Trying to ride on your name. You'd want to see them get destroyed, wouldn't you?

GM: No. I'm not the only person in the world named Gordon, and you're not the only person named Buckthorn... well, not the only person to have a name of which 'Buck' is a derivative, anyway.

BW: I should be! And Warren should leave well enough alone, trying to grab Matt Rogers like that!

GM: He was trying to get Rogers off of the ropes because he was choking Berrman out illegally! Matt Rogers is an angry, bitter young man who hates being told what to do by anyone, and Davis Warren needs to be very careful around him while not backing down or shying away from his job... a hard line to walk.

[As Bucky and Gordon speak, Rogers lifts up Berrman, leans him against the ropes, hits a hard chop, and then sends him off the far ropes... following him and flipping him over with a kneemash as Berrman rebounds! Berrman struggles to his feet, but the Oakland native is already rushing off the ropes again, doing a front flip through the air and clotheslining him down with the

momentum produced by the flip! The crowd reacts to the high impact of that maneuver.]

BW: Because he's also a guy that hits like he's fifty pounds heavier than he is. He went to the Tiger Paw dojo as part of his training, and they pretty much torture you to make you crazy and dangerous.

GM: That's... not really how I would describe it, but nonetheless Rogers pouring it on right now. He's just thrown Buck Berrman through the ropes to the floor! Why would a man in complete control decide to make the match more chaotic?!

BW: Because chaos is the only thing he likes, daddy. And here he comes with some.

[Berrman drags himself to his feet, and looks up too late to do anything but be leveled by the flying body of Matt Rogers, who leaps over the top rope with a tumbling body attack! The fans again react loudly for the spectacular move.]

GM: BIG DIVE TO THE FLOOR! Rogers far too fast for Berrman to counteract, and the impact was breathtaking!

BW: It just goes to show that it ain't just the babykissin' mama's boys who can fly. You like to point out when a guy like Abaran or TORA does some flippy springy crazy move... well, here's a guy who can do it and fight like a cornered animal too!

GM: I'll admit that is true, Bucky. But what I question in Matt Rogers is his character. When he has to dig down deep, in a match or in his career, what will he find?

BW: Viciousness. And I love it.

[Although understandably slow to get up, Rogers does so at this time. He grabs a supine Buck B errman by the hair, and drags him towards the ring.]

GM: Rogers again with the hair.

BW: And again, Berrman looks like he just came back from an appointment with his favorite hair stylist: the electric wall socket. That hair's so pullable the guy probably gets hairmared walkin' down the street by little old ladies.

GM: What is Rogers doing now?

[He's pressing the bridge of Berrman's nose into the edge of the ring apron. Grinding it in with sheer brutality... and then kicking him in the back of the head, causing Berrman to fall to the floor holding his nose and screaming!]

BW: HA HA HA!

GM: DISGUSTING! Matt Rogers has the match all but won and decides to try and break the man's nose for no reason!

BW: No reason?! He wanted to! That's his reason!

GM: He's going to get counted out because of this!

[Almost. Warren hits nine before Rogers rolls in and screams at him for trying to count him out.]

BW: If Davis Warren had gotten to ten, we still woulda seen Rogers' Scythe Kick. And we'd be takin' out a classified ad to replace the ref we lost.

GM: And the roster spot that would be freed up when Rogers got fired. "Anarchist" or no, disdain for the law does not equal exemption from it. Rogers pulling Berrman into the ring, and a headbutt to the face! Buck Berrman is down, and Matt Rogers climbing the ropes!

[The fans boo Rogers for his actions as he stands on the top rope facing out. Rogers gives the old bras d'honneur to the crowd, and flips over backwards. He soars over Berrman, crashing down head-to-head/shoulder with a moonsault headbutt! The recoil sends Rogers bouncing away, and in need of a moment to recover.]

BW: ANARCHIST SPECIAL!

GM: A spectacular moonsault into the flying headbutt, yes.

BW: I wondered why do a headbutt with a moonsault, so I asked him. He said besides the momentum of the flip, he can look his opponent down when he gets upside down and see if he's gonna move; that way he can handspring if the guy rolls away. A normal flying headbutt or moonsault, you gotta lay out, so you're gonna crash if the guy moves.

GM: Rogers clearing the cobwebs after the kamikaze-style attack, and Buck Berrman is barely stirring. He could get the pin right now, Bucky.

BW: So? The match ends when Rogers says it ends. He obviously ain't done. If Buck Berrman didn't wanna get beat up, he shouldn't have signed on for this match. Or stolen my name.

[*CRACK!*

GM: _SCYTHE KICK_! Berrman stood up, and Rogers with the spinning hook kick took his head off!

BW: And that's about the easiest three count you'll see, because Berrman's unconscious.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: Bad attitude and all, "Anarchist" Matt Rogers with an extremely impressive victory.

BW: He's young, hungry, violent, and mean, Gordo.

PW: The winner of this contest... "ANARCHIST" MATT ROGERS!

GM: You can bet that Caspian Abaran was looking on as well. Rogers more-or-less stole the Golden Opportunity from Abaran back in July, and these two men have it out for one another.

BW: And Colt Patterson's at ringside to get the scoop on it!

[Yes, it is that rare creature, the "immediate post-match ringside interview". Colt Patterson stands by as Rogers hops over the top rope and glares hatefully at the fans.]

CP: Alright. Colt Patterson here ringside with Matt Rogers, who just scored an impressive win. But Matt, I gotta ask you. For months now at the live events, you've had a monkey on your back named Caspian Abaran. What's it gonna take to get rid of him?

MR: You're dead right, Patterson. I'd call him more of scum between my toes than a monkey on the back, but in any case, he's annoying me. Crying about how I cheated him.

There's no such thing, Abaran. No such thing as cheating. I don't believe in it. You either win or you don't, bottom line brass tacks. You lost your mask in Mexico, which is unfortunate, because I'm already sick of your face. Then you came up here to a real country and you lost again. Lost at your one supercard match, lost at Golden Opportunity, and you haven't figured it out yet? You're a loser.

[The fans jeer Rogers loudly before he continues.]

MR: I know you got all these fancy moves. I know you're supposed to be ace at lucha libre. And that's your problem, Abaran. The Mexican style is garbage. I went to the Combat Corner, and they shipped me off to Japan because they couldn't handle me. I learned the real styles of fighting... the Japanese style and the American style. That's where real men fight. And this is where real men fight. Where you come from, sissies in pajamas put on ski masks and jump at each other until somebody falls over, which doesn't take long seeing how soft you all are in lucha libre. You wear the stupid masks so nobody'll recognize you in your day job as a mule for the cartels. And the reason you ran out of Mexico is probably because when your stupid mask fell off, both cops that haven't been shot yet down there recognized you.

CP: Awful big words, Matt, and I like that. I like a man who ain't afraid to talk big, but you do gotta be careful. Abaran's getting better and now he does have some solid wins on his record. Including over you... albeit very questionable in nature.

MR: Because a blind referee didn't see my foot on the ropes. That's the problem with wrestling. Referees. Rules. We don't need them. We never needed them. Abaran's getting better because every time an American beats him up, he learns a little more about real wrestling and gets some more lucha libre knocked out of his skull along with seven or eight brain cells. But the only way he ever beat me is because of an idiot in stripes. So now I hear the AWA is supposed to be bringing in some special guest ref, is that right?

CP: That's right.

MR: Who is it?!

CP: I don't know, Matt, but I'll tell you what. It ain't me, and when I find out you'll be the first to know.

MR: You know what? It don't matter. All I got to say is this... whoever it is is probably watching. Probably listening.

Stay out of my way. Ring the bell once when I get there, and ring it again when I leave Abaran laying. And otherwise, you stand there and watch. You stand there and watch. I don't even want you in the ring. And if you know what's good for you, you'll do what all of the AWA officials should do. You'll let us fight. Our way. MY way.

And then Caspian Abaran will have his way too. A one-way ticket back to Mexico, in a body cast.

[The fans boo Rogers as he stalks off.]

CP: There you have it, another example of how you do a real interview. Take notes, Stegglet. And back to you, Bucky Wilde.

BW: Happy to take it, Colt!

GM: Oh, brother.

BW: You see, Gordo? Thanks to Colt, we found out that the special guest referee for these upcoming matches is going to be standing at ringside and staying out of the way.

GM: That is NOT what is going to happen. Matt Rogers is bitter and immature. He's a very young man, and has much to learn... such as the dangers of downplaying your opponent to that extent. What will happen if Rogers starts believing his own hype, and loses to a man who he just claimed was inferior with an inferior style?

BW: Oh, you just rationalize it and move on. That's Wrestling 101. Actually, that's Life 101. Everybody needs that skill.

GM: You're impossible! Fans, be sure to see the AWA live when we come to your town for that and other exciting matches. But right now...

[Gordon's voice trails off as the crowd boos wildly.]

GM: What in the...? Tony Donovan is on his way back out here after losing that six man tag that opened the show and-

BW: What's not to be happy about, Gordo? We're about to be graced with the presence of part of Team Supreme!

GM: Tony Donovan is on his way to the ring, folks -- unscheduled, might I add -- and he looks...less than happy after what transpired earlier tonight.

[TD2 is storming down the aisle, pausing occasionally to yell at a fan near the aisle. He stops near the ring, looking over into the crowd...eyes visibly narrowing, he turns and barks an insult at someone on the opposite side before hurriedly making his way into the ring, snatching the microphone from Phil Watson.]

TD2: You all think what happened earlier is hilarious, don't you?!

[Tony Donovan receives a few sarcastic cheers, but mostly boos from the crowd.]

TD2: Those punks got LUCKY! I'll take on any one of them any day of the week and you can damn well guarantee that at the end of the night, Tony Donovan the second will be getting his hand raised!

[Donovan stops for a moment, fuming, the crowd still mocking him. Tony spins around, looking down at the aisle.]

TD2: You don't believe it?! Get one of them out here right now, and I'll prove it! Hell, get all THREE of them out here! I'll stretch them all out, especially that punk Martinez, and then I'll --

[TD2 abruptly breaks off, and he stares hard at a particular fan in the front row.]

TD2: You. What in the hell are YOU doing here?

[Tony walks up to the ropes, staring down at the fan he was having issues with earlier in the night.]

TD2: You have something to say to me again, punk? You want to join your voice with the rest of this riff-raff?

[Tony Donovan, II steps through the ropes and approaches the fan. The fan doesn't move away, but clearly isn't saying anything or doing anything to provoke Tony Donovan, II. The camera quickly moves to keep them in shot.]

BW: Hey, he looks familiar.

GM: He should, that's Bobby Taylor's son!

BW: He might want to back off, Gordo -- Tony Donovan, II has been trained by the very best this business has to offer, both in the Corner AND with Team Supreme! Taylor's way outmatched here!

GM: He's just a fan, Bucky! He's not doing anything to Donovan... this kid's just a loose cannon! He's being a punk bully and- I think we need some help out here before this situation gets worse!

[Tony has gotten right up to the rail at this point, microphone still in hand.]

TD2: You know, Taylor...

[The crowd pops for the name mention -- or maybe it's for the handful of unidentified AWA officials streaming through the entrance.]

TD2: That's the last time a Donovan puts up with crap from a Taylor -- ANY Taylor!

[With that, TD2 drops the mic, reaches out, and hooks the younger Taylor around the collar, yanking him over the barricade! TD2 lands a couple of hard kicks to Taylor's stomach before AWA officials swarm in, getting between the two, checking on Taylor while dragging TD2 to up the aisle.]

BW: Whoa! I don't know what Bobby's boy said to make Tony Donovan angry, but did he ever!

GM: He didn't say anything, Bucky! Tony Donovan, II just lost it, and I hope he gets a nice, long suspension for it!

BW: He was clearly provoked, Gordo! He said so himself!

[There's a sea of officials at ringside now, making sure that Donovan doesn't get any closer to Taylor who is trying to get back to his feet, trying to break through and get at Donovan!]

GM: And I think Taylor wants a piece of Donovan for that!

BW: Let 'em go! Let 'em fight!

GM: I'm not sure that's the best idea. Like you said, Tony Donovan is a trained pro wrestler and Taylor is... well, not.

[Taylor is struggling and straining against the ringside officials as we slowly fade to black.

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

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

"SUPERCLASH"

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

"VI!"

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

And then shots that become slightly more obvious.

A street of major theaters.

The 9/11 Memorial.

The Empire State Building.

The Statue Of Liberty.

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

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

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

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

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

"LIVE ON PAY PER VIEW."

[Fade to black.

Fade back up to backstage to Mark Stegglet who is hastily smoothing his hair down. He stands in front of a door marked "TEAM SUPREME."]

MS: Welcome back, fans. After what happened earlier tonight, when Supreme Wright all but choked the life out of Ryan Martinez, Mr. Wright and the rest of Team Supreme left the building. But there's one man who is only just now discovering that the World Heavyweight Champion has left the building.

[As if on cue, the door to Team Supreme's dressing room is flung open, and out charges Ryan Martinez. The AWA's White Knight is still in his ring gear, and continually reaches up, gripping his throat and wincing, still feeling the effects of the World Champion's choke. In the background, we can see that Martinez has laid waste to the dressing room.]

RM: Where is he, Mark? Where'd he go?!

MS: I'm sorry to say that Supreme Wright is no longer in the Crockett Coliseum.

RM: What?!

[The effort of yelling puts a strain on Martinez, who bends down, trying to catch his breath.]

MS: If its any consolation, you're all but guaranteed to meet him in the ring at SuperClash.

[Martinez' head pops up and he glares at Stegglet.]

RM: You think I am waiting a month and a half?!

[Again the strain causes Martinez to wince as he grips his throat once again.]

RM: Mark... I can't wait! I won't wait! He's not here, you said?

MS: That's right.

RM: Well, I do know where he'll be. Not tonight. But a week from tonight, the Texas State Fair ends, and Blackjack Lynch is holding a charity wrestling show. I happen to know for a fact that Team Supreme will be there.

And now Mark, so will I.

[The determination is written across Ryan's young face, as he grits his teeth, still fighting for every breath he takes.]

MS: Mr. Martinez. I can't imagine that the AWA officials would sanction a one on one match this close to SuperClash!

RM: Who's asking for a match, Mark?

I'm demanding... and I'm going to get, a FIGHT!

I'll take your title at SuperClash, Wright. But I'm going to kick your butt the next time I see you. They don't have to sanction a match or ring any bells or make any counts. All they have to do is get the hell out of my way!

[This time, Ryan falls back against the wall, still clutching his neck. As he does so, Mark turns his head, towards someone who's just arrived.]

MS: What are you doing here? This isn't your scheduled time.

[Enter Louis Matsui, dressed in a navy sports coat over a red T-shirt and blue jeans. The portly, bespectacled Asian also has his characteristic smirk on.]

LM: Step aside, Mark. This is something that I need to say to young Ryan here.

[Martinez looks puzzled at the interrupting Matsui.]

LM: There was, and IS, a reason why Ben Waterson and Percy Childes saw me as one of the original Wise Men of the AWA, and it had nothing to do with the ability to put together an Unholy Alliance. It was the ability and foresight to manage an outfit larger than the small-time Larry Doyle Enterprises. An upstart like Sandra Hayes does not have my kind of business acumen, young Mister Martinez.

MAMMOTH Mizusawa had his brush with greatness under MY management. MAMMOTH Maximus pushed Supreme Wright to his limit under MY management. And now, in you, I see the fulfillment of MY destiny.

You could be the champion that they were destined to be and you'll have the full resources of the Matsui Corporation at YOUR DISPOSAL!

[Stegglet's jaw drops at the offer. Martinez pushes up off the wall, staring at Matsui who tries to sweeten the deal.]

LM: That means the same obscene amount of money as befits a client of the Matsui Corporation! That means the, um, muscle to deal with any, um, distraction the champ might throw your way in order to prevent you from getting what is rightfully yours! After all, what is Team Supreme in the face of FEAR ITSELF?! How do you think a Cain Jackson or a Tony Donovan would hold up against a Mizusawa or a Maximus?

[Martinez stands tall and moves forward, glaring at Matsui.]

RM: I'll tell you what I told Sadisuto last week. And what I'll tell every man who thinks they have something to tell me.

I don't want your help. And I sure as hell don't need it!

You brought Deimos to the Battle of Los Angeles. And for that, I'm grateful. But you're not a man who deserves my trust. And I'm not about to sell my soul to you or to anyone else.

[Martinez raises an arm, pointing a warning finger at Matsui.]

RM: You take your money, and you take your goons. And you stay the hell out of my way.

[Martinez continues to stare into Matsui's eyes, his reply having wiped the smirk off the manager's face.]

LM: (Through tense jaws.) Fair enough, Mister Martinez; you've made your business decision. Soon, I will have to make mine. There was a chance for our interests to align; please do not hold it against me if, after this, we find our interests at odds with each other.

[The two glare once more, but after a very pregnant pause, Matsui turns and leaves.]

MS: Mr. Matsui does bring up a very valid point. If you go by the numbers, then Supreme Wright has what looks like an insurmountable advantage over you.

RM: Numbers have never meant anything to me, Mark....

"They should. For your enemies are Legion."

[Stegglet and Martinez both turn and look down, as between them (having appeared almost out of thin air), is the same eerie little girl that spoke to the White Knight two weeks ago. Like last time, she wears a long sleeved dress that covers her entirely from the neck all the way to her ankles. The dress is black and utterly unadorned. Her complexion is pale, a sharp contrast to the darkness of her dress and the jet black color of her hair, which is parted down the middle and falls in straight lines over her shoulders and down her back. The expression on her face is dour and severe. She seems far too grave to be of such a young age.]

RM: You. I read your letter. You tell-

[The girl shakes her head.]

Girl: I will not. There is only one whose words he hears and they are not mine... and they are certainly not yours.

[She slowly spreads her hands before her.]

Girl: Look around yourself, Ryan Martinez. I know you are a righteous man yet like all righteous men, you find yourself beset on all sides. You stepped from your father's shadow and found yourself surrounded by dangerous men from Day One.

You can not stand alone, Ryan Martinez.

[Martinez glares at her, rubbing a hand through his hair.]

Girl: You fear having friends... allies... he understands. We all saw what happened to Eric Preston.

[That one sets off Ryan.]

RM: You don't get to talk about Eric!

[She steps back, bowing her head.]

Girl: If I have overstepped, I apologize. Just... think on what I've said.

[She reaches into a small pocket concealed on the side of her dress, producing an envelope and offering it up to the AWA's White Knight.]

Girl: Please.

[Martinez glares at the offered envelope, seemingly pondering his next move before he snatches it away from her. He goes to open it but pauses, shaking his head.]

RM: No.

[He closes his eyes for a second before continuing.]

RM: You tell him no. You tell him never. You tell him that I would sell everything I had, including my soul, to men like Matsui or Sadisuto before I'd even listen to one word of what he had to say.

No more of this.

[Angered, still feeling the effects of the choke, Martinez drops the envelope at the girl's feet and steps away. The girl looks to Mark Stegglet a moment, and then points to the envelope.]

Girl: Take it. Make sure he reads it. Everything depends on that.

That is something you can count on.

[The girl leaves too, leaving Stegglet alone. Quickly, Stegglet lifts the envelope, and as he slowly opens it, we cut back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Ryan Martinez continues to be in the center of a lot of whirling winds here in the AWA, Bucky.

BW: That kid's dumber than I thought. He just challenged Supreme Wright to a FIGHT next Friday at the Texas State Fair! He just challenged a guy who choked him out earlier tonight!

GM: The AWA's White Knight has no fear - we saw that when he stood up to the Wise Men's Army. He is a man of character... of morals... and you see

that as he stands there and tells men like Mr. Sadisuto and Louis Matsui to hit the bricks.

BW: Like I said, DUMB! He's got guys offering to lead him to the World Title and he's throwing their offers in their faces!

GM: And what about that young lady - that messenger - who has apparently brought words of advice to Martinez on two occasions?

BW: Yeah, well... I might agree with him there. That girl freaks me out. I might stay away from her too.

GM: Will Supreme Wright accept the challenge? We'll try to find out later tonight but right now, let's go up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: Wrestling fans, the following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, to my left, from Topeka, Kansas, and weighing 272 pounds... this is LEE HARRIGAN!

[A muscular man with short brown hair, red trunks and black wrestling boots stands in the ring, flexing his muscles.

A single trumpet blasts a loud fanfare over the PA as the crowd turns toward the entranceway. A deep, ominous wardrum follows shortly thereafter, accompanied by further trumpets and the sounds of many footsteps marching in lockstep.]

GM: And we're about to get a young man who made his debut last week.

BW: And laid out the case of why he belongs in an asylum!

[That is when the man known as The Gladiator comes out through the entranceway. He is dressed in black trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots, and wears a gladiator helmet on his head. He stops before the entranceway, removing his helmet and dropping to one knee. He sets the helmet to the side, then bows his head down, and takes his right hand, placing it on the ground before him, as if he is feeling out his surroundings.]

PW: And his opponent, from parts unknown, weighing in at 270 pounds...

THE GLADIATOR!

BW: What is with this guy touching the floor? Is he interested in the wax job?

GM: The Gladiator is certainly a unique individual... oh my.

[As the wardrum and trumpets come to a climax, a ram's horn blasts, drowning it all out, and immediately the Gladiator's head snaps upwards. His eyes gaze at the ring as if looking through it to the universe beyond.

Wild speed metal plays over the PA, replacing everything that came before (though, notably, the chord is the same as the trumpets from earlier). Leaving his helmet laying in the aisle, the Gladiator sprints into the ring at top speed and dashes off the ropes like a human missile.]

GM: And just like that, the Gladiator hits the ring at full speed!

BW: Kids, this is what happens when you consume too many energy drinks.

GM: As I was saying earlier, Bucky, the Gladiator is certainly a unique individual and...

BW: Gordo, stop being politically correct! Just say it... the guy's a lunatic!

[The bell rings and the Gladiator turns his attentions to Harrigan. They lock up but neither wrestler is able to gain an advantage at first.]

GM: Gladiator and Harrigan are evenly matched in terms of size.

BW: But Harrigan has more brains.

[Gladiator is able to slowly push Harrigan back into the corner. As the referee tries to get in between them, though, Harrigan unleashes a hard punch to Gladiator's face.]

GM: Harrigan with a cheap shot! And another one!

BW: That's where the brains in... knowing how to seize an opening.

GM: Gladiator staggered... Harrigan with a clothesline!

BW: And down goes the Gladiator!

[As Harrigan brags and flexes for the crowd, however, Gladiator quickly pops up as if the clothesline had no effect.]

GM: Look at that! Gladiator right back up... Harrigan better turn around!

BW: How in the world...

[As Harrigan turns, he is met with a series of hard rights from the Gladiator, each one knocking Harrigan back.]

GM: Harrigan caught off guard... Gladiator sends him into the ropes... back body drop takes Harrigan to the canvas!

BW: I can't believe that clothesline had no effect! Harrigan is a big man!

[Gladiator drags Harrigan off the mat, scooping him up and bodyslamming him hard to the canvas. After doing so, Gladiator stares up at the ceiling and starts reaching towards it, as if expecting something.]

BW: And here's why this guy is a lunatic... he talks to the ceiling!

GM: As I said, he is a unique individual.

BW: Gordo, stop with the PC talk!

[Gladiator turns back to Harrigan as he gets to his feet, only to be grabbed by Gladiator, who then delivers an inverted atomic drop.]

GM: Gladiator dropping Harrigan's spine right across the knee, thanks to that inverted atomic drop!

BW: He spins him around... and there's a regular atomic drop!

GM: Harrigan is in a world of hurt... and now Gladiator runs off the ropes!

[OOOOOH!]

GM: He connects with a clothesline! Still running...

[OOOOOH!]

GM: And another clothesline! Gladiator not done...

[OOOOOH!]

GM: Three clotheslines in a row! Harrigan isn't getting up now!

BW: But this lunatic is going bring him back up... and now what?

[Gladiator runs in place as he points upward, then runs forward into the ropes, back across again, then charges at Harrigan, flattening him with a spear tackle.]

GM: Look at that spear tackle! Harrigan goes down hard!

BW: And that lunatic is talking to the ceiling again!

[Gladiator reaches upward as if beckoning a higher power before turning back to Harrigan and pulling him up.]

GM: Look at this... Gladiator slowly lifting Harrigan... he's pressed him overhead!

BW: And Harrigan is a big man... look at that power!

[And after a few seconds, Gladiator releases Harrigan, managing to catch the big guy over his shoulder for a powerslam.]

GM: Gladiator brings him down hard! And just like that, there's the three count!

[The referee delivers three, Gladiator nodding his head with each count, and then the bell rings and the Gladiator rises to his feet.]

PW: Here is your winner... THE GLADIATOR!

[The Gladiator allows the referee to raise his arm in victory before departing the ring.]

GM: What an impressive win for the Gladiator... let's take you to the replay.

[We first cut to the shot of Gladiator coming off the ropes and hitting the spear tackle on Harrigan.]

BW: Take a look at this, Gordo... the guy gets a lot of momentum from running around the ropes, then just hits Harrigan hard in the midsection with that spear tackle.

[We then cut to the shot of Gladiator pressing Harrigan over his head.]

BW: And I'll admit I'm impressed by this... Gladiator presses this 272-pound man over his head, then drops him into that powerslam!

GM: A devastating move, for certain... and now, I understand Mark Stegglet will try to get a few words from this man.

BW: Oh great, we have to hear him talk? Wasn't my praising that slam of his enough?!

[We cut to Mark Stegglet, who stands at the interview podium.]

MS: All right, fans, we saw this man in action two weeks ago, and once again tonight... I'm hoping now to get a few words from the Gladiator.

[At that moment, The Gladiator walks into view, approaching the podium, where he stands out on the side toward the crowd, raising his arms over his head and growling. A few fans who seem to be taken in by this individual cheer in response.]

MS: Gladiator, welcome to the AWA.

[As Mark talks, Gladiator turns toward him, an intense look on his face.]

MS: If I can ask you, Gladiator, what exactly brought you to the AWA and what you hope to accomplish now that you are here?

[Gladiator raises a finger as he talks to Mark.]

G: Jupiter and Juno summoned me here to the AWA, that I may seek glory on the battlefield each time, taking down the normals like the one I just faced, seeking out those who are worthy to stand in my presence, so that we may strive for a greater glory and prove who is truly the better individual... but most of all, to seek out all the scoundrels, of which there are

many who contaminate the landscape here, see to it that they are brought to their knees and forced to repent their ways, before I choose to put them out of their misery and leave them behind to wallow in the muck they cultivate!

[Gladiator growls and starts to pace a bit around the podium. Mark tries to get the man's attention.]

MS: Well, Gladiator, I must ask you... SuperClash is just over a month away and everybody is talking about what might go down at Madison Square Garden. I'm curious to know if you have any plans for SuperClash this November.

[That's enough to stop Gladiator from pacing and to suddenly turn back toward Mark, catching the interview a bit off guard.]

G: SuperClash has always been the time when the greatest in the AWA will do battle, to seek fortune and glory and prove that they are truly the best that this place has to offer. But there are still those scoundrels who see it as a time to accumulate more ill-gotten gains and leave blemishes on this place that Jupiter and Juno have guided me to. But I, The Gladiator, know not what may be in store for me at Madison Square Garden, if anything. I will simply trust in the guidance of Jupiter and Juno, and they will lead me to whatever destiny may await me at Madison Square Garden. But regardless of where my destiny lies, I will continue to face the normals that are put before me, trusting that Fortuna will stand by my side and bring me favor, and know that the time will eventually come that the Gladiator will stand up tall and claim what is meant to be mine...

[His voice rises.]

G: ABSOLUTE VICTORY!

[He growls again, raising his arms above his head once more as he turns to the crowd briefly, before turning away and leaving the podium.]

MS: Well, fans, it remains to be seen what's next for the Gladiator... he is certainly one of a kind, but he's proving to be a force to reckon with. Right now, let's go backstage where Colt Patterson is standing by with a very special guest. Colt?

[We cut to the backstage interview area where Colt Patterson is standing alongside Andrew "Flash" Tucker and "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian. Sebastian sports a pair of pleated beige slacks and a solid black collared shirt, the unmistakable August National emblem adorning the top of the upper left breast. Tucker is clad in a red and white gingham shirt and a pair of khaki pants. His blond hair is pulled back into a pony tail.]

CP: I'm here with a couple of legends tonight, Andrew Tucker and Mike Sebastian, better known as Strictly Business. You threw down the gauntlet to face Dichotomy – a very good team in their own right – after interfering in your match against those two young punks TORA and Brian James. Why?

MS: They didn't leave us much of a choice, did they? We know where Dichotomy's heads are at, OK? We get it. Wanting to make the big splash, grab a couple headlines and not be just an afterthought for the umpteenth week in a row. But you don't just heave-ho guys of our stature out of the front and center in order to grab your headlines. James and TORA, that makes sense. You can shove those bags of bones to the side and nobody is going to bat an eye. That's why they are the peas and mashed potatoes of this operation. But nobody pushes the filet mignon off on a side plate. And we'll see to it that's a mistake Dichotomy doesn't make twice.

AT: Look, Colt – we respect what Dichotomy is tryin' to do here. Make a dollar an' make a run for the border. We did the same thing a long time ago. On a much grander stage, of course, but we get the thought process. The problem is that if we let every team that wants to share a spotlight with us get away with pokin' their nose in our business we'd have the whole damn roster in the ring with us every time we lace 'em up. We can't have that. So we have to send a message.

CP: Not to bring up a sore subject, but the Hall of Fame has once again held you two back from induction – unfairly, I might add. Do you have anything to say to that?

AT: They've barred the doors for a decade now, so I'm not exactly surprised. I guess that's just the nature o' the beast, I s'pose. Pete Rose an' Barry Bonds ain't in the Hall of Fame either, which just goes to show that sometimes these pencil-necked geeks who make these decisions don't know their ass from a hole in the ground.

[A shrug from Tucker as Patterson looks around nervously, hoping they haven't been cut off the air.]

MS: And the knock on us being that our run at the top was a little too brief for everybody's liking? Please. At this sport's apex, we had our hands on more hardware than Bob Vila would know what to do with. And there isn't a team above or below the potting soil who can say any different. But hey, let's spend more time debating the bodies of work of Dan Kauffman, Otto Verhoeven and all the other fossils whose backsides we had down for a three count during our "short peak."

CP: I've also noticed that you haven't had anything to say about the return of your former rivals, the Epitome of Cool...

MS: The suits in Cali brought the hammer down the last time we tried that, so we decided to leave the governor on this time around. But it sure is awful convenient the two coolest cats in the alleyway decided now of all times made the most sense to come easing in the out door. Following the lead of Strictly Business again, eh boys? Let's just reopen our MySpace pages and we'll really feel like we're back in '99 all over again.

AT: Ole' Dan an' Andrew have been a poor imitation o' Strictly Business for a long time. They turned on the TV an' saw the success that we've had in

movin' the needle since we've been back so of course they pulled themselves out o' their retirement community and made their presence known. Jealousy is what it is, pure an' simple. Or maybe it's tough livin' from one social security check to the next, I don't know. We never blew our money on strippers an' booze, so...

[Tucker's voice trails off.]

AT: Despite all that, it's good to see someone else with a _resume_ around here. But at the end o' the day, it doesn't matter who it is. Dichotomy, Brian James and TORA, the Epitome of Cool... the list goes on. They're jus' blips on our radar.

If you stand in between us and our legacy, what happens tonight and every week movin' forward won't be personal...

[A wry smirk from Tucker.]

AT: ...It's Strictly Business.

[The duo walks out of view, leaving Colt Patterson behind.]

CP: You talk about the upper echelon of tag team wrestling and you gotta be talkin' about those two. Dichotomy might be about to find that out the hard way later tonight. Now let's go back down to ringside to that ol' bag of bones, Phil Watson!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring... from Jacksonville, Florida... weighing in at 207 pounds... ALLEN ALLEN!

[Allen Allen is already in the ring, standing in the corner, arrogantly flicking his blond hair as the crowd boos him.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The Black Keys' "Hard Row" blares over the loudspeakers, as the faithful Dallas crowd stand up as one and let out an enormous cheer.]

PW: Hailing from Dallas, Texas. Standing six feet, seven inches, and weighing in tonight at 265 pounds...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNCH!

[The curtain pulls back to reveal the tall muscular form of Jack Lynch. The eldest of the Lynch brothers is, as always, dressed all in black. Atop his head is a black cowboy hat. His body is covered by a long black coat. It's open, and beneath it, we can see black wrestling trunks, and a black pad on his right knee. The only color is the silver trim on the toes of his black cowboy boots. Both of his fists are taped with black tape that extends from the

middle of his fingers to the middle of his forearms. Lynch saunters, taking his time getting to the ring, and takes his coat and cowboy hat off before he enters. Once inside, he goes to his corner, waiting for the bell.]

GM: Some people are calling him the iron man of the Rumble.

BW: Not me. I'm calling him the same thing I always do. A no good, dirty Stench!

GM: If I were you, Bucky, I wouldn't be calling him anything. For nearly a year, Jack Lynch has been at war with one of your favorites, the Black Tiger, Demetrius Lake. But two weeks ago, that blood feud may have reached its nadir when the so-called...

BW: Ain't no so-called about it, daddy!

GM: Fine, SELF-PROCLAIMED King of Wrestling orchestrated an attack on James Lynch after he managed to get Jack Lynch banned from ringside. If there's one thing I know about that cowboy in the ring, family means everything to him. If you really want to get Jack Lynch riled and see how ornery he can be? Well, trying to take out his still injured brother is a quick way to do it.

[As Jack Lynch stands in the corner, the camera zooms in on the angry look on Lynch's face. It's more emotion than Lynch would typically show in a "warm up" match of this sort. As the camera lingers on the intensity in the cowboy's eyes, the opening bell can be heard.]

"DING DING DING!"

[And the moment the bell rings, Jack Lynch comes charging out of the corner, his arm pulled back, ready to be swung forward.]

GM: LARIAT!! AND HE ALMOST TOOK ALLEN ALLEN'S HEAD OFF!

BW: I hope Allen's got the name of a good chiropractor!

[There's a quick replay, the camera showing, in slow motion, Allen Allen going back over teakettle the moment Lynch's arm strikes his throat.]

GM: Hoo boy! I hope Demetrius Lake is watching this one!

BW: I guarantee it, Gordo.

[We cut back to live action, where Jack Lynch stalks forward, waiting as Allen Allen gets up to his hands and knees. The moment he does, Lynch grabs him by the nape of his neck, and begins driving his knees into Allen's ribs, each knee landing with a hard, sickening thud.]

GM: I told you he was riled, Bucky!

BW: He ought to be mad at his gimpy brother! James Stench should never have stuck his nose in the business of the King!

[Finally, Davis Warren, the referee, forces Jack Lynch back, as Allen Allen lies in a crumpled heap on the mat. That delays Lynch only momentarily, as he rushes forward, sidestepping the referee and taking Allen by his hair. A hard throw sends Allen chest first into the turnbuckle. Lynch follows that up by charging at Allen and jumping forward, driving his knee into Allen's kidney.]

GM: Jack Lynch is being far more aggressive tonight than we're used to. And you can blame that all on the actions of Demetrius Lake. The bad blood between these two men runs deep.

BW: You're right, Gordo. And I have to correct what you said earlier. You said this war has lasted a year. But it goes back longer than that. It goes back to the days when both of these men were in St. Louis. It took armed guards to keep these men from trying to kill one another. And they weren't always successful!

GM: You're right, Bucky. You could even argue that this goes back even further. That this bad blood predates the careers of both men. That it began with the rivalry between Jack Lynch's father, the legendary Blackjack Lynch and Demetrius Lake's mentor, the equally legendary Hamilton Graham.

BW: Equally? Whatever. Hamilton Graham did the one thing no Stench ever did. He won the World Title. Ain't no Stench ever been to that mountaintop. And with the king doggin' his every step, ain't no way Jack Stench is going to break his family's curse!

[Lynch sends Allen into the ropes, and leaps into the air.]

GM: FIERRO PRESS! And now, Jack Lynch is unleashing a barrage of right hands.

BW: Closed fists! That's as illegal as that damn claw!

GM: You're half right. A closed fist is illegal, but the Iron Claw is not.

[The referee begins laying the count in on Jack Lynch, and at 4, he steps between Lynch and his downed opponent, forcing Lynch up.]

GM: And Davis Warren is right in Jack Lynch's face, warning him about being disqualified!

BW: Watch out, Warren! He's a Stench! They're all backjumpers!

[The camera closes in on Lynch and Warren. The former is staring at the official, and then snarls at him to "get the hell" out of his way. The tension mounts, as Lynch's hand closes into a fist.]

GM: Warren refusing to back down! And as much as I admire Jack Lynch, I support Davis Warren. No one should be touching officials.

[Finally, Lynch nods his head and opens his fist.]

GM: And it would appear that cooler heads have prevailed.

BW: Or he's just waiting for Warren to turn his back. That's the Stench way!

[Allen is slow to get to his feet, and as he does, Jack Lynch circles around behind him. The lanky Texan crouches down, and lifts his hand. Sensing what's to come, the crowd begins to get louder and louder.]

GM: Jack Lynch about to show that he doesn't get paid by the hour!

[When Allen is on his feet, Lynch grabs his shoulder with his left hand, and then thrusts his right hand forward, his fingers already curled.]

GM: IRON CLAW!!

BW: AN ILLEGAL HOLD!

GM: Bucky, will you stop!

[His head held in the vice like grip of Jack Lynch's fingers, Allen Allen begins to flail frantically as panic sets in.]

GM: Jack Lynch showing the incredible tendon strength and powerful grip that he inherited from his father.

[As the crowd cheers, we can see the light fade from Allen Allen's eyes. His arms cease their flailing, his body tumbles backwards, and a moment later, he's flat on the mat. Jack Lynch falls over him, grinding his fingertips deeper into Allen's skull as Davis Warren hits the mat with his stomach and begins his count.]

GM: One! Two! Three! It's over!

BW: That was impressive, I'll give him that. But Allen Allen is no King of Wrestling!

[Lynch releases the hold, staring at the motionless Allen as he climbs to his feet, allowing the referee to raise his hand in triumph.]

GM: Could we be seeing a sneak preview of what's going to happen to Demetrius Lake the next time he steps inside the squared circle with Jack Lynch?

BW: Not a chance, Gordo.

GM: That remains to be seen. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll hear from the man who was just victorious, Jack Lynch, so don't you dare go away!

[We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and 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 Shadoe Rage just kick down the front door to attack Terry Shane III from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that TORA leaping down the staircase at Robert Donovan? And why are Dichotomy beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Northern Lights turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAHH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Nenshou is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit MAMMOTH Maximus with a flying bodypress, Bobby O'Connor is hiptossing Dave Cooper across your family room, and Strictly Business and Air Strike are brawling across your driveway. Percy Childes takes a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Tony Sunn as he had Demetrius Lake in a headlock while Ryan Martinez is ramming Johnny Detson's head into the sink in the background, Buford P Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Hannibal Carver tries to clothesline Callum Mahoney, who ducks... poor Hannibal hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Alphonse Green wanders by and stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Three AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

[SkyHerc does a double throw to send The Lights Out Express over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the SkyHerc and Lights Out Express action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Steve Spector tries to smash Supreme Wright with a kitchen chair, but Wright pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Spector and Wright action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Juan Vasquez and Gibson Hayes double-clothesline Willie Hammer in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like William Craven is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Eric Preston. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Colosseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Jack Lynch, 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...

We're back at ringside, where Jack Lynch stands outside the ring. He's bare chested, but has put his black cowboy hat back on. He's all alone, microphone in hand.]

JL: As I was walkin' into the Crockett Coliseum tonight, I was informed that it'd be in my best interest to keep my temper in check. And furthermore, I was told that the AWA officials didn't want any outta the ring reprisals for what Demetrius Lake and Hamilton Graham did to Jimmy two weeks ago.

Now, as far I'm concerned? The AWA brass, and believe me when I say I told 'em the same, can take all their suggestions and recommendations...

[Lynch lowers his head and removes his hat, running his fingers through his sweaty hair.]

JL: And stick 'em in a deeply uncomfortable place.

But Demetrius, I got to thinkin' about it. And I realized somethin'. The way I hate you? The way I wanna just tear into tiny pieces? There's one thing all that hate and rage needs. You know what that is?

[Once again, Lynch lowers his head, this time to put his hat back on.]

JL: Time.

I ain't normally inclined towards patience when it comes to someone messin' with my family. But ya know what time does? It lets things build. You put a pot on a boilin' pot and when you've waited long enough, well, ya got yourself an explosion.

And that's what you and I need. One final explosion.

So I'm gonna play the good boy, Demetrius. I'm gonna keep my temper in check. And I'm gonna let you be, right up until I get to New York.

Then we're gonna put an end to this the only way it can end.

[Lynch exhales slowly.]

JL: It's been a war. And wars only end one way. With one final, decisive battle.

Two weeks ago, my good friend Ryan Martinez came out here and he said somethin' that's undeniably true. When you're a Lynch, you're all about legacy. And there's a legacy that runs even deeper than you and I, Demetrius. A legacy that goes back many years. A legacy of a St. Louis snake tanglin' with a nasty Texan.

And you and I? We're gonna end the same way that Blackjack and Hamilton Graham did.

My daddy and your teacher sweat and bled as much as we have. They hated each other as much as we do. And my father came to the same epiphany I did. It has to end. And there's only one way a Texan can end a blood feud. So Demetrius Lake, I'm challengin' you for a match at SuperClash. But not

just any kindamatch. I'm challengin' you to the same kinda match the men who shaped us had.

A Texas Death Match.

[Lynch falls silent as the crowd roars its approval.]

JL: You got until the end of the night to accept, Demetrius.

Say no, and I just might forget my vow to be good.

[Lynch strides off as we abruptly cut to a slack-jawed Bucky Wilde and VERY excited Gordon Myers.]

GM: Holy- that's a challenge, Bucky!

BW: He... what?

GM: Jack Lynch wants Demetrius Lake at SuperClash VI... and he wants him in a Texas Death Match!

BW: That can't be right! He misspoke!

GM: I don't think so. The big Texan just made it abundantly clear - he wants to end this war with Demetrius Lake and he wants to do it in New York City in a match where you have to render your opponent completely unable to answer the referee's count to win! It's not just a pinfall... it's not just a submission... it's total annihilation!

BW: The King... will he do it?

GM: That's the question. Jack Lynch wants an answer tonight... and I bet he's gonna get it, Bucky! Fans, let's go back up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, to my right, weighing in tonight at 251 pounds... from Pine Bluff, Arkansas...

STAN MILFORD!

[Milford raises his hands to the audience, and appears to be a good looking athlete. He's got shoulder length, dirty blonde hair that has seen a comb or two, and wears a slick black and silver amateur singlet, along with black boots and knee pads.]

GM: Stan Milford is a newcomer to the area, but he's got a distinguished amateur background, Bucky.

BW: Well, he's got a college degree, so that puts him ahead of three quarters of the roster. Says here he was an All-American wrestler at Arkansas-Little Rock, and did some training with the Tiger Paw Dojo.

GM: Impressive.

BW: Or it's a lie. Either way, he's put some thought into this.

[Back to Phil.]

PW: His opponent! From Cincinnati, Ohio... weighing in tonight at 243 pounds...

"DIAMOND" ROB DRISCOLL!

[Driscoll also looks to be a good athlete. He raises his hands in the air, clutching a white towel in his left and then tosses it over his shoulder, to the outside. Driscoll has wavy auburn brown hair that hangs just past his ears, and he wears gold trunks with purple piping, with the image of a diamond on the backside. His boots are white, his kneepads are black, and he has a half sneer-half smirk as the fans politely applaud.]

GM: Another good looking athlete here, Bucky, and I know you've got some information on this guy.

BW: You can say that again, daddy. This Driscoll was trained at the Steel Mill in the eastern part of Pennsylvania, in a part of the world I know all about. If you make it out the Steel Mill, you've got a chance to earn a decent dollar.

GM: How do you know about Pennsylvania?

BW: I was not always just an Announcer of the Year, Gordo, you know that. In another lifetime, when I was runnin' with Billy Arnold and cashin' some big checks, we set that area on fire. Bucky Wilde is a legendary name in that part of the world.

GM: Or a hated one.

BW: Same difference.

"DING DING DING!"

[When the bell rings, both men come out of their corner and eye each other up for a moment. Milford makes the first move and engages in a tie up, jockeying for position and quickly backing Driscoll into the near corner. Referee Angus Bethune is quick to get in between both competitors and forces a clean break.]

GM: Clean break granted by Stan Milford, who showed a little bit of power there in the early going.

BW: Well it looks like Milford's seen a gym before, so I'm not totally surprised.

GM: And a brand new referee to the AWA, Angus Bethune, breaking things up. From what I understand, we're going to see quite a few officials get a tryout with the AWA over the coming weeks as the AWA seeks out a replacement for Marty Meekly.

[Driscoll slowly walks out of the corner, in no hurry to lock up again. He flicks with his hand for Milford to give him a moment, and then walks along the ropes.]

GM: This Driscoll is a man who oozes confidence. Many a time we'll see competitors make their debut on Saturday Night Wrestling and be in a great hurry, but that's not the case with Rob Driscoll.

BW: This ain't his first rodeo, Gordo. Rob Driscoll is somebody who has paid his dues all across the wrestling world, you can tell that just from how he walks.

[Driscoll goes in for the tieup again, but deftly ducks underneath the lockup attempt and grabs a rear waistlock. Milford is up to the challenge, and takes a moment to widen his base, then executes a standing switch and grabs a rear waistlock in kind. Driscoll waves his hands for balance, then fakes to his right and swings a sharp elbow back...

"WHAAAAACK!"

...that drills Milford upside the head!]

GM: Whoa my! Stan Milford didn't see that one coming, and Driscoll forces him to break!

[Milford turns around into a waiting Driscoll, who open hand slaps him across the face! Enraged, Milford rushes forward and gets taken down in a lightning quick headlock takeover, but a game Milford quicks his legs up and scissors the head, forcing Driscoll to release the hold and roll to his feet.]

GM: Both men up at the same time!

"SLAAAAAP!"

BW: Whooooaaa! A little bit of fire from the new guys!

[The hand print from a Bitch Slapicus Returnicus as executed by Stan Milford is there for all to see as Driscoll reels from the slap, flopping into the corner and leaning in it for a second, then pushing himself out after a moment to regroup. Driscoll runs a hand through his hair and then sarcastically claps at Milford, nodding in jest at the returned fire.]

GM: An interesting opening volley from these two gentlemen, and now here we go. Collar and elbow tieup in the center of the ring, both men jockeying

for leverage. Up and under goes Rob Driscoll with the go behind, and he STRIKES with the elbow at the top of the shoulder, maybe even into the tricep area.

[Driscoll drills a second elbow to the top of the arm, and with his right boot sharply kicks the inside of Milford's left knee, making his legs buckle. Driscoll kicks the kneecap with his left foot, and that causes Milford to fall on both knees. Nimbly, Driscoll swings his leg in the air over the arm he still has locked and drops his weight on the arm, causing Stan Milford to go face first to the mat.]

GM: Nicely executed work on the arm by "Diamond" Rob Driscoll, and he took control of this match in a hurry.

BW: You'll always have a job in wrestling if you can wrestle, Gordo, some sage advice from Bucky Wilde. Rob Driscoll has an eye for it, that's what it looks like from here.

[Driscoll pins the arm to the canvas, then kicks his feet up into the air and DRIVES his knee into the arm, eliciting a cry in pain from Stan Milford. Driscoll pokes his head up and looks at the crowd, then holds his index finger up for all to see... then repeats the attack, kicking his legs into the air and driving the knee.]

GM: Continued work on the arm by Rob Driscoll, and the question is what is he setting up?

BW: The old analogy is simple, Gordo. If you got a table and kick out one of it's four legs, that table don't work no more. Driscoll's making sure this table don't work no more.

GM: I think we'd be remiss if we didn't mention that Rob Driscoll is a first cousin to former AWA competitor Paul Driscoll, who hails from the Driscoll family in West Texas that were partners with the Lynches and made quite a name for themselves.

BW: Oh, man, Gordo. You really know how to make a guy dislike someone in ten seconds flat. Being related to those clowns is like being related to Pottsie from Happy Days. At least the Lynches are related to a main character!

[Driscoll allows Milford to get to his feet and sends him for the ride, then easily hiptosses Milford over onto the mat. Driscoll grabs a hold of the arm and tries to drop a leg all in one shot, but Milford moves out of the way a moment before!]

GM: No one home for Rob Driscoll, and the fans cheer to let him know it!

[The native of Pine Bluff, Arkansas chops a rising Driscoll across the chest, and then walks into another one, backing Driscoll into the ropes. He shoots Driscoll for the ride, and turns to hit another chop as he rebounds, but Driscoll ducks underneath the attempt, then sprints off the far side, rebounds and leapfrogs over the bent over Milford. At the ropes, Driscoll

grabs the top rope with both arms and puts on the brakes, pointing to his head for a moment... then taking off and knocking over the just-turning-around Milford with a high knee to the chops!]

GM: Driscoll with a beautiful high knee to the face, a move that Hamilton Graham himself made famous.

BW: This man seems to stay one step ahead in the ring, a real thinking man's kinda wrestler, Gordo. My kind of guy.

GM: "Diamond" Rob Driscoll stalking his opponent now, measuring up from behind the seated Milford who has just sat up.

[At that, Driscoll springs into action, taking a two step approach before running at the seated Milford, somersaulting over him and grabbing the head to snap into a nasty neck snap as he flies past.]

BW: You gotta admit, Gordo, this guy shows some potential.

GM: That neck snap was perfectly done, I've got no issue admitting that!

[Milford grabs his neck and rolls onto his stomach, then gets to his feet more on adrenaline than anything else. Driscoll is once again happy to pounce, again running from behind him, but this time grabbing his neck on the dead sprint and vaulting OUT of the ring from the inside, bringing Milford's neck down in another harmful snap while Driscoll himself lands safely on both feet outside the ring.]

GM: Now THAT, that is the picture of athleticism! A heck of a move by Rob Driscoll, who took control of this match and has never looked back.

BW: This guy has the full toolbox, Gordo. He can wrestle, he's clearly a superior athlete, he's in great shape. I wonder if he needs a manager...

GM: Why? Are you gonna leave the broadcast booth?

BW: Ain't nothin' wrong with a man exploring his options, daddy!

[With Milford on the mat, Driscoll takes his time getting into the ring and going to the corner nearest Milford's head, then propping himself in the corner so he is sitting on the top turnbuckle while his feet are on the second.]

BW: Stan Milford, he might be seein' stars, daddy, and here comes some more!

GM: Driscoll jumps off the ropes... and PLANTS that fist right between the eyes! That's some impact off the second rope! Here's a cover! One, two, foot on the ropes from Stan Milford!

BW: Should have hooked the leg there by Driscoll. You'd think he knows better than that... but then again, he _is_ related to those second rate space cadets. So who knows?

[Driscoll brings the reeling Milford to his feet, backs him up to the ropes and shoots him for the ride, but the stronger Milford reverses it and waits for Driscoll... who caroms off the ropes, then gets scooped up for a big body slam!]

GM: Milford! Maybe making a stand, he's got him- Driscoll slides down the back!

[The second generation wrestler spins Milford around, grabs the left arm he'd been working on, deftly places his left elbow into the shoulder joint and plunges down with a single arm DDT!]

GM: My oh my! That looks to have maybe separated that shoulder, or at the very least put unnatural stress on it!

BW: Your ears don't deceive you, Gordo, Stan Milford is screamin' out in pain and it ain't for nothin'.

["Diamond" Rob Driscoll gets to his feet and smiles at the crowd, waving his hands into his chest and then shrugging as if to say, "What am I supposed to do?" Then he holds a hand up to the crowd and turns an imaginary key, shouting out, "Here it comes!" to the people.]

GM: Driscoll is signaling about something to the crowd, about what I have no idea... and referee Angus Bethune is checking on Stan Milford, making sure he's able to continue.

BW: That arm cranked back in a bad way, Gordo, that's a heck of a move Driscoll's got in his arsenal.

[As Milford slowly staggers to his feet, cradling his bad arm, Driscoll descends upon him in an instant, locking his already hurting left arm in a high chickenwing, and then coming underneath the chin with a crossface using his right arm, and then locking both hands! Once the hands are locked, Milford goes from in pain to IN EXTREME PAIN!!!!!! and taps out almost immediately! The referee goes for the bell, but Driscoll holds on for a few more seconds, shaking the bigger Milford with the move before throwing him down.]

"DING DING DING!"

BW: That's what he was telling the folks about, Gordo, what a move that is! Did you see Milford's eyes light up in pain?! They about popped out of his head!

GM: Let's get the official word from Phil Watson!

[Cut to Phil, who is standing next to the referee and the victorious Driscoll.]

PW: Your winner, in a time of four minutes and thirteen seconds...

"DIAMOND" ROB DRISCOLLLLLLLLLL!

[Driscoll has his hand raised by the referee, then calls for his towel to be thrown back into him.]

GM: An impressive debut here by this second generation competitor, and you've got to wonder if his lineage will lead him to the same kind of success we've seen other second generation stars have here in AWA.

BW: Well this ain't no damn daycare, I'll tell you that much. And thanks to your White Knight, any chance this Driscoll had at nepotism is out the window. So I'm gonna go with no on that one.

GM: Bucky! Give me a break! Let's go up to Colt Patterson, in the ring with Rob Driscoll.

[Cut to a preening Patterson, who turns around for his cue just in time.]

CP: Big win here on Saturday Night Wrestling for you, Rob Driscoll, and I gotta say that your name is familiar to a lot of wrestling fans around the country, especially here in Texas.

RD: Colt, thanks for the kind words, but there's something I gotta say.

The next time I give a damn about Texas wrestling will be the first time I give a damn about Texas wrestling.

CP: Whoa-ho!

[The fans, who had been undecided on Driscoll beforehand have now made their decision. It's not good.]

RD: You people might not know this, but there's a whole other world outside the state borders of Texas. You might think that this backward state is where wrestling was invented, but I can assure you there's a big world out there that's seen wrestling just as long as you guys, and it's probably been doing it better.

And yeah, it's true, there's some cellar dwellers out near El Paso that share my name, but that's about all we got in common. When I decided to try this wrestling business out, I got a million phone calls. From right here in Texas.

"Come on down here, Robbie, come train with the best. Come see how real men wrestle!"

And you know what I told 'em, Colt?

[Back to Patterson.]

CP: Tell me.

RD: You gotta be kidding me, that's what I told 'em. Because I don't wanna know those hillbillies who share my name, let alone train with 'em. Let alone even put one dime in my pocket because I know someone who knows someone who knows someone. I've got too much respect for myself to get a free lunch based off of my last name. I'm too good of an athlete to have to pin my hopes on the back of a recommendation from a drunken uncle whose watch is stuck at Beer Thirty.

So I blazed my own path, my man, I took the road less traveled. And believe me, it's made all the difference.

Because the hold you just saw me hook on, the one that just made that big jacked up farm boy squeal like a piggie? That's called the Queen City Cinch. Taught to me by the _master_ of the hold, who learned the hold on the battlefields of Southeast Asia. That man is a _legend_ in our sport, Colt Patterson, but you won't hear his name even mentioned on AWA TV.

But that's okay, because I'm here to make up the difference.

CP: Oh yeah? How's that?

[Driscoll smirks and slaps Patterson on the back.]

RD: Glad you asked.

What you just saw in that ring was flawless, my friend, a masterpiece. Something you can't find in nature. Something you can't manufacture in a lab. In this world, in this sport, either you got It or you don't, and brother I'm the _mayor_ of It. I may not have a famous uncle, my dad's name isn't worth a rubber nickel, but you can go to Memphis, you can go to New York, you can head on down to our nation's capital and they'll all tell you the same thing:

When the bell rings, buddy, Rob Driscoll does it better than anyone else alive. In the squared circle, Rob Driscoll has more game than Xbox Live, and whether you're 18 to 80, blind, crippled or crazy, it won't take ya real long to get in line. Rob Driscoll sets the standard, brother, and now the standard bearer is right here in AWA.

[Driscoll throws up a hand and points a thumb to himself, to which the fans boo.]

RD: And I can tell ya one thing, Colt Patterson, I'm not looking to capitalize off a bunch of hillbillies and bumpkins I haven't seen in fifteen years. And I'm not here to rehash the good old days before color TVs and the seatbelt. Way I see it, the AWA does enough remember when for the rest of us. You guys have the history books covered.

I'll take care of the present and the future.

CP: Well, you've made a fan out of me, but you don't strike me as someone wearing blinders. You've got to realize the talent on the AWA roster.

RD: No question about it. There are great athletes in the AWA, there are great wrestlers in the AWA, and when I signed my contract I added my name to that list.

The sheer number of championship calibre wrestlers here is off the charts. The sheer salary of some of those guys is off the charts. The most expensive athletes in the world are here in the AWA, jockeying for position. But you can have all the finery you want, you can have bling for days, but we all know the collection isn't complete without the Crown Jewel.

[And here's Driscoll with the double thumb hook.]

RD: And Colt, my man, the search is over. The collection is complete.

There's only one, and brother you're lookin' at him. "Diamond" Rob Driscoll, Crown Jewel of Wrestling. Remember that name.

[Driscoll turns away, throwing his arms in the air to big jeers from the crowd as Colt Patterson tucks the mic under his arm, applauding the newcomer as we slowly fade to the interview platform where we see Mark Stegglet standing by with Dichotomy.]

The taller of the two, Matt Ginn, stands about six-seven, with a slender build. He has reddish-brown hair in a Caesar style, a thin-cut goatee and mustache. He sports black trunks with large white triangular patterns on each hip, running from waist to legline, and black-and-white boots, elbowpads, and kneepads. The boots, pads, and triangular parts of the trunks feature the three-circle biohazard symbol. He's wearing a dark hunter green polo shirt with a Survey Corps insignia on it and heavy wrist tape, which he's adjusting.

The athletically built man alongside him, Mark Hoefner, has light brown skin and short black hair in a slightly receding hairstyle. His attire is a mirror to his partner, though with red in place of the white. He's wearing a black T-Shirt with a gold-and-brown steampunk Decepticon logo. The fans boo the dastardly duo.]

MS: For much of the summer, my guests at this time have been lamenting a lack of televised match opportunities. But Matt Ginn, Mark Hoefner... tonight you have no such complaints. You faced the Surfer Dudes two weeks ago, and tonight you have one of the most decorated tag teams in history, Strictly Business.

MH: Oh, we have complaints.

MS: Of course you do, what was I thinking?

MG: Primarily, we question why the AWA and its predominantly-ignorant fanbase continue to lament our attack on Brian James and TORA, when the

evidence clearly reveals that it was the correct course of action. Immediately after breaking Brian James' hand, we have received the types of opportunity we had already earned in the supposedly 'correct' manner. Two weeks ago, we proved beyond any reasonable doubt that we are the justified Number One Contenders. And tonight, we have another contest with a substantial purse, against Strictly Business.

MH: And while we're on the subject, Andrew Tucker asked a question two weeks ago and left without an answer.

MS: What question was that?

MG: With his emphasis retained: "You do know who we are, right?"

MH: And the answer is... no. All this history you talk about? Nothing. Meaningless. We weren't wrestling fans back in whatever epoch you were supposedly big stars in. We don't care. Nothing matters to us but the here and now, and all those names you ramble off like they're some great legends? You might as well be picking names at random from a phone book. The only reason we know your names is because you're here now and you're in our way.

MG: Though that isn't wholly accurate, is it? Aside from a convincing supercard win against a team of masked preliminary wrestlers - another act of wage theft, by the way - you have thus far failed to defeat anyone of merit since joining the AWA. When it comes to prestige, only the AWA matters. And that makes Dichotomy more prestigious than Strictly Business. We wouldn't FIT in the shadow they cast.

MS: I... suppose that's one way of looking at it.

MH: Don't get us wrong. We respect that they're trying to climb to the top, using fake outrage over what we did to Brian James as an excuse. Nobody in the world really cares about what happens to James and TORA. Maybe you would have beaten them both to a pulp, maybe not, but nobody's going to miss them either way.

[BOOO!]

MG: It was as simple as the name they bear: strictly business. They saw a much-needed opportunity to rise in the rankings, and they took it. That's all this is. That's all it ever was. But we also conduct business, Mr. Stegglet, and while we didn't know who they were then, we have taken their advice and become acquainted with them via film study. Analyzed, dissected, processed, and digested. And we've come to one immutable conclusion.

MH: Haven't you guys ever wondered WHY you were so successful eons ago, but haven't gotten it done in 2014? We don't wonder why; we know. Maybe you should do some film study, too. Here's a hint... the first film you should watch is Rocky III.

MG: Complacency. Success breeds complacency and complacency breeds failure.

MH: That's why you should have done what we're planning: take the money and run. You want the respect you think you deserve, but we need the money that beating you will bring us a lot more. For all the things you thought you knew, there's one thing that you gotta learn... when you stopped fighting like your life depended on it, you gave your place to the people whose lives do depend on it.

MG: But don't take our words for it. Experience is what you love to extol... so tonight's experience ought to get through to you.

[With that, Dichotomy exits stage left, the boos of the fans seeing them off.]

MS: Interesting. Dichotomy is focused on Strictly Business, but they seem to think that the team of Tucker and Sebastian has become complacent due to their track record. Perhaps we'll see tonight. Back to you, Gordon.

[And we cut back to the booth.]

BW: AND BUCKY! Is that so hard?!

GM: That was an unusual interview with Dichotomy, Bucky Wilde. Normally, they're dismissive or offensive to their adversaries. But it sounded almost like they were trying to get through to Strictly Business there.

BW: Well, they ain't facin' a couple of baby-kissin' pretty boys who get everything handed to them because the fans cheer. I think when they did the film study, they saw a team that reminds them of them. And maybe more to the point, shows them what they could be someday. Dichotomy ain't impressed by the reputation because they really only knew about it second-hand. But when they looked back to see what the fuss was about, they might have got a glimpse at their own potential future.

GM: That's plausible. But potential is only potential because it hasn't been met. Both teams have much to gain. The tag team scene here in the AWA is red hot as usual... and as such, we thought it was only fitting for this week's edition of ClashBack to look back to SuperClash III and a night where the tag team division was on display. Many may recall that Violence Unlimited met the Lynches that night for the National Tag Team Titles in an epic showdown but earlier that night, there was another tag team match that tore the house down when The Aces took on the Blonde Bombers! Let's go back to November 24, 2011 from the DeSoto Civic Center in Southaven, Mississippi and take a look!

[We cut backstage to where Mark Stegglet is standing with the Aces, "Sweet" Stevie Childes and "Delicious" Danny Tyler. The Aces are dressed in their wrestling and ring attire. Stegglet looks fashionable wearing his usual attire.]

MS: Tonight, the Aces face the Blonde Bombers in a number one contenders match. After being pinned on Saturday Night Wrestling, Stevie, how do you think the Aces fare in the match against the Bombers? That pinfall has given them a confidence boost going into this match.

[Childes shakes his head at the question.]

SC: What do you want me to say, Mark? I took my eye off the ball. My mind was elsewhere after what happened to Scott Von Braun. The Bombers saw an opportunity, and they capitalized on it. The Aces were lucky. We were lucky two Saturdays ago wasn't where the number one contendership was on the line.

MS: Is your head in the game tonight?

[Childes hesitates with his answer.]

SC: You better believe that, Mark.

[Tyler focuses his attention on his partner. He crosses his arms over his chest and snorts. Stegglet picks up on the body language and turns to Tyler.]

MS: You disagree with your partner?

[Tyler nods.]

DT: Yeah. All he's thought about these past two weeks are Scott Von Braun and what happened. Replaying that dive in his head over, and over, and over, and over again and then looking back and seeing a sixty-something year old man laying on the ground with a pain-wracked face.

[Childes tilts his head to the side, trying to pop his neck.]

DT: I already told you, Stevie. That old man shouldn't have been on the outside, waving you off. What you did was PERFECTLY legal.

[Tyler turns towards Stegglet.]

DT: Before I got to the arena tonight, I put in a DVD at the hotel room, Mark. I sat down and watched Any Given Sunday. I'm a huge Al Pacino fan. Any Given Sunday is my favorite movie of his. It's a movie full of great quotes.

[Tyler looks back at his partner.]

DT: I can think of one that's appropriate for right now. I'm going to change it, so it makes sense.

[Childes looks away from Tyler.]

DT: "I don't really know what to say to you, Stevie. We're not too far away from the biggest battle of our AWA careers. All comes down to our match

tonight. And either you heal as a person and let what happened go, or we'll crumble as a team. Inch by inch. Move by move. Until we're finished." You're in hell right now, Stevie. Believe me, I know it. And you can stay there, and get your teeth kicked in tonight. Or you can fight your way back to the light, come to terms with what happened. We, as the Aces, can climb out of hell... one inch at a time. I can't do it for you. I'm not you. I'm only your partner. I need you to look at me.

[Childes looks at Tyler.]

DT: Look at my face. I've made my fair share of mistakes. I'll make more. You've done the same. Right now, you can't even stand the face you see in the mirror. The career of Scott Von Braun was taken from him when you dove. There's no doubt about that. You've had things taken from you. I've had things taken from me. That's a part of life. You really only figure that out when you start losing things. Life? Life's a game of inches and so is wrestling. We both know how small that margin of error is. One half- step too late, and you eat a standing side kick to the face. One half-step too early and you dive into the ropes instead of over them. One half-second too slow, and the match is over. One-half second too fast, and your partner eats a dropkick from the top.

The inches we need are everywhere around us, Stevie. They're in every move in a match, every minute, every second. In this team, we tear ourselves and everyone around us to pieces for that inch. We claw with our fingernails for that inch, because we know all those inches add up to make the fricking difference between winning and losing. I'll tell you this, Stevie. In any fight, it's the guy who's willing to fight harder that's going to win that inch. And I know, if the Aces are going to be the number one contenders, it's because I'm willing to fight as hard as I can to win that inch.

I can't make you do it. You have to look at me, look in my eyes. You know you see a guy who will go that inch with you. You see a guy who will sacrifice himself for his team because he knows when it comes down to it, you're going to do the same. That's a team, Stevie. And either you heal now, so tonight the Aces are a team, or we will lose as individuals. That's tag team wrestling, Stevie. That's all it is. Now what are you going to do?

[Tyler turns and walks out of view of the camera. Mark Stegglet turns and looks at Stevie.]

MS: Any comments for what your partner just said?

[Childes glares at Stegglet for a moment and then walks off camera. Stegglet shrugs.]

MS: Let's go back to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is for the Number One contendership to the AWA

National Tag Team Titles. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... accompanied to the ring by Larry Doyle... they are the team of "Ravishing" Robert Baldwin and "The Machine" Johann Avalon...

THE BLONNNNNNNNNNDE BOMMMMMMMMBERRRRRRS!

[Doyle shouts, "That's right, baby! The Bombers are here!" to the jeers of the crowd as Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The beginning to "Airplanes" by B.O.B. and featuring Hayley Williams starts up as the crowd cheers.]

PW: Hailing from Jacksonville, Florida and weighing in at a total combined weight of four-hundred and fifteen pounds. Here are "Sweet" Stevie Chiles and "Delicious" Danny Tyler... THE ACES!

[Chiles and Tyler appear from the back and stop at the start of the aisle. Both men raise their hands in the air.

Stevie Chiles has short brown hair that hangs to his shoulders. Two stands of bangs curl down to his face. His body is a bit stalky for a lightweight. His muscle distribution is rather even. Cut upper body with decent sized trapezius muscles and six-pack abs. His legs are thick for his size. Danny Tyler has isn't as muscular as Chiles is or as built. Tyler has definition to him and muscles, but he's more athletic in appearance and well-proportioned. Tyler has spiked brown hair and hazel eyes. There's no visible scars or tattoos. Tyler has a "babyface".

Both wear standard purple trunks with a black "A" on the side of the trunks. Both wear neoprene knee braces that are black with the actual kneepad over the brace part a purple color, black boots with a purple stripe running over the front portion of their shin and foreleg and down the front part of their foot. It's basically outlining that area. Both also sport black wrist tape and standard, light pink elbowpads. Both are also sporting a pair of light pink armbands that circle just above his bicep. To the ring, each also wears a sequenced purple tuxedo jacket, with matching purple bowtie. To complete the ensemble is a black top hat.

The Aces make their way to the ring to a decent sized cheer from the crowd. They climb into the ring and each man takes to a middle turnbuckle and pose. They hop off the middle turnbuckle and shed their jackets, top hats, and bowties.]

GM: These two teams are both looking to make their way a little bit further up the ladder of contention as they try to land themselves in the National Tag Team Title picture. A win here will make them the Number One contenders in the eyes of the Championship Committee which should put them right at the top of the line to face the winners of the Lynchs and Violence Unlimited match later tonight.

[Tyler and Childes huddle up, Childes very obviously looking past Danny Tyler to the ringside area. Tyler's voice raises as he pulls his partner's attention back to him for a moment. Childes nods before stepping out to the apron as Johann Avalon does the same on the opposite side of the ring, leaving Robert Baldwin in with Tyler.]

GM: Referee Marty Meekly with some words for both teams and there's the bell! Here we go!

[Danny Tyler turns to look at his partner one more time...

...and gets assaulted from the blind side, a series of forearms to the back of the head that knocks Tyler back against the ropes. Baldwin tees off, slamming right hands into the ribs of Tyler before firing him into the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip by Baldwin...

[But Tyler comes charging off hard, throwing himself into a cross body block that knocks Baldwin flat. Johann Avalon quickly dashes into the ring, looking to help his partner, but Tyler takes him down with an armdrag!]

GM: Tyler takes down Avalon!

[Springing back to his feet, Tyler catches the incoming Baldwin with a right hand to the jaw. He grabs a handful of Baldwin's hair and a handful of Avalon's hair, slamming their skull together to a big cheer!]

GM: Ohh! The Bombers got rocked right there!

[And both members of the Bombers roll out to the floor, huddling up at ringside with Larry Doyle...

...which is Danny Tyler's cue to grab the top rope, yanking hard to slingshot himself into a somersault on top of all three members of the Bombers!]

GM: OH MY!! BIG MOVE BY DANNY TYLER TO TAKE OUT THE BOMBERS!!

["Delicious" Danny rolls back into the ring, climbing to his feet to a big cheer from the crowd. Tyler walks to the corner, slapping Stevie Childes hand. Childes, almost reluctantly, steps through the ropes. The crowd begins to buzz, anticipating a big Childes dive to the floor.]

GM: These fans want to see Stevie Childes take to the sky! One of the biggest daredevils in the entire AWA, Childes has an arsenal of high flying moves that would put most Air Stunt Shows to shame!

[Childes looks around at the cheering crowd, then out to Tyler who is encouraging his partner to go for it. But Stevie Childes is very obviously lacking his usual confidence, looking around nervously as he approaches the ropes nearest the Bombers who are getting back to their feet...

...and instead, drops down to the mat, rolling out to the floor to a shocked reaction from the crowd.]

GM: I don't understand. Stevie Childes had them right where he wanted them, fans. But instead, he goes out to the floor... putting Baldwin back into the ring now.

[Childes climbs back up on the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands. The crowd begins to cheer again, waiting for a slingshot move into the ring...

...but before Childes can make a decision one way or the other, Johann Avalon grabs him by the back of the trunks, tugging him down to the floor.]

GM: Oh, come on! Referee, get in there and-

[Avalon uses the back of the trunks, pulling Childes backwards by them...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHH! INTO THE STEEL GOES CHILDES!

[The crowd groans at the sight of Stevie Childes, his back pressed up against the steel barricade, arms draped over it. Danny Tyler shouts at the official, pointing out what just happened to his partner but the referee lets Avalon off with a warning. Outside the ring, Larry Doyle gets in the face of Childes, shouting at the fan favorite to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: And adding insult to injury, Stevie Childes has to take a verbal beating from that loudmouth Larry Doyle.

[Baldwin rolls back out to the floor, grabbing Childes off the railing, and rolling him back under the ropes into the ring. The Ravishing One rolls back in as well, pulling Childes off the mat and dragging him into the corner where he slaps the hand of the Machine.]

GM: The tag is made to Avalon...

BW: And here's where you'll see the Bombers at their best, working in tandem on some poor schlub.

[Each Bomber grabs an arm, firing Childes across the ring...

...and launching him high overhead with a double backdrop, Childes sailing over ten feet in the air before crashing down to the canvas below. Danny Tyler can be seen cringing at the impact, shouting encouragement to his partner as Baldwin buries a few stomps to the ribs before exiting the ring.]

GM: Johann Avalon, the Machine, is the legal man now, stomping and kicking at the downed Stevie Childes.

[Pulling Childes off the mat, Avalon tugs him into a side waistlock before hoisting the smaller man into the air, dropping him down in a back suplex.]

GM: Avalon with a cover! He gets one! He gets two!

[But an incoming Danny Tyler plants a boot in the back of Avalon's head, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Just a two count there. BW: Thanks to Tyler.

[Tyler returns to his corner, slapping the buckles and shouting at Stevie Childes to get back into the match.]

GM: Avalon makes the tag...

[Keeping the fresh man in, Robert Baldwin steps back into the ring as Avalon pulls Childes up, holding his arms back...]

GM: Baldwin with a right hand to the midsection and the Bombers are firmly in control of this one at this early stage of the matchup.

[Shoving Childes back into a neutral corner, Baldwin lays in the heavy blows, raining down right hand after right hand into the ribcage of the smaller competitor. He grabs an arm, firing Childes across the ring...]

GM: Irish whi-

[Childes leaps up to the middle rope instinctively as Baldwin charges in behind him...

...but "Sweet" Stevie hesitates for a moment, allowing Baldwin to throw himself into a clip to the back of the knee, causing Childes to fall backwards to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! I thought we were going to see some of that dazzling offense out of Stevie Childes there but he had a moment's pause and it just cost him, fans.

[Baldwin sneers as he delivers a trio of stomps to the chest of the downed Childes before slapping the hand of "The Machine."]

GM: Another tag for the Bombers and they're working together quite well at this stage of the contest.

[Baldwin pulls Childes up by the arm, firing him into the ropes...

...and burying a boot into the gut on the rebound, doubling him up for a running kneelift from Johann Avalon!]

GM: Ohh! Another nice doubleteam by the Bombers!

[Avalon applies a lateral press but the count cuts off at two when Danny Tyler comes rushing in to make the save. An angry Avalon gets to his feet, shouting at the official who backs Tyler out of the ring.]

GM: Danny Tyler makes another save for his partner... and we both saw that interview moments ago, Bucky. Things just don't look quite right for Stevie Childes in this one. He seems to be lacking... something.

BW: He's afraid, Gordo. He's afraid to do the things he's used to doing inside that ring because of what happened to Scott Von Braun. And that means he can fight on instinct. When you're over-thinking every move you do inside the ring, you're just begging for trouble.

[Avalon pulls Childes up by the hair, scooping him up, and slamming him down in the center of the ring. He backs to the ropes, rebounding off, and dropping a crushing kneedrop to the skull!]

GM: Ohh! Big kneedrop!

[Avalon makes another lateral press but Danny Tyler is again in the ring to make the save, this time before a single count lands. The referee backs him off, warning him against the incessant interference. Tyler nods as Avalon drags Childes to the corner, slapping the hand of Robert Baldwin.]

GM: The Aces are in some serious trouble here as Stevie Childes just can't seem to get going and Danny Tyler just can't seem to get in the ring on a tag to try and get them back on track.

[Avalon holds down the legs of Childes as Baldwin bounces off the ropes, leaping sky high to drop a big leg down across the chest of Childes!]

GM: Ohh! The legdrop from way up high!

[Baldwin rolls to a knee, glaring over at Tyler. He taunts "Delicious" Danny, gesturing to the downed Childes and mocking making a tag. A fuming Danny Tyler paces back and forth, shouting at Childes.]

GM: Danny Tyler really wants inside that ring, fans. He wants in there at the Bombers so badly.

[Baldwin pulls up Childes by the hair, turning him towards the corner where Tyler has his hand outstretched...

...and then SNAPS him back to the mat with a side Russian legsweep. Baldwin rolls to his knees, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over" gesture as he applies a cover.]

GM: ONE! TWO!! TH-

[This time, when Danny Tyler tries to come in, Johann Avalon is ready for him, sprinting across the ring and leveling Tyler with a clothesline!]

GM: OHH!

[The referee breaks the count, distracted by the extra men in the ring. He shouts at Tyler and Avalon, trying to clear them out as Avalon pulls Tyler into the corner, laying in chops to the chest as Childes ends up cornered by Baldwin.]

GM: The Bombers have got both of the Aces in the ring at this point, laying in some hard shots to both men...

[Each Bomber grabs an arm, ready to throw the two men together...]

GM: Double whi-

[But Childes drops into a slide, ducking under as Danny Tyler leaves his feet with a flying forearm to the jaw of Robert Baldwin, knocking him flat!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Childes pops to his feet, throwing a series of forearms to the jaw of the stunned Avalon. Avalon backs off a couple steps, giving Stevie enough room to throw a side thrust kick to the gut.]

GM: Ohh! Savate kick to the midsection! And another!

[And a third kick, this one landing on the jaw of Avalon sends him spinning away into a waiting Danny Tyler who leaps up, lashing out with his boot to the back of Avalon's head, causing the Machine to do a full front flip forward before crashing down to his back to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: HEAD KICK!!

BW: The enzugiri by Danny Tyler connects and now it's the Bombers who are in a bit of trouble perhaps!

[Tyler strides across the ring, shoving his partner hard in the chest, pointing to the top turnbuckle. Big cheer!]

GM: And again! Again, Danny Tyler wants Stevie Childes to fly! He wants him to come off the top rope on the downed Baldwin and Avalon and-

[Tyler steps out to the apron, shouting at his partner to come off the top...

...but instead, Childes slaps Tyler's hand with a shake of his head. A disgusted Danny Tyler steps in, pulling Baldwin off the mat by the arm, and firing him across the ring.]

GM: Whip on Baldwin... HIIIIIGH back body drop by Tyler!

[Tyler promptly goes to the corner, hopping up to the middle rope...

...and leaps off, crashing down with an elbowdrop across the chest to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Elbow! On target! Tyler with a cover for one! He gets two! He gets-

[A diving save by Johann Avalon breaks the pin attempt. An angry Tyler gets to his feet, hammering away on Avalon with right hands to the jaw, backing him down to the corner. As Baldwin stumbles to his feet, Tyler fires Avalon across the ring...

...and the two Bombers collide, both crashing down to the canvas with a thud!]

GM: The Bombers have a meeting of the minds in the middle of the ring and they BOTH go down, Bucky!

BW: Larry Doyle is losing his mind out here on the floor. He wants these Bombers to get back into this in the worst possible way. He wants that Number One contender slot and more importantly, he wants a shot at the National Tag Team Titles.

GM: The Bombers are still trying to recover from that humiliating defeat they suffered at SuperClash one year ago and another loss here tonight just might be too much for them to come back from.

[Tyler measures both Bombers as they struggle back to their feet.]

GM: "Delicious" Danny is setting them up for something...

[He breaks into a sprint, charging across the ring...

...and gets hoisted up in unison by the Bombers who drop him facefirst on the canvas!]

GM: FLAPJACK! FLAPJACK!!

[Baldwin quickly flips Tyler to his back, throwing himself into a cover.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[Tyler's shoulder fires off the canvas at the last possible moment.]

GM: Danny Tyler gets the shoulder up but... where the heck was Stevie Childes there?! His team almost lost the match right there and he's standing out on the apron pacing back and forth.

[The camera catches Childes staring down at ringside.]

GM: What is he looking at?

BW: I know exactly WHO he's looking at, Gordo. He's looking at the Von Braun family!

GM: Are you- you're right, Bucky! The Von Braun family is here at ringside tonight for a special ceremony for their patriarch, Scott Von Braun, and Stevie Childes is staring right at them.

[Childes is completely unaware of anything going on inside the ring as he stares down at ringside, looking at the family of the man whose career he ended...

...which makes him easy prey to a running back elbow to the back of the head from Baldwin, a blow that knocks "Sweet" Stevie off the apron, crashing down to the barely- padded floor in a heap.]

GM: Ohh, come on!

[The referee corners Baldwin, reading him the riot act, but Baldwin just nudges past the official, catching a rising Tyler with a right hand on the jaw that sends him spiraling back into the Bombers' corner.]

GM: Another tag for the Bombers.

[Avalon leans over, grabbing the middle rope, and slamming his shoulder repeatedly into the kidneys of Danny Tyler...

...when suddenly the crowd bursts into jeers.]

GM: What in the world...?

[The camera goes to the aisleway where the devious Collector of Oddities, Percy Childes, is slowly walking down the length of the aisle towards the ringside area.]

GM: What the heck is HE doing out here?

BW: I have no idea but it's good to see him! I wasn't even sure if he'd be here tonight with just Monosso representing him on the show.

[Percy walks slowly, staring intently down the aisle towards the ring as he lightly taps the crystal on the top of his cane.]

GM: Percy Childes, one of the most diabolical men I've ever had the displeasure of meeting, is on his way to the ring... and I haven't the slightest clue why.

[Larry Doyle seems to be wondering the same thing, confronting Childes in the aisle. The two men exchange some words as Childes uses his cane to push Doyle aside, walking into the ringside area as Johann Avalon drops Tyler on the back of his head with a backdrop suplex.]

GM: Back to the action and Tyler just got put down hard again!

[Avalon taunts the jeering crowd, earning more boos as the Collector of Oddities walks around the ring, pausing next to a downed "Sweet" Stevie.]

GM: Look out here... there's no telling what Percy will do...

[But the manager simply kneels down next to the Jacksonville fan favorite, whispering something to him and then quickly getting back up, moving away from the tag team grappler as the referee shouts at the manager.]

GM: I have no idea what's going on here but Johann Avalon doesn't like it either.

[Avalon leans over the ropes, shouting at the manager. He turns to Larry Doyle who frantically shouts at him to stay focused on Danny Tyler who is starting to get back to his feet. An annoyed Avalon moves back in on Tyler who suddenly leaps up, throwing a forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[The crowd roars as Tyler throws a boot to the gut of Avalon, doubling him up, and then SPIKING him skullfirst to the canvas!]

GM: DDT! DDT! HE DRILLED HIM!!

[And "Delicious" Danny rolls over to all fours, trying to get across the ring to make a tag...

...but there's no partner waiting for him.]

GM: Come on, Stevie! Get back up on the apron!

[The downed partner of Danny Tyler slowly pulls himself to his knees, looking down at the floor as Tyler inches closer and closer to the corner. On the opposite side of the ring, Robert Baldwin and Larry Doyle are SCREAMING for Avalon to get to his own corner and make a tag.]

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Tyler crawls another few inches, pushing up to his knees, looking for his partner's outstretched hand...

...but finds none as Stevie is still on the floor, finally using the ring apron to drag himself back to his feet.]

GM: There's no one there to make the tag! There's no one there to-

[Larry Doyle pulls himself on the apron, drawing the referee's attention as Robert Baldwin slides in, grabbing his partner by the arm, and dragging him closer to the Bombers' corner. He steps back out as Doyle drops down, allowing Baldwin to reach over the ropes and slap Avalon's hand, charging the exposed back of Danny Tyler...

...and DRILLING him with a diving forearm smash to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Baldwin cuts off the tag for Tyler!

BW: What tag? Stevie wasn't even out there waiting for him!

[The camera cuts to Percy again, who is tapping his cane on the apron as he looks on. Nearby, Stevie grabs the bottom rope, pulling himself to his feet and then up onto the apron.]

GM: Now he's there!

BW: Now it's too late! Baldwin's got Tyler back in the neutral corner.

[The Ravishing One scoops Tyler up off the mat, dropping him down in a seated position on the top rope. Baldwin throws a pair of right hands to the jaw before climbing the ropes, stepping up next to Tyler...]

GM: Uh oh. Look out here.

[Baldwin hooks a front facelock, slinging Tyler's arm over his neck...]

GM: He's going for a superplex! He's gonna end this right now!

[But Tyler throws a series of short right hands to the ribs, breaking Baldwin's grip on him. A well-placed headbutt sends Baldwin sailing backwards off the ropes, smashing down to the canvas below!]

GM: OHHHH! DOWN GOES BALDWIN!!

[With the crowd roaring, Tyler stands up on the middle rope...

...and THROWS himself off, catching a rising Baldwin on the chin with a dropkick off the middle rope!]

GM: DROPKICK! DROPKICK!

[Tyler hits the canvas hard, immediately sitting up, reaching out an arm towards the corner where his partner is now waiting but Tyler's half a ring away from him. The crowd buzzes, shouting encouragement as Danny Tyler rolls to his knees, inching himself closer and closer across the ring again.]

GM: Come on, kid! Get there!

[Danny Tyler is a few feet away now, staring up at his partner whose arm is stretched out as far as it possibly can be.]

GM: He's almoooooooost-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: TAG!

[“Sweet” Stevie slingshots himself over the ropes into the ring, rushing across the ring where he drops an incoming Avalon with a forearm smash on the jaw. He grabs the top rope, stomping the heck out of the Machine, forcing him under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Avalon’s forced to the floor...

[Swinging around, Stevie spots Baldwin up to a knee...

...and charges across, throwing a dropkick into the jaw of Baldwin, a blow that knocks him flat on his back where he promptly rolls out to the safety of the floor.]

GM: Stevie just cleared the ring of the Bombers!

[Larry Doyle races to Robert Baldwin’s side as the Jacksonville fan favorite pursues, stepping through the ropes and dropping out to the floor. He approaches the area where the Bombers are...

...and then freezes in his tracks.]

GM: What in the world is he-

BW: It’s the Von Brauns! The Von Brauns are right there!

[The camera catches a shot of Paul Von Braun standing up, glaring at Stevie, a gaze that freezes the fan favorite in his tracks. He shakes his head, rolling back into the ring to a scattering of jeers from the crowd.]

GM: I don’t understand! He refuses to go after the Bombers with the Von Brauns standing right there, fans!

[A hurting and angry Danny Tyler turns towards his partner, shouting at him.]

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! GET YOUR HEAD IN THE DAMN GAME! ONE INCH! THAT’S ALL WE NEED!”

[The crowd roars at Tyler’s peptalk, Stevie nodding as he grabs the incoming Baldwin by the hair, stopping him short on the apron. Stevie throws a pair of forearms to the jaw before hooking a front facelock...]

GM: He’s gonna bring Baldwin in the hard way!

[Stevie hoists Baldwin into the air in a suplex...

...when Larry Doyle suddenly breaks into action, grabbing the ankle of the Jacksonville native, tripping him up and causing Baldwin to fall on top of him!]

GM: OHHHH! DOYLE TRIPPED HIM!!

[The referee, having not seen Doyle's actions, drops down to count as Doyle holds the ankle down, preventing a kickout.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! "OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd gasps as Larry Doyle goes falling down to the floor, his hold broken which allows Stevie to kick out just in time.]

GM: Doyle got dropped!

[And why did Doyle get dropped? A smirking Percy Childes walloped him between the eyes with his cane!]

GM: Oh my stars! Percy Childes just hit Larry Doyle with his cane!

BW: What in the heck is going on here, Gordo?

GM: I'm not sure I understand either!

[Baldwin leans through the ropes, shouting at Doyle as Stevie Childes pulls himself back to his feet, grabbing the referee by the arm to complain about Doyle's actions...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PERCY HIT BALDWIN WITH THE CANE!!

[Baldwin staggers backwards into Stevie's waiting arms, leaping into the air, and jamming Baldwin's jaw into Stevie's shoulder, a blow that leaves him flattened. Stevie pops back to his feet, the crowd still cheering as Percy shouts at him, "NOW'S THE TIME!"]

GM: What the-?

BW: Percy just told him now's the time!

GM: The time for what?!

[With a nod, Stevie Childes rushes to the corner, deadleaping to the top rope, the crowd roaring for him...]

...and then leaps off, tucking his arms and legs, and CRASHING down across the chest of Robert Baldwin!]

GM: LAP DANCE!!

[Childes hooks the leg as Tyler steps in, stampeding Johann Avalon before he can help his partner as the referee slaps the canvas once, twice, and three times.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Childes springs to his feet, arms held high as the confused crowd still is cheering.]

PW: Here are your winners and new Number One contenders... Danny and Stevie...

THE AAAAAAAAAACES!

[With a grin and a few silent claps, Percy Childes turns his back on the ring, making his way back up the aisle towards the locker room area.]

GM: And just like that, Percy Childes is walking out of here but you cannot deny that he had a DIRECT influence on the outcome of this match, fans. Percy Childes may not have gift-wrapped the victory for the Aces but it wasn't far from that!

BW: I still want to know what "the time" was. All match long, Stevie Childes seemed afraid to come off the ropes but when Percy told him it was time, he had no problem with ENDING Robert Baldwin with that frog splash.

GM: I still can't believe that Childes brained Larry Doyle with that cane! What the heck is going on here, fans?

[The Aces celebrate their victory, quickly making their exit from the ring as the fans cheer.]

GM: The Aces are the Number One contenders... but what did they just stoop to to make that happen?

BW: You do what you gotta do to win, Gordo. Always remember that.

GM: But... Percy Childes? Fans, there's more to this situation than meets the eye, I have a feeling.

[As the Aces exit, we fade away to our ClashBack 3 logo before fading to black.]

What we see next is a wrestling ring, which inexplicably has a large gold-colored throne in it. Fans are booing all around, though this honestly looks more like a set than an arena. Seated on the throne is, of course, the self-styled "King Of Wrestling", Demetrius Lake. The dark-skinned Missourian is wearing a purple king robe, purple trunks and boots with gold kneepads and monogramming on the trunks and boots. Atop his head rests a regal crown. He rests one hand on the knee like the classic "Thinker" pose, but he has the trademark sour scowl on his afro-and-conebeard ringed face. We get some chryon identifying him for the benefit of non-wrestling fans: "THE KING OF WRESTLING DEMETRIUS LAKE"

The voiceover is from Lake himself.]

DL: It's hard to be the King.

[He's suddenly attacked by a couple of unknown wrestlers, who fail to harm him as he stands up and starts beating on them.]

DL: You got uprisings...

[The next scene shows Lake, still inexplicably in his "King attire", leaving an arena late at night, looking around at several restaurants which all say "CLOSED". he slumps his shoulders.]

DL: ...you got famines...

[The next scene shows him behind the wheel of a large cadillac, pulled over and angrily tapping his wristwatch as a police officer is writing a ticket. he shows the officer a billing that clearly reads "WRESTLING! 8PM BELL TIME!", but the officer is still going slowly. Also: he's still in his ring attire, or at least the robe and crown.]

DL: ...you got paperwork...

[And after that is a scene of Lake walking down a busy city street while everyone around him boos, throws trash, and shouts out at him. Demetrius is still in his same King ring attire, because how else will the people watching this commercial know he's a pro wrestler?]

DL: ...and all the peasants command my attention 24 hours a day.

[Back to the initial scene, where the "Black Tiger" is polishing off his last assailant by bashing his face into the back of his throne. He then sits back on the throne, which is funny because the opponent's head and upper body is still on it (and he flails helplessly for the rest of the scene), and returns to the "Thinker" pose.]

DL: It's a tough job, but if there is one thing that a King must never do, it is to allow his circumstances to make him sweat.

[Lake reaches behind him and pulls out an aerosol can of Right Guard deodorant. He applies it to himself as the voiceover continues.]

DL: Right Guard. Used by true ath-e-letes, the King Of Wrestling Demetrius Lake, and anybody with both armpits and sense.

[He then reaches over to one of his assilants who is just trying to get up, and sprays it right in the man's eyes.]

DL: Or just armpits. It works regardless.

[Cut to the product screen...]

DL: Right Guard. For The Win.

[...a bell rings, and then out.

Fade up to the interview stage where Colt Patterson is standing with a microphone in hand.]

CP: Now we're talkin', people. The brass around here have FINALLY started to realize what kind of talent they're dealin' with when they got yours truly holding a mic in this hand...

[He holds up the mic before flexing his other arm.]

CP: ...and the largest arms on the planet holding up this hand!

[There's a smattering of cheers for Colt's braggadocios nature but most of the fans are letting him have it.]

CP: The suits finally have reached down from on high and given the man sculpted by the gods something worth talkin' about.

[He holds up a sheet of paper.]

CP: This right here is a Press Release put out by the office just... about... now. What does it say?

[Patterson smirks.]

CP: It says that as of this afternoon, the AWA has added another pair of former World Tag Team Champions to the roster. It says that the AWA has added another pair of Hall of Famers to the roster. It says that Dan Thomas and Andrew Sterling - the Epitome of Cool - have signed a short term contract to come out of retirement and be a part of the best thing goin' in the world of wrestling today, jack!

Let's get 'em out here to talk about it!

[BIG cheers as the duo make their way onto the interview stage. Both men are dressed in casual clothing, flanking either side of Colt Patterson.]

CP: Welcome to the party, pals.

[Sterling chuckles.]

CP: We'll get to your new contracts in a minute but first, I gotta ask about Homecoming when we saw a brawl break out between you guys and the former World Tag Team Champions, the Lights Out Express. Then two weeks ago, we saw the L-O-E say that they were willing to hunt the two of you down to get a shot at'cha.

[Sterling nods.]

AS: Which is why we're standing here, Colt. Dan-o and I figured we'd make it easier for Lenny and Aaron to find us. That's why we finalized a deal with the AWA earlier this week and put pen to paper this afternoon.

[Cheers.]

DT: This isn't about interrupting our contribution to the Wall of Fame. This isn't about finding out who the best tag team in the world today or yesterday. This boils down to those two deciding to vent their frustration of losing the tag team titles to Air Strike on the Epitome of Cool.

[Dan pauses.]

DT: You put your hands on us and then decided to run your mouths thinking these "fossils" would tuck tail and run, hiding behind advanced age or our reputation.

[Dan shakes his head.]

DT: Tells me you two didn't pay much attention to history. The Epitome of Cool DOES. NOT. RUN!

[Big cheers!]

AS: What about that time when we were with Eddie?

[Dan looks at his partner.]

DT: Okay, okay. There was one time, but not this time!

[Drew thinks it over and nods in agreement.]

DT: You want to prove your the best? Now you get a chance to legitimize it. Here's the challenge, Lights Out Expr-

[The crowd ERUPTS into a wild buzz as two bodies come hurdling over the barricade separating the interview platform from the fans.]

GM: What the-?!

[The two bodies quickly become visible as Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson charge the platform, pulling themselves onto it. Sterling and Thomas both spin at the crowd reaction, fists balled up at the ready for the former champions!]

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

[Strong and Anderson are trying to get up off the ground as Sterling and Thomas swarm them, battering with rights and lefts to the back of the neck and head to a huge cheer!]

GM: But it looks like the EOC were ready for them!

[Strong and Anderson try to fire back but Strong and Anderson have the higher ground, forcing the former champions back off the platform and down onto the floor. Strong seems ready to go at it again but Anderson cuts him off, pulling him a few feet away as he shouts up at the champions. Thomas waves them back up on the platform as Sterling leans back over the mic.]

AS: [smiling] Nah, boys. We've been in this game far too long to fall for a trick like that. You want the Epitome of Cool? You got us at SuperClash. All you have to do is sign that line.

[The crowd ROARS at the announcement as Thomas and Sterling make their way off the stage, leaving Colt Patterson behind.]

CP: The challenge is made! The Epitome of Cool have challenged the Lights Out Express to a match at SuperClash! Will they former champs accept? We'll find out but right now, let's go down to the ring and "Precious" Phil Watson!

[The camera shows us the ring, where Phil Watson is standing by with a wrestler with brown curly hair and pale skin. He wears full length silver tights with a scale pattern, matching boots, and green elbowpads.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall, and a ten minute time limit.

Introducing first, already in the ring... from Wichita, Kansas... weighing two-hundred thirty pounds... GEORGE TALBOT!

[Talbot pumps a fist in front of him, and the crowd gives a lukewarm reaction. The brief moment when everyone awaits the opening hook to a theme then hits, and the pause is met with confusion as it's a mild piano bit, and some female vocals...]

#Right now you are down and out, and feeling really crappy.
#And when I see how sad you are, it sorta makes me... HAPPY...

[At the word "Happy", the music picks up; it is "Schadenfreude" from the musical Avenue Q (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=t9B-ZoS0wvU>). Through the curtain comes Kyle Houlder, who had made his AWA return on the last Saturday Night Wrestling. Houlder now apparently has theme music and to-ring attire: a dark grey longcoat which is open over a black T-Shirt that reads "PROFESSIONAL TROLL" in white block letters. Houlder is a youthful-looking man with very long black hair, a scruffy mustache and full beard, and plain full-length black tights, and white boots. He has weird wrist tape that is close to the color of his skin. Houlder is smirking in bemusement as the crowd boos him roundly after the stunt he pulled two weeks ago.]

BW: Alright! You wanna talk about a hot young star, Gordo. We saw two weeks ago that Kyle Houlder's ready for the big time.

GM: WHAT?! First of all, I cannot believe he's being rewarded for killing a man's dreams by getting theme music.

BW: It was in his contract. Blame Percy.

GM: Secondly, how does a deliberate double-countout prove anything? This man has still never won a match on AWA television.

BW: It proves that he'll do anything to get what he wants, don't it? Sacrifice, daddy. He gave up the win to make sure the other guy lost. And how much more big time do you get than putting down an entire nation?! That's the kind of dedication and spite I can approve of.

[Houlder makes his way down the aisle at his own pace, taking his time to interact with the fans on either side of the aisle, insulting them. Or occasionally complimenting them if they have an insulting sign or say something particularly clever. But for the most part, he's being an offensive jerk.]

PW: Coming down the aisle... from Jamestown, Colorado... weighing two-hundred twenty-five pounds...

...KYLE HOULDER!

GM: The one thing I can say for sure is that this man is not going to waste any time drawing a target on his own back. He seems to derive pleasure from tormenting others.

BW: He missed his calling in life. Shoulda been a divorce attorney.

[Finally, Houlder reaches ringside, and makes his way around the ring to his corner, continuing to provoke the ringside fans while his extremely dissonant showtune theme music (with a couple of PG-edits) plays. He stands up on the ring apron, calls referee Ricky Longfellow over, and insists that the referee hold the ropes open for him. When the ref does so, he hops in over the top rope. He hops up and down on the balls of his feet, limbering up as the official warns him about his behavior.]

GM: Did you see that? That was plain rude.

BW: Gordo, if you're gonna get bent outta shape by every little thing, maybe you should retire and go back to your beach in San Diego.

GM: There is no place I'd rather be than calling wrestling. But choosing to throw a match just to ruin a man out of a warped sense of enjoyment has no place in wrestling. This is a sport.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: Well, let's watch what happens, then. After all, he did go through the Combat Corner.

GM: Sort of, yes, though he never attained full graduate status the way an Eric Preston or an Aaron Anderson did. Collar-and-elbow tieup, and George Talbot with an armwringer.

BW: Oh, sure, downplay the guy you don't like. Houlder didn't "sort of" go through the Corner. He went through, Michaelson and Shaw tried to get rid of him, and they sent him out early, before he was ready, to get beat up for months on end.

[As Bucky and Gordon go back and forth on this, Houlder reverses the armwringer, gets re-reversed by Talbot, and hammerlocked. He steps into the ropes to force a break.]

GM: The Combat Corner is NOT that irresponsible! Kyle Houlder was given in-ring experience at the time of his training that was appropriate, just like everyone else that goes through there! Many go through, but only a few earn the privilege of a full graduation and personal training from the best wrestlers in the world. You have to earn that, Bucky, and Houlder never did. Because he was too concerned with amusing himself to focus on his work!

[A second lockup, and this time Talbot takes a headlock. Houlder is in it for a moment before flailing and grabbing for Longfellow's shirt. The referee pulls away, giving Houlder an opening to reach up with his other hand and grab Talbot's curly hair. Using the hair, Houlder forces his head down, slips out, and reverses into his own headlock.]

BW: He looks focused to me!

[The Coloradan proceeds to turn his body in Longfellow's way, jab Talbot in the eyes with the headlock still applied, jab at his neck, and then yank the hair again to whip Talbot over in a headlock takedown. The crowd boos this blatant flurry of rulebreaking, all done away from the referee's line of vision.]

GM: Focused? He's breaking every rule he can!

BW: It takes dedication and art to get away with that much stuff all at once.

GM: Houlder with the headlock... oh, come on!

[With Talbot grounded with the side headlock, Houlder leans over and spits directly in his hair. This draws a loud booing from the crowd, and sends Talbot from the controlled movements of someone who is looking for a technical counter or reversal to the angered thrashing of someone who wants to pull out and punch somebody.]

BW: Ha, nothing like the ol' saliva bomb to soften a guy up. George Talbot's a technical wrestler, but he's trying to punch his way out now.

GM: And now Houlder is choking him with his wrist tape! This is premeditated! Kyle Houlder's wrist tape is the color of flesh, and Longfellow could barely see it under that headlock even if he were in position!

BW: That's just genius, Gordo. Why didn't I ever think of that?

GM: Talbot trying desperately to force his way up. George Talbot is a sound technical wrestler, but still highly inexperienced.

[And the Kansas native shows that inexperience by trying to shove Houlder off the headlock while he has wrist tape wrapped around his throat. Needless to say, all that happens is that Houlder ends up dragging him forward a bit. This does serve to clue Longfellow in that something is wrong here, though. Houlder swiftly lets go of the tape, and Talbot rips it off of his neck.]

BW: Hey, ref! Talbot's ripping Houlder's wrist tape off! You can't do that!

GM: That's not what happened!

BW: But that's what it looked like. Kyle has really learned how to work a referee, hasn't he?

GM: Incredibly, Longfellow is warning Talbot... and Houlder connects with a swift one-foot dropkick to the chest!

BW: And right on the followup with a fistedrop. That weird dropkick of his lets him land better so he can move right in.

GM: Kyle Houlder on the offensive now. Pulling up Talbot, and planting him with a one-handed bulldog. We're starting to see some offensive capabilities from this young man that we have not seen in the past. At least, not his usual brand of being offensive.

[With George Talbot dazed on his back, Houlder walks up to him, leaps, and quickly goes into and out of a pike position, hitting a standing frog splash that hits with such velocity that he bounces off of his man with a thud.]

BW: WHOA! I don't think I've ever seen a standing frog splash, Gordo! That was some impact.

GM: The pike position generates much more momentum than a normal fall, and Houlder exploded out of it with authority. I can only surmise that he learned that technique in Japan, where he has been wrestling for much of 2014. One would think that Kyle would want to follow up, but instead he has turned his attention to the ringside fans.

[Specifically, he has rolled out of the ring and helped himself to somebody's popcorn. The fans jeer as Houlder takes his sweet time rolling back into the ring with a half-full popcorn bag in his hand, munching on some of the buttery kernels.]

BW: Well, hard work builds up an appetite.

GM: This is absurd! He's in the middle of a match! Ricky Longfellow has to...

BW: Has to what? Is eating popcorn illegal now?

GM: Stealing it is, and yes, Bucky, it's a foreign object. Just because it is theoretically harmless doesn't make it legal.

[Longfellow manages to snatch the popcorn bag away from Houlder, and marches it out of the ring. With a smirk on his face, Houlder shrugs, crushes the popcorn that is left in his hand, and starts raking a now-recovered Talbot in the eyes with it as Talbot moves in. The boos are even louder now.]

BW: Harmless, eh? Salt and pieces of corn in the eye. That was just brilliant.

GM: That was pointless! He was winning!

BW: But now he's winning AND laughing. Didn't you figure out two weeks ago where this guy's priorities are?

[As George Talbot tries to frantically rub the particles out of his eyes, Houlder spins him around, hooks his waist, and lifts him for an atomic drop. But instead of bringing his tailbone down on his knee, he takes a step forward, tosses Talbot forward a bit, and launches a field-goal kick right to the gluteus maximus! The crowd loudly reacts for the embarrassing-looking maneuver!]

GM: WHAT WAS THAT?!

BW: HA HA HA HA HA! That was awesome! He kicked the guy's a-

GM: Let's not make the censors any angrier than they already are! Kyle Houlder with a frankly disrespectful maneuver, and lining up another fistdrop...

[Nope. As he goes forward with the fistdrop, he extends two fingers and makes it an eye-poke drop instead, causing Talbot to roll around on the mat and the fans to boo. The Jamestown native looks extremely pleased with himself as Longfellow, finally having directly observed Houlder outright breaking a rule, reads him the Riot Act.]

GM: Oh, come on! At this point, there's no excuse for Longfellow not to disqualify Houlder! He has done nothing but flagrantly break rules all match long!

BW: And Longfellow saw him do it, what, twice? It's real easy to pass judgement from behind a monitor, daddy. If George Talbot don't want it to happen, all he has to do is get up and stop him.

GM: Houlder is just lounging in the ropes now. What kind of athlete is this?

BW: The kind that don't care what you think about him.

[Blinded and hurt, Talbot gets up. As he does, Houlder rushes him. With Talbot still doubled-over on his way to his feet, Houlder plants a knee in the back of Talbot's head, cups his arms around his opponent's chin, and jumps over him sunset flip style. This causes Talbot to be dragged down backwards with the base of his skull smashing into Houlder's knee!]

GM: WHAT WAS THAT?!

BW: Probably a grade A concussion, Gordo!

GM: That was a vicious maneuver, and George Talbot is not moving! Houlder draping one lazy arm on him... you're right Bucky, he's out! Even that dismissive pin was enough for an easy three.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: I'd say Kyle Houlder got a lot better since we saw him last, wouldn't you?

GM: Which makes his constant flagrant cheating all the more frustrating! What could he be if he applied himself?!

BW: All I know is what he is now. A winner.

PW: The winner of this contest... KYLE HOULDER!

[Houlder just grins as the crowd boos. "Schadenfreude" starts up again as he reaches into his boot for something.]

GM: Now what is he doing?

BW: Probably just adjusting his ring attire. You don't have time during matches when something's uncomfortable.

GM: He has a permanent marker. What... there's no call for this! Come on!

[Yes, he has a Sharpie, and he's drawing an L on Talbot's forehead, and scribbling a mustache on him. The crowd is not happy.]

BW: Ha ha ha! Hey, I hate to repeat myself, but in pro wrestling, when you don't want somebody to do things to you, you stop them from doing it. Or you don't. It's that simple.

GM: This is just childish.

BW: Why grow up? I never did, and it worked out good for me.

GM: Fans, we'll be back after this.

[Fade to black.]

A black screen slowly fades to a graphic that reads as follows, accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[And then we cut to a grainy handheld camera, walking around the ringside floor of a small arena. Dimly lit and filled to capacity, the arena boasts a crowd that is loud and rowdy.]

VOICEOVER: The whole world has its eyes on Dallas, every Saturday Night.

[We get a couple of quick clips from Saturday Night Wrestling, of major stars in action. Juan Vasquez hitting the right cross on Stevie Scott. Alphonse Green nailing Dave Cooper with the Hunger Strike. Jack Lynch chasing Demetrius Lake in an effort to Claw him. After this, we go back to the handheld. The user is climbing the ring steps, giving us a first person view of what it must be like for a wrestler to enter that ring.]

VOICEOVER: But what about those two weeks in between? You hear us promote the great action all over Texas and nearby states. And every summer, we travel all around the world. No TV production; just a gala featuring the AWA stars and a few thousand of their closest friends.

[The cameraman walks around the ring, filming the crowd. There are about five thousand here, and a sign that bids all welcome to the Cal Farley Coliseum in Amarillo, Texas.]

VO: What great matches have we never seen? How much blood was spilled in the pursuit of a dream, and we never knew?

[Now more clips... in less professionally-produced areas. The clips feature not only current, but former AWA stars. We see Rick Marley with a flying headscissors taking down Shadoe Rage. We see The Rave diving out of the ring at the Blonde Bombers. We see MAMMOTH Maximus pressing Kolya Sudakov overhead. We see Calisto Dufresne using the ringpost to free himself from the grip of Glenn Hudson. And we see Hannibal Carver slugging it out with Hercules Hammonds.]

VO: They're called "house shows". Classic matches, held in arenas all over the United States, seen only by the fans in attendance. But the AWA did have cameras at some of these events... and captured some of these intense battles. And now, for the first time ever, you can witness them too.

[We get a product screen featuring a DVD Set: AWA Signature Series Volume Three: House Show Classics. The cover features a montage of images from each clip shown above.]

VO: The AWA Signature Series, Volume Three. House Show Classics, featuring unaired matches from the entire AWA run.

[As each match below is mentioned, we get a clip of it...]

VO: See... From 2013, Calisto Dufrense defends the AWA World Heavyweight Championship against the World Television Champion Glenn Hudson.

From 2012, James Monosso defends the very same title against Dave Cooper.

From 2009, a 15-man West Texas Bunkhouse Battle Royal.

From 2010, Stevie Scott defends the National Title against Vernon Riley.

From 2013, Dave Bryant defends the World Television Title against Mr. Sadisuto.

From 2011, Nenshou defends the same belt against James Lynch.

From 2013, The Blonde Bombers defend the World Tag Team Titles against The Rave.

[Back to the product splash.]

And besides these seven great matches, there are eleven other great contests. Eighteen matches in all, on a two DVD set. Special features include...

[A clip of a variety of young wrestlers setting up a ring... some of whom we recognize as stars today.]

VO: ...a behind the scenes documentary on the travels and travails of life on the road...

[And then another of a training session at the Combat Corner.]

VO: ...and an exclusive look inside the Combat Corner over the years. See some of the friendships and rivalries that formed before they were stars!

AWA Signature Series Volume Three, House Show Classics. Available today from Amazon, Best Buy, and AWAsShop.com. Get yours today!

[One last look at the product screen, and the commercial ends as we fade back to security having to drag an apoplectically angry George Talbot out of the arena, as he has Sharpie scribblings all over his face and is clearly irate about it. Up at the interview platform, Colt Patterson is standing by with Kyle Houlder, who is gleefully waving goodbye to Talbot as he is taken out.]

CP: Fans, we just saw this man, Kyle Houlder, in action. And Kyle, I gotta tell ya, you sure have a way of making enemies.

KH: Thanks. I collect them. Some people collect stamps, some people collect baseball cards, some people collect dust... hi, Gordon! But I collect enemies. It's fun. And isn't that what this is all about in the end?

CP: What do you mean?

KH: Sports. Wrestling is a sport. People harp on that over and over. They look at the crazy entrances, the flamboyant costumes, the way some guys like to bludgeon people half to death with disposable furniture, and they say "but it's a sport!" What the old, uptight people of the world have forgotten is that sports are supposed to be fun. Am I right?

CP: That sounds right to me.

KH: These fans came here to have fun. Who am I to say they can't have fun? I hope they all enjoy the show. You do too, right?

CP: I like gettin' paid, so yeah, I guess I'd have to say that.

KH: So am I any less than them? Why can't I have fun? If sports are all about fun, and wrestling is a sport, then lemme tell you, I'm the sportsman of the year. That match was great! That guy was so serious, I think if he ever cracked a smile, he'd crack his face at the same time. People like that just can't handle fun, Colt.

Everything here is always so dead serious. People treating championships like sacred artifacts, wrestling like a god, and the ring like an altar of worship. But I'm a wrestlatheist. This place needs to lighten up and remember what life is all about. So I'm announcing the start of my AWA tour... the Maximum Fun Tour. I'm bringing fun back to wrestling, and if I gotta ruin a few lives to do it, well, better them than me.

CP: The Maximum Fun Tour. I gotta say, I like it. But Kyle, some people are saying that your version of fun seems a bit one-sided. How do you respond to that?

KH: Well... yeah. Those losers can find their own entertainment. The Maximum Fun Tour doesn't have room on the bandwagon for jumpers. Besides, being happy is like being special. When everybody's happy, is anyone REALLY happy? I think not. But I'm more than willing to make that brave and heroic sacrifice in order so that everybody else can be useful in life.

CP: Alright, that about wraps it up here. The Maximum Fun Tour is underway, and it looks like the fans are finally gonna get a lesson on what sports are all about. Back to you, "Precious" Phil!

[We crossfade back to the ring where Phil Watson is waiting with a handful of wrestlers already inside the ring with him.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... at a total combined weight of 452 pounds...

"MONEY DRIVEN" MIKE SEBASTIAN...

ANDREW "FLASH" TUCKER...

STRICTLYYYYYY BUSSSSSSSINESSSSSSSSSS!

[Sebastian mounts the middle rope, shouting at the jeering fans as a smirking Tucker leans back against the adjacent turnbuckles, staring across the ring.]

PW: And their opponents... in the corner to my left... at a total combined weight of 487 pounds...

MATT GINN...

MARK HOEFNER...

DIIIIIIIIIICHOTOMYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

[Ginn and Hoefner are huddled up in their corner, discussing strategy as they gesture across the ring at the former World Tag Team Champions.]

GM: Both teams already in this ring for what should be a very hard-fought matchup between two of the top teams in the AWA, Bucky.

BW: The number four and five contenders in the tag team division. You think this one won't have a major impact on how the Top 5 shakes out next week, you're dreaming!

GM: Referee Ricky Longfellow trying to get two men out and two men in and it looks like it'll be Mike Sebastian starting things off against Matt Ginn.

[As the referee signals for the bell, Ginn lumbers out of the corner to the center of the ring...

...and slowly raises his right hand, calling for a test of strength.]

GM: Well, that's one way to start this match.

BW: Ginn's got a six inch reach advantage... that's a lot of leverage over a much smaller man.

GM: I see no reason for Mike Sebastian to accept this offer.

[Sebastian steps back, huddling up with Tucker as Ginn stomps the mat, insistently shoving his hand up in the air again. Sebastian nods as he turns around, edging out of the corner...]

GM: Sebastian looks like he's going for it. I gotta admit that I'm pretty surprised by this...

[Sebastian slowly raises his hand to meet Ginn's...

...and as soon as their fingers are locked, both men attempt to sneak in a boot to the gut, leaving them both doubled up to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Well, that didn't go the way they planned it.

[Ginn straightens up, shoving Sebastian back a few steps. Sebastian stalks back out, shoving Ginn in response.]

GM: We've got ourselves a shoving match now.

[Ginn snatches Sebastian in a side headlock, flipping him onto his back with a headlock takedown, muscling Sebastian onto his shoulders for a one count before Sebastian wriggles free.]

GM: Matt Ginn is an excellent ring technician... one that you'd really have to admire if he didn't spend so much time complaining about... everything.

[Ginn seemingly allows Sebastian to climb back to his feet before taking him back down again.]

GM: Another headlock takeover. Why let the man up if you're just going back to the same move?

BW: It's a weardown tactic. Make Sebastian fight his way up from under a thirty pound weight disadvantage.

[Ginn allows Sebastian up again but this time, "Money Driven" drives his forearm into the ribs, breaking the hold. He grabs Ginn by the arm, rifling him into the ropes...

...but Ginn hangs on, pausing to point at his brain.]

BW: It'll take more than that to outsmart a guy who went to MIT.

GM: Who got kicked out of MIT you mean.

BW: Did I say that?

[Sebastian rushes at Ginn who sidesteps, burying a forearm into the kidneys of Sebastian as he hits the ropes. He pulls the veteran back, hooking a side waistlock...]

GM: Belly-to-back on the way!

[But Sebastian flips over the top, landing on his feet behind Ginn...

...and then hopping up on his back, locking in a sleeperhold!]

GM: CASH FLOW SLEEPER! One of the signatures holds of Mike Sebastian!

[But Ginn is too fresh for it to be of great effect, using the leverage advantage to reach back, swinging Sebastian over into a snapmare, bouncing him off the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! High impact counter by Matt Ginn!

[Ginn reaches back, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: The tag is made! Mark Hoefner coming in fast!

[Hoefner leaps up, stomping Sebastian in the chest before spinning back, dragging the veteran up into a second snapmare...

...and then leaps up, driving his feet into the back of Sebastian's head with a low dropkick!]

GM: Ohh! Nice combination of offense by Mark Hoefner leaves Sebastian dazed on the mat.

BW: Not for long, Gordo. Hoefner and Ginn realize the stakes of this one and they're showing that killer instinct that I love out of them.

GM: Bucky Wilde's favorite tag team, Dichotomy, has Sebastian back up... well, Mark Hoefner does at least as he pulls him to the ropes...

[Draping Sebastian's throat over the middle rope, Hoefner plants his shin on the back of the neck, choking Sebastian violently as the referee puts a count on Hoefner...]

GM: Hoefner's gotta break this choke!

BW: He will. He's got 'til five, daddy.

GM: Three... four... and he just barely breaks the hold in time.

[Hoefner shows off his athleticism, leaping over the ropes, and stomping the back of Sebastian's head!]

GM: Oh my! Incredible agility out of Hoefner... and he drops off the apron, slamming his elbow into the back of Sebastian's head!

[Hoefner turns towards the jeering crowd, waving his arms at himself, drawing an even louder negative reaction. He smirks at the boos, pulling himself up on the apron, gesturing at himself again.]

GM: These fans in Dallas are NOT fond of Dichotomy.

BW: Since when are Texans famous for their taste in sports? You see the Cowboys? The Astros? And don't forget the-

GM: Let me guess... the Lynches.

BW: You're learnin', Gordo.

[Hoefner steps through the ropes...

...and then STOMPS down on the back of Sebastian's ankle, blocking him from crawling across the ring towards his waiting partner.]

GM: Hoefner cuts off the tag!

BW: Brilliant! Just like I taught... I mean, like he learned from... some... other... people.

GM: I see.

[Hoefner drags Sebastian off the mat, still holding him by the leg. He backs him into the neutral corner, slamming a knee up into the hamstring before letting the leg go...

...and lashing out with a double chop to the shoulders!]

GM: Mongolian Chop by Hoefner!

[Hoefner grabs two hands full of hair, giving a shout before racing across the ring towards the opposite corner...

...and Sebastian bails out, causing Hoefner to slam chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! The wily veteran finds a way out!

[Sebastian pushes up off the mat, wobbling across the ring to slap his partner's hand.]

GM: Andrew Tucker in off the tag!

[Tucker slingshots over the ropes into the ring, rushing towards the cornered Hoefner.]

GM: Forearm... forearm... chop to the chest!

["Flash" grabs Hoefner by the arm, looking for a big whip across the ring...

...which distracts him from the near-blur sprinting down the entrance ramp towards the squared circle and the accompanying roar of the crowd on hand!]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second!

BW: What's that little pipsqueak doing out here?!

[Tucker completes the whip, sending Hoefner crashing into the turnbuckles. In a flash, TORA is up on the same corner, standing tall as Tucker - completely unaware of TORA's presence - turns and charges across the ring...

...and TORA HURLS himself off the top rope, his knees catching Tucker flush in the chest as he rides him down to the mat, smashing him into the canvas to a huge ovation!]

GM: TORA TAKES HIM DOWN!!

[TORA pops back up as the bell sounds, turning as Mark Hoefner comes staggering out of the corner, throwing a right hand at the intruder who ducks under, throwing a lightning quick series of kicks to the legs before snapping off a leaping spinning back kick to the chest that knocks Hoefner down as well!]

GM: TORA IS TAKING ON EVERYONE IN SIGHT!

[But he's not alone as his partner, Brian James, comes jogging into view, ducking through the ropes. His hand is even more covered than before in black tape, now up to mid-forearm to protect his wrist as well. He holds the hand back, snapping off a high kick at an incoming Matt Ginn, knocking him down to the mat where he rolls out to the floor.]

GM: Down goes Ginn!

[The last man standing, Mike Sebastian rushes into the ring, looking to strike but TORA pops up, catching him with an enzuigiri that sends Sebastian falling chestfirst into the buckles. TORA moves in, spinning him around before drilling him with a pair of palm strikes to the chest...

...and then bails out as James stampedes across the ring, throwing a leaping knee strike to the jaw!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

[Sebastian staggers out towards TORA who signals to his partner. James nods, walking out of the corner...

...and dropping down into a spinning legsweep as TORA goes high with a spinning leg lariat, completely folding up Sebastian and dumping him on the back of his head!]

GM: OH MY!! TOTALLY WRECKED!

[Tucker reaches under the ropes, dragging his partner out to the floor as both Strictly Business and Dichotomy are fuming at what just went down. James leans over the ropes, shouting at all four men as TORA reaches out, getting a mic from the ring announcer.]

T: HEY!

[Hoefner shouts at TORA from the floor, being held back by Matt Ginn.]

T: You guys think you can come after my partner, put him on the shelf, and then just keep on working your way up the ladder like it never happened?!

Well, it happened! His hand... his wrist... the doctors still haven't cleared him to wrestle.

[James nods, reaching to hold his injured hand with the other.]

T: But me? I'm cleared to wrestle!

[The crowd cheers, getting what TORA is saying.]

T: And if any of you guys want a shot at me... you say the word and we'll do it RIGHT... NOW!

[Another big cheer! Andrew Tucker is the first to respond, climbing back up on the apron. He points at TORA, jerking a thumb at himself.]

GM: I think Andrew Tucker has accepted the challenge!

[TORA spikes the mic down into the mat, waving for Tucker to get in the ring.]

GM: Fans, it looks like we've got an impromptu matchup on our hands! We've got to take a break but when we come back, apparently Andrew Tucker is going to take on TORA in one-on-one action so don't you dare go away!

[We abruptly cut 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...

Flash over to the backstage interview area where a short man in about his late 40s wearing a black suit and tie stands, holding a microphone. The new interviewer has a mostly bald head with gray hair in a horse shoe style, and a pencil thin mustache.]

LB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling! My name is "Sweet" Lou Blackwell and what a pleasure it is to be here, working in the big leagues for the AWA. And friends, just as I walked out to do my very first interview, you wouldn't believe what I heard.

A commotion in the back between two of the AWA's biggest stars, and Todd Michaelson himself had to get in between. The only way you can hear more is to call the all new AWA Hotline, and your old friend Lou will give you the gossip.

For the fans at home, that number is 1-900-505-5500. Once again, that's 1-900-505-5500. \$1.99 for the first minute, kids get your parents permission.

[Blackwell waves off the shill with one finger as the number comes up on the screen in chryon, and Blackwell continues on.]

LB: And now, my guest at this time is the man who will challenge Tony Sunn for his TV Title, right here tonight! Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Brad Jacobs!

[Jacobs walks out to the interview platform sans music, dressed in his wrestling trunks and a black and red hoodie with the sleeves cut off. Half of the crowd boos while half of the crowd cheers Jacobs, who ignores it either way as Blackwood begins to speak to him.]

LB: Brad Jacobs, what a huge opportunity for you tonight, as you compete against Tony Sunn for the AWA TV Title!

BJ: It's been a long time comin', Lou.

For months now, I've been doin' everyone else's work.

The Wise Men. Larry Doyle. Percy Childes.

[The fans erupt in boo for the three names, and Jacobs can only shake his head.]

BJ: Whether I wanted to or not, even when it made me sick to my damn stomach, I did my job and handled my business. I got a family to support, y'see, I got people countin' on me. So I do my job. I get things done.

Doesn't matter if I like it or, doesn't matter if you people like it or not. That's called being a man. That's called doin' what you gotta do to make things work.

[Jacobs calmly looks at the new interviewer.]

BJ: I ain't ever asked for a break, I ain't ever asked for a handout, I haven't asked for a thing. That's how life goes, Lou. You go to work, you do a job you can't stand, you cash that check an' then you do it all over again. Doesn't matter how you feel. Doesn't matter if you like it or not. I got mouths to feed, dog, I got bills to pay.

But when they told me Tony Sunn needed to defend that title, I was there in a minute. I signed the papers.

Because it's time I do somethin' for _me_.

Tony Sunn, you don't know about the struggle. You don't know about Overtown in Miami, Florida. All you know is that you gotta defend that title. But what you NEED to know is-

[And just as Jacobs is about to lay some wisdom down, his moment is broken. By Larry Doyle.]

LD: WHAT IS THIS?! WHAT IS THIS?! WHAT THE HELL!?!

[Doyle power walks to the interview area and grabs the microphone, then looks at the new interviewer for a moment.]

LD: Blackwell, last time I saw you, you were tryin' to sell me a '77 Dodge Charger. Don't you have a mop to shill somewhere?

[Blackwell harrumphs off mic.]

LD: And YOU-

[Doyle turns to Jacobs.]

LD: What the hell do you think you're doin'-

BJ: It's called an interview, Larry, I know you heard of it. Figured I'd give you a break since you've been bustin' your tail every day for pocket change.

[Doyle sneers.]

BJ: No wait, that's me, dog.

LD: Yeah, DOG, that is you. I set 'em up, you knock 'em down, that's how it goes. I don't know why you felt the need to deviate from the plan, but let me refresh you on something. I'm the brains of this operation. I make the decisions. That last time you decided to think for yourself I about had to-

[With that, Jacobs puts his hand over the microphone and lifts it out of Blackwell's hand.]

BJ: That's enough.

[Starring holes through Doyle, Jacobs forcefully hands Blackwell the microphone back, then turns and walks off-camera, as the fans boo the cackling Doyle. For a moment the two remaining men are silent, but when Jacobs disappears, Blackwell gets after it.]

LB: Larry Doyle, I have known you for over twenty years and I cannot IMAGINE how you sleep at night! With the way you've hamstrung that young man!

LD: Yeah, I've known you for twenty years and I've been trying to forget you for nineteen of them!

This is America, Blackwell, a free market enterprise. If you have something over someone, you use it. I'm the one who rescued Jacobs from that drug infested crack den, and the fact that I have to use a little leverage to get some damn gratitude out of him tells ya all you need to know about his character.

But I really don't know what he's out here crying about. He's paid every bill, he's fed every mouth, he's answered every prayer, sometimes with dollars and cents to spare. I have taken care of Brad Jacobs better than he could

ever do on his own, and for someone like that lowlife Dave Bryant to suggest otherwise is completely asinine.

LB: So you support your client in his bid for the TV Title?

LD: I support my client in anything he does that adds to the wealth and power of Larry Doyle Enterprises. That's all you need to know.

[With that, Doyle stalks off and we go back to the ring where Andrew Tucker and TORA are tied up, Tucker cranking on a side headlock.]

GM: We're back here in Dallas, Texas and you can see that this match kicked off during the commercial break. These two decided they just couldn't wait any longer after AWA officials came out here and got Dichotomy out of the picture. Mike Sebastian's still out here. Brian James is still out here. But Dichotomy have been forced back to the locker room...

BW: ...for now.

GM: That's for sure.

[Tucker continues to crank the headlock, shouting "This is how you ground a gnat!" to cheers from Mike Sebastian and jeers from the capacity crowd. Tucker has a big grin on his face until TORA spins out of the headlock, taking Tucker down with a drop toehold!]

GM: Nice counter by the young man!

[TORA kips up to his feet, dashing to the ropes where he rebounds off towards a rising Tucker, ducking under a backhand chop attempt, leaping up to the second rope...

...and blindly throwing himself off, twisting around into a crossbody that takes Tucker down to the mat!]

GM: TORA is just so quick. So blindingly quick!

[TORA rolls back up, greeting the rising Tucker with a pair of thrust kicks to the chest, sending him falling back into the turnbuckles. TORA backs off, giving a whoop before charging across...

...and CONNECTS with a spinning leg lariat, a blow that carries him over the ropes, landing on the apron as Tucker staggers out of the corner!]

GM: TORA's momentum carried him over the top... look out here!

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, TORA slingshots up to the top rope, springing off towards Tucker for a rana attempt...

...but Tucker holds his ground, preventing the smaller man from taking him over...]

GM: Tucker blocked it! Tucker's got him up!

[Tucker turns, looking to throw TORA into the corner...

...but TORA slips out, dragging Tucker down in a sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Tucker clashes his legs together on TORA's head, breaking up the pin attempt. Both men scramble to get up off the mat, Tucker throwing another chop as they do...

...but TORA drops down, ducking under it...]

GM: What the-?!

[TORA throws himself forward, planting his hands on the mat as he kicks his legs up, scissoring Tucker's head with them...

...and then tucks his head, rolling forward and throwing Tucker chestfirst into the middle rope!]

GM: Oh my! Innovative offense by the high flyer - much to the enjoyment of his partner out here at ringside.

[James slaps his good hand on the ring apron, cheering on TORA loudly. TORA dashes to the ropes, rebounding back towards a stunned Tucker who is draped over the middle rope...

...and leaps up, grabbing the top rope as he swings his legs back towards Tucker's head, driving them into the face!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A KICK!!

[Tucker sprawls back, falling to the canvas as TORA grabs the top rope, standing on the apron with a shout...]

GM: TORA leaps!

[He springs off the top rope, flipping once as he aims a legdrop at Tucker's prone form...

...but the former World Tag Team Champion rolls clear, causing TORA's tailbone to SLAM into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He missed! He missed the flipping legdrop off the ropes!

[Tucker scrambles up, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs, leaving his feet to deliver a low dropkick to the mush, knocking TORA back down to the mat as he attempts a cover.]

GM: Tucker covers for one! He's got two!

[But TORA's shoulder comes off the mat, breaking the pin.]

GM: Two count only for Andrew Tucker right there as he tries to finish off TORA in this impromptu showdown.

[Tucker leans down, hauling TORA off the mat. He ducks down, scooping him up before slamming him down to the canvas.]

GM: Big bodyslam by Andrew Tucker!

[Tucker backs to the corner, hopping up to the middle rope as Brian James angrily shouts at him...]

GM: Tucker off the ropes!

[And connects with a solid elbowdrop to the chest, rolling into another pin attempt.]

GM: Tucker's got one! He's got two! But that's all!

[Tucker angrily slams a hand down into the canvas, giving a quick three count before shouting at the official.]

GM: Tucker apparently thinks it was a slow count but it looked good to me.

BW: Of course you'd say that.

GM: What's that supposed to mean?

BW: You love these little pipsqueaks - TORA and James.

GM: I admit that. They're a fun and exciting tag team.

BW: They're an annoying little gnat and the son of a Hall of Famer who is an embarrassment to his late father - God rest his soul.

GM: Casey James is NOT dead!

[Tucker climbs back to his feet, dragging TORA up by the hair, pulling him into a front facelock...]

...and SNAPS him over with a suplex!]

GM: Oh my! Snap suplex by Tucker and a beauty!

[Tucker pauses for a moment, lying flat on his back before kipping up to his feet, throwing his arms apart to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Some showboating by the former World Tag Team Champion.

BW: Showboating?! You're such a hypocrite! TORA does it and you're all excited! Tucker does it and he's a showoff?!

GM: There was no call for it right there. TORA did it as a way to quickly get back to his feet to continue the attack!

BW: Excuses, excuses.

[Tucker leans down, dragging TORA off the mat again, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Another suplex on the way...

[But as Tucker lifts TORA up, he lunges forward, hanging TORA out to dry over the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! That might be enough to-

[Tucker leaps up, throwing a standing dropkick that sends TORA sailing off the apron, crashing down on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: Oh my stars! TORA hits the floor VERY hard right there!

[Tucker again gets to his feet, smirking at the crowd's reaction before the official steps in, forcing Tucker back. The rulebreaker drags him into an argument...

...which allows Mike Sebastian to haul TORA to his feet on the floor, grabbing him around the torso and DRIVING his lower back into the ring apron!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

[Brian James comes charging around the ring, shouting at Sebastian who bails out as TORA winces in pain. James slaps the apron, shouting encouragement to his partner as Tucker dashes across...]

GM: BASEBALL SLIDE!

[TORA gets drilled in the back of the head, sending him pitching forward where he crashes chestfirst into the ringside barricade!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES TORA!

[TORA is leaning over the railing, face contorted in pain as Tucker rolls under the ropes, shouting at the nearby Brian James, threatening to break his other hand as he pulls TORA off the steel.]

GM: Both men out on the floor now...

[Tucker grabs TORA by the arm, turning him towards the ring...]

GM: A whip to the apron coming up!

[But as TORA approaches, he shows off his athleticism, deadleaping from the floor onto the apron. A shocked Tucker comes in on him...]

...but TORA throws himself backwards with a standing moonsault off the apron onto Tucker, taking him down to the floor!]

GM: Oh my! Tucker gets taken down hard!

[TORA slowly climbs up off the floor, saluting the fans as he pulls Tucker up, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. He pulls himself up on the apron, giving a shout as Tucker slowly gets back up...]

GM: Both men back up. Tucker inside the ring, TORA out on the apron...

[TORA swings himself between the ropes, driving a shoulder into the gut of Tucker, doubling him up...]

GM: SUNSET FLIP!

[Tucker grabs the top rope, trying to prevent himself from being taken over. Mike Sebastian leaps up there as well, grabbing his partners' hands to prevent the takedown. The referee shouts at the two Strictly Business members to no avail...]

...but when Brian James gets up there, a hard front kick to the wrists breaks the grip, sending Sebastian falling to the floor and Tucker down to the mat where TORA slips his feet over the arms!]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[TORA lets go of the hold, quickly rolling out to the embrace of his joyful partner who pumps his black-tape covered fist in the air to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: TORA WINS! TORA WINS! TORA WINS!

BW: Oh, shaddup.

GM: TORA with a nice singles victory here tonight over Andrew Tucker - a little piece of payback for what Strictly Business - and Dichotomy - did to Brian James back at Homecoming.

BW: TORA might have gotten the singles win but when Strictly Business OR Dichotomy get these two geeks in the ring in a tag team match, it'll be all she wrote.

GM: Brian James told me before the show that his hand is getting better and better every day and that he hopes to be cleared to compete very soon. When that happens, you better believe James is going to want his shot at BOTH of those teams.

BW: And the feeling is going to be mutual, I guarantee it.

GM: Fans, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet who is standing by with the World Television Champion, Tony Sunn! Mark?

[We cut to backstage where we find Mark Stegglet next to the AWA Television Champion Tony Sunn. The Ithaca powerhouse has the title belt draped over his left shoulder, his dark blonde hair pulled back into a ponytail and a pensive frown etched deep into his face.]

MS: Tony Sunn, I was going to ask if you had any thoughts about what Shadoo Rage said last time out, but I'm pretty sure we have a good idea what you're feeling right now...

TS: Understatement, Mark...

[Tony shakes his head in disgust, the frown now growing into a full-born grimace.]

TS: More and more, Shadoo Rage is acting like a bratty kid demanding cookies NOW rather than the storied veteran he's supposed to be!

[He snorts softly.]

TS: It'd be almost laughable -- if people weren't getting severely hurt because of him. Referees, other wrestlers...

MS: ...Marissa Monet...

[Tony shakes his head again as a rueful sigh escapes his throat.]

TS: No. That...that's still on me. It was an accident -- but I'm still the one ultimately responsible for it.

MS: Be that as it may, it WAS just an accident. And Marissa was only in that position because Rage insisted that she accompany him! If anything, you've been the one expressing actual concern about her well-being than Shadoo Rage!

[Stegglet pauses.]

MS: Have you gotten any word about her yet?

[Sunn's brows furrow thoughtfully. He folds his arms across his chest as he shoots a brief glance upwards before answering.]

TS: ...no. Look, I've made my apology, but it's unfair for me to demand that she accept it. It's not about making me feel better 'cause that ain't gonna happen -- it's about Marissa Monet's health! In the end, I have no control over what she thinks or feels about what happened.

[The Television Champion's gaze hardens.]

TS: But that's the difference between me and Shadoe Rage. Me? I accept the blame when I've done wrong! I acknowledge my faults! You, Rage? The only person who exists in your tiny, little universe is YOU! You blame EVERYBODY except yourself! You're not crazy, Rage...no matter what you want everyone here in the AWA to think. You just refuse to see that maybe -- MAYBE -- you're past your prime! Maybe the one really out to get you is you all along...

...and maybe you just finally need to grow the HELL up!

[Teeth gritted and body tense, Sunn glares at the camera, the intensity never wavering from his brown eyes. After a few seconds, Mark Stegglet clears his throat quietly, looking to change the subject.]

MS: Later tonight, you're facing Brad Jacobs...any thoughts on that?

TS: Jacobs is a phenomenal talent, no question there, but...

[The frown returns on Tony's face, but this time it's tinged with sympathy.]

TS: ...I feel for his family situation. But Larry Doyle is lower than pond scum for exploiting it! I really hope Brad Jacobs is willing to listen to Dave Bryant on this matter. I know it's hard to walk away from family, but Jacobs isn't helping himself -- OR his brother -- by becoming Larry Doyle's meatshield!

[He taps the gold face of the Television title belt, finally allowing himself a small smile.]

TS: You're gonna give me a fight, Jacobs, no doubt -- but I've worked too hard to let this slip from my grasp now! Whether it's you or Farelli or Mahoney or Rage --

[At the mention of Rage's name, the smile drops from behind Sunn's eyes.]

TS: -- whoever, whenever, wherever, I will defend this belt! I'm not gonna stop now.

[The shot fades from a determined Tony Sunn back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... from Dallas, Texas...

[Big hometown cheer!]

PW: At a total combined weight of 432 pounds... the team of Nick Crick and Miles Giles!

[The fans cheer the duo as they pace around the ring, throwing up the "hook 'em horns" hand signs.]

PW: And their opponents...

[Suddenly, the lights go out.]

BW: Man, I hate when this happens.

GM: Afraid of the dark?

BW: Afraid of the people who LOVE the dark.

[The lights are out for several moments as "Blood On The Leaves" echoes throughout the Crockett Coliseum.]

GM: There's a distinct chill in the air when this happens and...

[Suddenly, the lights come back on, revealing the men known as The Walking Dead standing in the center of the ring, staring with wide and vacant eyes at Crick and Giles. Their mouths are at work, making weird chewing motions as the haggard-looking Poet raises her chalice high and screams "WE'VE COME 'OME!" to all within earshot.]

GM: Three of the most disturbing individuals I've ever had the displeasure of seeing inside a professional wrestling ring, Bucky.

BW: Gordo, I feel sorry for those two boys.

GM: Crick and Giles?

BW: Them too, but mostly Allah and LeMarques. That scream is pretty damn loud.

GM: I don't even know if it registered. The strange fruit of Jericho Kai who was called out last week by Manny Imbrogno.

BW: I thought Manny was supposed to be some kind of genius.

GM: Yes, he is.

BW: Then what's he doing calling out that nut bar? Sounds dumb to me!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As Phil Watson exits the ring, Henri LeMarques wastes no time in bullrushing Nick Crick, shoving him back against the ropes where he promptly slams his head into Crick's with a devastating headbutt!]

GM: Oh! LeMarques flattens him with that headbutt!

[But he doesn't allow Nick Crick to fall, dragging him by the hair...

...and sinking his teeth into the Texan's ear!]

GM: He's biting him! He's biting his ear!

BW: Mike Tyson, eat your heart out!

GM: The referee lays a five count on him but I'm not sure LeMarques knows or cares for that matter. Look at him in there - still wearing that noose around his neck. The symbolism there is downright offensive, Bucky.

BW: I'm not even sure that's a symbol, Gordo. On this nutball, it might be formal wear.

[The barefoot LeMarques slams his forearm into the back of Crick's head again and again, driving him down onto the mat.]

GM: Henri LeMarques putting a beating on this young man in front of his hometown. I'm sure young Nick Crick has family and friends in the audience tonight.

BW: What a sadist he is to make his mama watch this. Must be payback for giving him that name.

[LeMarques lowers himself down to one knee beside Crick, digging into his face with his giant fingers, looping his fingers into the mouth to tear at it.]

GM: He's fish-hooking the young man! Just disgusting!

BW: And he's biting him again now! His hunger knows no bounds. I'm starting to regret saying "Eat your heart out" because this nutjob just might try it, Gordo!

GM: The Walking Dead are one of the more... unusual... acts you will find in all the world of wrestling.

BW: A bunch of 'em seem to be findin' their way here now too. King Oni. The Gladiator. Deimos. Not to mention the apparent "leader" of the Walking Dead, Jericho Kai.

GM: Jericho Kai has assembled a strange collection of oddities - that's for sure. Earlier tonight, we caught up with Kai who has some words of his own for Manny Imbrogno. Let's listen in...

[A small inset appears on the screen as LeMarques settles into a simple two-handed choke of Nick Crick. We see in the dimly lit inset the dapper image of Jericho Kai. He remains, as always, in a sharp suit and thick black wool tie. His gaze is angled down at the floor before he looks up slowly to the camera.]

JK: Manny Imbrogno, you think you can walk back in here and make demands of me?

[Kai chuckles.]

JK: Manny, you're like all these so-called men of science. You think you can conquer the world with your brains. There are just things you don't understand, Manny. There are things you don't wish to understand. You want to call back your friends? You want to reach out across the void? Be very careful, Manny. Do not be Icarus and fly too close to the sun. Do not fly too close to the sea. Or you'll die, boy. And be taken by the jackals.

[With Kai's menacing threat hanging, the inset vanishes, as LeMarques has dragged the smaller man back up to his feet, delivering another thunderous headbutt!]

BW: Listen to the man, Manny! Listen to 'im! You don't want to get yourself in a war with the undead!

GM: Manny Imbrogno is insistent that he wants payback for his friend, BC Da Mastah MC, who vanished at the hands of the Walking Dead some time ago. In fact, he's not just searching for vengeance but he actually wants to see his friend come back.

BW: There ain't no comin' back, Gordo. There ain't no comin' back!

[LeMarques scoops Crick off the mat, showing off his power by slamming him down to the mat. Dirt Dog Unique Allah can be seen pacing back and forth on the apron, yanking at his own hair as LeMarques stands over Crick.]

GM: I'm pretty sure Poet just called for a tag... I think.

BW: Hard to tell with all that high-pitched screeching.

[LeMarques grabs Crick by the foot, dragging him across the ring where he slaps the hand of Allah. Allah swings his legs through the ropes, sitting on them as LeMarques pulls Crick up, slamming his head into Allah's raised boots!]

GM: Ohh! A simple but effective doubleteam by the Walking Dead as Dirt Dog Unique Allah slips into the ring.

BW: You know, Gordo. Allah's always been a unique individual if you excuse the pun... dating back to his days in Portland feuding with Joe Petrow and that legendary Seven Tables Of Fear match... but he's flat out snapped these days.

[Allah staggers as LeMarques pulls Crick up, whipping him easily into the ropes. Allah grabs the bigger man by the wrist, rushing quicker than his partner and flooring Crick with a sloppy double clothesline!]

GM: Another solid doubleteam. Allah and LeMarques work well together even if they don't always seem to be on the same page. Allah tried to get LeMarques to run with him there but LeMarques just plodded across the ring at Crick who is in desperate need of a tag.

[As the big man steps out, LeMarques drags Crick up with two hands full of hair, pausing to stare dead in the eyes of the Texan before going for another whip...]

GM: Reversal by Crick!

[Crick catches the rebounding Allah with a hiptoss that takes the smaller man way up high before dropping him down to the mat. The crowd cheers as Allah claws at the mat, trying to get to his feet as Crick looks to the corner, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: The tag is made to Miles Giles!

BW: What's with these parents? Typical Texans.

[Giles steps in, hopping up to the middle rope as Crick cranks the arm in an armwringer, leaping off the drive an elbow down on the trapped limb!]

BW: Gordo, I'm surprised that arm didn't come clear off. Allah looks like nothing but rotting meat in there right now. Look at his eyes!

[The camera zooms in on Allah's face, showing a vacant expression in his eyes as his mouth continues to move like he's chewing something.]

GM: What do you think he's chewing on?

BW: I'm not sure we want to ask that question.

[Giles throws Allah across with a whip, taking him down with a shoulder block!]

GM: Nice shoulder tackle by Giles!

[Giles races to the ropes as Allah again stumbles to his feet, lurching forward with a boot to the gut that knocks Giles down to a knee...

...and allows Allah to slip behind him, sinking his teeth into Giles' trapezius muscle!]

GM: AHHH!

[The referee is immediately there, shouting at Allah to break off his attack but he continues to tear at the muscle with his teeth as Giles screams and slaps at Allah's head!]

BW: He's like a dog with a bone!

GM: And he's being cheered on by that shrieking harpy, Poet!

[On the outside, Poet is raising her chalice and screaming. Inside the ring, Dirt Dog releases the grip of his teeth. He spins Giles around and launches a kick at Giles' midsection.]

BW: Not quick enough! Giles catches it!

[Allah bounces on one foot a few times before leaping up, cracking his opponent in the back of the head!]

BW: ENZUIGIRI CONNECTS!

[The back brain kick knocks Giles' flat. Allah slowly climbs to his feet, dropping a snapping legdrop with little leap down on the back of the neck!]

GM: A unique way of delivering the legdrop. Most guys go high in the air, trying to maximize their impact but Allah stayed low to the ground on that... tag!

[The big man, Henri LeMarques, steps back through the ropes into the ring, reaching down to grab Giles' legs under his arms...]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: GIANT SWING!

[The crowd roars to life as LeMarques slowly starts to spin, dragging Giles with him. He gains speed and momentum with every rotation, lifting Giles up off the mat, spinning faster and faster...]

BW: Round and round he goes!

[Allah steps back, measuring...

...and throws himself into a dropkick, kicking the spinning Giles in the skull!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Allah rolls out to the apron as the big man lumbers towards him, slapping his hand.]

GM: Another tag! Allah's heading up top!

[The sloppy climb leaves Allah crouching on the top rope, slapping himself in the temple a few times before he half leaps, half falls off the top rope...

...and crashes down, sitting on the face of Giles!]

BW: Ewwww! Dirty homeless zombie guy just sat on his face!

[The pin is academic at this point as the referee makes a swift three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here are your winners... THE WALLLLKIIIIING DEAAAAAAD!

[Poet shrieks in triumph at the big victory as the lights suddenly go out.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: You think this is some kind of a mystical power or is Jericho Kai standing in the back by the circuit breaker?

GM: I... uhh, I really have no clue.

BW: Just thought I'd ask.

[And when the lights come back on, Crick and Giles are thankfully still in the ring, all alone.]

GM: Crick and Giles have been spared from being taken by the Walking Dead as Henri LeMarques and Dirt Dog Unique Allah claim another victory here on Saturday Night Wrestling. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, the former World Tag Team Champions, the Lights Out Express will be in action!

[Fade to black.

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

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

"SUPERCLASH"

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

"VI!"

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

And then shots that become slightly more obvious.

A street of major theaters.

The 9/11 Memorial.

The Empire State Building.

The Statue Of Liberty.

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

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

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

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

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

"LIVE ON PAY PER VIEW."

[Fade to black...

And as we fade back up, we find Phil Watson in the ring with a quartet of wrestlers already joining him.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Parts Unknown... the Masked Assassins!

[Two guys in head to toe black bodysuits with red and black masks throw their arms up to little reaction.]

PW: And their opponents... in the corner to my left... accompanied to the ring by Miss Sandra Hayes...

[The crowd jeers the bombshell as she twirls the pink-taped wrapped branding iron over her head, smirking at the reaction.]

PW: The team of Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson...

THE LIGHTS... OUT... EXXXXXXPRESSSSSSSSSS!

[Aaron Anderson mounts the midbuckle, shouting at the jeering fans as Lenny Strong slams his elbowpad-covered arm into his open palm.]

GM: The former World Tag Team Champions-

BW: I prefer to think of them as uncrowned.

GM: Uncrowned?! They lost the titles to Air Strike at Homecoming!

BW: In the biggest sham decision since the Gainesville Gyp! An incompetent official couldn't keep straight who was the legal man and as a result, a miscarriage of justice went down in a city who wouldn't know Lady Justice if she was givin' 'em a lap dance!

GM: Bucky!

[The bell sounds as Aaron Anderson storms across, blasting a Masked Assassin with a forearm smash. Two more follow before he drags him from the buckles, hooking a bodylock and taking him up and over with a vicious overhead belly-to-belly throw, bouncing him off the canvas!]

GM: Wow! Aaron Anderson isn't wasting any time here tonight, taking the fight right to this young man after being embarrassed by the Epitome Of Cool earlier this evening.

BW: We still haven't heard whether or not Anderson and Strong plan to accept the challenge for SuperClash but my money is on yes! They're going to take the match and they're going to make those two has-beens wish they'd never come back!

[Anderson strides across the ring where the masked man has pushed up to all fours. The Axeman leans over, securing a gutwrench...

...and deadlifts the masked man off the mat, letting him dangle for several moments...]

GM: Look at the strength of Aaron Anderson!

BW: To look at a guy like Anderson, you wouldn't expect a power game out of him. He's not built like a Hercules Hammonds or a Brad Jacobs or even a Danny Morton. He's a thinner guy... a more athletic physique... but he's as strong as bull moose, Gordo.

[Anderson steps out before finishing the lift, throwing him halfway across the ring with the gutwrench!]

GM: Tremendous show of power for Anderson.

[Anderson climbs back to his feet, pointing to the corner...]

GM: There's the tag to Lenny Strong.

[While Anderson moved methodically, Strong comes in fast, hauling him up into a series of short forearms to the head before grabbing an arm, whipping him into the neutral corner. Strong backs off, rushing across to land a leaping forearm to the mush!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Strong!

[Strong grabs a handful of mask, running across the ring to drive him headfirst into the turnbuckle!]

GM: Into the buckles and-

[The masked man wobbles out into a side waistlock, allowing Strong to lift and dump him with a backdrop suplex. He pops back up, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before pulling him back up.]

GM: The LOE doesn't seem to be in the mood to hang around tonight.

BW: They don't get paid by the hour, daddy.

[Strong slaps his partner's hand before hoisting the masked man up on his shoulders...]

GM: We've seen this before!

[Strong flips him off his shoulders towards a waiting Anderson who DRIVES him down with a sitout powerbomb!]

BW: DEMOLITION DRIVER!

GM: And a beauty! That's all she wrote, fans!

[Anderson rolls over, planting an open palm on the chest of the masked man as the referee counts one, two, and three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here are your winners... THE LIGHTS... OUT... EXXXXPRESSSSSS!

[Anderson is joined back in the ring by Strong, raising their hands in victory to the jeers of the crowd...]

GM: The other Masked Assassin never even got in the ring.

BW: That's what you call a blowout, Gordo. If anyone ever needed a mercy rule in pro wrestling, that's what the masked men needed right there, daddy.

[Strong looks ready to leave the ring when Anderson grabs his partner's arm, shaking his head, and pointing at the downed masked man. Strong smirks with a nod as Anderson pulls him off the mat.]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for this!

BW: They're sending a message tonight, daddy!

[Anderson and Strong back the masked man into the corner, taking turns with forearms and elbowstrikes to the jaw. Anderson grabs a handful of eyeholes, dragging the man out of the corner as Strong climbs the turnbuckles from the inside.]

GM: What is this all about?

[A smirking Anderson powers the masked man up, holding him high in the air in vertical suplex position as Strong steps up on the top rope, balancing himself...]

BW: Oh, I think I got it, Gordo!

GM: What do you...?

[Strong takes flight, lashing out with a dropkick to the chest of the upside down masked man, sending Anderson back in a spine-rattling suplex!]

BW: IT'S THE TRIP TO COOLSVILLE!

[The crowd jeers as they see the LOE mocking the Hall of Fame duo.]

GM: Strong and Anderson just used the signature maneuver of the Epitome Of Cool on this helpless opponent who was-

[The fans in Dallas ERUPT at the sight of Dan Thomas and Andrew Sterling, still in street clothes, rampaging down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: THE EPITOME OF COOL HAS SEEN ENOUGH!

[Thomas is the first one through, throwing himself into a tackle that drives Strong back into the corner. Andrew Sterling slips in as Anderson turns around, pasting him with right hand after right hand as the crowd roars their approval!]

GM: THE HALL OF FAMERS ARE TAKING THE FIGHT TO THE LIGHTS OUT EXPRESS!

[The crowd is on their feet, many jumping with jubilation as Thomas and Sterling are dishing out a beating to Anderson and Strong...

...totally unaware that the other Masked Assassin is back in the ring, wielding a steel chair in hand!]

GM: What the-?!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[A steel chair shot across the back of Andrew Sterling leaves him down on his knees. The masked man whirls...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: A SHOT ON THOMAS AS WELL! WHO THE HELL IS UNDER THAT MASK!?!]

[The masked man throws the chair down on the canvas as Strong steps out of the corner, yanks down his elbowpad...

...and COLDCOCKS Dan Thomas with a rolling elbow!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Anderson grabs Sterling up off his knees, yanking him into a cobra clutch...]

GM: We've seen this before as well!

[The Axeman bodily yanks Sterling up into the air, flipping him out and throwing him down with a thunderous slam!]

GM: Good grief!

[With Strong and Anderson standing over the prone Epitome of Cool, Strong points to the masked man who steps up to the middle rope, tugging at his hood...]

GM: It's...

[...and rips it off, revealing the familiar face underneath to deafening jeers!]

GM: ...DONNIE WHITE!

BW: OH YEAH, DADDY! THE ATOMIC BLONDE IS BACK!

[White hops down, falling into an embrace with his comrades as Sandra Hayes joins the trio in the ring, applauding the return of Donnie White to the fold.]

GM: We haven't seen Donnie White in months but he's back... and he's back at apparently the perfect time for the Lights Out Express!

[The crowd is jeering the trio loudly as they stand over Thomas and Sterling as Hayes continues to applaud them.]

GM: What does this mean? How does this affect the budding rivalry between the Epitome of Cool and the Lights Out Express? Does this mean the LOE accepts the challenge?!

BW: Damn right they accept the challenge!

GM: I'd prefer to hear it from them if you don't mind. Fans, let's go to Mark Stegglet at the interview stage!

[We cut to the interview podium where Mark Stegglet stands next to Supernova. The fan favorite is wearing a black Supernova T-shirt (get yours now at AWAShop.com!) and blue jeans. And, yes, he has his face painted.]

MS: Fans, I am joined at this time by Supernova, who is officially entered into Steal the Spotlight. Supernova, you already know about three others who have been officially entered... what are your thoughts about the field as it stands so far?

S: First of all, Mark, I want to give a big "welcome back" to Sultan Azam Sharif! I've wrestled him before, I've teamed with him before, and I know just how good he is in that ring. It's good to see you back, Sharif, and I look forward to teaming with you again this SuperClash.

MS: You are aware that Sharif is a previous winner of Steal The Spotlight. I'm sure you know he wants to win it again, as much as you want to win it for the first time.

S: Oh, don't get me wrong... I know Sharif wants nothing less than to be the best in the business. But last time he won it, he used it as his opportunity to settle a score with Royalty, and I don't blame him one bit for that. This time around, though, I'm sure he's got his sights set on a World Title shot, now that the likes of Royalty are no longer around causing trouble.

MS: But you are also aware of who will be opposing you at SuperClash... you've had your issues with Calisto Dufresne in the past, and last time we saw you, you and Johnny Detson crossed paths.

S: You're real good with the history lessons, Mark.

[Slight laugh]

S: Yeah, it was about a year ago that I had issues to address with one Rick Marley, who joined up with Johnny Detson to pull off a sham of a match, and just as I was going to make them both answer for what they had done, then...

[Supernova's voice trails off and his eyes narrow, his gaze fixed on somebody.... That somebody, Johnny Detson. Detson is dressed in a gold dress shirt with black slacks as he casually interrupts the interview as if this is where he belongs.]

Detson: Then what... Super? Nova? Is it? Please go on... this story... it's riveting.

[Detson pauses for a moment as a smirk forms on his face and Supernova glares a hole straight through him.]

Detson: You were saying something about a sham of a match? A match I won, just for the record. And then you were going to exact your revenge against Rick Marley when Supernova met the windshield of a Chevy Nova...

[Detson shakes his head.]

Detson: That's too bad. I wouldn't know what it's like not being able to accomplish goals I set out for myself because I... unlike you... get the job done!

[Detson nods, agreeing with himself.]

Detson: And while you could never take care of Rick Marley... I... took him out. Because you see, Supernova, when I have a problem, I eliminate the problem. Much like I eliminated you at the Rumble this year. So I guess what you're trying to say about Rick Marley is "Thank you." Thank you for doing the job that you never did.

[Detson laughs and smirks again.]

Detson: Well, I'm honored and of course, you're welcome.

[Supernova's hands are on his hips and his eyes have gotten wider.]

S: I'm no fan of Rick Marley, but I'll say it right now... the way you took him out isn't the way to handle things. But I suppose the only reason you decide to drive him into the concrete outside the ring was because you weren't good enough to get the job done inside the ring!

[The fans cheer in agreement. Detson glares at the reacting fans, shaking his head in anger.]

S: But I'll tell you how I handle things... I get the people who get on my nerves, in between the ropes in that ring right down there [motions to the ring] and show them exactly how wild and crazy I can get! And believe me, when it comes to SuperClash, you're gonna find out just how wild and crazy I am to get that job done!

[Now it's Detson's turn to glare at Nova.]

Detson: You may have on all your pretty little makeup but I can see that your face is green with envy. You can act all high and mighty now, but last year, if you got your hands on Marley you would have done the same thing. So come SuperClash, at Steal the Spotlight, it's going to be me doing what you couldn't do again... winning! And after that it will be bigger and better thing for me, and you just wishing you were me!

S: You really think it's gonna be that way, Detson? I had a thought just cross my mind... why wait until SuperClash? Why don't you get in the ring with me one-on-one and we'll find out just how much of those words you can back up?!

[The crowd cheers, anxious to see that happen. Detson seems to be weighing his decision when suddenly, another figure cuts in from off camera. He's clad in a pair of blue jeans, gray v-neck sweater with a white dress shirt underneath. His blond hair spills over the shoulders of the black

blazer he's finished off his ensemble with. The man is former AWA World Heavyweight Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne.]

CD: Gentlemen, gentlemen, gentlemen. No need to be so contentious! We're getting so close to the holiday season, after all.

[Supernova eyes Dufresne warily and even his Steal the Spotlight partner Detson looks alert.]

CD: We all need to make sure we're healthy and ready to perform on the sport's biggest stage in just a couple of months. No need for fisticuffs. Johnny, I don't want you to get all worked up over this grease-painted freak here.

[Dufresne jabs a thumb towards Supernova.]

CD: We won't even break a sweat disposing of him. Trust me, Calisto Dufresne knows a little something about beating Supernova at SuperClash.

[A smile towards Supernova, who glowers at him as Dufresne puts a friendly arm around Detson.]

CD: Johnny, this is your chance at glory! Superstardom! Nobody, least of all this screaming maniac is going to get in the way of that. We have to be smart about this. Calculating. And showing our cards this early in the hand does nobody any good.

[Detson seems to consider Dufresne's words for a few moments before nodding, joining Dufresne in backing away from a fuming Supernova who was ready for his chance to get in there.]

MS: So... no match?

[Detson swings his arms apart with an emphatic "NO! MATCH!" before he and Dufresne start making their way back up the entrance ramp to the locker room with the crowd jeering every step they take. We crossfade to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Well, I suppose Johnny Detson and Calisto Dufresne just showed exactly what they're made of, Bucky.

BW: Brains? Cleverness? You heard Dufresne. It doesn't make any sense to risk themselves physically this close to SuperClash... and for what? A chance to help Supernova adjust his makeup?

GM: Supernova was willing to get in there!

BW: Supernova's also not the brightest bulb in the chandelier if you get my meaning.

GM: I think I cracked that code, yes. Fans, coming up... now what in the world is this all about?

[The camera abruptly cuts to the top of the aisle where an irate Shadoe Rage has shoved his way through the curtains and is stomping down the ramp towards the ring. Upon seeing his arrival, the crowd lets him have it with a burst of boos. Rage is sans microphone as he sports a hot pink and gold checkered blazer, black jeans, knee high black boots and a T-shirt that reads: SUNN WHO!? His mass of dreadlocks are loose and untamed. His fiery hazel eyes are bright with madness. Rage carries a small sack in his left hand. Belatedly, "Fame" hits to announce his arrival.]

GM: What is this lunatic doing out here?

BW: Watch yourself, Gordo. He's... I think he's coming over here!

[There's a loud audio squeal as the muffled words of Gordon shouting, "HEY! What do you think you're doing?!" The camera cuts to the ringside announce table to see Shadoe Rage standing on top the table with Gordon Myers' headset on. He glares out at the arena.]

SR: Shut up, Myers! You just shut! We're in Rage Country! Do you know where you are!

[Gordon's reply is unheard since his headset is gone.]

SR: You got no clue! You have no fundamental clue where you are, Myers! I'm going to ask you again. I'm going to ask you again! I'm going to ask you again!

BW: Just say Rage Country!

SR: That's right, you're in Rage Country! You're in Rage Country! I'm Shadoe Rage ... and you're in Rage Country, right now, Gordon!

[We can see Gordon Myers open his mouth to say something but Rage isn't having it.]

SR: Shut up, Myers! You sit there like a good little sycophant and get out of my way while I'm talking!

[Rage hops down to the floor and grabs some papers off Gordon's desk with his left hand. He crumples them and tosses them in the air.]

SR: This new regime isn't going to screw me over! Do you hear me, I'm not getting screwed over! Not this time! Not this way! Where's my title shot? Where's my shot at the TV title? Huh, Myers? Where's my shot? You know what, forget you, man. Forget you!

[Rage throws down the headset and grabs a house mic. He tosses the bag he was carrying into the ring and grabs a chair. He tosses that into the ring too before he rolls under the bottom rope.]

SR: I'm the world's greatest athlete! Where's my title shot? Where's my title shot? Tony Sunn, you said anybody anytime! You're a liar! Philly Phighter? That's your level of competition?

[Gordon's voice breaks through, obviously having retrieved his headset.]

GM: This guy is out of control! Can we get security out here?! He's not scheduled to be out here right now! He's got a match later but-

BW: I don't want him anywhere near this table again... just let him stay in the ring, Gordo.

GM: I don't want him in the ring either! This guy continues to go too far each and every week yet the front office does nothing to get him under control! The fines don't work on this guy! He needs to be hit with-

[In ring, Rage has set up the chair and rests one foot on it. The right hand holds up the bag, the left has the microphone.]

SR: Everybody wants to celebrate the end of the Wise Men but Percy Childes was good for business! Percy Childes kept his promises! Now, all of you are nothing but liars! I am the number one professional athlete in this sport! I am the greatest performer in this ring and I am the number one contender to the World Television Championship and I have been for a long time. Where's my shot?

You think you can fine me and suspend me to keep me away from that title?

[Rage dumps the contents of the bag. Money comes spilling out.]

SR: I have been rich since before I ever walked into this company! I don't need your money! I can pay your fines! When I first walked into this arena six years ago I put up twenty five grand of my own money to anyone who step into the ring with me! The same thing now as it was back then! Nobody wanted to step up! You were all too scared! And now since I've come back all the AWA does to try to control me is fine me and suspend me and take away my money. You think twenty five grand means something to me? You think you can fine me into submission?

[Rage grabs fistfuls of money and chucks it around ringside.]

BW: Wait, is he tossing REAL money?

GM: It would appear so.

BW: Not that funny Canadian monopoly looking money? Not some kind of Rage Country money with his picture drawn on it in crayon? Honest greenbacks? Excuse me one second, Gordo!

GM: Bucky! Sit right here!

BW: But ... but ...

GM: Bucky!

[Rage throws another handful of money.]

SR: Your pathetic fines! You want to fine me? Here! Here's a fine!

[He throws another handful of bills.]

GM: This is ridiculous. I'm sure Shadoe Rage isn't exactly hurting for money but if you're trying to tell me some of the fines that he's been hit with haven't stung, you're as delusional as he is!

BW: Gordon, I'm begging you... have you seen how many unpaid parking tickets I have?

GM: SIT. DOWN!

[Rage is still throwing money at the ringside fans who are diving over one another, trying to get handfuls of bills. A quick cut to the crowd shows a grinning man holding up two twenty dollar bills. Another cut finds a kid waving a hundred dollar bill back and forth.]

SR: Take it! Take it all! There's more where that came from. I'm Shadoe Rage and I've been a champion too many times to ever go broke! I'm worth more than half this locker room combined! I'm custom made from head to toe!

[Rage works his way out of his blazer.]

SR: No tag! Do you know why? Custom made!

[He tosses the jacket.]

SR: Somebody take it! Take it from me!

[Gordon interrupts.]

GM: Haven't we seen enough of this? Can we get security out here please?!

BW: Forget security! Can we get me a bag for some of this money?!

GM: Would you stop?!

BW: Gordo, he's got an arm like a member of the Blue Jays! He can't clear the railing! Look at all this cash out here! Lemme go and I'm buyin' down at Cowboy Bob's!

GM: It's ten bucks for All You Can Eat!

BW: Best deal in Dallas!

[In the ring, Rage's tirade continues.]

SR: I've lived the life of a king! I am a king! You think you're going to hold me hostage with a fine? You want to deny me with a suspension?

[Rage kicks off his boots and tosses them over the ropes.]

SR: Custom made boots! One of a kind! The finest kid leather around! Take 'em... they're yours!

[He starts yanking at his jeans.]

GM: Wait... wait a second!

BW: He's lost it, Gordo!

[The fans roars in disbelief as Rage yanks off his pants in the middle of the ring, hurling them over the ropes onto the announce table. There's a little bit of hooting and hollering from the ladies in attendance.]

GM: This is too far! WKIK, feel free to cut the feed whenever you're ready 'cause I've had enough of this garbage!

BW: He might not be through yet!

[Rage points out at Gordon and Bucky.]

SR: Those jeans? Custom made! No label! I don't live like you people in the back! I'm a king! You get it? A king!

[There's a cheer from the females in attendance as Rage rips off his T-shirt. He's left in his underwear and socks.]

SR: Tony Sunn T-shirt! Meaningless!

[Rage throws the T-shirt down, charges the ropes, rebounds off the far side and drops a knee onto the chest of the Tony Sunn shirt before he snatches it up and hurls it into the audience.]

GM: Somebody, let's cut to commercial! The man's nearly naked in the ring!

[Even though he normally competes in trunks, the sight of Rage in knee length socks and purple Calvin Klein boxer briefs is discomfiting.]

SR: Cut the cameras off and I'll be naked in this ring when you come back! You can take all these things from me but you aren't taking away my title shot! Do you hear me! You aren't taking it away!

[Rage lowers the mic, shouting off-mic at the fans in the front row.]

GM: He's an embarrassment to the company... to his family... to the entire sport!

BW: Gordo, this boy... man, there ain't no coming back!

GM: He's an embarrassment to the company, to his family, to all of wrestling!

[Rage plants himself on the chair.]

SR: I'm not going anywhere until I get my title shot! I want my title shot! It's mine! I earned it! You want to fine me? Fine me! I'll pay it. I'll pay it! I've made a lot of money! I'm handsome as hell! I'm rich. I've saved for years! I've got outside business ventures! I don't need your money! I want the TV Title! I want my shot! I earned it, it's mine! I earned it! Where's the contract? Where's my shot? You can't protect Sunn forever! He can't do nothing against me! I'm too good!

[Rage's attention turns to Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde again.]

SR: I'm real good, Gordo! I'm real good! Martinez? I stopped his heart. Donnie White? The man is dead! Don't believe your eyes, believe me! He's the real walking dead around here! Tony Sunn? I'll outclass him every time! Where's my shot! Where's my shot? We're in Rage Country! The people demand the champion of TV be me, Myers. They demand it! Listen to these people!

[The boos are deafening. Rage basks in his interpretation of adulation.]

GM: Crazy son of a...

BW: Gordo, we're on the air!

GM: Let's get... can we go to something please? Can we just...?

[The camera cuts to the top of the aisle where The Sicilian Stud is essentially being shoved through the curtain. He throws a glance over his shoulder as Ricky Longfellow comes dashing down the aisle past him, running towards the ring.]

GM: Are we... seriously? Okay, fans... we're being told that the decision has been made to have Shadoe Rage's match right now.

BW: NOW?! He's in his underwear!

GM: You don't think I know that?

[The Sicilian Stud reaches the ring, ducking through the ropes...

...and Rage rushes him, diving into a double axehandle to the back of the head, knocking the Stud through the ropes and down onto the elevated ramp. Longfellow quickly signals for the bell.]

GM: Well, like it or not, here we go.

[Rage steps out on the ramp, stomping his sock-covered feet down on the back of the Stud. He leans down, hauling him up by the short brown hair, scooping him up, and slamming him down on the wooden platform!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Rage straightens up, striking a double bicep pose to the jeers of (most) of the crowd before the Number One Contender hauls him up by the hair, hurling him over the ropes into the ring.]

GM: The Sicilian Stud's back in... and Rage is going up top!

[Rage steps to the top, lifting both arms over his head...

...and leaps off, dropping a double axehandle down between the eyes of the Sicilian Stud!]

GM: Death From Above! Down goes the Stud!

[The Canadian slides into a lateral press as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[Rage pulls the Stud up by the hair, shaking his head with his tongue lolling out of his mouth.]

GM: This guy is certifiably insane, Bucky.

BW: That a professional opinion?

GM: I'm not sure I need to be board certified to tell you that Shadoe Rage is a half deck short of a full deck of cards.

BW: A half deck? He may only have the one eyed Jack and the Joker left in there, Gordo. Maybe a pair of threes.

[An irate Rage bounces an overhead elbow down between the eyes, sending the Stud back down to the mat. He turns, glaring at the official before throwing his arms out, going into a slow spin as the crowd berates him.]

GM: Fans, Shadoe Rage is out here demanding to know when he'll get his shot at the World Television Title and "Sweet" Lou Blackwell has some news on that very thing on the hotline tonight! Call 1-900-505-5500. Kids, get your parents' permission before calling!

[Rage plants a foot on the chest of the Stud before leaping up, burying a kneedrop across the sternum. He stays kneeling, shouting at the referee to count.]

GM: One... two... and thr-

[Grinning, Rage again pulls the Stud up by the hair.]

GM: Oh, come on. Ring the bell, ref! Let's put an end to this! Let's put a-

[The crowd ROARS as the World Television Champion, Tony Sunn, comes storming through the curtain. He's stalking towards the ring as a handful of AWA officials put themselves between Sunn and the squared circle where Rage is standing on the middle rope, waving Sunn towards him.]

GM: TONY SUNN HAS SEEN ENOUGH! HE'S COMIN' FOR SHADOE RAGE!

[Sunn barrels through the complaining officials towards the ring where Rage hurdles over the ropes, charging him. The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of Sunn and Rage trading blows out on the ramp, surrounded by AWA officials and Ricky Longfellow as the bell sounds!]

GM: The match has been thrown out! Tony Sunn and Shadoe Rage are fighting on the ramp! Tony Sunn had heard - and seen - enough of the volatile and unpredictable Rage!

[With the fists flying, our camera shot abruptly fades to black.

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

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

"SUPERCLASH"

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

"VI!"

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

And then shots that become slightly more obvious.

A street of major theaters.

The 9/11 Memorial.

The Empire State Building.

The Statue Of Liberty.

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

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

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

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

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

"LIVE ON PAY PER VIEW."

[Fade to black...

As we fade back from commercial, we find both combatants for the World TV Title match are in the ring.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, and as you can see, order has been restored here in the Crockett Coliseum... for now. Shadoe Rage has been escorted back to the locker room. Tony Sunn was so outraged though - so fired up - he demanded that his World Television Title defense happen right now!

BW: I don't know if I've ever seen Sunn that heated, Gordo. He was screaming at these officials out here, ordering them to get Brad Jacobs out here and out here he is!

[Phil Watson takes it from there.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit and it is for the AWA World Television Title!

Introducing first, to my left, weighing 291 pounds... he is the challenger, accompanied by his manager, Larry Doyle...

BRAAAAAD JACOOOOOOOOOBS!

[Jacobs raises both hands to the crowd and hits the Double Bicep Pose, then comes around to show his pecs.]

GM: This is a title shot that Jacobs himself signed without his manager's knowledge. And it really makes me wonder if Doyle's got his best interests in mind.

BW: C'mon now, Gordo, be serious for a minute. Managing the TV Champ puts more money in Larry's pocket, and you know he's got those interests in mind.

[Back to Phil.]

PW: His opponent, to my right, weighing in tonight a 288 and 1/4 pounds... he is the World Television Champion...

TOONNNYYYYYYYYY SUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUNNNNNNNNNN!

[The crowd cheers loudly as the champion raises his hand and then the title belt to the crowd.]

GM: Tony Sunn is a popular champion and competitor, and this match against Brad Jacobs should be a fantastic test of his ability.

BW: This might be two big, jacked up guys throwing bombs for ten minutes, Gordo. Which would be just fine in my book.

[Sunn hands the belt over to referee Ray Davis, who holds the belt up in the air for a moment. Doyle leaves the ring as Jacobs talks to him, motioning away from the ring and telling him to stay away.]

GM: And it looks like it's Brad Jacobs who is doing most of the instructing here before the bell, making sure Doyle is crystal clear on his intentions.

BW: I gotta tell ya, I don't know what on Earth Brad Jacobs is trying to prove here. You have a manager for a reason, to notice weaknesses, to give you a heads up, to help you win! And now he's sending him away? Makes no sense to me!

[Doyle puts his hands up innocently and walks away, quickly finding a seat next to the timekeeper, leisurely crossing one leg over the other and leaning back.]

GM: Well, this'll be an interesting little subplot as we get started here and you can see official Ray Davis, another referee getting a tryout here in the AWA with us tonight.

BW: Tryout referees getting assigned a title match? Try to tell me this place is better off without President Percy.

GM: This place is better off without President Percy.

[The bell rings to start the match, and both men come to the center of the ring. Sunn offers a handshake to his opponent, and Jacobs warily looks down at the outstretched hand... and slaps it after a moment.]

GM: Some good sportsmanship there, I think, and this TV Title match is underway. Two big, powerful competitors going head to head for the World TV Title!

[Both men circle for a moment, then converge in a lockup of titanic proportions. Both men struggle and look for an advantage, but there's none to be had.]

BW: Look at this, Gordo!

GM: Oh, I'm seeing it. Two big beasts of men are trying to shove one another around to no avail... it may take a change in direction, a different strategy to win this one...

[Sunn makes the first move, shuffling his feet to the left and trying to go up and under with a hammerlock, but Jacobs will have none of it and goes with the momentum. The former Blonde Bomber backs the TV champ into the corner and goes to swing a back elbow, but Sunn dodges it and moves to the front.]

GM: Jacobs telegraphs the elbow, and Sunn ducks underneath. Tony Sunn's been around awhile, Bucky, you're not going to catch him off guard very often.

BW: Yeah, he's the latest in a long line of crooks dating back to his old man, Dennis "Mohegan" Sunn, who spent all of his money he got refereeing at Indian casinos.

GM: BUCKY! Would you please?!

[Sunn motions for the challenger to bring it on and Jacobs obliges, taking two steps out of the corner and putting his hand in the air for a test of strength. Sunn looks over his shoulder at Doyle, who is sitting with his legs crossed, taking notes on a legal pad. The champion nods to himself and then slowly walks in, grasping one hand and then the other... and the struggle is on!]

BW: We've got us a test of strength here, Gordo!

GM: Both men chest to chest, looking for the other one to give an inch, but there's none to be found! Look at the strain on their faces, look at Tony Sunn's arm start to quiver!

BW: They both got some tree trunk type legs, Gordo, they might be two of our strongest guys in the company! Look at the bend in Jacobs' knee, he looks like he's about to hit a blocking sled.

[The former DT at The U gets a better grip and begins to turn his wrists over slowly forcing Sunn to bend his knee... and then slowly sink to the ground.]

GM: Jacobs is getting the better of this!

BW: Incredible!

[The champion is grimacing in pain and effort while the challenger's face is creased with concentration, and when Sunn hits the ground from being powered down, Jacobs lets out a roar.]

GM: What strength from Brad Jacobs! The former tag team champion, looking to make a statement to the television champion, has won this test of strength!

BW: But the time, Gordo, look at the time! We've got a ten minute time limit! This is foolish!

[With Sunn currently on the losing end, the fans begin to rally for Sunn, stomping and clapping in the hopes it'll help his present state. The champ begins to feed off the energy and mounts a small comeback, beginning to lift the interlocked hands at his sides and turn them over, making Jacobs yell in pain.]

GM: Look at this, look at this, Tony Sunn is powering out, Tony Sunn is powering himself up off the ground! An amazing show of strength by the TV champion! Brad Jacobs' arm is shaking in pain, he's gonna have to break!

[To do that, Jacobs headbutts a rising Sunn right between the eyes and pounces, rocking the champion with right hands and bull rushing him into the corner.]

BW: Smart move, smart move! Jacobs has ten minutes to win the title, now maybe less than eight. He can't fool around in a muscle flexing contest!

GM: Jacobs in the corner, he's got Sunn by the hand and leading him out-

"WHAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAP!"

GM: Short right hands right to the face, Brad Jacobs is ultra aggressive! You don't have to ask him twice to get into a fight!

[One more right hand seems to make Sunn loopy and as he backs into the center of the ring, Jacobs pulls the champion toward him, into a clothesline that strikes him at the top of the chest and leaves a mark... but doesn't knock him down!]

GM: Tony Sunn is reeling, but he's every bit as powerful as Brad Jacobs.

BW: Jacobs can probably count on one hand how many times that clothesline didn't knock someone flat as a pancake!

GM: Jacobs, off the ropes, needs some momentum-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

BW: RUNNING CLOTHESLINE FROM TONY SUNN! AND EVEN BRAD JACOBS COULDN'T STAND UP TO THAT!

[The crowd erupts at the powerhouse on powerhouse violence, and cheers some more as Sunn picks Jacobs up and sends him for the ride, then scoops him up on the rebound and kneels into a shoulderbreaker!]

GM: Right DOWN on the shoulder!

BW: That's a smart move by the champion, Gordo. Try and take some of that lifting power out of the challenger.

[The crowd cheers as Sunn doesn't let go and muscles Jacobs back up, then swings him around and falls to his side in a sidewalk slam! The champion presses the near arm into Jacobs and reaches for the far leg, as Ray Davis slides into position...]

GM: One! Two! Th- shoulder up by Brad Jacobs! But my oh my, there's power and then there's what Tony Sunn just showed us!

BW: Jacobs is a big man, that's no easy task! Heck, it's nearly impossible!

[Sunn rolls to his feet and pulls Jacobs up by the arm, then raises one hand and clubs Jacobs in the joint of his shoulder.]

GM: Tony Sunn clearly has a plan tonight, Bucky, first with the shoulder breaker and now as he punishes the joint. He does not want to let Brad Jacobs throw him around tonight.

[With the arm extended, Sunn deftly slips underneath into a side waistlock, and with a grunt lifts the former Blonde Bomber up and dumps him with a back suplex. Sunn pushes up to his feet, and with his left hand meticulously straightens the left arm of Jacobs out and backs up...]

GM: Tony Sunn with the approach... biiiiig knee drop, right to that outstretched shoulder joint. A lot of air time on that knee drop, Bucky.

BW: We got two different kinds of power wrestlers here, Gordo. Sunn tries to mix it up on the mat, tries to isolate a bodypart and then will throw you around as a last result. Brad Jacobs only knows one speed.

[Sunn brings the challenger to his feet and winds in an arm-wringer, then winds it in one more time... and gets a punch to the face for his efforts! Sunn staggers back but keeps his grip, which forces Jacobs to lean waaaay back and PASTE the TV champion with a haymaker to the cheek that breaks the hold.]

GM: Jacobs breaks free, he sends Sunn for the ride... on the rebound, Sunn ducks the clothesline, off the other side- BIG DOUBLE axehandle right across the chest! And the champion is down!

BW: He wasn't gonna miss twice!

GM: Sunn rolls to the corner, a little stunned at the sudden outburst from Jacobs... back to a vertical base, but in the corner, here comes Brad Jacobs...

[The fans cheer as a rampaging challenger runs into the corner full force, finally scoring with a running clothesline. Forever in a hurry, Jacobs grabs Sunn by the wrist and whips him hard to the other side... where Sunn bounces off the turnbuckle and meets a charging Jacobs with a lariat of his own, right across the chest!]

BW: Jeez oh man, these two are just throwing bombs at each other!

GM: Brad Jacobs didn't fall to the mat, but he had to keep his balance with one hand to the mat... Sunn off the far ropes!

[And in the blink of an eye, Jacobs scoops up the charging champion, twirls him over his shoulder and drops forward with a running slam, all without actually running! The fans cheer, more for the action than for either man, as Ray Davis slides into position...]

GM: One! Two! Tony Sunn kicks out! A violent exchange of power moves from each competitor, who have dropped the niceties in the heat of competition!

BW: It's about time! Neither of these guys are of the variety to pluck eyeballs or pull hair, but they can knock your eyes crossed just the same. There is a championship at stake, Gordo, that's how it ought to be!

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: At the halfway point of the time limit, Brad Jacobs is to his feet first, as Tony Sunn gets to one knee... Jacobs plants a boot right to the side of the face, and that knocks Sunn back to the mat!

[The TV champ immediately pushes himself off the mat and kind of staggers haphazardly to the corner, holding himself up with the top ropes and not at all noticing the challenger on the move...]

BW: JACOBS!

GM: AVALANCHE INTO THE CORNER! THAT'S 285 POUNDS AIRBORNE, CRASHING INTO THE BODY OF TONY SUNN!

[The challenger backs up as Sunn staggers out, and with a mighty grunt lifts Sunn up into a military press! The fans cheer as Jacobs bench presses him once... and promptly drops him, clutching his shoulder!]

BW: That shoulder couldn't hack it! Tony Sunn goes about 290, he's no sack of potatoes! The work he did on that arm paid off, Gordo, when your shoulder gives out in mid-move it's never good!

GM: Tony Sunn now, looking to take advantage... he hoists Jacobs up on his shoulders, think of the power that takes!

"THUUUUUD!"

GM: And falls back into a Samoan Drop! The power of Tony Sunn is off the charts, and these fans are letting him know it!

[The crowd is on their feet clapping and cheering that show of strength, and for a moment Sunn stays on the mat, breathing in fresh air after that strenuous power maneuver.]

GM: Even though he administered the move, that effort has got to register with Tony Sunn! Brad Jacobs has maybe NEVER been thrown around like he has here tonight!

BW: I don't think I've ever seen it, and neither has Larry Doyle. He even put his notepad and his bifocals down to take a closer look.

GM: This has been a clean, hard hitting match! He needs to stay away and let Brad Jacobs fight on his own!

[The champion gets to his feet and drags the challenger up, then deftly bends Jacobs' arm behind him in a hammerlock... then hoists him up and slams him on the bad arm! Larry Doyle can take no more, and he rushes to the ring apron and drags Jacobs to the floor.]

GM: Hey! Get him out of here!

[Jacobs says much the same and goes so far as to push Doyle away, yelling that he's "gotta do this on my own!", motioning to go back to his seat. Doyle concedes and puts his hands up in front of him as he backs away, but he remembers to shout out to Jacobs to watch the time as he retreats.]

BW: That's his job, Gordo, he's Jacobs' manager! Whether he likes it or not! We've got less than four minutes left in the match, Larry was just reminding him to get it together.

[Jacobs climbs back into the ring and is met with a rushing knee to the head from Sunn while the challenger is still bent over. The champ quickly slings Jacobs into the ropes, catches him off the rebound and rotates into a thunderous powerslam, this time hooking the near leg as the referee counts.]

GM: One! Two! Thr- Jacobs gets his shoulder up! Brad Jacobs with a kick out, but Tony Sunn has no doubt begun to lean on him.

BW: It's like abig offensive line in football, daddy, when it gets to crunch time they just lean on ya and grind on ya, and they wear you down.

GM: Every second is valuable for Brad Jacobs, he's got to find a way to deliver some offense if he intends to win the title.

[Larry Doyle agrees, as he once again leaves his chair and starts to slam his hands on the mat, trying to transfer some energy into his charge.]

BW: Tony Sunn would be wise to lay on him and let the time limit expire.

GM: That's not the kind of man Tony Sunn is, Bucky, you know that. That's not how he wants to win a match! Sunn helps Jacobs to his feet and lays in a forearm to the back of the neck. He locks in the waistlock, will we see that suplex he likes to use?

[Sunn lifts for a German suplex, but Jacobs blocks with his leg. Sunn regroups, adjusts his grip and tries again for the suplex, but Jacobs blocks one more time... and then, maybe for the first time in his life, reverses out of the waistlock and goes behind into one of his own!]

GM: Jacobs! He lifts!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: Tremendous, tremendous waistlock suplex by the challenger Jacobs!

BW: I told ya! I told ya! Be smart for once in your life, Sunn, go outside! Take a breather!

GM: Highly unlikely, Bucky, you know that! Jacobs with a lateral press... one, two, Tony Sunn kicks out at 2 and a half!

[Just as Sunn kicks out, Phil Watson speaks from his chair.]

PW: There are THREE MINUTES left in the match. THREE MINUTES!

[The fans instinctively cheer as Jacobs pops to his feet, bringing the champion with him.]

GM: Brad Jacobs has got to step on the gas, the clock is working against him! He brings the champion to his feet- oh, Tony Sunn fires back with a right hand! Returned by Jacobs! Again by Sunn!

BW: This ain't a fight Tony Sunn wants to get into! Brawling isn't his strong suit!

[A quick knee lift to the gut and a hard right hand to the ear from Jacobs proves Bucky right, and a wild left uppercut to the chin sends Sunn stumbling into the corner where Jacobs grabs two handfuls of hair... gallops two steps out... and sends the champion up and over with the biggest Biel Throw this side of the Mississip!]

GM: Right into the center of the ring!

BW: If he got any more air time, he'd need a damn stewardess!

[Sunn gets to his feet in the corner as the crowd rises to their feet... the champ turns around just as Jacobs charges forward, ready to bend him in half with a spear! The crowd rises to their feet and goes "AAAAAAHHHHHHH" as Sunn dodges the spear attempt but Jacobs pulls up just short of the turnbuckles...]

GM: Sunn got out of the way! Jacobs didn't hit the corner but he's disoriented for a moment - here's Sunn, a scoop for a slam? No, no!

[The champ lunges forward, sitting out as he releases Jacobs in what the dang internets would call a Michinoku Driver, as the crowd explodes at the strength and the mini-heady droppiness.]

GM: I don't even know what to call that, an incredible sitout body slam! The strength of it all, my goodness, here's the cover! ONE! TWO! THREE! NO! NO! LARRY DOYLE! HE'S STOLEN THIS VICTORY FROM TONY SUNN, HE'S GOT THE REFEREE COMPLETELY DIVERTED!

BW: THAT'S HIS JOB! GOOD WORK LARRY DOYLE!

[Sunn looks around, waiting for the count, and when he hears none he bolts to his feet on adrenaline and spies Larry Doyle. The champion charges at the manager, who wisely jumps off the apron and sneers at the musclebound, soaked-in-sweat champion. Sunn sticks his head out between the top and middle ropes and barks at the manager.]

GM: Dammit, don't make this match about Larry Doyle, don't let that vermin ruin such a well fought match! Tony Sunn is reaching over the ropes, trying to get at the champion-

BW: Jacobs! Brad Jacobs!

GM: Sunn turns around!

["BOOOOOOOM!" goes the crowd as Jacobs folds Sunn up like an accordion with the spear, and as he hooks a leg, he counts with his head as the referee hits the mat... except that never happens as Doyle is back on the apron, grabbing referee Davis by the lapels while his client is waiting for a count!]

GM: Brad Jacobs is waiting for that count! He's got the title won! But his own manager has the referee tied up!

BW: A slight miscalculation, Gordo, I know this ain't part of the plan!

GM: He better hope it's not!

[Jacobs turns and hollers at both men, and Doyle releases the referee, who dives to make the count just as Jacobs re-covers the champion...]

GM: One! Two! Thr-no, no, no! Tony Sunn kicked out! Larry Doyle may have cost his own man the title!

BW: That's impossible, Gordo, let's be serious! Larry's got it all under control, let's all stop talking crazy.

[An enraged Brad Jacobs roars off the canvas and sprints toward the corner, where Doyle is still standing on the apron. With his two huge hands, Jacobs grabs his manager with both hands and SCREAMS at him, shaking him like he's got the antidote and lifting him off the apron! Doyle's eyes go wide and the crowd ERUPTS, hoping to finally see some violence toward the manager...]

GM: LARRY DOYLE IS LUCKY HE'S WEARING DARK PANTS!

BW: SUNN!

[The champion rams a knee into Jacobs, causing him to drop Doyle like a sack of wet rocks to the ground. The champion turns the former Blonde Bomber around, then walks into a standing headscissor... then lifts for a powerbomb, turns 180 degrees so he's facing the other side of the ring and DRIVES Brad Jacobs into the ground, hooking both legs as Ray Davis slides into position!]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREEEE!

DING DING DING

GM: Tony Sunn gets the victory, Tony Sunn gets the pin square in the middle of the ring. I am sure he'll take the victory, but NEITHER man can be happy with how things progressed.

BW: If Tony Sunn had any sense he'd just walk away and get the winner's purse, but that'd be a first for him.

[The referee raises the victor's hand and exits the ring, as Brad Jacobs gets up in the corner. Sunn turns towards him, takes a step forward and sticks his hand out...]

GM: Tony Sunn trying to show some sportsmanship here, offering a hand of peace to Brad Jacobs...

[Who takes the outstretched hand and shakes it with a still disgusted look on his face. Sunn offers a few words of congratulations and then nods at Jacobs, who nods in return. Behind Sunn, Larry Doyle steps into the ring and nods solemnly, clapping his hands for both guys. Neither guy buys it, but it's Brad Jacobs who does something about it...]

BW: What a good sport Larry Doyle is, clapping for both guys! What a good human being.

[Sunn ducks from the ring, leaving Jacobs and Doyle behind. Doyle is still clapping for his man, shouting "Heck of a try, Brad! Almost had him!" with a big grin on his face...

...but Brad Jacobs is NOT smiling.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Wait a second. What the heck is Jacobs doing?!

[The former tag team champion steps forward as Doyle slips backwards a few steps, shaking his head. He lifts his hands, begging off as Jacobs takes another step towards him...

...and then delivers a hard shove, knocking Doyle off his feet and down onto his rear. A shocked Doyle looks up, sliding backwards into the turnbuckles as Jacobs balls up both fists, clenching his teeth, striding towards the corner.]

GM: He dropped Doyle like a bad habit!

BW: That's not right! After everything that Larry Doyle has done for Brad Jacobs, how can he do this?!

GM: Jacobs is coming for him! He's not done!

BW: It's not too late! He can walk away right now and help Larry up!

GM: I think that might be passed, Bucky! The man just cost him the World Television Title! Brad Jacobs could very well be the World Television Champion right now if it wasn't for Larry Doyle!

[With Jacobs cornering Doyle who is down on the mat, begging his charge not to flatten him, the crowd cheers as Dave Bryant comes jogging down the ramp in his street clothes.]

GM: The former World Champion is-

BW: He's got no business being out here! Get him out of here!

GM: Bryant's out here and- yeah! He's telling Jacobs to do it! He's telling him to drop him!

[Bryant is hanging onto the top rope, shouting at Jacobs - "DO IT! BE A MAN, KID!" Jacobs turns, throwing a gaze at Bryant who continues to cheer him on.]

GM: Bryant's trying to convince him to do it! This is Brad Jacobs' moment! This is Brad Jacobs' chance to break away from Larry Doyle and be his own man!

[Jacobs turns back to the pleading Doyle, dragging him up by the lapels, clenching his right hand and rearing back...]

GM: Yeah! Do it, Brad!

[Jacobs stares at the petrified Doyle, his fist clenching and unclenching...]

GM: Come on!

[Bryant can be heard screaming "WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?!"]

GM: Jacobs is going to-

[Jacobs suddenly lets go, rushing across the ring and BLASTING Dave Bryant with a running forearm smash to the skull, knocking him down to a knee to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Oh, come on! Jacobs didn't do it!

BW: He's smarter than I thought!

GM: He's- NO!

[The crowd's jeers get louder as Jacobs lifts Bryant up for a vertical suplex, backing away from the ropes...]

...and PLANTS Bryant down to the canvas with a powerslam!]

GM: OHHH! THE JACOBSSHAMMER CONNECTS!

[Jacobs pushes up off the mat, staring down at the motionless Bryant. His gaze turns to Doyle who suddenly has a grin on his face again, using the ropes to pull himself to his feet. Jacobs raises his powerful arm, pointing a threatening finger at Doyle before he steps out on the ramp, making his exit all alone, leaving a sweat-soaked Doyle behind.]

GM: Brad Jacobs came THIS close to standing on his own - to kicking that piece of garbage Larry Doyle to the curb!

BW: How can you say that?! Larry Doyle took Jacobs out of the gutter and led him to the World Tag Team Titles! He took him to the Stampede Cup! He took him all the way to the top of the wrestling world!

GM: And then he used Jacobs' family troubles against him to keep him under his thumb! Let's face it, Bucky. Percy Childe being thrown out the door of this place was only the first step. In order for the stink of the Wise Men to REALLY be gone, Doyle and Hayes need to hit the bricks as well!

BW: Wha... how... what in the HELL is wrong with you, Gordo?! How could you EVER want to see Miss Sandra Hayes out of the AWA?

GM: And Larry Doyle.

BW: Well, yeah... him too! But Sandra. What has Sandra ever done to you?!

GM: We don't have enough time for that, Bucky. Fans, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by with Joshua Barnes!

[The camera fades in on Mark Stegglet, adjusting his tie. Walking in from the left is the near 300 pound Joshua Barnes. Barnes is wearing jeans and a buttoned up shirt, and is cleaning off his wire-rimmed glasses.]

MS: I'm in the back with Josh Barnes. Derrick Williams has called you out, and it looks like a confrontation between you two is coming down the pike. How do you respond to young Mister Williams?

[Barnes puts on his glasses and gives Stegglet a scowl]

JB: Stegglet... I can call you Stegglet, right?

MS: I prefer Mark.

[A momentary beat.]

JB: Stegglet... you're an investigative reporter. So here's something for you to investigate. We're at a wrestling show, right?

[Stegglet nods]

JB: I'm a wrestler, right?

[Stegglet nods]

JB: I'm wearing street clothes instead of my wrestling gear, right?

MS: What is your...

JB: [Interrupting] Do you know WHY I'm not in my wrestling gear tonight?

MS: Because you don't have a match.

JB: EXACTLY! I don't have a match! And because of that, I have to be stuck back here talking to you instead of doing my job in the ring!

[Barnes holds up a hand.]

JB: Now the big question is... WHY don't I have a match. Do you know why, Stegglet?

MS: All of the wrestlers here already had matche...

JB: [Interrupting] Wrong. I asked for a match. I thought I'd get an Albert Showens, an Outback Zack Kelly, a Caspian Abaran... someone. But they all found themselves too busy to be here, or found another opponent. Because they're scared.

MS: Scared? Listen, the AWA wrestle-

JB: [Interrupting again] SCARED. They don't wa-

MS: [Interrupting] You know, I'm getting tired of being interrupted.

JB: [Beat] I don't care.

[After another beat, Josh continues]

JB: They don't want to be in the ring with me. They know they'll lose. They know they'll get hurt. They don't want to be another Sicilian Stud, another Hugh Jenner. I don't blame them... but that means I'm not working.

[Barnes pauses before continuing]

JB: You see, Derrick - they're all waiting on you. Derrick Williams, the man who is standing up to the 'bully'. You've called me out, and now everyone is watching to see if you can stop me. You see stopping me as some sort of noble cause for all that is good and right...

[Barnes shakes his head.]

JB: I see you as a meal ticket. You've been trained by a former World Champion...

MS: Actually, Derrick has been trained by TWO former World Champions.

JB: Even better! When I do to you what I've done to everyone else in the AWA that I've faced - when I leave you lying in the ring, staring at the ceiling, wondering why you hurt so badly... then the AWA has to start finding bigger matches for me. Because they know that everyone I've faced so far hasn't been up to the challenge.

[Barnes snorts]

JB: Derrick - your winning streak ends the moment I beat the hell out of you.

[Barnes walks away, leaving Mark Stegklet to roll his eyes as the camera fades back out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... from Memphis, Tennessee... weighing 232 pounds... Wayne Walters!

[Walters raises a hand to little reaction.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Watson lowers the mic as if waiting for entrance music but instead, a voice rings out over the PA system.]

It is a certainty of the human condition.

We fear what we don't understand.

[The voice, gravelly Southern drawl with a slight twang at the end, belongs to Carl Riddens, who walks into view, wrestling gear on and microphone in hand.]

CR: Butch McMasters was struck down with the most serious of afflictions, riddled with a sickness with only one known cure...

...he didn't see what I see. He don't know just how beautiful life can be. The truth will set you free, if you are willing to accept its form.

[Riddens slowly walks down the aisle, slightly smiling, one hand running through his greasy hair.]

CR: As she lay in her death bed, the cancer ravaging her body, bit by bit, I asked my poor mother what could I do? How could I comfort her? Was it food, was it drink, what would ease her pain?

I could see how she ached, I was there as she shook and she cried. Every treatment, every session, I bore witness with my own two eyes. By and by the pain would pass, her body would give her a brief reprieve. And day by day the doctors would come in, manufactured smiles and educated manners, and they would lie to her face.

"Only a few more treatments, miss. Only a few more days. You will overcome. You will go home again."

[The smile is gone now.]

CR: Even though her body had been numbed and her flesh had been quieted, my mother's mind was alive. She knew the break was artificial. The pain on her face, the pain in her mind was worse than anything her Earthly body would deliver. She cried out in the night for answers.

She cried for truth.

I said, "Mama, what can I do for you," and she said "dammit, boy, tell me the truth."

And so I looked her straight in the eyes and told her she would die by week's end. The doctors were lying to her, her body was conspiring against her.

There ain't no substitute for nature, when your chapter's over, the book _will_ close.

[Riddens stops, crowd silent.]

CR: And I am pleased to inform you all that the truth was the antidote. The pain in her mind was ten times worse than the pain in her body, and when I gave her that medicine the pain went away. She was set free.

She saw what _I_ saw. And it was beautiful, man...

[Riddens stops at the mouth of the aisle and looks into the ring.]

CR: The actions of McMasters were those of a sick man, those of a man who doesn't know what I know, who doesn't see what I see... and so it was up to me to deliver the medicine, it was up to me to soften the pain. A pain that was so bad that it blocked out reality, a pain so intense it blinded his eyes...

...but Carl knows, brother. Carl knows about pain. I can feel it, I can sense it, I can defeat it.

But it ain't for everybody...

[And with that, Riddens points in the ring, at Wayne Walters.]

CR: ...and it ain't lookin' good for you either.

[Riddens casually drops the microphone and steps into the ring, then falls flat on his back.]

GM: Oh come on! What a- this man is sick! We know exactly what he's going to do!

BW: Do we? Do we really? This man is a lot more than a wrestler in wrestling boots, Gordo, we have no IDEA what he could be thinking!

[Laying on his back, Riddens motions with his hands and speaks out.

"Wayne. You know what to do. Do what you need to do, Wayne, get what ya came for."]

GM: Wayne Walters is looking at the referee, and he's got every right to! He saw last Saturday Night, he knows what Riddens is up to!

BW: I'm telling you, Gordo, there's more than meets the eye here. He should take the win and then get out of here quick.

[Back to Walters, who is talking with the referee and waving no with his hands.]

BW: I don't even think Walters wants to be in this match, Gordo. I've never seen anything like it.

GM: He saw what happened to Butch McMasters when Carl Riddens pulled a similar trick. He's not stupid!

BW: Well, I'd hope that at this point in his career, he ain't scared. It ain't like Riddens is a monster!

GM: Who are we to say- OH!

[In an instant, Riddens went from being flat on his back to striking Walters in the back of the head with a forearm.]

GM: My stars, that was beyond quick! I can't figure this Riddens out, Bucky, one moment he was flat on his back and the next instant he struck, all in one movement!

BW: Maybe he's... I don't know what he is.

[Riddens grabs the head of Walters in a side headlock, kicks his right leg back and once again DRIVES down to the canvas, putting Walters on dream street in an instant.]

GM: There's that devastating move again, although I have no idea what he calls it!

BW: You may as well call it the Light Switch, because things just got all dark for Wayne Walters.

GM: Perhaps now Carl Riddens will- no, no he won't go for a victory here.

[Just like that, Riddens falls on his back next to the downed Walters, who is lying face first on the mat. With his right hand he reaches over and places Walters' left hand on top of him, and then barks out "COUNT!" to the referee.]

GM: What in the world?! One, two, three, Wayne Walters gets the pin.

BW: And he's gonna be the most surprised guy in the state when he wakes up and finds out what happened!

[Riddens sits up and scoots away, telling the referee to raise Walters' hand and then chuckling as he complies, holding up a lifeless arm in victory and then letting it drop to the ground. Riddens produces a microphone and pulls himself up, taking a moment to wipe away his hair.]

CR: The human condition never lies, brother, and neither do I. We fear what we don't understand.

Some of us have conquered that. Some of us are conquered by it... if your door ain't open, I ain't gonna waste my time knockin'.

[Riddens drops to his belly and crawls next to Walters.]

CR: You don't know what you're missin'... it's beautiful, man.

[That dark chuckle rings out again... and again... and again as we slowly fade to black.

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAsShop.com.

Fade from the graphic back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Welcome back to Dallas, Texas and another edition of Saturday Night Wrestling. It's been an exciting night of action as we sit here - just over a month away from SuperClash VI - and we're not done yet. We've got a lot left to see.

BW: The debut of King Oni!

GM: Demetrius Lake answering the challenge of Jack Lynch.

BW: The Dogs Of War in action.

GM: Plus, right about now...

BW: No.

GM: What?

BW: I think if I just refuse it, you can't do it. It's in my contract.

GM: No, no it's not.

BW: Oh, come on, Gordo. Are you really going to subject me to these two hillbilly goofballs again?

GM: Bucky, how can you say that about your own family?

BW: Gordo, every family has their black sheep - those relatives you just don't want to talk about. Those relatives you hope you only see on holidays and if they decided to move far away so that didn't even have to happen, you'd be really happy.

GM: That's what Buddy and Chester are for you?

BW: I'm talking about the Stenches! I heard all Henrietta wants for Christmas this year is to find out that her kids were swapped at birth!

GM: BUCKY! Let's just go to the ring.

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

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... at a total combined weight of 519 pounds... the team of Angelo Cordero and Scotty Richardson!

[Cordero steps up on the second rope, his mullet flapping behind him as he uses his index finger to smooth out his 80s style Tom Sellick-ish mustache. Richardson tugs at the ropes in his tank top that reads "THIS SHIRT IS BETTER THAN YOU" to jeers from the crowd.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The sounds of of pigs squealing alongside some banjos being plucked before the PA system comes to life with "I Wanna Be A Hillbilly" by Billy Currington to cheers from the crowd.]

PW: From Pig's Feet, Arkansas... weighing in at a total combined weight of 702 pounds... being led to the ring by Mable... BUDDY AND CHESTER...

THE WIIIIIIILDE BUNNNCH!

[The curtain parts as the pot-bellied pig known as Mable wobbles into view to the laughter of the crowd. A moment passes before Chester Otis Wilde

bursts through the curtain, throwing an arm up in the air. He's a hoss of a man - standing about 6'7 and weighing just shy of three hundred pounds crammed into a pair of stained blue overalls with no shirt underneath, revealing his forest of chest hair. His face is covered in a mess of a beard, tangled and matted.

Buddy Ulysses Loney wobbles in after him wearing a stained yellow button up shirt underneath his overalls. He's wearing no shoes, revealed mud-covered bare feet that we can see up to mid-calf. Loney's about six feet tall even but is carrying over four hundred pounds on his frame. His hand grips the other end of Mable's leash as he waves to the cheering fans.]

GM: And listen to these fans' reaction to the Wilde Bunch!

BW: They're doing this just to annoy me, Gordo.

GM: Or maybe they just love these guys - just like you do!

BW: ME?!

GM: Well, maybe not but these two have become quite the popular duo both in and out of the ring here in the AWA. I was having lunch with them today and-

BW: You were WHAT?!

GM: I had lunch with them today.

BW: I thought we were friends, Gordo.

GM: Haha!

[Gordon chuckles as the Wilde Bunch reaches the ring, Loney and Mable stepping in as Chester heads down the ringsteps to the floor, a big smile on his face.]

GM: Your cousin is on his way over here.

BW: No, no, no!

[Chester rushes around the ringpost, physically yanking "Uncle Bucky" out of his seat into a big sloppy hug. Bucky instantly tries to wiggle free but Chester is paying him no mind, shaking him back and forth and loudly exclaiming how good it is to see him.]

GM: This is a touching moment, fans.

[A grinning Chester sets Bucky back down, giving him a back slap hard enough to throw Bucky over the announce table, wincing in pain. Chester pauses to shake Gordon's hand - a gesture that leaves Gordon also wincing in pain.]

GM: I don't think Cousin Chester knows his own strength, Bucky.

BW: I don't think Cousin Chester knows his own NAME, Gordo.

[Chester lumbers up the ringsteps, joining his cousin in the ring. They huddle up for a moment before a nodding Buddy steps out through the ropes, taking Mable with him. The bell sounds as Chester steps out to the middle, extending his hand to Scotty Richardson.]

GM: A show of sportsmanship from Cousin Chester.

BW: He's dumber than he looks... which is hard to do.

[Chester claps his hands together, sticking it out a second time. Richardson slowly sticks his hand out...

...and then runs it arrogantly through his short black hair, jerking a thumb at his white tank top that reads "THIS SHIRT IS BETTER THAN YOU!"]

GM: What a jerk.

BW: I like Richardson's attitude. You gotta think you're the best if you're gonna get anywhere in this business!

[Richardson smirks as Cousin Chester turns to face his partner, pointing at Richardson...

...who jumps Chester from behind, hammering him with forearms to the back of the head!]

GM: Richardson's all over him!

[Blow after blow lands on the back of the head, neck, and shoulders, forcing Chester towards the ropes where he puts his hands on the top. Richardson continues to throw bombs.]

GM: Scotty Richardson is hammering away at Cousin Chester who... doesn't seem to be feeling it, Gordo.

[A determined expression forms on the face of Cousin Chester as Richardson's blows seem to be losing their effect...

...and a stiff mule kick to the midsection doubles up Richardson!]

GM: Ohh! Nice back kick by Chester...

[Chester turns around, grabbing Richardson by the arm, yanking him up to his feet...

...and pulls him into a short-arm shoulder tackle, knocking him down to the canvas.]

GM: Wow! This big kid is really something else, Bucky.

BW: Get up, Richardson!

[Chester decides to help the smaller man up, lifting him clear up off the mat with a double grip on the throat...

...and he hurls him back into the neutral corner where Richardson's head snaps forward on the impact!]

GM: Ohh! A whiplash-like effect on Richardson!

[Chester surges forward, throwing his beefy arm across the collarbone of his opponent, causing Richardson's entire body to convulse, his legs flying up off the canvas as he clings to the top rope to stay on his feet.]

GM: Richardson's trying to hang on and-

[Chester hooks him under the arm and around the head, launching him halfway across the ring with a biel throw that bounces Richardson off the canvas!]

GM: Good grief!

[Richardson slips to his knees, promptly crawling across the ring...]

GM: The tag is made! In comes Cordero!

[The much-larger Cordero comes charging in hard...

...and runs head long into a raised bare foot out of Chester!]

GM: OHHHH! HE TAKES CORDERO DOWN AS WELL!

[Chester chuckles at the crowd's reaction as he lumbers towards the corner, slapping the hand of Cousin Buddy.]

GM: Buddy coming in off the exchange...

[As the over four hundred pound behemoth steps into the ring, he threatens to drop a big elbow on Cordero...

...but Cordero swiftly rolls away, going under the ropes and out to the floor to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Cordero bails out.

BW: Smart move. Nothin' wrong with that.

GM: Cordero stands six foot two and weighs 275 pounds... fighting out of the Dominican Republic...

[Cordero stalks around the ring, coming face to snout with Mable who snorts derisively in his direction. Cordero promptly backpedals, falling down on his rear on the floor to the laughter of the crowd.]

GM: Haha! Cordero didn't like the looks of Mable!

BW: I'd like the looks of Mable on my breakfast plate next to a couple of eggs over easy.

GM: BUCKY!

[Cordero gets up, angrily shouting at the pig as Buddy grabs him by the hair, pulling him up on the apron before scooping the near-three hundred pounder up with easy, walking out to the middle of the ring...]

GM: What is...?

[...and BELLY FLOPS down into a front powerslam on Cordero!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Buddy stays on him, his four hundred pounds holding Cordero down.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Scotty Richardson rushes in, kicking Buddy in the head to save his partner and break the count.]

GM: Oh, come on, referee!

[Richardson bails out as Buddy slowly gets up, holding onto his head. He points sadly at Richardson who the referee reprimands before ordering Buddy to continue the match.]

GM: I'm not so sure I'd want to upset a four hundred pounder, Bucky.

BW: He's upset when he misses reruns of Hee Haw. Now he's angry.

[Buddy pulls Cordero off the mat, reaching out to slap the hand of Cousin Chester who steps over the ropes as Buddy lifts Cordero up under his arm, bringing him down in a pendulum backbreaker as Chester hops up on the middle rope, lifting his right arm high to cheers...

...and jumps off, driving an elbow down into the chest of Cordero, knocking him off the knee!]

GM: OHHH! That's gotta be it!

[Chester settles into a cover as Richardson rushes across the ring...

...and runs right into Cousin Buddy, sending Richardson sailing backwards through the air, crashing down to the mat as the referee counts the one, two, three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The Wilde Bunch scores the win here tonight on SNW!

[Buddy smiles as Richardson rolls out to the floor. Cousin Chester slowly comes to his feet, embracing his cousin to big cheers from the AWA faithful.]

BW: Unbelievable.

GM: Surprised by the win?

BW: Surprised that they found their way to the building tonight.

GM: Bucky, you're too much. The Wilde Bunch continues their winning ways here in the AWA and I can't wait to see them against some of the top teams here in the tag team division. But right now, let's go backstage where we got some words from Hannibal Carver!

[We head backstage, where seated on a folding steel chair is Hannibal Carver. He wears a black t-shirt with the name "HANNIBAL" across the chest. Below it is a silhouette of a fist punching a branding iron in half, with "CARVER" below the graphic. He wears a pair of black jeans and a black pair of Doc Martens steel-toed boots. He looks up at the camera, and smirks.]

HC: Disrespect. It can make a man do strange things. Maybe even... crazy things.

[Carver nods.]

HC: Yeh see, I told it exactly the way I saw it. I have a job to do. Men that call themselves dogs... but are actually lower than a worm need to get the hell outta my sport. And I'm more than happy to be the dogcatcher all by my damn self. The world saw it at the Rumble... I ran out, and those three dirtbags were flat on their backs a few seconds later. But as I said, once that good work is done...

[Carver grins.]

HC: Me and yeh gotta dance, Ryan. I gave yeh that respect, that I will take care of my business while yeh try to tear that brass ring outta the champ's hands. But then, what do I hear?

[Carver scowls.]

HC: Yeh don't have time for me. Oh, well excuse me, princess. I had no idea I was boring yeh. Yeh see, when I saw yer mouth wide open screaming as I battered yer face into all kinds of new and exciting shapes at that Rumble... I had no idea that was yeh yawning.

But don't let me hold yeh back. Don't let me stop yeh from scrambling greedily for that ten pounds of gold while yeh pretend yeh even give a damn that Wright smashed Eric's head in with a steel cage door.

But then again...

[Carver grins again.]

HC: That kinda disrespect, it makes me do strange things. Perfect example. Usually if I see someone I fought side by side with getting choked out until they're blue in the face?

[Carver nods.]

HC: I'm the kind of man that'll put a stop to that kind of garbage. But when I get that disrespect of being told not now, I've got other things to do... well, that just gets me right here.

[Carver points to his chest.]

HC: Mar.

[Carver slaps his chest.]

HC: Tih.

[Slap.]

HC: Nez.

[Slap.]

HC: And I'm too busy being so hurt by the dismissal of some wet behind the ears college boy to do what's right. In fact, I found it hard to do anything...

[Carver smirks.]

HC: ... but laugh. Laugh at the precious white knight. At the daddy's boy. Maybe Wright chokes yeh out enough, yeh'll figure out what's important. Yeh'll figure out yeh shouldn't have stopped me from doing what's right. Because of yeh, the man who put Eric Preston into a hospital bed... the man who made it so Eric can't pay his bills... is walking around this place with a smile on his face. But yeh got yer shot, so that's alright. The shot yeh won only by the grace of God who must've seen me beating yeh black and blue and took pity on yer sorry carcass and tipped me out of that ring himself.

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: But that's yeh all over, ain't it? Getting breaks, getting a helping hand. And when people sacrifice themselves for yeh... yeh make DAMN SURE the

piece of garbage that destroyed them never gets paid back in kind. Makes me wonder. Makes me think of what kind of man yeh thing yeh are.

[Carver taps his temple.]

HC: Mar.

[Tap.]

HC: Tih.

[Tap.]

HC: Nez.

[Carver stands up, glaring straight into the camera.]

HC: But soon... I think soon I'll have my fill of thinking about it. Because then it'll be time to do something about it. And when that time comes?

Yen'll wish yeh were back in Supreme Wright's loving embrace.

[Carver nods.]

HC: Because what he did to yeh tonight?

That'll be heaven compared to the hell I bring to yeh.

[And with that, we switch to the ring, where Phil Watson is standing by.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, hailing from Wagga Wagga, Australia and weighing in at 247 pounds, he is...

"OUTBACK" ZACK KELLY!!

BW: Kelly may be used to seeing some pretty wild... pardon the pun... things out in the outback, but I don't think he's ever seen anything like what's he's going to face tonight.

GM: I'm inclined to agree... this man is an absolute monster.

BW: You mean this monster is an absolute monster, Gordo!

PW: And his opponent...

[The crowd begins to boo as "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett makes his way out from the backstage area. He is dressed in an all white suit, save for a red tie and red handkerchief, which he pulls from his breast pocket to dab the sweat from his forehead. He carries a stainless steel suitcase which he then opens, revealing the gem that has been in his possession during his every recent

AWA appearance. As it's revealed, a crack of thunder is heard over the PA, and the curtains part as Fawcett's monstrous discover lumbers out.]

PW: From the Kimon, or Demon Gate... weighing in at FIVE HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN POUNDS...

KING ONI!!

[KING Oni follows the lead of the "Doctor", clothed in an all black robe and a kabuki- style mask/headdress in the style of the oni from Japanese folklore. Wild eyes, long teeth poking out of a wide maniacal grin and wild red hair.]

GM: It's a toss-up whether the mask or the face underneath gives me more nightmares.

BW: I'd go for the demon under the mask, easily.

[The two make their way to the ringside area as Fawcett nods at the beast he's brought out. KING removes his robe, revealing a blank singlet with a dark red mawashi [the belt or loincloth that sumo wrestlers wear during training and combat] worn over the singlet. He then removes his mask, revealing the same design painted on his face, along with a black mohawk. With a free hand, Fawcett points to the ring and Oni lets out an inhuman growl, slapping his hands together as he finally enters the ring through the ropes.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're underway! This is the official AWA debut of KING Oni, fans... his interruption of the Homecoming Rumble notwithstanding.

BW: Why don't YOU tell him how mad you are about him interrupting your special Rumble?

GM: No, I believe I'll stay as far away as possible from this strange competitor whenever possible.

BW: Smartest thing you've had to say in a long time, Gordo. My good example must be finally rubbing off on you.

[Kelly cautiously advances towards Oni. He attempts at collar and elbow tie up, but the five hundred-plus pounder simply stares at him.]

BW: Never thought we'd see someone that makes ol' "Outback" look like a technical wiz

[Kelly yells "Come on!" at Oni, who finally replies by grabbing Kelly by the head with two hands and letting loose with a THUNDEROUS headbutt.]

BW: They heard that one in the cheap seats!

GM: He never let go! Kelly took the entire impact of that, Oni not even allowing him to recoil!

[Oni grunts, and then delivers ANOTHER huge headbutt, this time actually allowing Kelly to fall to the canvas.]

BW: There's another new one, Gordo. Letting someone fall to the mat like a sack of potatoes seeming like the kindest gift there is!

GM: Kelly could very well be knocked out from that attack!

BW: If he is, this demon doesn't know... or he just doesn't care!

[Oni grabs Kelly by the face, showcasing incredible strength by lifting him up off the mat with one handed, and then hurls him into the corner.]

GM: Oni is stalking his prey now, slowly walking towards Kelly in the corner now.

[The audience groans with sympathy as Oni delivers a series of vicious forearm chops to the sides of Kelly's head, right and lefts sending tremors of pain through Kelly's body.]

BW: Fawcett told me he calls that the Demon Hammer, but I call it twenty-five to life in the state penitentiary!

GM: And once again, this vicious beast won't let his opponent fall to the mat!

[Indeed, as Oni hooks Kelly's arms around the top rope and steps back. He looks over at Fawcett, who raises the briefcase that holds that mysterious gem high in the air, shouting "SPIRITS GO OUT, ONI GOES IN!!".]

GM: Oh no, we've seen this before!

[Oni bellows, charging into the corner and absolutely CRUSHES Kelly with an avalanche. Kelly crumbles out of the corner, hitting the mat flat on his back.]

BW: And that ain't all!

[Oni rebounds off the ropes, leaping in the air and bringing his entire five hundred and fourteen pounds down on the hapless figure of "Outback" Zack Kelly.]

GM: CRACKED EARTH! Oni's signature avalanche followed by what has to be the biggest splash we've ever seen, and that's got to be it!

[Oni stays on top of Kelly, but sits up, staring at his downed opponent.]

BW: So... does he know this is over now? I mean it's all fun and games until someone gets splashed through the ring.

[Oni then grabs Kelly by the head, snarling... and then opens his mouth wide, as if he means to start to make a meal of his opponent.]

GM: What in the... no!

[The crowd and Gordon are saved by Fawcett of all people, as he raises the briefcase... causing Oni to snap to attention, nod, and finally go for the academic cover.]

GM: And mercifully... this is over.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crack of thunder is heard once again as the ref attempts to raise Oni's hand in victory... and then thinks better of it. Fawcett enters the ring, finally getting Oni back up to his feet and off of Zack Kelly through his words and the gem in his briefcase which continues to mesmerize Oni.]

GM: The crowd seems to be in a state of shock after the brutality we just saw and to be perfectly honest, I think I may be as well.

BW: Well, then it's a good thing a real broadcast journalist is on his way!

[The journalist in question, Colt Patterson, steps through the ropes with microphone in hand.]

CP: Doctor Fawcett, let me be the first to properly welcome you and your amazing find to the AWA.

"D"HF: Why, thank you. It is truly a rare show of class and respect to welcome your destroyer.

[Colt ignores the implication, choosing to simply accept the compliment.]

CP: We just saw your... man? dismantle a man in seconds. What are you looking for as he makes his way further up the ranks?

[Fawcett chuckles darkly.]

"D"HF: When you have thoughtlessly trampled an ant... do you look out for the ant hill? Do you concern yourself with the level of competition that further members of the order Hymenoptera might provide?

[Colt shakes his head.]

"D"HF: Of course you do not. Just like our KING, you continue doing whatever your heart desires. And if another ant happens upon your path?

[Fawcett turns to Oni, as Colt cautiously holds his microphone in front of the monstrous grappler.]

KO: SQUAAAAAAAAASH!!

[Colt nods his head in agreement as the "Doctor" laughs cruelly.]

CP: That's the kind of world vision I can get behind! Back to you, Bucky! And yeah, I guess you too, Myers.

[We cut back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are looking on in awe at what they just saw.]

GM: KING Oni is certainly a force to be reckoned with here in the AWA and with the mysterious Doctor Fawcett leading him... I truly fear for what this monster may be able to accomplish in the AWA.

BW: Imagine if Fawcett turns his attention towards an AWA title! Tony Sunn may be strong but even he can't out-power the monster.

GM: We may someday get the chance to find that out... but right now, fans, let's go backstage to footage recorded earlier tonight where Gibson Hayes had some comments to share!

[We go backstage to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where Mark Stegglet is standing. Standing next to the interviewer (who, let's be honest, could be replaced by a standee) is Gibson Aloysius Hayes. Hayes has his afro working full tilt. He is also wearing sunglasses, a dark blue suit with white button down and red tie. The suit's blazer is draped over Hayes. Behind Hayes is another, larger man. This man is in a coffee suit with burnt umber tie. He's black, fat, and has a goatee to go with his bald head.]

MS: We're here with Gibson...

[Hayes shushes Stegglet.]

GH: Just hold the microphone. Your voice is a cross between nails on a chalk board and Fran Drescher. No one anywhere wants to hear that sort of crime against humanity.

MS: ...who's once again showing that personality and work ethic that has charmed everyone involved with this great company.

[Hayes lowers his mirrored sunglasses.]

GH: It's comments like that that confirmed my suspicions! You're all working against me! From the moment Devon "One Match a Decade" Case intentionally hurled his knee at my fist, to Nenshou getting the British Yakuza involved...

[A hard exhale of breath through the nose.]

GH: ...to that travesty of justice of a battle royal where it became crystal clear just how far the AWA is willing to go to keep me down.

MS: Could it be you lost fair and square? Does that possibility even register to you?

[Gibson narrows his eyes.]

GH: Of course I lost! I was set up to lose! This was a no win situation! Tell me, how many men could withstand the assault of 17 other people...

MS: Weren't there only about 7 men...

GH: 17 other people at the same time! I fought valiantly, but even for someone of my prowess and wrestling acumen, when foot soldiers of a corrupt regime come at you at once, no matter how many you swat away, those small voles will eventually over take even the mightiest of this land's heroes.

[Stegglet looks at Hayes.]

MS: Do you actually hear yourself speak?

GH: Of course I do, because who am I to deny myself the melodious tones of my voice? But that's besides the point! The point is, it has become apparent that no one in the AWA can be trusted. I knew I was persona-non-grata when I entered this place, I knew that there were grudges and forces working against me... but I didn't believe just how far the tendrils of evil had become entrenched in the very sinews of this wicked place. If even a cadre of ne'erdowells can be reduced to backbiting and failed coups, how can one man, albeit one very capable man, overthrow this wicked junta?

MS: Junta? Really?

GH: Wicked junta - pay attention. No, Gibson Hayes needed help, but there is nary a soul here willing to bathe, let alone stand up for Lady Liberty and Justice. No, after being given a rude awakening, I knew what I had to do. I had to find protection; an insurance policy. So I contacted this man behind me: Warren "Big Bubba" Hayes. He's protected the bodies of top Bollywood stars, robber barons and Kim Jung II! He'll do the job no one else here is capable of: protecting the last best hope for freedom against the entrenched conspiracies and cartels that control this place!

MS: Are you done?

GH: I WILL NOT BE SILENCED!

[Hayes throws some shade on Stegglet before snapping his fingers and walking off with his bodyguard.]

As we fade back to live action, we can see that Hugh Jenner is already in the ring, his sweater reading "HUGH" there as always.]

GM: And here's Hugh Jenner, family in tow and ready to try his best. The longtime enhancement talent is hoping to turn around his career against the erratic showings of Gibson Hayes.

[The camera shows Hugh's wife and children at ringside.]

BW: The guy should be concentrating on getting a better family - talk about some folks who look like they were hit in the face by a bus or two.

[Eliot Lipp's "Rap Tight" begins as a few boos emanate from the audience. Gibson Hayes is in his wrestling gear (red elbow, knee pads, trunks, kicksavers). Behind him is Bubba Hayes. Gibson enters the ring and immediately demands that Jenner take off his "illegal" sweater.]

GM: And this sort of stunt is exactly why no one here likes Gibson Hayes.

BW: I don't know, that sweater is ugly with a capital 'ugh'.

[As Hugh is protesting, eventually, reluctantly conceding to the request, Hayes rushes him and socks him in the gut with a lunging front kick to the stomach. The referee can't do anything as of yet as the bell hasn't rung... it does after the incident though. Jenner is doubled over, still with his sweater half on and off.]

GM: ...I didn't think I could be more annoyed with Hayes at this point.

BW: He's pretty good at that and, really, you can't blame him for playing to his strengths, Gordo.

GM: I can and I will.

[Hayes wastes some time shoving Jenner.]

GM: Just bullying the man here. What a jerk this guy is.

[After two shoves, Hayes uncorks a roundhouse kick to what appears to be the head of Jenner and plants his foot on the prone man, demanding a 3 count as the audience is not even close to satisfied.]

GM: When is his contract up again?

BW: I thought the Jenner family was hideous normally, but when they're upset they get even uglier!

GM: A quick and obnoxious victory for Gibson Hayes... let's go to commercial so no one has to look at his face any more.

[Fade to black.]

Open to a finely set dinner table in an upscale restaurant, as soft classical music is playing. Tuxedoed servers are hustling and bustling, bringing finely polished silver trays of food to tables. The camera zooms in on one table,

where one person stuffs a napkin into his collar and picks up his fork and knife...

...Bucky Wilde.]

BW: Ya know, daddy, I been everywhere in this sport of ours, and I seen 'em all. I know what it takes to be a top guy, I know what it takes to keep them turnstiles movin' and keep them cash registers ringin'.

I've seen the best technical wrestlers of all time, I've seen the highest flyers that've ever lived, I've seen the most powerful human beings to ever walk the face of the Earth!

But when it comes down to it, we all wanna see the same thing...

[The last waiter comes and sets down the kind of plate you'd see for a gigantic bird or maybe a small dinosaur. With a finely manicured hand the waiter takes off the lid of the obviously gourmet meal...

...and reveals the newest AWA DVD! AWA's Best Grudge Matches!]

BW: ...a good fight!

[The scene goes from Bucky in the restaurant to clips of some of the AWA's most famous fights, as Bucky narrates.]

BW: AWA's Best Grudge Matches is gonna bring to you the most intense, the most personal battles we've ever seen. Fifteen matches in high definition, with yours truly and my main man Gordo on the call. And even better, I'm your host!

[The shot switches to the intense staredown between Calisto Dufresne and City Jack.]

BW: It was nothing but high drama and emotion when Calisto Dufresne and City Jack squared off, I guarantee you that.

[Switch to a much younger Eric Preston pulling back on James Monosso in their famous Towel Match.]

BW: Or maybe you wanna relive Eric Preston and James Monosso goin' toe to toe in a towel match, with nothin' but pride and sanity on the line!

[Switch to the Southern Syndicate huddled outside the massive WarGames structure, with Juan Vasquez looking across the ring, the crowd in the background frenzied.]

BW: And what would a DVD about grudge matches be without WarGames? The Southern Syndicate in all their glory, daddy, standin' across the ring against Juan Vasquez and his all star team. What a match it was! And for you completist fans, we've got the first ever AWA WarGames, featurin'

names you haven't heard in a long time, like Werewolf Gregorson and Despair!

It's all here, baby, all the matches that made your hair stand up. Alex Martinez and the Dragon, William Craven!

[Cut to that barbed wire match, both have been punctured.]

BW: The Lynches, the Beale Street Bullies, Broussard vs. Stevie in a Loser Leaves Town. Juan Vasquez and Dave Cooper puttin' it ALL on the line!

The tension, the emotion, the heartbreak, the sorrow. The pain, the blues and the agony! It's all right here, daddy. So get off the couch, run to your car, and go get you some!

[Cut back to Bucky in the restaurant, piece of meat on his fork.]

BW: Bring home the bacon today, daddy, and sink your teeth into the finest the AWA has to offer!

[As Bucky inhales his dinner, the camera fades to the DVD cover as a voice over plays.]

"AWA's BEST GRUDGE MATCHES is available at AWAshop.com, Target, Wal-Mart, KMart and wherever DVDs are sold. Kids, get your parents' permission!"

[We fade back in from black on a view of the ring to see "First String" Frankie Farelli and his head cheerleader Chastity Chamberlain already in the ring. The strains of "A New Game" by Tom Hedden are just beginning to fade as Farelli has a mic in his hand. Farelli, a thickly-built man with short blonde hair and a gleaming smile, is wearing a red-and-silver Ohio State letterman jacket instead of the usual New England Patriots Starter jacket. He still wears blue trunks with red and silvery-white trim (with a small silvery-white number 73 in the upper right corner), white boots with the New England Patriots logo on the side, blue knee and elbow pads, white forearm pads (including a "quarterback pad" with a Velcro playlist on his left forearm) and finger tape. Lastly, he is wearing his precious 2004 Super Bowl ring on one hand, and his 2002 NCAA National Championship ring on the other.

Chamberlain bounces around leading cheers, oblivious to the fact that the crowd is booing. The tall, leggy, busty blonde is wearing a red, cream, and white cheerleader ensemble this week, which is not her usual color scheme.]

FF: So I heard that Texas still can't get it done in football.

[BOOOO!]

FF: That must be why all you nerds are here on a Football Saturday. I can barely stand having to show up and watch the losers in the back come out here and pretend to be half the athlete that the worst player in football is,

when I know that a REAL sport is bein' played as we speak. So I'll make this real quick. You see this letter?

[He points to the O on his jacket.]

FF: You probably can't spell it, so lemme help. It's an O.

CC: I know these pathetic men in Dallas have never seen an O before.

[See, that one will fly right over the kiddies' heads. Good job, Chastity. She gets her snarky comment off, and heads outside the ring to lead cheers while Frankie talks.]

FF: Among other things, it stands for THE Ohio State University. Where I graduated with a degree in football. Which makes me way more educated than you retards.

Oh, oh, wait. The brass didn't want me to say 'retards'. I guess last time I said 'retards', some retards got offended and had somebody who could use a phone call in. So, I mean 'intellectually challenged people'.

[Beat.]

FF: No. No, I mean retards. You retards have nothing in Texas to be proud of, no football team worth mention, and just like the wrestlers in the back, you can only feel good about yourself by ignoring everyone that's better than you.

Time to pop that bubble, boys. Somebody come on out here and get a taste of reality.

[Farelli spreads his arms, and the fans boo him hatefully. He waits for about two seconds, but nobody shows... not that he gave anyone any time to appear.]

FF: You gotta be kiddin' me? Giving up already? I... hey, what's goin' on out there?

[Farelli heads over to where Chastity is arguing with an older lady in the crowd, who is giving her grief. He steps out of the ring.]

FF: What's this? This old bag is talkin' back to my head cheerleader? Lady, and I use that term loosely... no, you know what, I ain't using that term at all. Old bag, you get out of here. You don't have the right to say word one to my head cheerleader.

BW: Uh oh. Hugh Jenner's wife is causin' trouble again.

GM: She wasn't doing anything at all! Chamberlain just started yelling at her...

[And here comes Hugh. The veteran journeyman with the greying brown hair and the beer gut is in his ring gear, holding the back of his head after just getting kicked in the skull. He's got a look of mixed fear and anger as he heads down to the ringside area.]

FF: What's this? Oh, we got a challenger! About time!

[Jenner shakes his head and points at his wife. He's pleading with Farelli and Chamberlain to leave her alone, but the two of them don't pay that any mind. Farelli is handing his rings and jacket to Chastity, which can't be a good sign.]

FF: Ring the bell!

[And then Farelli rushes Jenner, kicking him in the gut and pummeling him across the shoulders while Chamberlain laughs in his wife's face.]

GM: That was a set-up! Farelli is trying to start trouble with a wrestler that he knows he can beat! They did that because they know that Cesar Hernandez was planning to answer the challenge this week!

BW: And Jenner already wrestled earlier tonight! Brilliant!

GM: Brilliant?! Bucky, that's the epitome of cowardice! And I'd hardly call it "earlier tonight" when it happened just minutes ago! Farelli ramming Hugh Jenner's face into the apron, and throwing him in the ring. Don't tell me that Ricky Longfellow is going to start this match?

BW: If he wants to eat solid food this week, I think he will.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: Frankie Farelli slamming Hugh Jenner in center ring. Jenner was mugged, assaulted, and defeated moments ago by Gibson Hayes, and he cannot possibly be ready for another matchup.

BW: An easy win. As I said, brilliant.

GM: Dropping the front elbow into the sternum of Hugh Jenner. And again! What a farce this is. Bucky, if Frankie Farelli has something to prove against professional wrestling, this is not going to do it.

BW: You're overthinking. It's all cash and gold. Wins mean bank and contendership. If you're listening to him stir up the boys in the back, you're listening to a guy trying to get ahead fast. Farelli is smart, daddy.

GM: Hugh Jenner standing up, and Farelli off the ropes... SNAPS HIS NECK BACK WITH THE ZONE BLOCK!

BW: Nasty! A straight open hand to the forehead at full speed... like you implied, Gordo, that ain't a punch, that's a neckbreaker. And fully legal.

GM: It is, I admit. Farelli hoisting up Jenner in the bear hug, running him to the corner... BLITZ!

[The boos are loud as this is now a full-on massacre. Farelli rams Jenner into the turnbuckles, then hits an overhead belly-to-belly suplex with the momentum of the rebound!]

BW: And you know what that means. We're in the red zone! Touchdown is imminent!

GM: Farelli up on the second turnbuckle, making the touchdown sign. Waiting for Jenner to rise.

BW: And waiting... Gordo, I don't think Hugh Jenner is getting up.

GM: I'd think not. The Blitz is a finisher-level maneuver in it's own right, honestly.

[With a sneer on his face, Farelli opens his arms in a 'what the heck is this?' motion as Hugh Jenner isn't going to stand up for the touchdown... having already been beaten down once tonight, he's done.]

BW: Even I like Hugh Jenner because he's a genuine nice guy, not like some of these phony baby-kissers, so I gotta stick up for him here. Even if he CAN get up, he shouldn't. He didn't want a match. Heck, roll out and leave, and make the AWA pay you twice. Win-win. But I don't think he can get up, Gordo.

GM: Nor do I. Farelli is disgusted as he steps down from the ropes... oh, how disrespectful is this!

[Farelli spits on Jenner, and leans on him with an arrogant cover as the fans scream bloody murder.]

BW: Take it and go, Hugh.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: Hugh Jenner did not come out here for a wrestling match, he came out here to stand up for his wife! This has happened to him before, and it sickens me that people continue to resort to that on a man who has never offended anyone!

BW: But you gotta offend people to get ahead in wrestling, daddy. Hugh's too nice for this sport and always has been.

PW: The winner of this match... "FIRST STRING" FRANKIE FARELLI!

GM: And I have to call out the AWA for enabling this! Allowing this man to basically freely make matches. I understand the economics of it, but it's morally repugnant! We got rid of Percy Childe for a reason!

[As "A New Game" plays, Chamberlain is again mocking poor Hugh's wife, as she's practically in tears. Farelli slides out and grabs the mic again.]

FF: Old bag, I tell you what. Why don't you get on this mic right now and admit that you just saw how your old man, a wrestler, could never match a football player. You tell the whole world that wrestlers are soft! You tell them...

[Suddenly, cheers are heard as Cesar Hernandez comes rushing down the aisle. The Mexican star is in his ring attire: simple monogrammed orange trunks and boots, as well as knee pads. He wears tape on his wrist, and is wearing a billowing orange and white ring jacket. Cesar has voluminous shoulder-length black hair, slightly curled, a protruding nose, and a dusky skin tone. He's clean-shaven, and still looks pretty good for a forty-year-old man... though the scars of battles past do appear on his body. His face carries an outraged expression, and Farelli steps up as he approaches.]

FF: Oh ho, what's this? You snooze, you lose, rico. I already beat my quota of phonies this week. But I like how you waited until I was done to come out so you could act like you...

CH: ENOUGH!

[Hernandez snatches the mic from Farelli, to the loud approval of the fans.]

CH: How dare you! How dare you use a man's WIFE! You knew he had already wrestled, and you used his wife to get him out here for an easier match! You knew I was coming to challenge you, you coward!

All these things you say about the sport I love? The sport of kings?! If you don't love it, leave it! If you do not leave, I will show you the door! You have no idea, tonto, no clue how many wannabe tough guys from football have come over the years to try and make a name on a wrestler. They get their arms broken and their legs broken and we never see them again! They wash out of wrestling schools and we never see them again! The only reason you are worth the time for me to bother with is you made it this far.

[And now Farelli snatches the mic back.]

FF: That's where YOU'RE wrong, "tonto". I know EXACTLY what the old timers in this sport do to football players.

[The crowd's boos turn to almost an 'oooh' reaction, because they didn't expect that answer.]

FF: They use their cheap tricks to injure them. Poke eyes out. Tell a guy to get in a referee position then break the spine with a kneedrop. Break their thumbs when they don't expect nothin'. Nothing that has anything to do with sports. It has gone on for fifty years plus. Then the wrestlers talk all big. "Oh, look, those so-called athletes couldn't cut it in our sport", when all they did was basically take advantage of somebody with a cheap shot. I know all about it, rico. It happened to friends of mine.

I wasn't gonna come out and say it... but THAT'S why I'm really here.

I'm gonna expose you, wrestler-boy. You're one of those salty, crusty old timers now, ain't you? You like those old stories they tell about how they broke this guy's leg or put out that guy's eye. Things they don't ever talk about on TV. Yeah, it's all garbage. All of it. Jealous little men lashing out because they can't hack it in a real sport and they didn't want to get shown up by the real deal.

[And now, Hernandez snatches the microphone back.]

CH: THAT is what you think?! You think people got hurt because wrestlers are jealous? People GET hurt in training because they have to prove they have the heart! I got my leg broken! I came back! I got my ribs broken! I came back! If your friends did not come back, then they never would have made it. And you want revenge for this?

You have no understanding. None. I don't think anybody did that for you, did they?

FF: Did what for me?

CH: TESTED you. That is it. That is why you have no respect. You have no heart. How you got in this sport so far, I do not know. I know Todd Michaelson and Clayton Shaw would never have let you through. But... maybe there are others like you in wrestling now. I see this in the AWA. This never would have happened fifteen years ago. But this is why. You are a brat. Selfish, spoiled, with no respect for wrestling and no respect for the people who make it possible. No respect for the people we do it for.

Well, Farelli, if you want to prove that wrestlers are soft, then you will get the chance. No dirty tricks, as you say. I will give you what you want... an answer.

FF: I want an answer? What fool thing are you talkin' about? I didn't ask a question!

CH: But you did. Two of them. The question of whether a football player is tougher than a wrestler. And the question of whether you have the heart for this sport. We will see....

...if you come back.

[The crowd cheers the implied threat as Hernandez drops the mic at Farelli's feet and walks away. Farelli glares at him, and we cut back to the booth.]

GM: Finally, someone stands up to that bully! If Frankie Farelli has so much disrespect for wrestling, Bucky, then he may just be taught some. Forcibly.

BW: But did you hear what Farelli said? We got the reason he was here all wrong! All those stories that Hamilton Graham and Blackjack Lynch and

Patrick Weaver and James Audiet and Terry Shane Jr and the like always told...

GM: Cameron O'Connor, too.

BW: Please, the only thing an O'Connor can break is wind. Anyway, the stories those veterans told about breaking the limbs of tough guys from other sports... I don't think anybody saw THIS coming! Frankie Farelli wants revenge for it all, and that's why he's denigrating pro wrestling!

GM: His problem is that he doesn't understand. Fans, this doesn't happen at schools like the Combat Corner, but in the old days, before lawsuits became prevalent, inflicting that kind of injury, things that could heal 100%, that was how wrestlers tested the courage and conviction of people who wanted to be wrestlers. There were no schools like the Combat Corner then, where people could be evaluated. Stories about eyegouging and such involved out-of-the-ring fights in bars and so on, never in the sense that Farelli is saying.

BW: And yet, here comes Cesar Hernandez, threatening to break his limbs. Have we REALLY moved on from those days, Gordo? Because let me tell you, breaking a man's leg out of jealousy is exactly something Hernandez would do, and I got the scars on my leg to prove it!

GM: That is NOT what happened, fans! In any case, Cesar plans to teach Farelli some respect, and hopefully we will have that match very soon. I suspect that the next time Farelli sets up one of these open challenges, we all know who will answer it. Fans, let's go backstage to our newest broadcast colleague, "Sweet" Lou Blackwell!

[Cut to the backstage interview area where "Sweet" Lou is standing, mic in hand.]

LB: Thanks, Gordon. Frankie Farelli like to talk a big game about his days on the gridiron but yours truly talked to a former teammate of Farelli with some different stories to tell. Want the scoop? Then call the brand new AWA hotline at 1-900-505-5500! It's \$1.99 for the first minute and 99 cents each additional minute - kids, get your parents' permission before dialing.

[Blackwell turns to the side.]

LB: My guest at this time are a man that I'm quite familiar with. Mickey Cherry, come on in here...

[The weaselly pencil-thin manager walks into view with his well-sculpted hair and pitch black sunglasses. He's wearing a white jacket with airbrushed hearts all over it.]

LB: What in the world are you wearing? It looks like something you'd pick up at "Playboy" Ronnie D's yard sale!

MC: You're just jealous, Blackwell! You couldn't look this good if you printed out picture of me and stapled it to your face!

[Blackwell makes a dismissive gesture.]

LB: You and I have been in the same promotion many times over the years and I've seen you manage some of the biggest names in our sport. What on earth ever prompted you to come to the AWA and bring...

[Blackwell's eyes drift off camera.]

LB: ...this with you?

[With a flourish, Casanova swoops into view. His bleached blonde hair has been styled into a bundle of curls showing off dark purple eyeshadow surrounding both eyes. He's applying bright red lipstick as Blackwell shudders at the man standing in powder pink trunks.]

MC: You're right, Blackwell. I HAVE managed some of the biggest names in our sport. I've traveled up and down this country of ours, putting more miles on my Cadillac than Greyhound racks up in a year. I've led people to titles. I've led people to glory. But I've never led anyone to a revolution!

LB: A revolution? What are you going on about now?

MC: Casanova is here for a revolution, baby. He's here to light the way for those who want to follow in his shoes.

[Blackwell looks down at Casanova's feet and gets a threatened backhand for his efforts.]

MC: There's no one... NO ONE... in this business like Casanova. There's no one willing to show the world their true self from head to toe...

[Casanova does a pirouette... fairly graceful for a man of his size.]

MC: There's no one willing to BE who they were born to be. Casanova was born to be an icon... a legend... a groundbreaking force in the history of our great sport. And it's my honor to help him do exactly that.

LB: Do you even listen to yourself? What are you saying, man?!

[Casanova grabs the mic, pulling it towards him and surprising Blackwell.]

C: What he's saying is that for far too long, the fans of our sport have been subjected to the ugly truth that men like Martinez... like Sunn... like Lynch... Jack, not Travis... mmmm.

[Blackwell cringes.]

C: That those are the men that the AWA wants you to cheer. That those are the men that epitomize what this sport is all about.

[He lifts a finger, wagging it.]

C: Lies. Lies. Lies. Because at the end of the day, there is only one truth...

[He rests his hand on Blackwell's bald head, tapping his fingers on it.]

C: ...sweet, sweet Louis...

[Cherry leans in.]

MC: You spell wrasslin', baby... C-A-S-A-N-O-V-A.

[Cherry lets loose a high-pitched cackle, wandering out of the camera's view as Casanova breaks into a grin.]

C: Toodles.

[He blows a kiss at the camera before making his exit.]

LB: Those two are a banana split short of a dessert course. Back to-

[Blackwell seems ready to throw it back to ringside when someone storms in from off-camera to interrupt. A very angry Tony Donovan, II comes in. The red in his face nearly matches the red of his track jacket, and he looks about ready to spit nails...until he starts to laugh.]

TD2: So, how do those ribs feel, punk?

[Tony continues to laugh, folding his arms across his chest, and then he takes a deep breath.]

TD2: Just got my first "talking-to" from the front office...good to get that nonsense out of the way early. Then again, one of the few things I learned from the old man is that if you're not getting under someone's skin, you aren't doing your job right, so you suits in the office better get used to seeing me, because I'm just getting started!

[Tony rolls his neck.]

TD2: Now, I have a confession to make. Taylor, I have never liked you. I put up with you when we were kids because, for whatever reason, our dads are friends -- now that I'm old enough and wise enough to not give half a damn who the old man's friends are, it's open season on punks like you, and tonight was just the beginning. I've been told you're getting trained up, learning the craft, so I've got a proposition for you.

[TD2 grins.]

TD2: You and me, punk, two weeks. You step in that ring with me, and I'll give you a little hint of your future. Exhibition match, you and me, one on one. I'd love to be the man to welcome you to the AWA...and the man to hand you your first official loss, something you'll get to live with until the day you hang 'em up.

[Suddenly, Tony paints a very obviously fake look of sympathy on his face.]

TD2: Aww, but wait...you're not under contract! You don't even work here.

[The fake look fades away, replaced by a smug smirk.]

TD2: Lucky for you, you can just call your daddy up and ask him for it, and you'll get it, won't you? Give him a call, Taylor -- see if the old man's that willing to sign his boy's death warrant!

[With that, Donovan laughs and walks away as we fade to black.

[Fade to black.

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.

One fade in later and we're brought to the interview stage, where Colt Patterson stands alongside the King Of Wrestling himself, "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake.

Lake is smiling broadly, garbed in a blue sport jacket, blue slacks, brown dress shoes, a white undershirt and blue tie. His black fedora rests atop his round afro, and he sports his normal mustache and conical protruding beard. The crowd is booing the hell out of him.]

CP: With me at this time, the King Of Wrestling, Demetrius Lake. King Demetrius, it is a pleasure to be in the presence of royalty.

DL: Likewise, Colt Patterson, it is a pleasure for me to be interviewed at last by a man I can respect. Yourself and Bucky Wilde really are the only men in the AWA who should be allowed to interview me. Those other TV Announcers just ask stupid questions and play the fool.

CP: My first question, then. On the last Saturday Night Wrestling, you and Hamilton Graham beat up Blackjack Lynch, and then you reinjured the neck of James Lynch. A lot of people are asking "why would he do something like that". I know it's a stupid question, but we got stupid people asking so we gotta hear the answer.

DL: You know, Colt Patterson, I already explained myself regarding Old Yeller. I didn't come out two weeks ago for a wrestling match. I am in the prime of my life, and I do not need to wrestle an old man. Only the great Hamilton Graham can still compete at the top level at that age, as we saw when he beat Old Yeller down so easily two weeks ago. So I don't care that I was disqualified, because the only reason I went through that is to get Old Yeller without his boys to save him, and put him out of our misery like should have been done years ago.

But I didn't expect little Jimmy to get up out of his wheelchair and pretend that he could stop me. That old man must have blackmailed him, must have brainwashed him, must have warped his mind. No human being, not even a Lunch, could be that stupid as to think it would end up any other way. That old man sent one of his own sons to die so that he could get away from me, and it would be a tragedy except nobody missed him the first time it happened, either.

So "why" is simple. I tried to make a clean break on his neck and kill him painlessly. Even I have empathy, Colt Patterson. That boy was bein' used as a human shield, or a subhuman shield when you think about it. He needed to get put out of his misery as obviously that old man must be tormenting him to make him so willing to throw his life away to protect him. Just how he got crippled. Old Yeller threw Little Jimmy at the Beale Street Bullies and ran with no shame at all.

CP: Well, now, I do gotta state one thing about that. Blackjack Lynch wasn't even there when that happened.

DL: Exactly. Exactly. He sent his boys out to fight a fight they couldn't win because he gets a big percentage of their match contracts, and he wanted that cut. It coulda been Jack or Travesty that got crippled, but it was little Jimmy with that stack of dimes he calls a neck. That old man has been guilting him for over a year now, no doubt about it. Makin' sure he knows

what a failure he is as he sets in his daddy's basement and tries to relearn how to move his arms. He finally got up to walkin', and Old Yeller used him as a subhuman shield. And that really tells you all you need to know of why Old Yeller needs to get put down. I took pity on that boy, and I finished him quick. You'll never see him again, no question about it.

And after two weeks ago, that old man knows. He can't set foot here in the Detson Center again. You will never see his face again either, Colt Patterson, because he has now experienced first-hand that the King is too much to handle. He'll wait and see if Jack can finally beat me. Which means he'll be waiting until he dies of old age and shame.

CP: We do know one thing, King. Jack Lynch wants another shot at you, worse now than ever. And earlier tonight, he challenged you to a Texas Death Match at SuperClash. What do you say to that?

DL: He don't want a shot at me, Colt Patterson. Jack Lunch is tryin' to make himself look big for all these fans. We gone at it all year, and only one time all year did he sign on the bottom line to wrestle me. At Memorial Day. And who won that match?

CP: That would be you.

DL: I pinned him in the middle of the ring, I burned his flag, I buried him in his flag...

[Now that the Texas fans are being reminded of that... it didn't happen here, remember... the hate gets ratcheted all the way up, and people start throwing things.]

DL: ...he don't have the right to fight me again. He knows it. He knows it. I whipped Jack Lunch so bad he forgot how to quit. And a Lunch forgettin' how to quit is like a fish forgettin' how to swim. But if he wants to get in the ring with me one more time, then he has to make it worth my time. Jack Lunch, SuperClash is the last time you will ever step in the ring with me, and when I beat you senseless and leave you laying cold for a full minute, you will get out here the next show and admit to the whole world that I am the true King Of Wrestling and the better man. And then, no more. I am finished with you after SuperClash, after you tell the whole world that I am the better man.

But I'll even give you a conditional reprieve from that. You only got to do it if you're capable of speech when I finish with you. You'll more likely end up like little Jimmy. But that's the deal: this must be the very last match, and the loser must verbally acknowledge that the winner is the better man... if they are able to. But I have to state that in all of his career, Hamilton Graham only made one mistake. He let Old Yeller walk out of that arena after that Texas Death match. I will not make the same mistake in Madison Square Garden, I guarantee.

CP: You heard it here! The King is upping the ante! Will Jack Lynch accept, or will he respect his long family tradition and back down?

[We pan back to ringside to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Ridiculous. The Lynch family never backs down, and I have a feeling that Jack Lynch will find Lake's stipulations more than suitable.

BW: Once somebody explains it in one-syllable words so he can understand it. Jack Stench was crazy to make this challenge, daddy. I can't wait to see him swallow his pride and admit that Demetrius lake is a better man than him.

GM: It would kill him, Bucky. This is more harsh than even a retirement stipulation. The loser has to stay around having publicly admitted that their most hated rival is better than they, and cannot ever do anything about it. That... to a pro wrestler, a Loser Leaves Town match would have been kinder. To men of that much pride, this is the ultimate. Let's go back up to Phil Watson for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right, from Pittsburgh, P-A... weighing 270 pounds... James Reed!

[Reed jumps up and down, throwing his arms up in the air to some cheers.]

PW: And his opponent... in the corner to my left... making his fall home in Honolulu, Hawaii... being accompanied to the ring by Sunshine...

[The boos pour down.]

PW: Weighing in at 260 pounds... ALEXANDER KIIIIINGSLEYYYYY!

[Kingsley is a clean cut, well-toned young man. He's not overly muscular - in fact, he's not even overly athletic looking at all. His short bleached blonde hair is cropped close to his head as his luxurious close-cut beard. He's wearing a pair of black boots and trunks with "AK" splashed in gold script across both along with black kneepads with the same script.

Sunshine is by her side in a black #ScumbagTravis t-shirt and matching leather miniskirt. Her high heels are stripper in height as she lovingly runs her manicured fingers down Kingsley's toned chest.]

GM: Our first time seeing Alexander Kingsley inside an AWA ring in some time as Sunshine makes her exit from the ring. Of course, Kingsley made his return at Homecoming with that brutal assault on Travis Lynch - an assault that has left Lynch banned from even appearing at an AWA event until cleared by Dr. Ponavitch and the AWA medical team.

[Kingsley tugs at the top rope as the referee signals for the bell. The hyperactive Reed rushes at Kingsley who deftly drops down into a drop

toehold, bouncing Reed's face off the mat. Kingsley rolls over him, applying a front facelock and grinding Reed's face down on the apron.]

GM: A nice move by Kingsley to start things off. Alexander Kingsley as many of you know is the protege of Oliver Strickland, a former World Champion his own right and now a co-owner of The Yard, a training school down in Amarillo run by Strickland and Terry Shane Jr.

BW: But that's not the only training he's received, Gordo. His father, also Alexander Kingsley, declared that if his son was going to join the world of pro wrestling, he was going to do it right so Kingsley has had extensive experience in Mexico, Japan, Europe, and throughout the United States. He's had Mixed Martial Arts training... he's had boxing training. You're looking at a man who is probably one of the best prepared competitors we've ever seen step into a wrestling ring.

[Kingsley takes the time to show off that fact as Bucky runs down his credentials, using a Gator Roll to dizzy Reed before ending back up on his knees, slamming the point of his knee into the top of Reed's head.]

GM: You can see that MMA training in action right there with those knees. Two weeks ago, we learned that Kingsley's attack on Travis Lynch was motivated by Blackjack Lynch essentially blackballing Oliver Strickland from the business for a time because of Strickland's attempts to start a promotion in Texas.

BW: Hey, I'm no fan of Blackjack Stench but that's how it worked in those days. Pro wrestling territories were serious business... it was almost like the mob!

GM: I don't know if I'd go that far but promoters were - and still are to some degree - very protective of their territory and would often use some very callous methods to protect it from others.

[Still showing off, Kingsley allows Reed to his feet before hooking a single arm underhook, snapping him over in a modified suplex before rolling into a mount. He lands several booming elbow smashes from the mount, Reed trying desperately to cover up and avoid them as Kingsley climbs to his feet, dusting off his hands.]

GM: Alexander Kingsley is manhandling James Reed in that ring right now. Quite impressive.

BW: Reed's 270 pounds, Gordo. He ain't a light heavyweight.

GM: He certainly isn't.

[As Reed climbs to his feet, a running dropkick puts Reed back into the corner. Kingsley slides gracefully back up, balling up his fists to deliver a vicious left-right combo to the ribs in the corner. Sunshine is smiling widely, applauding for her man as he grabs Reed around the head and neck, using a snapmare to take him down...]

GM: Nice execution on the snapmare...

[Kingsley takes a seat on the mat, slipping his legs up under Reed's arms and planting them on the back of his neck, pushing down hard.]

GM: Wow!

BW: That's like... a full nelson using the legs!

GM: Unusual submission offense out of Kingsley... but Reed's hanging on so far.

[Kingsley holds on for a few more moments before tiring of the attempt, slipping out to paintbrush Reed across the back of the head.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[With Reed down on the mat, Kingsley stomps his upper body a few times before hopping up on the second rope, raising his hand in the air, his index finger held high...

...and leaps off, driving his fist down between the eyes!]

GM: Fistdrop connects!

[Kingsley settles into a cover, getting a two count before Reed lifts the shoulder. Sunshine can be heard with a "THAT WAS THREE, REF!" as Kingsley slowly rises to his feet.]

GM: Alexander Kingsley served as Sunshine's benefactor all those months when she was using men like The Lost Boy and Ebola Zaire to try and put Travis Lynch on the shelf permanently. They are united in their hatred for Travis Lynch.

BW: And their love for one another, Gordo.

GM: I don't know if I'd go that far. They seem to be partners of convenience if you ask me.

BW: You doubt their love?!

GM: I believe I do, yes. And the frightening thing is Kingsley mentioning that they're not alone in this... this alliance to destroy Travis Lynch. There might be more allies out there.

BW: Old Blackjack has been a ruthless pain in the rear for wrestlers, managers, promoters, you name it for decades. You better believe he's got a lot of enemies out there and a lot of people willing to take out his son if it means getting one last shot to jab the old man in the nethers.

[Kingsley drags Reed off the mat, blasting him with a European uppercut that puts Reed back on the ropes, his arms draped over the top rope to stay on his feet. Two more uppercuts follow before the referee backs him off...

...which allows Sunshine to rake her nails down Reed's back, causing him to cry out and stagger away from the ropes, hunched over.]

GM: Sunshine rakes the back! Vicious little brat that she is!

[Kingsley slips in, hooking Reed for what looks like a snap mare...

...and then drops down on his rear, jamming Reed's jaw into his shoulder!]

GM: OHH!

BW: He calls that the Cash Out! And this one's over, daddy!

[The referee makes a count as Kingsley covers, blowing on his knuckles. As the bell sounds, Kingsley gets up, snatching his hand away from the official who is trying to raise it but allowing Sunshine to do the honors.]

GM: Alexander Kingsley with an impressive and dominant victory here in his return to Saturday Night Wrestling and... oh brother, Sunshine's getting the mic.

[Sunshine smirks at the crowd's negative reaction as she raises the mic suggestively to her lips.]

S: Good to see you too.

[The boos increase as Sunshine grins even wider.]

S: As much as I've discouraged Alexander from wasting his time speaking to you unwashed pieces of Texas trash...

[BOOM! The crowd explodes in jeers!]

S: He is his own man and as such...

[She smiles, giving a little bow as she hands the mic to a waiting Kingsley.]

AK: Thank you, my sweet.

[Sunshine bows again, stepping back as Kingsley takes center ring to himself. He cups a hand to his ear, "listening" as the fans boo.]

AK: Do you hear something?

[Kingsley pauses, "listening" again as the boos pour down.]

AK: No, no... not you sheep bleating before the slaughter...

[Yes, predictably the "sheep" boo louder.]

AK: What I hear are whispers on the wind, the locker room abuzz, and every school girl in a ten mile radius giggling uncontrollably.

What I hear is that Travis Lynch is in the building.

[HUGE CHEER! Sunshine grimaces as Kingsley nods.]

AK: I hear that the youngest son of Blackjack Lynch has seen fit to climb out of his sick bed, drive down to the Crockett Coliseum, and park himself in that locker room waiting for yours truly to arrive.

[He gestures to himself with an open hand.]

AK: Here I am, Travis. Here I am.

[Kingsley points towards the locker room.]

AK: Now, if you truly are back there waiting for me... I say we don't waste any more of my valuable time because after all...

[He gestures to his bare wrist.]

AK: Time... is... money.

[The boos pick up again.]

AK: So, I'm going to put down this mic and I'm going to tell this crooked referee to resist running to the back to chug a cold beer and fill his fat gut with a cheeseburger from catering...

And I'm going to call you, Travis Lynch... out!

[Kingsley nods as the fans cheer again.]

AK: These people want to see it, right?

[An affirmative cheer.]

AK: Now, I couldn't give a damn about what these people want to see... but what I do give a damn about is getting this Texas-sized monkey off my back once and for all. I've waited years for the chance to rid the wrestling world of Travis Lynch and this is my opportunity.

Consider this a challenge, Travis Lynch... a challenge that I want answered right...

[His voice lowers to an intense whisper.]

AK: Now.

[Kingsley lowers the mic, turning his gaze down the aisle...

...and waiting...

...and waiting...

...and waiting...

...and waiting...

...and waiting...]

GM: I don't think this is right, Bucky. My sources say that Travis is back home on the Ranch.

BW: I trust Alexander Kingsley a lot more than I trust your sources, Gordo. Lynch is here - he's just too big of a coward to come out here and face Kingsley!

GM: That's not true at all! He's injured... and he's under a medical ban preventing him from getting in the ring.

[Kingsley shakes his head in mock disappointment.]

AK: It's just as I suspected. The only thing bigger than Blackjack Lynch's failure as a father is the yellow stripe running straight down the back of Travis Lynch.

[More boos!]

AK: I will not allow this to go unpunished! Travis Lynch, if you're afraid to answer my challenge, your record will pay the price!

GM: What is he going on about now?

[Kingsley gestures to Sunshine.]

AK: Count him out.

GM: WHAT?!

[A grinning Sunshine takes the mic, raising her toned arm.]

S: ONE!

[The boos pour down on Sunshine as she continues to count over the mic.]

GM: This is ridiculous!

BW: I love it! Travis is gonna get counted out! He's going to have a loss to Alexander Kingsley on his record!

GM: He is NOT! Sunshine may be a lot of things but a licensed official is NOT one of them, Bucky.

BW: The count is up to four!

[Kingsley arrogantly walks around the ring, gesturing to himself and taunting the ringside fans as Sunshine continues to count.]

GM: I can't believe this. This guy is lucky that Travis Lynch isn't here... and when Travis sees this, Alexander Kingsley may wish that he'd stayed in Amarillo or Europe or Japan or wherever the heck he was before coming back to the AWA!

BW: I bet Travis is hiding in the locker room... he probably even locked himself inside one so that no one could force him out here. Such a coward!

[Sunshine's count hits seven as the eyes of the fans lock on the entryway, waiting to see if maybe... just maybe... Travis Lynch IS in the building.]

GM: The count to eight... this ridiculous, travesty, joke of a count. Sunshine's not a referee. She's not an AWA official.

BW: Too bad. I'd love to see her several times a night calling the shots.

GM: I bet you would.

BW: The count's at nine, Gordo!

[Sunshine counts "TEN!" gleefully, signaling for a bell that never rings before grabbing the mic.]

S: Your winner of this match over the cowardly, pathetic shell of a man Travis Lynch is... ALEXANDER KIIIIINGSLEYYYYY!

[Kingsley again allows Sunshine to raise his hand in "victory" as the fans boo wildly.]

GM: Winner, my tail. This thing is a sham and I just hope Travis Lynch is watching this wherever he is.

BW: I don't know if there's a TV in the janitor's closet, Gordo.

GM: Would you stop? Can we go to... something? Anything?

[After a moment, the shot fades out to reveal a Global Fighting Championship logo. A voiceover begins.]

VO: Two weeks ago, the hottest rising company in all of Mixed Martial Arts - the Global Fighting Championship - hosted an event live in the Crockett Coliseum. That show featured a heavyweight title bout that was a fight for the ages.

[The GFC logo swirls and spins away. It is quickly followed by the still frame shots of the Rottweiler "Rough" Rufus Harris and Marcelo "Cascabela" Costa squaring off. A lightning bolt splits the screen and we cut to the 2:15 mark of the first round.

Costa whips a head kick around that Harris ducks, scoops him, and then walks him across the cage before SLAMMING him down in his own corner. He lands in a side mount and begins hammering fists down across the skull of Costa who tries to shield the attack while pushing Harris right leg up and pulling him into a full guard. Harris uses his strength to bully Costa's head against the cage as he postures up and drives his elbow down which slashes across the brow of Costa.

The 0:15 second mark of the 1st round flashes across the screen next and Costa and Harris are clinched up and trading knees to the body. Costa begins to take the advantage as he backs Harris up who switches things up with short uppercuts to the chest and then pushes Costa off. Marcelo Costa feints with a left knee as the bell rings and then swings his right leg around and connects across Harris' jaw and rattles him back against the cage. The official dives in a second too late and Harris swings wildly with an overhand right that grazes Costa's chin. Costa tries to fire back and the official desperately shoves the two off as they jaw at each other as their corners scream into the ring.

The buzzer for the 2nd round is cued and Harris rushes towards the center of the cage as does Marcelo Costa. The two exchange heavy rights and lefts which brings the crowd to their feet. Costa's left leg buckles as Harris drills him above his right ear but he fires back and Harris eats a big right. The two continue the heated exchange and Costa drops to the mat and the place explodes. Harris rushes in and Costa kicks up towards his head and backs him off. Harris grabs Costa's right leg and tries to pummel him with stomps to the body. Costa continues to use his long legs to keep him back but Harris leaps over his legs and stomps him across the chest and chin. The official dives in and pulls Harris off. He checks on Costa and signals for a point to be deducted which Harris emphatically argues.

Costa continues and we jump to the 1:25 mark of Round 2. Harris and Costa collide in the center of the octagon and the Brazilian leaps up and cinches his arm around the head of Harris and wraps his legs around his torso. He sinks the choke in but Harris hoists him into the air, over his head, and SLAMS him down. Costa is able to shoot back up and throws a wild spinning leg kick that Harris easily ducks under and then whips around in a spinning back fist that SMASHES into his jaw and knocks him back. Harris steamrolls forward and thrusts a knee into Costa's midsection which buries his back into the cage. Harris explodes with again with short uppercuts to the body and then to the jaw that drop Costa onto his rear end. The official moves in closely and Costa tries to fight back up to his feet but Harris barrels forward with a massive knee into the chest that drops him down again. Costa makes one last desperate push up and as he lifts his hands off the mat Harris erupts with another knee that DRILLS him in the jaw and flattens him on the canvas. Harris lashes downward with a right hand that

lands on the chin of Costa just as the official pulls him off and signals for the stoppage.

As we continue to see footage of Harris celebrating his victory, the voices of Gordon and Bucky are heard again.]

GM: What a finish, Bucky! Rufus Harris unleashes knees like I have never seen before and successfully defended his Heavyweight Title for an unprecedented eighth consecutive time!

BW: It was a wild night and I was fortunate to have a seat to watch it live thanks to our friends over at GFC. Though I have to admit, I could barely see the action from the nose bleed seats they gave me! I've got some words for Harris and his people!

GM: Well, you're in luck because in two weeks time at the next Saturday Night Wrestling, the GFC Heavyweight Champion Rufus Harris will be here live to talk about what lies ahead next for his Hall Of Fame worthy fighting career!

BW: The more I think about it, the seats weren't THAT bad.

[The shot of Harris freezes with the words "NEXT TIME ON SNW!" before fading to black.

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

Kid #1: This is boring.

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

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

Kids: *gasp*

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

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoc 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: WOAH!

[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...

As we fade back up, the opening guitar riff to "Godzilla" by Blue Oyster Cult plays as the crowd gets to their feet in anticipation of the arrival of "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor. The drums kick in, and O'Connor walks out to a huge reaction from the crowd. His usual playing up to his fans is completely absent, however, as he marches straight ahead towards the ring.]

GM: We are back LIVE here on Saturday Night Wrestling from Dallas as the popular young grappler, Bobby O'Connor, makes his way out, but doesn't even seem to notice the cheers of his growing legion of fans, Bucky.

BW: Maybe he just got some nutcase lessons from his old mentor.

[O'Connor enters the ring, nodding at Phil Watson who hands him the microphone.]

BOC: I've come out here tonight, for one thing. Not for the reason most come out here. Not to issue a challenge, not to tear someone down.

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: But to build someone back up. Not long ago, I saw something happen that I never thought I'd see. Heard someone, who I've known for as long as I've known many members of my own family, say things I never thought I'd hear... but on some level deep down always hoped I would. I think all you fans know what I'm talking about.

The redemption of Terry Shane.

[A mixed reaction from the crowd, but definitely weighed slightly more towards the negative thanks to what Shane has had to say as of late. O'Connor nods as the crowd starts to die down.]

BOC: I know, I know. Those of you who just booed... you aren't alone. There's plenty in that locker room who feel the same way. But as for me, despite what he's said and done... I can't pass judgement on him that quick.

[Bobby sighs.]

BOC: I've tried to get word to him, and then I saw Mister Stegglet try and fail to get him to discuss me, so I know there's a problem here. So with that in mind...

Terry Shane, come on down here and listen to what your old friend Bobby has to say!

[Pause; several sounds pass as the crowd begins to stir and until suddenly, the all too familiar noise is delivered...

...Static.]

BW: Don't even waste your time! Terry Shane, you are too good for this punk!

GM: This so-called punk has been a friend of his since the man could walk, Bucky. They're blood brothers. In fact, I heard Terry once say he was closer with Bobby O'Connor than his own younger half brother growing up.

BW: Nobody likes their half brother or sister! I don't even like my cousins and their blood is watered down with a gallon of moonshine and a carton of GPCs!

[Serguei Prokofiev's callous and haunting "Dance of Knights" trumpets over the arena speakers. Beginning with the delicate strings and then the bursting of the horns and woodwinds layer on top as the dynamic music begins to play.]

BW: The man who singlehandedly led the AWA against the Wise Men, Gordo!

GM: Would you stop it?

[The jet-black hair of Shane spills down the back of his neck and over the collar of his shimmering green and white robe with gold trim. He slowly pivots around and the camera fixates on his piercing glare and narrow jawline. His sleeves stretch to his knuckles as his hands are extended as wide as he can reach. Shane stops, just for a moment, staring down to the ring before he begins his march to the squared circle.]

GM: For those that are just tuning in, it was a few months ago in the heat of the war between the Wise Men and rest of the AWA that Terry Shane III

disobeyed orders by Miss Sandra Hayes and not only did he refuse to cave in Bobby O'Connor's skull but he laid out fellow Missourian Demetrius Lake in the process!

BW: Either way he had to strike someone from Missouri, Gordo. Shane told me once over a cup of coffee that he refuses to acknowledge Kansas City as an actual city in Missouri so it's only safe to presume that is what led to him choosing Lake.

[Shane enters the ring and paces near O'Connor who has strategically placed himself in the far corner of the ring so Shane can't maneuver easily around him. Never one to sit still, the Ring Leader continues to move around while O'Connor lifts the mic back up to his lips.]

BOC: Now, Terry, you've never been shy about speaking your mind. The fact that you haven't, the fact that you've avoided talking to me until right here and now... tells me something's wrong. We were on the same side in that Los Angeles fight, and even then I didn't hear one word from you. So this time, you're going to have to listen to what I have to say to YOU.

[Shane glares slightly in O'Connor's direction at this, but still keeps his cool.]

BOC: Now, you haven't always done things by the book. Not everything you've done is anything I would ever do or even is anything I can condone. What went on between you and Mister Carver was some of the most brutal and horrendous things I've seen in a wrestling ring. Thankfully for me, that was all before I met him... or I might've had to make a difficult decision.

[Shane nods, understanding the implications of what O'Connor is implying.]

BOC: But thankfully, that never came to pass. The worst I've ever had to contend with is turning a deaf ear to whenever Mister Carver would talk about how much he despises you.

[Big cheers from the crowd for this, as Shane looks around with anger at them applauding Hannibal Carver's hate of him.]

BOC: But turn a deaf ear I did, because all along I've known the real Terry Shane. I've known that everything you did to him, everything you did to Mister Spector was all in the name of your love of competition... a love that got lost in your need to prove to the world that you belong here, and that you belong on top.

[Shane calms a bit, cautiously nodding in agreement with O'Connor.]

BOC: And along the way, you did get lost. The guy I used to train with and share my dream of being a success in the sport that gave so much to my family... the guy who proved to me he had the very same dream... seemed to get lost. But then a heck of a thing happened. I saw him again. I saw him again when those cowards tried to get you to bash my head in, and THAT was enough for you to finally say no.

[Cheers for this, as O'Connor nods.]

BOC: You helped me then, so let me help you now. Let me help you get back to my friend Terry Shane, who wanted more than anything to succeed in this business. Forget about the jackals who called themselves your friends who just wanted to use you. Forget about all the bitterness.

[Shane seems to be along with what O'Connor is saying, but then shrugs it off.]

BOC: Come on Terry, don't lock me out. Forget what's happened in the last year or so and forge a new path with your lifelong friend, Bobby O'Connor. Let's make our childhood dreams come true. Let's sign our names on that dotted line on the same team as good men like Mister Nova and Mister Sharif. Let's...

[The crowd, seeing where this is going, starts to clap and cheer in agreement.]

BOC: ... STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT!

[O'Connor stares at his lifelong friend, arms up in the air, with even the crowd beginning to buy into his vision as cheers scatter throughout the crowd. Shane, unwavering, returns the frozen glare. No smile, no blinking, not even a muscle twitch of any kind. After a few moments, O'Connor lets his arms down realizing the gusto of the moment has passed.]

BOC: Not exactly the reaction I was hoping for.

[O'Connor exhales.]

TS3: Bobby.

[There's a long, lingering pause.]

TS3: You are too late.

[O'Connor shakes his head, replying.]

BOC: Look, I know it's been a rough year for you but you can turn it around. All it takes is one match, one moment, one single act and you change it all.

TS3 [emphatically]: No.

BOC: This was your year, Terry. YOUR YEAR. And it's not over yet. You can still turn it all –

TS3: I know what I am capable of, Bobby. I know that until that final bell is rung at SuperClash that anything, and I do mean ANYTHING, is possible. I do not need you to come out here and regurgitate my hardships or life story to these people, I am perfectly capable of doing that on my own. But you

were right about one thing. You were right that there is one opportunity that is perfect for someone like myself to remind everyone exactly what I am capable of.

[O'Connor begins nodding.]

TS3: The moment that I was betrayed in my own backyard at Guts & Glory I knew there would be two situations where I could redeem my name and repay those that crossed and betrayed me. The Rumble has come and gone and yet I still stand here as the forgotten rightful Number One Contender to the World Title that I covet with every breath in my body and beat in my heart. Fortunately for an individual like myself there is one more chance and it is in that labyrinth that our stoic champion found himself tangled in a year ago that he was able to survive and capitalize on as the ultimate opportunist. Steal the Spotlight has changed lives, Bobby. It has redefined careers. It has given men like me the perfect avenue to exploit our craft and become something of legend.

It is for that reason and that reason alone that before you came out here and called me out that I found myself signing my name on the dotted line. I, Terry Shane, have pledged myself to Steal the Spotlight at SuperClash, Bobby. I will walk into that ring just like Johnny Detson will... just like Supernova will... just like YOU will... and I will leave this year just as I started it, as the one and only heir to the World Title. Only THIS time...

...I will dethrone the title holder myself without anything or anyone holding me down and take my rightful place as the undisputed World Champion of the sport you and I both love.

[O'Connor pumps a fist in the air, fired up by Shane's words.]

BOC: That's what I'm talking about, Terry. We can do this!

[He extends a hand out...

...and it hangs there.]

TS3: Which is exactly why I was left with no choice but to join a man like Calisto Dufresne who chose to fight alongside Johnny Detson. A former champion, a man who like myself, aided in the complete and utter destruction of the Wise Men despite our beliefs and past because we knew it was out of necessity and I wanted nothing more than to drive a dagger into the heart of that soulless tramp who stole everything for me.

[A disbelieving O'Connor speaks out.]

BOC: No. NO! Terry, we can fix this!

TS3: What's done is done, Bobby. I do not expect you to understand my decision, not now at least, but I will ask one thing of you.

[O'Connor shakes his head.]

TS3: You could say you owe me this one.

BOC [begrudgingly]: What?

TS3: At SuperClash, when you see me standing there in front of you...

...do not hold back. Do not fight the emotions that I know have been tormenting your conscious since the first day you arrived. Fight me, Bobby. You owe me that much. Fight me tooth and nail like your putrid hero Hannibal Carver would and let it all out. Come for me like your life depends on it.

Because I would kill anyone for that World Title.

[Shane reaches out, shaking O'Connor's hand that has just been hanging there...

...and then forcefully pulls him towards him.]

TS3: Anyone.

[And then shoves his hand aside and begins to walk off.]

TS3: Oh, and Bobby. One last thing...

[His head perks up.]

TS3: When I become World Champion...

...it will be Mister Shane to you.

[O'Connor never takes his eyes off his former friend as he walks away, finally shaking his head with disappointment as we cut back to the locker room area where Colt Patterson is standing with Johnny Detson and Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne and Detson are leaning in and whispering back and forth with each other like a strategy session is in place.]

CP: I'm standing here with the other members of Team Detson who have just heard the news of Terry Shane joining their team. Gentlemen, any thoughts?

[A concerned look forms on Detson's face as he starts to speak but then Dufresne leans in to say something and Detson slowly nods in agreement. Ignoring Patterson, the two begin another hushed conversation.]

CP: Certainly you could agree that Terry Shane is a talented addition to Team Detson?

[Detson frowns as he looks back over at Colt.]

Detson: Talented?

[Detson looks over at Dufresne who gives a slight nod. Detson simply shrugs.]

Detson: Yeah I guess. Terry Shane is talented but what he's not is stable. Going around... screaming at the wind?

[Detson shakes his head in disappointment.]

Detson: These things don't fly on Team Detson. Look at the two of us. Cool... calm... collected...

[Detson smirks as he uses his thumb to point back and forth between him and Dufresne.]

Detson: ...confident. I... er... we don't see any of that with Terry Shane. Screaming like a lunatic that you're the best doesn't make you the best, you can ask Rick Marley how that worked out. Terry Shane is unpredictable; a wild card... a loose end...

[Detson trails off as he frowns once more. Dufresne interrupts.]

CD: What Johnny's trying to say is that he and I have a very clear vision in mind for SuperClash and Steal The Spotlight. We know what it's going to take to end that thing with the two of us standing across the ring from each other - the last men standing.

And then?

[Dufresne looks over at Detson with a shrug.]

CD: May the best man win. But to get there... to get down to that final two, everything needs to go according to plan.

This?

[He gestures at the monitor where Terry Shane and Bobby O'Connor were moments ago.]

CD: This is NOT part of the plan.

[Dufresne and Detson storm off, leaving Colt Patterson behind.]

CP: Well, perhaps not everything is going swimmingly for Team Detson. Terry Shane may have just thrown the proverbial monkey in the wrench, jack. Gordon, Bucky... take it away!

[Patterson strikes a single bicep flex with a cackle as we fade back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Thanks, Colt. Steal The Spotlight is one of the biggest matches of the year - one of the only times all year long that someone can earn themselves

a contract that will GUARANTEE them the match of their choice. As you've heard, most men will use that contract to take a shot at the World Title if they win but remember, that contract says they can have any match they want... any time that they want provided they give advance notice.

BW: That's right. Last year's contract was an "anywhere, anytime" kind of deal but we've been assured that's not the case this year.

GM: In the past, we've seen men like MAMMOTH Mizusawa cash that contract in to face Juan Vasquez in a non-title affair. We've seen Skywalker Jones make the sacrifice to pass up a shot at the World Heavyweight Title so that he could challenge for the World Tag Team Titles alongside his partner, Hercules Hammonds. We've seen Sultan Azam Sharif use it to get his hands on Royalty. The Steal The Spotlight contract is one of the biggest wild cards of the year and you just never know who and where it'll be cashed in. Supernova, Sultan Azam Sharif, and Bobby O'Connor on one side of the ring... Johnny Detson, Calisto Dufresne, and Terry Shane on the other. This might be the most star-studded Steal The Spotlight of them all and there are four spots remaining! Fans, let's go back to Phil Watson for six man tag team action!

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

PW: The following contest is a six man tag team contest scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... at a total combined weight of 602 pounds... the team of Charlie Stephens and the BLUUUE BROTHERS!

[There's a decent sized cheer for the underdog tag team as Andy and Will Blue leap up for a high five. Charlie Stephens stands in the corner, running a hand over his military style buzzcut, staring out at the crowd in his camo trunks.]

PW: And their opponents...

[We get a pan of the crowd, and then the arena lights go out. However, the arena's emergency lighting immediately kicks on. The bright blue-white glare of a number of smaller lights casts a surreal atmosphere over the arena, as emergency lighting tends to do. The sounds of a large pack of hunting dogs barking, snarling, and growling is heard over the PA briefly, segueing into "War Machine" by KISS. Booming is heard as a number of spotlights sweep the crowd, as if searching for someone.]

PW: Now entering the ring area... at a total combined weight of 782 pounds... PEDRO PEREZ... ISAIAH CARPENTER... WADE WALKER...

THE DOGS... OOOOOOOOF... WAAAAAAAAAAAAAR!

[Midway through the introductions, one of the spotlights finds the three men in question marching down the stairs from the mezzanine to the lower level, and all of the spotlights converge on that location. The trio wear midnight-

blue sleeveless vests, matching track pants, black boots, and large midnight blue flak jackets over that.

In the lead is Pedro Perez Jr. Perez is a dark tan-skinned man with a well-sculpted physique. His hair is short and curled, with quite an obvious use of hair gel. There is an intense look on his slightly-bestubbed face. His wrists and hands are taped up with white athletic tape, and he sports a pair of dark sunglasses.

Behind him is Isaiah Carpenter, who is a bit larger than Perez. Carpenter is a brown-skinned man with a wrestler's physique and a clean-shaven face. Isaiah has very short black hair with one line shaved on each side, wrapping all the way around his head. His wrists and hands are also taped up, but with shiny black electrical tape, and he's keeping a stern eye out over the crowd for potential danger.

In the back is the largest of the three, Wade Walker. Walker is a slapped together white man with tan skin and shoulder length, stringy, thin blonde hair. His biceps and forearms are bulging, and he's got the tattoo of the sun god holding a three pronged pitchfork on his right shoulder. He seems the most emotionally composed of the three, confidently bringing up the rear.]

GM: The Dogs Of War have had one heck of a year, Bucky. Their employer - Percy Childes - is gone but the Dogs have not yielded. They are here and they are determined to continue their quest to dominate this company.

[The trio hits the ring, Perez and Carpenter sliding headfirst under the ropes as Walker pulls himself up on the apron, pointing a muscular arm at the trio set to face them. The referee steps in front of Perez as he pops up, screaming like a madman at them.]

BW: I'm pretty sure Perez just threatened to rip out their throats... and I'm not sure that's an exaggerated threat, Gordo.

[Perez is being physically restrained, pointing at the Blues who seem less than eager to tangle with him. Walker steps through the ropes, grabbing Perez by the shoulders and pulling him back, shoving him out to the apron. Walker orders Carpenter out as well.]

GM: Look at this! Wade Walker wants to start the match!

BW: He usually lets one of the others start but-

[As the bell sounds, Wade Walker rushes across the ring, throwing a right hand to Will Blue's head, knocking him through the ropes to the floor. He uses the same arm to crack Charlie Stephens with a back elbow that knocks him down to a knee.]

GM: Walker's on the attack!

[The big man grabs Andy Blue by the throat with both hands, powering him up into a double choke, walking out to the center of the ring...

...and throws him down hard to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Andy Blue and-

[Walker wheels around, charging the corner, leaping into the air and SLAMMING a right hand into the skull of Charlie Stephens, sending him down off the apron.]

GM: Good grief! Wade Walker's a machine out there!

[The muscular Walker rolls his neck, turning back towards Andy Blue who is slowly climbing back to his feet, rushing at him...

...and BLASTING him with a double axehandle sledge to the chest!]

GM: Oof. What a shot that was!

BW: Nearly caved the kid's chest in! Might've shattered his sternum into fifteen pieces!

[Walker stands over the downed Andy Blue, staring out at the jeering crowd. He pulls the tag team wrestler off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock, lifting him into the air...

...and HANGS him out to dry over the top rope!]

GM: That'll knock the wind right out of you!

[Walker backs off, pacing angrily around the ring, throwing a glance to the corner to see if Will Blue or Charlie Stephens is back up on the apron yet. Seeing neither, he runs towards the dangling Andy Blue, leaping up to drive his knee into the temple, knocking Blue off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Down to the floor goes Andy Blue!

[The intense Walker turns back towards the protesting official, threatening to club him with a right hand. Ricky Longfellow scampers away, threatening a disqualification as Walker leans back to tag his partner...]

GM: Isaiah Carpenter makes the tag!

[Carpenter stays on the apron, waving his hand at the downed Blue...

...and then comes charging down the apron, leaping off and tucking his legs up...]

GM: OHHH! DOUBLE STOMP OFF THE APRON ON ANDY BLUE!!

[Carpenter gets back up, standing over the prone Andy Blue. He leans down, hauling him off the mat by the hair, shoving him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Carpenter sends him back in... slingshots himself back in as well...

[Carpenter lays in a few stomps on the back of Andy Blue's head, looking to the corner where Pedro Perez is irrationally shouting at him to "Gut him, split him open, break him in half!"]

GM: What in the world is wrong with Pedro Perez?

BW: I'm not sure we have that kind of time.

GM: He was a perfectly friendly, normal young man back in his Combat Corner days.

BW: Until Juan Vasquez ruined his life.

GM: So he claims.

[Carpenter hauls Andy Blue off the mat, lifting him in a side waistlock for a back suplex...

...and then pivots to the side, dropping him backfirst across a bent knee!]

GM: OHH! BACKCRACKER!

[Carpenter pops up, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture.]

GM: Isaiah Carpenter could end this match right now if he wants to.

BW: I don't think he does. The Dogs are sending a message to anyone who happens to be watching.

[Perez demands a tag and gets one.]

GM: In comes Pedro Perez...

[Perez rushes in, diving on top of Andy Blue, throttling him with both hands in a chokehold. He uses the grip to lift Blue's head off the mat, slamming the back of his head repeatedly into the canvas.]

GM: He's just a loose cannon waiting to go off at any moment!

[Perez drags Blue off the mat by the hair, using the same hair to throw him bodily into his corner where his brother tags in just narrowly ahead of Charlie Stephens who angrily slaps the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Looks like Stephens wanted the tag there but it's Will Blue coming in and-

[He comes in fast, trying to catch Perez off-guard...

...and runs right into a jumping bicycle kick out of Perez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Pedro Perez might've turned his lights out right there!

[Perez spins around, shouting at Charlie Stephens who screams at him, begging for a tag to get his hands on him.]

GM: Charlie Stephens showing some fire in there. He wants his shot at the Dogs Of War!

[The volatile Perez rushes the corner where Stephens catches him with a trio of stiff right hands, sending him staggering back to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Stephens caught him!

[A fired-up Perez wheels around where Will Blue is trying to get up off the mat, pushing up to a knee. Perez grabs the right arm, pulling it straight out as he plants his knee on the back of Blue's head...

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

GM: Good grief! That's it!

[Perez pops back up, glaring at Stephens again who begs him to come at him for more but Perez backs to his corner, tagging Isaiah Carpenter back in.]

GM: Carpenter back in... and a doubleteam coming up...

[The two men shoot Will Blue across the ring. Perez steps out, lifting Blue up for a flapjack...

...and Carpenter leaps up, planting his knees in the chest of Blue, dragging him down with a chest-first Lungblower as Perez drops him back!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[The impact pops Blue back to his feet as Perez slips up behind him and Carpenter pops up in front of him, booting him in the gut...]

GM: Carpenter hooks him!

[Carpenter lifts him up high, holding him for a powerbomb as Perez leaps up, grabbing the back of Blue...]

GM: AND ONE FROM THE BACK SIDE!!

[The powerbomb/lungblower leaves Blue motionless on the canvas.]

GM: That's gotta be it, right?!

BW: If the Dogs Of War says it is... it is.

[Perez angrily marches out of the ring, glaring at Charlie Stephens as Carpenter slaps his other partner's hand.]

GM: They're not done yet! In comes Wade Walker!

[Walker pulls Will Blue off the canvas, lifting him up into a fireman's carry. Carpenter dashes to the ropes, rebounding off and leaping into the air, lashing out with a single-leg dropkick to the side of the head, spinning Blue (and Walker) back the other way...

...where Walker SPIKES him with a Death Valley Driver!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Walker pops up, planting his palms down on the chest of the motionless Blue.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Pedro Perez comes charging in, throwing himself into a leaping knee strike, knocking the saving Charlie Stephens back to the corner as the referee hits the mat again.]

GM: THREE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The Dogs Of War score another victory... and they remain undefeated as a six man unit. Whenever all three have stepped in there as a team, they have yet to lose to anyone the AWA has put in front of them.

BW: And considering some of the teams they've faced, that's really saying something, Gordo.

[Perez pummels Stephens a few times, throwing him through the ropes to the floor... and then turns back towards the downed Will Blue. He drags a thumb across his throat as he gestures for the house mic.]

PP: They talk about sending a message through your actions in this ring.

[Perez sneers.]

PP: Pay attention to what comes next.

[Perez throws the mic down as Wade Walker paces around the ring, watching as Isaiah Carpenter drags Blue back to his knees, holding him there as Walker builds momentum...

...and then leaps up, throwing a devastating leaping Right Cross to the jaw!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[The impact of the punch snaps Blue's head back, dumping him down to the mat as a smirking Carpenter steps away, grabbing the top rope, catapulting over the ropes to the apron. He slaps the top turnbuckle a few times before climbing up to the top, standing tall...]

GM: Get him down from there! There's no call for this!

[Carpenter leaps off the top, tucking his arms and legs...

...and CRASHES backfirst down on the prone Blue!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Wait a second, Gordo. Are you paying attention?!

GM: What?!

BW: The Right Cross... the senton! This is a message to Juan Vasquez who the Dogs Of War have had a pair of encounters with in recent weeks!

[With Blue laid out, Perez drags the limp form off the mat, slinging him over his shoulder. He holds the legs with his right arm while cradling the head and neck with his left arm. He backs to the corner, pausing as Carpenter drops to a knee, pointing at him...

...and then charges out, leaping into the air!]

GM: CITY OF ANGELS!

[He DRIVES the back of Will Blue's head into the canvas to a thunderous shower of jeers from the crowd!]

GM: Juan Vasquez isn't in the building here tonight. If he was, you know he'd be out here right now even if he has to fight all three of them himself!

BW: Then he'd be even dumber than I thought. These guys can't be beat in a three-on-three scenario. He's got NO chance coming at them one-on-three, daddy.

GM: Will Blue is absolutely motionless in the middle of the ring. The Dogs Of War have obliterated this poor kid and neither Andy Blue nor Charlie Stephens were in any condition to help him.

[Perez retrieves the fallen mic, a sadistic smile on his face.]

PP: In case things still are too cloudy for an old fossil like Myers down there to decipher, the Dogs Of War have come to Dallas tonight to make a challenge.

Since Day One, this group has been about tearing down the relics of the past and paving the way for the future of this sport - men like us who will lead professional wrestling for decades to come.

[Carpenter nods, taking his turn on the mic.]

IC: For far too long, the AWA has been propped up by names of a forgotten age. The people who run this joint - and the boys in that locker room - fall all over themselves to pay homage to men like Blackjack Lynch... like John Wesley Hardin... like Brody Thunder... like Karl O'Connor... like...

[He grins.]

IC: Juan Vasquez.

[Carpenter hands the mic back to Perez.]

PP: Juan Vasquez ruins everything he touches. The stench of Vasquez permeates everything in this building... in this company... and there won't be anyone - not us, not Martinez, not Wright, no one - who can lead this company to the place of glory that it could reach until Juan Vasquez is gone.

And at SuperClash, that's what we intend to do.

[Perez smirks.]

PP: Juan Vasquez, you sit back there and look at Wright and Martinez fighting for a title you think is your damn birthright and it makes you sick. You sit back and look at the lineup for SuperClash where your name is nowhere to be found and it breaks your heart.

Never let it be said that the Dogs Of War don't do things for the old and decrepit.

[The camera cuts to Wade Walker who smirks, clasping his powerful hands together which causes his large biceps to flex.]

PP: Juan Vasquez, the Dogs Of War are UNDEFEATED as a three man team since we stepped foot into the AWA... and after SuperClash, that fact will not change.

But you're gonna go out... you're gonna go out and see who in the world would team with a self-centered egomaniac like you... and you're gonna show up in NYC ready for a fight.

'Cause you know we'll be ready. We'll be ready for a fight. We'll be ready for war... and like the big man always says...

[Perez tosses the mic to a waiting Walker who stares into the nearest camera, his eyes boring into the lens...]

WW: War... is... HELL!

[Walker slams the mic to the mat as "War Machine" kicks in again, the crowd jeering the three man unit in the ring.]

GM: Wow! A challenge has been issued! The Dogs Of War have challenged Juan Vasquez to find ANY two partners he can and show up at SuperClash for a match with them!

BW: Gordo, I gotta ask the question.

GM: What's that?

BW: The whole world knows what happens to people who team with Juan Vasquez. Who's gonna take that on AND take on the Dogs Of War at the same time?!

GM: I have no idea but knowing Juan Vasquez, he'll find someone, Bucky. He'll find someone. We may see that go down at SuperClash but right now, let's find out what else we may see at SuperClash as we head over to Melissa Cannon in the Control Center!

[Crossfade to the bank of television monitors that can only mean a trip to the Control Center. After a few moments, we fade again to show the SuperClash VI logo. A voiceover is heard.]

"With your SuperClash Control Center... Melissa Cannon!"

[We fade up on Melissa Cannon dressed in a SuperClash VI t-shirt with her hair pulled back in a ponytail standing before the aforementioned bank of monitors with the SuperClash VI logo over her right shoulder.]

MC: It's the biggest night of the year and it's just over a month away as the AWA is on the road to Madison Square Garden - the Mecca of sports and entertainment. For the very first time, the American Wrestling Alliance will be coming to you LIVE on Pay Per View from New York City for SuperClash VI.

Hello, I'm Melissa Cannon on special assignment here in the Control Center, running down all the news you need to know about the big event.

[The first thing that comes up is a graphic that reads "STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT."]

MC: It's the annual event known as Steal The Spotlight - a five-on-five elimination tag with the winner receiving a contract that allows the holder to have ANY match of their choosing in the next calendar year. It can be a big stipulation match to settle a grudge. It can be a title match. The only catch is that it HAS to be announced ahead of time - no "pulling a Wright" to practically steal the World Title. And this match just got even more interesting earlier tonight when we learned that Terry Shane and Bobby O'Connor were joining the match... on opposite teams! So, Team Detson currently consists of captain Johnny Detson, former World Champion Calisto

Dufresne, and Terry Shane while Team Supernova features Supernova, former Steal The Spotlight winner Sultan Azam Sharif, and Bobby O'Connor. That's big enough on its own, right?

[Melissa grins.]

MC: But moments ago, we received confirmation that the rookie out of New York, Derrick Williams, will attempt to do the unthinkable and score the big upset in front of his hometown fans. Derrick Williams has joined Team Supernova leaving one final spot remaining on that squad. On the other side of the aisle, when Joshua Barnes was informed of Williams' decision to join Team Supernova, Barnes said - and I quote - "He's not stealing a spotlight, he's stealing a damn paycheck from me."

[She shakes her head.]

MC: And just like that, Joshua Barnes joins Team Detson! We've got four men on each team and just one final spot remaining on both teams for this star-studded matchup! Who will it be? We'll find out in the days and weeks to come!

[The graphic changes to show the Lights Out Express and the Epitome Of Cool.]

MC: Earlier tonight, we heard the challenge from the Hall of Fame duo - Andrew Sterling and Dan Thomas want Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong inside that ring at SuperClash... and now they've got it! Moments ago, Miss Sandra Hayes signed the contract and we've got this big tag team showdown added to the lineup. But does the return of the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White flip things in the favor of the LOE? We'll find out in New York City!

[The graphic shows the Dogs Of War on one side of the screen and Juan Vasquez on the other.]

MC: Moments ago, the Dogs Of War issued a six man tag team challenge to Juan Vasquez and two partners of his choice for SuperClash. We were JUST informed that Juan Vasquez will appear right here in two weeks on a special edition of The Call Of The Wilde to answer that challenge!

[Another graphic change shows the words TEXAS DEATH MATCH.]

MC: Batten down the hatches for this one, fans. Jack Lynch made the challenge earlier tonight and Demetrius Lake has accepted! In Madison Square Garden, this year long blood feud will come to an end when one of these men are rendered completely unable to respond to a referee's count in a Texas Death Match! No countouts. No disqualifications. No time limits. Bring what you want and come as you are because anything goes in this one, fans!

But will Jack Lynch agree to Lake's added stipulation? The so-called King of Wrestling says that whoever loses this match must admit that the victor is the better man.

[Cannon shakes her head.]

MC: I have a hard time imagining that one going down, guys.

[The graphic changes to show Air Strike with the World Tag Team Titles.]

MC: Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz are looking to defend their newly-won World Tag Team Titles at SuperClash VI... but against whom? Earlier tonight, we received a special announcement from AWA co-owner Todd Michaelson... take a look!

[Crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" with Todd Michaelson standing in the Control Center.]

TM: Very recently, I went on a business trip to Japan to settle some AWA issues. One of the issues that I wanted to address was the World Tag Team Titles.

As everyone knows, the AWA is very proud to host the most prestigious tag team tournament in the world of wrestling - the Stampede Cup. And each and every year, we're proud to have the winner of that tournament and the World Tag Team Champions collide to crown an undisputed best tag team on the planet.

[Michaelson pauses.]

TM: This year, those plans were thrown aside by the duo of Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes - Violence Unlimited. VU elected to not accept the AWA's offer to come to the States to challenge for the World Tag Team Titles and instead stayed in Japan where they captured the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Championships - a prestigious title in its own right.

Many wanted to let that sleeping dog lie. Morton and Haynes have been absolutely dominant since winning the Cup and there aren't many teams who are anxious to face them.

However, Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons ARE anxious to face them.

[Michaelson nods.]

TM: So, I went to Japan and I presented Violence Unlimited with a financial offer that... quite frankly... they would be absolutely insane to refuse. Win, lose, or draw - the purse they would receive for this one match would be more than many teams will make in all of 2014.

It gives me great pride to announce that at SuperClash VI, we will see the new AWA World Tag Team Champions, Air Strike, put those titles on the line against the 2014 Stampede Cup winners and the current Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions, Violence Unlimited.

[Michaelson pauses.]

TM: In addition, after negotiations with our friends at Tiger Paw Pro, we can also announce that this match will be WINNER TAKES ALL! The Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Titles will be on the line as well.

[Another pause.]

TM: However, there is one snag to this. Violence Unlimited refused to agree to any matches in the United States other than SuperClash. So, if they capture the World Tag Team Titles on that night, they will take the titles back to Japan with them and will defend them there until such time as someone can defeat them and bring the titles back to the AWA.

[Michaelson actually bites his bottom lip on that statement.]

TM: So, I suppose you can say I have a rooting interest in that one. Best of luck to both teams and the true winner in all of this are the fans of professional wrestling around the world - including those in Japan who will now ALSO have the ability to see this match LIVE on Pay Per View. Thank you.

[The shot fades from Michaelson back to a slack-jawed Melissa Cannon as the graphic reading "WINNER TAKES ALL!" appears.]

MC: Wow! A huge announcement there by Todd Michaelson and in just as big of news, Violence Unlimited will be here LIVE in two weeks' time to address this title match situation! You will NOT want to miss that!

[The graphic changes again to reveal Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright with the AWA World Title superimposed over them.]

MC: The Main Event is in place as Supreme Wright is set to defend the AWA World Heavyweight Title against Ryan Martinez in a one-on-one showdown. However, earlier tonight. Mr. Martinez made a challenge that many in the front office were less than thrilled to hear. He has demanded that Supreme Wright, who choked him out at the start of tonight's show, meet him at the Texas State Fair - at a special charity event being run by Blackjack Lynch - for a fight! AWA officials have attempted to talk Martinez down from this challenge but he will not be denied... and just moments ago, I caught up with Supreme Wright down the street to get his response.

[The words "Recorded Earlier Tonight" flash across the bottom of the screen as we open up to a dark, smoky room. The kind of establishment where you expect to have sawdust on the floor as old men sit around pounding scotch and smoking cigars while Merle Haggard plays in the background...and that's exactly what you got at Cowboy Bob's All You Can Eat Ribs.

In the very back of the room, convened in a corner at a long table stacked with plates filled with gnawed rib bones, is Team Supreme, or more specifically, its most visible members. Out of tracksuits and in suits and ties are Tony Donovan, Cain Jackson, Matt Lance, and Alex Martin. At the head of the table, sits their leader, AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Supreme

Wright. As the shot is established, we see the AWA's field reporter, Melissa Cannon approaching the table.]

SW: Don't you know it's rude to interrupt someone's meal, Miss Cannon?

[Supreme gives Melissa a cold glare, causing her to stop dead in her tracks with a mortified look on her face, before he cracks a grin and begins to chuckle. Around the table, the others also begin to laugh.]

SW: Ha! You should've seen the look on your face! I'm just messin' with you!

MC: Oh.

SW: Matt! Get Miss Cannon a chair!

[He waves her in, as Lance quickly brings a chair over for Melissa.]

SW: What'd you want to ask me, Miss Cannon?

[Melissa moves past the other members of Team Supreme who don't bother glancing up from their plates to pay her any attention and takes a seat next to the champ.]

MC: Supreme, you left the building so quickly, I'm sure you haven't heard yet, but after your actions tonight, Ryan Martinez has issued a challenge to you.

SW: He's not exactly the sharpest spoon in the drawer, is he? Maybe I kept that chokehold locked in a little too long, because Mr. Martinez seems to have forgotten that he ALREADY has a guaranteed shot and me and MY World Title.

[Melissa shakes her head.]

MC: No, that's not it. Ryan Martinez doesn't want a MATCH with you. He wants revenge for what happened tonight. He wants a FIGHT!

[Hearing this, the rest of the table once again bursts out in laughter...]

ML: You gotta' be kidding me!

AM: What an idiot!

TD: What the hell does he think this is? Kindergarten!?

CJ: Maybe you DID keep that chokehold on for too long!

[...except for Supreme Wright.]

SW: When and where?

MC: A week from now. At The Texas State Fair.

[Supreme smirks.]

SW: You have to admire Mr. Martinez's arrogance. It's not every day that you see a man capable of displaying this much hubris after literally having the life choked out of him. But if Mr. Martinez wants to be seen getting beaten like a whipped dog by Supreme Wright in front of God, country, the great state of Texas, and Henrietta Ortiz Lynch that badly, then by all means, Mr. Martinez...

...I'll see you at the Fair.

[Supreme gives Melissa one last glance, before turning his attention back to his meal as we fade back to the Control Center.]

MC: Ryan Martinez challenges. Supreme Wright accepts... however, the AWA front office has issued official statements to BOTH men that they will NOT condone this situation and in fact, strongly urge both competitors to back off from this.

[Melissa winces.]

MC: So, uhh... I've got Blackjack Lynch on the phone to get his thoughts on these men wanting to fight at HIS event. Mr. Lynch, can you hear me?

[The shot splits to show a still photo from somewhere around 1979 of a grinning Blackjack Lynch with the words "BY PHONE" under it. As Blackjack's gravelly voice rings out, it's made worse by what sounds like the world's worst phone signal.]

BJL: Clear as a bell, dear. What can ol' Blackjack do for ya?

[Melissa smiles.]

MC: Have you been following the show tonight, sir?

BJL: Of course, of course. My boy, Jack, is gonna kick that-

MC: I'm sorry, sir. That's not why I'm calling. I'm calling because of the situation between Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright. You know that Mr. Martinez issued a challenge for a public fight with the World Champion at YOUR charity event at the Texas State Fair next week?

BJL: I heard somethin' 'bout that, yeah.

MC: And you know that the AWA front office has told both men that they will NOT sanction this confrontation under any scenario considering how close we are to SuperClash VI.

[Silence.]

MC: Sir?

[Blackjack finally responds.]

BJL: Yeah, that sounds 'bout right.

[Melissa nods.]

MC: Sir, I guess the question is - will YOU sanction it?

[There's another long pause as Blackjack seems to be pondering the question.]

BJL: Sanctioned or not ain't my problem, girl. I don't got a Pay Per View to put on on Thanksgiving night. That's between the two of 'em and the office.

MC: So, you are refusing to allow this fight on your show?

[Blackjack pauses again, chuckling softly.]

BJL: Now, I don't know if I said that, Melissa. I'm a promoter... it's in my blood... and when I see dollar signs, ain't much in the world that's gonna stop me for makin' a grab at 'em.

MC: Sir, what are you saying?

BJL: The same thing an old friend of mine would say - if those two want at each other so badly, let's hook 'em up!

[Melissa's jaw drops again.]

MC: Thank... thank you, sir.

BJL: Anytime, my dear.

[There's an audible click as the shot changes back to a closeup of Melissa.]

MC: Fans, I... well, apparently that fight between Martinez and Wright WILL go down at the Fair and... uhh... it's not on television... it's not being recorded for anything so the only way to see it to the best of my knowledge is to be AT the State Fair next week!

[The graphic fades back to the SuperClash VI logo.]

MC: It's the biggest night of the year! It's SuperClash VI! And New York City may never be the same! For the Control Center, I'm Melissa Cannon and I'll see you next time with all the news you need to know!

[We fade away from the Control Center back down to the ring where Mark Hoefner from Dichotomy has grabbed the house mic.]

MH: Oh, sure, sure. Ignore us. Typical! We came here to have a match against a top tag team. A good money TV match, and we're just gonna

throw that away because some zitfaced twerp wanted a match?! This is exactly what happened back at Guts & Glory! TORA and Brian James stole our match then, and tonight they did it again!

MG: We will not be cast aside by those two feckless vagrants again! Since our match with Strictly Business has been postponed, we will face any tag team in the AWA who feels themselves worthy of stepping into those shoes. Preliminary wrestlers need not apply.

MH: Yeah, waste of breath, Matt. Nobody back there has the nerve to come out here and-

["The Show Goes On" by Lupe Fiasco begins to play as the crowd erupts into cheers when they see Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds with Buford P. Higgins in tow, emerging from behind the curtains.]

GM: CHALLENGE! ACCEPTED!

[Jones is dressed in his usual full-length furcoat, worn over full-length, metallic silver tights and Hammonds is dressed in similarly colored trunks. Higgins produces his trademark gold microphone and points to Dichotomy, standing in the ring.]

BPH: Brotha', you've laid down the challenge and now we're here to answer!

[Buford hands the microphone over to Jones.]

SJ: You're lookin' for a team that's "worthy" of steppin' into the ring with you? Well, look no further, jigga-dolts, 'cause Mister Steal the Spotlight...

[He points to himself. Then to Hammonds, who stands there looking imposing with his massive arms crossed over his equally massive chest.]

SJ: ...and the Strongest Man in...

[The crowd joins in...]

"ALLLLLLLLL!!!"

SJ: ...the Land, are here!

[Big Pop!]

SJ: I'll admit it. Times been tough for us recently. We lost our bling. We got the run around from The Wise Men. We got sent over to Japan and we couldn't take down Violence Unlimited. We might be down, but we're not out! And what better way to remind everyone just who the greatest show on Earth is once again, than by takin' you two to school!

[Jones hands the microphone over to Hammonds, as shouts of "HERC!" can be heard throughout the crowd.]

HH: You two call yourselves the true number one contenders? That's a pretty bold claim comin' from you two. Seems to me, you two need to learn to walk before you start to fly, 'cause y'all already got your head up in the clouds. if y'all as great as you THINK you are, then it's time for us to step into that ring with ya' and for y'all to prove it!

[The crowd is going NUTS at the arrival of the former World Tag Team Champions, Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds being led down the elevated ramp by Buford P. Higgins.]

GM: Jones and Hammonds are coming down the aisle and they look like they're... jonesing... no pun intended... for a fight!

BW: They've been having a rough go of it as of late but a win over Dichotomy would put them back on the right path.

[All this time, Ginn and Hoefner have been huddling inside the ring. Now, they step forward towards the aisle.]

MG: Excellent. The last time we met, we had already wrestled once that evening. This time, we shall prevail and provide indisputable proof that we are the true Number One Contenders!

[SkyHerc starts to head down the aisle to the cheers of the crowd, but Ginn and Hoefner backpedal a bit.]

MH: Waitwaitwaitwait. Not right now! We need to work out a strategy!

[And cue the boos.]

MH: We're not like you guys, okay? We don't coast by on physical gifts; we have brains. And we use them. You probably can't relate to that, but just hold on. We'll come back out here and have the match later tonight.

[The crowd boos loudly!]

GM: There's no later! It's only now! This is it!

[The referee that has come to the ring seems to be explaining that to Dichotomy.]

BW: SkyHerc against Dichotomy. The last time they met, Gordo, it was the Stampede Cup, and Dichotomy had already wrestled a match. SkyHerc was the World Tag Team Champions, and they were so hot and so confident that they defended the title in every tournament match. That takes crazy cojones, daddy. But Dichotomy still almost pulled it out against the champs.

GM: However, SkyHerc prevailed. Since then, they have lost their title through extremely questionable means, and never really recieved a just rematch. In order to get back to the throne, a big win is necessary. They'll be facing a team who could be just that for them. Dichotomy has yet to lose a major televised match outside of their loss to SkyHerc, but over the course

of the summer they did not receive many opportunities to face top teams due to the congestion in the tag ranks.

BW: Ha. Yeah, 'congestion in the tag ranks' is why TORA and Brian James kept gettin' big matches while the more proven team didn't? Let alone that time limit draw back on July 4 that stole a big match payday? Pleeeeease.

GM: It was on August 2nd that crooked referee Marty Meekly cost Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds the World Tag Team Championships to the Lights Out Express. The whole Wise Men charade derailed a dominant tag team title reign. It is fair to say that SkyHerc has a legitimate claim to being the number one contenders, while Dichotomy constantly insists that they're the number one contenders due to a random draw mishap in Las Vegas. Both teams can prove it right now, Bucky, and that's what the AWA should be all about.

BW: Beat your opponent down to get the gold and glory. We agree on that, daddy, we agree on that.

[With both teams now in the ring and in agreement that they're going to wrestle now, Phil Watson takes over.]

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

Introducing first... from Cambridge, Massachusetts and Shenandoah, Pennsylvania respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred eighty-seven pounds...

...MATT GINN... MARK HOEFNER... they are DICHOTOMY!

GM: The only positive things I can say for these two men are these: at least they're willing to step in the ring and compete for what they want, and they have developed into an excellent tag team when they choose to be.

BW: What do you mean, "when they choose to be"? Who chooses to stink? Clayton Shaw might have trained them, but even I wouldn't accuse him of that.

GM: You know what I mean! They use the most unsporting pragmatic tactics and outright break rules constantly. There is a right way to compete and a wrong way, and all too often Dichotomy opts for the wrong way.

BW: The ends justify the means, Gordo. Always.

GM: The last time these two teams met was in the Tokyo Dome during Rising Sun Showdown. We've heard a great deal of whining from Dichotomy about how they would have won if they had been rested.

BW: And we've also heard SkyHerc cry about being cheated and that they should still be the champs. If it's all coulda woulda shoulda, Gordo, you gotta point that out too.

GM: Alright, fair enough...

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents... first, their personal ring announc-

[*WHACK!*

GM: WHAT IN THE WORLD WAS THAT?!

[The boos are furious as Mark Hoefner rushes at Buford P. Higgins and dropkicks him out of the ring! Hammonds gives Hoefner the "you cannot be that stupid" look of a man who is about to commit murder with his bare hands, while Jones leaps at him and starts punching his face with no hesitation.]

BW: That was an attack on the most vulnerable part of the body; the brain.

GM: Buford Higgins took a nasty spill, and Skywalker Jones is incensed! Hammonds moving in...

[As Hercules' attention is fixated solely on Hoefner, Matt Ginn pivots in front of him and performs a rolling ankle pick, taking him down cleanly into a legscissors anklelock. Hoefner and Jones roll out underneath the bottom rope, and continue to go at it on the floor.]

BW: And that's why you go after the brains first! Everybody knows that Buford Higgins is pretty much the brains of this unit, and SkyHerc just put themselves right where Dichotomy wanted them.

[*CRASH!*

GM: Now let's see if Dichotomy can survive having SkyHerc where they want them! Skywalker Jones just whipped Mark Hoefner into the barricade!

BW: But Herc's the legal man, and Ginn has him grounded and in a submission hold. This is the one place where Hammonds isn't so scary.

GM: Perhaps, but it will certainly take much more than one hold to incapacitate the powerhouse from Tupelo, Mississippi. Hammonds using a pushup to pull himself off the mat, and using those massive arms to pull himself and Ginn to the ropes! Fans, the sheer strength required for that feat... I don't know if just seeing it does it justice.

BW: Draggin' both men's body weight with just his arms. He got the ropes, but Ginn's already changin' up his attack.

GM: Matt Ginn has relinquished the anklelock, but is now up to his feet with a grip on the left leg of Hammonds, and driving his knee repeatedly into the side of Hammonds' knee. Ginn ignoring referee Davis Warren's commands to let go, as Hercules has the ropes.

BW: And Skywalker Jones is still attackin' Hoefner outside the ring!

[The camera cuts to see Jones hiptoss Hoefner onto the floor. The high-flyer from Hot Coffee jumps up on the ring apron, lines up his prey, and leaps off the apron with a full front somersault to produce incredible momentum for a leaping elbowsmash or punch. However, Hoefner drops to his back and rolls under the ring, leaving Jones to whiff. Jones nimbly lands on his feet, controls his momentum, and kicks a chair in frustration before diving under the ring to go after Hoefner.]

GM: Skywalker Jones is absolutely beside himself. He wants to tear Mark Hoefner apart for attacking Buford P. Higgins, and it's hard to blame him. All Buford does is get his team and the crowd fired up; he isn't someone who gets involved in matches.

BW: That never stopped guys like Cesar Hernandez from attackin' me when I was a manager! If I had to take it, Buford can too.

GM: You would interfere constantly until someone dealt with you! There is a huge difference.

[Back in the ring, Hercules Hammonds has gotten back to his feet now that Warren has managed to peel Ginn off of him. Herc grits his teeth and reaches for Ginn, who takes him down with a drop toehold, transitioning into a stepover toehold.]

GM: Ginn continuing to work the leg of Hercules Hammonds, trying to keep him grounded. As long as he can keep succeeding at doing that, he'll be able to keep Hammonds from his power game.

BW: Practically everything Herc does, he does from his feet. He don't even bother to defend himself, Gordo... he just wades right through your offense, grabs you, and crushes you. The problem is when the other guy's offense does this. This is a terrible matchup for Herc. That's the strategic difference; Dichotomy is gonna keep the favorable matchups, while SkyHerc is so overconfident that they don't think there are any matchup problems.

GM: And there's another aspect of their strategy...

[We now cut back to ringside, where Hoefner is backing out from under the ring... and he has Jones in a one-armed front facelock, ripping at his nose and face with the other arm! Upon getting out from under the ring, he yanks up on Jones' head... the Mississippi man is still mostly under the ring, so this is bending his neck on the underside of the ring apron.]

BW: Ha ha! Skywalker Jones would never have gone under the ring like that if he wasn't so mad. That's the worst place in the world for a guy who needs space to operate facin' a guy whose style is pretty much controlled desperation.

GM: Warren needs to start paying attention to the fight outside the ring! Mark Hoefner is trying to break the man's neck!

BW: They teach you how to do that in the Marines, right, Gordo?

GM: I don't speak about Marine deserters. Hammonds kicks Ginn off of him, and trying to get to his feet... Ginn clips the leg.

[The knee clip brings Hammonds to one knee. Unfortunately for Ginn, Herc grits his teeth and blocks out the pain, immediately rising back to his feet and leveling the Massachusetts man with a brutal standing clothesline!]

GM: HAMMONDS FLATTENS GINN! Ginn made a mistake in underestimating Hercules Hammonds' pain tolerance, and now he's in trouble!

BW: He needed to stick with the amateur takedowns. Knockdowns can't be relied on against Herc.

GM: Hammonds gripping Ginn by the head, with an inverted facelock... pounding his chest with forearm after forearm! Hercules with some frustration to work out, and Matt Ginn is on the receiving end!

[Seeing his partner in danger, Hoefner stops cranking Jones' neck, and slides under the bottom rope. He rushes Hammonds from behind, digs his knees in the back, and grips Hammonds' chin for a lungblower. Or tries to, anyway. Hammonds not only does not budge, but he drops Ginn and slowly turns his head, as if he can't quite believe how stupid this attempt was.]

BW: Uh, oh! Hoefner's draped on Herc's back like a human backpack! Get down from there, Mark!

[But before Hammonds can dislodge Hoefner, Ginn snatches his legs and executes a double-leg takedown to propel Hammonds into the lungblower! The crowd boos loudly for the illegal double-team.]

GM: I cannot believe Davis Warren just let that happen!

BW: Well, he let Skywalker pummel Hoefner outside the ring, so he's really just letting this thing go.

GM: I suppose so... LOOK OUT ABOVE!

[And speaking of Mr. Jones, he has leapt to the top turnbuckle, still clutching his neck, and hit a flying tornado dive into both Ginn and Hoefner, wiping Dichotomy right out! The fans erupt as Jones rolls on impact, sliding under the bottom rope and standing in his corner, waving Herc on to tag him in.]

BW: SEE?! Davis Warren is letting everybody do everything, and that cheap shot was just as bad as what Hoefner did. Admit it!

GM: That was fighting fire with fire, and Hammonds to his feet... tag to Skywalker Jones! And now the matchups have flipped the other way; Matt

Ginn has poor reflexes, which is fatal against a man this fast! Jones with the flying cross chop cuts Ginn down! Hoefner still in the ring, but a back elbow shot takes care of that as the deserter is sent flying out of the ring!

BW: A cheap shot elbow, I might add! He must be a Lakers fan.

GM: Jones pulling up Ginn now. Irish-whip... reversed into a knee by Ginn! He doubled over Jones with that, and now the vertical suplex...

[Attempting to use his height to his advantage, Ginn briefly holds Jones straight up with the suplex. However, the man who regularly defies gravity also defies this tactic, as Skywalker Jones swings his feet to twist behind Ginn. He plants both feet in Ginn's upper thighs, and lands into a backwards monkey flip that sends Ginn sailing up and over all the way onto his face! A large round of cheers follows the unique counter.]

BW: What in the world?! He monkey flipped him backwards, Gordo!

GM: If Skywalker Jones can conceive of it, he can execute it! And he is extremely creative. Ginn struggling to his knees, but Jones using the second rope to springboard a dropkick right into his face!

BW: And now what's he... oh no.

SJ: "IN YOUR FACE...!"

[Standing 450 splash! Massive roar from the fans!]

SJ: "...DISGRAAAACE!"

GM: STANDING IN YOUR FACE DISGRACE! One, two, and Ginn out the back door as Skywalker Jones didn't bother to hook a leg!

BW: It's lookin' bad. Dichotomy has to make a tag. Ginn's gonna struggle with Jones, but Hoefner would be a problem for him. He's just as fast as Jones is and he's extremely aggressive.

GM: Jones with the soccer kick to Ginn's lower back. Skywalker off the ropes... HEY!

[Focused on his prey, Jones hops backwards in order to rebound off the ropes, but Mark Hoefner holds the ropes down so that Jones connects with his lower back and all of his momentum aiming above that. As one would expect, this causes the spectacular aerialist to spill out over the top rope. But what one wouldn't normally expect is for said person to recover his senses as he does, and through sheer body control end up landing on his feet on the apron!]

BW: WHAT?!

[The fans applaud the acrobatic adjustment, and Hoefner's eyes bulge as he sees Jones glare hatefully at him, clearly in preparation for smashing his

face in. Quickly, the Pennsylvanian adjusts his own grasp on the top rope to slingshot himself over the top rope... in fact, over the turnbuckles and onto the adjacent side of the ring, in another pretty nifty show of agility. Jones doesn't care, though, he heads for the corner, turns around it to go after a backpedalling Hoefner... and eats a running big boot from Ginn that connects with a sickening SMACK and sends him careening off the apron into the barricade! Boos rain down as Jones bounces off the barricade and flops onto the floor at ringside.]

GM: Hoefner held down the ropes, Jones recovered, and when he went after Hoefner, Ginn blindsided him with the boot!

BW: And the tag! Don't forget about the tag.

GM: Hammonds in and nailing Ginn in the back with a double axehandle, but the exchange was already made! Hoefner off the apron, and driving two fists into the base of the skull of Skywalker Jones! A double fist drop of sorts, and Jones is in trouble!

BW: Oh, yeah he is. He jumped Hoefner on the floor early in the match; let's see how he likes it!

GM: That isn't what happened and you know it. Hoefner pulling up Jones... OH MY WORD! He spiked Skywalker Jones' neck into the ring apron! That was vile!

BW: That was violent, not vile. This is a fight, daddy, you do what you need to do. Mark Hoefner goes for the jugular every time out; it's just usually not that literal.

GM: A body slam on the floor! This is taking the "let them go" mentality too far, Bucky Wilde. Davis Warren needs to...

BW: Needs to not be pressured by the peanut gallery, Gordo. Why do you think Marty Meekly went off the rails? Everyone's always unhappy about refs anyway, so he figured why not make a buck off of it. Whining like this makes that sound awful good to these refs.

GM: Hoefner throws Jones back in the ring, and following him in at about the eight count. Hoefner with a shot to the ribcage, and then an elbow to the back of the neck. And the Mongolian Chop levels Skywalker Jones!

BW: And now that you got the man grounded, you can work like a normal team. There's a tag.

GM: Indeed. Hoefner draping Jones' neck on the second rope... we've seen this before!

[Boos sound as Hoefner uses the top rope to sling himself onto the apron with a stomp to the back of Jones' head, and then steps off the apron to drive the elbow to the same spot. Skywalker recoils off the second rope... right into a standing reverse neckbreaker by Ginn!]

BW: Teamwork, daddy! And they're definitely goin' after the neck of Skywalker Jones.

GM: Ginn applying a neck crank, and Hercules Hammonds is pounding the turnbuckle. He's leading the crowd on in cheering for Skywalker Jones to mount a comeback!

Crowd: "LET'S GO JONES! LET'S GO JONES! LET'S GO JONES! LET'S GO JONES!"

BW: Uh oh. The fans are feeding that enormous ego of Skywalker Jones! I don't think Ginn can keep the hold applied if Jones' head swells any further!

GM: Jones is fighting up to his feet! But an eyerake by Ginn cuts it off. And a swinging neckbreaker!

[Deftly, Ginn reaches an arm out to tag while swinging with the neckbreaker, and his other arm keeps Jones immobilized on the mat instead of letting go. Hoefner slingshots himself over the top rope with a slingshot elbowdrop, and hooks the leg for a cover as Ginn rolls out.]

BW: That was how you doubleteam, daddy.

GM: A two count there, and Dichotomy is getting ever closer to a breakthrough victory. Hoefner up, and off the ropes...

BW: HEY!

GM: BUFORD P HIGGINS!

[The paranoid Hoefner manages to drop to a knee and slide to a stop before reaching the ropes, where Higgins has now recovered from the spill he took at the start of the match, and is holding down the ropes just as Hoefner did to Jones moments ago. Higgins points an accusatory finger at Hoefner and gives him the badmouth. Unfortunately, we can't hear the insult, but it was apparently so bad that the front row on that side of the ring went "OOOOHHHHHHH!" and Hoefner's eyes bug out in anger. He lunges for Buford again... and catches a dropkick in the back from Jones, sending Hoefner to the floor exactly as he had sent Higgins to the floor to start the match! The crowd roars approval!]

BW: OH, COME ON!

GM: Buford Higgins getting his payback the only way he could, and Skywalker Jones able to recover himself enough to take advantage! Jones still wobbly and hurt, but he is as durable as they come... makes the tag to Hercules Hammonds! The fans are electric, and Hammonds steps off the apron to go get Hoefner!

BW: This is awful! That should have been an automatic disqualification! Warren, what the heck are you doin' out there?! Did you get that referee license from a box of Cracker Jacks?

GM: So much for not pressuring the refs, Bucky?

BW: So much for 'interference is illegal', Gordo?

GM: Mark Hoefner collects himself, and hits Hammonds with a lunging forearm... nothing! Hammonds ignores it, and military presses Hoefner overhead! My goodness, the power of this man!

BW: Not to the floor! Ugh!

GM: A brutal press slam to the floor! These two teams are savaging one another tonight! Ginn coming around the corner to help out...

[But Hercules sees him coming, and this time he knows how to deal with the technician... he uses that oft-forgotten physical gift of speed, barrels towards the corner, and impacts Ginn as he turns with a rushing shoulder block, throwing the arms out immediately after impact to send the smaller man flying into the guard rail with a crash! The fans are hot for Herc's onslaught!]

BW: TUPELO TORPEDO ON THE FLOOR!

GM: HE JUST ABOUT BROKE GINN IN TWO! This man is agile, Bucky, and it is far too easy to forget that.

BW: He just reminded Ginn, though the barricade may have knocked that thought out of his head.

GM: Hammonds gathers up Hoefner, and hurls him over the top rope into the ring! That was like a human shot put there!

BW: Come on, Mark, you gotta recover!

GM: Hercules entering the ring, and Hoefner lashing out desperately! Right, left, right, left... and he should have EXITED stage right-left-right-left!

[Indeed, Hoefner's flurry of blows, while very good, has about as much effect on Hammonds as a light breeze. The Dichotomy member backs away in horror as Hercules merely cracks his knuckles in response.]

BW: That kind of offense isn't gonna get it done against Hammonds! Hoefner needs to tag!

GM: But Ginn is still stunned on the floor from the Tupelo Torpedo! Brutal right hands to the midsection by Hammonds, smashing Hoefner! Grips the waist... AND GUTWRENCHES HIM OVER HALFWAY ACROSS THE RING! WHAT POWER!

BW: What a disaster! I said it from the opening, daddy... SkyHerc and Dichotomy comes down to matchups, and this is not the one Dichotomy wants!

[Sliding away from the advancing Hammonds, Hoefner decides to try a different angle. He uses his great speed, dashing under an attempted clothesline. He barrels off the far ropes and leaps into his trademark jumping haymaker... but Herc snatches him before he can throw it with a tilt-a-whirl slam that tilts so fast that Herc loses control of it! Hoefner flies out of his grasp flipping through the air and landing hard on his back as the fans cheer.]

GM: THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY DEGREES OF PAIN! The end could be in mere moments!

[Buford Higgins is excitedly jumping at ringside, yelling at his man.]

BPH: "BRING DOWN THE HAMMER ON HIM, HERC!"

HH: "YOU WANT THE HAMMER?"

BPH: "I WANT THE HAMMER!"

BW: I don't want the Hammer!

GM: This entire capacity crowd wants the Hammer!

BW: Stop!

GM: It's Hammer time!

[As the crowd roars approval, Hammonds hooks the gutwrench on Hoefner for the Hammonds Hammer, hoists Hoefner up with ease... but it turns out that Hoefner REALLY doesn't want the Hammer. He twists around in Herc's grasp and grabs at his eyes and nose, twisting and raking. The desperation move works in freeing him from that tenuous position. Hoefner grips and holds the eyerake, even as he's over Hammonds' shoulder (though now facing downwards).]

BW: Oh, thank goodness. I don't know what I would have done if a match ended after Gordon Myers made a pop culture reference, even one that's 25 years out of date.

GM: I did?

BW: Hoefner finally pushes off...

[*CRACK!*

BW: NO!

GM: JONES RUSHES IN WITH THE SUPERKICK! The Callisto Killer, Dufresne Destroyer, Vasquez Vanquisher, and it might be the Hoefner Homicide tonight!

BW: No tag, he just walked in and did it. Which is fine by me, but why aren't you outraged, Myers?!

GM: Because Davis Warren has been consistent in letting both teams go. Hercules Hammonds picks a semi-conscious Mark Hoefner up again, and he will try the Hammer again... GINN FROM THE BLIND SIDE CLIPS OUT THE KNEE!

BW: And the angle he took this time meant Herc couldn't just suck it up! He got him right in the side, not from behind!

GM: Jones back in... PELE... NO!

[Skywalker attempts the Pele Kick on Matt Ginn to get him out of the ring, and does connect with it... but a still-woozy Hoefner slides over and sticks his knees up, causing Skywalker to give himself a gutbuster with his layout flip!]

BW: He got the Pele Kick, but he also wiped himself out!

GM: Hammonds grabs Ginn, and throws him over the top rope to clear the ring, but that has given Hoefner the clearance to bail out! He is not even able to stand right now after that superkick and those power moves, so Ginn's intervention saved his bacon for sure.

BW: Uh oh. He ain't safe at ringside.

GM: JONES!

[With a rush and a leap, Skywalker Jones again destroys all notion of what a human being can do by clearing the top rope in an almost full vertical position, getting massive air in a plancha to the floor! Hoefner is only just staggering to his feet, and can't really dodge due to being flat-footed. The Crockett Coliseum loses it over that.]

BW: How... what... that... guh?

GM: That had to be a near-Olympic level high jump! No flips or acrobatics, just raw impact! These fans cannot believe what they have just seen!

BW: And Herc's slidin' out to pull Mark back in... this is bad, Gordo!

GM: Hoefner sent in, and Hammonds following... but he made a mistake, Bucky! Hoefner able to crawl over and tag before Hammonds could get back in there.

BW: Thank goodness! There's still hope!

GM: Hammonds pounding Ginn across the back as he steps through the ropes! Matt Ginn may have to try and win this himself, because at this point, Hoefner's barely conscious. Hercules Hammonds with the double armtrap as Ginn tries to push him away!

BW: And here come the headbutts!

GM: Hammonds repeatedly headbutting Ginn in the chest... AND GINN SUPLEXES HIM! He used the leverage he had to send Hammonds head-over-heels with the overhead belly-to-belly! Hercules was NOT expecting that!

BW: Herc's got like forty-plus pounds of muscle on Ginn, and is two inches shorter, so he probably thinks he can easily push around the skinny guy. But that skinny guy knows wrestling and knows leverage! And even Herc is gonna feel that impact, daddy!

GM: Ginn sticking his foot in between the shoulderblades... REVIEW BOARD IS APPLIED!

BW: Hercules Hammonds is face down, and those large muscles could be a disadvantage in this hold 'cause they could get tears real easy here.

[As Ginn pulls up on the wrists, he attempts his usual technique of taking steps while the prone surfboard is applied. Unlike usual, though, Herc won't budge. In fact, he starts pulling his arms down... and Ginn's eyes betray shock as he slowly, inexorably powers out of the hold.]

GM: You were saying?

BW: Gordo, this is insane! Herc has no leverage at all in that position... none! Nobody should be able to raw power out of that!

GM: But he did! Hammonds breaks the hold, pops up to his feet, and nails Ginn with a big right hand! Whip to the corner... and tag made to Skywalker Jones!

BW: Aw, no!

GM: Hammonds with a vertical suplex... he stayed standing and just threw Ginn down! And Skywalker Jones off the ropes... OH MY WORD!

[The crowd again roars as Hammonds throws Jones straight up in the air... far. Skywalker gets way up there, does a half rotation, and comes down hard with a senton that bounces him off of Ginn, bounces Ginn off the mat, and makes Hammonds actually shudder a bit.]

GM: MONSTEROUS SENTON! He must have been ten feet in the air, Bucky!

BW: I'd say it was Tommy Stephens style, but only if Tommy Stephens wore a jetpack and jumped off the side of a building.

GM: Jones with the cover... arrogant cover, and Ginn out the back door! At some point, you have to hook a leg.

BW: I think Skywalker Jones takes the philosophy that a win ain't a win until you can pin a guy casually.

GM: Skywalker Jones picking up Ginn, twisting the arm... short-arm head kick evaded by Ginn! Nice spin to avoid...

[*CRACK!*

GM: BUT HE COULDN'T AVOID THE SUPERKICK! That might be the Ginn Assassin if he pins him here, and Matt Ginn flops into the corner!

BW: Oh, no. Now what?!

[Skywalker Jones sees Ginn laying, resting on the bottom turnbuckle. He then looks to the adjacent turnbuckle, and points at it. He walks over to it, and hops over the ropes onto the apron next to the buckles! The crowd stands up, as they know they're about to see something crazy!]

BW: Gordo, he's lost his mind! Ginn's all the way across the ring!

GM: He's done this before, Bucky! I don't know HOW... but he has done this before! Skywalker Jones is about to break the law of gravity!

[Jones looks over the crowd... one side, then the other. The fans react, getting louder and louder, to a fever pitch. Jones tilts his head back, cups his hands, and calls it out...]

SJ: "YOOOOUUUUUTUUUUUUBE!"

[And then he leaps, springboarding off the top turnbuckle immediately... camera flashes erupting and time seeing to stand still for a moment as he hangs in the air before coming down with the flying dropkick...]

BW: HE MISSED!

[...only for Mark Hoefner, only just now recovered enough to stand, to yank Matt Ginn's leg, and pull him out of the ring at the last possible second! The crowd explodes in anger as Jones hits the mat backfirst with a THUD!]

GM: NO! HE TOOK TOO LONG!

BW: FINALLY! Finally, all that calling-the-move backfired on him! All that showboaty look-at-me nonsense bit him right in the keister... or more accurately, the back of the head! He's gotta be out!

GM: I thought you liked that arrogance.

BW: I did, until it became fan-pandering! Then it became a detriment!

GM: Hammonds over there to go after Hoefner and Ginn...

[Hercules has run around the ring to keep the pressure on Dichotomy, both of whom are quite badly hurt. He whales on both men with clubbing forearms, until Hoefner jabs him in the eye and Ginn uses his trunks to propel him into the ringpost.]

BW: Herc's tryin' to buy Skywalker some time. That's smart... I think Higgins is directing him.

GM: That could be, but two-on-one isn't going to end well. Can he hold on long enough to give Jones the time to recover from that horrendous fall?

BW: Ginn's tryin' to get into the ring to go for a cover, but Herc's got ahold of him!

[The crowd is cheering Herc on as he yanks Ginn back out under the ropes by the boot as he was halfway in. Davis Warren is over to lay a count on Herc, because he's working to prevent a cover. Nonetheless, it does appear that Jones is recovering. He shakes his head, clutching his neck with one arm and groggily using the ropes in an effort to pull himself up.]

GM: I think he has succeeded. Jones is rising!

[Seeing this, Hoefner turns, runs, and hits his jumping haymaker... on Buford P Higgins! The fans boo as Higgins is assaulted for the second time in the match, but this time the reason is different. Hoefner pulls the gold-plated microphone from his pocket, runs down towards the corner where Jones is on his hands and knees with his head dangerously close to the ropes... and with a loud *SMACK*, blasts Jones in the side of the head with it! The Crockett Coliseum goes bananas as Jones flops backwards into the ring.]

BW: HA HA HA! Mic check, one-two-three!

GM: NO! Buford P Higgins did nothing to deserve that!

BW: He directed Hammonds to do the tactically smart thing, so yes, he was a target. Herc's furious!

[Hammonds grabs the mic out of Hoefner's hand, and swings it at him, but the much-faster Dichotomy member flees. Hammonds turns back towards the ring... and can only watch in revulsion as Ginn hooks the leg and gets a three-count on an unconscious Jones. the fans are practically apoplectic.]

GM: NOT LIKE THAT!

BW: YES! LIKE THAT!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: DICHOTOMY STOLE IT! THEY OUTRIGHT STOLE IT!

BW: Like the Whitebread Express stole their title shot! There's your real Number One Contenders, daddy!

GM: Hammonds in the ring, and Ginn rolling out of there. Dichotomy is vacating the premises in a hurry, like thieves in the night! Let's get the official word!

PW: THE WINNERS OF THE MATCH... MATT GINN AND MARK HOEFNER... DICHOTOMY!

GM: Disgusting.

BW: I couldn't be prouder! That's how you do it, Gordo... you outsmart your opponents and take advantage of their mistakes. Skywalker Jones calling his moves finally blew up in his face.

GM: There is no question that SkyHerc was on the way to victory tonight. Dichotomy repeatedly broke the rules, and used that gold-plated microphone to knock Skywalker Jones out! It was as dirty as dirty gets. Fans, that is certainly not the way that we wanted to go off the air here tonight but I have just received word of a very special Main Event for the next Saturday Night Wrestling!

BW: What?! No one told me anything!

GM: It's going to be a special Fans' Choice match!

BW: What does that mean?!

GM: There will be two locker rooms - five guys in each locker room. The ten possible participants will be announced later this week. Throughout the show, you will hear from the possible participants as they attempt to persuade the fans to go on Twitter and cast their vote! At the end of the night, the top vote getter in each locker room will head down the aisle and compete in the Main Event!

BW: Well, that... that actually sounds pretty cool, Gordo.

GM: I agree! It's going to be an exciting and suspenseful night in Dallas in two weeks' time as we continue to walk down the road to SuperClash VI, fans! For Mark Stegglet, Melissa Cannon, and "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, I'm Gordon Myers...

BW: And I'm Bucky Wilde!

GM: ...and we'll see you next time... at the matches. So long everybody!

[Jones and Hammonds appear to be deep in discussion inside the ring, neither man looking very happy as we fade to black.]