

AWA Saturday Night Wrestling



*Saturday, October 25th, 2014
Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas*

[Fade in. A roar comes over the faithful Dallas crowd, as the camera cuts to the interview stage. There, standing by himself is none other than Jack Lynch. The tall, lanky Texan wears all black. Today a long sleeved, button down shirt and a pair of black pants. His cowboy hat is, as always, worn loosely on his head. Microphone in hand, Lynch looks out over the crowd and clears his throat before speaking.]

JL: Now, I ain't normally the type of man given to self reflection. I'm not the guy to come out here and lay out my inner turmoil for ya. Normally, you wanna know what's on my mind? You just see how bad of a beatin' I lay on a guy.

But I confess to ya that I'm a troubled man.

[After an exhale, Lynch begins to pace back and forth.]

JL: There's things happenin' here in the AWA that I oughta be payin' attention to.

My brother Travis, he wasn't cleared two weeks ago, and he ain't cleared tonight. And frankly? I dunno when, or if he'll be cleared to come back.

[A female screams out "I love you Travis!" interrupting Jack's train of thought.]

JL: ...Yeah, I love him too. And he should be here right now. And I shoulda been there when Kingsley came after him.

But I wasn't. And that troubles me.

My tag team partner, Bobby O'Connor, who is like a brother to me, is dealin' with Terry Shane. Dealin' with the scorn, spite and betrayal of someone who also should be a brother to him. It ain't easy for Bobby, comin' to realize

that someone he grew up with is a piece of garbage. And right now, I should standin' next to Bobby, showin' him what it means to be a friend.

But I ain't. And that troubles me.

My good friend, Hannibal Carver is havin' himself what they used to call an epic freakout. Carver, who let's face it, wasn't ever the most tightly wound man on planet earth is losin' it over what? A couple of words he took outta context. I should be there in Boston right now, helpin' him to see the truth.

But I'm here. And tonight, that troubles me.

A man I look up to, a guy who saved the entire damn AWA, Ryan Martinez, is headin' into the biggest night of his life. And you know what? When the White Knight should be surrounded by his friends, when he shouldn't ever have to concern himself with watchin' his back, I ain't there to put the Iron Claw on any Team Supreme flunky who looks at him cross-eyed.

But I got my own stuff. And that troubles me.

Because it used to be that a man could say "I'm backed by Jack" and that meant somethin'. Used to be, I could be the guy who could be counted on. Used to be, you didn't even have to look over your shoulder. It was just a given that, if he was needed, Jack Lynch would be there.

But I ain't no more. And that troubles me.

[Lynch pauses in his relentless pacing, and lowers his head, slowly removing his cowboy hat.]

JL: So ya might ask, "what's troublin' ya Jack?" And if y ask that, then this must be your first time tunin' in. People who've been watchin' know that my troubles got a name.

Demetrius Lake.

You've caused me and the people closest to me nothin' but trouble. You've come after my friends, you've come after my family, you've desecrated my flag, you've insulted my home, and now, you've got the nerve to come out here and try and turn my challenge back on me?

Well Demetrius, I ain't got no trouble sayin' the next two words.

[Lynch runs his fingers through his hair and then places his cowboy hat back on his head.]

JL: I accept.

You wanna end this? Well join the club. Because I'm tired of this myself. I'm tired of listenin' to ya run your big mouth. I'm tired of everything fallin' away because I'm too busy dealin' with you.

I'm tired of bein' troubled.

You're right, Demetrius. One way or another, this has gotta end at MSG. A man can't be troubled forever. Sooner or later, there's gotta be a reckonin'. And a Texas Death Match? Yeah, that has a way of resolvin' all of a man's troubles. You want the winner to admit he's the lesser man? You want a display of public humiliation?

I got no trouble agreein'.

Because one of two things is gonna happen. If ya beat me, then that's it for me. Because you're right. If I ever get to the point where I come on television and call you the better man? Well then, I must be crippled. Because I will fight ya until there ain't nothin' left. And then I'll go on and fight another twenty minutes. It ain't easy, makin' a Texan swallow his pride. It don't do down easily. But if you do enough to make it happen? Then yeah, I'll come out and say you're the better man. And if that happens? Well, then my troubles will be at an end, because that'll be it for Jack Lynch.

But Black Tiger, I wouldn't bet on that happenin'.

[Lynch begins to pace again.]

JL: Because when I beat ya. And notice the word I said there – "beat." Not "pin" not "make ya submit" when I –beat- ya so badly that even a man as stubborn and stupid as you can't get up to answer the count, then I'll know that I am, and always have been, better than you, King of Wrestlin'.

And that's just the kinda thought that'll take away all my troubles.

[Once more, Lynch stops.]

JL: See ya in New York, Demetrius. Just remember this.

Trouble is comin' your way.

[The camera focuses in on the fierce look of determination in Jack Lynch's eyes as we fade to 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: Happy Halloween to one and all as we come to you LIVE from the Crockett Coliseum in downtown Dallas, Texas for what promises to be another exciting night of American Wrestling Alliance action, fans!

[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 thirty-three days away from Thanksgiving Night when the AWA takes the City That Never Sleeps by storm when we will be LIVE on Pay Per View in the most famous arena in the world, Madison Square Garden, for the biggest night of the year, SuperClash VI!

[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 orange coat over a hot pink dress shirt. He's opted for a bright purple 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.

BW: Gordo, I want to kick things off by admittin' I got a problem.

[Gordon looks puzzled.]

GM: Bucky, what are-

BW: I got a problem with the AWA front office for saddlin' me alongside Vasquez later tonight in The Call Of The Wilde! I got a problem with my idiot nephews still having jobs! And most of all, I got a problem with all these morons in the building tonight that get to pick our Main Event!

[The boos pour down on the color commentator.]

BW: You want to say this place is better off without President Percy?

GM: This place is better off-

BW: That's a bold-faced lie, Gordo! Never in a million years would President Percy Childes let these fans pick the Main Event. Never would he give them that level of power!

GM: I have no doubt about that but in the absence of an AWA President, the AWA front office decided that on this night - the power would lie in the hands of the people! Tonight, the Main Event is their choice!

[We cut to a split-screen shot of the two locker rooms. One locker room has Robert Donovan seated in a chair, taping his hands while TORA and Derrick Williams chat amongst themselves. Dave Bryant has his hands on the wall, facing away from everyone while Bobby O'Connor is shadowboxing.

The other has Matt Ginn sitting on a wooden bench, his feet up on a chair. Terry Shane is pacing madly back and forth, glaring at Demetrius Lake who returns the stare. Aaron Anderson has an iPad, watching a match featuring Bobby O'Connor while Brad Jacobs is lifting dumbbells in a butterfly in the corner.]

GM: There you see it... the ten men who will be voted on by the AWA fans. One man from each locker room will be voted into that Main Event later tonight. Over the course of the next two hours, we'll be hearing from all ten of those competitors as they attempt to sway you - the fans - into casting your vote on Twitter for them. In addition to that, our cameras were at the Texas State Fair last weekend and we will show you EXACTLY what went down between the two competitors looking ahead to the Main Event of SuperClash VI! We've got all that plus much, much more and we're going to kick things off right up in the ring!

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

PW: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Joplin, Missouri... weighing in at 242 pounds... Michael Weaver!

[Weaver hops up on the middle rope in tan two-strap single, black boots, and kneepads. His short dirty-blond hair and stubbly mustache don't do him any favors with the ladies as he gets a mild reaction.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The PA system kicks to life with the high-pitched voice of Mickey Cherry.]

"You spell wrasslin', baby... C-A-S-A-N-O-V-A!"

[The curtain swings open as the sounds of "Pretty In Pink" are heard over the PA system. Mickey Cherry comes through first, dressed in a white sportscoat with hearts all over it along with matching white pants, carrying a pink-framed heart-shaped mirror. He's walking backwards as right behind him comes Casanova, in a purple lacy frock and matching hat. Casanova is primping his hair, checking his horrific makeup in the mirror as he heads towards the ring carrying a velvet bag over his other arm.]

PW: From West Hollywood, California... weighing in at Weight Unknown...

[Cherry nods as Casanova steps through the ropes into the ring. With a flourish, he tugs off the dress to reveal powder pink trunks and boots... and a less than fit physique.]

PW: He is accompanied to the ring by Mickey Cherry...

CAAAAAASSSSAAAANOOOOOOVAAAAA!

[Casanova does a full spin, hopping up on the second rope to gesture at himself to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Casanova sure is full of himself... and by the look of physique, he's full of a lot of things...

BW: Very funny, Gordo. Yes, he's gained weight. Yes, he's bigger than what he was when he was here before.

GM: What's with the bag?

[The camera holds on Casanova as he hands the velvet bag through the ropes to a waiting Mickey Cherry who holds up the heart-shaped mirror for Casanova to primp his hair.]

GM: Casanova with some last minute... preparations, I suppose.

[Cherry pulls the mirror away as Casanova slowly turns around, throwing a glance at Michael Weaver who is crouched over, ready to go as the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: There's the bell!

[Weaver rushes in, throwing himself at Casanova's legs in a double leg takedown attempt that Casanova stuffs with a double axehandle, falling to his knees for more impact. He clobbers Weaver with some forearms that look more like slaps than anything of substance before popping up, going into a full spin to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Casanova avoids the takedown...

[Climbing off the mat to a knee, Weaver waits as Casanova turns around...

...and then bursts towards him, taking him off his feet with the takedown he attempted moments earlier!]

GM: Oh my! Big takedown by the second-generation grappler! Michael Weaver, of course, is the nephew of Patrick Weaver, the master of the WeaverLock sleeperhold.

BW: When it's nephew and uncle, do you still say the apple fell far from the tree?

GM: I don't know.

BW: 'Cause this apple fell into an entirely different farm, Gordo.

GM: Michael Weaver has struggled to escape his uncle's shadow over the years. Patrick Weaver's matches with men like Karl O'Connor are the stuff of legend in Missouri but Michael hasn't been able to reach his uncle's level of skill quite yet.

[Casanova scrambles to his feet, frantically fluffing his hair as he falls back to the corner. Mickey Cherry is instantly on the apron, pointing and shouting at Weaver. The referee moves over to get Cherry down as Weaver moves towards the corner...

...and gets a thumb driven right into his eye!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[With a handful of hair, Casanova SLAMS Weaver facefirst into the turnbuckle. He grabs a side headlock, pressing Weaver's face down on the top rope and dragging it the distance between the buckles, raking the cheek right on the rope cover.]

BW: Yeeesh. That's a good way to get a first class rope burn on your face, Gordo.

GM: Casanova showing his vicious side here...

[With Weaver backed into the buckles, Casanova winds up, throwing heavy and wild right hands into the midsection as the referee moves in, shouting at him to back off.]

GM: Another one of our tryout officials, Otis Stevens, in there for this one, trying to keep Casanova under control...

[Casanova measures his man, slamming the point of his elbow down into the back of Weaver's head three times, knocking Weaver down to a knee.]

GM: Weaver's taking a pounding in the buckles. This referee needs to get him back if he wants to earn himself a job here in the AWA.

[Grabbing the headlock again, Casanova slams closed fist after closed fist into the skull, earning jeers from the crowd and complaints from the official...

...and then uses another handful of hair to SLAM Weaver's face into the canvas. A grinning Casanova puts his chin on his fist, smiling and batting his eyelashes at the camera.]

GM: Nothing fancy about Casanova's offense in there but it sure is effective.

[As Weaver slowly climbs to a knee again, Casanova climbs back to his feet, shoving him chestfirst over the middle rope. He plants his shin on the back of the neck, viciously choking Weaver to the dismay of the official again.]

GM: How much blatant fracturing of the rules is the referee going to allow here?!

BW: Hey, Casanova's got a five count to break off the choke.

[Casanova breaks at four, running across the ring, dropping into a baseball slide under the ropes to the floor as he returns...

...and PASTES the stunned Weaver with a right hand that snaps him back and sends him sprawling out on the canvas!]

BW: You gotta be impressed at how well Casanova continues to move despite the added weight, Gordo.

GM: He does move well for a man of his size.

[Casanova grins as Mickey Cherry approaches, holding up the mirror as Casanova checks his hair and makeup...

...which takes too much time as a fired-up Michael Weaver reaches over the ropes, grabbing a handful of hair, hauling him up on the apron...]

GM: Weaver's got him! Weaver's got him!

[But Casanova grabs him by the back of the head, dropping off the apron and snapping Weaver's throat down on the top rope!]

GM: Ohh!

[Casanova slips into the ropes as Weaver staggers away, clutching at his throat...

...and rakes his fingernails down the back of Weaver!]

GM: Ahhh! Is there ANY rule this guy won't break?!

[Weaver staggers away, falling chestfirst over the top rope as Casanova approaches from behind, pulling him back by the trunks, lifting him up for a back suplex...]

GM: He's got him up!

[Casanova spins, facing back to the middle of the ring where he swings Weaver down, sitting out in a face-first slam!]

GM: Ohhh! Impressive offense out of Casanova!

[Cherry can be heard shouting "You got him, baby! You got him!"]

GM: Mickey Cherry running his loud mouth out here at ringside and-

[Casanova pulls a dazed Weaver off the mat, hurling him into the ropes, catching him on the rebound...]

GM: SLEEPERHOLD!

BW: Call it right, Gordo! It's Goodnight Sweet Prince!

[The chubby arms crimp the neck of Weaver, quickly causing the bloodflow to the brain to slow...]

GM: That sleeperhold - Goodnight Sweet Prince - is locked in deep... the arms starting to slow... he's fading fast...

[Casanova gets Weaver down into a seated position with the former Playboy's weight bearing down on the back of his neck. The referee steps in, lifting Weaver's limp arm and dropping it once.]

GM: The arm falls once. If it falls three times, this one is all over.

[The arm goes up again and gets dropped again.]

GM: That makes two. One more.

[The referee lifts the arm a third time, holding it straight up and waiting for a moment... and then lets go, watching it drop.]

GM: That's three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bell sounds and Casanova breaks, throwing his arms up in a flourish as the fans boo loudly. Mickey Cherry wastes no time in joining his charge in the ring, jumping for joy.]

GM: Casanova scores the win - thankfully quickly breaking the hold this time unlike what he did in his AWA return... but again, they need him to break this hold and quit celebrating.

[Otis Stevens is begging Casanova, ordering him to wake up the downed Weaver.]

BW: Weaver's got a good sleeperhold himself but it don't do him a lick of good when he's counting sheep.

GM: Bucky, this isn't funny at all. This is very dangerous the longer he leaves the man unconscious!

[Casanova is prancing around the ring, getting his arm raised by Mickey Cherry as the official insists that he wake up Weaver. The official starts putting the count on Casanova again before he finally relents, sitting Weaver up. He uses his hand, rubbing the neck muscles...

...and then SLAMS his hand into the back of the neck, causing Weaver to jolt back awake, falling to his side.]

GM: Thankfully, the official is able to get Casanova to do what he should have done right away and wake Michael Weaver up from the sleeper. A tough loss for Weaver to lose to his own finishing hold.

BW: And another win for Casanova who is turning that Goodnight Sweet Prince into one of the most dangerous holds in the entire AWA, daddy.

GM: He certainly is... and as Mickey Cherry berates our official, it looks like Casanova is moving out here to ringside. You want to interview him?

BW: With pleasure!

[There's a clunk as Bucky's headset hits the desk. The camera cuts to Bucky Wilde, holding a house mic as Casanova and Mickey Cherry approaches, once again carrying the velvet bag.]

BW: Like I just said, another solid win for Casanova and Mickey Cherry. Mickey, it's been a long time but it's good to see you, old friend.

MC: You better believe it, baby. Bucky Wilde and Mickey Cherry, runnin' roughshod once again! The city of Atlanta was so hot when we were there, it almost burned to the ground again, baby!

[Bucky chuckles.]

BW: Casanova, you know a lot of people are asking the question - what happened to "Playboy" Johnny Casanova? And for that matter, what happened to Big Mam-

[Casanova quickly twists in Bucky's direction, pressing a polished fingernail up against Bucky's lips.]

C: Shhhhh. Hush, little Buckthorn.

[Bucky looks uncomfortable.]

C: It's Halloween but I'm not here to talk about ghosts of the past, Buckthorn. I'm not here to talk about the creepies and the crawlies. But I have come to party.

[The finger lowers, allowing Bucky to speak again.]

BW: What kind of party?

C: When I stand here, glorious as can be, and look out at all these fans, there's only one kind of party that comes to mind, Buckthorn...

[Casanova snaps his fingers as a giggling Mickey Cherry lifts the velvet bag. His chubby charge reaches into the bag, yanking a plastic mask into view.]

C: A costume party, silly!

[Casanova lifts up the plastic mask, now obvious as a Spider-Man mask and slips it over Bucky's head, leaving Bucky in the mask. He strides away, handing out masks to the ringside fans, some of whom put them on. On his way back towards Bucky, he pauses.]

C: Gordon, Gordon, Gordon, my salt and pepper prince... let's see what you look like as...

[He slips a mask over a reluctant Gordon's head.]

C: Ooooh! Superman! I love it, Gordon! I absolutely adore it! You can be my hero any time, Gordy.

[Casanova giggles as he turns back towards the camera.]

C: You see... I'm not such a bad guy. I came here tonight with your best interests at heart because... nobody... and I mean nobody... should have to look at your ugly faces.

[The boos pour down as a couple of masks get hurled back at him. He glares at the fans but doesn't budge.]

BW: So, I take it you won't be wearing one?

[Casanova laughs, a deep, booming laugh as Mickey Cherry mirrors it with his high-pitched cackle.]

C: Silly, Bucky.... you can't cover up a piece of art...

[He gestures to his own face.]

C: ...like this.

[He winks at the camera.]

C: Toodles.

[Casanova and Cherry walk out of view, leaving a mask-wearing Bucky behind.]

BW: Let's go backstage to hear from one of the competitors in tonight's Fans' Choice match!

[Fade to the backstage area where a figure stands with his back to the camera in front of the AWA banner. He wears a black track jacket with white trim and matching ring trunks and boots. The short stubbled haircut and the LOE letters on the back of the jacket make it easy to identify the man as the "Axeman" Aaron Anderson. As the camera creeps in tighter, he turns around - a gold medallion knotted to a red ribbon hangs around his neck.]

AA: I've never asked for a single thing since I arrived here in the AWA. I didn't beg to get into the Combat Corner, I didn't plea for a title shot, and I didn't kiss the feet of Terry Shane to join the Shane Gang so I'm not about to start looking for hand outs now. Everything I've accomplished in this sport has been on my own merit, on my own God given talent, on my own blood that pours through my veins.

My old man wasn't a wrestler. My mama, God bless her, didn't have an inkling of athletic ability in her body. My uncle, aunts, cousins, or friends... none of them ever laced up a wrestling boot or stepped between the ropes in their entire lives. I'm not a second, third, fourth, or fifth generation anything so it makes me sick to my stomach every time I see another spoon fed spoiled brat show up in this place wearing a badge of entitlement on his chest because someone in his family worked their tail off before him.

I sat back for over a year and listened to Terry Shane spew garbage and filth and make a mockery of my hard work so he could position himself to win a World Title and you know where that got him? Kicked in the damn mouth by Dave Bryant. I wasn't allowed to appreciate that moment, not in public yet, because Sandra had a plan for us and she most definitely had a plan for Terry Shane and guys like him. Guys like Ryan Martinez, like Bobby O'Connor, Robert Donovan, and Dave Bryant who all road the coattails of their old men in order to break into this business.

You know how I got here?

Hard work. Discipline. Talent. That's what got me this...

[He lifts up the gold medallion strung around his neck.]

AA: ...that's why Todd Michaelson found me and asked me to become a professional wrestler. That's why despite all the prestigious blood lines in the Corner and all the relatives of some of the baddest men in our business that I was the FIRST man to graduate. Not Hercules Hammonds, not Skywalker Jones, not Brad Jacobs, Pedro Perez, or even that punk Michael Aarons. ME. Those men... they're talented, and they earned their mettle the

day they left the Corner just like I did, I'll give them that. But they weren't the All-American that I was.

They weren't a former NCAA Division I wrestling champion.

They weren't a first team all-ACC Strong Safety for the University of North Carolina and drafted by the Baltimore Ravens.

They weren't a three sport track and field medalist.

They were born into their pedigree...

...while I was too busy building mine.

[Anderson slaps his chest.]

AA: I am the single most talented and decorated athlete to ever step foot in that corner. No matter how many titles they win or what kind of career they end up with they are always going to follow in MY footsteps. I was there running ropes the day Supreme Wright walked out on the Corner because he couldn't cut it. I was there slamming guys like Ricky Armstrong and Jeff Jagger over and over again when guys like Eric Preston were bent over and heaving into a bucket after five hour training days. I had what it took then and I have what it takes NOW to be a champion between these walls.

So I could stand here and continue to tell you why I deserve to be in the Main Event tonight over Demetrius Lake, Brad Jacobs, Matt Ginn, and Terry Shane...

...or I could show you.

I could show you what Todd saw in me five years ago. I could show you what all the trainers in the Corner saw in me day in and day out. First one in the gym, last one to leave. I could show you that I'm ten times the man I was the first time I marched into the AWA before the good folks in the back sent me back down because I lacked charisma and charm. All you have to do is log into your computer at home and vote for me. Put me in the Main Event against anyone and I'll chop them down, swallow them up, and spit them back up just I like did with every other wash out or hack that came through the Corner that was built on the blood of my hands.

Let me show you how I earned this.

[He hooks the medal with both thumbs.]

AA: Why I deserved it.

And why I don't need Lenny Strong or Donnie White to knock the LIGHTS...

[Smug smirk.]

AA: ...OUT of anyone in the AWA.

I just welcome it.

[A graphic comes up with the Twitter logo and "#aaronanderson" instructing viewers to use that tag if they want to vote for the former World Tag Team Champion as we fade back to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Aaron Anderson, one of ten men seeking to earn your vote and earn a spot in the Fans' Choice Main Event later tonight, may have his work cut out for him if he hopes for these fans to vote for him. Fans, it was at Homecoming that "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno returned to the AWA to seek answers and justice for what happened to his friend and tag team partner, BC Da Masta MC, at the hands of the Walking Dead.

BW: Only problem is, we don't KNOW what happened to him. The cops are unhelpful, but they've asked the AWA to stay out of their investigation. Dallas cops, I tell you...

GM: Bucky! I am sure that Dallas' Finest will get to the bottom of...

BW: The only things Dallas cops get to the bottom of is a cup of coffee. We have problems in this country with racial profiling, but the only thing Dallas cops profile based on color is doughnuts.

GM: That is quite enough! The investigation into this Jericho Kai and his Walking Dead is ongoing and Manny Imbrogno is in action again this week, so let's go to the ring!

[We cut to the ring where a man with unwashed black hair, a stubbled face, and an overall oily appearance is stomping around yelling at fans. Pudgy, and dressed like a slob, he wears a stained, now-off-white "Dallas Sucks" T-shirt, jeans with holes in them, black boots, and is chomping down on an unlit cigar. The bell rings for attention.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and a ten minute time limit.

Introducing first, to my left... from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... weighing 243 pounds... THE SOUTH PHILLY PHIGHTER!

[The fans boo as the Phighter yells that the Dallas Cowboys stink and the Eagles will burn down the city of Dallas. As this goes on, "Mr. Mensa" himself, Manny Imbrogno, jogs up the steps and steps into the ring. Lean and fit, Manny has straight shoulder-length brown hair, a neatly-trimmed mustache and beard, and nice white teeth that are normally displayed in a big smile... but he isn't smiling today.

Imbrogno's trunks are a vivid shade of hunter green, as are his kneepads and wristbands. The Mensa logo is emblazoned on the trunks, in the front left side. He's sporting white wrestling boots with his initials etched into the side in a black script. Lastly, he has on a green tweed blazer with brown

leather elbow patches and the Mensa logo stitched on the crest. Manny is carrying a Kindle and is immediately focused on the task at hand.]

PW: His opponent, to my right... from Jacksonville, Florida... weighing two-hundred thirty-eight pounds...

..."MR. MENSA"... MANNY IMBROGNO!

[Manny does a quick circuit of the ring, pointing at his forehead before walking up to Watson and speaking to him briefly. Watson nods and proceeds with further introduction.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Mensa has a poem for us all!

[He then hands the mic over to Imbrogno, who pulls up his Kindle with a flourish and begins to read in his dramatic voice.]

MI: Behold! I have a message for one Jericho Kai
Who lurks in shadows deep and dark and cold.
Tis time to meet me face-to-face and eye-to-eye.
These video-only messages are growing old.

Come forth and pay the toll for the evil you have done
And put a halt to any evil you might do.
I'll not allow you to pick apart this roster one by one
Jericho Kai, Mr. Mensa comes for you!

[The crowd cheers as Imbrogno steps back to his corner to divest himself of his jacket and Kindle.]

BW: Gordo, Mensa needs to terminate Manny's membership. He's either gone crazy or stupid or both.

GM: Manny Imbrogno has decided not to heed the police warning to stay out of the investigation, but right here he has a task ahead of him in the South Philly Phighter, and I hope he's not overlooking him.

[The Phighter charges across the ring and hammers Imbrogno in the chest as the poet turns around after getting divested of his jacket.]

BW: I think there's your answer... he sure was!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: Boot to the ribs by the Phighter, and an Irish-whip...

[The South Philly Phighter goes for the back body drop, but Imbrogno cartwheels around him, drawing a cheer from the fans.]

GM: ...and if Imbrogno had a lapse, it was very brief indeed! Dropkick by Mr. Mensa! That took the Phighter down, and the man from South Philadelphia is now on the defensive.

BW: The man from South Philadelphia is always offensive, if you ask me! I don't think he showers after his matches. Or before them.

GM: Imbrogno with a short elbow, and a knee to the gut to double his man over. Extends the arm of the Phighter, and a kick to the shoulder. Another. Another. Manny Imbrogno with an armwringer now. So much of the Philly Phighter's offense is brawling and armstrikes, so to see Manny do this implies that he did not overlook this match.

BW: And yet, he's dumb enough to call out the Walking Dead. Somethin's goin' on with Manny, and I got no idea what.

GM: Friendship, Bucky. BC Da Masta MC was his close friend and tag team partner. When Manny Imbrogno first came into the AWA, he was self-obsessed with a massive superiority complex. BC's request to team with him for a Stampede Cup started a partnership that turned into a friendship that turned Imbrogno's life around. He learned that intellect wasn't everything, and that being a good person matters too.

BW: To be fair, the reason intellect isn't everything with BC is because in his case, it's nothing.

GM: Imbrogno breaks the Phighter down into an armbar... and spinning with it. Goodness, very aggressive mat wrestling here. More reminiscent of Terry Shane III than Manny Imbrogno.

BW: He's seriously tearing at that shoulder, daddy. Maybe Kai made him more aggressive. That would be good, except it's still stupid to call out the Dead with no backup. Then again, AWA don't got no heroes. Where was Gordon Myers crying for a hero when the Hive, BC, and Charles Rant vanished?

GM: I did! Jericho Kai has been very careful to have these things happen when everyone else is preoccupied, plus the police non-intervention order.

BW: Sounds like excuses to me. What it is, is that the AWA wrestlers are afraid of the Walking Dead and are hoping they'll go away if nobody pays attention.

GM: The Phighter with a meaty right hand to the midsection of Imbrogno, who was working on the left arm. The Phighter is not a southpaw, but there are strategic reasons for debilitating an off-hand.

BW: Exactly. If a guy still has his good arm, he'll stay more aggressive, but be way more predictable. If you're a counter wrestler, that's perfect. Also, most wrestlers always work the same side when they work on a limb. When you wrestle two-hundred times a year, your matches start to blend together in your head... a few shots to the skull and a rung bell could make you forget what arm you were targeting if you switch regularly, especially if your opponent tries to trick you. These are the little things wrestling fans don't realize.

[As Bucky gives the nice analysis, the Phighter headbutts Imbrogno and backs him up to the ropes. He tries an Irish-whip, but the Floridian reverses, and grabs the Phighter's left arm to switch into a rolling armbar!]

GM: That is some rare insight from Bucky Wilde, who does honestly know much more about wrestling than he usually lets on.

BW: Thanks, Gor... HEY!

GM: Imbrogno with the armbar here, and the Phighter getting his foot under the bottom rope. Manny is angry, but he is not going to allow that to change his style. He's an intelligent pragmatic high-flyer, which seems like an oxymoron but is actually rather unique. He uses his second-generation technical skills and counters to set up precise flying maneuvers.

BW: Second-generation technical skills? His dad pretty much wrestled like the Phighter, only a lot more successfully.

GM: He knew some technical moves, too. Manny Imbrogno now sending the Phighter off the ropes. Drop down in front, the Phighter over the back... tries a clothesline but Imbrogno ducks, both men off the ropes now...

[After that quick exchange, the two men rebound at one another. Manny has outmaneuvered the Phighter by saving this until he'd be on the Phighter's left side, so the Phighter's attempted clothesline is very weak: Manny fearlessly jams his shoulder into the Phighter's chin, hooks the head, and drops into a running sitout jawbreaker! The crowd cheers the high-impact move.]

GM: VALEDICTUM! One of Imbrogno's signature moves, and the Phighter's attack was hindered by the arm damage; he couldn't do anything about it.

BW: Well, one thing we DON'T know is how smart Jericho Kai really is. I assume he's pretty smart because he's biding his time and waiting for a moment, which dummies don't do. If he does face Imbrogno, he's gonna need to be mentally all there... or wait until Manny isn't, which I think is the idea.

GM: Imbrogno's intelligence is a factor that gives him a chance to win any match, even when normally you'd think he's outgunned. Imbrogno picking up the Phighter, underhooks the legs... OXFORD SUPLEX! A devastating suplex variation!

BW: They call that the "teardrop" suplex where you hook both arms under the leg. That type of suplex lets you use leverage to get much bigger guys... Matt Ginn, the new smartest man in wrestling since Manny went crazy, told me that.

GM: Oh, right, your 'secret' strategy sessions with Dichotomy. In any case, a good observation. Manny pouring it on, and hoisting the Phighter up over the shoulders. Mr. Mensa is going for the kill, Bucky.

[With the Phighter up in the fireman's carry, Imbrogno pumps a fist at the crowd. They sense his aggression and are cheering as they know the end is near. Imbrogno runs and flips forward, smashing the South Philly Phighter back-first into the canvas and rolling over him with the Hochbegabtenstudium!]

BW: HATCHBEGANTHESTUDYHALL!

GM: I'm sure that's not what he calls the rolling fireman's carry. It is a long German word that I'll not even try.

BW: Don't listen to Gordo, fans. It's the Hotbeggartenstubbum, just like I said.

GM: Manny Imbrogno ascending the turnbuckles! Everything led to this... SPECTACULAR! _SUMMA CUM LAUDE_!

[It's a senton bomb, and the fans erupt as he does it perfectly. Imbrogno scoots back on the Phighter, and hooks the leg as referee Angus Bethune (still trying out for the opening left when Marty Meekly got canned) counts the three.]

BW: I tell you what, daddy, if he can do that to Jericho Kai, he'll beat him.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: As I suspect it would defeat anyone. Let's get the official word.

PW: Here is your winner... "MR. MENSA" MANNY IMBROGNO!

[Imbrogno stands up... no backflip or celebration. He allows the referee to raise his hand, and gives the fans a grateful wave. His face isn't registering happiness, though... just determination.]

BW: But answer this... what would beating him in a match DO, exactly? Bring BC back? We don't know what happ...

[Suddenly, the lights go out.]

GM: Uh oh! We may be about to find out!

BW: If Manny's half as smart as he says he is, he'll be the hell out of that ring when the lights come back on, daddy!

GM: I can't see a thing in here but I'm betting that Manny is standing his ground, Bucky! I'm better that Mr. Mensa has come to fight and if Jericho Kai has the guts to show his face in this building, Manny Imbrogno is gonna give him that fight!

[With the lights out and the crowd buzzing in anticipation, a voice starts to sing over the PA system.]

#This little light of mine! I'm gonna let it shine!
This little light of mine! I'm gonna let it shine!
This little light of mine! I'm gonna let it shine!
Let it shine! Let it shine! Let it shine! Oh yeah!#

GM: What in the...?

BW: I got chills, Gordo... goosebumps runnin' down my arm.

[There's several more moments in darkness before the lights come back on, revealing Jericho Kai in-person for the very first time...

...standing practically nose-to-nose with Manny Imbrogno.]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: That's him! That's Jericho Kai!

[Kai glares at Imbrogno with his heavy-lidded green eyes. He is dressed in a black three piece suit, black tie, and a white shirt. His gold-tipped locks are worn tied back behind his ears in a ponytail...

...and he did not come alone.]

GM: How many... how many people are out here with him?!

[Poet is at his right hand, looking as ghastly as ever. Behind them stand seven figures shrouded in cloaks and wearing jackal masks. Imbrogno's eyes quickly drift, judging the numbers disadvantage before locking eyes with the Walking Dead's leader once more as Kai produces a wireless mic in hand.]

JK: Manny Manny Manny, that was a right purty speech. And you sure do got a purty mouth on you too, brother. Why don't you use that purty mouth of yours to sing the praises of the Gods?! Sing out in praise of Ra and Sutekh, Osiris and Anubis. Sing out about the forgotten gods, the creators of this beautiful sport you call wrestling.

Aha wsir will become a tribute to the Gods again. And those who understand the message, who renew their praise of the Gods of Kemet shall prosper. Those who ignore the call ... they'll be taken by the Jackals.

[Jericho looks over his shoulder at the masked Jackals standing behind him. His right hand unconsciously rubs at his chest over his heart. He draws a deep, labored breath. Poet immediately is at his side, handing him her ever-present chalice.]

GM: Jericho Kai with that chalice... that chalice that is filled with...

BW: I don't even want to know.

GM: We've see this done before.

[Kai grasps the chalice, staring in the eyes of Imbrogno as he drinks deeply from it. This display doesn't move Imbrogno at all... he glares at Kai and holds his ground. Imbrogno is clearly trying to hold his temper as he speaks, countering Kai's speech with logic.]

MI: So, you're a Kemetist. Probably not a member of the Ausar Auset Society, based on your personifying the ntr. Also not a Kemetic Orthodox practitioner, as you seem to hold that Ra, Sutekh, Osiris, and Anubis are separate beings rather than names of Netjer... not to mention the respect for the community central to that faith. Some variant of Neo-Atenism, I would suspect; given that you still use the archaic form Ra instead of Aten-Ra or Aten, you probably hold that Akhenaten was co-opting the name to magnify his own deity as Pharoah.

You speak in riddles and mysteries, but I am not so easily confused. Behind all of your pseudo-philosophical neopaganist rambling, you're a kidnapper and "Bastet" only knows what else.

[The crowd is puzzled at Imbrogno's brilliance... but as Manny raises his arm, he stares at Kai, pointing a finger at him.]

MI: You will tell me what happened to my friend. You will tell me now, Jericho Kai. Do not think to frighten me with names that lost their meaning fifteen hundred years ago.

[That draws a sharp look from Kai.]

JK: I'd watch my mouth if I were you, boy. They don't take kindly... I don't take kindly to heresy.

[He holds the look before he breaks into mirth again.]

JK: (chuckling) You won't let it go, will you, Manny.

[Kai continues to chuckle, shaking his head.]

JK: You're like a dog with a bone, man. You just want to chew at it and chew at it until you're satisfied. It doesn't matter how that poor ol' bone feels, does it, Manny? No, so long as you're satisfied. You can't help but think the worst of me, can you? I'm here with a message of brotherly love. These are my brothers and sisters. We stand together, the Walking Dead ... the men and women you forgot. The brave souls that you ignored all these years. Manny, you didn't even call your friend BC when you were in Florida, did you? So save your outrage. He's in a much better place. He's at peace.

[Imbrogno's hot now, jabbing the finger into the chest of Kai who looks down at it menacingly.]

MI: Of course I called him! Do you have any idea what I was DOING in Florida?! My entire family... no. That is not important now. You say that BC is in a much better place?! At peace?! WHAT... DID YOU... DO TO HIM?!

[Imbrogno's face contorts into a snarl, and he seems ready to strike. Conversely, Jericho's face goes dark as he takes a step back. His eyes narrow and his hand reflexively massages his heart again. He releases a long drawn out sigh.]

JK: You disappoint me, my friend. I had hopes you would understand.

[His face looks sick.]

JK: I grow tired of listening to you. You think you know everything, Mr. Mensa. You know nothing. Because all you do is regurgitate the lies in those books you read. You've never lived a day in your life. You won't obey? You won't listen? You won't convert? You're lost, man. And the lost get taken by the jackals. You want to see your friend?

[Jericho glances at Poet. She turns to the pack of Jackal-masked men and gestures sharply. Slowly, awkwardly the figures lift their arms and remove their masks revealing nightmares beneath.]

GM: What in the...?

[The faces are grotesque: gaunt, drawn and pale. The fans will recognize the vacant looks of Dirt Dog and Henri LeMarques. But the other five are three men and a woman. They've seen better days and happier times. Three of them have faded and torn yellow-and-black masks under the jackal masks; the state of these is enough to let us see the tormented and haunted facial expressions underneath. The fourth's dirty khakis and torn polo shirt is no worse than his empty, soulless expression.

But most shocking of all is the big guy who is vaguely recognizable as BC Da Mastah MC. It's the eyes. They're haunted as if some private Hell is playing over and over in what once were windows to the soul. And the mixed anguished growling, hissing and mewling of mouths that seem to always be chewing and biting. These were once men and a woman. Now they are something else. Jericho Kai smiles coldly.

Manny, in the meanwhile, goes white as a sheet. He is in shock, horrified by what he is seeing. All aggression is gone. He steps towards BC tentatively, unsure of how to approach this.]

JK: Where are your fancy words now, Manny? You believe that you can just come here and classify me? You think that I'm something out of your fancy learning books? Me? I have sat at the feet of Ra. I have sat at the feet of Sutekh. You dare tell me about my Gods? My Gods have given me gifts greater than your tiny brain could ever understand. Behold, Manny, your former friends, BC and the Hive, man. They're safe and sound. They're better than ever. I have recreated them! I have made them better, man.

[Imbrogno steps closer towards his friend who stares blankly at him. The mic has been lowered but the cameras are close enough to hear him address his tag team partner.]

"What... what did they do to you?!"

[There is no response from the Rotund Rapper but Jericho Kai speaks instead.]

JK: You wanted them back, man.

[Kai pauses, rubbing at his heart again.]

JK: Be careful what you wish for. They've come home.

[Imbrogno doesn't seem to even be listening at this point as he approaches his friend, slowly inching closer.]

JK: And you will be taken by the Jackals!

[Mr. Mensa's head snaps back, looking at Jericho Kai just before the Walking Dead - all of them - lurch forward in their strange, shambling gait, surging around Jericho Kai to come over Manny Imbrogno!]

GM: They're coming for them! All of them are coming for Mr. Mensa!

[Imbrogno catches an incoming Dirt Dog Unique Allah with a forearm smash, sending him stumbling back. One of the Hive members tries to grab him from behind but a stiff back elbow sends him falling back.]

GM: He's fighting for his life, fans!

[Mr. Mensa throws himself into a cartwheel, avoiding the other members of the Hive, throwing a thrust kick into the sternum of Charles S. Rant!]

GM: He's trying to-

[The much-bigger Henri LeMarques takes a wild swing at him but Imbrogno throws himself into a diveroll, ducking underneath it, popping back up to his feet...

...where BC Da Mastah MC comes to life, throwing a right hand to the ribs of his former tag team partner, knocking him to his knees - a blow that takes all of the fight out of Manny... not physically, so much as psychologically.]

GM: I can't believe it! Why, kid?! Why?! BC just turned on his own partner and I haven't got a clue why he did it!

[BC stands over Imbrogno who looks up helplessly at his friend, audibly asking "why?" before Allah and LeMarques grab his arms, dragging him down to the mat where all seven descend upon him, raining down fists, feet, and teeth.]

GM: Oh my God! Manny Imbrogno is being attacked by his friends!

BW: Gordo, I don't think you can be friends with a wild animal. He's being savaged like a zebra in the middle of a pride of lions!

GM: They're biting him! They're beating him to the mat and they're biting him! This is- this is terrible!

[With the onslaught continuing, Jericho Kai turns to face the audience.]

JK: You have all forgotten the Gods of Kemet. Me and my Walking Dead will force you back on the right path... or be taken by the Jackals.

Tonight, we feed again.

[Abruptly, the lights cut to black.]

GM: What the...? How in the world does he do that?!

[There's several long moments of a blackened arena, flashbulbs popping as people try to catch a glimpse through the darkness. When the lights finally come back up...]

GM: Dear god...

[Manny Imbrogno is in a heap on the canvas - scratched, bitten, and beaten. There are no signs of the Walking Dead... no sign of Poet... no sign of Jericho Kai.]

All that remains to show that they were even here is the motionless Mr. Mensa, the aghast faces of the crowd, and the song coming over the PA system.]

#This little light of mine I'm going to let it shine!
This little light of mine I'm going to let it shine!
This little light of mine I'm going to let it shine!
Let it shine! Let it shine! Let it shine! #

[We slowly fade to black.]

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

VOICEOVER: The home of champions.

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

VOICEOVER: The home of legends.

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

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

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

VOICEOVER: And now... to you.

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

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

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

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

VOICEOVER: Rated E for Everyone.

[As we fade back from commercial, we find Mark Stegglet at the interview platform.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time, one of the men potentially in the Fans' Choice Main Event this evening, rising rookie Derrick Williams!

[Williams enters the shot in the interview area, wearing gray warm-up pants and a gray "New England Wrestling Academy" T-shirt. He receives some applause as he waves to the crowd standing next to Stegglet]

MS: Now Derrick, you're out here to make your case for the Main Event tonight.

DW: Yes, that's right Mark, that's what I'm here for, but first, I need to address a couple things. First, I need to thank Supernova.

In a few short weeks, we head to New York City, my hometown, my favorite place in the world, into Madison Square Garden.

[Williams smiles.]

DW: You know, Mark... I spent my youth going to the most famous arena in the world to watch all the greats in this sport compete... and now? This year? At the AWA's biggest show of the year?

In front of my hometown and family, I get to compete on the AWA's biggest stage.

[There are some cheers that earns a nod from Williams.]

DW: And I have Supernova to thank for giving me the chance to Steal the Spotlight on his team. And what's even better, is that on the opposite side, is Joshua Barnes. Finally, in front of the world in the City that Never Sleeps, I'm going to get my hands on Joshua Barnes. It's been some time coming now, and I'm not going to waste this chance to put the bully in his place, and drive his spine through the mat.

[A bit of a cheer for that line, and Williams smiles, nodding]

DW: That's right, but on to more pressing matters. Tonight, I'm really out here to ask the fans to vote me into the Main Event tonight. I look at the lineup, and there are guys on my side that have been here longer, and guys on the other side that have been here longer, and guys that people think I wouldn't stand a chance against. But that's okay.

I've said for a while now that my mission is to prove myself. To go from that big fish in a small pond where I got my start and get myself rolling in the big leagues, proving I belong. And that's what I'm asking the fans for tonight. What I'm asking the fans for is a chance to prove myself. Yes, I've had a few wins here, but I need bigger. I need a big win against someone, someone the caliber of the guys in the voting pool tonight.

[Williams nods as he hears some more cheers.]

DW: What I'm asking the fans for, what I'm here to make my case for, is a chance. A chance to show the fans that I'm worth getting behind. A chance to show that I'm a wrestler that deserves to be here in the AWA and didn't get a contract because of who trained me. I'm asking the fans here to give me the same chance Supernova is giving me at SuperClash, a chance to Steal the Spotlight and show what I can do... to show that I can hang with the best AWA has to offer.

When I first came to the AWA, I promoted myself as the "Game Changer." And while I dropped that moniker, I still intend to prove that I am someone that can change the landscape of wrestling, and if you put me in the Main Event tonight, I intend to show just what my potential is. Thank you for your time, fans, and thank you Mark.

[Williams waves to the crowd after shaking Stegglet's hand, heading offset]

MS: Did the young rookie sway you to vote for him?

[A graphic comes up with the instructions to Tweet #derrickwilliams if you want to see the rookie in the Main Event.]

MS: It's an exciting night here in Dallas and you, the fans, can make it even more exciting as you select the two men to step inside that ring tonight in our Main Event. But right now, let's head back down to Phil Watson for more action!

[Phil Watson is standing by with a man dressed in a white, sleeveless top, with three large, black buttons down the front; loose, white patent leather pants and white boots. He also wears a ninja-like mask with an orange, carrot-like protuberance on the front.]

PW: The next match is scheduled for one fall with a five-minute time limit. Introducing first, from the Great White North, weighing in at 200 pounds...

COLD SNAP!

[Cold Snap does some martial arts-like flurry with his hands and throws a few snap kicks for good measure.]

PW: And his opponent...

"So, first of all, let me assert my firm belief that the only thing we have to fear is..."

BW: Uh oh!

[The arena lights dim, as FDR's voice is electronically distorted into a low growl.]

"Fear itself..."

[As the second movement of Ralph Vaughan Williams' Sixth Symphony, as performed by the Academy of St. Martin in the Fields, starts to play, a fog machine, or machines, sends a carpet of white smoke billowing across the entranceway. The Crockett Coliseum big screen comes to life with old war footage culminating in a mushroom cloud after the atomic bomb had been dropped on Nagasaki. Over this footage of the growing mushroom cloud, the voice of J. Robert Oppenheimer is heard.]

"Now I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds."

[In the dim light, shrouded in shadow and smoke, a masked, massive form emerges. Most of his face, save for the eyes, is obscured by the mask, which has a metallic finish, while a black hood covers the rest of his head. His thickly-muscled torso is bare and he has on a pair of black tights and black boots. Stepping out from behind the monstrous figure is Louis Matsui. The portly, bespectacled Asian leans in and says something to the larger man, at which point, he begins his advance to the ring.]

PW: Hailing from parts unknown, weighing in at 323 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by Louis Matsui, he is...

DEIIIIIMOOOOOOOSSS!!!

[As Deimos makes his way down the aisle, the smoke clearing before him, he pays little attention to the fans on either side. Following close behind, Louis Matsui's face betrays only the slightest hint of a smirk.]

GM: As Louis Matsui and his client make their way to the ring, let's hear from the manager with some comments recorded earlier!

[As Deimos and Matsui continue their advance to the ring, we get a picture in picture split screen that comes up to show the portly, bespectacled, and smirking manager standing before the AWA backdrop.]

LM: AWA... Here there be monsters! As we approach Halloween, rest assured that we will not be playing any tricks, nor will it be a treat for the poor soul who finds himself standing across the ring from the personification of terror himself!

They say that I overreached myself... By failing to curb MAMMOTH Mizusawa's obsession with Juan Vasquez... By failing to, um, manage Maximus' World title aspirations... By getting involved with the Wise Men... Maybe they're right. Which is why, my newest client and I are more than happy to bide our time... To wait for an opportune moment to strike...

Because like that sudden chill that raises the hair on the back of your neck, you don't always know when fear is upon you until you're too paralyzed to do anything!

[The split screen fades as Deimos steps over the ropes and into the ring. Matsui steps through the ropes, following his client, who heads directly to the far side of the ring. As the music fades, Deimos stands with his back to ropes. Matsui stands before him, seemingly in control.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Matsui steps aside and Deimos strides towards the center of the ring to meet the incoming Cold Snap, whose attempt at a collar-and-elbow is met with a knee to the midsection. He forces the smaller masked wrestler into the corner and lays into him with a back elbow.]

GM: Another back elbow! And another! Cold Snap is in trouble early on!

BW: Cold Snap is always in trouble, Gordo.

[Deimos follows the elbows with two more knees to the midsection, then whips Cold Snap into the opposite corner. He follows close behind with a clothesline, squashing the ninja snowman between a massive arm and the turnbuckles.]

GM: Deimos now stalking Cold Snap... Cold Snap is trying to use the ropes to pull himself up... Deimos building up a head of steam!

[Just as Cold Snap gets off the mat, hanging on to the top rope, Deimos throws himself into a crossbody, smashing all his weight into the back, knocking the martial artist over the middle rope!]

BW: And Cold Snap is hung out to dry across the middle rope, with all three hundred plus pounds of fear brought down upon him.

[Leaning down, Deimos drags Cold Snap up by the eyeholes in his mask, blasting him with a right hand to the side of the head, sending him falling back into the corner.]

GM: Deimos continues to assert himself physically in this one as he fires him across the ring...

[Cold Snap crashes into the buckles, staggering back out as Deimos lifts him up, and drops him down with a side slam!]

GM: Oh my! Big slam by the big man!

[The personification of fear tugs at his mask as he climbs to his feet, leaning down to drag Cold Snap up again as Louis Matsui can be heard shouting instructions from the floor.]

GM: He fires Cold Snap in... back body, no! He telegraphed it!

[Cold Snap pulls up, catching the doubled-up Deimos with a boot...

...but Deimos simply whips his head back, staring dead in the eyes of Cold Snap!]

BW: Uh oh! How's it feel to have fear staring daggers into your heart?!

[To his credit, Cold Snap rushes forward with a series of palm thrusts to the chest!]

GM: He's trying! You gotta give him points for-

[A vicious uppercut cuts off the flurry, actually causing the smaller man to flip in the air, twisting around before hitting the canvas.]

GM: Good heavens, what a right hand!

[Deimos stares out at Matsui who is cackling loudly at his monster's display inside the ring.]

GM: Deimos is absolutely dominant... and you have to wonder if Louis Matsui is going to be able to get his monster into the picture at SuperClash.

BW: Imagine this guy in Steal The Spotlight, Gordo.

GM: I wouldn't want to be on the opposing team if that happens.

[Dragging a limp Cold Snap off the mat, Deimos hurls him bodily into the buckles, causing him to stagger out into a standing big boot that nearly removes his masked head from his shoulders!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: That's gotta be it, Gordo.

GM: You certainly expect that it would be if he - or Louis Matsui - wanted it to be.

BW: With this monster in the midst, you have to wonder if 2015 is going to be the year of the Matsui Corporation.

GM: I would've thought you'd had your fill of predicting things like that after 2014 went so swimmingly well for the Shane Gang.

BW: I sense your sarcasm but the Lights Out Express were the World Tag Team Champions in 2014... Miss Sandra Hayes was a part of the most powerful entity in the history of this great sport...

GM: But Donnie White missed months with an injury... and most of all, Terry Shane failed to win the World Title. At the end of the day, the Shane Gang is in ruins and your prediction failed miserably.

BW: Maybe but I don't think it's a stretch to predict that Deimos is about to notch another victory on his belt, Gordo.

[Deimos reaches down and wraps his massive right hand around the neck of Cold Snap, pulling him to his feet. A shot of Louis Matsui has the bespectacled Asian holding his right hand up in the air, palm open, fingers curled slightly, as if he were palming a ball.]

LM: Deimos! DESTROY!!!

[Which Deimos does, as he places his left hand between Cold Snap's shoulder blades and lifts the ninja snowman from the Great White North off his feet...]

GM: Chokeslam! And Deimos drops down into a lateral press. He doesn't even need to hook the legs...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And Deimos wins another one! We heard Louis Matsui say that Deimos and he were willing to bide their time and wait for the right moment, but how long do you think Matsui can keep his newest monster's appetite for destruction under control? And how much patience does someone with Matsui's ambitions really have?

BW: I don't know how long the leash is, Gordo, nor how short Deimos' fuse might be, but I wouldn't want to be in the ring were Matsui to drop the leash or be caught in the middle of that explosion.

[Standing over the currently motionless body of Cold Snap, Deimos holds his right hand out for the referee to raise. He is soon joined by Louis Matsui, who takes his other hand and raises it, as we cut to...

The scene opens to a night sky. We pan down to see a campfire blazing. We zoom in and see that huddled around the fire is a boy scout troop with their scout leader, a thin man appearing to be somewhere in his mid-thirties. A red-haired boy to his left is speaking with a flashlight held in his lap, shining up onto his face to create a scarier visage.]

RHD: And then the emergency operator says to her... THE CALL IS COMING FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE!

[His fellow campers shout in fright, followed by applause and laughter. He hands the flashlight to his scout leader.]

SL: That was a scary one, Bobby. Okay, who wants to tell one next?

[Just then, a voice by now familiar to AWA fans speaks.]

"D"HF: Oh, may I?

[The kids gasp as the scout leader shines his flashlight... directly at none other than "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett, who has clearly been sitting in darkness this entire time.]

SL: Who in the--

"D"HF: Just a fellow traveler. And don't worry...

[Fawcett flashes a dark smile as he produces his gem, lifting it below his face as it seems to illuminate him with an eery glow.]

"D"HF: I brought my own light.

SL: I don't know who you are, but I think--

[Fawcett stares intently at the scout leader, lifting the gem towards him.]

"D"HF: I don't wish to harm you or your young charges, I don't even wish to steal their candy they pleaded their innocent neighbors for like a cadre of rancid beggars. I only wish...

[That dark grin again.]

"D"HF: ... to regale you with some frightful tales suitable for the holiday.

[The scout leader nods, seemingly entranced. Fawcett nods and brings the gem closer to himself.]

"D"HF: The only true question, is where to start? There are the young lovers that had a romantic evening cut short by troubling news reports of a hook-handed maniac on the loose. He brings his young lady home, only to bolt out of the car upon hearing her panicked screams as soon as she exits his car.

[Fawcett pauses, as the boy scouts lean in to learn of the young lovers' fate.]

"D"HF: Fortunately there was no need to console her, as all of her that remained was hanging on the door handle, in the form of a BLOODY HOOK.

[The children gasp in terror as Fawcett grins... and continues immediately.]

"D"HF: A favorite topic of mine is the way the primitive mind sees darkness as evil. How about a story that illustrates that wonderfully? Two young girls at college share a dorm room. One girl... let's call her Meg, is afraid of the dark.

[Fawcett glares at a pudgy blond-haired boy across from him.]

"D"HF: I know, she disgusts me as well. She pleads every night with her roommate to leave the lights on. Only one magical evening, she awakes in the loving embrace of darkness. She calls for her roommate, now engulfed in fright... but there is no reply. She scrambles for a light, finally finding a flashlight... much like the one held by your brave leader.

[Fawcett nods towards the scout leader, who still appears dazed and has yet to move an inch.]

"D"HF: She runs to her roommate, yelling at her to wake up. Still, there is no reply. She shakes her viciously. Again, no reply. She finally rolls the girl over and as she shines the flashlight in her eyes, she sees the reason. The girl is dead.

[The children gasp, but the good "Doctor" isn't finished.]

"D"HF: And as a coup de grace, she shines the light up on the wall... which the following helpful message has been scrawled:

AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU DIDN'T TURN ON THE LIGHTS?!

[The children now yell, holding each other and shaking violently with fear. Fawcett chuckles.]

"D"HF: Ah, but of course! These all pale in comparison to the true horror. Truly, the only thing that there is to fear. That which brings terror to men much bigger and stronger than any of you.

[That dark grin again, as Fawcett raises his gem high over his head... illuminating the woods behind him...]

KO: SQUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!!

[... revealing the hulking and terrifying presence of KING Oni. The children scream in terror, running away as fast as their short legs can carry them as Oni leans in for a closer view... snarling like a wild animal. He kicks an

empty lawn chair into the fire and sniffs at the scout leader, who still is dazed and unmoving.

"D"HF: Indeed, a story many would rather run screaming from than face. Tell all the tales you wish... the scariest monster of all...

[Oni picks up a pair of plastic jack 'o lantern-shaped tubs and begins shoveling the candy into his mouth, not stopping even to unwrap the treats.]

"D"HF: Is a KING.

[Fawcett nods approvingly at Oni, who continues to gorge himself on candy. We focus on the apparently comatose scout leader before fading out.]

As we fade back up, we find that "A New Game" by Tom Hedden is already playing, heralding the arrival of "First String" Frankie Farelli and Chastity Chamberlain. Just like two weeks ago, Farelli is decked out in his Ohio State letter jacket, with Chastity wearing Ohio State colors (red, cream, and white). The muscular blonde former offensive lineman is clad in his wrestling gear: 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. His voluptuous blonde cheerleader is bouncing around like a cartoon character, waving red-and-white pom-poms and cheering loudly. Not loudly enough to shout down the boos of the crowd, though.

As we cut in, Farelli is stepping through the ropes.]

BW: It's challenge time, Gordo. I've been waiting for this.

GM: As have I. Undoubtedly, Cesar Hernandez will be answering Farelli's challenge this week.

BW: We'll see about that. Hernandez is real brave beating up managers... it remains to be seen how brave he is with Frankie Farelli. He waited for Hugh Jenner to take the beating for him last week.

GM: That is not what happened! Anyway, let's go up to Farelli, much as I wish we didn't have to hear him talk.

[The Long Island native now has the mic, and his girl at his side, standing in center ring. He has acquired the house mic, and begins speaking in his loud, jocular tone.]

FF: Looks like the same bunch of losers are back from two weeks ago. You gotta be the only morons in the country that don't know that football's on!

[BOOOOO!]

FF: Boo?

[BOOOOOO!]

FF: BOO?!

[BOOOOOOO!]

FF: Oh! Oh, wait a minute, wait just a minute. You're all exactly right. You should boo. I did forget something.

[Frankie holds out his hands, and Chamberlain slides his Super Bowl ring on one hand and his NCAA National Championship ring on the other. And the boos get louder.]

FF: THERE you go. Now you're truly in the presence of something special. Well, I guess it's even more special here in Texas. NCAA National Championship rings aren't as hard to come by where I come from.

[BOOOOOOO!]

FF: You know, I was thinking of dressing up for Halloween. Zombies are all the rage. I'd dress up as a walking corpse, a dead thing that moves around but ain't really alive. I would have dressed up like that, but I couldn't bring myself to put a Longhorns jersey on.

[BOOOOOOO!]

FF: And...

[A trumpet fanfare interrupts Farelli, and the fans erupt for "Himno del Chivas de Guadalajara" (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Mr61JbHOyTo>). Immediately, Cesar Hernandez steps from behind the curtain, and starts jogging to the ring.

A tall, rangy, dusky-skinned man with voluminous shoulder-length black hair, Hernandez sports a grim expression as he jogs confidently down the aisle. It takes him little time to cover the distance to the ring, and he hops the rope, coming up in a big uppercut fistpump as the fans cheer. The clean-shaven Mexican bears the scars of years of battle, yet despite it all retains a handsome visage. He's wearing dark green trunks and boots (both of which are monogrammed with his initials), matching kneepads, and white wrist tape. His ring jacket is a very stylish one, with pleated sleeves and frills along the torso... it bears the color of his trunks, along with white and light green lining and trim.]

GM: So much for your claim of cowardice, Bucky!

BW: Bah.

[Farelli seems to think something is funny, and Chamberlain is outright laughing at Hernandez. Cesar notices this, and steps right in his personal space.]

CH: You think something is funny, Farelli? I came here to the AWA to face the best in the world and what I keep seeing is a lot of bullies... a lot of big talkers... a lot of guys who want to push around the people smaller than them.

[Hernandez shakes his head with disgust.]

CH: I am here to take your open challenge! Very soon, that smile will get wiped right off your face. And I have the sponge to do it right here, I promise you that!

[Cesar holds up a fist, but Farelli keeps smirking.]

FF: Once again, you're a day late and a dollar short. I guess all you wrestlers are cowards in the end.

CH: COWARD?! I am right here! Referee, ring the bell.

FF: Hold on right there a minute, rico. You ain't fighting me tonight.

[BOOOO!]

CH: Oh, then who is the coward?!

FF: You are. Because you waited until after somebody else accepted my challenge!

[The fans boo, as a wrestler with a solid wrestler's build and a garnet and gold singlet with white arrows crossed at the chest jogs out of the back down the aisle to the ring. He is pale white with a bushy brown baby fro. It is AWA preliminary wrestler Winston Jameson.]

FF: See, now this kid accepted my challenge as I was in the parking lot upon arriving here this week. The came up to me, and said "Mr. Farelli, I am a huge fan of yours. I only wish I was talented enough to play football, which is why I wear a Florida State unitard and try to pretend to be Jameis Winston. Can I at least be in the ring with you, so that my dream of competing against a real athlete can come true?"

CH: Is that what you said?!

[Cesar turns to Jameson, who shakes his head in the negative.]

FF: Of course that's what he said! I gotta give this kid credit for knowing his place, so I will make his dream come true tonight. First come, first served, rico. You snoozed and you lost, but I think you knew that. That's why you always come late. Typical pro wrestler. Big talk, and they try to fix things so they have an excuse. Get lost, taco lips!

CH: You will not be able to do this forever, Farelli. You're a fraud, and everybody knows it. Every week you hide from me, you show the people

that your words have no meaning. But you know, there is one thing I have to do. Something a man like you would not understand.

FF: Oh? Like what?

CH: I made a promise.

[*WHACK!*

BW: HEY!

GM: HERNANDEZ DECKED FARELLI! He wiped that smug smirk right off his face, just like he said he would! The fans going crazy, and Hernandez walking out of the ring!

BW: I told you he was a cheap shot artist!

[As the roar continues, Farelli gets up to his knees, and pounds angrily on the mat with one fist as his other hand cups his mouth. He stands up and stomps towards the ropes, calling Hernandez back in... but the Mexican veteran ignores him completely and walks to the back.]

GM: And that's what you do when a man is ducking you, Bucky! You make him want some and show him how it feels! If Farelli is any kind of a man, he won't stall Hernandez any longer!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: Why'd the bell... NO!

[The ringing of the bell stops Farelli briefly, as he is standing right up against the ropes facing out to scream at Hernandez. He looks around quizzically, trying to figure out why it rang... only for Winston Jameson to scoot behind him with a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: JAMESON WITH THE SCHOOLBOY! ONE! TWO! THREE...

BW: NO! He kicked out just in time!

GM: I thought he had it! Frankie Farelli completely forgot that his challenge meant there was a match and almost suffered the mother of all embarrassments!

BW: I thought Henrietta Lynch was the mother of all embarrassments. At least three that I know of.

GM: Jameson atop Farelli, with some forearms to the head! This kid is going for it, Bucky! I think Farelli trying to use him as an easy target may have fired him up!

BW: That's good, because you better get fired up when you get an opportunity in this sport!

GM: Farelli shoving him off... going to the three-point stance, but Jameson with a sunset flip! One, two... and again Farelli's lack of focus cost him!

BW: You gotta remember, daddy. He's a football player. He's used to starting plays from the three point stance. Jameson was offsides! That was a false start to hit him while he was in the stance!

GM: Jameson sending Farelli off the ropes, runs back... AND FARELLI STEAMROLLED HIM! HE SPEARED HIM OUT OF HIS PROVERBIAL BOOTS!

BW: You'd have to know that an NFLer would know how to spear a guy real good. And them spears on Jameson's tights are just askin' for it, too.

GM: And Frankie Farelli is incensed! After Hernandez decked him and Jameson almost embarrassed him... he's smashing Jameson's head into the canvas repeatedly. There is finally some real fire in this man's eyes, Bucky, but the person he should be angry at is himself!

BW: Even if he was, the person he should take it out on is his opponent. And he is.

GM: Farelli lifting up Jameson, scoop slam... no, he drops him neck first on the top rope! Jameson clutching his neck, and Farelli drops an elbow across the neck as well. And a second! A whole series of them!

BW: Oh, yeah, I'd say he's mad.

[After his fifth front elbow drop, Farelli stomps around the ring muttering to himself. Chastity is trying to lead a cheer:]

CC: BEAT HIM UP! BUST HIM UP! SIS BOOM BAH!
BREAK HIS BONES! SMASH HIS FACE! RAH RAH RAH!

GM: Frankie Farelli slowing the pace down to what he's comfortable with. Jameson tries to get to his feet, but is clotheslined back down by the powerful two-hundred eighty pounder out of Long Island, New York.

BW: Think he'll be at SuperClash, Gordo? It'd be a home crowd for him.

GM: That I do not know, but Farelli raking his bootlaces across the eyes of Winston Jameson. That is sheer spite there, and a display of anger by the "First Stringer". Farelli lifting up Jameson, and an Irish-whip sends him into the buckles.

[Immediately thereafter, Farelli turns to the crowd and yells that he's going to "break his pencil neck", and proceeds to try to do so with a vicious running palm strike! He connects with the forehead, snapping Winston's head back. The Floridian has nowhere to go, and he collapses to the mat cradling his neck and head in agony.]

BW: ZONE BLOCK!

CC: GIMME AN S! GIMME AN N! GIMME AN A! GIMME A P! WHAT'S THAT SPELL?!

[BOOOOOOOO!]

CC: NO, NOT BOO! YOU GUYS ARE STOOOOOOPID!

GM: Chastity Chamberlain making light of Winston Jameson's pain and suffering.

BW: She's a cheerleader, Gordo. Making light of the pain and suffering of unattractive men is what they do.

GM: Farelli picks up his man, and applies the bear hug. I think we all know what is next. Rushing into the corner... AND THERE IS THE BLITZ!

[Using the momentum from his sprint, Farelli bashes Jameson back-first to the turnbuckles in the bear hug, then overhead belly-to-belly suplexes him out of the corner. The fans react loudly with boos.]

BW: Like I said last time, that itself is finisher-level.

GM: But Farelli wants the Touchdown! He is up on the second turnbuckle, waiting for Jameson to rise.

BW: After the bombs he's taken, Jameson would be lucky to be able to rise. And probably unlucky to go through with it.

GM: Jameson is up...

[*WHACK!*

GM: ...AND FARELLI LEVELS HIM WITH THE _TOUCHDOWN_!

BW: Right with the bony part of the forearm, at the elbow. That's a KO shot, and Jameson ain't moving.

GM: There is your easy three count... Frankie Farelli picks up another victory, but one suspects it would not be that easy against Cesar Hernandez.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

PW: The winner of this contest... "FIRST STRING" FRANKIE FARELLI!

[Farelli raises an arm in victory, but instead of "A New Game", the next thing we hear over the PA is a voice. Cesar Hernandez is back, standing at the top of the aisle with a wireless mic. The fans cheer his presence.]

CH: Hey, Farelli! You said "first come, first served". Alright, fine. Since your match this week is over, I accept your challenge... for NEXT Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Huge cheers roar out as Farelli stomps the mat in anger and frustration.]

CH: Anybody beat me to it THIS time? No? Then you got two weeks, football player. You better call up Bill Belichick and hope he's got a real good gameplan for you, because when I am finished, you will never disrespect this sport again... and maybe all those OTHER bullies back in the locker room will learn a lesson too! Orale!

[Cesar turns and heads back behind the curtain as Farelli fumes in the ring. Chamberlain childishly sticks her tongue out and raspberries that general direction.]

GM: That's got to be it, then! Two weeks from tonight, Bucky, Frankie Farelli versus Cesar Hernandez.

BW: I've never wanted an outsider to embarrass our sport before, but I think I'll make one exception. Cesar Hernandez will never be able to show his face around those old timers like Blackjack. Heck, Jose Liriano would disown him. He'd have to hide his face in one of them luchadore masks, except the luchadores would hunt him down for that. This will be great!

GM: That is a gross exaggeration, but I feel that it is the relatively inexperienced Farelli who is in for a very rude awakening in two weeks. Fans, as we've talked about, you'll be the ones putting together this Main Event here tonight as you cast your vote for your favorites via Twitter... we're putting the graphic up now with all the hashtags for each competitor.

BW: The man doesn't know what a huracanrana is but he knows a hashtag. Unbelievable.

GM: Heheh... well, I may not be one of those techhie guys but I can read a script, Buckthorn. Right now, let's go over to the newest face on the AWA broadcast team, "Sweet" Lou Blackwell to yet another one of the men who will trying to get into this match - fresh off a huge win two weeks ago, one-half of Dichotomy... Matt Ginn!

[We go over to the interview platofrm, where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is 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 green polo shirt with a yellow Hyrulian crest symbol on the right chest and heavy wrist tape, which he's adjusting.

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

Shirt with "Schrödinger's Cat is Dead" on the front. The fans boo this duo as Blackwell begins.]

LB: Before we get started here... breaking news on a contract negotiation that the AWA has been working on for quite some time. What big name might be soon appearing in the Crockett Coliseum? Call the all new AWA Hotline, 1-900-505-5500, and I'll clue you in...

[Hoefner grabs the mic from Blackwell and practically explodes in his face.]

MH: SCREW YOUR HOTLINE! What kind of a dinosaur uses a 900 number in 2014 anyway?! Use an app like literally everybody else in the entire world!

[Ginn stands back, much calmer, with his hands behind his back simply waiting for his tag team partner to vent, and adding his own two cents as he does.]

MG: It is also infinitely more cost effective and profitable.

LB: Yeah, yeah, everybody's a critic, pal.

MH: Oh, that we know. We heard all the critics all year long. Up until we shattered Brian James' hand and sent him packing from the AWA.

LB: Well, I'll give you something straight from the Hotline, Mark Hoefner, Matt Ginn... Brian James will be returning to action in just a matter of days.

MG: Is he? I'm certain he would like to avenge himself. I know in point of indisputable fact that TORA would like the same. So let us perform an experiment, shall we?

LB: An experiment?

MG: A scientific test in which you perform a series of actions and carefully observe their effects in order to learn about something. An experiment. I was unaware that the term 'experiment' was too advanced for the common mind.

LB: I know what an experiment IS! What I want to know is what you're planning.

MG: Simple. I would like to see if the AWA fanbase really cares about Brian James and TORA.

LB: Of course they do. Those two young men get cheered worldwide, and certainly rank as two of the most popular in the AWA.

MH: That's the excuse the AWA gave when we demanded to know why those two bootlickers kept getting big match spots in front of us all summer. "Oh, they're so popular!"

MG: Let's find out. All of you fans listening to this, here is what you do. If you want TORA to get revenge for what we did to Brian James, simply vote us into the Main Event. TORA vs Matt Ginn. You vote via Twitter, and having seen Twitter content, I can verify that you don't need to be intelligent to figure out how to use it. If you really care that we shattered Brian James' hand, then vote for us. Vote for revenge. That IS what you want, correct?

But if you do not care about Brian James, and you consider it good riddance that he is gone, then do not vote for us. Feel free to vote for me if you wish, but you will be verifying that Brian James deserved to get his hand broken and that Mr. Hoefner and myself were justified to smash his hand to bits.

LB: Now, wait just a minute. Matt Ginn, you cannot be serious. There are quite a number of worthy options, and if the Fans Choice goes another way, it doesn't mean that...

MH: Yes, it does! Nobody cares about those two. Who you should care about are the true Number One Contenders, Dichotomy. We beat the Surfer Dudes, and we beat SkyHerc. Back to back. We were the real main event last Saturday Night Wrestling, and when Air Strike stops hiding, we'll be taking those World Tag Team Championships with us. But more likely, we'll have to go to Japan to get a title match after SuperClash. Whatever, we don't care.

MG: Indubitably. As for your statement about Brian James' alleged return, we have much to say about that, but now is not the time. Now, we make one simple statement. If you care about Brian James and/or TORA, vote for Matt Ginn and TORA in the Main Event. One way, I get a Main Event paycheck and the chance to rid us of a pest... and the other way, we have justification for the fact that those two feckless vagrants should have never gotten our spots on a card and thus should have been taken out. Either result agrees with us.

MH: And either way, whether it's tonight or not, the only way this ends is with TORA and James broken and gone.

[Dichotomy walks out to the boos of the crowd as Blackwell wraps it up.]

LB: Gordon Myers, I don't mind tellin' you, those two men don't sit right with me. One thing for sure... TORA would certainly love to get his hands on Matt Ginn tonight, so they do agree on at least one thing. Gordon, Bucky, back to you.

BW: TORA is, as we speak, hiding under a bench.

GM: Will you stop!

BW: He doesn't want revenge, daddy, he wants to make it out alive. When he ran out two weeks ago, it was because he figured Dichotomy and Strictly Business would go after each other and pay him no mind. But I guess we'll see what these fans think of them!

GM: That was just manipulation, Bucky. If the fans vote someone else in, it doesn't mean that they don't care about Brian James. That notion is a mind game being played by Matt Ginn.

BW: That's not manipulation, daddy, it's the scientific method of experimentation from an MIT graduate. Gordo, you don't have no college degree, so you can't contradict Matt Ginn about science. Either we see TORA vs Ginn or the fans hate Brian James.

GM: I won't even dignify that with further comment. Let's go back up to the ring for more action!

[In the ring, we see Phil Watson standing by with a wrestler with mid-length brown feathered hair with bleached tips, red trunks with a blue fish on the back, and blue pads and boots.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit!

Introducing, in the ring, from Fort Lauderdale, Florida... weighing two hundred twelve pounds... OSCAR REARDON!

[Reardon raises his hand to very little reaction. The opening to "Nomad" by Santana starts to play over the PA.]

PW: And his opponent... about to make his way down the aisle... from Montemorelos, Mexico... weighing in at two-hundred nine pounds... CASPIAN ABARAN!

[The crowd cheers as the music builds. When the famous guitar of Santana begins to play about fifteen seconds in, Caspian Abaran splits the curtain and jogs out to the approval of the crowd. A young Mexican man with deeply tanned skin and curly dark brown hair, Abaran's attractiveness draws some high-pitched cheers from the female supporters. Abaran's tights are a bright yellow, with intricate patterns intertwined in red and brown down both legs. His boots are red, and has similar intertwined patterns in yellow and brown. He also has wristbands, striped in red, yellow, and brown. Abaran raises his hands up in the air and does a twirl as he jogs to catch all sides of the arena.]

BW: This is one kid that has a lot to learn, Gordo. I think this whole grudge with Matt Rogers is a good thing for him, because he needs to see how a guy that size needs to operate to make it in professional wrestling.

[Quickly arriving at ringside, Abaran jogs down the apron and around to his left. He turns and spreads his arms out to the side, reaching them forward to acknowledge the crowd. The nimble luchador then backflips over the top rope into the ring, and proceeds to the opposite corner to greet the fans there.]

GM: I beg your pardon, Bucky. While he has great potential, "The Anarchist" Matt Rogers has accomplished nothing in this sport as of yet, and even he would acknowledge that much.

BW: True, but he has the right attitude. You gotta be mean. You gotta be cruel. When you're under two-forty, you have to compensate for that 'cause there are no weight classes in pro wrestling. It's the only combat sport where there ain't. So you need to go out there with a mindset that you're gonna take a piece out of a guy to be successful.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: I disagree wholeheartedly.

BW: Name one little guy who was a big star in this sport who didn't have a chip on his shoulder and fought with aggression.

[Abaran reaches out for a handshake. Reardon takes the handshake, and kicks Abaran in the gut to the boos of the crowd. Abaran doubles over in pain, but doesn't let go of the hand. He forcibly shakes Reardon's hand, and then armdrags him out of the handshake.]

GM: There is a huge difference between being aggressive and "taking a piece out of a guy"! What about this seems unaggressive to you? Two armdrags, make it three, and Caspian Abaran sends his man out under the bottom rope to the floor! Keep your eyes on Abaran!

[It's too early to spend time setting up a dive, and Abaran knows it. So instead of getting a running start, he broadjumps over the top rope, flipping into a somersault on the flatfooted Oscar Reardon. The crowd erupts for the display of athleticism as Abaran hits tailbone first in Reardon's chest, driving him down to the floor sitting on his chest.]

BW: It seems unaggressive because he waited for Reardon to kick him first. What if that was Rogers in there? As hard as he kicks, I can tell you there wouldn't've been any armdraggin', and the only flippin' Abaran would have done would be from knockback.

GM: Caspian Abaran lifting up Oscar Reardon and firing him back in the ring. Sportsmanship will always have a place in sports, Bucky, and Oscar Reardon's violation of sportsmanship has fired Caspian up! Abaran on the ring apron... SLINGSHOT INTO A FLYING MARE!

BW: That one was impressive, I'll give you that. The kid's an athlete and he can do some things that make you wonder how it was possible; he reminds me of TORA or current-day Manny Imbrogno. But neither of them remind me of guys like Matt Rogers, or even Skywalker Jones despite his recent fan-pandering... guys who can do things that drop your jaw but have the killer instinct to make it stick and do what it takes to win.

GM: Abaran with a headscissors... standing up with the headscissors. Transitioning into a stump puller! This is a punishing weardown hold that is capable of getting a submission, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, and you can apply it a few different ways. If you keep the legs straight, you can't lift them as high but you really brutalize the hamstrings. If you bend the knee, you can get the guy's feet almost up to his face and then you're stretching the back and the hips. You can do it one-legged to focus the pain on a side, and twist the ankle too. Super versatile hold, and Abaran's goin' the hamstring route.

GM: You can also fall back into a pinning combination... which is what Abaran has done! Very near fall!

BW: He's probably setting up the Solar Toilet.

GM: You mean the Throne Of The Sun.

BW: Same thing. That crazy half crab armbar thing that works the leg and the arm and the side... Mexican submissions can look weird, but they usually damage a lot of different parts at once.

GM: The lucha libre style is more than just daredevil flying, though Matt Rogers doesn't seem to know that or respect it much. Abaran with the headlock, and another armdrag... this time he maintains control of the arm and locks in an armbar. Driving a knee to the shoulder as he has his man on his back with the armbar applied. Very good technical work here by Abaran.

BW: But very... how do I want to say it?

GM: It will be derogatory, no matter how you say it.

BW: Milquetoast. That's the word. There is no aggression, no fire, no desire to hurt or injure the guy. You don't even got to break rules for this, Gordo, though that helps... but when you're a small guy you need that. Oh, he's giving full effort and doing good moves, and he'll beat this kid, I'm fairly sure. But you gotta be driven, you gotta be cruel, and I don't see that.

GM: Caspian Abaran drove seven knees into the shoulder while you were saying that he lacked the will to harm someone. If that's not harmful, I may as well go back to the beach in San Diego, because I clearly don't know what wrestling is.

BW: Nah. Though I admit, that does give me funny mental images. Ha ha ha!

GM: Abaran scooping Reardon in the fireman's carry, and dumping him on his back... leg drop on the arm as he kept it clutched.

[Now Caspian lets go and walks around the ring clapping his hands slowly and rhythmically. He gets some of the fans following his lead... clap, clap, clap... and then once they're going, he ducks down low, spreads his arms wide, and waits for Reardon (who is heavily favoring his left arm) to get back to his feet.]

BW: Well, he proved that Pavlov was right and that wrestling fans are easily conditioned, but he ain't proved you right y... WHOA!

GM: LEAPING LEG LARIAT JUST ABOUT DECAPITATED REARDON! He leapt point blank into Reardon's face with it, and that was as violent an impact as you could want, Bucky Wilde!

BW: If he could bottle that momentary resolve to hit somebody like that, maybe he could turn around some day.

GM: Abaran kicking it into high gear... off the ropes... HANDSPRING-OHHHH! And that will be all!

[A handspring into a moonsault has the crowd buzzing as the referee drops down to count once... twice...]

BW: NO! Reardon actually kicked out!

GM: Impressive staying power from the man from Fort Lauderdale. Bucky, Oscar Reardon normally competes in the Florida territory, but he's on family vacation in Texas, and getting a few matches in to stay sharp and gain experience as he's still a very inexperienced wrestler. That kickout showed that he may have the heart and fortitude to make it if he works hard.

BW: It also shows that he's dumb enough to think that wrestlers get to take family vacations. That's how we ended up with sixty-three Stench kids, Gordo!

GM: Abaran pulls up Reardon, and sends him into the corner... another leg lariat, but Reardon ducked!

[While the Floridian succeeds in diving out of the way of Abaran's corner leg lariat, the height that the former "Prince Of The Sun" gets lets him harmlessly swing his legs over the turnbuckle, deftly landing on his feet on the apron! The fans cheer for that display of athletic prowess, especially as Abaran follows it up by hopping back over the ropes, onto the second rope on the inside, and springs into a Tornado Facebuster to plant Reardon face-first to the mat with two handfuls of hair!]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: INCREDIBLE! Abaran just turned a missed high risk move into a possible knockout in amazing fashion... and he is following up by barring the arm with his legs! Bucky, you know what is coming!

BW: THE SOLAR TOILET!

GM: THE THRONE OF THE SUN! Not the Solar Toilet!

BW: Hey, you gotta admit, Reardon's chances just went down the drain. Ha! See what I did there?!

GM: The young Floridian hangs on, as the combination of the half crab and armbar is brutally punishing... but he has no choice but to tap out!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: That's all fine and good, but Matt Rogers ain't gonna end up in the Toilet that easy.

GM: Let's get the official word!

[The fans cheer the submission. Abaran breaks the hold immediately, does a forward roll that ends in him exploding up to his feet in a kip-up-like move, and raising both hands. Phil Watson makes the announcement.]

PW: The winner of this contest, by way of submission... CASPIAN ABARAN!

["Nomad" by Santana begins anew as Abaran makes a round of the ring, stepping on the middle rope and saluting the cheering crowd.]

GM: He'll have his chance, Bucky. His matches with Matt Rogers thus far have been tinged with controversy, but they will meet again with a special guest referee who won't stand for any of Rogers' nonsense.

BW: Not really fair on the part of the AWA to make matches that obviously favor one guy.

GM: It will be an impartial referee!

BW: No such thing.

GM: Mark Stegglet is standing by with Caspian Abaran. Mark, over to you.

[Just as we saw at the last Saturday Night Wrestling, we have a "post-match ringside promo" as Stegglet is ready to interview Abaran as he leaves the ring.]

MS: Caspian Abaran, congratulations on an impressive victory.

CA: Thank you, Mr. Stegglet. That man was very tough, he took some good shots to put him down.

MS: Well, you have a much tougher test ahead as you'll be facing Matt Rogers in several untelevised events through the next month. This time with a special guest referee.

CA: I cannot wait! Mr. Stegglet, that man has no respect. Not for anybody. He hates to be told what to do, he hates all of the world society. But he hates everyone. He is an evil person. He blames the whole world for everything. He blames rules, he blames laws, because he can't do whatever he wants. And when he fails, he blames somebody else. Everyone is the scapegoat for him.

That is why I want to beat him so clean that he could never blame anything. He will have to know that something was his fault! That is the worst thing for a man like him. The guest referee is supposed to be someone tough who he can't bully or knock out. I don't know who it is, but I put my trust that the AWA wants a fair match.

MS: I'm sure that... hey!

[The fans boo as "The Anarchist" Matt Rogers saunters down the aisle with a smug look on his face. Rogers has pale skin, long black hair, a mustache, and pointed goatee. He is slight of build, is wearing long black tights with a red circle-A anarchist symbol on each leg, black ankle supports, and heavily taped wrists, forearms, and fingers. Over his torso, he wears 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. Predictably, Abaran is angry to see him.]

CA: What are you doing here?! This is my time!

MR: You might've heard, but I don't care about the rules. I came here to give you a warning. I came to warn you that your little ploy won't work. I know you begged the AWA to get you a referee that would help you even more than the normal ones. Every time we fought, you saw that your puke-a libre can't match up to real wrestling.

CA: Is that why you lost to me in El Paso and Galveston?!

MR: It was the re...

CA: STOP BLAMING! You can't do nothing yourself, can you? You blame the referee when you lose... you can't admit that I am better than you!

[Now Rogers has gone from smug to irate.]

MR: Listen here, dirtball. You might be good at what you do, but I'm better at what I do, and what I do is better than what you do. And suddenly they're sending some mystery man in to keep us from finding out who is better, instead of leaving out the middleman altogether. That's what they SHOULD have done. If you think otherwise, then maybe you should go to the AWA like I did and tell them you don't want a referee for our match, or just one who will do nothing but call for a bell when it's over.

CA: You are sick! Maybe you forgot what wrestling is, but it's a sport with rules, not a bar fight. Fighting proves nothing but who can get to a bottle first to swing it. If you want to show skill, you do it the way we all do it. I am done talking to you. The next time I have a message for you, it will be body language. And the referee will be there to see that the language stays clean!

[Abaran storms off, and Rogers glares after him. He then glowers at Stegglet, who is about to wrap up.]

MR: What're YOU lookin' at?

[Knowing Rogers' violent tendencies and disrespect for authority figures, Stegglet wisely backs away. The fans boo Rogers as he exits.]

GM: That escalated quickly. Matt Rogers has no respect or couth.

BW: He don't need it. He has ability, and he has the mean streak. Abaran's only got one of those, daddy.

GM: Fans, if that matchup comes to an arena near you, you will not want to miss it just like how NO ONE will want to miss the annual Steal The Spotlight showcase at SuperClash VI just over a month away. Earlier tonight, our own Mark Stegglet caught up with one of the competitors in that match... a conversation that turned quite heated. Let's go to that footage right now...

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where Mark Stegglet is standing backstage alongside Terry Shane III.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, I am joined at this time by the former Leader of the Shane Gang, Terry-

TS3: Is that really necessary, Mark? I understand the nature of your profession and that in order to uphold your contractual obligations and eventually have them renewed in your favor begs a certain, how should I put this?

[Pause.]

TS3: Pizzazz. However, I need you to understand me for a moment and my position. I am at a crossroads so to speak, or at least that is the only title that has been bestowed upon me despite my efforts. Infused into the middle of a battle of morality against the greater good of my well being.

MS: You must be talking about your exchange with Bobby O'Connor?

TS3: Must I?

[Stegglet nods.]

TS3: That is the answer you are going to stick with?

[Stegglet pauses, nodding a little less assure this time.]

TS3: Then you would be sadly mistaken. I am talking about my partners at SuperClash, Mark. Bobby O'Connor and his naïve pursuit of purifying this sport with his boy next door charm and go get em' attitude is both refreshing and unnerving. Part of me wants to rally behind his admirable speeches and merit and lock my charming antics and misunderstood behavior in a box and bury it in Blackjack Lynch's backyard with some of the darkest skeletons this sport has ever seen...

...and the other part of me wants to punch him in the mouth, and I guess that's the brotherly relationship that we have. However, it has become distinctively clear that the bond we once had cannot be repaired with a band-aid and a handshake. It could take weeks, months, even years. Unfortunately, I do not have that kind of time to spare.

MS: So you're saying that you have no intention to mend your relationship with Bobby O'Connor?

TS: You are an exceptional speaker, Mark...but a horrible listener. I never said or suggested such a thing. What I am saying is that in one month's time an opportunity awaits me. An opportunity that only presents itself once a year on the greatest stage of them all. Steal the Spotlight. In order to survive I must rely on a team that to put it delicately...

MS: Called you a few rungs short of a ladder?

[Shane's eyes dart to Stegglet and his stare freezes.]

"I believe what I said was, "unpredictable.""

[Into the shot strides Johnny Detson and Calisto Dufresne. Detson is wearing black pinstripe slacks with a light blue buttoned down shirt. Next to Detson stands former AWA World Heavyweight Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. As always, he's impeccably dressed, wearing a navy blue suit with brown Oxford shoes and a white dress shirt unbuttoned one too many buttons. His blond hair spills over his shoulders.]

TS: I believe you said I was a "lunatic screaming into the wind."

[Detson shrugs.]

TS: You would be right on both counts, Johnny. I have been a bit off my rocker as of late, being strung around by the neck and fed to the masses as a pawn is not something I expected for myself as I had grown quite accustomed to positioning the pieces as I saw fit. I felt used. Betrayed. Abandoned.

But I also felt privileged. Honored. Relieved. Because the moment people stop plotting against you, the moment nobody mentions your name, is the moment you become irrelevant in this business, Johnny. Not a day passes without someone mentioning my name, whether good or bad, and every time my name falls from their lips it is one time that they are not talking about you and I know that drives you insane. I know it eats you up inside because you want nothing more than to be the at the top of this company with that World Title wrapped around your waist. You know, he knows...

[He motions to Dufresne.]

TS: ...that in order to get to the top of the mountain you need help. Calisto had Royalty. Supreme Wright has his minions. Even Dave Bryant needed

Marty Meekly the second time around. You think you can get there without my help at SuperClash, Johnny?

Then be my guest. Find a replacement. Find someone that you personally have not betrayed or stabbed in the back, if there is anyone left, and give them my spot and see how far you get. I have been in the ring with Sharif, I have battled through life with Bobby O'Connor. I know and you know that when the spotlight shines brightest that Terry Shane does not disappoint.

[Even a hint of his usual, deliberate cadence is an improvement.]

TS: Or don't. I have only the most nebulous idea of what fifteen-minute promotion you will end up in after another year comes to an end with the title around Supreme Wright's waist and you not getting a crack at it. The man who has almost this powerful, malignant presence guiding his every move – some preordained force that carries him like a tide to greatness. But I digress.

Maybe, it is just... that you are not as cunning or crafty as a competitor like him, Johnny.

[There's the good old arrogance which doesn't sit well with Detson who motions towards Shane but is stopped, for the moment, by Calisto Dufresne.]

TS: But make no mistake. I want what you want.

[He turns to Calisto.]

TS: And what you once had. I am certain you are only too aware of the forces that come into play, the split seconds, that separate champions and conquerors from the dishwater filth that is absorbed back into the deepest pits of this intrepid world and never seen from again. This is a statement of fact, Johnny. Do not confuse this with the kind of bragging an angry man does after he puts his his nemesis through a windshield. The only thing that has stopped me from maiming a man like Hannibal Carver was happenstance. That is it.

So I may be unpredictable. I may scream and shout. I may carry an aura of mad or lunatic or uncertainty. And frankly...

...I just do not care.

I have spent years learning to channel these titanic impulses. And sometimes... just sometimes... I can get them to work for me. When they do?

That is exactly the kind of man you standing on your side. But at the end of the day there is only one man whose opinion matters. One man who can and will decide whose fate he wants his hands in. Not him [gesturing to Dufresne], not mine, but yours...

[Teeth-gritting.]

TS: ...Captain.

[Shane walks off and Detson lets out an exasperated sigh, turning to Dufresne. Wide eyed and bewildered he overdramatically points to the spot where Shane just stood.]

JD: YOU SEE!

CD: He's right, you know.

JD: Maybe.

[Detson looks at the spot where Shane just stood and then in the direction he walked off and frowns.]

JD: That's probably what I don't like about this.

CD: Look, Johnny, there's nothing we can do about him being on the team. He's a wild card, we know that. Unpredictable. But maybe we can use him. That chip on his shoulder is liable to tip him over, but so long as we're not on that sinking ship with him, why not harness it?

[A shrug from Dufresne.]

CD: Anything that we can do to get Johnny Detson to the top of the world, eh? There's no denying the guy's talent. If we can keep him pointed over at that painted up freak and his goons, we should be in good shape.

You've got Calisto Dufresne in your corner, Johnny. The dirtiest player in the game. Any move Terry Shane tries, I'm three moves ahead. You don't need to worry about him.

Not at all.

[Detson turns and eyes Dufresne suspiciously for a moment. A smirk forms on his face as he nods in agreement and we fade to black.]

The shot opens to an overhead view Madison Square Garden, as a voiceover speaks over top.]

"Madison Square Garden. The World's Most Famous Arena.

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

In just a few weeks, the home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

[Cut to a billboard in Times Square with the SuperClash logo, Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez on either side.]

"But years before the World's Most Famous arena hosted The Wrestling World's Biggest Event, it was the proving ground for men who became legends in the world of professional wrestling..."

[Cut to a sold out Madison Square Garden, on their feet and cheering as a bulky, bloody Italian kneels in the middle of the ring, clutching a title belt...]

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

[Now the shot switches to another hot Garden crowd, chanting and cheering as a Hispanic man does a modified Ali Shuffle, taking his ring jacket off as he hops in place...]

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

[Finally to the hard camera shot at MSG, as a thick man in fatigues waves the red, white and blue in the center of the ring, a bloodied opponent lying in the corner and a thin, bespeckled manager having a tantrum as he enters the ring...]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

[The magnificent Hawaiian Hercules, Kai Alana, is introduced to the MSG crowd for the first time, as the ring announcer shouts his name, with the voiceover speaking over top...]

"And now their stories can be told."

[To the clips: tag teams fighting in a cage, "Handsome" Jimmy Myers posing on the top rope, the inimitable Andre Price standing with taped fists, Bucky Wilde and "Pitbull" Billy Arnold being escorted to the ring by riot police, the historic staredown at the Last Fight In Philly...]

"Featuring over three hours of never before seen interviews..."

[Cut to present day Bucky Wilde, tie loosened and looking visibly anxious as he reminisces.]

BW: I was just a kid, and I was getting in fights on my way TO the ring. Every night. Every time we went to Boston, I quit the business. Billy's hair started to fall out...

[Cut to Blackjack Lynch, letting off a rare smile.]

BJL: I hadda get in there, but I knew I couldn't use my name. If my bosses had heard that Blackjack Lynch wrestled in the Garden, they'd'a fired my ass before I left the state. But it was just too good to pass up...

[To Colt Patterson, dress shirt open at the collar.]

CP: Kai Alana was a freak of nature, man, people were in awe from the word go. When he came to town, you couldn't get a ticket. He outdrew the Rolling Stones.

[To a shorter man with a thick bush of black hair, wearing glasses, but curiously, a shirt with no sleeves. The name "Phil Darling" flashes on the screen.]

PD: Bruno refused to even get in the building. He wanted his money. My dad had to go to the bank and empty his safe deposit box, and Landon had to hawk one of his ridiculous gold bracelets. They never spoke after that night...

[Cut to a shot of two men standing in a cage, in the middle of old Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia, as the voice over returns.]

"...and some of the most famous matches ever seen on the East Coast. Available for the first time ever on DVD and Blu-Ray, and digitally remastered for quality, now with alternate commentary."

[Back to the clips, as the great "Soul Man" Andre Price addresses the Boston Gardens crowd.]

BW: There's only one thing I know that's for sure in this life, baby.

Pain is temporary. Glory fades... but legends never die.

[Cut to a sped up view of various matches taking place in the Garden, Spectrum and Boston Gardens, as the hook of "Cold Hard Bitch" by Jet plays... and then abruptly the screen goes to black, except for these words...]

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade to black.]

As we fade back up to a panning live shot of the Crockett Coliseum, "We Hold On" by Rush suddenly starts up over the loudspeakers, eliciting loud cheers from the Dallas faithful. And the cheers only get louder as the AWA Television Champion Tony Sunn starts to walk down the aisle. Sunn has his dark blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail, is wearing a navy T-shirt and faded blue jeans, has the Television belt draped over his left shoulder and is carrying a microphone. Though he slaps the hands of the fans here and there, it's clear that the Ithaca native has things weighing on his mind.]

GM: The Television champ is here!

BW: [dryly] Oh joy. Wake me when it's over, will ya, Gordo?

GM: Bucky, the fans have fully embraced Tony Sunn as one of their own in these past months.

BW: Yeah, and considering how they've embraced the Stenches, if I was Sunn I'd take a long hot bath with a wire brush to scrub the shame off me afterwards! But that meathead is too thick to know it!

[By this point, Tony has climbed the ring steps and stepped through the ropes. He paces around the canvas, jaw clenched and eyes burning with resolve. Finally, Sunn pauses and brings the mic to his lips to speak.]

TS: Shadoe. Rage.

[The name of his rival spills out of Sunn's mouth with almost a snarl. The tenor of the crowd echoes with shared disgust towards the Canadian madman. Tony Sunn shakes his head, scowl etched deep into his face.]

TS: Week after week, you've been out here screaming and ranting about me. And, if it was only me, I'd keep on ignoring you! But you've also subjected the fans here to all sort of abuse. You've attacked referees and wrestlers alike! And just last week you YET AGAIN crowed about nearly destroying a man's career!

BW: But...but he gave me money!

GM: He also stripped down to his skivvies, Bucky.

BW: I choose to focus on the positive instead, Gordo.

GM: Regardless of what you call it, it also led to what we're told is sort of an... unofficial suspension for Shadoe Rage who was sent on a tour of Mexico to compete in SouthWest Lucha Libre's Dia de los Muertos tour along with a few other AWA competitors to keep him away from the Crockett Coliseum this week.

[Sunn continues.]

TS: This has gone beyond you just wanting my title, Rage. I could have had empathy with what Donnie White pushed you to, but you took it too far! I tried to appeal to your common sense but you willingly chose to embrace the lies of Percy Childes TIME AND TIME again! You wallow in self pity and have constantly insulted and disrespected EVERYONE here in the AWA by your puerile actions!

[Sunn's body flexes with tense anger, barely controlling his fury.]

TS: No...NO MORE! You want to keep being the mad dog?! Then I'm MORE than willing to finally put you down for GOOD!

[He raises the Television Title belt high over his head.]

TS: SuperClash VI. Madison Square Garden. One final time between you and me, Rage! You want me so badly?! I'm THROUGH putting up with all your crap! I'm right here -- and I'm NOT going anywhere!

[The Dallas fans go nuts at the challenge being thrown down by the Television Champion. Tony lets the mic drop, climbs one of the turnbuckle and thrusts both hands in the air, bellowing "YEAH!" as he feeds off the crowd's energy.]

GM: Some passionate words from the Television Champion!

BW: More like cowardly if you ask me! He knows all too well Shadoe Rage ain't here tonight!

GM: Tony Sunn is no coward, Bucky. He's always been a fighter and he's standing up for the fans!

BW: Yeah well, we'll see how quickly he changes his tune once that nutcase Rage hears about this!

GM: Fans, hopefully we'll get an answer to this challenge before we go off the air tonight but right now, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet! Mark?

[Crossfade back to the locker room where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time... the son of the Outlaw... Wesley Taylor!

[A young man steps in from off-camera. He's in a black AWA polo with the logo stitched in red right over his heart. Blue jeans finish off the ensemble. There is no sign of the Stetson hat or cowboy boots that his father so often wears. Taylor is smiling as he approaches Stegglet, greeting him with a big handshake before running the same hand through his shoulder-length dirty blonde hair.]

WT: Thanks for having me, sir.

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: No need to call me "sir", Wesley. We've known each other a long time.

[Taylor sheepishly nods.]

MS: But a lot of these people out there... they DON'T know much about you. In fact, there a lot of people - longtime fans of the wrestling business - who only remember you as a little boy on camera during some of your father's biggest battles in the EMWC days.

[Stegglet gestures up and down at the well-built young man.]

MS: Obviously you've changed a lot since then. Now, from what we talked about recently, I understand that you graduated from college last year.

[Taylor nods before realizing Stegglet wants him to speak.]

WT: Oh, yeah... yeah, I went to Arizona State on a football scholarship.

[Taylor stops as Stegglet nudges him.]

MS: I understand that you were two time All-American at linebacker while you were there.

[Taylor again sheepishly grins.]

WT: Yeah, I did alright, I guess.

MS: You did a bit better than alright, Wesley. Your father tells me that you actually were in training camp with the Arizona Cardinals.

[Taylor again runs the hand through his hair, looking down at the ground. He turns slightly towards the camera and we catch a glimpse of some kind of marking on the back of his neck before his hand covers it up.]

WT: Yeah, I was... got hurt though. Got hurt and got cut.

[The young man nods again, punctuating the simple statement.]

MS: And since then?

[Taylor looks up again.]

WT: Well, when I got cut, I went back home to live with my mom. Kinda kicked around there for a while, gettin' into trouble, stupid kid stuff, you know? Finally, she sent me to go live with Pops for a while.

[Taylor grins.]

WT: It doesn't take much for Pops to get riled up. So, after a few "what are you going to do with your life" fights, I asked him for the one thing I knew

he wouldn't want to give me. Honestly, it was the one thing that I thought would make him so mad, he'd give up and let me just mope like I wanted to.

MS: Which was?

[A chuckle.]

WT: I asked to go to the Corner... to follow in his footsteps. Pops never wanted me to be a wrestler... hated the idea of it actually... still does truth be told even though Mr. Shaw says I'm... what's he say? "Not completely useless inside the ropes."

[Stegglet and Taylor both laugh at that.]

WT: So, I've been training there for a while now. My dad wanted me to start coming to some of the shows, get to know everyone, put up the ring, you know... pay my dues like he did. I was supposed to be watching the show in the back but I saw someone duck out of their ringside seat early on to take a phone call and I made my move.

MS: Which brings us to two weeks ago and the incident with Tony Donovan.

[Taylor grimaces, nodding.]

WT: Look, Mister Stegg... Mark... I've known Tony since we were kids. Our dads are... you don't make many friends in this business, Pops has told me that for years... but he considers Robert Donovan a friend. So, yeah... I've known Tony forever. We've hung out at shows in LA... in South Laredo... we've gotten in the ring and messed around to make the boys laugh.

MS: Would you call him a friend?

[Taylor winces.]

WT: I don't know if I'd go that far, Mark. He's always been a bit...

[Taylor's words trail off.]

WT: Well, anyways... I don't know what his problem was with me two weeks ago and I don't know what his problem with me is now. He says he wants an exhibition match with me...

[A shake of the head.]

WT: Coach Shaw says I ain't ready for that. So, no... no match.

[Stegglet nods solemnly as a grin breaks out on Taylor's face.]

WT: But if he wants a fight...

[Taylor holds up a fist.]

WT: ...then that I can give to him.

MS: Hold on, are you telling me that you accept Tony Donovan's challenge for right here tonight?!

[Taylor smirks... looking way too much like his father for a split second.]

WT: I'm sayin' that if he wants to go, I'm goin' to do Mr. Shaw and my Pops proud tonight.

MS: Wesley Taylor, fans...

[Taylor shakes his head, growing more confident with every word he speaks.]

WT: Oh, and Mark... it's Wes. Wes Taylor.

[Stegglet nods as Taylor walks out of view.]

MS: Wes Taylor has accepted the challenge and if it's a fight that Tony Donovan was looking for, the son of the Outlaw is ready to oblige! But right now, let's go back down to the ring for more action!

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

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from Jacksonville, Florida, and weighing 207 pounds... this is ALLEN ALLEN!

[Allen arrogantly flicks his shoulder-length blonde hair, a smirk on his face.

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.]

BW: Oh great... not the guy that somehow escaped Arkham.

GM: The Joker isn't wrestling tonight, Bucky.

BW: Hey, I'm the one who does the one liners around here, Gordo!

[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: His opponent is from parts unknown and weighs 270 pounds, this is... THE GLAAAAAADIAAAAAATOOOOOOORRRRR!

[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 there he is... The Gladiator has been on a roll since he arrived in the AWA.

BW: How did he even get past the applicant screening process? I thought we had protocols in place to make sure the mentally unstable didn't get jobs here!

GM: Bucky, this man may have some strange ways, but there's no denying his talent. And besides, our first World Champion was James Monosso.

BW: Monosso was crazy but this guy? He's nuts, Gordo! Look at him talk to the ceiling again!

[As the bell rings, Gladiator is indeed looking and reaching skyward... but that changes as Allen Allen walks up to him and starts talking trash.]

GM: And this may not be the wisest decision on Allen Allen's part.

BW: What does it matter, Gordo? Allen speaks perfect English, so it's not like Gladiator will understand him!

[Gladiator's eyes are merely locked on Allen, whose remarks are now being picked up by the camera.

"You're nothing, pal! You got no chance!"

Then Gladiator gets a crazed look in his eyes, starts shaking a bit, then raises his arms at Allen, growling loudly as now the blonde wrestler suddenly backpedals into the corner.]

GM: I think he understood him enough, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, like a dog understands commands, but gets into the garbage can anyway.

GM: Gladiator advancing... and Allen with a punch!

[Bravely or stupidly... you decide which... Allen begins firing off a series of forearms and punches, but none of it seems to affect the Gladiator, who flinches at times, but keeps turning back, shaking some more.]

GM: Look at this... Allen with a series of shots but none of it fazes this man!

BW: Well, of course, Gordo... you got a smaller man trying to brawl against a bigger man. Of course, it helps when the bigger man has a tiny brain and can't tell when he's being hurt!

[As Allen continues to flail away, Gladiator suddenly responds with a hard right of his own, causing the blonde wrestler to stagger back. Another right, then a third, further rocks Allen, who is backed into a corner, as Gladiator delivers a hard chop.]

GM: Gladiator grabbing Allen by the arm... there's a whip to the opposite corner...

[As Allen crashes into the turnbuckles, the Gladiator charges in with a hard clothesline, causing Allen to slump into the corner.]

GM: What impact! Allen had nowhere to go!

BW: And there he goes talking to the ceiling again!

[Indeed, Gladiator is reaching and looking skyward, and some of the fans are responding positively.]

BW: And there's people cheering this?! Did other people escape from Arkham, too?!

GM: I don't think Two-Face or The Riddler are here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Stop making jokes at my expense, Gordo!

[Gordon chuckles as Gladiator turns back to Allen, who is slowly getting to his feet. Gladiator pulls Allen up the rest of the way, then hoists him up to the side and drops him down with a side slam.]

GM: Side slam by the Gladiator! What impact!

BW: And off the ropes he goes... and he's not stopping!

[Well, not at first... Gladiator leaps over Allen before coming off on the rebound, dropping an elbow across the chest.]

GM: Elbowdrop connects! Looks like Gladiator wanted a little more momentum behind the move.

BW: Or he got lost on the way!

[Gladiator now turns out to the crowd, some of them cheering, and then raises his arm above his head, as if soaking in the adulation, before turning back to Allen.]

GM: Gladiator brings Allen up again... he backs him into the ropes...

BW: There's the Irish whip... what is he gonna do now?

[Gladiator catches Allen off the ropes, spinning the smaller wrestler around in front of him, before bringing him to the side and driving him down with another side slam.]

GM: Tilt a whirl slam! Allen has got to be out of it!

BW: OK, I admit I'm impressed with that move.

[Gladiator now turns to the crowd, then makes the overhead press motion with his hands, and more of the fans cheering in response.]

GM: Gladiator bringing Allen to his feet... what is he going to do now?

BW: He's pressing him overhead, Gordo! I think we know what comes next!

[Gladiator effortlessly presses the smaller Allen overhead, holding him up briefly, before suddenly dropping him and catching him over the shoulder.]

GM: Overhead press into a powerslam! Oh my!

BW: That's gotta do it!

[The Gladiator covers Allen, and the referee delivers the three count, with the Gladiator nodding his head with each count.]

GM: Another impressive victory for this young man! Let's get the official word.

[The fans cheer as Gladiator rises to his feet, allowing the referee to raise his arm in victory.]

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

[Gladiator then starts reaching and looking skyward, before ducking between the ropes.]

GM: And only time will tell what will be in store for the Gladiator...

BW: Hold on, Gordo... he's coming over here! Keep the maniac away!

[Indeed, Gladiator has approached Gordon and Bucky, and he begins to motion at Gordon, as if he wants to talk to him.]

BW: Be careful, Gordo... no telling what the voices in his head will tell him to do to you!

[Gladiator briefly casts his gaze at Bucky, grunting under his breath, as Gordon approaches Gladiator.]

GM: Well, Gladiator, we certainly welcome you to the AWA... I take it you have a few words to say to all the fans?

[Gladiator raises up a finger as he speaks.]

G: Gordon Myers, you are one of the few in these parts who knows the meaning of glory, valor and honor, and you are considered most worthy by the gods I answer to, to be the one who will hear and deliver the messages that I bring to all the people here! I have already made it be known that I am keeping a close eye on SuperClash, on what may transpire, so that I can be ready to answer the call of Jupiter and Juno and move forward on whatever path happens to be before me!

GM: Well, Gladiator, there is a match called Steal the Spotlight and spots are still open... have you considered putting your name into consideration?

[The Gladiator's voice starts to rise as he speaks.]

G: There are those who wish to seek a spotlight for whatever reasons they may have, but none of them are the reasons the Gladiator seeks at this particular moment! For Mercury has delivered the message to me that such an undertaking is not where my destiny awaits me, but I have been assured that I will know, when the time is right, what encounter may lay before me and who among the scoundrels I shall be vanquishing from the face of the planet!

[At this point, Bucky Wilde comes forward... perhaps bravely, perhaps because he's just annoyed.]

BW: What are you even talking about?! Mercury delivering a message... you have got to be....

[Bucky is interrupted as Gladiator turns in his direction and then...]

G: SNORTsnarlSNORT!

[...that happens, causing Bucky to take a step back. Gladiator now really raises his voice as he address Bucky.]

G: YOU ARE A NORMAL, YOU DO NOT DESERVE TO SPEAK IN SUCH TONES, MUCH LESS STAND IN THE PRESENCE OF GORDON MYERS AND MYSELF, AND YOU CAN NEVER HOPE TO UNDERSTAND THE THINGS THAT I HAVE ENCOUNTERED IN MY TRAVELS!

[He growls in Bucky's direction, causing the commentator to take a couple more steps back. He then turns back to Gordon, his voice still just as loud, even catching Gordon a bit off guard.]

G: YOU, GORDON MYERS, CAN BE ASSURED THAT THE GLADIATOR WILL BE AT SUPERCLASH, AND AT THAT TIME, THE QUESTIONS THAT YOU HAVE, AND THAT I STILL HAVE FOR THE MOMENT, SHALL BE ANSWERED! AND WHOEVER THE SCOUNDREL MAY BE, HE WILL COME TO KNOW WHO IS THE UNSTOPPABLE FORCE RUNNING THROUGH THE AWA, AND THAT WOULD BE...

[He looks skyward as he raises his arms.]

G: THE GLAAAADDDIATOOOOOORRRRRR!

[Gladiator then walks off, growling and arms raised, as he heads to the back. Gordon then turns to Bucky, who rejoins his broadcast partner.]

GM: Are you done provoking people from this point forward, Bucky?

BW: Provoking? That man looked like he was gonna snap at any minute! And he thinks there's a problem with me being normal?

GM: I think you need to quit digging yourself into a hole any further, Bucky. So, we now know that The Gladiator will NOT be joining the Steal The Spotlight showcase but one man who we know WILL be in that match is Joshua Barnes. Mr. Barnes is scheduled to be in action here tonight but earlier in the evening, he had an up-close and personal encounter with his opponent... take a look...

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT." The shot is backstage in the interview area where a couple of guys in t-shirts advertising the AWA All Access app are standing. One of them holds a mic, the other holds a camera. Near them is a slightly bulky wrestler with black hair and grey trunks stands. It's Alex Worthey.]

Guy with mic: You ready?

Guy with camera: Try to get it in one take for the app, okay? We've got a lot of these to shoot tonight.

[Worthey nods before speaking into the raised camera.]

AW: So last time out, Joshua Barnes said all of the wrestlers were scared of him. Well, I've trained a long time to get to the AWA, and I'm not scared of anyone! I don't back down from a challenge, so this week I'm calling you out! We've got a match and...

[Clap. Clap. Clap. The camera pans over to the left. Leaning against the back wall is the near 300 pound Joshua Barnes. He's dressed in his wrestling trunks with an Indiana University sweatshirt on. Unlike his normal scowl, he seems to have a neutral expression on his face.]

Alex seems surprised by Barnes' appearance - but to his credit, he doesn't back down. He points a finger at Barnes and raises a fist with his other hand.]

AW: What? Are you here to jump me? I'm ready for you!

[Barnes steps forward, holding his hands in the air.]

JB: Easy, Worthey. If I wanted to jump you, you'd already be on the ground in pain.

[Alex doesn't seem to trust Barnes - but at least he lowers his fist.]

JB: Look. I don't...

[Barnes pauses as he thinks about the best way to put it]

JB: ...NOT like you. You're not Derrick Williams. Williams - he's a punk. He's calling me a bully, thinks he's going to make a name for himself at MY expense...

[Barnes shakes his head]

JB: At SuperClash, when he's in my way - I'm going to beat him... check that, I'm going to hurt him - and I'm going to enjoy every moment of it.

[Barnes turns back to Alex.]

JB: But that's personal. Our fight tonight, Worthey - that's business.

[Points to himself.]

JB: I'm trying to win the match.

[Points to Alex]

JB: You're trying to win the match.

[Barnes pauses, thinking]

JB: Which means, you're trying to keep me from taking home the winner's share.

[Another pause]

JB: Which means you're trying to take food from my family.

[Now the scowl has returned - and Barnes look down at Alex Worthey, Now it's Barnes who has his hands balled up into fists.]

JB: And no one does that.

[One more pause.]

JB: I changed my mind, Worthey - I DON'T like you.

[Stepping back, Barnes starts walking out of the camera shot.]

JB: See you in the ring.

[Alex watches as Barnes leaves. Turning back to the camera, he seems visibly more nervous as the camera fades back to live action where Phil Watson is standing in the squared circle, ready to do his duty.]

PW: This next bout is one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, from Myrtle Beach, South Carolina! He weighs in at 250 pounds, here is ALEX WORTHEY!

[Alex Worthey raises his arm in the air, and adjusts his kneepads.]

PW: And his opponent... hailing from Brownsburg, Indiana, weighing in at 295 pounds, here is JOSHUA BARNES!

[There's no music that plays as Barnes steps out. He's wearing a jacket, basic black trunks, and wire-rimmed glasses. With no blaring music, it's easy to hear the crowd boo the brawler. He doesn't look at the crowd but the scowl on his face shows that he doesn't care for them, either. He removes his jacket and glasses and leaves them on the timekeeper's table before entering the ring.]

GM: Joshua Barnes, one of the wrestlers in the Steal the Spotlight match.

BW: I don't think Barnes steals spotlights. He walks up, takes them, and dares anyone to stop him.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Meeting in the middle of the ring, Alex Worthey starts off by firing a series of forearms and European uppercuts, catching Barnes off-guard and causing him to stagger back!]

GM: Alex Worthey starting out a ball of fire!

BW: He may have watched the other matches. Barnes is strong, powerful, and loves to mix it up. A hit-and-run approach might be the best way to beat him.

GM: Do you think the other members of the Steal the Spotlight team are paying attention?

BW: They should. We know eight of the team members. Six of them have been in the AWA before, and I'm sure the other wrestlers have strategies on them. Derrick Williams and Joshua Barnes are the newcomers here - and the ones people know the least.]

[Worthey backs Barnes up into the corner, grabs his arm, and Irish whips him into the opposite corner. As the crowd cheers, Worthey charges forward, catching Barnes with a running European uppercut!]

GM: Ohh! Alex Worthey busting out some offense that you might see our World Heavyweight Champion use!

BW: But Alex Worthey ain't no Supreme Wright, daddy.

[Barnes proves that as he charges forward, tackling Worthey down to the mat where he begins pummeling him in the head with lefts and rights.]

BW: Barnes didn't dodge that blow. He took it full steam and bounced back. There are some guys who just like to brawl, and Barnes is one of them.

[After about a half dozen shots, Barnes rolls over to cover Worthey...]

GM: Two count off the barrage of punches. I don't care if Alex Worthey isn't Supreme Wright, you're not going to beat him like that, Bucky.

BW: Probably not but it was worth a try, wasn't it?

[As Barnes gets up, Worthey rolls under the bottom rope to take a breath. Barnes steps through the ropes and leaps off with an axe handle to the back of Worthey's head, sending him crashing to the ground.]

GM: Both Derrick Williams and Barnes have been at a war of words as of late and you have to wonder if that personal issue might cause them to focus on each other in Steal The Spotlight rather than winning the match and the big prize that comes with it.

BW: Williams might - he's young and has shown some rookie mistakes. Barnes is new to AWA, but he's been around a while.

GM: Of course, fans, the winner of the Steal the Spotlight match gets the match of their choice anytime in the next year.

BW: Pick the match, and you can set yourself up to win the AWA World Title... the World Tag Team Titles... the World Television Title... settle that grudge you've been waiting for. Barnes may not care for the titles themselves but I'm sure he cares for the paychecks that come with the title.

[Barnes, outside the ring, picks up Worthey and Irish whips him into the stairs.]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Ohh! Barnes fires him into the solid steel steps at ringside!

[Not letting up, Barnes drags Worthey up, DRIVING his lower back into the edge of the ring apron. Worthey lets loose a howl of pain before Barnes rolls him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Joshua Barnes is showing that toughness that has quickly made him a force to be reckoned with inside the squared circle, climbing back up the steps into the ring now...

[As he steps through the ropes, Worthey grimaces in pain as he tries to push himself up off the mat...]

GM: Barnes is a force of nature. I'm sure Derrick Williams has learned many things under former World Champions like Kevin Slater and Curtis Hansen but has he learned enough to fight off someone like Barnes?

BW: If you followed Slater's career at all, you know that he may have given Williams the best advice you could give.

GM: Which is?

BW: Duck and cover, Gordo. Duck and cover.

[Barnes grabs the rising Worthey, shoving him into the ropes. Worthey bounces off, wobbling back towards him...

...and gets OBLITERATED with a king-sized clothesline!]

GM: OHHHH! That's all she wrote, fans!

[The referee drops down, promptly slapping the canvas three times before calling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As Phil Watson makes it official, Barnes raises his arm, rolls out of the ring, grabs his jacket and glasses, and heads up the ramp towards the locker room..]

GM: Barnes just wants to have his match, collect his winnings, and go home. He doesn't seem like he enjoys anything else about wrestling.

BW: I think he'll enjoy hitting Derrick Williams. I think he'll enjoy hitting Derrick Williams A LOT.

GM: You may be right about that and he'll get that chance at SuperClash VI as part of Steal The Spotlight - an annual event here in the AWA. Of course, one of those two five-man teams walking into that match is the popular fan favorite who recently returned to the AWA - I'm speaking, of course, of Supernova who is standing by with "Sweet" Lou Blackwell! Lou?

[We fade back to the backstage interview area where Blackwell is standing.]

LB: Thanks, Gordon. And now, I'd like to bring in my guest at this time. He will be the captain for one of the teams at SuperClash's Steal the Spotlight. Supernova, come on in here...

[The face-painted fan favorite walks onto the set. He wears blue jeans and a Supernova T-shirt, now available at AWAShop.com, so buy it now!]

LB: All right, Supernova, things are taking shape for Steal the Spotlight, as two more members have been added to your team, and to Johnny Detson's team. But first, you issued a challenge to Johnny Detson last Saturday Night, and it seems to me... how shall we put this... he got talked out of it by one Calisto Dufresne.

S: Lee, I wanted to see if Detson was willing to back up that big mouth of his, especially when you consider that he couldn't take me out of the Rumble until somebody else softened me up! And deep down, Dufresne knows that taking me down one on one, without somebody else around to soften me up, is far easier said than done! So, yeah, it doesn't entirely surprise me that Dufresne is talking Detson out of a lot of things... but when SuperClash arrives, neither Detson nor Dufresne is going to be able to duck me, because I'm gonna let it all out that night and not a single man on that team will be left standing!

LB: A very bold statement from you, Supernova, but you are aware that Detson and Dufresne have now added Terry Shane III and Joshua Barnes to their team. Now, some people might say that those two are, one might say, a few cards short of a full house, but they have proven to be among the best the AWA has to offer, much like Dufresne and Detson have proven. How does the addition of Shane and Barnes affect your approach to Steal the Spotlight?

S: You know, Lee, some people might say I'm a few cards short of a full house, but that's what makes me so good at what I do! But Terry Shane... well, there's a guy who I just can't figure out! Hey, I can understand his desire to be the World champion, because that's what everybody wants to be! But the way he wants to go about it... well, you know enough about me that I don't take shortcuts to the top, and that's all Shane seems to be interested in! And if he somehow got the idea that he should have been applauded by everybody because he stood up to the Wise Men... well, respect is earned, not given, Terry Shane, and thus far, you haven't earned any from me! As far as Joshua Barnes goes, I hear him complain about how he's got a wife and kids to feed and he needs the money... well, Barnes, be careful what you wish for, because you got yourself a chance to earn another paycheck, but after I get through with you, there's no telling if you might need that paycheck for medical or dental expenses instead...

[He pauses for a moment.]

S: No, hold on, Lee, I'm sorry, I'm letting a few of my emotions get out of check. You take it, Lee!

LB: I can't say that I blame you for being a little upset about some of the characters who have walked through the doors of the AWA, Supernova... but then again, you have a couple of rising stars joining yourself and Sultan Azam Sharif. I'm sure you have seen Bobby O'Connor in action, and he has been making quite an impression for some time now. And then there's Derrick Williams, who has only just begun to make his impression. I'm sure you are aware that both men would like to vault their names up the ranks... what about these men, Supernova?

S: Lee, I'm glad you brought up O'Connor, because there's a man who found the deck stacked against him and didn't care, because he wanted to do the right thing! It's clear his father raised him well, ensured he had a good head on his shoulders, and even if it got knocked around, it didn't matter because Bobby O'Connor was the kind of guy who might take a licking, but kept on ticking! And when I look at Derrick Williams, I see a persistent kind of guy, somebody who may have gotten off to a slow start, but didn't let one setback define him, and now is starting to show just how good he can really be! I can kind of relate to him, because when I first showed up in AWA, I had an uphill climb to start, I was dealt some setbacks, but I never lost that determination, and look at me now, Lee! I might still be a little crazy in the head, but everyone knows they are only going to get the best that I have to offer!

LB: Speaking of guys who may be a little crazy in the head, but certainly give the best they have to offer, what about Sultan Azam Sharif? He is a former winner of Steal the Spotlight... I know you've talked about him before, but do you still believe he is a man you can trust?

S: Lee, Sharif is the perfect example of how one really gets respect... he went out and he earned not only my respect, but my trust as well! And, hey, I know everyone in Steal the Spotlight, whether they're on my team or the other team, wants to win that prize up for grabs, but I can trust that Sharif, and the other guys on my team, are going to have my back, and I have theirs, and we'll see to it that the four on the other side get taught a few lessons about what it means to earn respect!

LB: One last question, Supernova... there is a fifth spot that is still to be filled. Any thoughts who that might be?

S: All I'm gonna say, Lee, is whoever it is that fills that final spot, I'll trust that he will be a guy who will have my back, who will have my teammates' backs, and who understands what it means to earn respect! But no matter who it is, at SuperClash, the heat will be in full force!

LB: All right, thank you...

[And Lee stops as Supernova steps forward, cups his hands to his mouth, and lets loose a loud howl. He then departs.]

LB: Whoa! It certainly seems to me that the temperatures will be high when that man steps into the ring at SuperClash! But who will fill that final slot on his team? We've got the answer on the hotline so call now at 1-900-505-5500! Kids, get your parents' permission before dialing! Fans, we've got to take a break but when we come back, we're going to take a look at that footage from last weekend at the Texas State Fair when Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez came face to face! Stick around for that!

[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.

We fade up and head backstage, where standing in front of an open locker is "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor. He removes the Missouri Tigers baseball hat and hangs it up in the locker as he nods, acknowledging the presence of the camera.]

BOC: This is a little strange for me.

[Bobby turns to face the camera directly.]

BOC: By now, all you fans out there know what to expect when it comes to me. You know if one of my friends is in trouble, I'm there. You know if someone is trying to make a fool of this company or this sport by breaking the rules, I'm there.

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: But most of all, you know that I work for whatever I get. I don't believe in asking for things... I believe in proving myself worthy by my actions in and out of that ring.

But tonight, tonight is a little different. Tonight in order for me to fight for all of you... I need your help.

[Bobby shakes my head.]

BOC: It isn't really my style... but when it means receiving the honor of competing in the main event in the number one promotion in the world...

[Bobby flashes a slight smirk.]

BOC: ...then I might just go against my own grain just this once.

[Suddenly, an intense look comes across Bobby's face.]

BOC: Especially when I see one of the men I could square off against is none other than Demetrius Lake. He and I are no strangers, he knows what I think of him and I've heard all the ridiculous babbling he's had to say about me and my family. As much as it was a feather in my cap to beat the tar out of his mentor for the count of three...

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: ... it would mean even more to beat him from pillar to post before my good friend Jack Lynch gets to kick his rear end out of the sport of professional wrestling. Because let me assure you folks, that will happen. That is EXACTLY the kind of whipping this man has guaranteed himself. So before Jack sends him into early retirement with the dreaded Claw... I'd like to get my licks in while I still can.

But that sorry excuse for a man isn't the only name on that list.

Brad Jacobs.

[Bobby nods, a look that reads almost like begrudging respect.]

BOC: I've wanted to pit my skills one on one against yours for some time. The Wise Men are long gone... but your heart never seemed to really be in it anyway. Maybe it even caused you to finally wake up enough to break the hold over you that Larry Doyle has had over you. So tonight, if the fans see fit to pit the two of us together... let's forget about the Wise Men. Forget about Larry Doyle. Just two hungry young bucks showing the world that we ARE the future.

[Bobby shakes his head.]

BOC: Up next on that list, are ANOTHER two men I don't care for all that much. First of all is Matt Ginn, who helped put someone I have a lot of respect for out of commission. What was it, was Brian James just too much for you and your partner to handle? I have to ask because you didn't beat him and TORA for the count of three or we wouldn't even be having this conversation right now. No, you took the cheap way out.

[Bobby frowns.]

BOC: Just ask around how that sort of thing sits with me. But don't worry, I won't break you hand...

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: ... just your spirit when I leave you dazed, looking up at those lights like you so richly deserve. Which brings me to you, Aaron Anderson. For too long I've sit back there and watched you make a mockery of the art of tag team wrestling. I would've preferred to take you and your partner on with Jack, but this will do just as well. You used to run with a friend of mine, and the way that ended up never sat right with me... which is something you'll have to answer for tonight if your luck is bad enough. With how much these great fans are sick of you and your tag team partner, I can see them voting for you just out of spite.

And speaking of spite.

[Bobby sighs.]

BOC: Terry Shane. My old friend. One of my earliest memories in this life is staring up at those stars as kids, talking about the day when we'd be stars ourselves. Stars in the place we loved most, the sport that our fathers gave their bodies for and by doing so became more than fathers...

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: ... they became our heroes. Or... so I thought. Over the years, you have drifted from the Terry I knew so much. You became hardened and calloused, your father becoming someone you hated more than anyone you

ever fought in the squared circle. So when you saved me from those cowards, I thought it was the light at the end of the tunnel finally coming out for all to see.

[Bobby shakes his head.]

BOC: Which is why I thought when I called you out to that ring, it was going to be a return to those days when we could do nothing but talk about our love for this sport... and the desire to make our own way in it one day. Well Terry, that day has come. Part of me hopes that it's you that I see across the ring tonight. Maybe this is what we need but more importantly... what YOU need. Despite what you had to say to me, despite what your teammates at Super Clash might think of you... I know something they don't. I know something that nobody else in this company knows. Not Miss Hayes, not your former "Gang".

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: I know the REAL Terry Shane.

"And I know the real Robert O'Connor."

[All eyes turn towards the newest entrant. Who does the voice belong to? Well, no one is quite of her name. But by now, she's well known. She's the young "messenger" who has been interrupting Ryan Martinez for weeks now. The little girl in the black dress with the cryptic messages. She stands in front of Bobby O'Connor, looking up at him, her eyes unblinking.]

Girl: Do you know the story of Sir Galahad, Mr. O'Connor?

The son of Lancelot. Galahad was the truest of the Knights of the Round. Not his father, not his king, not any of the other legends. Only Galahad could touch the grail, Robert. Only Galahad could bring King Arthur the grail and thus save the king.

It is time for you to play Galahad, Robert O'Connor.

[Her hand reaches into the pocket on the side of her dress, but she doesn't yet pull the envelope we know she has out.]

Girl: They call him the White Knight, but he could be the future king. But one by one, all of his allies have fallen away. And he's never seen it. He did not see that Supreme Wright choking the life out of his father was the first sign. He did not see the truth in what he did to Eric Preston. Did not see that it was meant to rob the White Knight of another ally. And Ryan Martinez does not see just how much he could use the help of his Lancelot, does not see what Hannibal Carver could do for him.

And so, you are the last of his friends, sir Galahad.

[She draws closer to O'Connor, who is visibly disturbed by her eerie presence.]

Girl: Give him his grail. Make him read the words. Make him listen, Robert.

This is how the kingdom is saved. This is the way that the White Knight takes the throne. You are the last of his friends, and the truest of his allies.

Here...

[Now she holds the envelope out.]

Girl: If he will not listen to me, then make him listen to you.

The time grows short. And if he does not listen, then he will lose more than the World Title. If he does not listen, the entire world will fall away.

Bring this to him. Be the man who saves him.

[Bobby locks eyes with the girl for a moment before finally taking the envelope. She backs away, and then retreats out of view as silently as a ghost. Bobby looks down at the envelope in his hand, frowning, as we fade out to Gordon and Bucky down at ringside.]

BW: Gordo, I know we're supposed to be nice to kids and all but that girl freaks me the heck out.

GM: There does seem to be something... not quite right about her. But she has once again delivered a message meant for Ryan Martinez. She's tried to deliver the message in person and failed... now she's going through one of Martinez' closest friends in Bobby O'Connor. Will she succeed this time?

BW: If I'm O'Connor, I give it to him just in hopes she doesn't pay me another visit.

GM: Ryan Martinez has a lot on his mind as of late as we tick down the hours, minutes, and seconds towards the biggest event of the year - SuperClash VI - where we will see Martinez challenge Supreme Wright for the World Heavyweight Title. But these two men couldn't wait 'til New York City to come together, Bucky.

BW: Blackjack Lynch, Old Yeller himself, was putting on a charity show at the Texas State Fair last weekend and Martinez challenged Wright to a fight.

GM: That's right. And when we say "our cameras were there" as we did at the start of the show, we may have exaggerated a bit. In fact, the AWA front office wanted NOTHING to do with that unsanctioned encounter and refused to even send a camera crew. However, after hearing reports on what went down, we knew that you, the AWA fans, would want to see it so we reached out and purchased some cell phone footage from a fan who was there in person. Now, before we show these clips, realize that this is not the usual professionally-shot footage you might find on AWA television - this is raw footage. Completely unedited. Completely uncensored. Let's take a look...

[Fade.

The footage is shaky and the lighting is poor, alternately washed out from overexposure and being too dark. The audio is tinny and occasionally muted out entirely. This is not regular AWA footage, but something shot by a fan. Judging from the varying quality, it was captured on someone's cell phone.

And it's not of the Crockett Coliseum.

Instead, it's of a smaller building. The crowd is packed in tighter, the seats really nothing more than metal folding chairs. We're in a small building at the Texas State Fairgrounds. The camera (shakily) focuses on a ring that's smaller than the typical AWA rings; its black ropes in rougher shape, and the banner on the apron belonging to "Wrestle for a Cure," rather than displaying the typical AWA logo.

Standing in the middle of the ring is Blackjack Lynch, tonight dressed in a referee's pinstripes and a pair of blue jeans. Blackjack is raising the hand of an unknown wrestler in the middle of the ring, when the angle abruptly changes from the middle of the ring to the aisle way.

There's a roar from the crowd that's deafening as, striding towards the ring comes the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez. Martinez is dressed in street clothes, which consist tonight of a pair of blue jeans and a black "AWA" t-shirt under a black leather jacket. Fans reach over the makeshift railing, slapping their hands on his chest or clapping him on the shoulders, as Martinez makes determined strides towards the ring. Once inside, he motions for a microphone. A far cry from the wireless microphones favored in the AWA, this "stick" is long and skinny and attached to a fraying black cord.]

RM: SUPREME WRIGHT!

[There's a loud squeal as feedback from the microphone briefly overwhelms everything.]

RM: I know you're out there somewhere. I came for a fight! You get your butt in here right now!

[There's a frantic blur of motion as the camera phone holder scans the crowd, until finally, it stops high up in the stands, where we see a spotlight shining on Supreme Wright, surrounded by his cohorts in Team Supreme. The World Champion is dressed in a powder blue Oxford Polo sport shirt with the sleeves rolled up, sunglasses tucked in his collar and white slacks. Over his shoulder, he has the crown jewel of professional wrestling, the AWA World Heavyweight title. As he rises out of his seat, so do the other members of Team Supreme, each looking like a bunch of rowdy prep school delinquents out on holiday.]

RM: Come on Supreme. What're you waiting for?

[At the sound of Martinez' voice, the camera quickly goes back to the ring.]

RM: I know you want to sit there and watch the show. But I want a fight! These people want a fight.

All of us want you, Supreme Wright. Let him hear it!

WE WANT WRIGHT!

WE WANT WRIGHT!

[Following the White Knight's lead, a chant overtakes the crowd.]

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

[Martinez stands in the center of the ring, one finger pointed at the World Champion, while the other rises up and down in the air, gesturing to the crowd to continue to chant.]

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

[Martinez can be heard, even over the tumult in the crowd.]

RM: We want you, Wright. Get in here now!

[As the AWA's White Knight continues to gesture towards Wright with one hand, he uses the other to continue to pump up the crowd.]

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

RM: They're not cheering you on. They want you to come in here and get beat up!

[The camera shifts back over to the champion and his entourage, as they look around at the fans chanting in unison. Nodding his head in approval, Wright motions for the crowd to clear a path for him, as he begins to make his way down towards the ring, eliciting a MASSIVE roar of boos from the crowd!

Cutting back to the ring, we see Martinez pacing back and forth. Ryan has dropped the microphone, but it's obvious from his constantly moving mouth and his animated body language that he's chomping at the bit to face his hated rival. And the whole time, the chant continues.]

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

[The video keeps cutting frantically back and forth, until finally, Supreme Wright stands at the apron. He extends an arm over the top rope, pointing at Blackjack Lynch. The angle makes another quick change, as we see Blackjack forcing Ryan back into a neutral corner.

Taking his sweet time, Supreme first hands the title belt over to the massive Cain Jackson. He then removes his sunglasses and Rolex watch, handing them off to Alex Martin. Almost as if to annoy Martinez, Supreme then does a few stretches, drawing boos from the crowd. Nearby, a female voice crying, "HURRY UP, ALREADY!" can be heard screaming with impatience. Finally, the champ steps between the ropes, drawing a HUGE POP from the crowd.

The burly Blackjack Lynch steps between the two men, forcing them apart, telling them he's going to let them go, but first, he insists Ryan take his jacket off. Midway that motion, with Martinez' arms down and caught in the sleeves, Supreme rushes forward, driving his palm into the former Television Champion's jaw, sending him sprawling backwards into the turnbuckle! Wright charges in, and begins to unleash a flurry of alternating elbows to the jaw and chops to the chest. And what do we hear?]

"SU! [CHOP!] - PREME [ELBOW!] - WRIGHT! [CHOP!]"

"SU! [CHOP!] - PREME [ELBOW!] - WRIGHT! [CHOP!]"

"SU! [CHOP!] - PREME [ELBOW!] - WRIGHT! [CHOP!]"

"SU! [CHOP!] - PREME [ELBOW!] - WRIGHT! [CHOP!]"

[And why?

Because Team Supreme is at ringside, rhythmically slamming their hands down on the ring apron and cheering their leader on.

All looks hopeless for the AWA's White Knight, until, suddenly, in an attack that's equal parts grit and desperation, he throws his forehead forward, driving it into the bridge of Wright's nose. The World Champion stumbles backwards, as Ryan sheds his jacket. Grabbing Wright hard by the wrist, he whips his nemesis into the turnbuckles, stepping forward and RIPPING the polo shirt, exposing the chest of the World Champion, and, standing in front of him, angles his body and cocks his arm.

And now, every fan knows exactly what to chant as Martinez unleashes his signature chops upon the chest of the man he'll soon be facing in Madison Square Garden.]

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

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

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

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

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

[Martinez pauses a moment, catching his breath, but as he goes to unleash a second barrage, Wright takes that momentary respite to slide out of the ring. Choosing the better part of valor, Supreme dismissively waves his hands and then begins to head towards the back as the crowd roars with boos.

An outraged Ryan Martinez starts to charge out of the ring, only to be stopped by Blackjack Lynch, who again pushes him into the neutral corner. As it happens, the microphone remains in the ring, and Martinez bends down to pick it up.]

RM: This isn't over yet! I still want Wright. They still want you to get in here. Because these people came to see you get your tail whipped, and they're not leaving until they do.

Tell them what you want!

[Again, Martinez rallies the crowd, gesturing to them to resume their call for Wright.]

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

[Wright stands behind a human barricade, as Cain Jackson, Alex Martin, Tony Donovan, and Matt Lance all stand in front of him. Suddenly, the hulking Cain Jackson taps Alex Martin on the shoulder and points to the ring. After a quick glance back to his leader and a nod from the World Champ, Martin breaks into a full sprint, as he charges the ring and slides under the bottom rope.

There he's met by a waiting Ryan Martinez, finally having gotten away from Blackjack Lynch.

The two briefly exchange closed fists, before Martinez ducks under one of Martin's fists, and sends him into the ropes, catching him on the rebound with a roaring elbow that sends Martin out of the ring!

And the whole time, the fans' chanting has been building and building.]

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

[Slowly, reluctantly, what remains of Team Supreme make their way back to ringside. This time, they're joined by a young, brown haired woman.

A graphic obviously added in post production identifies this microphone carrying woman as Theresa Lynch. No more than eighteen years old, Theresa makes her way into the middle of the Wright entourage, bravely trying to get an interview with the World Champion.]

TL: Supreme Wright, are you going to finish this fight?

SW: Your question doesn't make sense to me. It implies that I would ever BACK DOWN from a fight. As a matter of fact, we're in the MIDDLE of the fight RIGHT NOW and you're putting yourself in the line of fire, young lady. But as soon as I'm good and ready, I'll get back in the ring and show Mr. Mar-

[Ryan Martinez interrupts by leaning over the top rope, taking a swipe at Wright, who manages to duck as Blackjack pushes him away from the ropes.]

TL: As you can see, Ryan Martinez is ready!

SW: All I see is a low class bum trying to take a cheapshot at the champion of the world while he's got his back turned and he's busy conducting an interview! That's the man that's suppose to be worthy of taking me on for MY World Title?

[As Wright is speaking, Matt Lance has broken off from the group and entered the ring behind Ryan Martinez. He reaches for Martinez's shoulder and spins him around, only to immediately get a kick to the gut.

The crowd ROARS as Martinez yanks Lance into a front facelock, pointing a finger at Supreme Wright who looks on stoically as Martinez lifts Lance up into the air, holding him straight up and down...

...and SPIKES him skullfirst into the canvas with the Brainbuster to a DEAFENING roar from the Texas State fans!

Martinez drags the now-lifeless Lance off the mat, hauling him over towards the edge of the ring and shoves him through the ropes, dropping him right at the seething World Champion's feet.

The AWA's White Knight steps back to the center of the ring, demanding Wright join him as the crowd starts up once again...]

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

"WE WANT WRIGHT!!"

[Theresa and Wright both make room for members of Team Supreme to pull Matt Lance off the floor and drag him away as the crowd continues their chanting.]

TL: Tell me, Mr. Wright, you saw the damage that it just did to Matt Lance, there...what chance do you have against the Brainbuster?

SW: My chances are excellent, Miss Lynch, because I'll put Mr. Martinez in a hospital before he'll ever USE the Brainbuster against m-

[Upon hearing that, an incensed Ryan charges the ropes again, but this time, he's cut off by Blackjack Lynch. Supreme leaps up onto the apron, only to get knocked back down by a wild haymaker from Martinez!

As Ryan's pushed back by Blackjack, an incensed Wright slides into the ring and PULLS Blackjack off from Martinez, shoving him down onto the canvas to get at The White Knight as the crowd screams with shock and surprise!

Almost immediately, a phalanx of Lynch brothers: Jacob, Michael, Christopher, and their big brother Jack, are in the ring to protect the patriarch of the family, causing Wright to disengage from the fight and slide out of the ring as the fans are going wild! Inside the ring, the brothers check on their father as the legend can be heard yelling "This is enough! Get them out of here!" and on cue, security begins to fill the ring, as they begin to forcibly drive Ryan Martinez out of the ring.]

TL: Oh my gosh! What did you just do?!?

[Heavy boos greet Supreme Wright, as he returns to Theresa Lynch at ringside, surveying the madness happening inside the ring.]

SW: Miss Lynch, understand this. I am the...

[Supreme calmly ducks out of the way of a wild swing from Ryan Martinez inside the ring and yells a few incoherent words at him, before turning his attention back to Theresa.]

SW: As I was saying, I am the WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION. I came here for a fight. A one-on-one fight with Ryan Martinez that your father promised to deliver but apparently will NOT allow me to have. And as much issue as I have with Ryan Martinez's lack of class, let me just say with the blatant disrespect your family has shown me here tonight, you better count your blessings that your old man and your brothers aren't going to end up like Jimmy and that scumbag Travis!

[As soon as the words leave his mouth, there is only one reaction.

Total chaos.

It begins with Jack Lynch, leaping over the top rope to get at Wright, followed by his younger brothers charging towards the ropes. The champion is quick to grab the title belt out of Cain Jackson's hands and head for higher ground, leaving his cronies behind to fight his battle for him. Somewhere in the mad scramble, Ryan Martinez breaks free, sliding out of the ring as he and the Lynches trade punches with the members of Team Supreme. Security is quick to swarm everyone, as we see Supreme Wright, backing up the aisle and defiantly raising the AWA World Heavyweight title into the air to the massive, massive boos of the crowd. He's pelted by food and drinks as security desperately tries to restore order. As the crowd continues to go wild, the PA system starts up...]

PA: "PLEASE REMAIN CALM. PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR SEATS. THE SHOW IS NOT OVER. STILL TO COME, ALEX MARTINEZ AND SEL-"

[As pandemonium still reigns, the video abruptly cuts out to black before we fade back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Wow. The intensity in the air - the tension between those two men - can you imagine what it's going to be like in New York City, Bucky?

BW: There's so much bad blood between these two - going back to the Wise Men... going back to what Wright did to Ryan Martinez' best friend, Eric Preston... it's going to be pure bliss for wrestling fans at SuperClash VI.

GM: I, for one, cannot wait for that World Title showdown... but right now, we go from talking about the ultimate matchup in a competitor's career, a SuperClash Main Event fighting for the World Heavyweight Title to a mere exhibition match - the very first match of a young man's career.

BW: And the very last match if Tony Donovan has his way.

GM: Wes!- pardon me, Wes Taylor told us earlier tonight that he went against his father's wishes and he was agreeing to fight Tony Donovan tonight. He wasn't agreeing to the so-called exhibition match that Donovan proposed two weeks ago. Instead, he wanted a fight... and that's exactly what he's about to get. Fans, let's go to the ring where Tony Donovan is already waiting...

[We crossfade to the ring. There's no Phil Watson. There's no referee. There is, however, Tony Donovan pacing around the ring in his Team Supreme tracksuit surrounded by various members of Team Supreme. There are a handful of unknown faces along with Alex Martin, Matt Lance, and the "muscle" of Team Supreme, Cain Jackson. Donovan lifts the mic.]

TD: It's time... once again... to do something in this business that my old man was never capable of doing. It's time for me to kick a Taylor's ass!

[Donovan cackles as he throws the mic aside.]

GM: Fans, we apologize for the language there. This kid is a loose cannon - just totally out of control.

[Donovan is pacing back and forth as Wes Taylor comes jogging into view. He's got no music, no fancy entrance. He's in a pair of blue jeans and a green t-shirt with the words "COMBAT CORNER" in white block text across the front. The sleeves are cut out to reveal some pretty good-sized arms. He bounces up and down at the top of the ramp, swinging his arms back and forth across his chest.]

GM: Here he comes... the son of the Outlaw...

BW: Nah, he's gotta earn that name for me. Right now, he's just another dumb kid who is trying to coast off his family's name. Sometimes that works out and sometimes it don't. For every Ryan Martinez and Terry Shane, there's a Bruno Verhoeven or a Larry Wallace.

[Taylor jogs down the ramp, smiling at the positive reaction he's getting from the fans. He reaches the ropes, pointing at the assemblage of bodies standing behind Tony Donovan who waves him forward.]

GM: Taylor's outgunned by a wide margin in there, stepping into the ring...

[Tony Donovan swarms him, hammering forearms down across the back, knocking the young man down onto his knees.]

GM: Donovan's on him in a flash!

[Grabbing Wes Taylor by the long hair, Donovan throws kneestrikes to the cheekbone, stunning his childhood associate. He uses the same grip on the hair to pull him to his feet...

...and Wes Taylor slams his skull sloppily into the eyesocket of Donovan, sending him staggering back!]

GM: Whoa!

[Taylor throws himself at the off-balance Donovan in a sloppy tackle, knocking him down to the mat where he starts pummeling him with right hands to the skull...

...and Cain Jackson intervenes, dragging Taylor off Donovan. He spins him around into a knee to the gut!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Jackson steps back, allowing Alex Martin to rush in with a blitzing flying knee to the temple, knocking Taylor down. The others are on Taylor like a downed and wounded animal, kicking and stomping him relentlessly as Jackson goes to help Donovan off the mat.]

GM: They're beating the hell out of Wes Taylor! This was a damn setup!

BW: Ya think?! They're gonna send this kid back to the football field!

[Jackson backs off, slapping his long leg as Lance and Martin pull him to his feet...]

GM: Cain Jackson's setting for that big boot! He's gonna kick this kid into the middle of next week! He's gonna-

[The crowd ROARS as two veterans come charging into view, each carrying a steel chair in hand!]

GM: ROBERT DONOVAN! AND BOBBY TAYLOR!

[Taylor moves better than the seven footer at this stage of his career, coming through the ropes and DRIVING the edge of the seat back into Cain Jackson's midsection, sending him falling back into the ropes. Robert Donovan's not far behind as Lance and Martin shove Wes Taylor aside, moving in on Donovan...

...who throws a big boot of his own into Matt Lance's jaw!]

GM: Ohhh!

[The elder Donovan spins towards Martin, swinging the chair at him as Martinez dives out of the way, falling through the ropes and out to the floor as Bobby Taylor takes aim at the unnamed Team Supreme members, sending them scattering with a wildly swung chair as the two chair-swinging veterans clear the ring!]

GM: Oh my! Bobby Taylor and Robert Donovan have sent Team Supreme scurrying for their lives, Bucky!

BW: Of course! Those two lunatics were carrying chairs!

GM: Bobby Taylor saw his son in trouble and he came to his aid alongside the man that Taylor claims as a friend, Robert Donovan!

BW: They don't look too friendly right now, Gordo!

[With Team Supreme cleared out, Bobby Taylor throws the chair aside, kneeling to check on his son as he shouts at his friend. Robert Donovan seems to be pleading his case as Taylor angrily points down the aisle at the retreating Team Supreme members.]

GM: There definitely does appear to be some trouble between Bobby Taylor and Robert Donovan at this stage of time. I wonder what that's all about.

BW: Gee, one guy's son just tried to beat the heck out of the other guy's son. I wonder!

GM: I detect some sarcasm. Fans, we're going to take a break while we get some help for Wes Taylor but when we come back, it'll be time for ClashBack as we take a look back at SuperClash IV! 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, Shadoe Rage, Mr. Sadisuto, and William Craven. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably-popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, it's a chaotic scene back in the locker room area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing between a red-faced Bobby Taylor who is screaming incoherently at an equally-angry Robert Donovan. Wes Taylor is right behind his father, holding onto the back of his head.]

LB: Gentlemen, gentlemen! PLEASE!

[The Outlaw of professional wrestling angrily grabs Blackwell by the wrist, pulling the mic towards him.]

BT: I don't know what the hell's gotten into your kid's head, Rob, but I don't like it one damn bit! I didn't like it when he was just Wright's flunkie and I damn sure don't like it when he's takin' shots at my boy!

[Taylor jerks a thumb at his son behind him.]

BT: Wes isn't ready to wrestle yet and you know that. And if your kid had his way out there, he might never BE ready to wrestle!

[Donovan starts to protest.]

BT: Look... I appreciate your help out there but I need you to do something else.

[Donovan stands, hands on hips.]

BT: Wes isn't ready yet... but Tony is. He's ready. And if he doesn't back off my boy, his career's gonna be over before it ever gets started... whether I gotta end it back here in the office...

[Taylor points off-camera.]

BT: ...or out there in the ring.

[The crowd "ooooohs" at the implication. Donovan squares up, setting his jaw at that statement.]

RD: Look here, Bobby... we been through a lot together but I ain't about to let you threaten my son. As dumb as he's been lately with this whole Wright thing... he's still my son and that means you gotta come through me to do it.

[Taylor steps forward.]

BT: Wouldn't be the first time we've danced that dance.

[Wes Taylor steps into frame, grabbing his dad by the arm.]

WT: Dad, knock it off.

[Bobby obliges, giving the slightest of nods.]

BT: Fine. I'll let you handle this, Rob.

[Taylor pauses, lifting an arm, still shaking with anger.]

BT: But you're gonna handle this MY way. Your boy crossed a line two weeks ago and he just went way the hell past it tonight.

So, the way I see it, someone's gotta set him straight. And if it's not gonna be me?

[Taylor nods, confident in his decision.]

BT: Then it's going to be you.

[Donovan shakes his head, puzzled.]

RD: The hell you talkin' about?

BT: Lemme make it REAL clear then...

[Taylor jabs a finger into Donovan's chest.]

BT: At SuperClash VI... in New York City... it'll be your son, Tony Donovan...

[He taps the finger against the chest.]

BT: ...against you.

[The crowd inside the Crockett Coliseum has a big reaction as Donovan throws his arms apart.]

RD: You want me to fight my own kid?! I won't do it, Bobby! I won't-

[Taylor interrupts, shaking off his son trying to pull him away.]

BT: You will! You're going to get in there and beat some sense into your kid. You've got one chance to set this kid right...

[Dramatic pause.]

BT: ...or I will.

[Taylor lets the threat hang there for several moments before slowly backing away. Ever the reporter, "Sweet" Lou sticks the mic in Donovan's face.]

LB: Can you do it, big man? Can you face your own son at SuperClash?

[Donovan glares at Blackwell... then lets his gaze drift to where Taylor exited the shot.]

RD: Damn you, Bobby...

[Donovan sighs audibly, then turns and eyes Blackwell.]

RD: Ain't much choice now, is there?

[Shaking his head, the seven footer stalks out of view, leaving Blackwell behind as we fade out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, from Cedar Rapids, Iowa... weighing 219 pounds...

COREY FISHER!

[Fisher is a good looking kid, clearly no older than 22 or 23, with long, feathery blonde hair, a babyface and Eminem's backward E logo tattoo'd on one shoulder. He wears long tights with a zebra stripe pattern in red and blue, and hops on his toes with one hand in the air as his name is called.]

GM: Young Corey Fisher looking to make a name for himself here in the AWA, and what a great looking athlete he is, Bucky.

BW: He looks like he's been on a diet of tuna fish and raw eggs for a few weeks, I'll give 'em that.

[Back to Phil.]

PW: And his opponent... from the Silocone Va-AH!

[Watson gets pushed aside by a blur and doesn't get to finish his introduction, as the greasy haired form of Carl Riddens is going to work! He tackles Fisher from behind and throws lightning fast rights into his kidneys, then grabs his head with both hands and RAMS his face into the mat, over and over and over and over again. The crowd is ALL over him in a matter of seconds.]

GM: CARL RIDDENS! OUT OF NOWHERE! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?!

BW: It's none of your concern, Gordo, it's none of our concern! This guy does things on his own agenda!

[Riddens grabs the young Fisher by his feathery blonde hair, drags him to his feet and then HURLS him into the corner. Riddens follows him in, grabs two hands of hair once again and drives the skull of Corey Fisher into the turnbuckle. Once, twice, three times' the charm. Fisher falls into a seated to the mat, clutching the back of his head and kicking his legs in anguish.]

GM: What about the referee? Come on ref, do someth-

"OOOHHHHHH!"

BW: I wouldn't advise going anywhere near this guy!

GM: CARL RIDDENS JUST PUNCHED REFEREE DAVIS WARREN! THAT'S GOT TO BE A FINE! YOU CANNOT PUT YOUR HANDS ON AN OFFICIAL!

[Riddens turns to the downed referee and shrugs, and earnestly mouthes, "Sorry, brother", before taking off at full speed and DRILLING the seated Fisher in the mug with a running knee.]

GM: Come on! Is this- is this even a sanctioned match? Did a bell ring?

BW: This man doesn't play by our rules, Gordo, I should think that's obvious by now. He's a few sammiches short of a picnic, daddy, he's not to be fooled with!

GM: What did Corey Fisher ever do to Carl Riddens? What did this man ever do to deserve this? This is a mugging, Bucky, this should take place in a back alley!

[Riddens brushes his hair back, his usual easy smile replaced with grim determination, and he once more pulls Fisher to his feet, this time the body of his victim limp and his face bloody. Riddens grabs him in a headlock, drags him out to the center of the ring, swings his right leg forward then back and drills the head of Corey Fisher into the mat with the same maneuver he has used in his other sanctioned matches.]

GM: That maneuver is deadly! We have seen week after week Riddens hit the maneuver in a variety of ways, and whoever is on the wrong end of it is consistently out cold!

BW: Don't judge a book by it's cover, daddy, nobody needs to get lulled to sleep by this man. Carl Riddens may come off like the guy pumping your gas, but he is ferocious in that ring! He is a savage, plain and simple!

[Riddens rolls to his feet, the crowd booing their lungs out at him, and with a smile he grabs Fisher's hair once more and brings him to one knee...]

GM: Oh come on Carl, there's no need for this. There's no need to hurt this young man!

BW: You don't know that, Gordo, you don't know what he's done in the past!

GM: This kid looks like he's fresh out of high school for heaven's sake! There's no way he's even HEARD of Carl Riddens before!

BW: Well that's about to change, now isn't it?

[Once more, Riddens grabs the headlock, brings the stumbling Fisher to his feet... swings his leg out and then kicks it back, driving his victim to the canvas once more.]

GM: Okay, that's enough! That's enough! Get this lunatic out of here, can you please?! Someone in the back, can we please get someone out here?

BW: Shoot, I think I might ignore that call if it came through...

[Fisher is out cold on the mat, having rolled onto his back after contact. Riddens sits up and takes a deep breath to the crowd, then turns to his victim and puts a hand on his face, lightly slapping him twice, then crawling backward on his belly to the ropes.]

GM: Thank you, please, get him out of here! This man needs to be fined! There are rules here, Bucky Wilde.

[As he exits the ring, Riddens shouts out, "It's on you now, boy. You'll be fine, I promise... it's on you now. I believe in ya."]

GM: That is... a strange man. And a dangerous one. Let's go to the interview platform to "Sweet" Lou!

[We cut to the interview platform, where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing by.]

LB: Alright, wrestling fans, there is a lot going on tonight. As a matter of fact, I just found out about a possible big match in the works for SuperClash. Now, it's still on the drawing board as there are a lot of contract issues to iron out, but you can hear the latest on the all new AWA Hotline. 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.

[The usual hotline chryon comes up, and Blackwell continues on as the looming form of the "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake comes in to the loud disgust of the capacity crowd. The self-styled King Of Wrestling is wearing street clothes... a stylish dark-red jacket, cream-colored dress shirt, navy tie, and black slacks. Lake has a sour look on his face, ringed as it is by his round afro, mustache, and conical beard.]

LB: Come on in, Demetrius Lake. The King Of Wrestling, so they say.

DL: I AM the King Of Wrestling irregardless of what anybody says, Mr. TV Announcer, and don't you forget that. You better tell that on your hotline, too.

LB: I'll see if I can work it in. Mr. Lake, I couldn't help but notice that you're in your street clothes. You are one of the five men tonight vying for a spot in the Main Event... the Fans' Choice match!

DL: I am not vying for anything. I do not want the match. The fans shouldn't get to choose who fights in the first place.

[BOOOOOOO!]

DL: SHAADAP! Look, you can see yourself that these people are of no class or intelligence. You know we're around Mexas fans when the aroma reaches down to this level, when you have to pass gas to make it smell better. And they have no ability to determine what is good. They cheer for the Lunches and others of low caliber. So to let them make a match is irresponsible, to start with.

On top of that, Mr. TV Announcer, the only match i care about is the Texas Death match at SuperClash. I can't believe Jack Lunch actually signed it. But he did, and my stipulations are in, so it is the last time we will ever fight. After this, he'll be either an invalid like little Jimmy, or forced to acknowledge that I am his superior. Either way, I am giving him at the very least enough respect to have my full attention. I am training daily, a brutal regimen just as I would do if I were facing a top star like a Supreme Wright or a Johnny Detson. Because I know Jack Lunch can at least fight enough so that he might be dangerous if he realizes how hopeless this fight is for him. He might have a fluke of a chance if I have real bad luck, so I got to train and prepare exclusively for this fight. A Texas Death match cannot be undertaken lightly against any opponent. I'd take it seriously even if my opponent was you, Mr. TV Announcer.

LB: You would?

DL: No. But this match tonight would just be a distraction. It would be something in my way between myself and Jack Lunch, so I don't want it. Don't you vote for me. None of you people better vote for me!

[The fans are agitatedly booing, and there is a small "VOTE FOR LAKE" chant somewhere in the back, probably just to aggrieve him.]

LB: I don't know, Demetrius Lake, it sounds like these fans might vote for you even more if they know you don't want to do this. A little reverse psychology there?

DL: It ain't no reverse psychology, TV Announcer, don't you even start with that. At least... AT LEAST... if they wanted to make this worth my time, they'd have not put me in the same list as Terry Shame. I have not forgotten that he hit me with that steel chair, and I don't care if he don't

know what he wants to do with himself. There is no chance that I will sit all night in the same room as that man, as I obviously cannot trust him. If I had the chance to fight him, then I might be interested.

But you take a look at who we got on the other side. We got Bobby No Honor, that phony Missouran who sold out his people. I will get to him in my own time, no doubt about it, but he's just gonna try and inflict an injury on me to help his buddy Jack Lunch. I have no need of that. Then you got Robert Donovan. When he was a child, rainbows came in black-and-white. Just because I put Old Yeller down don't mean that I'm responsible for droppin' every old wore-out dog in the sport. He had his day, and he was a bad man in his day who I respect, but that day ain't today. Then you got TORA. You know what TORA means?

LB: I'm guessing you don't mean the book of the Law.

DL: It means "tiger", and there's only one Tiger in the AWA! If I caught sight of that fool kid, I'd have to eliminate him, and that's a waste of the energy I need to conserve to fight a Texas Death Match. Then you got Derrick Williams. He's two months removed from bein' unable to win a match. Now he's gettin' better, workin' hard to improve, but he has a long way to go before he could get in the ring with the King Of Wrestling. And so, none of the guys in the other locker room can really draw interest from me right now as bein' somebody I want to fight. After SuperClash, I'll be glad to fight any of them.

LB: Wait a minute! You forgot the former World Heavyweight Champion, Dave Bryant!

DL: Who?

[BOOOOOO!]

LB: What do you mean, who? Dave Bryant! One of the biggest stars in our sport!

DL: Now that you mention it, I vaguely recall somebody like you say. That's the one that Supreme Wright beat to become champion, isn't that right? And now it's like we don't even remember him. He was a top athlete, but his day is over. I will be happy to step right on him on my way to the World Heavyweight Title myself, but obviously I cannot spend the amount of focus that would need until after the Texas Death Match.

LB: You know, Mr. Lake, in the world of professional wrestling, you don't get to call you own shots even when the fans aren't involved.

DL: SHADDAP! Didn't you hear me, TV Announcer? I AM THE KING OF WRESTLING. I call everyone's shots, and I could say one word and have your Hotline taken down as illegal use of trademark! But I allow people like you to do what you do because the King has to take care of the lower ranks. So I'll let that one ignorant statement slide this time. Like every professional wrestler who deserves the name, I have my gear at all times.

But I do not want to wrestle tonight, I should not have to wrestle tonight, I will not go back into that locker room with Terry Shame in it, and if I get voted in it better be against someone the fans don't ever want to see again because I'll have no choice but to use them as a warmup for what I do to Jack Lunch! Don't vote for me! I mean it!

[Lake starts pointing and yelling at the hatefully jeering fans, stomping over to them as Blackwell wraps up.]

LB: Call it a hunch, Gordon and Bucky, but I don't think Demetrius Lake just did himself any favors tonight. Back to you.

[We crossfade back to the aforementioned announcers as the graphic with everyone's hashtags re-appears.]

GM: Thanks, "Sweet" Lou, and as Demetrius Lake... sort of... makes his pitch to be in the Fans' Choice Main Event-

BW: He doesn't want to be in it! You heard him yourself, Gordo! He's focused on SuperClash and that Texas Death Match with Jack Lynch.

GM: As well he should be but even the best wrestlers in the world occasionally look for a tune-up match to get ready for their big showdowns. Demetrius Lake, however, seems to not be interested in competing tonight here in Dallas.

[The graphic fades to leave just the announce duo.]

GM: Fans, SuperClash VI is the talk of the wrestling world as everyone makes their predictions as to who will win... who will become new champions... who will even make the card's lineup at all. We're wondering the same things that all of you are but here in the AWA, SuperClash is a special time of year for us. It's a night when people break the mold and go above the bar to show the world why the truly are the best.

[The ClashBack logo appears on the screen.]

GM: Two years ago, we saw such a thing go down between two men that - quite frankly - many so-called experts in this sport had written off as being past their prime. But those two men walked into a ring with a title belt hung above it - a match where a ladder was completely legal and was, in fact, a necessary evil if you wanted to win the match. I'm talking about Glenn Hudson and Dave Bryant. I'm talking about the one and only AWA Ladder Match. I'm talking about SuperClash IV in Los Angeles. Let's take you back to that night and see one of the most brutal and thrilling matches in AWA history!

[We crossfade to footage marked "NOVEMBER 22, 2012 - SUPERCLASH IV - LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA" where two sacks - one canvas, one velvet - presumably carrying the remnants of the old Longhorn Heritage Title belt and its replacement being hoisted towards the ceiling, drawing a huge reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Earlier tonight, we saw the very first Barbed Wire match in AWA history and I'm not sure I'd ever want to see another one. We may be saying the same thing in just a short while about this ladder match, Bucky.

BW: We absolutely could. On the surface, you might think a ladder match is not as dangerous as a barbed wire match but you'd be wrong - dead wrong. You take two men who dislike one another as much as Dave Bryant and Glenn Hudson do... and then you stick a wood and metal ladder in there with them to beat each other up with. THEN you tell them to get the title they want, they gotta climb that ladder and hope the other guy doesn't knock 'em ten to fifteen feet down to the mat over and over and over again. The barbed wire match might cut someone up like you wouldn't believe but this thing is a career-shortening moment for sure... and with two veterans like Bryant and Hudson, career-shortening could equal career-ending, daddy.

GM: It certainly could. Fans, let's go up to the ring for this historic encounter!

[Crossfade from the shot of the two bags down to Phil Watson who is looking up at them.]

PW: The following contest is the first-ever AWA LADDER MATCH!

[BIG CHEER! Watson shakes his head a bit with a grin.]

PW: The ONLY way to win the match is to climb the ladder and retrieve the two bags hanging above the ring! The man who accomplishes that will win the match AND the AWA Longhorn Heritage Championship!

[Another big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[A loud, resonating GONG! catches your attention. You have little time to anticipate what may follow, as "Kong Foo Sing" by Aussie band Regurgitator begins to blast from the PA system and through the arena. The crowd pop as Glenn Hudson strolls out at the top of the rampway, nodding with a satisfied expression on his face as he surveys the scene awaiting him. He raises a fist in the air for a few seconds, drawing another cheer from the crowd before making his way towards the ring.]

GM: Glenn Hudson has had quite the 2012, fans. He made his return to professional wrestling after several years away from the business as part of this summer's World Title Tournament and actually won the Longhorn Heritage Title from "Red Hot" Rex Summers in his first match back! Hudson would go on to lose that title to Dave Bryant back at Homecoming but Bryant's disrespect for the company that Hudson helped build back in the day has led them both to this history-making encounter.

[Phil Watson continues.]

GM: From Melbourne, Australia... weighing in at 229 pounds... GLENNNNNN
HUUUUUUDSONNNNN!

[Hudson is a compactly-built, Caucasian male in his mid thirties. He has light brown, brush cut hair and a perpetual three day growth. His wrestling gear comprises full length navy blue tights with white trim, black knee and elbow pads, and black boots. His hands and wrists are taped. Hudson slaps a few outreaching fans' hands along the way, but focuses on his destination. He breaks into a jog as he draws closer, stepping through the ropes into the ring. He walks over to the ropes, stepping up on the second rope to point at the ladder down at ringside, and then points up at the bags hanging above the ring.]

GM: Glenn Hudson is focused. He knows what he's here for. The man is a veteran of the game and you can expect that even though he hasn't been in this big of a match in a long, long time, there will be no jitters... no nerves.

BW: Glenn Hudson is experienced in the big match environment, for sure, but so is his opponent.

[The music suddenly changes to AC/DC's "Big Gun" to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Speak of the devil...

[Watson speaks up.]

PW: And his opponent... from Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in at 229 pounds...

He is the Doctor Of Love... AND the AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion...

DAAAAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYYYYYANNNT!

[The jeers pick up as Bryant struts through the entrance curtain into view. He smirks at the jeering crowd, making the "belt gesture" as he points up to the ring and the bags hanging above it.]

GM: Unlike Glenn Hudson who EARNED his spot here in the AWA with a great comeback during the tournament - Dave Bryant stole his spot by stealing that title back at Homecoming with a loaded right hand.

BW: Prove it.

GM: I saw it. I know it happened.

["The Doctor of Love" isn't as young or quite as chiseled as he used to be, but it's still pretty obvious his long absence from notable competition didn't see him sitting around doing nothing for nearly a decade. The brown-eyed, clean-shaven former champion of multiple organizations has let his hair grow out to about shoulder length for this return to the ring, along with deciding that shaving his chest was a huge waste of time. As a result he

looks quite a bit stockier than he did back in the day, more like a man capable of taking a beating than one concerned with keeping himself in the best shape possible for love of the cameras.]

GM: Bryant, ever as much the grizzled veteran like his opponent tonight, has talked about walking into SuperClash in a situation he never thought he'd be in again. He never thought he'd be in the big match... never thought he'd be defending his title with the world watching... and you can be sure he never thought he'd be LIVE on Internet Pay Per View with the world waiting to see him make history.

BW: That's what I love about this match, Gordo... and what I love about this company. Veterans of our sport who've been cast aside or forgotten about suddenly have new life... they have new air breathed into their careers if they can hack it with the young lions of the business who are looking to steal their spot. We saw it in the last match with Supernova trying to wrest the focus of the wrestling world away from veterans like Langseth and Cooper and now we're seeing two veterans who on this day last year, probably thought their careers were over, battling in the second match from the top on the biggest night of the year. You gotta love the AWA, daddy.

GM: You certainly do.

[Bryant steps through the ropes, going into a little twirl as he enters the squared circle, drawing more jeers from the crowd before he settles back into the turnbuckles, staring across the ring at his challenger.]

GM: The music fades... the referee gives these men his final instructions...

[The official steps through the ropes, leaving Bryant and Hudson staring across the ring at one another. The crowd is roaring, filling the air with flashbulbs as the two rivals glare at each other from across the squared circle.]

GM: Look at the gaze between these two - there's a serious dislike in the air, Bucky.

BW: After all that Bryant's done to Hudson, I'm not sure "dislike" is a strong enough word, Gordo.

GM: Bryant has humiliated Hudson... destroyed the legacy of the LWC that the AWA was paying tribute to with that title belt... mocked the history of that great company. But now, all that's in the past. Now, it's all about that Longhorn Heritage Title hanging over the ring and the ladder someone's going to have to climb to get to it.

[Hudson takes his stare away from Bryant, looking up at the bags above the ring. He gives a little nod as he looks back at Bryant, flashing a slight smirk as he points to his own eyes and then across the ring at Bryant.]

GM: Apparently the challenger's going to have his eyes on the champion.

BW: He'd better or Bryant will turn his lights out just like at Homecoming.

GM: But unlike at Homecoming, if Bryant wants to use some kind of a weapon in this one, that's fair game, Bucky.

BW: It sure is... and it'd be pretty brilliant to knock someone out cold before even trying to climb that ladder.

GM: It certainly would.

[Suddenly, the bell rings and Glenn Hudson comes flying across the ring, rushing Bryant who ducks through the ropes to the safety of the ring apron...

...but Hudson grabs a handful of hair, preventing Bryant from escaping!]

GM: Whoa! Whoa!

BW: Bryant's trying to get out of there... he wants no part of a fired-up Hudson right out of the gate...

GM: But Hudson caught him and-

[Turning him towards the ringpost, Hudson SLAMS Bryant's head into the top turnbuckle, sending him falling down off the apron to the floor below. Hudson promptly grabs the top rope with both hands, driving the fans to their feet for early risk-taking...]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: Hudson's taking to the sky early!

[...and catapults himself over the top rope as Bryant looks up. Bryant bails out to the side but it's okay for the challenger who intended to land on his feet on the apron, faking out the Doctor of Love!]

GM: Oh! Hudson wasn't going for the dive afterall!

[Smirking as Bryant regroups again, Hudson charges down the length of the apron, throwing himself off in a vertical bodypress, taking Bryant down hard on the floor!]

GM: High impact takedown by the challenger!

[Hudson seizes the moment, hammering away on Bryant with a series of right hands to the skull to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Hudson's all over him out on the floor!

[The challenger gets up after landing a dozen or so shots to the skull, dragging Bryant off the ringside mats by the arm...

...and FLINGSBryant into the nearest steel barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! INTO THE STEEL!

[Hudson approaches the Doctor of Love whose arms are draped over the railing, trying to stay on his feet. He throws a pair of boots to the gut before hooking a side headlock, hammering Bryant with a few clenched fists to the skull.]

GM: Hudson's hammering away with right hands again... trying to wear down the champion in the early moments of this one...

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Hudson walks Bryant away from the ringside barricade. He waves at the timekeeper and Phil Watson, clearing them out before he SLAMS Bryant's head into the ringside table!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst into the wooden table!

BW: Hudson's repeatedly hitting Bryant in the head... maybe trying to get him a little dizzy so he can't climb the ladder so well.

[Hudson lifts Bryant's head off the table again...

...and SLAMS it down a second time!]

GM: Goodness! Bryant's facedown on the table...

[Leaning down, Hudson grabs the legs of the table, tipping it over and throwing it down on top of the stunned Bryant!]

GM: Glenn Hudson's moving furniture out here on the floor and-

BW: You weren't kidding!

[The crowd roars as Hudson abandons Bryant down on the floor, moving over to the ladder at ringside. He lifts it up, folding it before shoving it under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Hudson's got the ladder and he's putting it inside the ring! He's got his eyes on the Longhorn Heritage Title!

[Hudson rolls under the ropes into the ring. He quickly gets up, lifting up the ladder and looking up to position it correctly.]

GM: The fans are on their feet! They know Hudson might on the verge of regaining his title right here tonight.

[Hudson opens up the ladder, again adjusting it before taking his first step up onto it...]

GM: Hudson's climbing the ladder!

BW: Already?! I thought this was going to be harder than- not so fast, Gordo!

[The crowd's cheers turn into a worried buzz as Dave Bryant pulls himself under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Bryant's back in! The title's not gonna change hands that easily!

[Bryant reaches up, not having to reach too far to grab Hudson by the back of the trunks, yanking him down to his feet on the mat...]

...and DRILLING him with a right uppercut to the chin!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Bryant!

[Bryant grabs Hudson by the hair, SLAMMING his face into the wood and steel ladder.]

GM: Good grief!

[The ladder wobbles under the impact of that as Bryant pulls Hudson's head back again...]

...and SLAMS it into the ladder a second time, tipping it over so that it leans on the top rope, still open.]

GM: Bryant rocks Hudson a couple of times... and now that ladder is off to the side of the ring.

[Bryant leaves Hudson kneeling on the canvas, moving over to the ladder where he promptly folds it up, putting it down on the mat.]

GM: Bryant lays out the ladder on the mat... going back to Huds- ohh! Big right hand from Hudson!

[Bryant staggers back off the impact, standing over the ladder as Hudson moves in, squaring up...]

GM: Oh! Stinging left jab by Hudson... and another... and another...

[The series of left jabs has Bryant wobbling over the downed ladder...]

...and a big right hand to the jaw topples him over, dropping Bryant down on the ladder!]

GM: Right DOWN on the ladder! That'll send a jolt up your spine!

[Hudson nods at the cheering down, turning to run to the ropes...]

GM: Hudson off the far side, coming back fast...

[Hudson leaps into the air...

...and SLAMS his hindquarters down into the sternum of Bryant!]

GM: Ohh! Sitting splash by Hudson! And at 229 pounds, it doesn't hurt as bad as if someone like Giant Aso did it to you but with that ladder underneath you, it'll certainly shake you to the core!

BW: It sure will. Dave Bryant's back is taking a bit of a pounding here.

[Hudson leans down, dragging Bryant back to his feet by the ropes...

...and throws a big uppercut, a blow that sends the Doctor of Love sailing back over the ropes, crashing down on the wooden entrance platform!]

GM: Oh!

BW: Hudson knocked him for a loop right there!

[Hudson leans down, muscling up the ladder to hold it across his chest...

...and then rushes towards the ropes where Bryant is starting to stir!]

GM: What's he-?! OH MY!!

[A hurled ladder goes sailing towards the upper body of Bryant who suddenly drops back down, causing the ladder to fly over his head, falling down on the wooden platform!]

GM: He missed! Hudson missed!

BW: But he tried to take his damn head off, Gordo!

GM: He certainly did! Glenn Hudson went for a big shot there but Bryant was able to avoid it.

[An annoyed Hudson steps through the ropes to pursue his rival... .

..who KICKS the middle rope up into the groin of the challenger!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Low blow! Bryant kicks him low!

BW: Totally legal in this one!

GM: You're absolutely right about that as well.

[Bryant grabs Hudson by the hair, dragging him from the ring out onto the ramp. He scoops Hudson up...

...and SLAMS him down on the ramp!]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Big slam on the ramp! Good grief!

[With Hudson writhing in pain on the elevated entryway, Bryant strides down the ramp to retrieve the fallen ladder. He lifts it up, holding it across his chest as he stalks towards the downed challenger...]

GM: Bryant’s got Hudson down and-

[Bryant suddenly lifts the ladder up slightly...

...and SLAMS it down across the body of Hudson, trapping him underneath the wood and steel!]

GM: Gaaah! That’s gotta do a number on you!

[Bryant leans down, lifting the ladder slightly off of Hudson...

...and DRIVING it back down on the body again!]

GM: He’s smashing Hudson between the wooden ramp and the ladder time and time again...

[Bryant pulls the ladder off of Hudson, chucking it over the ropes into the ring. He steps through the ropes, leaving the challenger downed out on the wooden entryway.]

GM: Bryant’s back in... and he’s setting up the ladder now!

[The Doctor of Love gets the ladder in position, opening it up and starts to climb...]

GM: And now it’s the champion who is trying to climb the ladder to retrieve those titles...

[Bryant looks more than a bit nervous as he edges step by step up the ladder.]

GM: I’m not sure Bryant’s completely comfortable with the idea of climbing this ladder, Bucky!

BW: It sure doesn’t look like it. Is Bryant afraid of heights?!

GM: If he is, he never should have agreed to this match!

[Bryant gets a few steps up, stretching his arm up as high as he can and coming comically short to the laughter of the crowd.]

GM: He's nowhere NEAR the title, Bucky!

BW: Well, it was worth a shot, I guess.

GM: He's taking too long as Glenn Hudson is starting to recover out there on the ramp.

[Hudson pulls himself to his feet using the ropes, looking into the ring where Bryant's back is turned to him...]

GM: What's he-?!

[Hudson uses the ropes to leap up to the top rope, springing off the top...

...and landing on his feet on the ladder just above Bryant!]

GM: WHOA! WHOA!

[Hudson slams the heel of his boot down into Bryant's face before stepping up two more steps, stretching his arms upwards...]

GM: HUDSON'S CLOSE! GLENN HUDSON'S CLOSE!!

[A shocked Bryant reaches up, grabbing Hudson by the ankle.]

GM: Bryant's trying to save his title! Dave Bryant can see the title slipping away if he doesn't do something right now, fans! The Doctor of Love is trying to-

[Another boot finds the mark on the champion's face... and another!]

GM: Hudson's trying to kick his way free... trying to kick his way to regaining the Longhorn Heritage Title!

[Bryant reaches up, slamming a forearm across the small of the back!]

GM: Ohh! Big shot by Bryant!

[Leaning up, he does it again!]

GM: And another! Bryant's trying to knock Hudson off that perch...

[Bryant steps up underneath Hudson, backing away from the ladder with Hudson on his shoulders in an electric chair lift!]

GM: He's got the challenger on his shoulders!

[Hudson quickly fires back, hammering Bryant's skull with short right hands to the head...

...and once he gets him wobbly, Hudson spins around on the shoulders...]

GM: OH-

[...and SNAPS Bryant over in a rana, throwing him upside down into the ladder that topples over, again smashing Bryant down to the canvas!]

GM: -MYYYY!

[Hudson is a little slower to get up this time, reaching around to grab at his back as he stomps Bryant a few times before moving to retrieve the ladder. Giving it a tug, Hudson sets Bryant in between the legs of the ladder...]

GM: What in the world is he-?!

[...and SLAMS the legs down into the torso of Bryant!]

GM: Good grief!

[Bryant twitches and flails underneath the legs of the ladder, his legs moving uncontrollably as Hudson stands over Bryant, looking down at the Doctor of Love trapped underneath the legs of the ladder...]

GM: What is Hudson going to do now? Is that enough to keep Bryant down and allow Hudson to climb the ladder and retrieve that title belt?

[Hudson lifts the legs of the ladder...

...and SLAMS them down again... and again... and again, the crowd roaring with every blow!]

GM: That might be enough, fans!

[Hudson grabs Bryant by the ankle, dragging him out of the ladder. He lifts the ladder up, setting it underneath the title belts again...]

GM: Hudson's gonna climb again!

[The challenger starts to work his way up the ladder, casting a glance over his shoulder to make sure that Bryant isn't pursuing him.]

GM: Hudson's gonna do it, fans! The challenger's gonna do it!

[Hudson gets about four rungs up the ladder when suddenly Dave Bryant, still down on the mat, kicks his leg up at the leg of the ladder!]

GM: Bryant's trying to kick the ladder down!

[The blow wobbles the ladder but doesn't topple it. Hudson looks down at Bryant with concern as Bryant kicks the ladder a second time... then a third...]

GM: Hudson looks a little wobbly up on that ladder as well...

[Hudson takes another step up, reaching up as high as he can...]

GM: Hudson wants to bring those title belts down! He wants to regain the Longhorn Heritage Title here tonight!

[Hudson, standing on the fifth rung of the ladder, realizes he needs to go higher...

...but as he steps up to the sixth rung, he finds Dave Bryant back on his feet, putting his shoulder into the ladder...]

GM: Bryant's trying to shove it over! He's trying to-

[Hudson bails out, jumping off and falling to his knees as Bryant pushes the ladder over, knocking it down to a leaning position on the top rope.]

GM: Hudson saw him coming and got down before Bryant could push that ladder over with him on it!

[Bryant rushes Hudson before he can get off a knee, slamming an elbow down over the crown of the skull. A second one connects as well before Bryant pulls Hudson up, hooking him under the armpit...]

GM: Bryant's dragging him out to the middle and-

[The champion spins around, hoisting Hudson up into a big hiptoss...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where he CRASHES down on the ladder, bending the steel and wood underneath his weight!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[Hudson winces in pain as Bryant stands, leaning over to catch his breath for a moment.]

GM: Bryant threw his challenger down on the ladder with that hiptoss... and that'll do quite a bit of damage, Bucky.

BW: I'm not sure if Hudson's getting up after that, Gordo.

[Bryant pulls Hudson off the leaning ladder by the hair, spinning away from the ropes with him.]

GM: Oh my god...

[Bryant hooks a front facelock, slinging Hudson's arm over his neck...]

GM: No, no, no!

[...and TAKES Hudson over with a brutal suplex on the ladder!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[The impact of the suplex bends the ladder underneath Hudson’s weight, causing Hudson to slump off down onto the mat.]

GM: It bent! It broke the ladder!

BW: Do we have another one out here?!

GM: The ladder is a wreck of twisted metal and you gotta think that Glenn Hudson’s body is in even WORSE shape than that after that suplex!

[Bryant stomps the lower back of Hudson several times, forcing him to roll under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Hudson’s out! Bryant kicks him to the floor... and now he’s going for the title again!

[Bryant picks up the ladder, trying to open it up and position it under the title belts...]

GM: It won’t set up right... it won’t stay standing.

BW: Bryant’s not gonna climb that thing, is he?!

GM: I have no idea. I’m not sure it’ll hold him right now.

[Bryant steps up on the second step, looking up as he puts his full weight on it...

...and the ladder buckles to the side, falling over as an angry Bryant steps away from it.]

GM: This ladder is broken and we can only hope there is another ladder available for these men to use.

[Throwing the ladder down near the ropes, Bryant backs up. He waves a hand, calling for Hudson to get back up off the floor...

...and as soon as he sees him rising, Bryant rushes across, dropping down into a baseball slide...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE KICKED THE LADDER INTO HUDSON’S FACE!! GOOD GOD!!

[Hudson collapses in a heap on the floor as Bryant gets back to his feet. He shouts something at the ringside referee who gestures at the ring. Bryant nods, stepping through the ropes...]

GM: Bryant's coming out here near us... not going after Glenn Hudson thankfully...

BW: Not yet at least.

[Bryant lifts the ring apron, digging underneath...

...and pulling out a second ladder. He lifts it up, setting it down on the middle rope, half hanging in and half hanging out...]

GM: Bryant's got the second ladder...

BW: He's going after Hudson now!

GM: Why?! Why would you not pursue the title at this point instead of trying to do more damage to Glenn Hudson?!

[Bryant drags Hudson off the mat, revealing a pretty nasty cut on the forehead of the challenger.]

GM: Bryant split him open - it had to be that baseball slide into the ladder!

[Dragging Hudson over near the announce table, Bryant waves a hand at the announcers...]

BW: I'm out of here!

[...and then SLAMS Hudson headfirst into the announce table!]

GM: Right into our table!

BW: Ugh! That Aussie just bled on our table! Can we get cleanup on Aisle Five?

[Bryant smirks at the bloodied Hudson as he lies sprawled over the table. The champion pulls himself up on the apron, taunting the crowd as he stands over his challenger.]

GM: Dave Bryant's taking his time getting back into the ring, fans. He should be focusing on the title and climbing that ladder but right now, he's doing everything but that...

[Bryant leans down, dragging Hudson up onto his feet on the table. He hammers the cut forehead with a few right hands...]

GM: What's Bryant got in mind here?

[Hooking Hudson in a front facelock, slinging the challenger's arm over his neck...]

GM: A suplex?! Where?!

[Bryant turns, obviously planning to suplex Hudson off the apron and/or table onto the cold, hard concrete floor...]

BW: This is almost a superplex, Gordo!

GM: It's gonna feel like one if he hits it!

[The Longhorn Heritage Champion lifts Hudson up...

...but a wriggling Hudson causes Bryant to set him down, dropping Hudson over the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Hudson gets ou-

[...where the challenger **THROWS** himself onto the end of the propped up ladder, causing it to teeter totter upwards, and **SLAM** into the face of a stunned Dave Bryant, sending him sprawling backwards off the table and down onto the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY GOD!! OH MY GOD!!!

BW: Bryant's face just got shattered into a million pieces, daddy! There ain't gonna be nothin' left of either of these guys after this one, Gordo! Good lord in heaven!

GM: Hudson tugs the ladder in... he's tired... he's hurting... you can see on his face that he just wants to climb this ladder and finish this thing off right here and now.

[Hudson, with great effort, lifts the ladder up off the canvas, turning it to set up on its feet.]

GM: Hudson's setting up the ladder. He's trying to seize the opportunity here.

[A quick cut to the floor shows Dave Bryant on all fours, blood dripping off his forehead down onto the canvas.]

GM: The Doctor of Love, the Longhorn Heritage Champion, has been busted open as well with that seesaw move by Glenn Hudson - a desperation move I might add as well.

BW: We're over ten minutes into this match and it's gotta feel like a half hour to these two.

GM: It certainly does.

[Hudson sets up the ladder, taking a long time to open it and tug it into position under the title belts.]

GM: The ladder's under the bags...

[The challenger reaches up, wiping the blood from his eyes before looking up at the bags holding the title belts. He grabs a rung with his right hand and slowly starts to climb...]

GM: And now the challenger starts that long climb to the top, hoping to take down those bags and regain the title that many feel he never should have lost in the first place.

BW: Bryant's on his knees out here...

[Another quick cut to the champion shows a heavy flow of blood coming from just underneath his eye and out of his nostrils.]

GM: Dave Bryant may have suffered a broken nose from that...

[Hudson edges up, stepping up to the third rung, clinging to the ladder as the fans cheer him on...]

GM: The fans are solidly behind Glenn Hudson, trying to cheer him to the top of that ladder where the championship gold awaits him.

BW: Bryant's up! Dave Bryant's up!

[The Doctor of Love leans against the apron, grabbing the ropes to drag himself under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Bryant's back in... and he's trying to crawl over to the ladder... BW: Hudson needs to move faster!

GM: I'm not sure he can. He's taken a tremendous amount of punishment in this one!

[Hudson gets two more rungs up the ladder, standing about halfway up the ladder as Bryant reaches the ladder, using it to drag himself off the canvas.]

GM: Bryant's using the ladder to pull himself to his feet...

[Bryant gives the ladder a shove... to no avail.]

GM: He's trying to push the ladder down but he can't get enough behind it!

[The Doctor of Love backs off...

...and throws the Call Me In The Morning superkick to the side of the ladder, a kick with enough impact to start the ladder tipping to the side...]

GM: IT'S GOING OVER!!

[Bryant follows up with another shove, giving the ladder enough momentum to tip over, sending Hudson CRASHING down to the canvas below!]

GM: Good grief! Hudson splatted down on this mat like he'd been shoved out of an airplane!

[Bryant grabs the ladder, pulling hard to get it back into position...]

GM: And now it's the champion looking for the win!

[...but Bryant pauses, breathing heavily.]

GM: Bryant might be able to do it. It took a lot out of him to get back into the ring after that hard shot to the face with the ladder. He may not have enough in him right now to go for that...

[Bryant spins away, slapping his right leg as he watches Glenn Hudson sucking wind on the canvas...]

GM: Bryant's decided to... is he going for the superkick?!

BW: It sure looks that way, Gordo.

GM: Dave Bryant, the champion, is setting up for Call Me In The Morning and Glenn Hudson is trying to get up off the mat...

[Bryant decides he doesn't want to wait any longer, dragging Hudson off the mat by the hair. A few right hands backs Hudson up, staggering him, leaving the bloodied Hudson dazed but just barely standing...]

GM: Hudson's on Dream Street and-

BW: SUPERKICK!

[But the missile aimed at the jaw of the challenger ends up trapped in his arms...

...where Hudson uses the leg to swing Bryant back into the nearest turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Hudson countered the superkick!

[Hudson comes in fast, hammering away with right hands to the skull of Bryant.]

GM: Hudson's all over him!

[Leaning down, Hudson lifts Bryant's leg off the mat, swinging it through the ropes...]

GM: Oh! Bryant's caught in the ropes!

[Hudson throws three more big haymakers, rocking Bryant as Hudson wheels around, grabbing the ladder to fold it up...

...and charges the corner with it!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The top of the ladder gets DRIVEN into the ribcage of Dave Bryant!

[Hudson backs off, breathing hard...

...and charges in again!]

GM: AGAIN! HUDSON RAMS THE LADDER INTO HIM AGAIN!!

BW: Twice he hits him right in the ribs! If Dave Bryant was breathing hard before, it's gotta be a whole lot worse right about now.

GM: You got that right.

[Hudson backs off, shaking his head, and with a roar he charges in a third time...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS the butt end of the ladder into the jaw of Dave Bryant!]

GM: GOOD GOD!! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY, BUCKY!!

[A dazed Bryant falls forward, collapsing on the canvas as Hudson backs off, throwing the ladder down on the mat.]

GM: I think both of these men have realized they haven't done enough yet to their opponent to put the other man down long enough to retrieve those title belts.

BW: I think you're right. They're busting out the heavy artillery now. We saw the Call Me In The Morning attempting by Bryant. We saw Hudson using that ladder as a battering ram. What else could they do, Gordo? What else could they have left in them?

[Hudson approaches the corner, pulling Bryant up into a side headlock...]

GM: Oh my god.

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation as Hudson charges out of the corner, leaping into the air...

...and DRIVING Bryant's face into the ladder with a bulldog headlock!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: AHHH!

BW: If pinfalls were legal in this, I think it'd be over, Gordo!

GM: I KNOW it'd be over! But they're not! Glenn Hudson's got Dave Bryant laid out in the center of the ring but to win this match, he's gotta set up that ladder and make his way all the way up it to snatch those titles down from the rafters!

[Hudson pushes up to his knees, wiping blood from his eyes again as he climbs to his feet.]

GM: The challenger is up... and he's setting that ladder up again!

[The ladder is pulled into position under the title belts. Hudson stands under it, looking up with a nod. He takes a deep breath and starts the long climb, stepping onto the first rung...]

GM: Hudson's starting to climb! The challenger's got gold in his sights!

[Hudson steps to the second rung relatively quickly, giving the fans some hope as he moves just as quickly to the third.]

GM: There are eight rungs on those ladders including the top step! You gotta get pretty close to the top to have a chance to pull down those title belts, fans.

BW: He's halfway there!

GM: Glenn Hudson may well indeed be living on a prayer as he tries to get near the top of this ladder and pull down the titles!

[As Hudson steps up again, steadying himself on the fifth rung of the ladder, we see Dave Bryant roll to all fours...]

GM: Bryant's starting to stir!

BW: Hudson's gotta hurry! Get up there if you want the gold!

GM: Hudson's getting close!

[Now on the sixth rung of the ladder, Hudson reaches his arm as high as he can, coming close but not quite getting there...]

GM: He's trying to get his fingers on those bags!

BW: He's close, Gordo!

GM: But I don't think he's close enough!

[A desperate Dave Bryant pushes up off the canvas...

...and SLAMS his arm up into the hinge in the middle of the ladder!]

GM: What the-?!

[The ladder promptly folds up and with a shove, Bryant sends Hudson falling back...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DEAR GOD!! HUDSON GETS CRUSHED UNDERNEATH THE LADDER!

[Bryant leans against the ropes, sucking wind as the crowd roars with shock at the sight of the challenger sprawled on the canvas, the wood and metal ladder smashed against his chest!]

GM: Hudson went falling backwards, the ladder right on top of him! Glenn Hudson just got smashed underneath... and Dave Bryant's got a window of opportunity here! The Doctor of Love has a chance to climb that ladder and retrieve his title belt!

[Bryant staggers away from the ropes, pulling the ladder off the downed Hudson. He drops to a knee, grabbing Hudson by the hair and hammering the cut forehead with right hands.]

GM: The Doctor of Love is going after the cut again, digging deeper into the flesh of his challenger!

[A dazed Bryant pulls Hudson off the mat.]

GM: What's he doing now? Why isn't he going for the title?

BW: Like you said, he's on Dream Street. He may not even know where the heck he's at right now, Gordo.

[Bryant backs Hudson into the corner, hammering down right hands to the forehead before grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whip... Hudson hits the corner hard!

[Glenn Hudson smashes into the buckles, clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet as Bryant measures him...]

GM: Dave Bryant may be taking a page out of Glenn Hudson's playbook!

[The Doctor of Love dashes across the ring at top speed, throwing himself into a sloppy dropkick...

...but an exhausted Hudson drops to the mat, avoiding the move!]

GM: BRYANT MISSED AND-

BW: HE'S CAUGHT IN THE ROPES!!

[The crowd roars at the sight of Bryant dangling helplessly in the Tree of Woe!]

GM: Bryant's caught and-

[Hudson crawls a few feet, grabbing the ladder and sliding it towards the corner, pinning Bryant's face against the buckles with it...]

GM: What the heck?

[Hudson gets to his feet, backing to the far corner. He wipes the blood from his eyes again, charging out...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The sliding dropkick connects with the legs of the ladder, SMASHING the top of it into Bryant's trapped face!]

GM: That's... I don't know what to say about that, Bucky.

[Hudson pulls the ladder back up, throwing it into the nearest corner as Bryant slips out of the Tree and back down to the mat. Hudson pulls the champion up, walking to the corner where the ladder rests...]

GM: What's he going to do- OHHH! Facefirst to a rung of the ladder!

[The crowd roars, counting along as Hudson slams Bryant's face into rung after rung - all the way down until Bryant is facedown on the mat, blood spurting from a new wound as Hudson turns towards the titles...]

...and points at them to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Alright! Here we go!

[Dragging the ladder out of the corner, Hudson sets it up in the middle of the ring under the bags with the title belts...]

GM: Hudson sets up the ladder in the center of the ring... and I think he's gonna go for it, Bucky!

BW: Sure looks that way.

GM: Hudson's got the ladder in the right spot... and again, he starts the slow, slow climb towards the top of this thing...

[The crowd is absolutely roaring, climbing to their feet to cheer on the challenger as he gets closer and closer to the top...]

GM: One step at a time... one rung at a time... Glenn Hudson's trying to climb the distance to where the Longhorn Heritage Title awaits him!

BW: Bryant's gotta get up!

GM: He's taken a tremendous amount of punishment for nearly twenty minutes now. Time and time again, he's taken that ladder to the head and face... but does he have enough left to save his title again?

[Hudson gets to the halfway point, delirious with blood loss as he reaches up blindly at the titles that he's nowhere near yet...]

GM: Hudson needs to go further - he's not there yet!

[As the challenger takes several moments before moving up another rung, Dave Bryant uses the ropes to pull himself off the canvas - a fresh wound on his forehead. He too takes a moment to wipe the blood from his eyes before staggering across the ring to the other side of the ladder...]

...and starts climbing as well!]

GM: Oh my stars! They're both climbing the ladder, Bucky! They're BOTH climbing the ladder!

[The crowd is on their collective feet, screaming and shouting as both Bryant and Hudson climb the ladder one step at a time...]

GM: It's a race! It's a footrace for the Longhorn Heritage Title!

[Hudson clings to the ladder for a bit as Bryant gains ground, drawing just a step behind the challenger...]

GM: They're just about even, fans!

[The crowd somehow grows louder as Bryant edges up another step... then Hudson does the same, pulling themselves both high enough where they can see one another above the ladder...]

GM: They're both up at the top! The titles are within reach for both of these men!

[Bryant throws a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand by the Doctor of Love!

[Hudson returns fire!]

GM: But Hudson gives him one right back!

[The Doctor of Love rears back, throwing a big one to the jaw that causes Hudson to rock back, barely hanging on with one hand...

...one hand that he uses to pull himself into a hard right hand to the jaw of Bryant!]

GM: Back and forth, they're trading haymakers up on top of the ladder! These fans are living and dying with every blow, wondering who is going to be able to knock the other man down and claim the Longhorn Heritage Title belt for themselves!

[Hudson suddenly lunges forward, smashing his skull into Bryant's head!]

GM: Ohh! Headbutt by Hudson!

[Rearing back his right arm, Hudson SLAMS an overhead elbow down between the eyes of Bryant!]

GM: Hudson's got the edge!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Hudson throws a trio of quick right hands to the jaw before using his left hand to grab the hair too...

...and SLAMS Bryant's face into the top step of the ladder!]

GM: OHHH!

[Bryant's slumps back, hanging onto the ladder for dear life as he looks on the verge of collapse. Hudson leans forward to grab the hair with both hands again...]

GM: AGAIN TO THE TOP STEP!!

[Bryant falls back, his leg dangling from the side of the ladder as he clings to the rungs with both hands...]

GM: What the... grab the belt!

[Hudson steps up to the second to the last rung, takes one quick grab at the belt...

...and gets a desperation right hand to the gut from Bryant!]

GM: Hudson couldn't get it! Hudson tried but he couldn't- what's he-

[Suddenly, Hudson plants both feet on the rung, steadying himself...]

GM: NO!

[...and THROWS himself over Bryant, grabbing him around the legs and waist...

They sail through the air in tandem, plummeting down... down... down...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Down onto the rock solid canvas with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: OH MY GOD!!

[The crowd ERUPTS in a major roar at the sight of Dave Bryant and Glenn Hudson BOUNCING off the canvas on impact...

...a bounce that causes the ladder to topple right down on top of both men! The crowd is still roaring for the big slam from the top but quickly falls to a shocked buzz as they see both men sprawled out underneath the wood and metal ladder!]

GM: Hudson's down! Bryant's for damn sure down! My goodness, what a war these two are going through!

[Both men are motionless underneath the ladder as the crowd roars for both men.]

GM: My stars, I can't believe I just saw that. A death-defying move from Glenn Hudson has left both champion and challenge completely motionless on the mat.

BW: Incredible!

GM: After all we've seen tonight, we wondered how in the world the AWA locker room would continue to top themselves as the night went on but by God, I'm pretty sure they've just done it!

BW: What the heck is the referee doing?

GM: I think... it looks like he's checking to see if they can keep going.

[The referee slides in, checking to make sure both men can continue to battle.]

GM: There are no pinfalls, DQs, all that stuff... but remember, the referee nearly ALWAYS has the right to stop a match if he feels that a competitor - or both competitors perhaps in this case - can not continue.

BW: What happens if that happens? Does Bryant keep the belt?

GM: I would imagine so. The title would not change hands in the event of a no contest being called.

BW: I'm okay with that. Ring the bell, Meekly.

GM: Bucky!

BW: Hey, I don't want to put these guys at risk of permanent injury. Do you?

GM: Of course not... and if that's the referee's decision, so be it. But let's give the man time to-

[He straightens up, waving his arms for the match to continue to another roar from the crowd.]

GM: Oh yeah! The referee sees the match can continue!

BW: Bad call! Ring the bell!

GM: Would you stop?

[The referee actually pulls the ladder off the two men, setting it aside as he leans down next to both champion and challenger, perhaps checking again.]

GM: Michael Meekly's taking a second look. He wants to take no chances with the well-being of these two.

[Suddenly, Glenn Hudson pushes up off the mat, actually grabbing the referee's shirt to try and drag himself up to his feet.]

GM: The challenger's moving! He's trying to get up!

[Hudson hangs onto the protesting referee, dragging himself up and falling back into the turnbuckles, barely able to stand.]

GM: Hudson's leaning against the corner, trying to keep his feet underneath him... he's waving for Bryant to get up... waving for him to stand and finish this thing...

[A bloodied champion stirs again, pushing up to all fours as Hudson stalks forward, pulling him with two handfuls of hair...

...and getting a boot thrown into the groin!]

GM: Bryant goes low and-

[The Doctor of Love snares a front facelock, PLANTING Hudson with a DDT out of nowhere!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Bryant stays down on the canvas for a moment, breathing heavily as the referee calls for the match to keep going. The Doctor of Love rolls to his side, spitting out a wad of bloody saliva as he pushes to all fours.]

GM: And now it's Bryant starting to stir... it's Dave Bryant looking to take advantage of that devastating DDT and put the Longhorn Heritage Title back around his waist...

[Bryant pulls the ladder into position, setting it up underneath the titles.]

GM: Bryant's going to make the climb now... going to make that long climb to the top where the titles await...

[Hudson rolls to his stomach as Bryant steps onto the second rung.]

GM: The Doctor of Love keeps looking up... keeps trying to see how much further he has to climb to get those titles back...

BW: Bryant's got a few inches of height on Hudson... he might not need to climb as high...

GM: You could be right about that. Hudson's still down and Bryant, with each rung, gets closer to keeping his championship dreams alive.

[The Doctor of Love steps up to the halfway point, pausing to wipe the blood from his eyes again. He's breathing heavily as he edges up to just past the halfway point, taking a look down to find the challenger up on all fours...]

GM: How in the world are these two still going, Bucky?!

BW: It's that drive to be a champion... the sheer will to put that title belt around your waist. It makes people do incredible things, Gordo. Incredible things.

GM: We're witnessing that firsthand right now as Bryant gets closer and closer to the title and Glenn Hudson gets closer and closer to being back on his feet...

[Hudson uses the ladder's hinge to drag himself back to his feet, leaning against it as Bryant gets another step higher, reaching up for the bag that is swinging back and forth from the movement in the ring...]

GM: The belt's just out of reach! Bryant needs to go up one more rung, I think!

BW: He doesn't want to! Bryant keeps looking down!

GM: The Doctor of Love is one step away from retaining the gold! He needs to step up one more spot and take down those title belts!

[Hudson moves to Bryant's side of the ladder, reaching up to grab at a foot. Bryant tries to kick him off but Hudson hangs on, stepping up on the ladder's second rung...]

GM: Hudson's climbing the same side of the ladder as Bryant!

[The challenger throws a right hand to the ribs of Bryant, hitting the exposed ribcage... a second one lands as well, keeping the Doctor of Love from reaching for the title belts.]

GM: Hudson's keeping him from getting up there to get the belts! Another right hand to the ribs!

[The challenger takes another step up the ladder... then another. Bryant reaches down with his left arm to hook a side headlock, bringing his right hand down to deliver a series of right hands to the skull!]

GM: Bryant's trying to hammer him down!

[Hudson wraps his arms around the waist of Bryant, drawing a huge cheer from the crowd!]

GM: He's trying to suplex him! Hudson's trying to get a suplex off the ladder!

[But Bryant keeps on pummeling the forehead, battering his way free. The Doctor of Love twists his body around, facing the incoming Hudson, and smashing an elbow down over the forehead!]

GM: Bryant's got the perfect position here to keep Hudson down!

BW: But Hudson's bought some time. Hudson's bought a chance to NOT allow Bryant to grab the titles!

[Hudson takes a second elbow, dropping back down to the mat on his feet. He reaches up, throwing a right hand to the gut of Bryant!]

GM: Hudson's got him! Hudson's got him!

[Bryant throws a right hand again... and another... and another... before hopping down off the ladder with a double axehandle across the skull!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant drops him!

[The Doctor of Love, perhaps feeling a second wind, pushes the ladder back a couple feet as he leans down, grabbing the legs of Hudson...]

GM: He's going for a-

BW: SLINGSHOT!

[Bryant sends Hudson sailing into the air towards the waiting ladder...]

GM: INTO THE LADD-

[The crowd ROARS as Hudson lands on the ladder, quickly trying to climb...]

GM: Hudson's climbing! Hudson's climbing!

[Bryant swings around, grabbing Hudson by the back of the trunks, preventing him from getting up the ladder. A back kick to the face sends Bryant staggering back as Hudson wheels around...]

GM: Hudson's got the high ground and-

[The challenger leaps off the ladder, hooking Bryant in a front facelock, twisting through the air...]

GM: NO HARD FEELIN-

[But Bryant wraps his arms around Hudson's torso, desperate to prevent a match-ending Tornado DDT...]

...and rushes towards the ladder, slamming Hudson back into it!]

GM: Hudson's still on the ladder!

[Bryant breaks his grip, throwing a right hand to the jaw that sends Hudson spinning back towards the ladder!]

GM: Bryant rocked him!

[Moving to the other side of the ladder, Bryant wastes no time, taking no chances as he quickly scales the ladder...]

GM: Bryant's going up the other side! The champion's trying to find a way to pull this off!

[Bryant steps up quickly near the top as a dazed Hudson catches him with a right hand...]

GM: Here we go again!

[Hudson grabs the hair, SLAMMING Bryant's face into the top of the ladder!]

GM: Another hard shot!

[Bryant staggers back, slipping down a rung as Hudson reaches up, going for the title belts...]

GM: Hudson's almost there!

BW: Bryant's going into the trunks!

[The Doctor of Love pushes up to the next rung, something gripped tightly in his right hand...]

GM: What's he-?!

[...and UNCORKS a right hand on the jaw of Hudson, sending a shower of objects flying everywhere!]

GM: What are...?

BW: Coins! Silver dollars, daddy!

[A dazed Hudson falls forward onto the ladder as Bryant grabs him by the hair, tilting his head up so that he can look him in the eyes...

...and gives the challenger a big shove, sending him plummeting off the ladder and down to the mat!]

GM: GAAAAH!

[Bryant sneers at the downed Hudson before looking up, reaching up...

...and unhooking the bags holding the title belts!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He's done it! Dave Bryant's done it!

[Bryant swings a leg over the top of the ladder, dropping the canvas bag down to the mat while holding the silk bag high above his head while the referee leans down to check on a floored Glenn Hudson.]

GM: Hudson got knocked flat with that... was it a roll of silver dollars in his hand?!

BW: It had to be!

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... and STILL the AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion...

DAAAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYYYYYANNNNT!

[Bryant climbs down, dropping several steps down to the mat as he thrusts the title belt bag over his head again...]

GM: Dave Bryant, by hook or by crook, has retained the Longhorn Heritage Title here tonight in Los Angeles... but you've gotta give it to Glenn Hudson. What an effort he put in... what a war these two men put one another through.

BW: It was a heck of a match... a hell of a war... but in the end, you've got a loser and a winner. The man holding the title in the bag in there? He's the winner. And Glenn Hudson, just like he's always been, is a loser.

GM: Would you stop? That's not true at all. But Dave Bryant, fans... Dave Bryant has made history here in Los Angeles... here in the AWA... here... at SuperClash IV!

[Bryant wobbles down the ramp, still holding the bag above his head as we crossfade from the ring 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 assailants 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.

Backstage, Mark Stegglet stands with Ryan Martinez. The AWA's White Knight is dressed to wrestle, wearing a dark blue jacket over a similarly dark blue "AWA" muscle shirt. His long wrestling pants have the same dark blue base, with black circles over each leg between the hip and the knee. The right circle has the letters "RM" written in gothic style lettering, while the left circle has a white sword superimposed over a white shield. His hands are covered in tight fitting dark blue gloves, with black patches over his palms, while his ring boots are jet black with white laces.]

MS: I'm here with a man who finds himself standing at the center of more than one storm. Mr. Martinez, I'm not even sure where we begin.

[A serious expression on his young face, Ryan nods after an exhale.]

RM: You know Mark, I'm not sure either.

MS: Let's begin with a man who clearly feels slighted by you, Hannibal Carver. How do you...

[But before Stegglet can even get the question out...]

"D"HF: I have, if I may, a perhaps better question.

["Doctor" Harrison Fawcett walks into view. He is wearing a cream-colored suit with matching dress shoes, the only bit of color detectable being a dark red necktie and a pair of black leather gloves. In his left hand is his ever present mysterious gem, which he gazes at before finally turning his attention to Ryan.]

"D"HF: Aren't you tired?

[Ryan looks at Fawcett quizzically.]

"D"HF: They say heavy lies the crown... but here you are before you can even begin to sit upon the throne, and to my eyes you seem exhausted. By

their questions. By their demands of you. You have yet to grasp the title befitting of a... KING...

[Fawcett smiles slyly.]

"D"HF: ... and yet the demands of your subjects weigh, threatening to send you crashing down to the abyss.

[Ryan and Steglett exchange a glance, no doubt wondering if the bizarre "doctor" has a point to this interruption.]

"D"HF: That is where I believe I can be of the utmost assistance. I can make it all go away, Martinez. The demands of the public. The threats of a simple drunkard. All you have to do is ask and but with a wave of my hand...

[Fawcett waves the gem from left to right.]

"D"HF: ... it is yours. All of it. Every fantasy your mind can dare to conceive of.

[Fawcett nods, grinning.]

"D"HF: And all I require of you... is to sign your name on the dotted line. One contract, and your life changes forever.

[Having stood by silently and listened to the "Doctor's" diatribe, Martinez now speaks.]

RM: People say I talk too much. So I'll put this as simply as I can.

The answer is no.

[Dabbing his head with his handkerchief, Fawcett prepares to retort, but Ryan silences him with a shake of his head.]

RM: No, Fawcett. Not now, not ever. Don't ask again.

[There's no more to be said, as the White Knight stalks off, preparing to head to the ring. As Martinez leaves, the camera stays on Fawcett, who silently fumes, before slowly raising his gem, which now begins to gleam. As the light continues to shine, a low, rising growl is heard off camera as Fawcett nods. His eyes never wavering from anything less than intense anger, we fade out.]

We fade back in to a shot of the ring, where we see that it has been hijacked by Andrew "Flash" Tucker and "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian; better known as Strictly Business. Sebastian sports a black Versace baroque print shirt and accompanying leggings, his familiar Gucci loafers completing the ensemble. Tucker is clad in a pair of gray chino pants, a turquoise gingham shirt and a pair of desert-colored chukka boots.]

GM: Fans, we're back here on Saturday Night Wrestling, and our schedule has been rudely interrupted by Strictly Business.

BW: These guys are Hall of Famers, Gordo. Or certainly should be. If they have something to say, we should be thrilled to hear it.

[The two pace around the ring, letting the boos die down before Sebastian begins.]

MS: You dolts just don't realize how good you've got it, do ya? A decade and a half gone by and there hasn't been a team who could muster up even half the career we've put together. And this is the respect you give us?

[Sebastian unsubtly scoffs.]

MS: Apparently the fiasco with the Hall wasn't enough for the powers that be. Now they've got us on rinse/repeat every other week, coming out here getting taken for a ride. And we're over it.

[Tucker nods in agreement.]

AT: What happened two weeks ago is a complete sham. I don't know what you fans _think_ you saw, but you certainly didn't see Andrew Tucker gettin' pinned by some greenhorn nobody like TORA. But just to make damn sure the collective vision of the state o' Texas is corrected, Mikey an' I have a request – check that, a _demand._

MS: We want you and that one-handed boy wonder friend of yours inside this ring at the Clash.

[The crowd is notably buzzing at the challenge.]

GM: Strictly Business has just laid down the challenge! They want Brian James and TORA in tag team action in NYC at SuperClash!

BW: So do I! That's going to be one heck of a match, Gordo.

GM: It certainly would be and our sources tell us that Brian James should be medically cleared to compete in the days to come and-

[At this point, a voice with more than just a little hostility in it interrupts, causing both Tucker and Sebastian to check the aisle.]

MH: And that's where you're wrong... they're ours at SuperClash!

[It's Dichotomy. Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner are walking down the aisle, with Hoefner holding a wireless microphone. We have seen them earlier in the evening, and they're wearing the same attire. Hoefner is still extremely irritated, while Ginn is his usual form of dispassionate and cold.]

MH: You had your chance against them once. Yeah, you shoulda won. Yeah, you got gypped. And if you fight them again, you'll probably wipe the floor

with them. We're not gonna dispute any of that, 'cause it's true. What we ARE gonna dispute is this feeling you have that you get dibs just because you were apparently somebody during the previous millennium.

MG: None of which we watched or cared about.

[At this point, Ginn and Hoefner have arrived at the ring, and step through the ropes. The fans are excited at the possibility that two teams they dislike are probably moments away from assaulting one another. Tucker and Sebastian subtly shift position to be at an optimal distance for a double-team if an attack comes (or they decide to initiate one) while Dichotomy does the same.]

MH: You walk around with your big shot attitude like somebody owes you something. The fact is, they DO owe us something. We've won bigger matches the past two months than you have since you came back. We're higher in the rankings than you. We're the true Number One Contenders, and we really SHOULD be getting the World Tag Team Title shot at SuperClash. In fact, we SHOULD be defending the World Tag Team Titles at SuperClash. And why aren't we?

MG: The obvious answer; two feckless vagrants by the name of TORA and Brian James. Our claim to their scalps precedes and supersedes your own. They have cost us lost wages, and as former World Champions, you are well aware of the magnitude of funds we're talking about here. Life-changing money. You take this for granted because you earned yours long ago. So long ago that you've forgotten what it is to need.

MH: All we KNOW is need. In short, we're starving and you're made of meat. You understand what we're saying?

[Surprisingly, Tucker and Sebastian don't respond with violence. In fact, Tucker is pretty calm as he responds.]

AT: Fellas, fellas, fellas. I get it. You want a payday. SuperClash is 'bout as big as they come in this business these days. Completely understood. But you gotta understand, this is about much more than money – it's about legacy. You don't have one to worry 'bout. We do. So if you want Mikey over here to write you a check... step-aside money, if you will, he'll take care of it.

MS: What will it take, boys? A couple truckloads of Zima and free Netflix? Just point us in the direction of your subsidized housing and we'll call it a day. We've got a real agenda we're working with here. Bot the clog up the middle of pipeline to the main stage playbook you two have have had in front of you since day one. Simply name your price, clear a path and stand in as somebody else's road block, capisce?

[For some reason, this makes Ginn's calm facade shatter. He grabs Hoefner's mic in a rare display of rage and snarls a response.]

MG: LEGACY?! There is no legacy in sports! No one has ever improved the world in sports! I was supposed to be a scientist! I was supposed to save mankind from itself, but some ignoramuses decided that their own notion of "morality" was more important than progress! THAT is why I need money! Don't talk to me about legacy!

[Hoefner reaches over.... carefully... and pulls the mic back from his partner.]

MH: One payout don't replace championship income, and you know it. You seem to think we're a couple of welfare frauds who want a handout because they're too lazy to lift more than one hand at a time. No... all THOSE people are out there in the seats tonight.

[BOOOOOO! Hoefner gestures to indicate the fans, and Tucker and Sebastian both nod in agreement with that assessment. Ginn is pacing in an effort to calm down, seemingly frustrated at his loss of composure.]

MH: So stop acting like you're speaking to children. Either look us in the eye or walk, because it's 2014, and this is our time.

[Tucker sighs in frustration and then suddenly an idea appears to cross his mind. He holds the microphone away from him and pulls the other three men in close. After a few moments of hushed discussion, heads begin to nod and smiles are cracked all around.]

AT: I think we've come to a reasonable agreement that'll make everyone happy. Well, maybe 'cept TORA and Brian James.

[A slight chuckle from Tucker.]

MG: The agreement is more than acceptable. TORA, Brian James, we will ALL face you at SuperClash!

[The crowd boos, but they're not sure what is being proposed yet.]

MG: It will be an eight-man tag team match. If you can find two like-minded individuals who are simple enough to agree to share your fate, then we will meet you at SuperClash.

MH: And if you can't, we'll STILL meet you at SuperClash. If we gotta kick your locker room door open and drag you to the ring, it'll happen.

MS: At the end of the day, if it means us wrapping our hands around those pencil necks of TORA and Brian James, we're as game as Parker Brothers. So get your names on the dotted line, boys. And we'll make sure you get ObamaCare off to a hell of a start.

[The two teams share a brief uneasy glance before Tucker and Ginn each stick a hand out, pretty much at the same time. Boos resound as the handshake is made, sealing the deal. Hoefner and Sebastian shake hands as well, and then the two teams warily back away from one another.]

BW: Oh, man. That is what we need more of in this world. Compromise. Putting differences aside to take care of the important things. Like exterminating pests such as TORA and Brian James.

GM: The question is, Bucky, who will TORA and Brian James get to be their partners?

BW: Nobody's that dumb, daddy. You want to get in front of two Hall Of Famers teamed with two guys so desperate they'll do anything to get ahead? And for what, to protect two punk kids who keep stealing people's airtime? Nope. It's gonna be a handicap match and a slaughter. And those idiots are so gullible, they'll sign it before realizing that nobody'll team with them. I love it!

GM: I personally wonder if this might not be an opportunity for TORA and James to rid themselves of some enemies. Strictly Business and Dichotomy may be putting differences aside, but those differences are there.

BW: If only those dumb kids were smart enough to exploit them. Hahahaha, no.

GM: I'm told that TORA is actually standing by backstage with Mark Stegglet right now. Perhaps he has a response to the challenge we just heard. Mark?

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where TORA is standing, ready for action, alongside Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Oh, I'd say that's a safe bet, Gordon. TORA, you heard the-

[TORA angrily interrupts.]

T: Oh, I heard the challenge, Mark! I heard four guys fighting over who is gonna get the chance to beat me and Brian up at SuperClash... that's what they're fighting over, right?

[Stegglet looks uncomfortable.]

MS: Well, I-

T: That's what they THINK they're fighting over! What they're really fighting over is the chance to step inside the circle with the youngest, fastest, hardest-hitting tag team to hit the AWA in ages! They're fighting over the chance to get kicked so hard, their grandparents' teeth hurt and to get so dizzy watching me fly around them that their next of kin needs Dramamine.

[TORA smiles.]

T: They're fighting over the chance to get inside the ring with my partner and good friend, Brian James, who is as angry as I've ever seen him lately thanks to that busted up hand taking him out of action.

I haven't even talked to Brian yet... he's not even here tonight... but you better believe that we've got an answer to their challenge, Mark.

[Stegglet pursues.]

MS: Which is?

T: Yes.

MS: That's it.

T: Heck yes?

MS: Gotcha. But it's not a straight up tag team match. It's an eight man tag! Now, we know that you and Brian James are friends with men like Ryan Martinez and Air Strike but they're already in matches at SuperClash. Who in the world will you two get to team with you?

[TORA shrugs.]

T: No clue, Mark. Like I said, I haven't even talked to Brian yet... but what I can promise you is that back here in these locker rooms, there is no shortage of guys wanting to get on that SuperClash lineup that would give their eye teeth for a shot to shut up guys like Tucker, Sebastian, Ginn, and Hoefner. They think they're the best?

At SuperClash, they get the chance to prove it.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Alright, but what about tonight? What about later tonight and that Fans' Choice Main Event?

T: You know, Mark... the fans know how I feel about them and I know how they feel about me. I'm not going to stand out here and beg them for their support tonight. If they want to see me in action, they know what I bring to the table. If they decide they want to see someone else instead, I respect that too.

[Stegglet turns back to the camera.]

MS: There you have it, fans. If you want to see TORA inside the squared circle here tonight in the Main Event, head over to Twitter and let us hear it - #TORA! But right now, let's head back down 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!

[There are a sprinkling of cheers for Reed as he hops up on the middle rope, giving a big enthusiastic shout.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The arena lights begin to flicker slightly as the opening riffs of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" begin to blare across the sound system, the crowd responding to the music with a chorus of boos. The camera cuts to the entranceway, where the curtains part to reveal one of the AWA's most despised (and annoying) characters, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne is clad in a black three-piece suit, his flowing blonde hair cascading down past his shoulders. He stands at the head of the entryway for many moments, soaking in all of the boos he probably thinks are cheers from his "throngs of adoring fans".]

PW: From Avery Island, Louisiana... weighing 245 pounds... he is the Ladykiller...

CAAAAAALIIIIIIISTOOOOOOOO DUUUUUUFRESNNNNNNNNNE!

[The former World Champion finally begins to make his way towards the ring, ignoring every fan who is screaming obscenities at him. Dufresne finally makes it to the ring, stepping through the ring ropes. "The Ladykiller" then proceeds to move to the center of the ring and slowly remove his three-piece suit, mostly to the chagrin of the male audience, but a few female shrieks are heard from the crowd as well. Dufresne finally finishes removing his suit, and now proceeds to pose for the crowd, flexing his well-defined muscles as the crowd's ever-increasing boos become more and more evident. Dufresne sneers derisively at the crowd as he moves to the corner, preparing for the start of the match.]

GM: The former World Champion is out here tonight trying to build some much-needed momentum as he heads into SuperClash and the annual Steal The Spotlight match.

BW: And don't think for a second that the former World Champ wouldn't use that contract to attempt to become a TWO-TIME World Champion.

GM: Absolutely. But earlier tonight, we heard some tension in the ranks of Team Detson as Dufresne and team captain Johnny Detson got into a bout of verbal sparring with team member Terry Shane.

BW: I'd like to take the Ring Leader's side in that one but he's been acting plenty erratic since leaving Miss Sandra Hayes... and you gotta be a little bit off in the head to walk away from a woman like that, Gordo.

GM: I don't know about that.

[As the bell sounds, Dufresne slips out of the corner, circling the ring as James Reed does the same on his side of the ring, the two men going around and around until Reed lunges into a collar and elbow, using his weight advantage to shove Dufresne back against the ropes...]

GM: James Reed backs him down...

[And as Reed breaks clean, Dufresne sticks a thumb in the eye.]

GM: Ohh! Dufresne goes to the eyes right off the bat!

[The referee shouts at Dufresne, who shrugs, smirking at the official before he grabs Reed by the hair, slamming his face down into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Dufresne will break every rule in the book that he can think of.

BW: You can do that when you get the results that he gets, Gordo. You need a copy of his resume?

GM: No, I really-

BW: He's a former AWA National Tag Team Champion. A former AWA National Champion. A former Stampede Cup winner. A former AWA World Heavyweight Champion. This is one of the most decorated competitors in AWA history... and after SuperClash, he might be looking to add another championship to that list, Gordo.

GM: In order to get there though, he's gotta be on the winning side against the team of Supernova, Sultan Azam Sharif, Derrick Williams, and Bobby O'Connor plus one more competitor that we STILL don't know about. And even if he survives those five competitors, he'd have to defeat whoever is left on his OWN team!

BW: Those are the rules of Steal The Spotlight but when the stakes are as high as they will be on Thanksgiving Night, you'll find extraordinary competitors stepping up to do extraordinary things like we saw in that Ladder Match during ClashBack earlier tonight.

[With Reed getting hammered against the turnbuckles by Dufresne, the World Champion positions him chestfirst against the ropes, leaning him over so that his throat is pressed down against the top rope...]

GM: That's a choke, ref!

BW: The referee's counting him. He's got 'til five to break it, you know that.

[At the count of four and a half, Dufresne gives the top rope a tug, sending Reed sprawling backwards, crashing down to the canvas. The Ladykiller turns away, smirking at the jeering crowd. He gestures to his well-toned body, inviting a young lady in the front row into the ring...

...and then turns his gaze down the ramp where he finds Supernova approaching.]

BW: What is THIS all about?

GM: Supernova's got every right to scout the match, Bucky.

BW: I suppose but is that really why he's out here?

[Dufresne pauses, looking up the entry ramp to fire off a few harsh words in the direction of the face-painted fan favorite.]

GM: Few will ever forget Supernova walking into SuperClash III to challenge Calisto Dufresne for the AWA National Title.

BW: You can bet that neither of them have.

GM: Absolutely not.

[Inside the ring, Dufresne angrily stomps Reed a few times, pointing at him and shouting, "This is gonna be you on Thanksgiving!" before hauling the young man up, burying a right hand into the midsection. He loops a leg over the back of the doubled up Reed...

...and leaps up, DRIVING Reed facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Legdrop bulldog and that might be enough!

[The ever-arrogant Ladykiller rolls Reed onto his back, sloppily leaning across with one arm, his head resting on his fist.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow down for one... for two... but that's all as James Reed slips out the back door of that sloppy pin attempt.

BW: It wasn't exactly text book but sometimes you don't need a great cover if you've knocked the guy out cold.

GM: Apparently he hasn't managed to do that to James Reed quite yet.

BW: Give him time.

[Dufresne slowly climbs to his feet, glaring at the official before he stomps the forehead of Reed a few times, earning a reprimand as he explains he's using the flat of the boot.]

BW: Flat of the boot is totally legal, Gordo.

GM: I hate to agree in this instance but yes it is.

[Grabbing Reed by the legs, Dufresne drags him a few feet closer to the corner. He throws a glance back before dropping back, catapulting Reed into the air where he crashes chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Catapult connects by the former World Champion!

[Dufresne gets back to his feet, pointing at Supernova and shouting at him.]

BW: Hah! Dufresne just told him that he's gonna give him his own personal ClashBack on Thanksgiving Night in New York City!

GM: Again referring to that SuperClash III Main Event between those two men that saw Dufresne retain the title.

[Dufresne balls up the same hand he's using to point at Supernova, dropping to his knees and driving a fist down between the eyes!]

GM: Dufresne drops the fist down... and he's going for another cover.

[There's a little more to this cover as at least Dufresne is chest-to-chest with Reed but again doesn't bother to hook a leg as Reed kicks out before three.]

GM: Another lackadaisical cover by Calisto Dufresne.

[A sneering Dufresne climbs slowly back to his feet, stalking James Reed as he tries to get a second wind. The Ladykiller hauls him up, dragging him into a front facelock, leaning down to hook one of the legs...]

GM: Cradle suplex perhaps?

[But the former World Champion spins to the side, SNAPPING Reed over and down to the mat with a neckbreaker!]

GM: OHHHH! That might do it right there!

[Dufresne pushes up to his knees, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture but doesn't attempt a cover. Instead, he climbs up to his feet again, dragging a limp Reed with him, pulling him into the front facelock a second time...]

GM: Dufresne hooks the trunks... here it comes...

[He lifts Reed off the mat before SPIKING him skullfirst into the canvas!]

BW: WHAM, BAM, THANK YOU MA'AM! That's it, daddy!

[This time when Dufresne applies the sloppy cover, there's little doubt as the referee quickly counts to three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Dufresne with the victory!

[As the Ladykiller pushes up to his knees, Ricky Longfellow raises a hand in victory. Dufresne smirks, staring right through the ropes at Supernova is who now at ringside.]

"LOOK AT HIM! LOOK AT HIM, 'NOVA!"

[Supernova stares into the ring as Dufresne taunts him.]

"THIS IS GONNA BE YOU AT SUPERCLASH... OUT COLD AT MY HANDS... AGAIN!"

[He cackles as he climbs to his feet, moving over towards Phil Watson, gesturing for the mic.]

CD: Supernova, I know that you're not exactly the smartest man in the AWA locker room so maybe you didn't understand the lesson that I just tried to teach you...

[Dufresne strokes his chin.]

CD: Maybe... you need to experience it firsthand.

[The crowd starts to buzz in anticipation.]

CD: So, I'll tell you what... why don't you get your painted-up face inside this ring right now... and I'll knock your mascara all over the front row!

[You don't have to ask Supernova twice. The face-painted fan favorite scrambles up on the apron, ducking through the ropes to the roar of the crowd as Dufresne strikes, burying a boot into 'Nova's chest as he comes through the ropes!]

GM: Here we go! Here we go! We've got a SuperClash preview right here tonight!

[Dufresne rains down blows on the muscular back of Supernova who absorbs them all...

...and then straightens up, staring dead in the eyes of Dufresne who suddenly looks nervous about this idea!]

GM: Oh yeah! No effect on Supernova!

[Supernova pounds his chest with his fists and throws his head back, giving a howl that the crowd echoes before Dufresne buries a boot into the gut. He grabs an arm, looking for an Irish whip...

...but gets it reversed, rebounding back into a running clothesline that takes him off his feet!]

GM: Big clothesline by Supernova!

[Dufresne scrambles back up and gets flattened a second time!]

GM: Another clothesline by Supernova!

[The face-painted fan favorite drags Dufresne off the mat, grabbing the arm to fire him into the corner. Supernova backs up, his shoulders against the

turnbuckles and delivers another trademark howl before racing across the ring...]

GM: FROM CORNER TO CORNER...

[The crowd ERUPTS as Supernova squashes Dufresne against the turnbuckles with the Heat Wave splash!]

GM: HEAT WAVE CONNECTS!!

BW: DETSON!

[The camera cuts to the top of the aisle where Johnny Detson is making a beeline for the ring, trying to be sneaky as Supernova grabs the legs of Dufresne, in the zone as he steps through them, flipping Dufresne over into the Solar Flare!]

GM: SOLAR FLARE LOCKED IN!!

[Dufresne is screaming in pain, frantically slapping at the mat.]

BW: THE MAN HAS A SURGICALLY REPAIRED BACK!

[With Dufresne howling in agony, Detson slips into the ring behind Supernova, measuring him as he approaches...

...and reaches in from behind, digging his fingers into both eyes!]

GM: OH!

[Supernova blindly staggers away, releasing the hold as he swings at the air...

...and gets booted in the gut!]

GM: NO!

[Detson quickly hooks the arms before DRIVING Supernova facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: WILDE DRIVER CONNECTS!

[The crowd howls with disappointment as Detson gets to his feet, shouting at the downed Supernova...

...and then starts roaring with cheers at the sight of Sultan Azam Sharif lumbering down the aisle!]

GM: SHARIF'S COMING FOR DETSON AND DUFRESNE!

[Sharif steps through the ring, ready to strike...

...and finds that Detson and Dufresne have elected to bail out, choosing to fight another day instead.]

GM: And look at those cowards running away like thieves in the night!

BW: You call them cowards, I call them geniuses. They got Supernova... they got him good... but Sharif was-

GM: Facing them? They couldn't jump him from behind?

BW: Well, uh...h...

GM: They had a two-on-one advantage and they STILL chose to run for it! Those are COWARDS in my book, Bucky!

BW: Your book is a pop-up for three year olds.

[Sharif kneels down next to Supernova, checking on him as Detson and Dufresne flee from the Crockett Coliseum, getting booed madly by the AWA faithful as we fade to black.

The shot opens to an overhead view Madison Square Garden, as a voice over speaks over top.]

"Madison Square Garden. The World's Most Famous Arena.

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

In just a few weeks, the home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

[Cut to a billboard in Times Square with the SuperClash logo, Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez on either side.]

"But years before the World's Most Famous arena hosted The Wrestling World's Biggest Event, it was the proving ground for men who became legends in the world of professional wrestling..."

[Cut to a sold out Madison Square Garden, on their feet and cheering as a bulky, bloody Italian kneels in the middle of the ring, clutching a title belt...]

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

[Now the shot switches to another hot Garden crowd, chanting and cheering as a Hispanic man does a modified Ali Shuffle, taking his ring jacket off as he hops in place...]

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

[Finally to the hard camera shot at MSG, as a thick man in fatigues waves the red, white and blue in the center of the ring, a bloodied opponent lying in the corner and a thin, bespeckled manager having a tantrum as he enters the ring...]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

[The magnificent Hawaiian Hercules, Kai Alana, is introduced to the MSG crowd for the first time, as the ring announcer shouts his name, with the voice over speaking over top...]

"And now their stories can be told."

[To the clips: tag teams fighting in a cage, "Handsome" Jimmy Myers posing on the top rope, the inimitable Andre Price standing with taped fists, Bucky Wilde and "Pitbull" Billy Arnold being escorted to the ring by riot police, the historic staredown at the Last Fight In Philly...]

"Featuring over three hours of never before seen interviews..."

[Cut to present day Bucky Wilde, tie loosened and looking visibly anxious as he reminisces.]

BW: I was just a kid, and I was getting in fights on my way TO the ring. Every night. Everytime we went to Boston, I quit the business. Billy's hair started to fall out...

[Cut to Blackjack Lynch, letting off a rare smile.]

BJL: I hadda get in there, but I knew I couldn't use my name. If my bosses had heard that Blackjack Lynch wrestled in the Garden, they'd'a fired my ass before I left the state. But it was just too good to pass up...

[To Colt Patterson, dress shirt open at the collar.]

CP: Kai Alana was a freak of nature, man, people were in awe from the word go. When he came to town, you couldn't get a ticket. He outdrew the Rolling Stones.

[To a shorter man with a thick bush of black hair, wearing glasses, but curiously, a shirt with no sleeves. The name "Phil Darling" flashes on the screen.]

PD: Bruno refused to even get in the building. He wanted his money. My dad had to go to the bank and empty his safe deposit box, and Landon had to hawk one of his ridiculous gold bracelets. They never spoke after that night...

[Cut to a shot of two men standing in a cage, in the middle of old Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia, as the voice over returns.]

"...and some of the most famous matches ever seen on the East Coast. Available for the first time ever on DVD and Blu-Ray, and digitally remastered for quality, now with alternate commentary."

[Back to the clips, as the great "Soul Man" Andre Price addresses the Boston Gardens crowd.]

BW: There's only one thing I know that's for sure in this life, baby.

Pain is temporary. Glory fades... but legends never die.

[Cut to a sped up view of various matches taking place in the Garden, Spectrum and Boston Gardens, as the hook of "Cold Hard Bitch" by Jet plays... and then abruptly the screen goes to black, except for these words...]

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade to black.

We open to a very different scene from what we are used to seeing on AWA television, namely snow-covered ground. Off in the distance, a thud is heard. And mere seconds later, it is heard again. The cameraman ventures forward, following the sound. We pass a grouping of trees, and finally find the source. Ax in hand, splitting log after log is Hannibal Carver. Carver is dressed in a pair of black steel-toed boots, black jeans and nothing else. Steam comes off of his sweating torso as he stops to see the camera. He shakes his head, resting the ax blade first on the ground. He grabs a can of Coors Banquet from a six pack at his feet, cracking it open and taking a long sip before beginning to speak.]

HC: Time comes in every man's life, that he has to take a step back. Sometimes he needs a breather to really wrap around what in the hell is going on in his life. So when the chance came to come back east and back home, yeh can bet yer last sawbuck I grabbed that bull by the horns.

[Carver takes another long sip of his beer.]

HC: Now I know what yer thinking. How could I take a powder around the same time my best buddy in the whole world...

[Carver smirks as he lifts the ax.]

HC: Mar.

[He brings the ax down hard, chopping into the large tree stump he's been using to split logs on top of.]

HC: Tih.

[Chop.]

HC: Nez.

[Chop.]

HC: Gets his hands on the champ. Maybe yeh think I was gonna look to get myself involved in that dance. Maybe get in my licks when Wright has him on the ropes.

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: That ain't me. In fact if there's anything I can't stand, it's some spineless pansy that can't go nose to nose with whoever the hell got on his nerves in the first damn place. So no, that ain't my style.

But then again...

[Carver nods.]

HC: ... disrespect can make a man do crazy things. So instead, I'm here getting back to my roots. Hitting all the old bars and whenever possible punching all those same old faces when they forget who they're talking to. Letting Ryan handle that business all by himself. I'm sure he's having a grand old time pretending he ever gave a damn about Eric Preston as a way to get his foot in the door at the top of that card. And that's fine with me, Ryan. Because when the dust settles, win lose or draw?

[Carver scowls.]

HC: Me and yeh are gonna knuckle up. And that's when the REAL business gets taken care of. This ain't no Terry Shane thing. This ain't no Morgan Dane thing. Yeh ain't gonna get the easy way out, yeh ain't gonna get wheeled out of that arena and away from prying eyes. No, I'm gonna put a stomping to yeh the likes of which yen've never seen. And when it's said and done, maybe THEN yen'll realize I was right... but I can guarantee yen'll know better to ever get in the way of me getting revenge on a sorry sack of garbage like Detson ever again.

[Carver finishes off his beer, crushing it in his hand and tossing it to the ground.]

HC: But to tell the truth, that ain't even the main thing on my mind and he ain't even the main target in my sights.

[Carver pries the ax free from the stump and points directly at the camera.]

HC: Those sniveling pups. Time and time again, I've made it clear. Hannibal Carver wants a piece of all three of yeh. I took out the trash at the Rumble, but that's the hell of it.

[Carver scratches his chin with the head of the ax.]

HC: All that did, was give me a taste. A drop of blood his the water, and ever since I've been in the grip of a hellacious feeding frenzy. I say yeh boys out a challenge, but I couldn't help but notice ol' Carver's name wasn't anywhere in that challenge. Yeh trying to hurt my feelings? Clearly I'm a sensitive soul. But don't yeh worry, I don't get sad...

[Carver's face twists into a hateful scowl as he buries the ax into the tree stump yet again.]

HC: I GET EVEN.

[And again the ax chops into the stump.]

HC: I bust heads and send scum like yeh straight to the emergency room with a deluxe set of black eyes and broken bones. That's ain't even a promise, it's a damn peek into the future. Yeh can put my name on that dotted line or yeh can walk around with yer chests puffed out when all the time yer running scared. Either way, same thing happens.

[Carver nods, glaring at the camera.]

HC: I'll be there to kick yer teeth in and if yeh want to get rid of me, there's only three words I can think of that might help.

[Carver points a finger at the camera.]

HC: SEND MORE COPS.

[With that, Carver tears another beer free of the plastic ring on the six pack. He cracks it open, and as he looks at the camera again he lifts the ax once again.]

HC: Time for talk is over, boys. Before yeh know it I'll be back down south, and as far as where yeh'll be?

[Carver buries the ax into the by now demolished tree stump.]

HC: Welcome to the chopping block.

[Carver tilts his head back, chugging his beer as we fade out.

And then back up to live action - specifically to the in-arena interview platform where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing.]

LB: Welcome back to AWA Saturday Night Wrestling fans, and right now I want to bring out a man who has requested this time to make a sales pitch. Larry Doyle, the floor is yours!

[Doyle comes out from behind the curtain to no music, just a chorus of boos. Doyle makes a face and dismissively waves at the fans before hopping up on the interview platform. Blackwell steps aside and makes room for the manager, then begins speaking.]

LB: Larry Doyle, you requested this time and I believe it's to make a huge business proposition.

LD: You're right about that, Blackwell.

I have been watching these past few weeks as people have tried to bring Ryan Martinez into their fold with a bunch of empty promises and a bunch of meaningless compliments, like they mean anything. When you're the manager of a Denny's in Duluth, Georgia, you ain't got a whole lot to offer a professional wrestler.

And this ain't the high school prom we're talkin' about here, if you wanna bring Little Miss Sunshine to the formal, you're going about it the right way.

But when you're talkin' about business, when you're talking about the world of professional wrestling, the only thing you have on your side is cold hard facts.

So Ryan Martinez, I want you to listen up in the back, because I'm gonna talk at you like a man.

[Doyle clears his throat for a moment and then holds up four fingers.]

LD: I have led four men to the top gold here in AWA.

Mark Langseth, Calisto DuFresne, Brad Jacobs and Kenny Stanton.

The world knows what I did for Jacobs and Stanton. I rescued them from an Asian cathouse and taught them everything they knew, I brought them to the top of the mountain. You can talk about your Violence Unlimiteds or the Lynch Eunuchs or those little white trash peons from Air Strike, but those Blonde Bombers had the most dominant run in the history of tag team wrestling.

EVER. They made the most money, they won the most titles, they didn't lose at anything for a calendar year, up to and including wrestling matches, all you can eat buffet challenges, hopscotch, pinochle and five card shuffle.

Without me, Kenny Stanton would be working at a meat packing factory and Brad Jacobs would be getting pinched for stealing picks for his afro that he couldn't afford to get cut.

And speaking of Brad Jacobs, I summarily fined him \$10,000 for putting his hands on me after he lost his TV Title match and I filed a petition with the state athletic commission to have his wrestling license handed directly over to me, because clearly he is mentally unable to make sound decisions regarding his career and needs supervision at all times, due to incompetence and a basic inability to follow simple commands.

[Doyle takes a breath.]

LD: Verdict pending.

[The crowd, and Blackwell, are non-plussed.]

LB: Larry Doyle, how long do you intend-

LD: Shut up Blackwell, I'm just getting warmed up.

Making Mark Langseth the champion was like getting the strap on the dead guy from Weekend At Bernie's, except that the dead guy was more athletic and didn't consistently put me to sleep during his interviews. The fact that we got the title on that out of date, no talented, overrated, glorified scrub who was owed money by Jon Stegglet, when everyone and their brother thought it would kill this business, AND THEY WERE RIGHT, puts me up there with Erwin Rommel and Oliver Hazard Perry in the pantheon of greatest military minds of all time.

You give me hats, I produce rabbits.

If it weren't for me, Calisto Dufresne would still be exposing himself to toothless BBQ joint waitresses with dirty ankles, just so he could play up the LadyKiller part of his name.

You give me coal, I produce diamonds. You give me chicken scratch, I multiply it into loaves and fish and feed the multitudes.

Which brings me to you, Ryan Martinez.

[Doyle points into the camera.]

LD: I want you to look into the mirror and tell me what you see.

Because I see someone who has been given everything in his life, from the time his Dad met that wench at a Das EfX show to this very day.

You have accomplished NOTHING.

[The crowd boos vociferously as Doyle licks his lips and grins.]

LD: For all the praise these people heap on you, your trophy case is empty. If you want a few pelts on your wall, if you want to write your name in the record books, then Larry Doyle is the man you need in your corner. Because I take good and I modify into great.

Just imagine what we could do together. You've got a little bit of that killer instinct in ya already. I seen what ya did their with your crippled friend Preston, I like how you used him as a human shield and then shed fake tears after he did all the work and you got all the credit.

That's called ambition, junior. But I'll teach you to hone that into something else entirely. I'll make you the champion you don't have the backbone to be.

We could make _millions_. We could set this world on fire. All you have to do is sign the dotted line, grasshopper. I'll make you famous.

[Despite Doyle's inflammatory comments, the crowd has suddenly gone silent. Why? You're about to find out.]

LB: Larry...

LD: Not right now, I'm flowin'!

LB: Larry, listen-

LD: What'd I just tell you? Take your thumbs out of your ears and put them back where you usually keep them, in your...

[But Doyle is cut off by a tapping on his shoulder.]

LD: You kidding me? This is my time!

[Doyle turns around, and as he does, the crowd is once more roaring, as the cause behind their silence is revealed. Because standing right behind Doyle, looking none too pleased, is the AWA's own White Knight. Ryan Martinez reaches over Doyle's shoulder, taking the microphone directly from his hand.]

RM: And they say I like to talk.

[Martinez' expression hardens, as he stares at the former Wise Man.]

RM: You think I forgot the times I was in the ring against your Bombers? You think I've forgotten what you and the other Wise Men did to me? Well, I haven't. And I won't ever.

Doyle, what you're selling, I'm not buying.

No. There's your answer.

Now, big talker, what are you going to say about that?

[As Martinez stares Doyle down, the manager finds himself uncharacteristically speechless.]

RM: Thought so.

Let's be clear, the next time you call me out, it'll be the last time you're seen.

[Martinez shoves the microphone hard into Doyle's chest, knocking him back a step, before he stalks off, leaving Doyle alone with Blackwell.]

LB: Uh, Larry, what do you-

LD: The nerve! The NERVE of that no good, low down, unloved, unwanted, spineless, gutless, half breed, no head for business, too scared of my own shadow to DO SOMETHING bastard son of a bastard son!

You just threw away a lottery ticket for a parking ticket, pal! You just threw away champagne wishes and caviar dreams for box wine wishes and half priced scrapple dreams! NO ONE says no to Larry Doyle Enterprises, and there's gonna be a day when we cross paths again, Martinez, and don't think I won't remember this.

There's gonna come a day where I have YOU in the crosshairs, and unlike you, I'm man enough to pull the trigger. I'll be man enough to get the job done, not pawn it off on some crazy invalid who has to wear elbow pads in his house and then shed crocodile tears.

And speaking of scared of his own shadow, it seems like everywhere I go these days I find Dave Bryant.

[Doyle wipes his sweat-covered brow as he's really working himself into a tantrum.]

LD: Dave Bryant, maybe you have given your notice to the office and didn't tell anyone, because it seems like you have given up your job as an underachieving, mediocre, old fossil wrestler and taken on the job title of disingenuous, lying, cheating motivational speaker.

If you wanna book some time with my client, do yourself a favor and win a match that I didn't rig for you weeks in advance. Do yourself a favor and-

[Suddenly, the crowd roars again -- because Dave Bryant has just flown through the curtain and hopped up onto the platform, where he immediately grabs Doyle by the shoulder! He spins the manager around with his right hand and immediately buries his left in Doyle's stomach, doubling him over. Blackwell drops the microphone and gets the heck out of Dodge as Doyle

stumbles back -- at least, he would if Bryant didn't still have hold of his shoulder.]

BW: ASSAULT! THAT'S ASSAULT, GORDO!

GM: DAVE BRYANT HAD HEARD ENOUGH! LARRY DOYLE WENT TOO FAR WHEN HE BROUGHT UP THE GAINESVILLE GYP!

[Bryant can be heard off-mic as he pulls Doyle's head back to address him.]

DB: [faint] ...should've kept your mouth shut...

[Holding him by the hair, Bryant reaches back and DECKS him with a right hand, knocking "Hollywood" Larry down on his keyster on the elevated ramp. The crowd is absolutely roaring for this, loving every second of it as Bryant shakes his hand, obviously having put a little extra mustard on a blow he's been waiting a long time to deliver.]

BW: Larry's gotta get out of there! Where the heck is Jacobs?!

GM: No sign of Brad Jacobs at all! No one to protect Larry Doyle from what he's got coming to him!

BW: What he's got-?! This isn't right and you know it, Myers!

[Bryant leans down to grab Doyle - who is trying to escape - by the jacket, pulling it over his head. "Hollywood" Larry is understandably trying to get away and manages to squirm out of said jacket, but is still recovering from being punched about as hard as Bryant could manage.]

BW: Get out of there, Larry!

[Doyle makes a lunge for the edge of the platform, satisfied with hurling himself off of it...

...and Bryant grabs the back of Doyle's dress shirt, yanking him back by it, a move that actually rips the hell out of Doyle's shirt, sending buttons flying everywhere!]

BW: Hey! I happen to know that's a five hundred dollar shirt you just tore, Bryant! We'll be taking that out of your paycheck!

[Doyle is wiggling like a fish on a hook, shaking an arm free from his own shirt, leaving one arm stuck in as he tries to get away from Bryant who pounds him across the back with a forearm, knocking him down to all fours to another big cheer.]

BW: These idiot Texans are cheering a blatant assault by a man who is a former World Champion, damn it! This isn't right at all!

[Doyle slumps down on his pasty belly on the raised platform as Bryant shakes his head.]

GM: I don't think Bryant's done with him, Bucky.

[The former two-time AWA World Champion reaches down, grabbing the leather belt holding Doyle's pants up, tugging hard at it...

...and actually breaking the belt, yanking it clear from around Doyle's waist.]

GM: Uh oh!

[The crowd roars as Bryant holds the leather belt above his head, a grin on his face...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE WHIPPED HIM! HE WHIPPED HIM LIKE A MULE!

[Bryant grabs Doyle by the hair, tugging him up onto his knees and showing a bright red welt forming across the very white back of Larry Doyle to the camera, earning more cheers from the crowd. The former champion angrily shoves Doyle back down to all fours, raising the belt up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: COME ON, DAMN IT! THIS ISN'T A STRAP MATCH!

GM: This isn't a match at all! This is Larry Doyle running his mouth too far for perhaps the final time and Dave Bryant making him pay for it! We've got AWA officials coming out here now, trying to talk Bryant out of taking this any further.

BW: Like that's legit. You know half these guys want payback on Doyle for the Wise Men and would LOVE to see Bryant send him running right out of town!

[Bryant throws the leather belt aside, leaning down to shout at the stunned Doyle who is just barely moving now, trying to crawl to safety.]

DB: [faint] ...gonna break your back, you son of a...

[With that, Bryant kicks Doyle in the back, and when Larry rolls over to try to protect himself, Bryant reaches down and hooks his legs, clearly setting him up for the Iron Crab.]

GM: Bryant's got him! Bryant's gonna do what he did to Calisto Dufresne at SuperClash V and he's gonna seriously injure the back of Larry Doyle! This is-

[Doyle, in his terror, has decided dignity is a luxury he can't afford at this particular moment, wiggling and wriggling as he quickly and as hard as his body will allow...

...wiggling right OUT of his pants!]

GM: WHAAAAA...?!]

BW: Oh, how humiliating! The man is a businessman, for crying out loud!

[Doyle throws himself off the platform, running as quickly as his body will allow, trying desperately to cover up the lavender briefs underneath his pants.]

GM: Haha! The man is down to his shoes, socks, and underwear, Bucky!

BW: Dave Bryant should be fined! He should be suspended! How is this ANY different than what Shadoe Rage did two weeks ago?!

[Bryant stumbles a bit, nearly falling off the platform, and by the time he manages to balance himself and turn around, Doyle's pants still in hand, Doyle has managed to scramble up onto the ramp, falling down on all fours to the laughter of the crowd.]

GM: Look at him, Bucky! He's beside himself!

BW: Of course he is! That bully, Bryant, just embarrassed him on national television! This is a travesty and... boy, you just wait until Larry gets his chance at payback. Bryant's going to wish it just involved being embarrassed like that.

[Bryant yells a few more words not fit for TV at the curtain, turns and hurls Doyle's pants into the crowd, the crowd still cheering wildly as we cut back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside. Gordon is still chuckling as Bucky is totally irate.]

BW: This is... this is... I can't even believe you're laughing at this.

GM: It was funny. What can I say?

BW: You should apologize to Larry Doyle right here and now. Go on, I'm waiting.

GM: You're going to be waiting for quite a while. Fans, two weeks ago, we saw what many considered to be a major shock when Dichotomy knocked off the former World Tag Team Champions, Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds, in a tag team match. What happened afterwards was even more shocking, let's take a look...

[The scene fades in to the closing shot of the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, where we see Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds inside the ring. A groggy Buford P. Higgins has reentered the ring, checking on the

condition of the two wrestlers. Shaking his head, an unhappy-looking Skywalker Jones picks up Higgins' gold microphone off the canvas.]

SJ: This just ain't working, Herc.

[Without a microphone, we can still hear Hammonds say, "What do you mean?"]

SJ: You know exactly what I mean. Getting outsmarted, getting outworked, getting outhustled...

...LOSING!

[Jones shakes his head furiously.]

SJ: This ain't us and you know it!

[Hammonds has no response to Jones, a silent admission that he agrees.]

SJ: I don't know what happened, but somewhere along the way, we lost that killer instinct. We lost that hunger and we lost that desire and I'm sick of it, Herc! I'm sick of watchin' us hold each other back, when I know we're both capable of more!

[Looking unsure of himself, Hammonds asks, "What are you tryin' to say?"]

SJ: I'm sayin'...I think we should go our separate ways.

[The crowd, along with Buford, gasp in shock. Meanwhile, Hammonds just lowers his head, silent and unresponsive. He finally looks up, asking for Jones to hand him the microphone.]

HH: That's the way you really feel 'bout this?

[Jones nods his head.]

HH: If that's the way you feel 'bout it, then I can respect it...

[Seemingly overcome with emotion, Herc stops, losing his train of thought. He just shakes his head and laughs before continuing on.]

HH: But we've had a hell of a run, Jones. And don't regret any of it. So no matter what happens from here, just know that I'll always have your back, 'cause I know you always had mine.

[And with that, Hammonds drops the microphone and holds out his hand, but Jones angrily slaps his hand away to the confusion of the crowd...

"OHHHHH!!!".

...and then EMBRACES Hammonds to a huge cheer! As the two separate, Buford steps in between the two, and raises both their arms into the air as the Coliseum crowd pays their respects to the end of an era. Fade out.

We go to the ring, where Kenneth Doll stands in the center, flipping his luxurious blond hair as the fans boo him.]

PW: Already in the ring, hailing from Beverly Hills, California and weighing in at one hundred and ninety pounds, the Pin Up Boy...

KENNETH DOLL!!!

[More boos from the crowd, as Doll continues to primp and preen.]

PW: And his opponent...

[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: Hailing 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.]

PW: Weighing two hundred and fifty five pounds..

[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#

PW: This is Ryan...

[Once more, the choir of singers unites to repeat the chorus]

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

PW: MARTINEZ!!!!

[Ryan Martinez emerges at the top of the entrance ramp, the hood of his ring jacket 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. He pauses, looking out over the crowd. As the crowd cheers him wildly, Ryan gives them a single nod, and then races down to the ring, pausing only at the apron, before stepping between the top and middle rope.

His jacket is unzipped and thrown over the turnbuckle in a corner. Ryan wears a dark blue "AWA" muscle shirt, which he quickly discards. His long wrestling pants have the same dark blue base as his ring jacket, with black circles over each leg between the hip and the knee. The right circle has the

letters "RM" written in gothic style lettering, while the left circle has a white sword superimposed over a white shield. His hands are covered in tight fitting dark blue gloves, with black patches over his palms, while his ring boots are jet black with white laces, and a long, black 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. Both wrists are tapped with glossy black tape. Ryan steps to the middle of the ring, bouncing up and down, as he waits for the bell to ring. Just before the bell rings, the chorus of "Vox Populi" the last of his music reverberates through the arena.]

#This is a call to arms, we own the night
This is a battle song, we own the night#

GM: And listen to these fans cheering on their hero!

BW: That just goes to show that these fans will cheer for anyone! But what do you expect from a bunch of people who are actually proud to call themselves the hometown of the Stench family!

GM: Bucky!

[Referee Johnny Jagger moves between the men, giving them their final instructions, as well as checking their boots and pads for any foreign objects.]

GM: In just a little over a month, that man standing in the ring may well be the World Heavyweight Champion.

BW: Hey, I like Kenneth Doll as much as the next cougar, but I don't think he's ready to challenge Supreme Wright.

GM: Bucky! You know I'm talking about Ryan Martinez.

BW: I give him even less of a chance than Kenneth Doll!

GM: I have no idea how you can say that. Ryan Martinez led team AWA to victory at the Battle of Los Angeles. He won the Rumble. And in the former, he even pinned Supreme Wright.

BW: And what's he done since then? Gotten choked out, lost a fight at the state fair and turned down every bit of good advice he's been offered. That sound like a winning formula to you?

GM: Ryan Martinez wants to fight his own fights, and do it his way, with honor. He's not looking for any shortcuts. He doesn't want to do this the easy way. He doesn't want - or need in my opinion - help from men like Louis Matsui or Harrison Fawcett.

BW: Well, no one would ever mistake Ryan Martinez - or you in my opinion - for Mr. Mensa.

[Before the referee calls for the bell, Martinez extends his hand, waiting for Kenneth Doll to shake it. Doll scoffs arrogantly, and then just as arrogantly slaps Martinez' hand away.]

GM: Kenneth Doll disrespecting Ryan Martinez and that's a mistake that...
OHHHH!!

[The hot tempered Martinez responds to Doll's slight by charging forward, driving the flat part of his forearm against Doll's face and knocking him to the ground.]

GM: And we're underway!

"DING DING DING!!"

BW: You can't hit Kenneth Doll in the face! How many times have I said that?

GM: I don't think Ryan Martinez can hear you.

[As Doll comes up, Martinez takes him by the wrist and sends him into the corner. Martinez charges in hard after him, extending his foot, as he drives it into Doll's money making face.]

GM: YAKUUUUZZZAAAA!! In the corner. There's a variation we haven't seen from Ryan Martinez before!

[Martinez sends Doll into the opposite corner, and once more charges forward, this time preparing to hit a clothesline. But Doll, whether in a display of ring savvy or just because he's unsteady on his feet, drops down, and the White Knight collides with the turnbuckle chest first. He stumbles back, falling backwards over the just rising Doll. Sensing an opportunity, Doll scrambles over Martinez, trying to get a pin.]

GM: One count only! What an upset that would have been!

BW: And this is why Ryan Martinez NEEDS someone in his corner. You think that Mr. Sadisuto or Louis Matsui or "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett would have let Ryan Martinez go charging in like that? If I were still a manager, I'd have him running drills until he couldn't see straight, and he'd know better than to do something like that!

GM: Are you throwing your hat in the ring, Bucky? Because I am sure that Ryan Martinez would just love to tell you, to your face, how much he's enjoyed you calling him a dumb kid for the last two years!

BW: Why waste my breath? I only give advice to people who deserve it, like those great guys in Dichotomy. Not ungrateful brats like Ryan Martinez!

GM: I'm sure your constant disparaging of Mr. Martinez and his likely response has nothing to do with it.

BW: What? No! Why, have you heard something?

[Both men get up to their feet, but Kenneth Doll is the first to strike, as he pokes his thumb into Martinez' eye. As Martinez doubles over, Doll locks on his signature side headlock, really cranking it in.]

BW: Doll has that really locked in tight. Check him, Jagger! I think Martinez is about to quit!

GM: What? Are you kidding me? There's no chance Ryan Martinez would submit to a headlock!

BW: That's not just any headlock. That's Kenneth Doll's headlock!

GM: Will you give it a rest!

[Instead of submitting, Ryan Martinez begins to rally, his arms shaking in the air as the fans begin to roar, cheering on the White Knight. Martinez' arms clench around Doll's waist, and as Martinez stands upright, Doll is lifted in the air.]

GM: ATOMIC DROP!!

BW: And Kenneth Doll is going to have to stop by the chiropractor en route to the beauty salon tomorrow!

[With Doll over exaggeratedly clutching at the base of his spine and howling in agony, Martinez rushes forward, grabbing Doll by the waist to spin him around as he lunges.]

GM: Short arm clothesline almost decapitates Kenneth Doll.

[Feeling a surge of energy, Martinez looks out over the crowd, slapping the edge of his right hand into the open palm of his left, signaling to the fans what comes next. As a wobbly Doll gets to his feet, he finds himself thrown once more into the corner. Ryan Martinez charges forward, angling his body to the side as the barrage is unleashed.]

"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!]"

GM: Many people have tried to imitate Ryan Martinez' signature maneuver, but no one does it quite like the AWA's White Knight! And these fans love it!

[Doll slumps out of the corner, and a very much in charge Ryan Martinez moves in behind him. The normally tempestuous Martinez looks calm and confident as he waits for Doll to move into position.]

GM: Ryan Martinez has taken command of this match. He might well be in the center of a dozen storms, but right now, at this moment, I don't think young Ryan is feeling any of that. He's in his element, doing what he does best.

BW: Yeah, but what happens Gordo, when he's in there with a cold blooded wrestling machine like Supreme Wright or worse, a lunatic like Hannibal Carver?

GM: I have every confidence in Ryan Martinez. Over the years we've watched him grow. From a young man trying to fight out from underneath his father's shadow, to the junior member of a very successful tag team to the man he is now. "White Knight" isn't just a name Bucky, and you know it. You were right here, week after week, as Ryan Martinez blossomed, taking it to the Wise Men, rallying a diverse group of men to his sight. Fighting every fight, and more often than not, coming through. We've seen him in the Cibernetico, we've seen him in the Rumble. And in a month's time, we will see him in the biggest stage of them all, fighting for wrestling's top prize.

BW: Wow, Gordo, you have a skirt to go with those pom-poms?

GM: Make fun all you want, but I do believe in Ryan Martinez. And thousands, no, millions, of AWA fans do too.

[As Doll finally gets to his feet, Martinez hooks him from behind with a waistlock, and in a display of power, jerks Doll up onto his shoulders in an electric chair position.]

BW: This looks like the Knight's End coming up.

GM: I don't think so Bucky. I happen to know that Ryan Martinez planned on showing up something new tonight. This isn't the Knight's End. This is called the Knight...

[Instead of dropping backwards, Martinez tosses Doll up into the air, and catches him on the way down, throwing his body backwards into a German suplex!]

GM: ...FALL!

BW: I'll give it to the kid, that's devastating.

[Martinez doesn't hold the bridge, but instead rolls through and comes up on his feet. Bringing Doll up by his hair, Martinez hooks a front facelock, and then once more, Doll is up in the air, this time feet first. In another show of strength, Martinez holds him... and holds him... and holds him...]

GM: I have no doubt that Ryan Martinez could win any match with the Knight Fall. But I KNOW for certain that Ryan Martinez will win a match with what's coming.

[Doll's face is bright red as all of the blood has pooled in his skull. Quick as a lightning bolt, Martinez drops down, driving Doll's head into the hard mat.]

GM: Brainbuster! Its over now!

[Jagger's three count is a mere formality, as the fans count along with the referee. As the bell rings, Ryan Martinez pops up, Jagger raising his hand aloft.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

RYAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNNNN

MAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRTTIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNNEEEZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!

GM: What a victory from the AWA's White Knight. And I'm being told that after a commercial break, we'll be hearing from Mr. Martinez, after his earlier interview time was cut off by "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. So after this short break, we'll be back with Ryan Martinez!

[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 Ryan Martinez and Mark Stegglet at the interview platform. Martinez has put his ring jacket back on, and as Stegglet brings the microphone up, the AWA's White Knight runs his fingers through sweat soaked hair.]

MS: Before we were interrupted earlier, I wanted to speak with you about Hannibal Carver.

[Martinez nods his head, and turns so that he's looking directly into the camera.]

RM: Yes, let's talk about Hannibal Carver.

I heard everything you said two weeks ago Carver.

[Martinez' eyes narrow slightly, color coming to his face. Clearly, he's mentally reliving those strong words.]

RM: I respect you, Hannibal. I always have. I respect where you've been and what you've done. I respect your skills. And I know that you're the most dangerous man in the AWA. I've been in the ring at your side, and I've been in the ring fighting you. So I know who you are and I know what you can do. But respectfully, you are going to have to wait.

And if you don't like it? Then with all due respect – I don't care.

[Young Ryan's blood is clearly getting hot, and in the intensity of his expression, it's not hard to see that he is his father's son.]

RM: You want to call me names because you're feeling overlooked? You do that. You want to stay at home and not come to the Crockett Coliseum because you're not getting what you want? You do that too. You know what else you can do?

Wait your turn.

Whatever you may think about me, you know this much is true. I keep my word. I've never made a promise I didn't keep. So I promise you, Carver. I swear to you that we will get in the ring, and you'll have your chance to fight me. You'll get what you want, and I'll give you what your words have earned you.

After SuperClash.

You can like it or not like it. You can say whatever you want about me. But the truth is? I earned everything I have. And I earned that title shot by winning the Rumble. By beating you, Hannibal Carver. And nothing you say or do will change the FACT that I'm going to SuperClash. And you're going to have to wait.

When I was in the ring, just a few minutes ago, I had a moment of, well, I guess you would call it clarity. A moment when everything else fell away. A moment when it was just me in the ring, fighting and working my way towards victory. Everything became clear in that moment. It was just me and a man who wanted to beat me. All I had to do was be my best. All I had to was win.

That's the clarity I need at SuperClash.

You will get yours, Carver. But right now, you're not who I'm focused on. You can't be my focus. Because while I respect you, there's two things that all of my attention must be focused on.

Supreme Wright – the man I hate.

And the World Heavyweight Title – the biggest prize in all of wrestling.

[Martinez' expression shifts, as does his body language. He was intensely angry before, but now, energy is different. He's not calm, exactly, but there's a focus to his expression and demeanor that was absent earlier.]

RM: Supreme Wright, you and I have been on a collision course for a long time. You and I? That's what SuperClash is all about. It's all about the fact that you – a man I loathe all the way done into my bones, are holding a belt you didn't earn and you don't deserve.

I want your World Title, Supreme Wright, and I want to beat you bloody to take it.

You ran at the State Fair. And you got away because I wasn't focused on you. But that's not a mistake I'll make again.

I've found my focus. And I want you to understand that when I come to Madison Square Garden, there's nothing else distracting me. Not managers. Not little girls with envelopes. And not Hannibal Carver. You're getting me. And once again, I'm going to beat you, and at the end of SuperClash, I will be the World Heavyweight Champion.

I told Carver he'll get his. Well, at SuperClash, you're going to get yours too, Wright. And I'm going to get mine as well. I'm going to get that belt that you're tarnishing. And I'm going to get my revenge for all that you've done to me and all that you did to Eric. All accounts between you and I will be settled at SuperClash.

Count on it!

[As the words hang in the air, we cut back to Bucky and Gordon.]

GM: Ryan Martinez sounds like a man filled with confidence... a man determined to walk into New York City as a young kid with the world watching him... and determined to walk out as the one thing that every man who gets into this business dreams of - the World Heavyweight Champion.

BW: Determination gets you far in life, Gordo... but what happens when your determination comes head-to-head with someone else who is even MORE determined to do the opposite? Supreme Wright is the one man I've ever met in this business who will do ANYTHING to be and stay the World Champion.

GM: We saw that earlier this year when he aligned himself with the Wise Men to win his title back. And you're right, Bucky. Supreme Wright has become a different individual over the past year. He went from a young man who wanted to be the best to a manipulative and desperate soul who was OBSESSED with it. What will happen when those two collide on the biggest stage of 'em all? It's going to be one for the history books I've got a feeling. Fans, let's go up to Phil Watson for more action!

[Crossfade up 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 Wagga Wagga, Australia... weighing 247 pounds..."OUTBACK" ZACK KELLY!

[The cheery Australian waves an arm to the crowd, standing in his tan wrestling trunks with "Down Under" airbrushed across the back in white. He tugs off his tan sleeveless "outback" vest and hat, handing them out to a ringside attendant as Watson continues.]

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. She steps out at referee Ricky Longfellow's instructions, moving out to the floor as Kingsley gives the top rope a hard tug and the bell sounds.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Kingsley lifts his hands, striking a pose similar to a Muay Thai fighter. "Outback" Zack seems a bit thrown, lifting his fists in front of his face, shouting "YOU WANNA THROW?!" across the ring at the approaching Kingsley.]

GM: Kingsley's well trained in many of the combat arts as we discussed last time out so I can't imagine this is a good idea for "Outback" Zack.

[Kelly gives a warcry, rushing forward with a flurry of haymakers that Kingsley deftly avoids, throwing a hard kick to the side of the knee. Two more follow, hobbling Kelly before Kingsley drops down, spinning back with a leg sweep that takes him off his feet!]

GM: Kingsley sweeps the leg!

BW: I didn't know he trained with the Cobra Kai Dojo.

GM: Can't say I'm familiar with that one.

[Kingsley pops back up, viciously stomping Kelly a few times before the referee forces him back. Sunshine can be heard shouting at the Australian from her spot at ringside...

...and then leans into the ring, pulling down on the throat of Kelly!]

GM: She's choking him! That little-

BW: Watch it, Gordo. She's got friends in high places.

GM: I highly doubt that. Just because Kingsley's family are the modern day Rockefellers, that doesn't mean they care one lick about Sunshine.

[Kingsley moves in as Sunshine backs off, pulling Kelly up by the brown hair... and cracks him in the jaw with a European uppercut!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot out of Kingsley!

[Striking the Muay Thai pose again, Kingsley pours on the kneestrikes, driving them up, up, up into the head and torso of the Australian before using the clinch to throw him bodily into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Kingsley throwing the 250 pound Australian around like a ragdoll, Bucky!

BW: You gotta be impressed with this guy in the little we've seen him already.

[With Kelly in the corner, Kingsley moves in, balling up his fists and striking a boxing pose. He drives rights and lefts in, hooking them into either side of the ribcage on a stunned Kelly!]

GM: Look at the precision and technique behind those blows!

BW: The best training money can buy on display right there, Gordo.

[Yanking Kelly from the corner into a side waistlock, Kingsley lifts him up, dropping him so that the backs of his legs hit the top rope, and bounces him back into a spine-rattling back suplex!]

GM: Slingshot belly to back suplex!

BW: You gotta love the slingshot there, adding just a little bit more momentum before he dumps the man on the back of his head. A lot of times when we see new competitors in the AWA, they've got some jitters... some fear of the big stage... not this guy. He's as cool as the other side of the pillow, daddy.

[Kingsley pops back up, arms spread and soaking up the jeers of the crowd as he backs into the ropes, barely touching them as he strides out...

...and DROPS a knee down into the forehead, rolling through into a seated position on the mat where he blows on his nails to even louder boos. Sunshine is clapping her heart out for Kingsley as he gets back to his feet.]

GM: Kingsley's stepping to the corner... now up on the middle rope...

[Facing away from his downed opponent, Kingsley gestures at himself, taunting the Texas fans...

...and then blindly leaps off, looking for a back elbowdrop but Kelly moves aside, causing Kingsley to slam backfirst into the canvas, rolling all the way over to his stomach! Big cheer!]

GM: And just like that, there's a window of opportunity for "Outback" Zack Kelly!

[The Australian climbs off the mat, pulling a shocked Kingsley off the mat, firing him into the turnbuckles...

...and LAUNCHING him skyward with a backdrop!]

GM: HIIIIIIIGH BACK BODYDROP OUT OF THE AUSTRALIAN!

[Kelly pumps a fist, drawing more cheers from the crowd as he circles back towards Kingsley, waving a hand to order him to get up. Kingsley scrambles to his knees, shaking his head as Kelly approaches...]

GM: Kingsley's in trouble here!

[The Australian drags him up, giving a loud shout as he charges across the ring, driving his head into the top turnbuckle, a blow that sends Kingsley sailing back into the air, crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: We could be on the verge of a major upset, fans!

[On cue, Sunshine pulls herself up on the apron, drawing the attention of the referee...

...and an Australian who hasn't been home to see his wife in a while, staring slack-jawed at the blonde bombshell on the apron.]

GM: Stay on the man, Zack!

BW: It's not the man that he wants to be on, Gordo!

GM: Would you knock it off?!

[As Kelly's attention is elsewhere, it allows Kingsley to climb to a knee...

...and SLAM his arm up into the groin of the unfocused Australian!]

GM: HE GOES LOW ON OUTBACK ZACK!

[Rising up, he pulls the Australian into a front headscissors, powering him up off the mat...]

GM: He's got him-

[...and sits out in a spine-rattling powerbomb!]

GM: POWERBOMB!

BW: No, no, no, Gordo! That's called the Ca\$hBomb, daddy! And no one... and I mean NO ONE... kicks out of the Ca\$hBomb!

[Kingsley stays seated, slipping his arms over Kelly's shoulders for the easy three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Kingsley climbs up off the mat as Sunshine scampers into the ring. The referee goes to raise his hand but he snatches it away, allowing Sunshine to do the honors.]

GM: Another victory for Alexander Kingsley but you really have to question his tactics this week. That low blow is disgusting.

BW: Hey, it got the job done. That's the most important thing.

GM: I totally disagree but- oh dear, Sunshine's got the mic again.

[Sunshine smirks at the crowd's negative reaction as she raises the mic suggestively to her lips.]

S: Phil Watson, take a load off as I present the winner - and most gorgeous man in the AWA locker room - ALEXANDER KINGSLEY!

[The boos pour down as Kingsley takes the offered mic from his lady.]

AK: You can waste your breath all you want in booing me... it does nothing to dissuade me from coming out here each and every week to inform you that I am still the best wrestler in the AWA...

[More boos.]

AK: ...and I am still the man who holds an undefeated record over the Lynch family.

[The boos get louder as the fans remember the travesty of a "countout" two weeks ago.]

AK: Jack Lynch said earlier tonight that he wishes he could've been there for his baby brother when I busted up his face. I wish you could have too, Jack. Because if you had... then we'd be celebrating a world without THREE Lynch brothers when we add in your cripple of a baby brother, James.

[Sunshine leans in.]

S: Hey honey... do you know what you call the AWA without three Lynch brothers?

[Kingsley smirks.]

AK: What?

[Sunshine grins a sadistic smile.]

S: One heck of a start.

[The fans boo the obvious joke as Kingsley and Sunshine share a kiss in the middle of the ring.]

AK: What you people fail to realize is that no one is coming to avenge Travis Lynch. No one can be bothered. His big brother's got bigger problems with Demetrius Lake who is surely going to beat him within an inch of his life at SuperClash. James might come down here to avenge him but he's got a wheelchair basketball game tonight at the Y.

[Kingsley chuckles as the fans boo.]

AK: So, that leaves you, Travis... that leaves you to crawl out of whatever hole you're in, drag your mangled face down this aisle to the ring... and try to shut me up once and for all...

I know you're back there, Travis... so consider this an official challenge...

[Kingsley lowers the mic, turning his gaze down the aisle...

...and waiting...

...and waiting...

...and waiting...

...and waiting...

...and waiting...]

GM: From what I've been told, Travis is still under medical suspension. I don't believe he's here, Bucky.

BW: We played this game two weeks ago, Gordo. Of course he's here! He's just too busy hiding under Henrietta's skirts to fight like a man!

[Kingsley shakes his head in mock disappointment.]

AK: Again, Travis? Ah well... I have no problem with running up my record against your pathetic family to...

[He lifts up two fingers.]

AK: Two and oh. Sunshine, if you please...

[The crowd boos loudly, knowing what's coming.]

GM: Not this again.

[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: We saw this two weeks ago and it's even more ridiculous now than it was then, Bucky.

BW: Kingsley's the Lynch Slayer, Gordo! He's about to be 2-0 against them! Undefeated!

GM: This is a sham and everyone in this building - including Kingsley, Sunshine, and even you, Bucky - know it.

BW: I know no such thing. By the way, 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...

...when suddenly, the sounds of Rush's "Tom Sawyer" hits the PA system!]

GM: WAIT A SECOND!

BW: NO, NO! HE'S NOT HERE!

GM: I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE WAS HERE!

BW: HE'S- I MEAN... HE'S NOT! OR HE... SHADDUP, MYERS!

[Sunshine freezes in mid-count, looking frantically at Kingsley who shakes his head back and forth. All eyes are locked on the entryway, waiting to see if... maybe... just maybe...]

GM: IT IS! HE'S HERE! TRAVIS LYNCH IS HERE!

[If you have a hard time hearing Gordon, that's understandable as the AWA faithful are ROARING at the sight of Travis Lynch walking into view. There is a bit of a shocked reaction as his face fills the big screen, revealing heavy bandages underneath a protective plastic mask...]

BW: Are you sure that's Travis Lynch? Looks like the Mummy to me! AHAHAHA!

GM: Oh, you're a real riot!

[The crowd ROARS again as Lynch raises a muscular arm in his usual smedium t-shirt...

...and breaks into a sprint, tearing down the aisle towards the ring where Kingsley steps out on the ramp to greet him!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[The crowd is DEAFENING in the Crockett Coliseum as Lynch dishes out right hand after right hand after right hand to a surprised Kingsley...

...and CONNECTS with a big clothesline that takes him over the ropes, dumping him down on the canvas!]

GM: TRAVIS TAKES HIM OVER THE TOP!

[Lynch steps into the ring where Kingsley is down on the mat, sliding backwards on his rear as he begs for mercy...

...which is Sunshine's cue to jump up on Travis' back, digging her fingers into the eyeholes of the protective mask!]

GM: GET HER OFF OF HIM!

[Travis shakes back and forth, flinging her down to the mat where she somehow manages to rip off the protective mask. His hands go quickly to his face, realizing what she's done...

...and gets a leaping knee smash buried between his shoulderblades, pitching him forwards into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Kingsley from behind and- NO!

[The wealthy wrestler muscles him up into a fireman's carry, walking out to the middle of the ring...

...and then shoves him over his head, swinging his knee up to DRILL Travis Lynch DIRECTLY in the face with it!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Lynch collapses on his chest, covering his face with both hands as the fans roar their disapproval...

...and Jack Lynch and The Lost Boy come tearing down the aisle towards the ring, chasing Kingsley and Sunshine from the squared circle!]

GM: Here comes the cavalry but... my stars, it may be too late, fans.

BW: What a great team those two make! Sunshine yanks off the mask and Kingsley lowers the book with that facebreaker!

[Kingsley and Sunshine are taunting the heroes from out on the floor as Jack kneels over his fallen little brother, waving for medical aid from the locker room area.]

GM: Travis Lynch had heard enough! He'd heard enough of these two jackals humiliating him... his family... his fans... and he came back for payback! But after what we just saw... you have to wonder just how terrible of a mistake that might have been. You can see Dr. Ponavitch out here... a nervous expression on his face, fans. We're going to take a break to get Travis the help that he needs but we'll be right back.

[With Jack shielding his baby brother, Ponavitch hits the ring as we fade to black.]

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, Shadoe Rage, Mr. Sadisuto, and William Craven. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably-popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black...

Back from commercial, and rather than going back to the announce table, the shot comes back from static as the camera is very obviously being moved along. The picture shakes back and forth, up and down, and the viewer can hear a voice, ostensibly the camera man or the lighting man say, "Over here, over here. No, that way!" The camera soon stops and points down, to a seated Carl Riddens, in some crevice of the Crockett Coliseum, back against a wall.]

CR: You've got fire, Corey Fisher, I'll give you that.

[Riddens points a finger at the camera and nods in approval.]

CR: You see a long time ago, young Carl Riddens was left alone in this world. After the learned men lied to my mother and my ol' man drifted off into the wind, the only counsel I kept was my own. The only eyes I had lookin' after me were the two that stared back at me in whatever broken mirror I could find to stare into.

And when you get moved from home to home, when you flip flop between abuse and neglect, between poverty and squalor until they cut ya loose and send you out into the world to perish, your priorities become crystal clear.

I want to sleep tonight. I want to eat tomorrow. I want to live another day. An' when no one else has your back, when the only advice you can find is where to go get a fix, why... well hell, you gotta develop your own skills. You've gotta hone your own instincts.

[Riddens brushes his greasy hair back, easy smile fixed on his face.]

CR: But you gotta pay the price. You gotta deal with the pain. There ain't nothin' free in our world, friends, and the lessons your ol' friend Carl has to teach aren't cheap.

You might learn 'em one day, Fish, you might be worth somethin'. But you gotta pass that test, friend. You gotta pay the toll. And Lord knows, it won't be easy. It ain't supposed to be...

...but nothin' worth havin' ever is. Blood lost, skin stitched, bones broken, those are merely flesh wounds on your way to something greater. To somethin' more profound.

Trust me, Fish, I been there. I've seen it.

[Riddens slowly cackles, and gets up to leave...]

CR: It's beautiful, man.

[We slowly fade from the backstage area and back up on the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following match is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, fighting out of Arlington, Virginia... weighing in tonight at 261 pounds...

RASHAN HILL!

[Hill raises his hand in his corner to a polite ovation from the crowd. Hill wears full length black tights with a thick yellow stripe down the side, and black athletic black gloves that go to to mid forearm.]

GM: This young man is rapidly improving, Bucky, he is on the cusp of really finding his niche.

BW: He's got all the tools going for him, no doubt about that, Gordo. He's athletic, he's strong, he looks like a million bucks. But potential only gets ya so far sometimes, my friend, you gotta figure it out sooner or later.

GM: I've got faith in him. Sooner or later things will click for Rashan Hill, and he's going to be a handful when they do.

BW: Clock's ticking, daddy. Time waits for no man.

[Back to Phil.]

PW: And his opponent! From Cincinnati, Ohio, and weighing in tonight at 242 pounds...'

"DIAMOND" ROB DRISCOLLLLLLLLL!

[The newcomer raises his hand from the corner, chewing vigorously on a piece of gum, and nervously bounces on the balls of his feet. He wears standard short trunks that are a royal purple, with a white diamond outline in gold on the seat. His boots are white and go to mid-shin, with "RD" on the outside of each boot in black cursive script, and he's wearing black kneepads. As he walks to the center of the ring, half smirking at the negative reaction, he runs his hands through his not-quite-shoulder length auburn brown hair, and then spits the gum out.]

GM: Not exactly a positive response to Rob Driscoll from this crowd, Bucky, but he did nothing to endear himself to them in his debut.

BW: I'm sure he lost about a minute and a half of sleep over that, Gordo, maybe even two. And I got news for ya, daddy. As long as it says "wrestling" on the marquee, no matter which batch of freaks and geeks may be setting

up shop, there's always gonna be somebody in great shape, who is good enough to carve ya up in the wrestling ring and then tell ya about it afterward. This Driscoll's a classic, Gordo, he's what our sport was built on.

GM: High praise from the normally grumpy Bucky Wilde. Have you got a personal stake in this guy's fortunes, Bucky?

BW: I'll have you know I've got contacts and friends outside of AWA. Maybe you have hot cocoa with the Michaelsons on the weekends and Skype with Jim Watkins, but Bucky Wilde is people who knows people! I'm a somebody, daddy!

GM: Oh brother.

[The bell rings and both men make their way to the center of the ring, Rashan Hill walking straight ahead while Driscoll side steps, taking a moment to size up his opponent. With great quickness, Driscoll rushes into the collar and elbow tieup and tries to use his momentum against Hill, who stands his ground, widens his base and easily grabs a side headlock. The jacked up hill waves a finger to the crowd as he backs Driscoll to the ropes...]

GM: Rob Driscoll pushes Hill off, here he comes... drop down by Driscoll, Hill scoots over top. Back the other way, beautiful leapfrog by Driscoll, Rashan Hill off the rebound...

[Driscoll turns around in rhythm with Hill, extends an arm and goes to hiptoss Hill over... but the much more powerful Rashan Hill puts the breaks on, steps forward and drills Rob Driscoll with a standing lariat! The crowd cheers as Driscoll flies back and then quickly rolls out of the ring, holding the back of his head with his left hand while holding up his right hand and shouting, "Whoa, whoa, whoooooaa, hold on big fella."]

GM: That's not how Rob Driscoll was expecting to start this match! He didn't see that lariat coming, and he might be the most shocked guy in the Coliseum!

BW: He's just taking his time, Gordo, killing any momentum that might give ol' Hill. He's nobody's fool, daddy.

GM: That is yet to be determined.

[Driscoll cracks his neck on the outside and gets everything back into place, then walks back up the ring steps, slowly flicking referee Ricky Longfellow away with his left hand before entering the ring. Once back inside the squared circle, Driscoll rushes in for a tie up again, and this time quickly goes behind with a hammerlock, and then tries for a rear waistlock...]

GM: Rob Driscoll with a go behind, looks for maybe a suplex, but no sir! Rashan Hill puts the breaks on. And now-

[Cheer!]

GM: Just puts it in reverse and smashes Rob Driscoll into the corner!

BW: Nothing you can do about a 270 pound man throwing his weight around. Rob Driscoll's gotta be a step quicker, brother, he's gotta see that coming.

GM: Rashan Hill brings Driscoll out and whips him to the ropes...

[This time it's Hill who drops down, and Driscoll sprints over top, hitting the far ropes and rebounding underneath a clothesline from Hill, hitting the original side once again... and clutching the top rope to slow down, just as Rashan Hill ducks for a backdrop.]

BW: He saw that one comin', daddy!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: A kick right to the chops from Rob Driscoll! Hill telegraphed his next move, and Driscoll makes him pay.

[Hill staggered from the kick, Driscoll races to the far side, bounces off with speed and buries his right shoulder into the left knee of Rashan Hill! The big man drops like a rock and Driscoll pops up, brushing his hands off. With a sneer, he turns and drives a series of boots into the face and upper body of Hill.]

BW: That's wrestling 101, daddy. You got a big man like Rashan Hill, you get him down and you keep him down.

GM: We saw in his debut that Driscoll employs that vicious crossface chickenwing, and as you can see, he's targetting the left arm and shoulder of Rashan Hill. One more pointed boot, and that makes Hill sit up in pain, and attempt to shake that arm out.

[With Hill in a sitting position, "Diamond" Rob Driscoll bounces off the ropes behind him, somersaults over top of him and snares his head in a nasty snap neckbreaker. Hill hits the mat and then rolls over, pushing himself to an unsteady standing position and grabbing the ropes for balance... a perfect opportunity for a sprinting Driscoll to run up behind him, grab his head with one hand, deadleap over the top rope and hang Rashan Hill out to dry over the top rope, all in one motion and all while landing on his feet on the outside.]

GM: Spectacular athleticism on display by Rob Driscoll, and don't think he doesn't know it.

BW: If everyone's special, then no one is special, Gordo. Driscoll's job is to let you know how special he is.

GM: Well he's letting the fans know, and they're not taking too kindly to it!

[Cut to the outside, Driscoll with his hands out wide celebrating himself... and no one else really going along with it.]

GM: Maybe not everyone in here is real thrilled with Rob Driscoll and the way he handles his business.

BW: You can't account for taste, baby, that's what Aunt Millie always used to say. You can take a horse to water but you can't force 'em to drink.

GM: Driscoll, maybe taking a little too much time on the outside as he backs into the ring... and here's Rashan Hill back up and grabbing Rob Driscoll by the hair!

[The fans cheer as the hurting Hill is now standing, reaches over the top rope, grabs the native of Cincinnati by his hair and drags him back into the squared circle! One right hand later and Driscoll goes flying into the corner, then bounces out and runs right into another!]

GM: Two hard right hands by the super strong Rashan Hill! He's got Driscoll hooked for a suplex, and he lifts- Rob Driscoll floats over at the top and lands behind!

[Driscoll lands on his feet, takes off right away to the far rope and buries a jumping high knee to the back of Hill, which sends Hill careening into the corner. Driscoll turns to the crowd, holds his hand up and makes the "lock and key" motion with his right hand, and then begins... to procure... the Queen City Cinch.]

BW: Here it comes, Gordo, the baddest move in all the land! From the battlefields of Southeast Asia, brought to your doorstep! The Queen City Cinch!

GM: Driscoll secures the crossface, and now with his left hand is trying to hook the chickenwing. But it appears he's having a little trouble with the muscular upper body of Rashan Hill, Bucky, he's having a hard time locking his hands!

BW: A heck of a week for Rashan Hill to work shoulders and back extra hard, but I guess it worked!

[The camera zooms in to see the left hand of Driscoll a nosehair away from grasping his right hand, millimeters away from locking in the submission move... and a moment later, a frustrated Driscoll releases the hold and angrily pushes Hill back into the corner. And when he turns around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

BW: Oh ho! Oh ho!

[That'd be a open hand slap right across the face of Rashan Hill, and a moment later an enraged Hill chases Driscoll out of the ring!]

GM: That's not how you treat a fellow athlete! That's not how you act around a man! I hope Rashan Hill knocks some sense into this punk, whoever he is!

[Driscoll hops out of the ring and leads Hill on a chase, running around the ring and then hopping up onto the ramp. By the time Hill gets to the side of the ring where the ramp is, Driscoll is standing and waiting... and kicks him with the shoelaces of his boot right in the ribs as Hill lifts himself onto the elevated rampway.]

BW: There's not anything fancy about a boot to the ribs, my friends, that'll make it real hard to breathe, real quick.

GM: It stopped Rashan Hill right in his tracks is what it did. Now a right hand by Driscoll- no, blocked by Rashan Hill! And a forearm right across the face finds the mark! Driscoll staggers away, and stumbles into the ring.

[Driscoll gets to his feet in the ring just as Hill tries to join him... and at the precise moment when Hill bends between the top and middle rope to get back into the ring, "Diamond" Rob Driscoll kicks that middle rope, then grabs it and drives upward until the basso profundo Hill is singing soprano! The crowd jeers heavily as Hill gets into the ring, both hands on his junk, and then is wrapped up in an inside cradle by Driscoll!]

GM: Longfellow with the count! One! Two! Three! Rob Driscoll gets the win, but what a way to do it!

BW: That was brilliant, Gordo, what're you on about! That's called thinking on your feet, that's called problem solving! In the corporate world he'd make a mint!

[Ricky Longfellow raises the hand of Rob Driscoll, who raises both hands and mock bows to the jeering audience, and then only gets more boos as Mark Stegglet enters the ring and Driscoll flicks him away with his hand before deciding to talk with him.]

MS: Rob Driscoll, congratulations on another victory here in your AWA tenure, although this one was a little different than your SNW debut.

RD: Little man, wrestling is a thinking man's game. The strongest man doesn't always win, the quickest guy doesn't always win, it's the smartest man.

And you're looking at someone with a doctorate in professional wrestling. You're looking at someone with a medication for every situation and complication there's ever been. If there's a problem, I'll fix it. If something don't go the way I want it, I'll just find another way out.

Now, let's be honest, it doesn't hurt that I'm an elite athlete of the highest caliber, it doesn't hurt that I've perfected my craft in a way that none of those Lone Star Leeches have ever seen. But when you put it all together, when you add in the brains and the body and the skills that only I possess,

when you mix that with the training and the lineage and the knowledge that I have attained, it only comes out one way, buddy, and you're lookin' at him.

[Double thumb hook.]

RD: Now Rashan Hill, that's a big ol' boy in there, he probably eats barbells for dinner. So maybe a submission hold like the Cinch wasn't gonna work on someone with a back and traps that has it's own zip code. Anybody else, they freak out and call their agent in the middle of the match, they walk out and ask for a rematch in a week's time.

But when you're the Crown Jewel of Wrestling, my friend, you roll with the punches and you find the way out. Harry Houdini didn't become the greatest escape artist of all time for the money, he did it because he loved the challenge, he loved the thrill. You put Rob Driscoll in the ring with someone he's never seen before and someone he knows nothing about, and I guarantee you I find my way out. I'll solve the puzzle.

Every night is a challenge, every night is a different diagnosis, and every night I walk into the ring knowing that I got every tool at my disposal to take it down.

That's the difference between me and everyone else. That's where I'm a step above.

[Mark Stegglet makes a face for a moment and then re-questions.]

MS: If you ask me, hitting someone low and then rolling them up for a win isn't what I would call a masterpiece.

RD: That's because you don't know any better.

MS: You cheated!

RD: I evened the odds! That guy probably bench presses cars on his day off, he throws around manhole covers like nickels and dimes. I'm not gonna match power with him, so why try? Why should I play his game, when I'm so much better at mine? You don't get to be the Crown Jewel of Wrestling by being a moron, Stegglet, you gotta know how to exploit an advantage. I set the trap, he fell into it, I got the win and that's called playing to your strengths.

That's called winning. And brother, lemme tell ya, I've got more ways to win than you've got ugly sweaters, and buddy we both know that numbers in the hundreds.

And by the way, before I leave, take this to the back: next time I come out here and get a win, which ain't gonna be too far in the future, either you send out Colt Patterson or you ain't getting a word out of me. You and "Sweet" Lou aren't worthy.

[With a sneer, Driscoll steps back and slaps the microphone out of Stegglet's hand, then turns and leaves to a chorus of boos.]

GM: That young man has a whole lot of arrogance considering he's just won his second match on television, Bucky.

BW: The kid is the diamond in the rough - the potential moneymaker. I don't blame him for being cocky. You know what my mama always says? It ain't bein' cocky if you can back it up and I believe this kid can back up every single word he's sayin' and then some, daddy.

GM: That remains to be seen... but there IS another man in this building tonight who CAN back up every single word that he's saying, Bucky, and I believe Mark Stegglet is about to have a word with that man down here at ringside where this individual has been watching the show all night, taking in all the great AWA action.

BW: I was this guy's guest at the Global Fighting Championship show here in the Crockett a while back so it's only fitting that he's my guest here tonight.

GM: Nice ringside seats.

BW: Hey, even with President Percy gone, I've got some pull in the office.

GM: Oh brother. Mark... take it away.

[We crossfade to a different area of ringside where Mark Stegglet is standing on one side of the barricade, mic in hand.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. In our years here in the AWA, we've seen a lot of great competitors walk through the doors of the Crockett Coliseum. Tonight, I have the great honor and pleasure to introduce a man who joined that list recently when the Global Fighting Championship presented one of their Mixed Martial Arts battles in this very building. He has slain challenger after challenger, defended his title with great honor, and now joins us for the first time as a special guest of ours on this fine evening of wrestling action. Ladies and gentlemen... the undisputed Global Fighting Championship Heavyweight Champion of the World... The Rottweiler, "Rough" Rufus Harris.

[The camera zooms back to reveal Rufus Harris who rises out of his ringside seat to stand next to Stegglet. There's a good-sized reaction from the crowd for the Rottweiler. Rufus Harris has an imposing presence; broad shoulders, thick musculature accentuated by his skin-tight purple v-neck, coarse metal chains draped around his neck, ears littered with small gold hoops, and razor thin slits of black hair slicing down the sides of his scalp along with a grizzly black beard.]

MS: Champ, we are so excited to have you here tonight. How are you enjoying tonight's action so far?

[Harris grins.]

RH: It's been areal treat, man. It's great to be here inside the Coliseum and enjoyin' the spectacle as a fan. It seems like every other time I've come here I've had to strap on the gloves and put some high-strung punk to sleep with old Yeller here [holds up his right fist]. I ain't gonna say it gets old because I enjoy knockin' fools out but it's a nice change if ya catch my drift. You boys put on a damn good show.

[More cheers for Harris' show of respect for the AWA action.]

MS: Speaking of putting on a good show, you put on quite the display recently in this very arena when you knocked out Marcelo Costa for the second time in your career and retained your Heavyweight Title.

RH: That's right, brother. That boy ain't ever gonna talk the same to me.

MS: A lot of folks said that was the last fight on your... well, punch list, so to speak. There's been a lot of rumors and even more questions since you showed up here a month ago unexpectedly in the audience.

RH: Yeah, yeah. I bet, brother. People like to talk. Costa, that punk, he was a real chatterbox too, my man. Hell, I've been up against a lot of loudmouths who spit some solid game in my career and they all ended up the same way. Face down and fu...heh, sorry, forgot where I was for a second. Messed up, yeah, messed up real good, brother.

MS: Nobody is doubting that, Rufus. You've put quite a stamp on your bouts in your career, an unprecedented string of successful title defenses and even more impressively, fight finishes. But I have to know, I'd kick myself if I didn't ask this... everyone has been talking about who is next on your list and who they think you should fight but what I want to know is... who do you want to fight? Who does Rufus Harris think is the biggest challenger left?

RH: Challenger? There ain't no challengers left for me... there ain't ever BEEN a challenge out there for me. Everyone that was lined up in front of me got knocked out and you betta believe whomever they put up in front of me next is gonna suffer the same fate. The world said I robbed Costa the first time we met and I proved them wrong AGAIN when I laid him out two weeks ago. The talent pool is all dried up. They ain't got no one left to face me.

MS: So then what's next?

RH: Ya know, brother...

[Harris pokes his chin up and around the room, surveying it with his eyes.]

RH: What you boys are doin' down here in Texas, it don't look half bad. Think I could make an honest living here, Mark?

[Stegglet nods, very matter-of-factly, as the crowd cheers the idea of that.]

RH: Yeah, yeah. I think I could too. Here's the thing, man. Right now, them boys in GFC are scramblin'... they're scouring the globe ten times over lookin' for the next meat muppet to feed me and fact is... they're diggin' up ditches lookin' for gold and findin' nothin' but filth and decay. They've thrown washed up legends at me... they've tossed their Golden Boys and All-Americans at me... they said I'd never win the Gold and after I did they said I wouldn't survive three months with it. But ya know what? Ya know what, my man? They ain't know nothin' bout me. They don't know what I've been through or what hell I went through growin' up to get to where I am today.

I ain't ever gonna forget who I am or when I came from.

I ain't ever gonna stop fightin', stop breathin', stop strugglin' for all the sufferin' my mama went through to give me a chance. I ain't ever gonna forget ANY of that. No way I'm ever gonna stop chargin' forward, stop reachin' for the next prize, stop provin' everyone wrong. So if the GFC ain't got no else for me to fight?

[He grunts.]

RH: Then I'll just find another ring to rule, brother.

MS: Are you saying what I think you're saying?

RH: I'm saying that anyone, anywhere, any size or strength, that thinks they're man enough to get into an octagon, a cage, a ring, or an alley with me... I welcome it. There's only one champ in this World, homie. Only one King of the Jungle and you're lookin' him dead in the eyes. No man alive can go the distance with me, fool. Not in the GFC, not in this galaxy.

Now, you asked me about my punch list?

[Stegglet nods.]

RH: There ain't nobody left on it, man. But...

[Harris grins, flashing his pearly white teeth.]

RH: ...I'm lookin' for names if ya know anyone.

[Harris lets out a loud, vicious sounding bark before turning to face the crowd to a big reaction.]

MS: There you have it, fans... in what amounts to a major case of breaking news, we've just learned that the GFC Heavyweight Champion, Rufus Harris, may be looking for a new fighting world to conquer! We've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it's time The Call Of The Wilde!

[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...

As we fade back up, we find the world's favorite color commentator, Bucky Wilde, standing in the middle of the ring. He's carrying a mic in hand as he takes a seat on one of a pair of wooden stools inside the squared circle. A red rug is underneath the stools, completing the "set" for the show.]

BW: Welcome to the #1 rated segment in all of Saturday Night Wrestling! Welcome to the place where the tough questions are asked and the hard answers are given! Welcome to... THE CALL OF THE WILDE!

[The crowd reacts - some cheer, some boo - but they react and really that's all Bucky cares about.]

BW: The Call of The Wilde has always delivered the biggest news and answers to the biggest questions going on in the AWA and tonight's no different. On the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, the Dogs of War made the challenge to this man and tonight, we're gonna get an answer!

Please welcome tonight's guest on The Call Of The Wilde... JUAN VASQUEZ!

["They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begins to play over the PA system as the crowd roars with one of the loudest ovations of the night when they see Juan Vasquez emerging from behind the curtain. The former two-time AWA National champion is in street clothes, dressed in a black t-shirt with an image of his "Dia de los Muertos" facepaint design on the front, cinder grey cargo shorts, and black/white lowtop Chuck Taylor All-Stars. There's a serious look on Vasquez's face as he makes his way down to the ring, leaping up onto the ring apron and pausing momentarily to stare back at the crowd and raising an arm in acknowledgement of their cheers, before stepping through the ropes.]

BW: I know me and you have had our differences over the years, Vasquez, but even I know you ain't dumb enough to take on the Dogs of War three-on-one! So either you're here to tell the world that you've suckered two more schmoes into sacrificing their careers for you yet again or this edition of The Call of the Wilde just got the biggest news story of the year and you're gonna' tuck tail and announce your retirement!

[Juan shoots such Bucky a dirty look.]

JV: "Retirement"?

[He smirks and shakes his head.]

JV: Not me, Bucky. I'm in my prime.

[Pop!]

BW: Don't give me that! The last time we saw you, they were scraping you off the canvas after the Dogs got done with you, Vasquez! Are you actually telling me you're gonna' accept the Dogs' challenge?

JV: Bucky, you claim to know me so well, but the fact that you're actually asking me that question hurts. You should've known the answer before you even bother openin' that bullhorn you call a mouth, but lemme' say it loud and clear so there ain't any confusion.

Do I accept the Dogs of War's challenge?

[Juan pauses, taking a moment to look around the Coliseum, as the fans have begun to buzz with anticipation. He then grabs Bucky by the wrist, pulling the microphone close towards him.]

JV: HELL YES I DO!

[A HUGE ROAR!]

BW: Are you kidding me!? You're the same guy that admitted that you were too broken down to fight The Wise Men, but now you think you can come out on top in a war with the Dogs of-

[Juan snatches the microphone right out of Bucky's hands.]

JV: You're damn right I think I can, Bucky!

[The crowd cheers!]

JV: 'Cause who else in the AWA has been through more battles and more wars than Juan Vasquez? Who else has fought and WON more wars than Juan Vasquez!? The Wise Men might be dead, but the Dogs of War are their lastin' legacy! Percy Childes' reminder that no matter how long it's been or how far we've gone, he's still here, rotting and polluting the AWA with his filth!

[Bucky snatches the microphone right back out of Juan's hand.]

BW: And because of that, you think it's YOUR duty to save the AWA from them? You really are a self-centered egomaniac! The Dogs of War are UNDEFEATED as a three-man team and you think you can take them down? You think that you and whatever two dopes you found stand a chance?

JV: You-

[Juan is suddenly cut off as the sounds of a large pack of hunting dogs barking, snarling, and growling is head over the PA briefly, segueing into "War Machine" by KISS as the crowd erupts in boos! The camera cuts to crowd, where we see The Dogs of War, marching down the stairs from the mezzanine to the lower level, making their way through the crowd towards the ring!]

GM: Uh oh! Here comes trouble!

[Bucky Wilde is quick to vacate the ring, bailing out as Vasquez kicks over one wooden stool and picks the other one up in his hands, ready to defend

himself as needed as Pedro Perez, Isaiah Carpenter, and Wade Walker draw closer into view. The trio hurdle the barricade with ease, taking up positions around the ring as Perez barks out instructions to his partners in crime, stopping by the timekeeper's table to snatch up a house mic.]

PP: Saying I'm surprised would be a bold-faced lie.

[Perez sneers arrogantly.]

PP: After all, it would be the smart thing to do - to walk away from a fight you know you can't win... to not put another one of your so-called friends in danger... but we all know that your ego would never allow that to happen.

You're Juan Vasquez. You HAVE to accept the challenge. You HAVE to be at SuperClash. You HAVE to be in Madison Square Garden.

You HAVE to take on the Dogs Of War.

[Perez shrugs.]

PP: Which means that you HAVE to have your career ended at our hands.

Whether it's at SuperClash...

[Perez nods to his partners.]

PP: ...or tonight.

[Perez drops the mic as the trio pulls themselves up on the ring apron, smirking at Vasquez who spins in a circle, wooden stool in hand, ready to defend himself...

...when suddenly, the PA erupts and the Dallas faithful does the same.]

#It's alright...#

#It's alright...#

#It's alright...#

#I'm just a little crazy...#

GM: OH MY STARS!

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sounds of "Little Crazy" by Fight as the Last American Badboy himself walks through the curtain, steel chair gripped in his right hand. He raises the chair into the air, getting a huge standing ovation before the Hall of Famer marches down the aisle, swinging a leg over the top rope to step into the ring...

...and takes up a position right next to the stool-wielding Vasquez!]

GM: ALEX MARTINEZ IS IN THE CROCKETT COLISEUM AND HE'S READY FOR A FIGHT IF THE DOGS OF WAR WANT ONE!

[Suddenly, the Dogs Of War seem less certain about wanting a fight, stepping back off the apron where they huddle up. Martinez is shouting at them to "get their asses in the ring!" as a smiling Vasquez taps the stool on the mat, waving them forward...]

GM: What's it going to be now?! The Dogs Of War have backed off... they don't know what to do against these two weapon-wielding Hall of Famers!

[Perez points at the ring, shouting at the duo as Isaiah Carpenter grabs him by the arm, shaking his head.]

BW: This is nuts, Gordo!

GM: Thanks for coming back to join us, Bucky.

BW: Never a dull moment on the Call. Perez wants in there! Perez wants to take 'em both on!

GM: Isaiah Carpenter is trying to convince him otherwise. He wants no part of these two while they're holding those chairs!

[Vasquez suddenly rushes forward, swinging the wooden stool over the ropes and taking a cut at the Dogs who are just BARELY out of reach. Carpenter jumps back, shouting at Vasquez while Perez makes a dive under the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[A big chairshot across the back of Perez sends him sliding back to the floor, the crowd roaring as Carpenter and Walker pull Perez out of range of a second shot.]

GM: The Dogs Of War are in retreat!

[The crowd responds with a mixed reaction as the trio hops over the barricade, heading back up through the crowd as Martinez and Vasquez stand at the ready if they choose to return.]

GM: I think we know who one of Vasquez' partners at SuperClash will be! The Dogs Of War versus Juan Vasquez and Alex Martinez?! You've gotta be kidding me! What a showdown that's gonna be, fans! We're going to take another quick break but when we come back, it's time for the Control Center so don't go away!

[With Vasquez and Martinez soaking up the cheers of the Dallas fans, we 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.

As we fade back up, we come to the bank of television monitors that can only mean 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.

[A graphic comes up showing the three AWA championships.]

MC: Titles, titles, titles - it's the talk of the wrestling world heading into SuperClash VI now that all three title matches have been locked in.

[The shot changes to just show the World Television Title.]

MC: The World Television Title will be on the line when Tony Sunn defends the title against the unpredictable Shadoe Rage. Sunn issued the challenge earlier tonight - it has been accepted to the shock of no one. However, what you may find shocking is the stipulation added to the contract by the AWA Championship Committee. This will be the one and only title match between these two competitors.

[Cannon nods.]

MC: If Tony Sunn successfully defends the title, Shadoe Rage can never have another title shot as long as Sunn is the champion. If Rage wins the title, Tony Sunn will never get another title shot as long as Rage is the champion. It's all or nothing for these two men come Thanksgiving Night in New York City.

[The graphic changes to show the World Tag Team Titles and the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Titles with the words "WINNER TAKES ALL."]

MC: It's Winner Takes All in Madison Square Garden when the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions AND 2014 Stampede Cup Champions, Violence Unlimited, comes to the States to challenge Air Strike for the AWA World Tag Team Titles with all the gold on the line.

Now, in addition, we also know that Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton have agreed to this one and only match here in the States. If they win the titles at SuperClash, they will take the titles back to Japan and defend them there. The pressure is on for Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons on Thanksgiving Night.

[A graphic appears showing Haynes and Morton holding the Stampede Cup between them looking menacingly towards the camera.]

MC: Joining me in the Control Center at this time, the reigning Stampede Cup winners and Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Tag Team champions... Violence Unlimited!

[Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton enter the studio, both wearing identical "BEST TAG TEAM IN THE WORLD" tshirts and jeans. Haynes, as usual, is wearing his trademark tri-corner floppy cowboy hat. Around their waists are the Global Crown tag team titles.]

MC: Gentlemen, let me be the first to welcome you two back to the United States.

[Danny Morton strokes his beard and surveys his surroundings, before laughing and clapping.]

DM: Oh man, here we are, back in the good ol' U-S-of A! Here we are, back in the greatest country in the world! Here we are, back in the AWA! Don't you just miss it, Jack?

JH: Considerin' how much they paid us to come back, it seems like the AWA's missin' us a whole lot more!

[Haynes laughs, which is as unsettling coming from him as you'd expect.]

DM: It's funny, Jack, because when we won the Cup for the second time, all we heard was a whole of yappin' from the AWA!

"OH! We could've won the Cup! OH! We could've beat Violence Unlimited!"

[Suddenly, Morton's expression turns very serious.]

DM: Well, why didn't you?

The fact is, you DIDN'T win the Cup. You DIDN'T beat Violence Unlimited. And seeing what we've done to every single team the AWA's sent our way since, you CAN'T beat Violence Unlimited!

MC: While you two did defeat a makeshift Air+Strike team of Brian James and Michael Aarons in the finals of the Stampede Cup, you still haven't faced Aarons and his regular tag team partner, Cody Mertz.

DM: Air Strike, Air+Strike, Air minus Strike, Air times Strike, Air divided by Strike...little lady, I don't think you understand that it doesn't matter if you'd replaced Brian James with CASEY JAMES! The result would've been the same!

JH: Now no disrespect meant to Air Strike, 'cause they're a good, little team and they've defeated the best the AWA has to offer. But let's make this clear: Bein' a good little team ain't anywhere near the same as bein' the BEST team. Beatin' the best in the AWA doesn't even come CLOSE to beatin' the best in the WORLD.

And we ARE the best.

[A disturbing grin forms on that ugly mug.]

JH: Now, there's a whole lot of stupid people out there that'll tell you Violence Unlimited only agreed to wrestle Air Strike at SuperClash, because Todd Michaelson offered us a check with enough zeroes on it to make Juan Vasquez blink!

Well, they'd be wrong.

'Cause even though the money might be nice and I gotta' admit, it's REAL nice...when you've won two Stampede Cups, when you've made cashin' in that giant million dollar check a regular occurrence in your life, the money doesn't have quite the same allure it once did. Ya' see, me and Danny

could've stayed in Japan conquerin' whatever team the AWA felt fit to send our way every few months. We could've torn up that check and laughed in Todd Michaelson's face! But ya' see, Michaelson knew he could offer us the one thing in the world that me and Danny desperately want. That me and Danny desperately _need._

MC: And what would that be?

[Morton pops his head in and shouts, startling Melissa.]

DM: THE AWA WORLD TAG TEAM TITLES!

JH: At SuperClash. In New York City. At Madison Square Garden...for ALL the world to see! Right on a silver platter! And make no mistake about it missy, those titles WILL be ours.

[Morton nudges Haynes with his elbow.]

DM: But Jack, aren't you afraid that we might lose? Aren't you the least bit concerned that Air Strike might take the Global Crown titles from us?

[There's silence for a moment, before the two burst out laughing.]

JH: Not in a million years. When we said "Winner take all", we meant...

[Haynes points to himself and Morton.]

JH: ...WE take all.

DM: But don't worry AWA fans, once we take those titles off Air Strike, we aren't gonna' disappear. We aren't gonna' just fall off the face of the Earth! You'll still have your chance to see your tag team champions.

JH: Yup.

[Haynes nods in agreement.]

JH: All ya' gotta' do...

...is buy a ticket to Japan!

[And with a loud cackle, Haynes and Morton walk off.]

MC: That is INDEED the stakes in that Winner Takes All showdown and I can't wait to see it.

We'll talk about the World Title match in just a bit but right now, let's move on from the title matches and talk about some of our other featured contests for SuperClash including this big six man tag team showdown between the Dogs Of War and a team that we now know will be made up of Juan Vasquez, Alex Martinez, and... who? Even without a third man, Vasquez and

Martinez form a menacing team but who will join them in what will be the biggest challenge for the undefeated Dogs Of War to date?

[The graphic changes to show the words "TEXAS DEATH MATCH."]

MC: Demetrius Lake and Jack Lynch have battled for years across the country... but on Thanksgiving Night, their war will come to an end as those two men collide in a Texas Death Match. And in a stipulation added by Lake, the loser will come on Saturday Night Wrestling and admit that the victor was the better man. It will be brutal... it will be violent... but after 2014, it will be over.

[The graphic switches again, showing the Lights Out Express and the Epitome Of Cool.]

MC: If you need further proof that SuperClash is the event that EVERYONE wants to compete on, look no further than the fact that the former World Tag Team Champion Hall of Fame tag team, the Epitome Of Cool, is coming out of retirement to take on the former AWA World Tag Team Titles, the Lights Out Express in a big tag team showdown!

[Another graphic change, this time showing Strictly Business, Dichotomy, Brian James, and TORA alongside two silhouettes.]

MC: Challenge issued and challenge accepted! It'll be an eight man tag team battle pitting Strictly Business and Dichotomy taking on TORA, Brian James, and two partners yet to be announced.

[The new graphic reads "FATHER VS SON."]

MC: You heard it announced earlier tonight - on a family holiday, we'll see a family explode with Robert Donovan being forced to take on his own son, Tony Donovan in a one-on-one matchup. This one came straight from the mouth of one of the AWA's co-owners, Bobby Taylor, after his son, Wes, was viciously attacked by Tony Donovan and the rest of Team Supreme.

[The graphic changes to say "STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT."]

MC: It's an annual tradition - the five-on-five elimination matchup with the highest stakes in wrestling hanging in the balance, a contract that guarantees the holder the chance to call their shot... to name the match that they want any time in the next year. It can be for the World Title... the Tag Titles... or no title at all as someone looks to settle a personal grudge under their choice of stipulations. Let's take a look at the teams...

[The graphic switches to show "TEAM DETSON."]

MC: Team captain Johnny Detson leads a squad of former World Champion Calisto Dufresne, newcomer Joshua Barnes, and Terry Shane. Earlier, we heard of some tensions between Detson, Dufresne, and Shane but they'll need to find a way to all be on the same page if they hope to win this match and the contract that goes with it. Remember, only one man can win the

contract so if a team survives and there's more than one man remaining, the survivors have to face off until there's only one man standing. That man will be your 2014 Steal The Spotlight winner.

[Another graphic change. "TEAM SUPERNOVA."]

MC: How about on the other side of the ring where Team Captain Supernova leads a squad made up of former STS winner Sultan Azam Sharif, young rookie Derrick Williams, and the hot young superstar Bobby O'Connor. Perhaps it'll be one of those four men who survive to earn that contract.

[The graphics fade to leave two silhouettes.]

MC: As you may have noticed, that leaves two spots remaining - one on each team. AWA officials are said to be hard at work considering all of the available talent who have been put forth as possible contenders for the final spots. They hope to have an announcement before the next Saturday Night Wrestling - the last episode before SuperClash VI.

[Another change of graphic leaves us looking at Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright, the title belt being held by Wright between them.]

MC: But whichever of the ten competitors walks out of Steal The Spotlight with the contract in hand, they just might be looking at the winner of our Main Event - the World Heavyweight Title on the line - between the #1 Contender and the winner of the 2014 Rumble, Ryan Martinez, as he meets the champion, Supreme Wright, in perhaps the biggest match of either man's career. Only one man will walk out of the Mecca of all things sports, Madison Square Garden, as the World Champion on the biggest night of the year for the AWA.

We heard from Ryan Martinez earlier tonight but right now, let's hear from the reigning World Heavyweight Champion Supreme Wright!

[The words, "RECORDED EARLIER THIS WEEK" flash across the screen, as we open to see Supreme Wright, standing inside of what we have come to recognize as Team Supreme's training facility. The World Champion standing in front of an empty wrestling ring with none of his students present. Wright is dressed in a three-piece, Angus olive checkered tweed suit, a striped pink dress shirt, and a tonal red checkered necktie. Cradled in his right arm, is the greatest prize in professional wrestling, the AWA World Heavyweight title. He stares directly at the camera, speaking familiar words, but devoid of any of the passion or emotion that were behind them.]

SW: "We want Wright."

[He repeats himself.]

SW: "We want Wright."

[He repeats himself once more, slightly louder, slightly angrier, but much much slower.]

SW: "We."

"Want."

"Wright."

[There's a moment of silence as Wright lets those words linger in the air.]

SW: I can't fault the people for wanting to see the World Champion in action. I can't blame them for wanting to see their champion in a FIGHT.

But what we got wasn't a fight.

It was a FARCE.

[Wright shakes his head in disappointment.]

SW: I suppose I was expecting too much from the likes of Ryan Martinez.

[He repeats the name with emphasis.]

SW: RYAN MARTINEZ. Not "Mr. Martinez", brat. That's what I call your father; a man that actually had the courage to fight me. A man that I can actually RESPECT.

[A frustrated sigh.]

SW: I walked into the fairgrounds expecting a fight, Ryan Martinez.

[He leans in.]

SW: A _FIGHT!_

[There's a slight roll of the eyes.]

SW: But it seems that your reputation proceeds you. You're too dumb to even understand what that means. Instead, what do I get?

[The champion laughs, because in his anger, that's all he can do.]

SW: Ryan Martinez, the "White Knight" of the AWA, hiding behind the skirts of the Lynch clan for protection. Ryan Martinez, the so-called "hero" that saved professional wrestling from The Wise Men, taking cheapshots at me at every opportunity. And when it became clear that Supreme Wright wasn't going to back down, when it became clear that Ryan Martinez had laid out a challenge that he wasn't prepared to take on, he looked for an out. An escape.

So Ryan Martinez did, what Ryan Martinez does best.

He started a riot.

[There's a deadpan expression on Wright's face, but the disgust in his voice is all too clear.]

SW: And you've probably already made an excuse. I'm almost positive that you've already rationalized it in your head. You'll tell the world that *I* was the coward. You'll lie to your fans and say that *I* was the one who ran.

[His eyes narrow ever so slightly at the imagined slights.]

SW: I didn't run from a damn thing, boy. If Henrietta Ortiz-Lynch and her sons weren't so sensitive to the fragile state of Blackjack Lynch's ego, rest assured, Ryan Martinez would've been put to sleep one more time.

[A beat.]

SW: But I'm sure you respectfully disagree.

[The words are dripping with venom, but Wright refuses to let his anger show.]

SW: I'm sure you've fooled yourself into believing that you were ready to fight me, just like I'm sure that you've convinced yourself to believe that you're ready to take MY World Title away from me. Those are some comforting lies you've told yourself, but let's step back into reality for just a moment.

[A brief pause.]

SW: You're NOT ready to take this title from me.

[There's no anger in this statement and there is no emotion betrayed. Supreme simply states it as matter of fact.]

SW: But you have two weeks, Ryan Martinez. Two weeks to think long and hard about your future. Two weeks before you have to meet me face to face to sign that contract. Two weeks to gather enough courage to make the CORRECT decision.

[His voice is calm, his expression is cold, but his words sound very much like a threat.]

SW: And if you believe the correct decision would be to put your name on that dotted line...

...you're wrong.

[Fade out to Melissa who has the SuperClash logo over her shoulder.]

MC: It's the big one. It's SuperClash VI. And it's just about a month away! There are a handful of tickets remaining so make your plans to join us now. If you can't be with us in New York City, make sure to join us LIVE on Pay

Per View. You do NOT want to miss this one, fans! 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 to "Sweet" Lou who is in the backstage area.]

LB: Thanks, Melissa for all the scoops - a girl after my own heart, I'll tell ya that.

[Blackwell grins mischievously as he fans himself to "cool off."]

LB: It's been a wild night here in Dallas and at the end of it all, there's only one thing left to do - find out who YOUR choice has been to put into this special Fans' Choice Main Event!

[A graphic covers the screen showing all the competitors from "Locker Room #1" - Robert Donovan, Derrick Williams, Bobby O'Connor, TORA, and Dave Bryant with their accompanying hashtags.

It fades into a graphic for "Locker Room #2" with Brad Jacobs, Matt Ginn, Aaron Anderson, Terry Shane, and Demetrius Lake.]

LB: The choice is up to you. We're going to take one final commercial break and when we come back, it's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

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

"SUPERCLASH"

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

"VI!"

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

And then shots that become slightly more obvious.

A street of major theaters.

The 9/11 Memorial.

The Empire State Building.

The Statue Of Liberty.

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

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

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

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

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

"LIVE ON PAY PER VIEW."

[Fade to black.

Fade back up on the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening. It is the FANS' CHOICE matchup!

[Big cheer!]

PW: All night long, you - the fans of the AWA - have been casting your votes as to who will compete in this matchup and now, it's time to unveil your choices...

Introducing first...

[The crowd rises to their feet, waiting and listening, looking for any cue that signals who is about to come down the aisle to the ring.]

GM: Who is it going to be?

[The piano and drum lead-in to Louis Armstrong's rendition of "Mack The Knife" plays over the PA to a big mixed reaction from the crowd - boos because of who is about to come through the curtain and cheers for the fact that he had no desire to be in this match.]

GM: Haha!

BW: This isn't right, Gordo! Demetrius Lake isn't supposed to be in this match! He specifically requested that these fans NOT vote for him so he could focus on preparing for the Texas Death Match at SuperClash!

GM: Boy, did that ever backfire for him!

[As Satchmo's famous trumpet joins in, the curtain parts for the intimidating figure of Demetrius Lake. The "Black Tiger" is hot under the collar as he storms through the curtain, raising a big fuss to anyone who'll listen. The six-foot-nine Lake sports a fairly thick afro, connecting to an impressively long beard which extends down over an inch below his chin, where it comes to almost a point. He shouts back through the curtain at someone unseen before stalking down the aisle.]

GM: Demetrius Lake is never what you'd call in a jovial mood, fans, but he's particularly upset here tonight.

BW: Because these idiot fans did the OPPOSITE of what he wanted them to do!

GM: Who would have ever imagined that happening?

[Lake reaches the ring fairly quickly on this night, not bothering with his usual trash talk and sauntering down the ramp as he steps through the ropes, glaring at Phil Watson who begins the introduction.]

PW: Introducing first... from Kansas City, Missouri... weighing in at three hundred seventeen pounds... "THE BLACK TIGER"...

DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[Lake, with a shout of protest, raises both hands, then hooks his thumbs at his chest. We can see that his left thumb is heavily taped.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Lake mounts the midbuckle, pointing and shouting angrily towards the entryway as the fans buzz in anticipation...

...and then ERUPT into cheers at the sounds of "Godzilla" by Blue Oyster Cult!]

GM: BOBBY O'CONNOR! BOBBY O'CONNOR IS THE OPPONENT!

[The fiery youngster comes tearing through the curtain to a near-deafening reaction from the Texas faithful. He's sporting cardinal red trunks with gold trim and matching kneepads, elbowpads, and boots. He's already yanked off his white Blue Oyster Cult t-shirt, flinging it aside as he points threateningly at Lake who has hopped down to the mat, angrily kicking at the ropes.

O'Connor brushes his light brown hair aside, showing off a mass of scar tissue on his forehead.]

PW: From Jefferson City, Missouri... weighing 265 pounds...

"BUNKHOUSE"

BOBBY

O'CONNNNNNNNNORRRRRRRRR!

[With that, O'Connor comes **SPRINTING** down the ramp towards the ring. He steps through the ropes where Lake cuts him off, blasting him with an overhead forearm smash across the back. A second one follows, causing him to slump to a knee as AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger signals for the bell!]

GM: We're off and running in this Fans' Choice Main Event tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling! Bobby O'Connor battling Demetrius Lake in this one-on-one matchup... and you know that O'Connor's good friend and tag team partner, Jack Lynch, is standing by a monitor and watching every single second of this one, Bucky.

[Lake raises his arms over his head slowly, measuring his opponent as he takes aim for a double axehandle...

...and O'Connor cuts it off with a right hand to the gut!]

GM: The Missouri young lion goes downstairs!

[A stiff uppercut on the doubled-up Lake snaps him back up, sending him staggering away towards the ropes as the referee warns O'Connor for the use of the closed fist.]

GM: "Bunkhouse" Bobby is notorious in the Midwest for his brawling talents - having been in some of the bloodiest brawls that the state of Missouri has ever seen, Bucky.

BW: You don't get scar tissue like that mess on his forehead by trading wristlocks, daddy.

GM: O'Connor would love nothing more than to put a chink in Demetrius Lake's momentum heading into SuperClash and to build a little of his own heading into the Steal The Spotlight match.

[O'Connor approaches Lake from behind but the bigger man is ready, snapping an elbow back into the bridge of the nose, knocking him back to a knee. Lake spins, lifting his arms faster this time, and drills a double axehandle down between the eyes, knocking O'Connor down to the canvas.]

GM: A hard shot by Lake puts O'Connor face first down on the mat... oh, and a big leaping stomp down between the shoulderblades!

[A grimacing Lake leaps up for a second stomp, turning to shout at "Mr. Senior Official" to get off his case before he just falls into an elbow drop to the lower back.]

GM: A 317 pound elbowdrop to the lower back!

BW: Lake has such an unusual style in the ring, Gordo, it makes him very tough to prepare for. Things like that elbowdrop where he doesn't even bother to jump, just throwing himself sideways into it... so impactful, so effective, and so unorthodox.

[Lake grabs O'Connor by the arm, hauling him up off the canvas.]

GM: O'Connor fires back!

[The fiery brawler breaks free from Lake's grip, throwing a flurry of right hands to the jaw that has Lake reeling.]

GM: The big man is rockin' and rollin' after those haymakers and-

[But before O'Connor can string together any meaningful offense, Lake strikes out with a double thrust to the throat, leaving O'Connor gasping for air as he stumbles back into the ropes.]

GM: Illegal shot to the throat connects! Lake was a star athlete, earning scholarship offers for football, wrestling, and basketball but you'd never know it by the way he acts inside that ring, Bucky.

BW: What? By winning?

GM: No, by cheating his rear end off and swearing that he didn't.

[The referee is on Lake's case for the throat strike as he leaps up, smashing a high impact forearm across the shoulderblades!]

BW: Ohh! When a six foot nine guy does a leaping attack like that, you feel it all the way down to the soles of your feet.

GM: O'Connor is in some trouble here as Lake scoops him up and slams him down hard!

[The big slam leaves the Missouri fan favorite down on the mat as Lake taunts the fans a bit with a "THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED TO SEE?!" to a lot of jeers.]

BW: Heheh... he's got a point, Gordo.

GM: I can assure you that though this might be the MATCH the fans wanted to see, this isn't the result they were looking for but it's not over yet, Bucky.

BW: It's just a matter of time now.

[With O'Connor down, Lake stands over him, driving a knee down into the chest. Much like the elbowdrop, there's no leap behind these kneedrops, just pure impact as he drives it down into the chest over and over again...]

GM: A half dozen knees to the chest connect...

[Lake dusts off his hands, settling into a lazy lateral press, only earning a two count before O'Connor kicks out. The Black Tiger angrily slaps his hands together three times, shouting at Jagger.]

GM: Lake's not happy about the count. Big surprise there. This guy could complain about the weather on a beautiful spring day.

[He pulls O'Connor up by the arm again, firing him into the ropes...

...and charging in after him, flattening the smaller man with a running shoulderblock!]

GM: Ohh! That'll take him down!

BW: Former defensive lineman for LSU, almost made it to the NFL in that spot as well. O'Connor got no chance with that freight train bearing down on him, daddy!

[Lake looks out at the jeering crowd with a sweep of his arms in the "it's over!" gesture. He leans down, dragging O'Connor up with two hands full of brown hair...

...and O'Connor suddenly swings both arms up and out, breaking the grip before he throws a left jab to the jaw... and another... and another... and another with the crowd roaring for every blow landed!]

GM: O'Connor's heating up again!

[But Lake promptly digs his fingers into the eyes, raking hard. As Jagger complains, Lake runs to the ropes behind him, rebounding back...

...and gets hoisted up by a spinning O'Connor who DRIVES him down!]

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM!

[The third generation O'Connor tightly cradles the leg as Jagger counts once... twice...]

GM: Ohh! Lake kicks out at two!

[O'Connor swings a leg over, taking the mount as he grabs Lake by the afro, raising a fist to the cheering fans.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor's got the big man down and he's opening fire on him right here! Right hand after right hand to the skull!

[The referee's count hits four before O'Connor breaks off, climbing to his feet with his hands raised as Jagger reads him the riot act. Lake is slowly getting back to his feet behind the official's back as O'Connor comes back in...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Wooo boy! What a chop that was!

[Lake falls back against the turnbuckles, clutching at his chest as O'Connor moves in, taking aim again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Three knife-edge backhand chops connect before he switches his stance.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The overhand chops have Lake trying to cover up so O'Connor grabs an arm, whipping the 317 pounder from pillar to post, charging in after him...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!

[O'Connor turns, hooking the side headlock and giving a swing with his free hand...]

GM: He's calling for the bulldog!

[The fiery fan favorite comes charging out of the corner, ready to drive Lake's face into the canvas...]

...but Lake has other ideas as O'Connor leaps, holding him in the air as they keep on going towards the opposite corner, ultimately crotching O'Connor on the top rope and leaving him dangling in the tree of woe!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A COUNTER BY LAKE!

[Lake staggers backwards, falling to a knee as O'Connor desperately reaches up, trying to free himself from his vulnerable position.]

BW: O'Connor's trapped in the corner!

GM: He certainly is! Help the man get down from there, referee!

BW: Hey, that ain't the ref's job! He should step back and make O'Connor do it himself!

GM: He should- wait a second! Where's he going!? Where is Demetrius Lake going?!

[The self-professed King Of Wrestling rolls under the ropes to the floor, shoving aside the timekeeper as he grabs the steel chair out from underneath him.]

GM: Lake's out here on the floor by us and he's got a chair!

[Lake slides the chair back into the ring, earning an immediate and angry reprimand from Johnny Jagger. The Black Tiger rolls back in, climbing to his feet, bringing the folded chair up with him...]

GM: What is he...? Lake's got the chair and- NO!

[The crowd ROARS their disapproval as Lake winds up and BLASTS O'Connor with the chair right in the knee!]

GM: DEAR GOD!

[O'Connor wails in pain as Lake bounces back from having landed the big blow. The bell is instantly called for by Johnny Jagger.]

GM: That's it right there! This one's over, fans! O'Connor's going to win this one by disqualification!

BW: A lot of good it'll do him if Lake takes him out of Steal The Spotlight right now!

[Lake winds up again, aiming the chair at the trapped knee...

...when the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: LYNCH! JACK LYNCH IS HEADING FOR THE RING!

[The big, lanky Texan comes charging down the aisle to the ring where his friend and tag team partner is being assaulted by his arch-rival. Lynch grabs the top rope, slingshotting over them as Lake spins towards him, swinging the chair overhead...

...where Lynch catches the chair coming towards him, keeping it from hitting him!]

GM: LYNCH BLOCKS THE CHAIR!

[Lake's eyes go wide as he struggles over the chair with the big Texan who swings a knee up into the gut, ripping the chair out of Lake's hands. He spins away, swinging the chair back...

...but Lake dives from the ring, landing safely on the floor as Lynch whiffs on his dangerous attack!]

GM: Ohh! And Lake gets out in time!

[A smirking Lake points at his head, telling the world how smart he is as Lynch angrily throws the chair down to the floor, just missing his rival before turning back to help his partner escape from the tree of woe. O'Connor falls to the mat, clutching his knee as Lynch locks eyes with the backpedaling Lake.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor wins this one by disqualification but like you said, Bucky, will this have an effect on his performance in the Steal The Spotlight match? And just what does this do to the fired-up Jack Lynch as he heads into SuperClash for this Texas Death Match? What a night it's been here in Dallas but we're out of time! We'll see in two weeks' time for another edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, fans! So long everybody!

[With Lynch glaring at the trash-talking Lake, we slowly fade to black.]