

AWA Saturday Night Wrestling



September 27th, 2014
Crockett Coliseum
Dallas, Texas

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: We are on the road to New York City... to Madison Square Garden... and to SuperClash VI where we now know that Ryan Martinez will challenge for the World Heavyweight Championship!

[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 neon yellow coat over a lime green dress shirt. He's opted for a bright white bowtie on this night as he turns his back to the camera, jerking a thumb at a bedazzled "BIG BUCKS" across the back of his coat.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to another star-studded edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling featuring all the stars of the AWA galaxy. I'm Gordon

Myers and by my side for the next two hours, as always, is the one and only Bucky Wilde.

BW: You better believe it that I'm the one and only, daddy! When the creator looked down and saw me comin' out, they broke that mold into a billion pieces because they knew one of me was all the world could take.

GM: I'll certainly agree with that. Bucky, it's gonna be a heck of a night here in Dallas.

BW: You got that right, Gordo. You talk about the best in the world, we got 'em right here in Dallas. Johnny Detson is here tonight in action. Calisto Dufresne, the former World Champion is here. The Lights Out Express are here as well. And don't forget about Demetrius Lake who walks into enemy territory tonight to put down an old dog whose best days are long gone.

GM: The Texas wrestling legend, Blackjack Lynch, will take on Demetrius Lake but that's coming up later tonight. In addition to what you just ran down, how about Supernova in action? What about the Surfer Dudes taking on Dichotomy in tag team action? And what about the debut of the man known as The Gladiator?

BW: Plus you just never know what else is gonna happen, daddy.

GM: Absolutely not. Fans, we're not gonna waste any more time. Let's head right up to the ring for our opening match!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing alongside an athletically-built man, with light brown skin, dressed in white tights, with a red stylized image of an eagle across the seat, black knee pads and black boots.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, hailing from Eagle Pass, Texas and weighing in at 235 pounds, he is...

ERIC "EAGLE" GUZMAAANN!!!

[Guzman makes chopping gestures in the air with his right hand.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play over the arena speakers. Twenty seconds in, Callum Mahoney strides through the entranceway dressed in a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels of the jacket, over a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. In addition, he has on black knee pads and black laceless boots. Mahoney also has the All-Europe Catch Wrestling tournament trophy in his right hand. He stands with his left hand on his hip, a smile on his face, soaking in the reaction from the crowd. He then holds his arms up aloft and the crowd roars louder.]

'Twas in the merry month of June from me home I started #
Left the girls in tuam nearly broken-hearted #
Saluted father dear, kissed me darling mother #
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother #
Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born #
Cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghosts and goblins #
Brand new pair of brogues rattled o'er the bogs #
Frightened all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin

[As Mahoney makes his way to the ring, he does not sing along to his entrance theme like he used to. Instead, he points to a particularly rowdy section in the crowd where the fans are waving the flag of the Republic of Ireland and singing along.]

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE #
HUNT THE HARE AND TURN HER DOWN THE ROCKY ROAD #
AND ALL THE WAY TO DUBLIN, WHACK FOLLOL DE DAH!

PW: Hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at 240 pounds, he is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[Reaching the ring, Mahoney steps through the ropes. He walks over to his corner and waves a member of the ring crew over. Mahoney hands his trophy to the crew member and we barely hear him say, "Anything happen to that, I'll rip your arm off and hit you with it." He shrugs off his jacket and hands it to the crew member as well. As the music fades, he paces the ring, leading the fans in a chant of "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!", as he awaits the start of the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell sounds and we're underway here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling with the Fighting Irishman, Callum Mahoney, who quickly whips these fans into a frenzy for him. But his opponent, Eric Guzman, is trying to get the fans behind him as well... and he is succeeding somewhat.

BW: There's some of that hometown support for Guzman...

GM: But Mahoney's fans with a rallying cry of their own. It's like there's a whole Irish contingent in attendance tonight!

[While the announcers discuss the fans, a collar and elbow tieup is quickly turned into a side headlock by Guzman who gets shoved back into the ropes, thrown across the ring where he floors Mahoney on the rebound with a shoulder tackle. Mahoney rolls to the corner, using the ropes to pull himself up.]

GM: Mahoney with a nod, as if to acknowledge that Guzman got him there. And they tie up again... Mahoney quickly backing him to the corner. The referee's right there, calling for a break...

[As Mahoney breaks, he drives a knee into Guzman's midsection, applying a standing armbar to pull his opponent from the corner before twisting the arm around in an armwringer.]

GM: Mahoney doesn't waste any time in the early moments of this one making it clear that he plans on coming after that arm.

BW: He's been around the AWA for a while now, Gordo. If you don't know he's coming after the arm before you sign a contract to face him, you're as dumb as one of these women out here... did you see that "Get Well, Travis" banner?

GM: I certainly did. Travis Lynch, of course, not here tonight due to those injuries suffered at the hands of Alexander Kingsley two weeks ago.

[The slightly smaller Guzman ducks under and reverses the arm twist.]

GM: Nice reversal by Guzman, putting the pressure on the arm himself now.

[Mahoney grimaces before ducking into a front flip, escaping the pressure before ducking under and around into a hammerlock.]

GM: Mahoney with a beautiful counter there... and into the side headlock, really cranking up on that hold.

BW: You know, a lot of guys will slap on a hold like this and just sit in it, buying themselves some time to catch their breath but not Callum Mahoney. This guy's tougher than a two dollar steak and if he gets a chance to slap on a hold - ANY hold - he's gonna try and break you down with it.

[Guzman forces Mahoney to the ropes where the ref calls for a break. But before the Armbar Assassin gets a chance to respond, Guzman throws him off into the ropes, dropping down on the rebound as Mahoney goes up and over him, hitting the ropes again...]

GM: Mahoney off the far side- ohh! What a hiptoss out of Eric Guzman!

BW: Mahoney went pretty high up on that one. But instead of staying on top of the Irishman, Guzman is doing some sort of war dance and giving Mahoney time to recover. Terrible mistake by the Texan.

[The Fighting Irishman climbs back to his feet, wincing as he grabs at his lower back. Guzman comes in on him, going back to the tieup but the highly-skilled Mahoney ducks out into a rear waistlock, slipping his arms up into a full nelson.]

GM: Mahoney works fast in there when the mood strikes him, seamlessly moving from hold to hold and-

[There's a smattering of cheers as Guzman slips out, ducks under, and locks in a full nelson of his own!]

GM: Another nice reversal! These two are putting a great show of technical knowledge at this stage of the matchup.

[Mahoney tries to get his arms free to no avail as he works out towards the middle of the ring, looking around...

...and then lifts up his leg, leaning over to grab the leg with his hands.]

GM: Mahoney powers out of the hold! That's an interesting way that Mahoney broke out of the full nelson.

BW: He couldn't do it with his arms alone, so he brought up his leg, hooked his arms around it and used the leg for added leverage. There's not an arm in the world that's stronger than a man's leg.

GM: And now Mahoney has Guzman on one knee with a half nelson and chin lock combination. Mahoney showing some of that acumen that made him the winner of this year's All-Europe Catch Wrestling tournament.

BW: He should've stayed in Europe.

[Guzman powers himself up onto both feet. With his free hand, Guzman lands a tomahawk chop right between Mahoney's eyes, stunning the Irishman.]

GM: What a chop! Guzman trying to put together a rally here...

[He backs up, throwing a knife edge chop across the chest of Mahoney, knocking him down and diving into a lateral press.]

GM: Guzman covers for one! He's got two!

[Mahoney lifts the shoulder but Guzman stays on him this time, pulling him up off the mat...]

GM: The Texan scoops him up... big body slam!

[He dives into another cover, again getting a two count.]

GM: Another two count for Guzman... and he covers again!

BW: He's not going to get him but at this point, Guzman is thinking of ways to wear down Mahoney. It's been some time since Mahoney's been in the AWA rings in a singles match so maybe Guzman thinks he can score the upset before Mahoney gets his sea legs back under him.

[As Mahoney gets to a knee, Guzman moves back in on him, easily getting taken over in a fireman's carry...

...and then snares the arm, scissoring it between his legs.]

GM: He's got the armbar!

[But Guzman slips a foot over the ropes, causing the referee to break the armbar attempt. Mahoney is quickly up, clubbing Guzman across the shoulder with a forearm as the Texan tries to get off the mat.]

GM: Big forearm keeps Guzman down and-

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Mahoney taps him in the chest before BLASTING him with a European uppercut, sending him falling back down to the mat.]

GM: Mahoney with one heckuva shot right there!

[Mahoney grabs Guzman's arm and kicks his shoulder, bringing him back down to his knees.]

GM: And Callum Mahoney just shifted into a higher gear here, showing a little more intensity as he- OHHH!

[The crowd groans along with Gordon as Mahoney steps over the arm and jumps, bringing his weight down on Guzman's shoulder.]

BW: He's softening that arm up for the dreaded armbar, Gordo.

GM: They call him the Armbar Assassin for a reason. Mahoney is very methodical at what he does.

BW: And also predictable, Gordo. That's why I believe he has yet to truly break out here in the AWA.

GM: Mahoney hanging onto the arm, applying a hammerlock as they pull him up.

[Mahoney shoots Guzman towards the ropes but the Texan reverses, ducking down...]

GM: BIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP!

[With Mahoney down on the mat again, clutching at his lower back, a fired-up Guzman is shouting to the crowd, drawing them to his favor as he pulls Mahoney up...

...and BLASTS him between the eyes with a tomahawk chop!]

GM: Big chop by Guzman!

[Mahoney staggers into the ropes, bouncing back off into a second tomahawk chop that leaves him stunned where he stands.]

GM: Guzman has got him on the ropes and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: And lights up his chest with a knife edge chop!

[A few more chops land before Guzman whips Mahoney across the ring, charging in after him...

...and his train is derailed when Mahoney slips a back elbow up under the jaw!]

GM: Good grief!

[A dazed Guzman wobbles towards Mahoney who dips down, hoisting him up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Mahoney's got him up and-

[The crowd cheers as Mahoney shows off his athleticism, rolling forward into a somersault slam.]

GM: Wow! Nicely done by Mahoney... but he's not attempting a cover yet. Instead, he's- what's this, Bucky?

[Mahoney rolls Guzman over onto his stomach, crossing Guzman's left ankle into the crook of Guzman's right knee, dropping to one knee and using his own shin to hold Guzman's legs in place. Mahoney then leans forward and applies a crossface hold.]

BW: Mahoney with something different here... some sort of STF variation...

[Guzman quickly screams his submission as the referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And Guzman gives it up!

PW: Here is your winner, by submission...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[The Pogues begin to play again as Mahoney releases the hold and gets to his feet. The referee tries to raise his hand, but Mahoney very quickly pulls it away. Instead, he holds both his arms up to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Fans, when we come back, we hope to get a few words from the Armbar Assassin. Stay with us!

[As Mahoney celebrates in the ring, we fade to black.

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

VOICEOVER: The home of champions.

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

VOICEOVER: The home of legends.

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

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

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

VOICEOVER: And now... to you.

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

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

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

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

VOICEOVER: Rated E for Everyone.

[As we fade back from commercial, we find Mark Stegglet standing by on the interview platform with Callum Mahoney, who has been reunited with his trophy.]

MS: Callum Mahoney, we saw you ending the match somewhat differently tonight; what do you call that move?

CM: I call it the Celtic Knot, Mark, as befits a Celtic warrior such as myself... The Fighting Irishman... The Armbar Assassin... The Irish National champion... And I took on the best that Europe has to offer...

[Holds up the trophy in front of him.]

CM: And I came up on top. Now, I might not have won the Rumble at Homecoming, so I'm going to have to fight my way up to World Title contention... And who am I to say no to a good fight? But, before that, it's only a matter of time before I add another accolade to the ones I already have.

MS: I'm guessing you mean the World Television title?

CM: That's right, Mark. See, soon as this little soap opera involving Tony Sunn and Shadoc Rage plays itself out? Whoever is champion after that needs to be defending that title the way it deserves to be defended. And who will make a more deserving contender if not myself? Because I am not the champion that the AWA

needs, Mark. I am the champion the AWA deserves! Tony... Rage... I'm putting the two of you on notice.

[As The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" plays, Mahoney walks away from Stegglet, holding the All-Europe Catch Wrestling tournament trophy aloft, pumping his arm up and down to cheers of "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!" We fade back to ringside where our announce team is seated.]

GM: Callum Mahoney is making it very clear that he's got title aspirations here in the AWA in the very near future. He's got his eyes set on the World Television Title and Tony Sunn.

BW: Mahoney might rip one of those over-muscled arms right off and beat Sunn with it, Gordo.

GM: If Callum Mahoney slaps on that armbar, it's only a matter of time before he had his hand raised in victory... and now with Celtic Knot added to his arsenal, the Fighting Irishman just got even more dangerous inside that squared circle. And speaking of dangerous in that ring, we've gotta talk about a man who we saw make an unscheduled appearance during that 30 Man Rumble two weeks ago at Homecoming, Bucky. Of course, I'm referring to "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett and his find, the massive King Oni.

BW: Massive isn't a big enough word for the man, Gordo. He's a giant! He's a monster! He's a titan!

GM: Our cameras caught up with Harrison Fawcett earlier this week to get some comments on the debut of the monstrosity known as King Oni. Let's take a look...

[We open to a serene scene, a beach at sunset. The waves roll in gently as the setting sun shines like purest gold on the water below. We pan back a bit and as the view turns left, we see something that is cause for anything but serenity.]

"D"HF: Welcome.

["Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. He smiles at the camera, but it is a smile completely devoid of warmth... like the smile on a china doll. He is dressed head to toe in a white suit with white loafers, only a red necktie bringing any color to the outfit whatsoever. At his feet lays a black briefcase. He pulls a handkerchief from his breast pocket and wipes away the sweat collecting on his brow before continuing.]

"D"HF: As I gaze upon the setting sun, a very simple but unavoidable truth occurs to me. Darkness takes many forms. Whether it be the simple vanquishing of the sun by the night sky... or the darkness that grips the human heart when faced with the unknown.

[A dark laugh.]

"D"HF: The latter being a particular interest of mine. But even saying that is to do it a grave mis-service. For long ago it grew well past simple interest. It became my life's work... and in the last several weeks, a light shone within that darkness. It told me why my life had been set on this path.

[Fawcett glances down at the suitcase at his feet.]

"D"HF: I was to facilitate salvation. For you see, when the brush grows too wild, when it has become a detriment to its own well-being... nature must intervene. The forest must burn. And from that blazing inferno...

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: Life springs forth anew. Invigorated as the cycle begins again. When I think of wild, when I think of a detriment to its own well-being.

I think of this fine television program and the once proud company that produces it. I am not alone in this thought process. There have been others who can see the trees for the forest. Who knew what must be done. They tried their best to do what was right...

[Fawcett shakes his head in mock sadness.]

"D"HF: ... but they were stopped. Stopped by the very men they were hoping to protect. The men whose very lives they were hoping to improve. But men can be short-sighted. Especially when intoxicated by that most dangerous elixir... heroism. The approval of a crowd has driven men to execute terrible deeds. But when it drives these so-called heroes to destroy their own lives, when it drives them to destroy their own saviors with violence... then it has fallen out of the hands of men to do what is necessary.

You sitting at home may call them angels, but they are nothing of the sort. Do not misinterpret my words, I am not suggesting they are demons... just misguided children, charging at a brick wall that supports their very lives.

[That creepy, dead smile again.]

"D"HF: Like all children, they need discipline.

[Fawcett pauses as we can hear water splashing to the right. The camera pans to the right while still keeping him in frame.]

"D"HF: They need PUNISHMENT. Just like a child will cry and curse their parent when put over their knee, they will cry that the helpful acts done by men of true wisdom are evil.

[A pair of massive fists emerge from the water.]

"D"HF: Evil has been forever linked with darkness. But it is just an excuse from a simple, unformed mind when faced with the unknown.

[A large head sporting a black mohawk is now seen coming out of the water as KING Oni is making his presence now known.]

"D"HF: But the simple mind cannot be allowed to flourish. It must be cleared away for the betterment of ALL mankind.

[Oni now stands waist-deep in the water with his back still turned to the camera, his enormous hands raised high in the air... framing the setting sun in such a way that it almost seems as if he's strangling the source of all light.

"D"HF: Where men have failed, a KING shall succeed. For when faced with such ignorance, there can truly be only one solution.

[Oni slaps his hands together with incredible ferocity, completely covering the sun from our view.]

KO: SQUAAAAASH!!

[As Fawcett nods intently in approval, we fade back out to ringside to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: I'm... I'm speechless, Bucky. The size of that man is stunning to behold - absolutely stunning.

BW: He's even bigger in person, Gordo, as we saw two weeks ago... and now I've got a scoop for ya.

GM: Oh?

BW: I just found out that right here - in two weeks - King Oni will make his official in-ring debut! How's that for a scoop?

GM: That's big news for sure. It remains to be seen how in the world ANYONE in the AWA will be able to get in the ring with a man the size of King Oni. Now, let's head back up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Already in the ring, weighing in at 190 pounds... from Beverly Hills, California... "Pin Up Boy" Kenneth Doll!

[Doll hits a double bicep pose, swiveling his hips at a pair of young ladies seated in the front row... only to be responded to with boos.]

PW: And his opponent... weighing in at 265 pounds... from Jefferson City, Missouri... "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor!!

[The opening guitar riff from "Godzilla" by Blue Oyster Cult is heard as the crowd gets to their collective feet. The drums kick in, and the popular young third generation brawler runs out onto the ramp to a large ovation. He raises his fist to the air and lets out a loud yell to a sizable reaction from the crowd. He gives the crowd a smile and a nod as he charges down the ramp and towards the ring, stopping to tear off the black "FEAR THE REAPER" t-shirt he's wearing, throwing it to the third row where it's caught by a lucky fan.]

GM: As the bell sounds we're about to see the popular and youngest O'Connor in action... a young man who had somewhat of a disappointing showing in the Rumble, Bucky.

BW: Oh, you mean how he was dumped on his keister by his supposed teacher? Life's rough, wear a helmet.

[O'Connor and Doll circle each other before Doll initiates the collar and elbow tie up.]

GM: Kenneth Doll looking to be the aggressor here... but he's giving up a lot of weight and strength to Bobby O'Connor, who backs him into the corner...

[The crowd cheers as Bobby nails Doll right between the eyes with an elbow.]

GM: And another! A third! O'Connor certainly has his man reeling, Bucky!

BW: He's got him trapped in that corner! Get in there, ref!

[Perhaps hearing Bucky's complaints, O'Connor tosses Doll out of the corner with a hip toss... sending the "Pin Up Boy" halfway across the ring.]

GM: Bobby's tossing him around like a rag doll, perhaps working out some of the frustration he's felt as of late!

BW: Good thing Kenneth Doll is no slouch in the brains department, rolling right outside the ring to take a breather.

[Doll frantically checks his hair, asking the fans in the front row if it's messed up. He gets zero sympathy, however.]

GM: I believe every hair being in place should be the last of your worries when inside that squared circle.

BW: Maybe if you're some kind of crazed caveman like that O'Connor punk. Hamilton Graham told me some stories about his family that made my mama faint!

GM: I believe saying that you have to take anything that man has to say with a grain of salt is putting it lightly, Bucky.

BW: No way Gordo, that's exactly the way it happened!

[By this time, O'Connor has had more than he can stand of Kenneth Doll's preening and rolls out to give chase. Doll slides into the ring under the bottom rope... but as O'Connor is right on his tail, rolls right out again, much to the chagrin of the collective masses.]

GM: This crowd wants a match, not a cowardly game of cat and mouse. Even moreso, so does O'Connor!

BW: He's just tiring that smiling goof out, smart strategy here.

[The third generation competitor chases Doll around the ring, and as he once again rolls into the ring after Doll, the rulebreaker catches him with a boot to the head.]

BW: Ha! What'd I tell you, Gordo!

GM: Indeed, Kenneth Doll has turned this contest to his favor... and continues to do so as he grabs "Bunkhouse" by the hair and slams Bobby's face down again into the mat!

[Doll struts away from the fallen O'Connor, stopping to pose and gyrate his hips... much to the annoyance of the crowd.]

BW: I know the ladies love it, but I gotta say this is a mistake. Stay on that punk!

GM: Indeed, as Bobby is already back to his feet!

[O'Connor whirls Doll around, taking him by surprise with three stinging left jabs. He smiles and gives a thumbs up to the crowd as his opponent is on rubber legs, and FLOORS him with a stiff right hook to the jaw.]

BW: And each one a closed fist! Disqualify that man! He should've been disqualified before the bell even rang, just for hanging out with a Stench!

GM: Not actually illegal in the sport of professional wrestling... or anywhere else, for that matter.

[The fan favorite picks Doll up by the head, but...]

GM: Doll with a small package!

[The ref dives, counting to two...]

GM: Handful of tights! Doll has a handful of tights!

BW: Yes, count of three!

[But Bucky is in fact wrong, as O'Connor kicks out and the ref shoots two fingers in the air.]

GM: Kenneth Doll thinks the same as you, getting right in that official's face!

[Doll slaps his hands three times, shouting at the ref to do his job. While he's busy doing that, he unfortunately doesn't see a very angry Bobby O'Connor get back to his feet. Eyes glaring, nostrils flared and fists clenched.]

BW: Uh oh...

GM: You said a mouthful, Bucky! For if there's anything this young man has, is a strong sense of fair play!

[Doll turns his attention back to his opponent just in time for...]

GM: FEAR THE REAPER! Bobby just turned him inside out with that!

[The big running lariat flips Doll over onto his back, making him easy prey as O'Connor dives into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

BW: Bah!

[The bell rings as O'Connor gets back to his feet, his hands raised in victory.]

GM: Impressive win for "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor who showed once again that he will never stand idly behind while others cut corners.

BW: Yeah yeah yeah, I'm sure he just earned another merit badge from his Cub Scout troop.

[Mark Stegglet climbs into the ring as the fan favorite waves at the cheering fans, thanking them for their support.]

MS: Bobby, congratulations on a great win here tonight.

BOC: Well, thank you Mister Stegglet. I just want it known that what you just saw is an official notice from me to everyone here in the AWA. If you come into this ring and face me man to man... if we both give it our all and you end up the one with your hand raised, we've got no problem. Heck, I'll shake your hand for taking me to my limit and being the better man that night.

[Bobby shakes his head.]

BOC: But if you try and do what Kenneth Doll did her tonight and cheat me... I swear on everything I hold dear that you will Fear The Reaper.

[Bobby gets cheered for that, forcing Mark to wait a moment until the cheers die down before continuing.]

MS: That win had to feel especially good after what happened between you and your mentor, Hannibal Carver, at Homecoming.

[Bobby hangs his head slightly.]

BOC: I'd be lying if I said I wasn't let down by that... and if you know me, you know lying isn't something I'm a big fan of doing. I did say that friendships get thrown out the window in a match like that... but still, it was disheartening. Mister Carver is my mentor in many ways... but I can't say I agree with what he did. If we butted heads in that ring and he ended up being able to toss me over the top, that'd be right as rain. But taking me by surprise the way he did...

[Bobby shakes his head again.]

BOC: ... it still doesn't quite sit right with me. But he and I disagree on plenty, and I'm sure this won't be the last time.

MS: Someone else you don't seem to see things eye to eye with is Terry Shane. Your thoughts on what he had to say during Homecoming?

[Bobby shrugs.]

BOC: I really don't know what Terry expects. It isn't like he didn't pay for his share of dinner one night. Ever since his first night here he has done everything in his power to tear down every good thing this sport stands for. What I said in Los Angeles still stands... if he can prove himself as a truly changed man, I'd welcome him to my locker room with open arms. But to say the, to be honest, despicable things that he had to say?

[Bobby shakes his head.]

BOC: That's no way to go about it. When I think back to our childhood together I hope that he stays true to what he said in that interview with Mister Myers... but that hope dwindles more and more with every wrong move he makes.

MS: Now that the battle with the Wise Men is over, your plans for the future?

BOC: Well, I'd like for me and Jack to continue making waves in the tag ranks. I know those belts would look real good around our waists.

[Big cheers for that.]

BOC: But until then, I'll be keeping my eyes on that snake in the grass Demetrius Lake to make sure every fight he has with Jack is a fair one. But more importantly, I'll continue fighting the good fight and making everyone remember that whenever someone is trying to throw that rulebook in the trash...

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: There'll be an O'Connor there to teach him all about the strong arm of the law.

[Bobby punctuates that by throwing his patented crooked arm lariat against the open palm of his hand with an audible smack. The crowd cheers loudly as he shakes hands with Mark, and we switch back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor means business, Bucky, and that third generation grappler is working his way up to the top of the ladder every time he steps inside the squared circle.

BW: Everyone keeps telling me that and he had a heckuva summer but I want to see him in there in singles competition against some of the best - guys like Demetrius Lake, like Calisto Dufresne, like Johnny Detson.

GM: You may not have to wait too long if Bobby gets his way. He's looking to face the best in the world and he's looking to do it in the very near future. Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, Cesar Hernandez will be in action!

[Fade to black.

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

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

"SUPERCLASH"

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

"VI!"

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

And then shots that become slightly more obvious.

A street of major theaters.

The 9/11 Memorial.

The Empire State Building.

The Statue Of Liberty.

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

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

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

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

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

"LIVE ON PAY PER VIEW."

[As the graphic fades, we are back at the ring where a trumpet fanfare leads into "Himno del Chivas de Guadalajara" (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?>

v=Mr61JbHOyTo), and the crowd cheers. Immediately, Cesar Hernandez steps from behind the curtain, and takes a deep theatrical bow to the audience.

A tall, rangy, dusky-skinned man with voluminous shoulder-length black hair, Hernandez sports a toothy smile as he waves to the fans, jogging confidently down the aisle. He fistpumps and claps, exhorting and greeting the fans on both sides of 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 white trunks and boots (both of which are monogrammed with his initials in green), 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 red and green lining and trim.]

GM: We are back, and listen to the ovation for the Mexican star Cesar Hernandez, Bucky!

BW: How about I just go to the back and take a nap?

GM: How about no?

[Hernandez takes a slow jog about the ring, pumping his legs to limber up, as he greets and urges on the fans on each side. In the ring, Phil Watson is ready alongside a wide shouldered, fairly muscular young man with a long dark ponytail. He wears mid-thigh length black tights, black boots, and white wristbands.]

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

Introducing first, already in the ring... from Austin, Texas... weighing two-hundred sixty-one pounds... BENJAMIN DEPUE!

[Depue bows slightly, frowning at Hernandez. He gets some tepid boos.]

PW: And his opponent... from Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico... weighing two-hundred forty-two pounds... CESAR HERNANDEZ!

[The fans cheer as the Mexican grappler enters the ring with a flourish, pumping a fist in the air to the cheers of the fans.]

BW: Did you know that Cesar holds a place in Guinness' Book of World Records?

GM: I did not. For what?

BW: He picked 1,600 heads of lettuce in half an hour.

GM: One of these days, Bucky, you're going to get WKIK in big trouble.

[At this point, the music dies down and Hernandez divests himself of his ring jacket. He and Depue circle each other as referee Ricky Longfellow calls for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: We are underway with this one on one contest. Cesar Hernandez looking to climb up the rankings here in the AWA, Bucky.

BW: The way to get Cesar Hernandez to climb the rankings real fast is to feed him one of his own burritos from that wretched restaurant of his... then put the only roll of toilet paper in a mile up on top of them.

GM: I... I think I'll just ignore you for this match. Collar and elbow, into an overhand wristlock by Depue. Nicely done, but Hernandez counters into a hammerlock.

BW: You know, this Depue, I've heard about him from the Combat Corner. He's very strong, but he's also decent at technical wrestling, got some speed, toughness. A bit of everything to go with that strength. They're pretty sure he'll be a prospect once he gets a few years experience.

GM: I have also heard that.

BW: Yeah, but you probably heard it from Clayton Shaw. My sources are actually respectable.

GM: Clayton Shaw's the head trainer at the Combat Corner, Bucky!

BW: Which makes anything Depue accomplishes in his career even MORE impressive!

GM: Bucky Wilde in rare form. But right now, the veteran from the state of Jalisco has him down with this hammerlock. Wrenching it deeply, and thus far Depue's attempts to counter have been blocked. Good fundamental mat wrestling being shown by Cesar Hernandez.

BW: Oh, yeah, Hernandez can wrestle. Almost as good as he can beat up managers and sell rotten tacos.

GM: My broadcast colleague is not going to anything close to impartial as relates to Hernandez, who was one of his primary rivals from his managerial days. He's also going to be horribly offensive.

BW: I'll start bein' politically correct when everybody else stops bein' oversensitive about everything.

[Battling up to his feet, Depue reverses into an armwringer... but gets it reversed right back the other way by Hernandez who moves swiftly into an armbar.]

GM: Benjamin Depue's left arm is getting cinched up, twisted, and barred repeatedly, Bucky.

BW: Yeah. Hernandez loves to work an arm first to kill his opponent's offense, then starts over with a leg to go for that figure four. But preliminary matches have a ten minute time limit. This is a strategy you'd want if you were plannin' to go twenty with a guy that didn't have a deep gas tank. One of these days, Cesar's gonna hit a time limit against a guy he really should beat, and I'm gonna laugh my pants off.

GM: Not literally, I hope. Hernandez is very patient, yes, but that is the hallmark of a veteran and a man with superb stamina. Transitions into another hammerlock... what is this?

[With the hammerlock applied, Hernandez moves around in front of Depue. He has Depue doubled over, reaching over the back to keep the arm bent behind him with one hand. With the other hand, he hooks the head... and executes a nice hammerlock vertical suplex, causing Depue to scream out in pain! The crowd pops for the nasty-looking move.]

BW: OH GEEZ! That's a way to break a guy's arm!

GM: Hammerlock vertical suplex, and you don't see that every day. All of Depue's two-hundred and sixty-plus pounds drives his own arm in, and now Cesar Hernandez intensifying his attack.

[Stepping into the crook of Depue's shoulder with one foot, Hernandez wraps the left arm around his right leg in a mirror of a spinning toehold.]

BW: And I guess that's a spinning fingerhold, or something.

[After cranking that for a moment, Hernandez uses his other foot to trap the arm in a hammerlock of sorts, and then falls backwards, deathlock-style, to wrench that shoulder very abruptly.]

GM: Definitely an old-school flair to Cesar's attack here, using classic wrestling tactics to weaken the left arm of Benjamin Depue.

BW: Which is why I don't understand why he don't use an arm submission.

GM: Because it is not easy to perfect a submission hold, Bucky. If just anyone could develop a finishing-level armbar, everyone would be Callum Mahoney. Mahoney is special in part because he was able to develop that exceedingly effective submission. Cesar's time and effort went into the figure-four leglock instead. And the figure-four may be the most iconic submission maneuver in the sport, having been done by so many megastars over the past fifty years including the Hall of Famer Eddie Van Gibson... but it requires some setup, and that requires removing an opponent's capacity to fight back. The patient style of Cesar Hernandez used to be common to almost all wrestlers; now it is a rare throwback.

[While Gordon drops some history lesson and wrestling lesson combined, Hernandez does a second leg hammerlock-and-wrench maneuver. He then picks up Depue, applies an armwringer, and goes for the armwringer takeover. However, Depue pounds a knee to the gut to stop that cold, and then turns around to blast the Mexican grappler with a standing back elbow using the free arm. Hernandez is knocked flat.]

BW: Well, Depue just threw back an elbow that might have knocked Hernandez stupid... er.

GM: A good counter by Benjamin Depue. The youngster from Austin picking up Hernandez, but he's basically reduced to using one arm. Irish-whip to the corner, and kicking away is Benjamin Depue!

BW: Keep kicking him, Ben! Maybe we'll start to understand him more.

GM: What?

BW: Well, it's a theory. I think Hernandez might be like a cue ball. The more you strike him, the more English you get out of him.

GM: For heaven's sake!

[Depue uses his good arm to lift Hernandez up, dropping him down with a backbreaker!]

BW: Look at that! One arm, Depue's got him up with, and then the backbreaker. I can only assume that he must have another teacher besides Clayton Shaw. If Shaw taught him, he'd know the Clayton Shaw counter to the armbar.

GM: I'm afraid to ask.

BW: The Greco-Roman Tap Out. Shaw would have taught these guys a hundred ways to lock on a hold and two hundred ways to quit.

GM: Will you stop?!

[No, he won't. Ever. Despite the fact that he's carrying his left arm like it is in a sling, Benjamin Depue isn't quitting either. He uses his bootlaces to rake Hernandez' face, then mouths off at the crowd for booing the tactic. He points at his arm as justification for cheating as he steps on the throat to strangle him.]

BW: Stepping right on the throat. This takes a lot of technical skill.

GM: It does not.

BW: Sure it does. You have to correctly target the left side of Adam's apple to get maximum pressure on the extraneal respiratory valve of the verterbrayal oblongata. That's what Supreme Wright told me.

GM: He did not.

BW: Well, it was actually one of the Team Supreme guys sharin' what Supreme taught them. I mean, he only charged fifty bucks for a full lesson with info like that!

GM: Good to know that Team Supreme has an entrepreneurial mindset. Depue with Hernandez up, going for the clothesline...

[And this is where the injury bites him. Depue throws a hard clothesline with the right arm, but Hernandez ducks it, hooks the right arm in a half-nelson as he goes past, spins Depue around to apply an armwringer on the left. The pain makes Depue double over, and sets up Hernandez to let go and snatch the leg... lifting Depue and driving him down with a shinbreaker on the left leg!]

BW: Uh oh. That's not good.

GM: Depue with some good effort, but Hernandez exploited the arm. A second shinbreaker! He has the leg of Depue, and the only arm that Depue can reach him with without turning and losing balance is the left... which can do nothing.

BW: He just tried to swing the right, and Hernandez took him down with ease. And here it comes...

[In a flash, the Mexican fan favorite spins around the left leg and cinches in a spinning toehold. But he hasn't done much to the leg yet, so instead of going into the figure-four, Cesar drops down to his knees. This drives the knee into the shin and bends the leg at a bad angle. Depue recoils in pain. That makes it easy for Hernandez to stand up, and slap on the figure-four all the way to the approval of the fans.]

GM: Cesar Hernandez drives the knee down in... and there it is! Figure Four Leglock!

BW: I hate to say it, but it's time for the Clayton Shaw Counter. Hernandez' figure-four is just gonna break your leg if you don't tap. I know. First-hand.

GM: There is the submission!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Yeah, but you know what? I'd like to see him try that on Frankie Farelli.

[The fans cheer loudly as Hernandez releases immediately. He claps his hands and pumps his fist in the air as "Himno del Chivas de Guadalajara" begins anew.]

PW: Here is your winner, by way of submission... CESAR HERNANDEZ!

GM: You would? Really? You'd take a man who denigrates our sport and every wrestler who has ever stepped foot in the ring...

BW: Over Hernandez? That'd be perfect. Let Hernandez fail the entire sport. Let him be an embarrassment to us all. A walking plague. That would be, possibly, the best thing.

GM: I can't believe you sometimes, Bucky Wilde.

BW: I am pretty darn unbelievable, ain't I?

GM: Cesar Hernandez on the victory, and he will, in fact, face Frankie Farelli in some upcoming shows over the next several weeks. Check your local news to see if the AWA is coming to your town, fans! But right now, let's go over to Colt Patterson at the interview stage! Colt?

[We go to the interview platform, and amidst a sea of boos stands the duo of Dichotomy.

The taller of the two, Matt Ginn, stands about six-seven, with a slender build. He has reddish-brown hair in a Caesar style, a thin-cut goatee and mustache. He sports black trunks with large white triangular patterns on each hip, running from waist to legline, and black-and-white boots, elbowpads, and kneepads. The boots, pads, and triangular parts of the trunks feature the three-circle biohazard symbol. He's wearing a black polo shirt with a Death Star stitched on the right crest, and heavy wrist tape, which he's adjusting. The athletically built man alongside him, Mark Hoefner, has light brown skin and short black hair in a slightly receding hairstyle. His attire is a mirror to his partner, though with red in place of the white. He's wearing a black T-Shirt with a SHIELD logo on it (which contains a glow-in-the-dark HYDRA logo inside).

They stand next to Colt Patterson, who begins the interview.]

CP: Gentlemen! Let me first say that it's good to see the next generation finally stand up for themselves and refuse to let the fans choose who gets air time.

MG: Thank you, Mr. Patterson. It's refreshing to know that not all interviews conduct themselves in the manner of a toadying sycophant.

CP: I tell it like it is, and tonight, I do have to say this: you got a tough matchup in the Surfer Dudes. They might look like pretty boys, but they've travelled the world. You got your big TV match, so tell us... what're you gonna do with it?

MH: What we're gonna do is prove why we were the rightful Number One Contenders two months ago. Everybody saw how hard TORA and Brian James failed on national television, in prime time, after stealing our shot at the World Tag Team Championship. Everybody knows that our names were drawn, not theirs.

MG: Only the small matter of the qualification match that TORA and James partook in remains. They bested the Surfer Dudes. Tonight, we do the same. It will be apparent to even the dimmest wrestling fan that we would have easily cleared that hurdle. And then, we will proceed to a more direct proof. Evidence is everything, Mr. Patterson, and Mr. Hoefner and myself are more than happy to back up our claims with concrete replicable results.

MH: We know that Trampus Kennedy and Vance Ricks wrestle a lot in Japan. Remember what happened the last time we were in Japan? Yeah, let's just say we did just fine ourselves. We know they bounce back and forth from all these different promotions. We know they love wrestling. That and a buck can't even buy you a cup of coffee. Guys like that... like the Surfer Doofuses and TORA and James... make me sick.

CP: What about them? The pretty boy looks? The Howdy Doody attitude?

MG: The way they glorify this sport as if it has some deep significance. The way they pretend that it means something other than a paycheck. The sanctimony, Mr. Patterson. TORA and Brian James, feckless vagrants that they are, have it in spades. They claim that it is an "honor" to wrestle here, a "privilege" to wrestle there, and that everyone in the sport should be reverential about it. But the truth is that humanity does not care. The human race would be in the same state if professional wrestling had never existed at all. It would be missed by nobody.

MH: Least of all us. But if they want to put big money out there for beating up these jerks, we'll take it. And after we beat the Surfer Choads, and prove our legitimacy as the REAL Number One Contenders, we'll have a nice big TV check to cash... finally.

MG: Nothing more needs be said.

CP: You heard it here. Now let's go back to Bucky Wilde, and his sidekick Myers.

[Back to ringside.]

BW: Now that's how you conduct an interview, Gordo.

GM: I continue to be disgusted by the attitude of Dichotomy. Wrestling would be missed by nobody? The nerve. It is Dichotomy who will be missed by nobody when they've finally had enough of what they obviously think is beneath them.

BW: They obviously don't, Gordo. They're doin' what they need to do. Your skin's just too thin, and pretty soon the Surfer Dudes're gonna get more than just their feelings hurt by the TRUE Number One Contenders, daddy!

GM: They are NOT the Number One Contenders; the Lights Out Express are.

BW: The Lights Out Express are the TRUE World Tag Team Champions, Gordo. And Violence Unlimited don't count because they ain't an AWA tag team... they get a special status by bein' Stampede Cup champs and can just get a title match if they want it, in my opinion. But this is the Number One Contender team.

GM: Wouldn't Air Strike be...

BW: They lost to the rightful champs by disqualification as far as I'm concerned. They have stolen belts and that situation'll be rectified real soon. By then, Dichotomy will have gotten rid of the Whitebread Express and all will be clear.

GM: You're as delusional as they are. Fans, let's go up to the ring for more Saturday Night Wrestling action!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, already in the ring from Arlington, Virginia... RASHAN HILL!

[Surprisingly, there's a good amount of applause for Rashan Hill.]

GM: And it's nice to see the crowd support this man as he gets back in action.

["Fame" hits over the PA system as the crowd boos on cue to the démodé synth pop beat.]

BW: Well, it's about to get a lot worse for him now, isn't it? He's dealing with the King of Cuckoo Land.

GM: Poor soul, I don't know what he's done to deserve this.

[Shadoe Rage emerges from the curtains. He is wearing a dark purple leather robe. His beaded locks are held back by a lilac-coloured bandana and he holds the microphone as he makes his entrance.]

SR: People of Dallas, Texas, my name is Shadoe Rage!

[Immediately, boos rain down on him as Rage stares out at the crowd and snarls.]

SR: I can't wait to get back to the East Coast where a man is appreciated for being an individual ... for being talented ... for being ... REAL!!! But no, you people down here in farm country like sheep. Sheep like Ryan Martinez.

[The crowd cheers the name.]

SR: Sheep like Travis Lynch.

[The girls go crazy in the crowd.]

SR: And sheep like Tony Sunn.

[The crowd erupts into a Tony Sunn chant just to mess with Rage.]

BW: Shadoe Rage pleadin' with these people for their tastes is just a waste of good air, daddy!

GM: Will you stop?

BW: Look how they're reactin' to the names of a dumb kid, a scumbag and a swarthy opportunist!

[Rage continues.]

SR: You people make me sick. But I'm going to tell you right now, I'm going to beat the man in this ring tonight and I'm going to beat that swarthy opportunist, that tawny kidnapper ... that yellow-bellied coward that you cheer for Tony Sunn. And I'm going to make the World Television championship something worthwhile again!

GM: Shadoe Rage continuing his obsession with the World Television Championship. I've never seen a man so focussed on that title before.

BW: There are weird things that get under his skin like a burr under a saddle and just get him to buckin', Gordo. There's no explaining it sometimes, but you better understand what you in for if you want to keep him from scratching that itch.

[Rage gets to the ring and hops over the top rope to pirouette before the booing crowd. He comes to a stop pointing and menacing Hill.]

SR: I don't know what you did to deserve your life, Hill, but I promise you, you'll face judgment day right now.

[Rage shrugs out of his robes, revealing his amazing physique and his raisin-coloured tights with mauve-coloured stars and trim.]

GM: Shadoe Rage celebrated his 40th birthday just days after beating Tony Sunn at Battle of Los Angeles. I'm amazed that he may be in better shape now than he's ever been.

BW: We done established that he got the fountain of youth, Gordo.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're underway ...

[Shadoe Rage yanks and tears at the ropes, stretching out his shoulders and back as he rolls around the ring, circling Rashan Hill.]

GM: Rage is like a coiled up snake in there... you just never know when he's going to strike.

[Rage lunges at Hill, stopping short and backpedaling away. There's a crazed look in his eyes and a killer's smile across his face. He immediately rolls outside the ring to jaw with the crowd and flex a double biceps pose.]

"King of New York! The King of Rage Country! Bow down, peasants!"

[With the fans booing, Rage turns towards the nearest cameraman, pulling the lens towards him...]

"Clean off the lenses and get a good look! That man is in Rage Country and he's got no insurance! He's in real trouble right now!"

[Rage shoves the cameraman away angrily, causing him to stumble back where the shot abruptly shows the roof of the Coliseum before the technical director cuts to a different shot.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is just a bully, shoving the poor cameraman around like that.

[He quickly climbs the ringsteps, shouting at the referee to get his opponent back...

...of course, Rashan Hill hasn't taken a step towards him.]

GM: Rage is complaining about Rashan Hill not letting him back into the ring.

BW: Just like Tony Sunn did when Rage got counted out against him.

GM: That's not what happened at all.

[As Rage angrily points at Hill, he grabs the top rope, catapulting over the ropes into the ring. He slaps both of his shoulders, getting up in the official's face, finger pointing and puffing out his chest.]

GM: Rage is shouting at Dick Longfellow and-

[Hill has seen enough, grabbing Rage from behind and getting cracked with a lightning-quick back elbow into the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What an elbow out of nowhere!

BW: So quick.

[Rage shoves Hill back into the corner, rocking him with repeated overhead elbows down between the eyes.]

GM: Get the man out of the corner, ref!

BW: Hey, Ricky Longfellow's counting him. Rage has got a four count to break it.

[At the count of four, Rage bails out, arms raised as the referee reads him the riot act, leaving Hill sprawled over the ropes. Rage turns away from the official, stepping up on the middle rope, shouting at the jeering fans again.]

"I'm gonna do the exact same thing to Tony Sunn! The exact same thing to anybody who gets in my way! He ain't nuthin', man! Tony Sunn ain't nuthin' compared to the Sensational One!"

GM: Shadoe Rage has been very gregarious of late!

BW: He's tired of being ignored, I think. You know, he's been around for a while and never really got a shot at the big time like others did. He's been most famous for being in a tag team.

GM: And he disgraced himself as a World Tag Team champion on numerous occasions.

BW: He did what he set out to do, Gordo. That makes that man very very dangerous. And he wants that individual recognition. I don't see how you prevent him from gettin' it when he's this unpredictable.

[Turning back towards the rising Hill, Rage slams a knee up into the midsection. He hauls him out to the middle of the ring, battering him with rapid-fire jabs to the bridge of the nose...

...and then hits the ropes, rebounding back with a left-handed leaping lariat that drags Hill down to the canvas!]

GM: The leaping clothesline takes him down!

BW: Almost like a reverse bulldog headlock, smashing the back of his head into the mat!

GM: Absolutely. And as much as you may dislike Shadoe Rage, fans, for his actions and his attitude, you have to respect his talent. He's one of the best in the world and he's not afraid to let you know that.

BW: He's as goofy as they come, Gordo, and I don't know whether that will help him or hurt him in the long run here. He's volatile. He's unpredictable. But does that mean he'll be the World Television Champion the next time he meets Tony Sunn? I just don't know.

GM: He's made his fair share of enemies in the locker room as well, Bucky. No one likes being around him because you just don't know what he's going to do at any given time.

[What he's going to do is drop elbows on Rashan Hill. He's going to drop a lot of elbows. He drops nine elbows in a row to the man's heart before leaping high and dropping a knee hard across his forehead. Rage rolls through the kneedrop to come to his feet, teasing the crowd.]

"Tony Sunn ain't got a chance! I'm too tough for him! And he won't cheat me again!"

GM: The definition of obsession right there. It was just two weeks ago when Rage told the world he wasn't going to focus on Tony Sunn in the Rumble... that he had bigger fish to fry... but that all turned out to be a lie as well.

[Rage stops his tirade long enough to notice Hill struggling to his feet. Smirking, he grabs him by the hair and charges the ropes, leaping over them to crash his throat against the top steel cable. Hill bounces back hard, the back of his head smacking into the canvas as Rage gets back up...

...and immediately goes after the front row of fans, pointing a finger and shouting at the ringside crowd who recoil back from him.]

BW: In Europe, this guy got kicked out of a country or two for FIGHTING with the fans.

GM: That's totally unacceptable. That's something you just don't do, Bucky.

[Rage tears at his hair with his hands as the front row fans blast him with chants of the World Television Champion's name.]

GM: Rage can't stand the idea of hearing these fans cheer for Sunn, back up on the apron now... and he's heading up top!

[Rage gets to the top rope in one graceful leap, holding his arms over his head as he waits for Hill to stagger to his feet...

...and then leaps off, driving the double axehandle down across the head!]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[The Canadian is down on his knees, smiling at the crowd's reaction as he stares at the downed Rashan Hill.]

"Get yourself a haircut, boy. You aren't fit to wear the crown!"

GM: Rage continuing to verbally berate Rashan Hill in this one. There's no call for that at all, Bucky.

BW: He just wants the whole world to know that Hill can't hold a candle to him.

GM: He can prove that in the ring without running his mouth about it.

[Rage viciously stomps Hill's chest before doing the same to the head, sneering at the protesting referee.]

BW: Rage smells blood, Gordo. He can put this kid away at any time right now but he wants to hurt him.. he wants to hurt him bad.

[The wildman pulls Hill off the mat into a gutwrench, pausing before he muscles him over, dumping him down with the suplex... and then rolls back to his feet, dropping him with a second suplex!]

GM: A pair of gutwrench suplexes... and look at the high leaping legdrop out of Rage!

[Rage pops back up, hitting the ropes, and dropping a second legdrop across the throat before sliding into a lateral press.]

GM: Rage covers for one! He's got two!

[But before the three count comes down, Rage pulls Hill up by the hair, shaking his head as the crowd jeers loudly.]

GM: Oh, come on! Just pin the man!

BW: Hey, that's at his discretion.

GM: It is but the referee can also disqualify him if he thinks he's not going for the win.

BW: You know, Gordo... this is Percy Childes' fault.

GM: How do you figure?

BW: Percy Childes told Rage to make his case in the ring to avoid being fined. There's nothing anybody can do to stop this because it's all legal, Gordo. He can hurt this man to his heart's content.

[Rage climbs to his feet, stepping on his downed opponent's hair as he flexes a single arm for the crowd, drawing even more boos.]

"Don't hate me because I'm beautiful!"

BW: It almost seems like Rage is having fun out here tonight, Gordo.

GM: This is fun to him?

BW: Sure looks that way.

[Dragging Hill up by the hair, Rage unleashes a brutal series of knees into the ribcage, forcing Hill back into the ropes where he staggers out...

...and catches a back elbow under the chin, flattening him.]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Hill again... and Rage is heading up top!

[Rage slides through the ropes, quickly scaling to the top turnbuckle.]

BW: Are you watching this, Tony Sunn?

[He stretches his arms up into the air and leaps upwards, launching himself impressively high in the air to seemingly hang in mid-air and then come down as a sea of cameras flash all around him. Two hundred and forty eight pounds drop ten feet from the air, focusing all of the weight, all of the momentum into a single point – a right elbow.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ELBOW OFF THE TOP! GOOD GRIEF, HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Rage bounces back to his feet, pausing to stare down at Hill as the referee drops down to all fours, ready to make the count...

...but Rage has other ideas.]

GM: What's he doing?

BW: Going back up top???

[Yes, that's right, Shadoo Rage is back up top.]

"This is for you, Sunn!"

GM: NO!

[Rage flies again, dropping the elbow into a twitching Rashan Hill's heart.]

BW: A second elbow connects, Gordo! Hill is done! He's finished!

GM: He was finished after the first one! This is just Rage trying to hurt the man!

[But Rage isn't satisfied. He rises up off Hill's body once more with bad intentions written clearly across his face. Savage and out of control, he scales the ropes again as the ref threatens him.]

GM: He's going for it again! He's going to-

[Rage leaps once more, driving a third elbow down into the chest of a motionless Rashan Hill.]

GM: Good god. Somebody needs to stop this. Somebody needs to call for the bell and end this thing.

[Rage points to Hill's motionless carcass, planting his boot on the face of his opponent, lifting a finger into the air as Longfellow swiftly counts to three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here is your winner... SHAAAAADOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[Rage leans through the ropes, grabbing the microphone out of Watson's hand, pulling the mic into the ring with him.]

GM: Rage just grabbed the mic. We gotta hear MORE from this lunatic?!

[Rage mounts the middle rope, staring up at Tony Sunn's banner hanging from the ceiling, pointing at it.]

SR: Tony Sunn, you stole my rightful title from me and you've been ducking and dodging me ever since! Tony Sunn, I'm going to tear that banner down and replace it with my image. I'm going to look down on this arena forever as the greatest World Television Champion to ever live!

[Rage spits at the banner, barely missing the people at ringside.]

SR: Stop hiding, Sunn! Stop hiding! I want my shot! You can't beat me! You can't beat me!

[And then he sees Rashan Hill, struggling to sit up with the aid of Ricky Longfellow. He stares at the gasping and shaking wrestler and then he looks at the crowd and then he looks at Tony Sunn's banner.]

SR: Tony Sunn, this is your fault!

[Rage drops down into the corner and leans back, breathing harshly and raggedly.]

SR: This is your fault!

[The crowd is buzzing as Rage throws the mic aside.]

GM: What is he...?

[Rage slams his hand into his temple, shouting, waving for Hill to get up.]

GM: What in the world is he doing?!

BW: Stay down, kid!

GM: Rashan Hill has no idea where is he or what's waiting for him if he gets off the mat! Somebody stop him!

[Aided into a seated position, Hill's eyes aren't even open as Rage comes charging out of the corner...

...and DRIVES his knee straight into Hill's temple!]

GM: OHHH!

[The impact draws a collective gasp from the crowd. Hill just drops, flopping onto his back. His eyes roll back in his head. Dick Longfellow immediately rushes to the timekeeper to ring the bell again.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell sounds again but what good does that do?! This maniac just assaulted a man who was already down and defeated. He'd made his point... he'd made his point, damn it. How could they allow-

[Gordon's words are cut off by Phil Watson, fresh off a consultation with the referee.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, referee Ricky Longfellow has REVERSED his decision. Your winner... RAAAAAAASHAAAAAAN HILL!

BW: What?!?! This is a travesty! Since the Wise Men were illegally overthrown this place has already gone to the dogs! And not the Dogs of War!

GM: Good, fine and suspend this man!

[The referee's decision doesn't seem to affect Rage. Instead he merely shrugs and points to Tony Sunn's banner. Boos rain down.]

BW: This is all Tony Sunn's fault.

GM: That statement is absolutely ludicrous, Bucky. Shadoe Rage has gone too far here tonight and Tony Sunn had NOTHING to do with it.

BW: Of course he did! He's the one who drove Rage over the edge!

[We abruptly cut backstage where AWA Television Champion Tony Sunn has been watching Rage's most recent mayhem on a nearby monitor. He shakes his head in disgust, a scowl etched deeply on the Ithaca native's face. Sunn's nostrils flare, a faint huff of frustration escaping them.]

TS: I'm not gonna waste words on what just went down. Were it up to me though...

[Sunn grits his teeth and clenches a massive fist. To just storm out and put a stop to the Canadian madman's violent disrespect right then and there clearly has Tony Sunn sorely tempted. He exhales like a hiss of steam, but it does little to assuage his hostility. Still, he holds his ground.]

TS: ...whoever -- whenever -- the Championship Committee wants me to defend this Television belt against, I'll be there! Just like I will later on tonight...

[The Television Champion draws himself up to his full height. He shoots a cold glare towards the camera.]

TS: ...so Shadoe Rage, that's the time you better take a good, long look at what I'm capable of just in case that Committee thinks you should get another shot at ME.

[We fade away from Sunn to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing by.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, at this time, please welcome the new AWA World Tag Team Champions, Air Strike.

[There's a big reaction from the crowd as they watch the monitor and Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons walk into view. The duo, also known as Air Strike, are wearing their green and white track suits; Mertz has the title secured firmly around his waist while Aarons has the title folded and cradled inside his right arm. The team is all smiles as they take their spot on either side of Stegglet.]

MS: Gentlemen, first off congratulations on your title win.

MA: Stegs, thanks, winning is always sweet.

[Aarons curls his bicep up and stares at the title.]

MA: But I'd be lying if these babies didn't make victory just a little sweeter.

CM: Mark, thank you, it's an honor and privilege to say we represent the AWA as its very best tag team. All the hard work and dedication that we put in is validated right here with these titles we hold. Little kids across the globe dream of being professional wrestlers, and when they dream that dream, they dream of holding titles.

MA: And Stegs, here we are living proof of that dream!

[Stegglet nods before pressing on.]

MS: So what's next for the tag team champions?

MA: Sky's the limit Stegs, there's no shortage of demand for these here beauties. Of course it goes without saying that Lights Out Express knows where to find us.

CM: And of course SkyHerc never received a fair shot to reclaim what people might say was unfairly taken from them.

MS: You, yourself would be one of those people.

[Mertz nods.]

CM: I would, no one liked what the Wise Men were doing, except of course the Wise Men. SkyHerc weren't beaten in a fair fight and then they were shipped off to Japan in a "talent exchange". Well, if they ever want a fair fight to get them back, they'd get one against Air Strike, that's for sure.

[The crowd cheers in response as Aarons nods in agreement.]

MA: And speaking of the Land of the Rising Sun, we of course have the challenge from across the pond.

MS: You're speaking of the challenge laid out at Homecoming by Violence Unlimited to face the winner of your last match for the AWA titles in Japan?

[Both Air Strike Members nod.]

MS: I have word that the matter will be addressed later on tonight, but do you have any comment on that challenge now?

CM: I do, Mark. You see Violence Unlimited-

[Just then, Mertz is cut off by the sound of a loud slow clap, as we see the AWA World Heavyweight champion, Supreme Wright stepping into view, followed closely behind by the massive Cain Jackson and Tony Donovan. Wright is dressed sharply in a deep crimson waistcoat with gold painted patterns over a white tailored dress shirt, a matching gold patterned crimson necktie, and navy trousers. We see that Jackson holds the AWA World Heavyweight title belt over his shoulder for Wright, as his leader is busy clapping. Jackson is in his custom sheer black tracksuit, while Donovan wears the standard red and silver tracksuit worn by most members of Team Supreme.]

SW: BRAVO, MISTER AARONS! BRAVO, MISTER MERTZ!

[The two members of Air Strike stare at Wright with befuddled looks on their faces.]

SW: It was brilliant performance! One worthy of praise!

MS: Supreme Wright! W-what are you doing here!?

[Wright pats Mertz on the shoulder.]

SW: Just a teacher giving a former student a little recognition, Mr. Stegglet.

MS: "Student"!?

[Wright nods, while Mertz mumbles "Something like that..."]

SW: Before there was ever a Team Supreme, there was Cody Mertz! Who do you think taught him that Fujiwara armbar that he used at Battle of Los Angeles? Someone had to teach him how to walk before he could learn how to fly.

[Wright grabs Mertz and gives him a friendly shake of the shoulder.]

SW: I'm just glad to see that all the hard work we put has actually paid off. And I'm sure if you two ever face Violence Unlimited...

MA: Whoa, whoa, whoa there champ... slow down.

[Aarons actually physically steps in between Mertz and Wright. He throws his title over his left shoulder as he begins to address the World Champion.]

MA: Just because you may or may not have taught Cody here a couple of holds here and there does not mean he bows down at whatever alter you got these others praying at. Now, my partner here might have respect for you, but it doesn't mean that I have to let you come in here and listen to you talk during our interview time.

[Aarons keeps going as Supreme looks on stoically.]

MA: So maybe – just maybe – instead of coming in here and running your mouth over stuff that doesn't concern you, like our title win or Violence Unlimited... Maybe, I don't know, you should be worried about Ryan Martinez taking that title right off you when he beats you at SuperClash, just like he pinned your sorry behind in the Cibernetico!

[Huge cheer from the crowd as Aarons smirks and the World Champion's eyes narrow ever so slightly.]

MA: But heck, if you're looking to get froggy, you just say the word. Cause you don't have to wait til SuperClash for a beating there, champ.

[Aarons takes a step closer to the champ.]

MA: I'll jump right now.

[Behind him, Tony Donovan takes a step forward to defend his leader, but Supreme holds up a hand to stop him.]

SW: There's no need to start a fight here, Tony. If Mr. Aarons is so eager to face me inside MY ring, then who am I to deny him the opportunity?

[He turns his attention right back to Aarons.]

SW: That is what you want, isn't it, Mr. Aarons?

MA: You better believe it.

[The crowd roars, as Wright nods and smirks at Aarons, before turning around and walking away with Jackson and Donovan following close behind.]

MS: That sounds like a Main Event matchup to me as Supreme Wright, the World Heavyweight Champion, wants to face one-half of the World Tag Team Champions, Michael Aarons right here tonight! Gordon, Bucky... back to you.

[We crossfade back down to ringside.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. Big news backstage and that's going to be one heck of a matchup here tonight. Fans, up next we will see "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno in action. Imbrogno has been competing in Florida for much of the past year, embroiled in a fairly bitter feud there. That is why he was not here last month when the Walking Dead seemingly kidnapped his tag team partner and friend, BC Da Masta MC.

BW: Or maybe he's realized that big buffoon was an albatross, and is gonna go back to being the Manny Imbrogno that had a big future ahead of him, when he wasn't out makin' friends. Just telling the fans what a bunch of fools they are. I miss that Manny. And considering how smart he is, that's the only conclusion I can come up with. Maybe he hired the Walking Dead to get rid of that tubbo.

GM: He would not!

BW: Why else would anybody want him?! They sure wouldn't eat him. I mean, they'd have died from cholesterol poisoning after two bites.

GM: This is serious, Bucky! This is potentially a crime, and the reason we haven't expended even more energy on getting the word out is that area police are on an active investigation trying to learn what happened to The Hive, BC Da Masta MC, and Charles S. Rant. I need to stress that, at this time, we do not know if there WAS a kidnapping. We just know that five men vanished after facing the Walking Dead, and that one of them reappeared afterwards making some incomprehensible claims.

BW: JP Driver's whereabouts are known, but he has stayed far away from Dallas. He went to start over in Georgia, I heard.

GM: We also know that this mysterious Jericho Kai has made several statements involving people becoming ambrosia, whatever that means. I can't make heads or tails of it. This is the first time Manny Imbrogno has been with the AWA in several months, and I expect we'll hear exactly what he thinks.

[The camera views the ring, where Phil Watson stands by with a man sporting a wet blonde mullet at shoulder length. He's wearing red trunks, kneepads, and boots.]

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

[The fans cheer as "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. His usual gleaming smile is completely absent, as he seems very angry. 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 looking around intently. As he enters, Watson is performing the introduction of his opponent.]

PW: Introducing first, to my right... from Jacksonville, Florida... weighing two-hundred seven pounds... ALLEN ALLEN!

[Allen flicks his hair arrogantly as his name is called. The fans do not react.]

PW: And his opponent... also from Jacksonville, Florida... weighing two-hundred thirty-eight pounds...

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

[Manny wastes no time or motion 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 returned
To a pitiful display.
There is no moral outrage
To what took place when I was away.

Four men have been kidnapped.
That's a felony offense!

And yet we care more about titles?
Does anyone here have moral sense?

They raised an army to fight the Wise Men
So I know these people can.
But with glory in the balance
No one cares for fellow man.

Your priorities are garbage
And your honor's gone outright.
May the weeping of their families
Help you sleep as well at night.

So I, Mr. Mensa, will undertake this path alone
Since there is no mending this divisive schism.
Let the Walking Dead heed my noble declaration.
I will perform a one-man exorcism!

I will find my closest friend whose life you have disrupted
And pay you double; this is my solemn battle cry!
I demand to face the demon behind these evil actions
Come face Mr. Mensa, Jericho Kai!

[Imbrogno drops the mic, reaches a palm out towards Allen Allen, and waves him on with a very intense look in his eyes.]

BW: Did he just call out the whole AWA locker room?

GM: He did! Manny Imbrogno is irate that nobody seems to have given these alleged kidnappings any attention while the fight for the AWA was on. I think his anger is understandable from the outside, but misplaced when you have all of the information. Authorities have instructed AWA personnel not to impede the investigation into the actions of the Walking Dead, and specifically into this Jericho Kai.

BW: But he's right! The so-called heroes would just let people get eaten, but heaven forbid that the Wise Men got anything done.

GM: No, the police told our wrestlers to stay out of it.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: Unless Jericho Kai is hiding out in a donut shop, the Dallas cops will never find him.

GM: I've been told that they did speak to him when he appeared several weeks ago, but... well, rumor has it that they just accepted his words and walked away. That seems odd. In any case, the match has begun. Allen Allen locking up with Manny Imbrogno, who uses a deft hiplock takeover into a side headlock on Allen.

BW: Well, this cinches it. I thought Manny Imbrogno was the smartest guy in wrestling. But he just called out the Walking Dead after burning every bridge in the locker room. And he wants the guy that controls them. Unless he's got some crazy master plan, I think Manny left half his IQ in Florida.

GM: Allen forcing his way up, but Imbrogno takes him down. Transitions into a headscissors.

[In a pretty nifty athletic move, Imbrogno kips up to his feet while still applying a headscissors. You do a kip-up with crossed legs sometime, that ain't easy. Allen's

neck gets twisted and jerked around by this, and then again when Manny repositions him and jumps with a bellringer.]

BW: Holy... well, I guess if nothing else, Manny's serious.

GM: That was a rather unique application of his gymnastic background, and the neck of Allen Allen suffering there... and a graceful swinging neckbreaker followthrough!

BW: Yeah, but try swinging neckbreaking a zombie. Zombies don't care, Gordo.

GM: The Walking Dead are NOT zombies, Bucky. You've been listening to Mark Hoefner too much. They are men. Dangerous men, yes, but just men. There is no such thing as a zombie. That said, there is something very off about them and I cannot place it.

[Imbrogno places both feet on Allen's shoulders, as Allen is face-down on the mat. He reaches down, grabs Allen's wrists, and sits back on the mat. The result is that Allen's upper body is pushed up off the mat, both of Manny's feet are in his upper chest, and Imbrogno is wrenching back on both arms in an incredibly painful looking maneuver!]

BW: OW! OW! What IS that?!

GM: That is a hold that he calls Habilitation, Bucky. And it is a brutal hold. Look, Imbrogno shifting one foot to the face of Allen to bend his neck back! This is... my word, the whole situation, combined with the year that Imbrogno has had away from the AWA, has really brought out an aggressive, vicious side of Manny Imbrogno.

BW: No kiddin'. THIS Manny could take on one of the Dead. But he called 'em ALL out. You don't get just one. And he called out Jericho Kai. We ain't seen him fight, Gordo, but how dangerous do you have to be to keep Dirt Dog and LaMarque in line?!

GM: Very, I'd guess. But the lives of several may be in the balance. Again, we do not know that for sure. All we know is that these people are missing. We presume kidnapping, but no charges have been filed. Manny Imbrogno seems convinced of it, however.

BW: Allen Allen was lucky to be able to slip a leg out under the bottom rope to get out of that Habilitation. Gordo, if he puts it back on, does that make it Rehabilitation?

[Gordon groans softly as Manny bolts back up to his feet. Showing uncharacteristic aggression, he moves in on Allen, pulls him up to his feet, lifts him up on his shoulders, and plants him with a forward rolling Samoan drop!]

GM: Huge impact on the rolling Samoan Drop! Imbrogno has a name for it, but it is a long German word that I will not even attempt.

BW: He does? I'll find it out and tell everyone next time he comes out. I am a journalist, so I need to have more pride in my work than you, Gordo. You seem to try not to know the names of some moves.

GM: I won't dignify that with a response, but Imbrogno is going up onto the top rope!

[With a graceful flip, Manny smashes down into Allen's chest with a perfect senton bomb. He does not even flip back over... he stays leaning on him, cradling the near leg, and getting an easy three count.]

BW: He might have lost his mind, but at least what he's got left is focused.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: Indeed. The Summa Cum Laude ended it, and whomever Jericho Kai is, he will need to be quite proficient indeed to handle a focused Mr. Mensa.

BW: Or have two unstoppable zombies at his beck and call. And, uh, whatever Poet is. She might be a banshee.

GM: Will you stop? Let's get the official word.

[After the pinfall, Imbrogno doesn't celebrate. He stands up and gets in a ready position as Phil Watson makes the call.]

PW: The winner of this matchup... "MR. MENSA" MANNY IMBROGNO!

GM: Imbrogno with a swift, decisive victory. He is certainly not the same as his usual self. Bucky, it looks like he's ready for another fight.

BW: He called out the Walking Dead! He better be fighting ready! He better be fighting ready in the locker room, in his car, in his sleep at the hotel tonight! Or he'll end up on the supper table the way BC was.

GM: That is NOT what happened to BC!

BW: How do YOU know?! Oh, wait, because a table would break if you laid that carcass on it. Right.

[The lights go out in the arena.]

GM: What is this?

BW: Not good.

[A single red spotlight shines on Manny Imbroglio in the ring. Singing begins throughout 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
Oh oh oh, this little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine
Let it shine! Let it shine! Let it shine!
Oh yeah!#

[The AWA's new screen flares to life as a single bright light fills the screen before it gets swallowed by the light and the image of Jericho Kai fills the screen. The elegant man is framed head and shoulders in the camera shot and we see a good close up of his face. He is angular and proud, a small goatee accentuating his strong chin. Shoulder length locks are tipped in gold and wrapped in a crown around his head. He wears what appears to be a black suit, white shirt and black loosely knotted tie. His green-flecked eyes are half-hidden by heavy lids and long lashes as he bats his eyes at the ring.]

JK: Mr. Imbrogno...

[A smirk and a laugh.]

JK: That was a lovely bit of verse and a lovely display of skill in my ring. You honor the Gods.

[More laughter.]

JK: You flatter me. You want to perform an exorcism? It will take a lot more than you and some holy water to exorcise me. Don't you think I've tried? Don't you think I've tried to rip away the burden on my soul? Don't you think I've tried to reject the burden on my soul?

[Kai cocks his head to the heavens, listening to something ... someone? Slowly, he returns his focus to Imbrogno as his image gazes out imperiously over the AWA faithful.]

JK: You've sent your police to find me. I was never hard to find. They questioned me. They asked me to come down to their station. They filed no charges. They could file no charges. What have I done? What are my crimes? Who are they to judge me? The answer to all of those questions is nothing. I have been judged by Ma'at. I have been weighed by Sutekh. And I have been sent by Ra.

You have all forgotten the way. Aha wsir. I have come to restore the history. I have come to restore the blessing. Mr. Imbrogno, you see how your so-called heroes have forgotten all about the lesser men who aspire to be them. It's because your heroes are no heroes. They are vile, debased ... absolutely unconcerned about everything but their own selfish needs. And that is why I am here. And that is why the Dead walk among you. And that is why I walk at their head.

[Kai rubs at his heart.]

JK: For months now we warned you we were coming home! You chose to ignore us! You chose to ignore the message! You chose to ignore your history and in doing so you sealed your fate. Manny Imbrogno, you are a man of intellect! I am telling you now to walk with me on my journey. Walk with me as a brother and you will embrace your brother again. He's in a much better place now than you. He's come home. Come home, Imbrogno. Come home or be left for the jackals.

[And with that the screen goes blank. The lights return to normal. Imbrogno has a dour look on his face as he leaps through the ropes to the floor, nimbly landing on his feet and hopping the rail.]

GM: Some chilling words by Jericho Kai, and Imbrogno is heading in the direction of the production room, fans.

BW: He better count his blessings that all Kai did was talk. Now he wants to find him?! So much for smarts. An intelligent man would never be seen again... of his own volition rather than waiting for the Dead to do it.

GM: Ladies and gentlemen ... I don't know what to say. Let's go to commercial.

BW: That was deeply, deeply weird.

[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...

When we return, it isn't to the interior to the Crockett Coliseum, but the exterior. Standing in the parking lot is Mark Stegglet and on his right is the tall, lanky form of Jack Lynch. The eldest of the Lynch brothers is, as always, dressed head to toe in black, and before Mark can speak, Lynch turns to a crowd of rowdy fans gathered behind him, trying to get on camera. Lynch tips his hat to them, before turning back to Stegglet.]

MS: I'm out here in the parking lot because, well, the so-called King of Wrestling...

[On the assumption that the man he's mentioned is inside the building and can't argue with him, Stegglet seems to really relish the words "so-called."]

MS: ...Demetrius Lake demanded that you and your brother be barred from the building tonight.

JL: Let's call it like it is Mark. Mr. Lake pitched himself a royal sized fit because he couldn't take the thought of me bein' within spittin' distance of him. Can't say that I blame him. After all that's happened, hell, I'd be afraid of me too.

[Despite his words, Lynch's demeanor is calm, a far cry from the usual ire he displays when the subject of the Black Tiger comes up.]

MS: Even though you're barred from the building, Mr. Lake isn't exactly safe. Tonight, he'll be facing your legendary father, Blackjack Lynch. Even though you won't have a ringside seat, I imagine you'll find some way to see what happens tonight.

JL: Not sure I need to, Mark.

See, all I gotta do is close my eyes and imagine Demetrius gettin' the tail kickin' of his lifetime, and then multiply that by a factor of about twenty. That's what's happenin' tonight.

Demetrius, you've spent your life crossin' lines. But you're about to discover that my good and forgivin' nature ain't somethin' that runs in the family. Until now, all you've had to deal with is me bustin' your head open and smashin' your skull.

Blackjack ain't a quarter as nice as me though.

I've been at the ranch for the last two weeks, and I tell ya, I ain't never seen old Blackjack motivated like he's been. Those things you said about my mother? They were disgustin'. But as much fun as you had sayin' `em, I know that you're gonna live just long enough to regret every single one of `em.

You put the fire back in Blackjack Lynch's heart, and, to borrow a phrase, you're about to get burned by it.

Now, maybe I'll drive on down to the Spur and watch it on the TV...

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"What is this?!"

[Jack's head snaps around, and from the side we see Demetrius Lake enter the picture, garbed in his to-ring attire. Lake is wearing grey trunks, black kneepads, and a red ring jacket and a black fedora. A mean look is on his mustached face as the afroed Missourian glares at Lynch.]

DL: They told me you were out here, lurkin' in the parking lot, waiting for a chance to run in this building and backjump me while I was puttin' Old Yeller down. But I had to come see for myself. I didn't think even you had that much gall, Jack Lunch. You know that the parking lot is on the property of the Detson Center!

MS: Crockett Coliseum.

DL: You know that your old man will be in forfeit of the match with you lurkin' out here! If you want to sneak attack me, Jack Lunch, like the coward you are, you may as well fight me now! I know you ain't got the guts to fight me face to face. Maybe you got Travesty lurkin' out here with you. Where's he at? Travesty!

[Lake flips over a couple of rocks, looking for Travis.]

DL: Travesty! ...nope, you did come alone. You got to be even dumber than I thought, and I already thought that you were so dumb your dogs had to teach you tricks. You come out here on Detson Center property...

MS: Crockett Coliseum.

DL: ...to jump me, you do it alone so that you have no chance, and then your old man loses by forfeit! But on the plus side, he'll have one less mouth to feed and one less freeloader livin' in his basement!

[After listening to Lake's bluster for a time, Jack Lynch calmly removes his hand, swiping his hand through his dark hair.]

JL: All I'm hearin' right now, Demetrius, is you comin' up with reasons why you won't fight the old man. Hell, you stay out here long enough, you're liable to get counted out. That'll make it Blackjack one, Black Tiger zero.

How's that gonna look, Mr. King?

DL: That's gonna look like nothin'! They can't make the count until you turn around and walk off the property. Get you to a Starbucks, or a Burger King, or better yet the SPCA. You're gonna need a shelter, because daddy ain't comin' home tonight.

JL: That's a whole lotta words to say somethin' as simple as "I'm afraid of Blackjack Lynch."

DL: You think I'm worried? YOU THINK I'M WORRIED?! If he beat me, I'd never...

[Uh, oh. He's actually considering what's at stake for him. Lake seems much more agitated now.]

DL: Get out of here!

[Lynch exhales slowly, his eyes level with Lake's.]

JL: All right, in the interest of givin' everyone what they really wanna see, which is Blackjack kickin' your butt, I'm gonna accommodate ya, Demetrius.

[Lynch begins to walk backwards, until he's on the grass that surrounds the parking lot. He looks towards Lake, and yells out the words "feel better?" at his rival. After this, Stegglet turns to Lake, waiting for his reply. None comes, as Lake is power-walking back towards the building...

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

GM: Blackjack Lynch versus Demetrius Lake is coming up later tonight.

BW: With those stinkin' Stench boys banned from ringside.

GM: Well, Jack Lynch is certainly banned from ringside but Travis... Travis, I'm afraid, is not here at the Coliseum tonight for other reasons. Fans, it was two weeks ago during the Rumble when Travis Lynch was brutally assaulted. He was set up by Sunshine and then attacked from behind by Alexander Kingsley.

BW: It wasn't an attack from behind, Gordo. It's not Alexander Kingsley's fault that Travis was droolin' over Sunshine again and couldn't keep his eyes on the ring.

GM: On the ring?! He didn't come from the ring! He came from behind! It was a setup! An out and out setup! Kingsley knocked Travis off the elevated entrance ramp, got him down on the floor, and rubbed his face back and forth on the exposed concrete floor! Travis suffered severe facial injuries as a result of that attack and we're told that later tonight, we'll be hearing from Dr. Bob Ponavitch, the AWA's lead physician, who will have an update on the status of Travis Lynch.

BW: Is he retiring? Please tell me he's retiring.

GM: Bucky! Fans, let's go up to the ring for more action!

PW: The following match is scheduled for one fall, currently in the ring standing six feet two hundred ten pounds... Joe East!

[Wearing standard black tights, Joe East waves to the crowd as "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin begins to play to an almost instantaneous negative reaction.]

BW: Here comes the former owner of this very building!

GM: He was not!

BW: Hey, his name was on it and possession is nine tenths of the law, daddy!

[Johnny Detson storms out from the back as the boos continue to rain down upon him. He is already half way out of his black sweat jacket as he steps onto the ramp as he marches determined to the ring dropping the jacket as he goes. The former World Champion steps through the ring ropes from the ramp and marches right over to his opponent and plants a boot right in his midsection causing the ref to frantically wave for the bell.]

GM: Johnny Detson off to a fast start, not even waiting for the bell. Although good sportsmanship shouldn't be expected from him.

[Detson grabs East by the back of the head and trunks and promptly throws him out of the ring which causes an immediate argument with Davis Warren, the referee.]

BW: What are you talking about, Gordo? Johnny Detson is just continuing the dominant performance from the Rumble.

GM: Dominant? Opportunistic is more like it.

[Detson waves off the official and slides out of the ring. He grabs East and slams him back first into the side of the ring. He takes his shoulder and drives into down into East, slamming him once again into the apron as the ref starts his count.]

BW: Opportunistic?! Was it opportunistic that every single person singled Johnny out when they got in the Rumble?

[Detson throws East back into the ring and follows after him.]

BW: Was it opportunistic when he was part of the final four and all three remaining members turned on him to get him out?

GM: No, but it was deserving! Detson now whips East into the corner hard and comes charging hard after him... but East moves out of the way!

[East does manages to stumble out of the corner but Detson catches himself before he crashes in. With East's back turned, Detson comes running out of the corner.]

GM: Oh my! Huge clothesline to the back of Joe East's head there by Detson. And he seems to be taking out his frustration on not winning the Rumble here tonight!

BW: Yeah poor Joe East, guess he didn't learn too much in the Combat Corner.

GM: I don't have any record of him getting any training at the Combat Corner Bucky.

BW: Oh that's right Gordo, no one goes to the Combat Corner anymore! HA! HA!

GM: Will you stop!?

[Pulling East up, Detson whips him hard to the buckles again before following up with a running knee to the midsection that doubles East up just before Detson straightens him back up with a European uppercut.]

GM: Nice combination of attacks by Detson has East reeling in the corner... he goes downstairs with another knee... and right back upstairs with the uppercut once more.

BW: Heh, Detson not showing any mercy towards his opponent tonight just like no one showed him any mercy at the Rumble the other night.

GM: Will you give it up? Davis Warren in there now telling Detson to get it out of the corner which I think is the right call.

BW: Of course you do.

[Detson obliges, using a snapmare to get East out of the corner down into a seated position. He rises, measuring him...

...and drives his knee down into the small of the back!]

BW: Ohh! That'll send you to the chiropractor!

GM: It certainly will... and if for some reason it doesn't, this one well.

[Detson pulls East up in a front chancery, pausing to bark at the fans before taking East up and over with a vicious snap suplex.]

GM: Well-executed suplex by the former World Champion right there!

BW: Look at this, Gordo... he rolls right through it, bringing them both back up to their feet...

[He quickly switches to an approximation of a Muay Thai clinch, driving a knee up into the chin of East, sending him sprawling on the canvas.]

BW: Wow! I had no idea that Johnny was a martial arts expert too.

GM: I don't believe he is although that was a well-placed and well-delivered knee by the former member of the Unholy Alliance. That could be the beginning of the end for Joe East.

[East struggles to regain his feet as Detson walks the ring, taunting the fans. As East gets to a knee, Detson grabs him to yank him off the mat, whipping him into the ropes. On the rebound, he grabs a bodylock, twisting his own body, and drives him down with a textbook belly-to-belly suplex!]

BW: Ohhh! Marcus Broussard, eat your heart out, daddy!

GM: I'm not sure that was in the same ballpark as the San Jose Shark but it was definitely effective... but where the heck is he going, Bucky?

[What Gordon is talking about is Detson has taken the time to roll out of the ring and over to the ring announcer as the ref starts his count. After a brief argument, Detson snatches the microphone away and rolls back in the ring.]

BW: Apparently he's got something to say.

GM: This is ridiculous... just finish the match!

[The crowd is also furious about Detson's lack of good form and lets him hear about it. Davis Warren even approaches him, pleading with him to finish the match. With a bemused look, Detson looks at the official and then down at his fallen opponent who has not moved. He holds up his hand as if to tell the official to wait.]

Detson: So Ryan Martinez won the Rumble and is going to fight for the World Title at SuperClash? Well...

[Detson pauses and just starts clapping his hands.]

Detson: Good job, White Knight, I didn't think you had it in you. Just look at all the people you used and abused along the way to get there, Gunner Gaines, Todd Michaelson, Eric Preston, heck even your own father.. you're more ruthless than I've given you credit for. And you used all that and won the Rumble, the right to fight the champion Supreme Wright at SuperClash. Well good luck kid, just know that I'm pulling for you and I hope you win because – OOMPF!

[Detson lurches forward and drops the mic as Joe East clubs him in the back with a forearm...]

GM: Johnny Detson allowed himself time to gloat and Joe East is taking advantage of it, hammering away with those forearms to the back!

[A trio of blows sends Detson backpedaling into the corner, frantically screaming for a timeout just before East blasts him with the eyes with a right hand to a huge cheer from the crowd.]

GM: Joe East has got Detson reeling and this is his chance! This is his opportunity to shock the world!

[Grabbing the arm, East whips him across, sending him smashing into the buckles, looking out on his feet. East signals to the crowd, breaking into a charge across...]

GM: In comes East and-

[Suddenly, Detson "snaps out" of his stupor, yanking himself clear and sending East crashing into the buckles. Detson pauses, pointing to his temple.]

GM: It looks like the former World Champion was playing possum and-

[As East stumbles out, Detson greets him with a boot to the gut, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Uh oh!

[Detson grabs one arm then swiftly grabs the other, leaping up and driving East facefirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: WILDE DRIVER!

GM: Will you stop that? Davis Warren drops down and this is academic, folks.

[The ref counts the three and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Detson too cocky for his own good and it almost cost him.

[Detson storms over and retrieves the microphone. He dusts it off, receiving a few cat calls from the crowd.]

Detson: Shut up!

[That gets its desired reaction.]

Detson: Now as I was saying... Ryan Martinez, I'm pulling for you kid, I hope you win and take that title.

[Detson smirks.]

Detson: Not because of any ill will towards the current champ...

[Detson shakes his head.]

Detson: No but because there's more than one way to get a title shot here in the AWA.

[Detson nods as some in the crowd realize what he's saying.]

Detson: As of this moment, I am officially the first person entered into the Steal The Spotlight match at SuperClash VI in New York City.

[The crowd boos the idea of this. Detson nods, acting like they're cheering him.]

Detson: Naturally, as its captain and leader, I will lead whatever team to a destined win and then to my destined title shot.

[Detson smirks again.]

Detson: And I would love for that title shot to be against you, White Knight. So good luck, you'll need it.

[Detson looks around and spots the ring announcer.]

Detson: Now, get in here, ring announcer, and declare me the winner!

[Watson makes his way into the ring and Detson shoves the microphone into his chest.]

PW: The winner of this match –

[The announcement is interrupted by the sounds of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" as they come blaring through the Crockett Coliseum PA system. Detson's head snaps towards the entryway.]

GM: Not so fast, Johnny Detson!

[From it emerges the aforementioned sharp dressed man, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne is clad in a gray three-piece suit with a white dress shirt and solid black tie, his black Oxford dress shoes polished brightly. His hair is pulled back into a pony tail and the ever-present cocky grin is plastered across his face. The affection he's received from his fighting for Team AWA has disappeared as the fans shower him with boos. Detson looks annoyed at the interruption as Dufresne saunters towards the ring. He climbs in the ring, snatching the microphone from Watson and sizing Detson up.]

CD: Johnny, I couldn't help but listen backstage that you are determined to climb the proverbial mountain. Not the mesa that you found in Phoenix, but Mt. Everest. Becoming AWA World Heavyweight Champion.

[Dufresne nods a bit, pacing the ring.]

CD: A worthy goal. A worthy goal indeed. I know a little something about being held back by the powers that be, as it appears you are. But you have a fighting spirit, so you figure you're going to earn your way in through the Steal The Spotlight match at SuperClash.

[Dufresne continues to nod, circling Detson, who looks on warily.]

CD: Not overly creative or particularly deceptive, but there's nothing wrong with the full-on frontal assault, I suppose.

The thing is, Johnny... in order to win Steal the Spotlight, you're going to need help. In order to have a shot at the World Heavyweight Title, you're going to need help. In order to get your hand raised at SuperClash, you're going to need help.

[A smirk creeps across Dufresne's face.]

CD: You can look far and wide, Johnny, but you're not going to find anyone in that locker room or on God's green Earth that knows more about scaling Mt. Everest than Calisto Dufresne. I've been doing it for the better part of a decade now. You may as well call me Sir Edmund Hillary.

You're not going to find anyone that knows more about winning at SuperClash than Calisto Dufresne. I'm the only man whose name has been on the marquee for every single one of them.

[Dufresne stops in front of Detson, looking at him seriously.]

CD: If you want one of those...

[Dufresne jabs a finger towards the huge banner hanging from the rafters picturing Dufresne as a former World Heavyweight Champion.]

CD: ...you're going to need help.

So, at SuperClash...

[Dufresne bows deeply at Detson, an innocent smile playing across his lips, but a dangerous glint in his eye.]

CD: ...Calisto Dufresne at your service.

[Dufresne straightens up, slowly extending his hand to Johnny Detson who eyes him warily, throwing a glance at the banner of Dufresne hanging from the rafters of the Crockett Coliseum...

...and with a curt nod, accepts the handshake to deafening jeers from the crowd! Dufresne smirks, pivoting to raise Detson's hand as the two rulebreakers stand side by side in the middle of the ring, showing off their newfound alliance to all who are watching.]

GM: Wow! And just like that, we know some information about the second match on the SuperClash bill - the annual event known as Steal The Spotlight, an elimination tag team match that continues until only one man is left standing. That man will earn a contract that stipulates the right to pick the match of his choice any time in the next calendar year.

BW: You just heard the words right out of Johnny Detson's mouth. It's the only other way - other than the Rumble - to earn a guaranteed World Title shot all year long.

GM: We've seen people use that contract for other things in the past, Bucky, but you better believe that those two men - Johnny Detson and Calisto Dufresne - would not even hesitate a split second to cash it in for their shot at the World Heavyweight Title. So, Team Detson is formed - Johnny Detson leading his squad into Steal The Spotlight with Calisto Dufresne by his side. They've got three spots left to fill and you've gotta start wondering who will fill those slots, Bucky.

BW: They're gonna be lining up back there to take those spots, Gordo.

GM: You better believe it. Fans, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by! Mark?

[We cut back to where Mark Stegglet is standing by with the Surfer Dudes.

Trampus Kennedy and Vance Ricks are flashing their pearly whites as well as "shaka" signs to the fans. Trampus and Vance are both pretty much your prototypical 80's southern California surfer guys. Kennedy has got blonde hair, blue eyes, and a great physique cut with washboard abs and definition in all the right places. He's got a very dark tan, and his hair is just shy of being long enough to put into a ponytail; his bangs hang in his eyes. Ricks has short, spiked blonde hair which is obviously bleached as his darker roots are visible. He's also a cut specimen, but not as cut as his partner. Vance sports a tattoo on his right shoulder of a yin and yang with kanji script underneath translating into "Life & Death".

The two men are garbed in their ring attire. Kennedy has orange-yellow-chartreuse-tan tie-dyed bicycle shorts with matching kneepads (though the underpadding covering the knee is black). He also sports black elbowpads, white wrist tape, and white finger tape. Ricks has wrestling trunks using the same orange-yellow-chartreuse-tan color pattern: it sounds odd, but visually shows 'summer turning into fall' pretty well. His elbow and kneepads are traditional white wrestling pads. Both men wear a matching tie-dyed color baseball cap (worn backwards), and a white ring jacket with "Surfer Dudes" embroidered on the back.]

MS: Earlier on, we heard from Dichotomy. Trampus Kennedy, Vance Ricks, the entire wrestling world is just about sick of those men and their attitudes.

TK: And we're double sick of it, dude! A couple of hodads who sat on the beach all summer, paddlepussin' and gave lip to the dudes out there hangin'! If the surf ain't firin' off for ya in Dallas, go ride it in Japan! Or Florida! Or Georgia! Or Minneapolis! Or Vegas! Or Brussels! Or Boston!

VR: There's a whole wrestling world to explore, brah. That's what we do, Marky Mark, we ride the waves everywhere because the surf's just too good all over if you catch what we mean. But instead of makin' it happen for themselves, Dichotomy sat around and cried because they didn't get the matches they wanted. And now they're jumpin' on people who did, out of jealousy. And now they're puttin' the bad mouth on the sport we love?!

TK: They're a couple of dirty snakes, Markus. You know what a snake is? Not the reptile, but what a snake is to a surfer?

MS: I'm not up on surfer lingo.

TK: A snake is a thief. They drop-in whenever and wherever: that means they steal waves by goin' out of order on somebody who waited fair for their wave. It's the biggest crime, man. They say TORA and BJ are snakin' them, but the truth is the other way around. Two weeks ago, Dichotomy went out and snaked TORA and BJ, who just won the biggest match when they hung one on Strictly Business.

VR: We respect the waves, Steggster. The ocean is to be revered, and the wrestling world is the same. These hodads, Ginn and Hoefner, don't deserve to be out here if they don't respect where it all came from. And they dissed us hardcore when they said they were gonna beat us to 'prove' they would have beaten us in Vegas. Makin' it sound so easy. They got no idea. Everyone... EVERYONE gets raked over in this sport when they first get in it. Even if you went to the best wrestling school in the world... and they did... you gotta get raked over by the surf

when you paddle out in order to learn how to ride a wave. They seem to think it's a crime that it happened to them, and still does happen. That's bogus. Total disrespect.

TK: We're gonna do tonight, brah, what we do on the beach when we see a snake or a kook. We're gonna school 'em, Markiski. They'll learn respect. And maybe then they'll hang loose and see how awesome the sport they're lucky to be in really is. We know it, we love it, we live it, and tonight, we give just a little bit back when we shut up a couple of hodads.

VR: Shaka!

[The Dudes flash the 'shaka' sign one more time, and hustle off to the cheers of the crowd.]

MS: The Surfer Dudes are amped and ready for the match later on with Dichotomy! Gordon, bucky, back to you.

GM: Those are two young men with a proper attitude.

BW: Those are two guys who don't speak English. Hodad? Paddlepudding?

GM: A hodad is someone who stays on the beach and harangues surfers. Paddlepudding is playing around in the surf without surfing, thus impeding surfers.

BW: How the heck would you know any of that?!

GM: I... may have had some hobbies while stationed in San Diego at Camp Pendleton. Can't say I was ever more than a barney. That's a beginner-level surfer.

BW: Not you too! AGH!

GM: [*chuckles*] It has been many years, but I like wrestling much better. And the Surfer Dudes love our sport, Bucky. They travel the world doing what they love, getting to see the world and share their passions in sport. That's why they are infrequent here in the AWA, and why they have difficulty climbing the title rankings. But they wouldn't trade it for the world.

BW: So they're hippie morons who are wasting their life screwing around. Got it. Dichotomy is focused, has a mission, and an absolute need to win. I know who my money's on.

GM: The Dudes are experienced while still being young, versatile, unshackled by pressure or burden, and have heart. I know who my proverbial money would be on if I were a gambling man.

BW: Exactly, you DON'T put money down. Which is why I'm "Big Bucks" Bucky Wilde, and you're "Dollar Store" Gordon Myers.

[Gordon chuckles again.]

GM: Fans, let's head back up to the ring for more action...

[Phil Watson is standing by in the ring alongside a thickly-built man, with lightly-tanned skin, dressed in a sleeveless, primarily red plaid shirt, faded blue jeans and black boots. He also has on blue and white trucker cap, with the logo of the Rusty Spur on it.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a five-minute time limit. Introducing first, hailing from Mabank, Texas, and weighing in at 288 pounds, he is...

IKE HAAAAAASSS!!!

[Ike Haas takes off the cap and tosses it into the crowd.]

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 - burning and smoldering rubble left behind by the bombing of London by the German Luftwaffe... thick columns of smoke rising from burning ships in Pearl Harbor... a burning village in Vietnam with children fleeing the scene... tanks rolling into a city, oil wells ablaze in the background... and finally, a mushroom cloud forms after the atomic bomb had been dropped on Nagasaki. Over this footage of the growing mushroom cloud, the voice of J. Robert Oppenheimer is heard.]

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

[In the dim light, shrouded in shadow and smoke, a masked, massive form emerges. Most of his face, save for the eyes, is obscured by the mask, which has a metallic finish, while a black hood covers the rest of his head. His thickly-muscled torso is bare and he has on a pair of black tights and black boots.]

GM: Deimos is here! The personification of fear makes his debut in singles action here tonight!

[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...

DEIMOSSS!!!

[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: Look at the size of this guy, Bucky.

BW: Big, strong, and athletic. Louis Matsui sure does know where to find the untapped treasures in this sport. We've seen him bring Mizusawa to the AWA... Maximus to the AWA... and now the monster known as Deimos.

[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!"

GM: There's the bell as Matsui steps out and Deimos heads out to the center of- Ike Haas coming hard! Big right hand! And another! And another!

[The series of haymakers land on the masked face of Deimos but they do not seem to have any effect on the monster. Instead, Deimos lets loose with a haymaker of his own, followed by a hook to the side of Haas' ribs with his other hand.]

GM: Deimos absorbs all those big shots and then fires back with his own.

[A series of clubbing forearms across the upper back forces the Texan back into the corner.]

GM: Ike Haas is six-foot-six, weighs in at 288 pounds and Deimos is manhandling him! He throws him headfirst into the top turnbuckle!

[He follows up with a brutal right hook to the jaw, knocking him back into the buckles before throwing a back elbow to the chin, stunning Haas.]

BW: Zero offense out of Haas, Gordo.

[We leave Bucky with that thought as Deimos has whipped Ike Haas into the opposite corner and leveled him on his way out with a running clothesline.]

GM: Deimos takes the big Texan down with a clothesline... but he's not done, dragging him off the mat...

[The big man lifts Haas up under his arm, holding the near-three-hundred-pounder by his side. Deimos shows off his strength by walking around with Haas under his arm, before dropping him backfirst to the mat with a side slam.]

GM: That incredible power on display by Deimos... ohh! Leaping legdrop!

BW: He goes right from showing off the power to showing off the athleticism. I don't know anything about this guy but I know Matsui's done it again.

[Haas rolls to the side of the ring and tries to use the ropes to pull himself up. Instead, he gets Deimos putting his full weight against him, forcing his throat against the middle rope.]

GM: That's a blatant choke out of Deimos... and Louis Matsui's loving this. He's got a lot of confidence in his man, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him? Look at this guy. This guy is money in Matsui's bank account and could very well be gold in the Matsui Corporation for the very first time.

[The referee orders Deimos to break the choke which he does, rushing the far ropes, rebounding back...

...and leaps up, throwing himself so that his full weight crashes down on top of Haas who is dangling over the middle rope.]

GM: OHHH!

[Matsui cackles, clapping for the move as Haas falls back into the ring. Deimos steps back, staring down at Haas as the referee orders him to try and finish the match.]

GM: Deimos slowly pulling Haas back to his fee- whoa!

[The crowd buzzes as Haas throws a wild right, nearly clocking the referee who just barely avoids it. A boot to the chest sends Haas falling back into the corner.]

GM: Hard boot to the chest... and look at this!

[To the jeers of the crowd, Deimos slips his boot onto the windpipe, pressing into it with another choke as the referee orders him to back off.]

GM: Back to the choke goes Deimos. A man his size doesn't need to bend and break the rules like this but I suppose a man who works for Louis Matsui will ALWAYS treat the rulebook like something to even out a coffee table.

[Deimos backs off at the count of four, burying a boot into the midsection. He steps in, shoving Haas straight up...

...and plants the boot on the throat again!]

GM: He's choking him again, Bucky!

[The referee warns Deimos and begins his count. As the count reaches four, Deimos releases and backs off.]

GM: The official is letting him have it again and- Haas fires back!

[Haas musters enough energy to land a punch on Deimos' masked face, followed by another, but the monster is not fazed. He fires off two shots of his own, followed by an elbow to the forehead. Haas slips out of the corner, towards the adjacent one, but Deimos follows and stops him with another punch to the jaw.]

GM: And Deimos whips Haas hard into the opposite corner...

[As Haas stumbles out, Deimos drops him with a back elbow up under the chin.]

BW: He's just toying with him now.

GM: But maybe not for much longer...

[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!!!

[Copying his manager, Deimos raises his huge right hand in the air, before reaching down and wrapping it around Ike Haas' throat. He pulls Haas to his feet, placing his left hand between Haas' shoulder blades and lifts the Texan off his feet...]

GM: Chokeslam!

[Deimos stares down at the motionless Haas before dropping into a lateral press, not even bothering to hook a leg as the referee makes a merciful three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And this one is done! Deimos with an impressive victory in his first singles match in the AWA. Perhaps there really is nothing to fear but fear itself!

[Standing over the currently motionless body of Ike Haas, 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.]

GM: Wow. On this surface, this man looks unstoppable, Bucky. And speaking of unstoppable, it's unstoppable that right now we need to take another commercial break.

BW: Oh, brother.

GM: Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling action so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

What we see next is a wrestling ring, which inexplicably has a large gold-colored throne in it. Fans are booing all around, though this honestly looks more like a set than an arena. Seated on the throne is, of course, the self-styled "King Of Wrestling", Demetrius Lake. The dark-skinned Missourian is wearing a purple king robe, purple trunks and boots with gold kneepads and monogramming on the trunks and boots. Atop his head rests a regal crown. He rests one hand on the knee like the classic "Thinker" pose, but he has the trademark sour scowl on his afro-and-conebeard ringed face. We get some 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.

As we come back up from black, we find Phil Watson standing in the ring, ready to do his job.]

PW: Wrestling fans, the following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from Tallahassee, Florida, and weighing 254 pounds... this is WINSTON "FAMOUS" JAMESON!

[A young man with a bushy brown baby fro, and wearing a garnet and gold singlet with white arrows across the chest, raises his arm to the crowd.

"You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest starts up over the PA system, drawing a loud crowd response. And that's when the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova appears at the entranceway.]

PW: Introducing, from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... ladies and gentlemen...

THIS... IS... SUPERNOVA!

[Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. His face is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame.]

GM: Supernova was out of action for nearly a year, thanks to the Dogs of War, but he's back, and these fans are absolutely ecstatic to have him back!

BW: Yeah, we needed him back like I needed a migraine!

GM: Will you knock it off, Bucky?

[As Supernova heads down the rampway, he is more than happy to slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade. Upon reaching the ring, he climbs between the ropes, then cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl, before taking his place in the corner.]

GM: We saw Supernova in the Cibernetico and the Rumble, but this will be his first singles action since returning to the AWA.

BW: He's not gonna find the road to the top so easy, Gordo! A lot has happened in the last year, and he's gonna have to prove himself again!

GM: I won't argue the talent level in AWA is strong, but you should know better that Supernova has proven himself before and I have no doubt he can do it again!

BW: We'll see, Gordo... being put through a windshield is not something you easily recover from.

GM: The bell has rung and this one is underway.

[Jameson gets up in Supernova's face and points a finger at him, as if trying to intimidate him.]

GM: And this may not be a sound strategy by Winston Jameson.

BW: Hey, get inside his head and see what happens... after all, it's not too difficult to mess with Supernova's head, since there isn't much in there to begin with!

[Supernova extends his hands to the sides, as if wondering what Jameson's problem is. Jameson then walks up to him and starts jawing at him, at which point Supernova turns away briefly, before suddenly jerking toward him and pulling back his fist. This causes Jameson to backpedal into the corner.]

GM: If Jameson is trying to play mind games, it's not working.

BW: He's got a closed fist!

GM: He hasn't even touched Jameson yet.

BW: Yeah, but it's not legal! That's it, Winston, you tell that referee to do his job!

[Jameson pleads his case to the referee, who turns to talk to Supernova. The face-painted wrestler shrugs, but turns briefly away from Jameson, who then is quick to strike with forearm blows to the back of Supernova.]

BW: There you go! Find the opening and take it!

GM: Jameson playing a little loose with the rules here... but it doesn't look like it's working!

[Supernova is momentarily stunned, but then slowly turns to face Jameson, whose forearm shots don't appear to be having any effect. Realizing this, Jameson starts to backpedal again as Supernova advances, an intense look on his face.]

GM: Looks like the opening closed rather quickly, didn't it, Bucky?

BW: Don't get smart with me, Gordo! Jameson just needs to step back and re-assess, that's all!

[As Jameson cowers in the corner, the referee steps in front of Supernova, who spreads his arms apart as if waiting for Jameson to make a move.]

GM: Jameson might need to do a lot of re-assessing at this point... Supernova is not being intimidated the slightest.

BW: He's turning his back on him again, though... now's your chance, Winston!

[Supernova turns away, as if he's about to howl at the crowd, so Jameson approaches him again.]

It doesn't work, though, as Supernova suddenly turns and levels him with a forearm smash to the delight of the crowd.]

GM: Supernova caught him! Jameson is rocked... he's whipped into the ropes... a clothesline takes him down!

BW: All right, time to regroup, Winston... get out of that ring!

GM: Supernova is not giving him a chance, Bucky!

[Supernova pulls him up, ducking down to hoist him onto his shoulders. He strides out to the center of the ring, looking out at the cheering crowd...

...and DRIVES him back with a Samoan Drop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: He knocked out of the wind out of the kid!

GM: That'll cause you to re-assess a lot of things.

[Supernova hits the ropes, bouncing off... and leaping high to land an elbowdrop down into the chest of a prone Jameson!]

BW: Look at the height on that elbowdrop!

GM: You sound pretty impressed with Supernova, Bucky.

BW: The only way I'll be impressed with the guy is when he can put together a coherent thought!

[Supernova drags Jameson off the canvas, setting him up for a vertical suplex.]

GM: Supernova has got Jameson hooked... lifts him up and a beautiful suplex takes Jameson back to the canvas!

[Supernova now stops momentarily to cup his hands and howl to the crowd.]

BW: Yeah, and then he has to suck up to these people! I sure didn't miss that, Gordo!

GM: Jameson slow to get up but Supernova will bring him to his feet. There's a kick to the midsection...

BW: And I think we know what's coming next, Gordo!

[Supernova delivers a pair of quick blows before whipping Jameson across to the opposite corner... he then measures him up.]

GM: There's the Heat Wave! And Jameson is stunned!

BW: Look at how Supernova just shoves him down to the canvas... and we know what comes after that Heat Wave.

GM: Supernova has Jameson by the legs... ties him up into the Solar Flare!

[Supernova turns Jameson over into the Texas cloverleaf, bearing down on the back, and it doesn't take long for Jameson to signal that he's had enough.]

GM: And that's it! Supernova chalks up the win!

BW: Well, beating a guy like Jameson is one thing, but it's gonna take a lot more than that if Supernova wants to get back into title contention!

[As the referee calls for the bell, Supernova slowly releases the hold, then allows the referee to raise his arm in victory.]

PW: Here is your winner... SUPERNOVA!

[Supernova cups his hands to his mouth and howls to the crowd, before departing the ring.]

GM: I'm sure we'll be seeing more of Supernova in the coming weeks, as he works his way back into the mix. Mark Stegglet is standing by, and we'll see if he can get some words from this man.

[We cut to the podium where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: All right, fans, I'm sure many of you are happy to see this man about to join me... we've seen him a couple of times already since he made his return, but tonight was his first singles match since returning... please welcome Supernova!

[The face-painted wrestler approaches Stegglet.]

MS: An impressive victory, Supernova. Since coming back, you thrust yourself right into such major matches as the Cibernetico and the Rumble. Have you found it difficult to get back into the flow?

S: Mark, don't get me wrong. I'll admit that I'm having to shake off a little rust after being sidelined for 10 months. But wrestling in that ring is kind of like riding a bicycle. Once you know how to do it, you never forget! Now, it may take me a while before I'm really up to speed, but I've never been the type to wait until then before I put the pedal to the metal, as it were. And the way I see it, there's nothing better for me to do than to jump right into the thick of things!

MS: You certainly did that at Cibernetico and the Rumble... but what about the coming months? You do know there has been a lot of changes since you were in the AWA last year.

S: I'm not gonna deny that the competition has gone up a few notches, Mark. I know it's not gonna be an easy road to get back to the top, but then again, the road to the top has never been easy, and I'm not the kind of guy who is ever known for taking the easy way! I live for a challenge, I live for performing in front of these great fans... fans who were writing letters and sending cards while I was on the sidelines, anxious to see me back in the ring. And when you've got those fans behind you, it makes you want to go harder! And I can promise you, Mark, Cibernetico and the Rumble were just the start!

MS: So what do you see in store for you in the future, Supernova?

S: I already have a good idea, Mark. We've got SuperClash coming up in a couple of months, and it's gonna be in the Big Apple, and every year, Mark, they've had this event they like to call Steal The Spotlight. Well, what better way for me to reclaim a spot at the top of the AWA, than to be a part of that match!

MS: So you wish to enter Steal The Spotlight?

S: You got it, Mark! Steal the Spotlight has been the night when so many wrestlers made their mark, and there's no better way for me to do it than in that match, and show the AWA that Supernova is truly back and is still gonna be a force to reckon with around here! Consider myself entered in that match, and consider this the notice to MSG that it'll be time for one thing...

[He gets that crazed look on his face.]

S: TIME TO FEEL THE HEAT!

[He then cups his hands to his mouth and howls once more, drawing cheers from the fans, and then leaves the podium.]

MS: There you have it, fans... Supernova says he wants in Steal the Spotlight at SuperClash! Supernova's in! Johnny Detson's in! Calisto Dufresne is in! Could this be the most star-studded Steal The Spotlight ever? Fans, let's go backstage right now and get some comments from yet another star returning to the AWA - a man who made his return during the Rumble... a man now calling himself simply "Casanova."

[The shot fades to the backstage area where a powder pink banner curtain has been hung up against the wall. A vase of flowers is sitting on a white marble pedestal. There's a very skinny man in a white suit with a black "skinny tie" standing in the middle of it. He wears pitch black sunglasses on his face that is covered with a closely-cut black beard and mustache. His seemingly-perfect hair looks freshly washed, styled, and full of product. He speaks in a high-pitched tone - something like nails on a blackboard.]

?: I've been involved with the sport of professional wrestling for three decades. I seen 'em all come and go. I was in Memphis when the Beale Street Bullies - the REAL Beale Street Bullies - were walkin' tall. I was in New Orleans when "Big" Jim Watkins battled the Russians. I was in New York City when Kai Alana was rulin' the roost.

I seen 'em all and managed quite a few of 'em to the top.

[He points a finger at the camera.]

?: So when Mickey Cherry tells you he's found the greatest pro wrestler in the world today, you betta listen, jack!

[With a flourish, he swings an arm to his right. The camera pans with the gesture, showing another marble pedestal, this one with a framed gold record on it - the kind of thing a recording artist would receive for record sales. Right next to it stands the man formerly known as "Playboy" Johnny Casanova. He now tips the scale somewhere near four hundred pounds, standing in a purple dress that looks more like a muumuu than an actual dress. A matching frumpy hat rounds out the ensemble as he uses a pink feather duster on the frame. He turns slightly towards the camera, revealing a purple glitter-filled heart that has been painted around his eye. There's other makeup as well, heavily rouged cheeks and a dusting of eyeshadow.]

C: Mickey Cherry speaks the truth in every word he whispers in your ear. He tells you the truth when he says he's managed the greatest specimens of male physicality to ever be sculpted. He tells you the truth when he tickles your fancy with tales of conquest and dominance.

[Casanova's voice drops to a whisper.]

C: He tells you the truth when he leans close enough for you to feel the breath on your ear and whispers - "Caaaasssaaanooovaaaa."

[He shudders upon saying his own name. Weird.]

MC: The AWA may believe they know Casanova but the man they know is dead and gone. We've killed the Playboy... we've buried Big Mama... and we've burned it all to the ground.

But from the ashes rises a phoenix the likes of which you've never seen... an angel on gossamer wings who floats amongst you, shimmering with light, and dusting you all with the joy that only he can provide.

The Playboy is dead. Long live Casanova.

[Cherry smirks.]

MC: You spell wrasslin', baby... C-A-S-A-N-O-V-A.

[Cherry ducks out of the frame as Casanova ducks in, lathering on a dark red lipstick. He leans towards the camera, planting a kiss on the lens, leaving a lipstick stain. He winks at the camera.]

C: Toodles.

[Cut to black.

And then fade back up to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: What a bizarre individual that man is.

BW: Since when? What in the world happened to the Playboy we all know and love, Gordo?

GM: Well, I don't know if I'd go that far but that man is certainly not Johnny Casanova any longer. We're going to be seeing Casanova in action later tonight but right now, let's head up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time... hailing from Cambridge, England and weighing in at 237 pounds... "THE BLUE CHIPPER" CALVIN CALLAWAY!

[There's a light chatter for Callaway who raises a Big Bertha golf club up in the corner! The Cambridge native is clean cut, wears a checkered fedora hat, light blue sweater tied around the collar of his tucked in yellow dress shirt, and khaki pants with high socks tucked into his boots. He seems very eager to get started as he bounces in the corner until a familiar noise hits the arena speakers...

...Static.]

GM: That noise used to give me chills, Bucky, but as of late even I don't know what to make of the unstable and at times impulsive personality of Terry Shane III. The former top contender to the World Title is fighting an uphill battle by himself for the first time and he can't be happy with how this year has shaped up for him coming off his Rookie of the Year campaign where he took the wrestling world by storm.

BW: There's still time, daddy! 2014 ain't over yet!

PW: Hailing from Independence, Missouri weighing in at 212 pounds he is the RING LEADER...

...TERRY! SHANE! THE THIIIIIIIIIIIIIRD!!!

[“Dance of the Knights” trumpets over the arena speakers. There’s still a creepy aura as the horns are fired up and the woodwind instruments and violins soon follow. Just as the haunting tune by Sergei Prokofiev heightens the man known by most as the Ring Leader emerges from entrance portal, slowly back pedaling into view.]

BW: There he is! The man who helped destroy the Wise Men!

GM: I wouldn’t go that far.

BW: He was the icing on the cake for Team AWA, Gordo.

[The jet-black hair of Shane spills down the back of his neck and over the collar of his shimmering green and white robe with gold trim. He slowly pivots around and the camera fixates on his piercing glare and narrow jawline. His sleeves stretch to his knuckles as his hands are extended as wide as he can reach. Shane stops, just for a moment, staring down to the ring before he begins his march to the squared circle.]

GM: It’s a strange feeling to see Shane standing in that aisle alone, Bucky.

BW: You miss the Gang, admit it!

GM: Hardly. But the Siren and her boys were glued to his hip for nearly two years. TWO YEARS. We haven’t seen a group of men stand together that long for quite some time and for good reason. This business is built and constructed for friendships to fail. I hate to say it, but I can count on one hand how many guys came into this business together and left it together and that list dwindles every year.

[Shane enters the ring and begins disrobing. He flings his robe to Davis Warren and turns his back to the center of the ring, grabbing the ropes and pulling back on them to stretch out his arms and shoulders.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Callaway charges in immediately as Shane spins out of his corner and is blasted with a shoulder tackle that drives him into the corner. The Blue Chipper grabs the middle ropes on either side of Shane and continues to unleash thrusting shoulders into his midsection.]

GM: Calvin Callaway coming out of his corner like a ball of fire, Bucky!

BW: That was a premature bell ring by Davis Warren, unacceptable!

[The referee calls for the break and Callaway lets up for a moment as Shane straightens up and then lunges back in with a forearm across the jaw that knocks Shane’s head back into the buckle. Callaway swiftly hops up onto the bottom rope and rains down with some stiff fists that knock the Ring Leader’s head back with each clubbing blow.]

GM: Calvin Callaway, welcome to the AWA! This conservative looking newcomer is anything but reserved in wrestling style, Bucky! He’s going for the jugular of Terry Shane and wasting no time in doing so!

BW: I heard he was a European Pro Golf tour fan favorite but was let go following an altercation with a fellow golfer on National Television.

GM: You hear a lot of weird and random things.

[Callaway strikes Shane for a tenth time and hops down from the corner. Shane wobbles out and Callaway instantly hooks him up into a collar and elbow tie-up.]

GM: CRADLE BY SHANE! ONE! TWO!

[Callaway kicks out and snaps up to his feet. Shane remains on his knees, staring at the young wrestler who is making his AWA debut, and waves his finger at him.]

GM: Within a flash, Shane almost ended this match. Despite all the happenings, all the events that have unfolded, you can't forget that Terry Shane is an elite level wrestler who can finish a match within a blink of an eye.

BW: That's probably the nicest thing you ever said about him.

GM: I don't have to like someone to say the God's honest truth about them.

[Callaway shoots in and takes the back of Shane who remained down on the mat. Shane repositions himself, taking one knee off the ground as Callaway tries to hold onto the Ring Leader by the waist. Within a split second, Shane cross steps under his own body, using it to post as he kicks high with his other leg and performs a shoulder roll right into an arm lock on the unsuspecting Blue Chipper.]

GM: What in the –

BW: A Granby Roll into a well executed arm lock by Terry Shane, showing off his amateur background and making this foreigner look quite pedestrian in the process!

[Callaway, near the ropes, squirms and fidgets his right arm out from underneath his body and successfully grabs the bottom rope. Davis Warren counts quickly and Shane begrudgingly breaks the hold and rises to his feet.]

GM: Callaway quickly up after Shane and the newcomer is extending his hand, he's trying to congratulate Shane on a well devised attack!

BW: The Terry Shane I know would never shake his hand.

[Shane obliges, extending his hand out...]

BW: This is a dark day in our sport.

[...and as Callaway's hand grips onto his, Shane twists him around into a hammerlock, trips him up, and takes him down to the mat. Shane immediately lets go of the hold and slaps Callaway across the back of the head.]

GM: Obnoxious.

BW: Doesn't it just give you a warm and fuzzy feeling?

GM: Terry Shane seems to be slipping down a road with no clear ending, Bucky. Two months ago he came to the aid of his childhood friend Bobby O'Connor and then fought alongside Ryan Martinez, Eric Preston, Hannibal Carver, and the rest of Todd Michaelson's chosen allies to help destroy the threat of the Wise Men and their army. Yet last week he seemed to denounce all that effort, all those good deeds to-

BW: To let the world know he wouldn't stop fighting until the World Title was around his waist. How is that so different from your Eric Prestons of the world? Your James Monossos? Your Juan Vasquezes?

[Callaway rubs the back of his head and crawls up to all fours. Shane sprints, cradling his torso, and rolls him over for a count of two and a quarter before Callaway kicks out. The Englishman manages to stand up in unison with Shane and go for a lightning quick double push kick but Shane catches his legs and allows the Blue Chipper's back to smack against the mat. He tosses one leg to the side, tightly snares the other in his armpit, and spins around it...

...and spins again...

...and again!]

GM: The patent Shane family Spinning Toe Hold! His old man was able to capture two World Titles with that maneuver, something his eldest son has struggled to do!

BW: By no fault of his own. His old man and the Gang cost him his shot at Guts & Glory! They were under strict orders –

GM: Of the Wise Men.

BW: Can't help but to wonder how things would have played out if Shane would have drank the Kool-Aid and followed the always lovely Miss Hayes and her men with them.

GM: We may have had a different end to the story but we'll never know.

[Shane loosens the hold, cranking the leg of Callaway up and over his head and peeling him off the canvas where he dangles helplessly with his arms dragging on the floor.]

GM: We've seen this out of Shane before and he nearly knocked out the then World Champion Dave Bryant with this move!

BW: The Stretch Muffler, Gordo! Nobody does it quite like him!

[With Callaway clawing at the mat, Shane lifts his boot, driving his heel repeatedly across the back of the head of the Blue Chipper. Four, five, six, seven, eight times. Davis Warren checks in on Callaway whose eyes begin glossing over as Shane SMASHES his heel into his head a ninth and tenth time.]

GM: Callaway's eyes have rolled back into his head, that kid is out!

[Callaway extends a hand out, slaps the mat once but before he can do it again he struck by Shane's boot for the eleventh, twelve, and thirteen time...

...and his body goes completely limp and Davis Warren leaps up and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: It's over, daddy!

GM: An impressive win for Shane after what was momentarily shaping up to be an exciting debut for Calvin Callaway.

[Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, and a seventieth stomp to the head!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Come on! This is uncalled for!

[Davis pries at the arms of Shane who finally flings the limp leg of Calvin Callaway out from around his neck. The leg smacks the ring mat and Callaway remains motionless. Mark Stegglet along with a ringside doctor slide into the ring and attend to Callaway while "Dance of the Knights" is cued and Shane raises his arms in the center of the ring.]

PW: The winner of this match due to Knockout...

...THE RING LEADER! TERRY! SHANE! THE THIIIIIIIIIRD!!!

[Stegglet jumps up from Callaway who is starting to wake up from dream street and confronts Shane who snaps the mic away from him.]

TS3: An impressive competitor, am I right? He showed a lot of grit and courage in this ring tonight, Mark.

MS: And he didn't deserve that! You and I both know he was clearly out cold and the bell was rung!

TS3: Was it?

[Stegglet emphatically nods.]

TS3: That is quite unfortunate. It is difficult to turn that switch off, Mark. Any real competitor will tell you the same thing. It is easy to get lost in there, you have too, how else would we be able to survive so much pain? So much brutality? That man showed a lot of potential in that ring tonight, a bit wet behind the ears, but after a month off for recovery that man might just make it here in the AWA.

MS: You're a disgrace, Terry. A disgrace in that ring. Your father-

[Shane's calm demeanor quickly changes.]

TS3: You shut your mouth, Mark. You do not have the right to speak of that man in my presence.

[Shane goes to grab Stegglet by the throat but thinks better of it as his hand freezes an inch from his neck.]

TS3: Do I make myself clear?

[Stegglet nods.]

TS3: That man is dead to me...

[With a snarl.]

TS3: ...as are any man in that locker room that I ever thought was a friend of mine.

[Shane backs away from Stegglet, preparing to leave for the ring.]

MS: What about O'Connor? What about Bobby O'Connor?!

[Shane stops dead in his tracks.]

MS: You came to his rescue not so long ago, Terry. You told the world about what his friendship meant to you growing up. About what it was like to see him there in that ring, blood spilling down his face, helpless, at the mercy of the Wise Men. At the mercy of you! That man has stood up for you when no other man would! Even tonight... despite what you said two weeks ago, the man has publicly stated he would welcome you back with open arms.

[Shane, not even turning his head towards Stegglet, steps through the ropes and begins to march down the elevated ramp.]

MS: What about Bobby O'Connor?!

[Shane continues to head down the aisle as Stegglet leans over the ropes, mic hanging from his fingertips.]

GM: An interesting exchange of words between the Ring Leader and Mark Stegglet, Bucky.

BW: Stegglet needs to mind his own business and stop trying to poison Shane's mind! That man is just starting to rediscover himself and he doesn't need those kind of distractions!

GM: Maybe not but Stegglet brought up a great point. O'Connor wants the best for his old friend, despite what his mentor Hannibal Carver has said.

BW: You mean the guy that stabbed him in the back at Homecoming? Not exactly a Saint now is he?

GM: Regardless, we've got to take a quick break but we will be right back with more AWA action!

[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 a dark blue backdrop, with a large AWA logo in bright red emblazoned across it. We pan back and down a bit, and see sitting on a metal folding chair beneath it is Hannibal Carver. Clearly not dressed for competition in a white t-shirt with the slogan "IT'S MILLER TIME!" printed across the chest and a pair of black jeans. He has his right leg crossed on top of his left, tapping the sole of his black boot with the bottom of a now empty glass bottle of Miller High Life. He tosses the bottle into an aluminum trash can to his left, reaching into his pants pocket for his can opener, this time using it to pop open the top off another bottle as opposed to its regular use years ago... slicing open an opponent's flesh. He takes a long sip before beginning to speak.]

HC: Yeh know, it's funny. I hear a lot of talk when I watch back the television this company throws out there, from Wilde. I even hear a lot of talk in the back when people think I ain't listening. All on the same topic. Hannibal Carver is a lunatic.

[Carver smirks.]

HC: They may have something there. I wouldn't know as much on the subject to spout my opinion too much... I didn't take night classes in psychotherapy like all these undercover Freuds must have. But I guess I should just take their word on it. I mean Wilde wears a suit, carries around a briefcase and in general is a real grade A dirtbag... which from what I've seen around here puts him in line for the presidency.

[Carver takes another long swig from his beer.]

HC: But yeh see, the thing is... all they have to do is ask. Every time they see something they call crazy, I can explain it away as plain as day. A thing like tossing Bobby over the top rope. I'm sure there were folks that were licking their lips when they saw that. Thinking maybe there was hope for their crumbling empire after all, that ol' Carver had a change of heart and was shoving a knife in his friend's back to line his pocket with their dirty money.

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: Sorry scumbags, but this old dog don't learn those tricks... especially one that ain't worth knowing in the first place. Bobby came out here and said the truth -- there are no friends when a chance for the gold is on the line. But more than that, there ain't no friends when a chance to put a final stake through the heart of the Wise Men is on the line. Yeh, I saw the three heads of that particular hydra fall dead to the ground at the start of the show...

[Carver shrugs.]

HC: ... don't make a damn bit of difference to me. The generals may have given up the ship, but the soldiers are still walking around scot free. And if anyone was soldiers that need to be taken to task for their war crimes... it's the Dogs of War. And if I can FINALLY get my mitts on that slimeball Detson for all he's done? Yer damn right anyone standing in my line of fire is getting booted the hell out of MY ring.

And if Bobby is fuming over it? Well hell, yeh might have noticed a man by the name of Juan Vasquez was in that ring. I've made no mystery of the respect I have for him, our battles in the long ago past notwithstanding. And yeh might've noticed I threw his carcass out to the floor as well. So you're welcome Bobby, for treating yeh like the man yeh've become. Anyone that knocks a hardcase like Graham the hell out has earned my respect... and with that respect means I ain't about to take yeh lightly.

Yeh said yerself there were no friends in that Rumble, Bobby. But over the last year or so, I remembered something I let myself forget. And I damned myself to hell in doing so. That this ain't no business for friends. If I remembered it, if I didn't let the lessons of the past go forgotten... who knows where Preston and Craven would be now. But I let myself believe that an old dog COULD learn new tricks, that this was a new world and a new Hannibal Carver.

[Carver scowls.]

HC: But I was wrong, and me going along with what men in suits sitting in their offices wanted allowed good men to go down.

[Carver drops his head for moment, then finishes off his bottle of beer. He tosses it into the trash before shaking his head and continuing.]

HC: But no more. I won't let the good intentions of others let me drop my guard so the devils can run roughshod over the pearly gates anymore. I did that, and all it amounted to was two men in the hospital bed just so Johnny Detson can elevate his name in this sport.

And if yeh want to talk about crazy, how about instead talking about how I must be the last sane man left. Because just as I had that garbage dead in my sights, just as I was about to put him down for that big sleep he so richly deserves...

[Carver slowly gets to his feet, rising anger clearly visible in his eyes.]

HC: ... the so-called White Knight of this company stays my hand! The man who put Eric Preston on the shelf is standing before me as I have a chair ready to crush his skull, and Eric's so-called best friend in the whole damn world puts a stop to it! What is it with yeh, Ryan? Are yeh even upset about what this jackal did to Eric? Do yeh even have any heart that yeh don't want to see him pay, and pay in spades?

See, I was going to let it all slide. I had a problem with yeh, but I went into Los Angeles and I did what needed to be doing. I sacrificed being able to stand tall at the end just so their big bad monster could get taken out. And at the Rumble, I was gonna give yeh what yeh asked for. Yeh said when it was done I could give yeh yer medicine, and that's exactly what I set out to do. But when it was all said and done, I'd be done with it. Because yeh did stand there at the end, yeh WERE the one who sent them packing with the deciding victory. But now?

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: OH HELL NO. Now yeh made me realize I need to do for yeh what I did for Shane. He was another daddy's boy with a silver spoon in his mouth and his own head up his...

[Carver trails off, holding a finger up to his lips.]

HC: Wouldn't want another memo from the office.

I was the one who said from the beginning that Childes was dangerous to all of our livelihoods. I was the one attacking him and his goons at every possible opportunity. And yeh were the one that got all the glory. Yeh were the one that Myers touted as the big hero come to save the day, with damn tears streaming down his face. And I never said a damn thing. Yer daddy is in movies and I got missing teeth. I ain't blind that I don't see what makes the good story the suits can sell. I ain't blind that I don't see who they'd all want on the cover of a Wheaties box. But I kept my mouth shut and I let it all pass... because all that matters is the war. But with the Dogs on their last legs, with the likes of me on their tail and ready to put them down for keeps...

[Carver grins, an angry and miserable grin.]

HC: ... that leaves my dance card empty. And for not letting me tip the scales of justice so they're even again, for making Eric's sacrifice not amount to a hill of beans...

[Carver scowls, cracking his knuckles.]

HC: ... the dance floor is open, and they're playing our song.

[We focus on the now shaking with rage Hannibal Carver, staring with all the anger in the world directly at the camera as we switch to Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: Hannibal Carver seems like he just won't be satisfied until he gets his hands on Ryan Martinez inside that ring in a one-on-one battle... although he's also got his eyes on the Dogs Of War.

BW: Let's face it, Gordo. Carver won't be satisfied until he's sitting atop a throne made of the skulls of his enemies.

GM: That's... a horrible image. Fans, one of the night's big matches is up ahead. We have heard from both Dichotomy and the Surfer Dudes, and in truth, this matchup will have a major impact on the tag team rankings here in the AWA.

BW: Dichotomy has a pretty darn good track record, but they get overlooked because they don't sell merchandise. Well, except for that one weird website where they get their shirts. I think that's just rebelling 'cause AWAsShop.com don't have a Dichotomy shirt.

GM: More topically, the Surfer Dudes have an impressive international resume. They have faced the best teams worldwide, and have an excellent record.

BW: But back on August 16, they dropped the ball against TORA and Brian James. The then-champs, and STILL the rightful champs because a stupid ref couldn't track the legal man, the Lights Out Express drew two teams to compete to be Number One Contenders. The teams they drew were the Surfer Dudes and Dichotomy.

GM: No, Bucky. They drew the Dudes and the team of TORA and Brian James. It was Aaron Anderson who literally "dropped the ball" that night, and unfortunately for Dichotomy that ball had their name on it. But the Lights Out Express and Sandra Hayes were the ones who devised that whole scenario, so their decision was final.

BW: Sandra told me this afternoon that Dichotomy should have been the contenders but Percy Childes made a bad decision.

GM: I'm sure she would very much like to keep Dichotomy focused on TORA and James so that fewer teams are trying to intercept them on the way back to the titles. In any case, Dichotomy wants to show what they feel would have happened had they been granted the opportunity to wrestle the Dudes that night. More relevant, though, is that a win by either team would skyrocket them up the rankings. Dichotomy says they are the true Number One Contenders... they'll get close to that neighborhood with a win here. Likewise, the Surfer Dudes have an opportunity to angle themselves for a title match, which is hard for them to come by given their scattered worldwide schedule. So it is a precious opportunity for them... and add to that, they're justifiably offended by Dichotomy's claims.

BW: And TORA and Brian James will be watching with a glass of milk and a plate of cookies, hoping to see a real tag team in action.

GM: That is probably not an accurate assessment.

BW: Oh, right. Brian James couldn't drink a glass of milk with that hand of his busted up; he'd never be able to unscrew the top of his sippy cup.

GM: Will you stop! Let's take it to Phil Watson!

[*DING*DING*]

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

#WE! ARE! IN! CON! TROL!

[The techno-rock open of "Vengeance" by The Protomen opens up over the PA as the fans boo. After a short time, the curtain parts to reveal two figures. That would be Dichotomy; Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner are dressed exactly as seen in their earlier promo segment. The two men stop at the top of the aisle and survey the scene, conversing a bit before proceeding down the aisle.]

BW: As you know, Gordo, I've been advising these guys ever since they decided to do what it took to break out of the preliminary ranks. Ya know, it feels good to help people out. It feels rewarding.

GM: Coming from a man who has tried to scam money from Salvation Army Santas by claiming it as an advance that Santa could take off your Christmas presents, I find that sentiment surprising.

BW: There are one or two other guys who are still trying to break through and figure out how to win matches that have potential. I'd like to help them too. All they gotta do is call me, and I'll let 'em know how they, too, can make me feel rewarded.

GM: You're taking kickbacks?! Of course. NOW it all makes sense!

BW: Consulting fees! Not kickbacks!

[The duo take their time proceeding to the ring. Ginn gives several of the fans disgusted looks and dismissive gestures while Hoefner shouts insults and makes threats. They stop a couple times on the way to do this, taking their sweet time. When they arrive at ringside, Dichotomy heads for the ringsteps. They cautiously ascend the steps, keeping a wary eye out for their opponents. Both men enter the ring from opposite sides of the cornerpost, and proceed to center ring. Ginn immediately starts accosting the referee while Hoefner hops to the second turnbuckle to yell at the booing fans some more.]

BW: But seriously, even with the consulting fees, it does feel good to be valued. These guys are smart. Don't ever think that just because they say they don't like wrestling, that they aren't paying attention and learning. They know that if you're gonna do something, you gotta do it well.

GM: Just remain as impartial as you can, Bucky. I'm already thinking that you're violating your AWA contract.

BW: Todd Michaelson is the last man on earth who's gonna punish somebody for taking sides while doing color commentary.

GM: I... unfortunately have to concede that point.

Eeeeheeheeheehee... WIPE OUT!

[Cue "Surfin' USA" by the Beach Boys. The crowd cheers as Trampus Kennedy and Vance Ricks come running out from the back, fired up and ready to go. Hopping from one side of the aisle to the other, Kennedy and Ricks make their way down the entrance aisle towards the ring. Both men stop periodically to slap hands with any fans who have their hands out-stretched.]

BW: You wanna talk about respect for the sport, and name these two punks, Gordo... I don't get it. Wouldn't they stay in one place long enough to go for gold?

GM: The Surfer Dudes do things their way. But a win here would probably change their travel itinerary, as they'd have a chance to get in title contention. Nonetheless, this match means even more than that. This sport is being disrespected, and the Surfer Dudes won't allow that.

[Kennedy and Ricks get to the ring and climb in. Ricks climbs up onto the second turnbuckle and gives the crowd the Shaka sign while Kennedy removes his jacket and strikes a bicep flex. The fans react in cheers, following which Ricks hops off the second turnbuckle and sheds his jacket. Both men move to their corner as their music stops playing. In the meantime, Dichotomy has exited the ring to talk strategy on the apron in their corner. Phil Watson now gives the big-match intros.]

PW: Introducing first, to my left... from Cambridge, Massachusetts and Shenandoah, Pennsylvania respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred eighty-seven pounds...

...MATT GINN... MARK HOFNER... they are DICHOTOMY!

[BOOOOOO! The hatred of these two has grown, and Ginn and Hofner react in kind, yelling at the crowd and demanding that they shut up. Which never works.]

PW: And their opponents, to my right... Hailing from Southern California and weighing in at a total combined weight of four-hundred and eighty-five pounds...

...Here are VANCE RICKS... TRAMPUS KENNEDY... THE SURFER DUDES!

[The Dudes throw up the double shaka, and the fans cheer in response. Then Mark Hofner runs across the ring and knees Vance Ricks in the upper back, sending him flipping head-over-heels out of the ring!]

GM: CHEAP SHOT!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: No, it was smart!

GM: Trampus Kennedy going right after Hofner, who is backpedalling... and Ginn with a huge big boot to the face! Dichotomy just took the Surfer Dudes off-guard right in the opening seconds, and you know that was a calculated move!

BW: Well, duh. Brilliance doesn't happen by accident. And now they're beating Kennedy like a rug! Trampus is gettin' trampled!

GM: Vicious double-team! Hofner and Ginn gang-stomping Trampus Kennedy! And now... Hofner going up top! Are they going for Apocalypse Now already?!

[It seems so... Ginn picks up Kennedy and puts him on his shoulders as Hoefner quickly jumps up top. The fans scream for Trampus to counter before this happens.]

BW: If they hit this, it'll be over in seconds!

GM: APOCALYPSE NOW...

[*BOOM!*

GM: ...KENNEDY WITH THE COUNTER! UNBELIEVABLE!

[To the amazement of the fans, Kennedy spins himself around on Ginn's shoulders so that he's facing the corner, catches Hoefner flying in, and hits an unbelievable overhead belly-to-belly on Hoefner as he flies in for the flying bulldog! Trampus is wiped out a bit himself, because Ginn powerbombs him the moment he spins and catches Hoefner, but that only adds to the ferocity with which Hoefner hits the canvas!]

BW: I... guh... whaaaaaa?

GM: I have never seen a counter like that! Trampus Kennedy put himself in powerbomb position in order to be able to suplex Hoefner coming in, and he took a big powerbomb from Ginn... but delivered an even more brutal blow to Hoefner! And Vance Ricks is in and going after Ginn!

[Ricks rushes in, and Ginn tries to catch him with a clothesline. But Ginn's height works against him as Ricks is able to duck, rebound off the far ropes, and explode into a flying clothesline that flattens the Cambridge native to the loud approval of the fans!]

BW: This match is crazy from the get-go!

GM: Ginn rolling out of the ring, but Ricks pulling him back in. Hoefner is still in la-la land, and Kennedy slow to recover himself. Vance Ricks pulls up Ginn, and an atomic drop sends the MIT man staggering into the ropes! And a hiptoss on Ginn coming out of the ropes! Ricks is furious!

BW: If he was smart, he'd have let Ginn go and tried to pin Hoefner. Too late now, Mark has rolled over to the ropes.

GM: Perhaps, but Ginn would likely have interrupted a pin. Vance Ricks climbs the turnbuckles... all the way to the top rope!

[Once up top, Ricks flashes the shaka sign to the crowd, and then leaps to bring the sign pounding down into Ginn's forehead with the Shaka Drop!]

BW: That surfer-sign chop is gonna cause him to get a broken pinky someday.

GM: It's somewhat dangerous, I agree, but the fans love it.

BW: Brian James only wishes he could make a shaka sign right now. Dichotomy might have to take care of the Surfer Dudes the same way.

GM: Brian James and TORA are not here tonight as Mr. James is tending to his hand injuries but we hope to see them right back here on the next Saturday Night Wrestling as Kennedy has recovered and is in the corner. Vance whipping Ginn to the corner, and there is the exchange. Both Surfer Dudes are now in, sending Matt Ginn off the ropes... DOUBLE DROPKICK! The crowd is erupting, and that could do it!

BW: No way, not this early!

GM: One, two... and not quite a three. Ginn was definitely rocked by the double dropkick, but as you said, it is still too soon for a pin. But those near falls put the pressure on.

BW: They also back Dichotomy into a corner. Cornered animals, Gordo... remember that.

GM: I understand your meaning. Trampus Kennedy lifts up Ginn, and whips him hard to the ropes. Hook by the waist, and a pendulum backbreaker by Kennedy! The Surfer Dudes are in control. Kennedy makes the tag, and whips Ginn to the ropes...

[The Surfer Dudes set up a big double team as Trampus catches Ginn by the waist coming off, and falls back with the flapjack as Ricks runs in. But Hoefner, still on his back on the apron, kicks Ricks in the leg as he bounces off the ropes, causing him to lose control as he barrels forward... and Ginn grabs his head and spikes it into the canvas with the momentum from Kennedy's flapjack! The fans boo the sudden turnaround.]

BW: SPLAT! Ha ha ha!

GM: Hoefner with perfect timing to disrupt the double team of the Dudes, and Ginn with a brilliant counter to take advantage! It was Vance Ricks' head that took the brunt of the impact there, and referee Johnny Jagger is forcing Kennedy out of the ring.

BW: Ginn's taking the time to recover instead of rushing in. This guy is the smartest man in wrestling, you know.

GM: Manny Imbrogno would dispute that.

BW: Manny Imbrogno called out the Walking Dead. I rest my case.

GM: Ginn applies a legscissors, and there's the tag to Hoefner. The Marine deserter runs off the ropes, and drops both knees into the chest of Vance Ricks! Hopefully there wasn't a foreign object in the kneepad this time.

BW: By the way, Gordo, technically Hoefner got an honorable discharge.

GM: And technically, Supreme Wright is the World Heavyweight Champion, but we all know that Brad Jacobs is the man who caused it. Don't talk to me about technicalities; I'm a former Marine, I know what he did. A lawyer got him that honorable discharge and it makes me physically ill.

[As Gordon bitterly relates his feelings, Hoefner pulls Vance up to his knees and lands several heavy punches to the forehead before spiking the back of his head to the mat by the hair.]

BW: Why do you always gotta assume the worst about Dichotomy, Myers?

GM: Because one's a deserter and the other was involved in illegal human experimentation. They're the worst kind of human beings. Hoefner dragging Ricks onto the ropes...

[As soon as Hoefner gets Ricks' neck across the second rope, he slingshots himself over the top and to the apron, stomping down on the back of the head of the

Huntington Beach native. He then steps back, dropping an elbow to the back of Ricks' head as he steps off the apron onto the floor.]

GM: ...and a vicious combination of maneuvers there. And a completely needless rake of the eyes... he's holding it! Hoefner tearing at the eyes of Ricks there! There was no call for that!

[After the lengthy eye-rake, Hoefner gets on the apron, where Jagger chastises him for going to the eyes. Hoefner lips back about it being okay outside the ring, and the two men argue... allowing Ginn to walk down the apron and put his knee on the back of Ricks' shoulders to strangle him on the ropes! The crowd desperately tries to get Jagger's attention.]

BW: Wrong! See, it had a point. Jagger's way out of position now!

GM: Trampus Kennedy in to break it up, but Hoefner uses Jagger to cut him off! Come on, Johnny, you're better than that!

BW: Dichotomy's real good at this, daddy.

GM: Unfortunately so. Hoefner putting the boots to Ricks as Ginn continues to strangle him. Finally, Jagger is over where he needs to be, but Ginn is off of Vance Ricks' back and Hoefner snaps him into the ring.

BW: Much more of that, and they'd have throttled all the bleach out of Ricks' hair.

GM: Oxygen deprivation can cause serious and lasting damage, Bucky. Hoefner not giving Vance Ricks the opportunity to catch his breath, either. Lifting him up with two handfuls of hair, and driving him face-first into the top turnbuckle! And then spiking him back-first to the mat!

BW: And right in his own corner, too. There's a tag, and Dichotomy just ain't gonna let Ricks get any recovery. That's good smart tag wrestling.

GM: Ginn placing Ricks in the slingshot position... what are they doing here?

[What they're doing involves Hoefner running across the ring to nail Trampus Kennedy on the apron with the jumping haymaker. He then turns as Ginn slingshots Ricks into Dichotomy's corner face-first, and rushes into him with a jumping double-knee to the upper back, timed perfectly as Ricks hits the buckles! There is a loud reaction to the devastating maneuver.]

BW: SLINGSHOT INTO A SHOTGUN BLAST, DADDY!

GM: That could be it right there! Vance Ricks was crushed into the corner by Hoefner's Shotgun Blast, and he fell right into Ginn's clutches! GINN IS LOCKING IN THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD!

[The crowd is loud as Ginn applies his finishing hold, a Stretch Plum. Ricks is trapped, and has no real exit as the technician cranks the hold...]

BW: That's it! See ya, Gidget, thanks for playin'!

GM: Vance Ricks is going to submit if Ricks doesn't escape this now! But Trampus Kennedy diving in for the save! He tackled Ginn out of the hold.

BW: Kennedy knew he had to get in there quick. That match was over if he didn't.

GM: Probably so, as Ginn is an extremely proficient technician, and that Scientific Method is a punishing hold. But that just leaves another opening... Ginn with a

headscissors on the mat, and Hoefner coming in over the top with a slingshot elbowdrop to the chest of the immobilized Vance Ricks! Jagger is having to pull out Trampus Kennedy, and he misses the illegal doubleteam!

BW: And Ricks has gotta be done after that! Hoefner flew in there like he was launched from a catapult!

GM: It is entirely possible. Ginn hooks the leg, and Jagger down for the cover...

BW: That's it... what?

[The crowd cheers as Ricks gets the shoulder up at 2.5. Ginn shoots Jagger a dirty look, and protests "that was three!".]

GM: Barely kicking out! Vance Ricks is not defeated yet!

BW: But he's taken some big-time moves, daddy. It didn't take Dichotomy long to bury that beach bum up to his neck in sand! The tide'll come in eventually.

GM: If he doesn't tag out relatively soon, that is probably an accurate analogy. Ginn up, and stepping on Ricks' upper back. I think we all know what is coming next...
GINN WITH THE REVIEW BOARD LOCKED IN!

[More boos ring out as Ginn plants his boot in between Ricks' shoulderblades, grasps his wrists, and pulls up on them with the prone-position surfboard. He then pulls up on Ricks and steps forward, taking steps with him around the ring, plopping him chest and face first each time as he drags him around.]

BW: Hahaha. I always love when somebody gets used as a shoe by Matt Ginn. Ricks is gonna have so many canvas burns all over his skin, combined with that fake spray-on tan, he'll be the same color as his ring tights.

GM: This is brutal, painful, and degrading. Ginn walks it back to his corner, and Hoefner tags himself in.

[Immediately after Hoefner slaps the back of Ginn's shoulder, Ginn sits backwards. This causes Ricks to pop up onto his knees... leaving him wide open as Hoefner jumps in over the top rope onto the middle turnbuckle, and springs back with a twisting punch to the face that connects solidly to the jeers of the crowd.]

BW: OW. And there goes whatever pieces of Vance Ricks' face haven't been scraped off.

GM: Ricks is most certainly not 'hanging loose' here. If he cannot make a tag within the next sixty seconds, Bucky, this match will likely end.

BW: Sixty might be generous.

[At this point, Trampus starts stomping the mat, and shouting "LET'S GO VANCE! LET'S GO VANCE!" The crowd picks up on it. Hoefner glares at Kennedy, and then turns to shout at the crowd, which makes them pick up the chant even quicker.]

Crowd: LET'S GO VANCE! LET'S GO VANCE! LET'S GO VANCE! LET'S GO VANCE!
LET'S GO VANCE!

GM: This capacity crowd is trying to spur Vance Ricks on! Hoefner picks him up, and slams him down.

BW: He's positioning him with that slam, Gordo. I think the end is here, and all this chanting ain't gonna do nothing about it.

GM: Mark Hoefner heading to the corner, and now he's climbing the turnbuckles! He could very well be looking for that flying kneedrop to end it.

[But the chant is doing something. Ricks' feet softly kick in time with the people's chanting... then his fist pounds the mat in time to it... then he urges himself quickly up to his feet with incredible pain on his face, and flings himself into the ropes as Hoefner is atop the buckles! The shaking rope causes Hoefner to lose his footing and slip straight down, doing an accidental split on the top turnbuckle! The fans cheer as Hoefner crotches himself, and his eyes roll back into his head.]

BW: NO WAY!

GM: VANCE RICKS DUG DOWN DEEP AND FOUND THAT SOMETHING EXTRA! That something Dichotomy does not have! Ricks had one burst of energy and adrenaline in him, and now he's leaning on the ropes, barely conscious... but he has got to go make that tag! Hoefner is hurt!

BW: Somebody stop him!

GM: Johnny Jagger positioned himself between Ginn and Ricks; that is the mark of a veteran referee right there, because he can clearly see Kennedy if he comes in and can intercede on Ginn if he comes in.

BW: That's the mark of a biased referee! Kennedy has run in illegally twice! Ginn has run in illegally zero times that Jagger saw!

GM: Jagger can only call what he sees, but he is not stupid and can figure things out; that is why he is Head Referee. Ricks is crawling to his corner! Halfway! The crowd is on their feet! They are urging him... they are willing him on!

BW: They are a day late and a dollar short, because Hoefner has recovered! Ricks is too hurt!

[Setting his jaw to try and block the pain, Hoefner pulls himself back up on the top rope, looks down at a crawling Ricks, and leaps to the dismay of the crowd!]

BW: BIOHAZARD!

[*THUD!*

GM: RICKS WITH A DIVEROLL! HOEFNER MISSED THE FLYING KNEEDROP, AND RICKS MADE THE TAG! THIS PLACE HAS EXPLODED!

[The crowd loses it as Kennedy runs in, sprints across the ring, and levels an incoming Ginn with a spear! He then gets up, rushes a gingerly-rising Hoefner, grabs him from behind, and flings him with a picture-perfect release belly-to-back suplex that sends Hoefner flying!]

BW: Oh, come on! These morons in the crowd are gettin' Trampus all worked up!

GM: Trampus Kennedy is a house-on-fire! He grabs Ginn, and an overhead belly-to-belly suplex sends him up and over the top rope outside the ring!

BW: Thank goodness Matt grabbed the top rope, or that would have been a nasty, nasty fall!

GM: It was still pretty nasty, but Ginn out of the equation for now. Hoefner is seated and dazed, and here comes Kennedy... SLIDING CLOTHESLINE SMASHES MARK HOEFNER TO THE MAT!

BW: Oh, no! Kick out, Mark!

GM: Kennedy went for the three, but Hoefner out at two.

BW: Yeah! Now that's digging down deep inside, Gordo!

GM: That's desperation! Kennedy pulls up Hoefner, and sends him to the buckle. Follows in with a corner clothesline! Trampus Kennedy is compact power, fans.

[Kennedy flashes the shaka sign to the still-cheering fans, and lifts Hoefner to set him on the top rope facing outside. They cheer more as Kennedy climbs to the second rope behind him.]

BW: This don't look good, daddy! This looks like he's goin' for a back superplex.

GM: That's exactly what he's doing, and he has Hoefner up... no! Hoefner flips behind... what... OH MY WORD!

[*THUD*]

BW: NO!

[While Mark Hoefner's counter to the back superplex was nifty... he flipped back over Trampus' head and landed on his feet behind him... Kennedy's reaction was even better, as he simply jumped back, spun, hooked Hoefner's head, and planted him with a Tornado DDT! The fans erupt for that spectacular sequence.]

GM: THAT HAS GOT TO DO IT! RICKS CUTS OFF GINN! ONE, TWO, THR...RRR!

BW: He's aliiiiive!

GM: Mark Hoefner got out of that pin the same way he got out of the Marines... right out the back door.

BW: Bitter much?

GM: Yes. All four men now in the ring! Kennedy joins Ricks, and the Surfer Dudes send Matt Ginn off the ropes... double jumping back elbow knocks the MIT graduate for a loop! Kennedy lifting up Hoefner, and Ricks climbing the turnbuckles... THEY'RE GOING FOR THE WIPE OUT!

[But Hoefner's eyes bulge as he suddenly regains focus, and he thumbs Kennedy in both eyes to make him drop the bearhug. Hoefner then runs at the corner, jumps up on the ropes, and starts trading blows with Ricks. Each man lands a hard shot, and the other man (being very hurt) alllllmost falls before recovering to answer with a shot of their own.]

BW: Hoefner and Ricks are fighting on the buckles. Woah, Ricks almost fell to the floor there.

GM: And now it is Hoefner who almost falls. But Trampus Kennedy can see again, and he is over behind Hoefner... no!

[As Johnny Jagger is on the apron applying a count on Ricks and hoefner, Kennedy grabs Hoefner in the back of the trunks. But before he can do anything, Ginn scrambles behind from his knees, and unleashes a low blow uppercut that sends Kennedy doubled over in agony!]

BW: Beautiful Australian Uppercut under the legs up into the belly.

GM: What?!

BW: It's like a European Uppercut, but it's done down under.

GM: Ginn gets Kennedy up on his shoulders as Ricks and Hoefner keep fighting on the top rope!

[Finally, Hoefner steps up onto the ropes as if about to hit a hurrancanrana on Ricks. Ricks starts to shove Hoefner off the ropes, but Hoefner turns and jumps... into a flying bulldog on Kennedy, sending him off Ginn's shoulders down into the mat with a sickening crunch! The fans go from cheering the action to vehement boos!]

BW: __APOCALYPSE NOW__! HA HA HA HA! That idiot Ricks sent Hoefner right into it!

GM: NO! After all that?!

[Ricks quickly jumps up top and leaps to break up the pin attempt by Hoefner, but Ginn intercepts him with a big boot on his way down. Jagger shoos Ginn out of the ring, and Ginn drags Ricks out with him. Even with that delay, the three count on Kennedy is academic, because he's unconscious. The crowd is angry.]

BW: Yep, ESPECIALLY after all that!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: The TRUE Number One Contenders, daddy!

GM: Fans, as I mentioned earlier, Dichotomy are NOT the Number One Contenders; the Lights Out Express are.

BW: And as I said, the Lights Out Express are the TRUE World Tag Team Champions. But when all that shakes out, this is the team to beat right here, and I hope TORA and Brian James were watching. They beat the Surfer Dudes a lot easier than those two clowns did.

GM: We MUST have been watching two different matches. Let's get the official word!

[As Watson enters the ring for the announcement, Matt Ginn enters, and scoops up the unconscious Kennedy from under the barely-moving Hoefner (still recovering from the damage he took). Ginn throws Kennedy unceremoniously over the top rope to the jeers of the crowd.]

PW: The winners of this contest... MATT GINN... MARK HOFNER... DICHOTOMY!

GM: That was despicable! Trampus Kennedy is unconscious after that Apocalypse Now! Throwing an unconscious man over the top rope could break his neck!

BW: Gordo, if an Apocalypse Now don't break your neck, it probably ain't gonna break on a fluke.

#WE! ARE! IN! CON! TROL!

["Vengeance" by The Protomen starts back up as Ginn lifts his nose haughtily, while helping a woozy Hoefner to his feet. The duo get their hands raised as the crowd boos.]

GM: Regardless, that was an impressive victory. But I will respond to you with this, Bucky Wilde. TORA and Brian James WERE watching, and there will come a day when those teams will meet in the squared circle. And on that day, there won't be the luck of a random Las Vegas lottery that determines who the winners are.

BW: But you'd admit, if Dichotomy beat the Whitebread Express, they'd be the Number One Contenders.

GM: Given that TORA and James have a victory over Strictly Business, I'd say that they would have a much more compelling argument at that point. Remember, though: Violence Unlimited has declared their intention to face the tag team champions. Their Stampede Cup victory and general standing in our sport would make that title match likely to happen.

BW: Right, right... but you have to be an AWA team to be Number One Contenders.

[Before Gordon can respond, he's cut off by the opening whispers of Powerman 5000's "When Worlds Collide", signaling the appearance of Andrew "Flash" Tucker and "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian, better known as Strictly Business. Tucker is clad in a charcoal gray 3/4 sleeve shirt and a pair of indigo blue jeans. Sebastian sports a pair of faded designer jeans and a powder blue tee that remains mostly hidden beneath a russet brown bomber jacket.

The two walk towards the ring with purpose as Dichotomy stares at them from the ring, annoyed. The two veterans climb into the ring and Tucker snatches the microphone from Phil Watson.]

AT: Hey, fellas. It's annoyin' when somebody interrupts a job well done, ain't it?

MS: Kind of like having it pour rain on you right after having your car detailed. Kicks in the junk like that aren't too fun, are they boys?

AT: The thing is, we don't really care what your problem with those two snot-nosed rookies are. I'm sure it's somethin' worth crackin' their skulls over, but where we take issue with it is when you interrupt the lesson we were teachin' 'em. You do know who we are, right?

MS: Pay no mind to the Wikipedia page. It doesn't do us justice. If - like those Hall of Fame voters - all you're drawing is a blank, I suggest you get young Brian's pops on the horn. That old dog ought to be able to give you enough war stories to jog your memories. Enough for you two to know the moment you migrated from our shadow into our spotlight isn't one that's likely to slip either of your minds.

[Tucker nods.]

AT: So the way we see it, since you boys were so interested in putting yourselves in between them an' us, we're just gonna have to teach that lesson to you instead.

[Mild pop from the crowd at the thought of these four men beating each other - hopefully - into oblivion.]

AT: That's right. In two weeks, you're gonna have to move your focus away from Brian James and TORA, because on Saturday Night Wrestlin', you're about to have all you can handle with Strictly Business. And if young Master James has recovered from the beating we gave him, he an' TORA can come discuss that with us too.

MS: Dichotomy, we'll meet you center-ring two weeks from tonight. James and TORA? The only thing you humps are a lock to meet are your medical deductibles by the Macy's Day parade.

[Cut back to commentators as the music kicks in again.]

GM: Wow. A challenge is issued to Dichotomy. They wanted a chance to work their way up the ladder and in two weeks, they're going to get it when they take on former World Tag Team Champions in Strictly Business.

BW: I think this is a bad idea.

GM: Oh?

BW: These guys shouldn't be fighting each other. They should discuss their common ground like wanted to cripple Brian James and TORA and work on that together.

GM: You really are too much, Buckthorn. Fans, two weeks ago, we presented the first in what will be a series of looks back at some of the best matches in the history of SuperClash as we head down the road to Madison Square Garden on Thanksgiving Night and SuperClash VI. Last time, we looked at SuperClash I... tonight, let's take a look at SuperClash II and what is arguably the most-anticipated matchup in AWA history. It was the Main Event that night in Dallas, Texas with the AWA National Title - the top title at the time - on the line pitting the champion, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott defending the title against his top challenger and most bitter rival, Juan Vasquez. Let's go back now to November 25th, 2010 for this, our second ClashBack!

[We fade up on footage marked "SUPERCLASH II CLASHBACK" as we find Jason Dane standing by with a somber-looking Juan Vasquez in the backstage area. The number one contender is dressed in his trademark white tracksuit w/ black trim, ready for tonight's bout. However, there's a less than enthusiastic look on his face, the stipulations of the match obviously weighing heavily on his mind.]

JD: The stakes have never been higher than tonight, where Juan Vasquez is putting his AWA career on the line against Stevie Scott for the National title! Juan, any last thoughts on tonight?

[A sad sort of smile forms on Juan's face as he collects his thoughts.]

JV: Can you believe that it's already been a year? Since Raph took that chair and smashed it right into my face? Since Stevie Scott...

...defeated me?

[That really took the wind out of his sails. Juan lowers his head and softly says it to himself.]

JV: One year.

[He looks up and turns to Dane.]

JV: I've been dreamin' about this day for one year.

[His eyes are downcast as he says that. There's a certain bit of tentativeness in his voice.]

JV: We've been through a lot together in those 365 days since, but I never forgot that feeling I had deep in my heart when I left the Dallas Memorial Auditorium that night.

[Juan shakes his head.]

JV: It was hopelessness. It was despair. It was the first and last time I'd ever felt that I was in a battle that I couldn't win.

[He looks up with an angry expression on his face, letting his frustration show.]

JV: And it made me sick. Sick to my damn stomach that I felt that way...because Juan Vasquez doesn't give up. Juan Vasquez doesn't run from fights. Juan Vasquez faces every single challenge, conquers every obstacle and he wills...he wills his way through it all!

[A sigh.]

JV: But I wanted to turn my back. I wanted to run. I wanted to give up, 'cause I'll admit it...I was shook. I was scared. I'd never been done like that. I had no idea how the hell I was gonna' win against those odds. Hell, I wasn't even sure if I was gonna' survive. And comin' from a proud bastard like me, you know that this ain't easy for me to say.

[He bites his bottom lip and shakes his head.]

JV: So there I was, feeling like a coward, at just about my lowest, ready to walk away and that's when it happened.

Gordon Myers asked for a hero.

[There's a short silence after Juan says that as the hurt becomes apparent on his face.]

JV: That hurt me. That hurt worse than that chair to the face from Raph. Worse than getting put through the WKIK studio wall. Worse than the Firebomb chokeslam. Worse than all that combined. I hadn't just disappointed Gordon, I hadn't just blown my shot at the National title...I realized I'd let everyone down.

Why couldn't I be that hero?

Why wasn't I that hero?

[A determined look forms on Juan's face.]

JV: That's when I realized I couldn't just walk away. I still had too much to do. I knew I could be that hero. I knew I could be the man they thought I was. And ever since that night, I've spent every waking moment trying to prove it. I've fought...I've fought like hell. I've scratched, I've clawed and I've planned and I've schemed and I've raised the stakes every time...

[He lowers his head.]

JV: ...but now I've made the biggest gamble of them all.

My career.

[Juan goes silent for a few seconds, before continuing on.]

JV: A lot of people in this sport like to tell you that there ain't anybody more dangerous than a man with nothing to lose.

[A soft chuckle.]

JV: That's a load of crap.

[He looks back up with steeled determination on his face.]

JV: The most dangerous man, is the one with _everything_ to lose.

[Juan looks right into the camera, making it no mystery who he's speaking to.]

JV: Stevie, you've been able to hold onto the National title because there ain't no doubt in my mind that it means the world to you.

Holding onto that title made you desperate. It made you dangerous. It made you do anything and everything possible to keep that National title around your waist.

And that was the difference between you and me. No matter how badly I wanted that National title, no matter how much it hurt me to be without it...your desperation always made you want it *that* much more.

[He holds his finger and thumb *that* far apart.]

JV: But if I lose tonight, if I fail...there ain't any more chances. There ain't no hope. There ain't ever gonna' be a better and brighter tomorrow. If I lose...

...it's all over.

[His eyes narrow as the intensity picks up slightly.]

JV: I've literally put _everything_ on the line.

[The words are measured, Juan making certain Stevie understands the enormity of the situation.]

JV: Tonight, it ain't about the Southern Syndicate and the AWA. It ain't about Calisto Dufrense, Adrian Freeman or even that devil, Ben Waterson.

It's about what began last year and what ends tonight.

It's about you and me, Stevie Scott.

[Juan shakes his head slowly.]

JV: It ain't a matter of wanting or needing to win.

[His eyes look down for a split second, before staring back up with fierce determination.]

JV: I _have_ to win.

[Juan crosses his arms across his chest and lowers his head, the weight of the world seemingly bearing down on him now. His final words aren't filled with any passion or purpose, just a simple statement of fact.]

JV: And that's all there is...to it.

[The shot on the screen changes to what is obviously a television playing the exact footage we just saw. The camera pans back to reveal Jason Dane standing between "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson and the AWA National Champion, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Being moments away from belltime, both men are ready to head to the ring. The title belt is around the waist of the champion. A soft chuckle can be heard from both men as the shot on the screen fades out. A slightly agitated Jason Dane shoves the mic in front of Ben Waterson.]

JD: Something funny?

[Waterson smirks, looking at Dane.]

ATTSBW: Yeah, something's funny to me, Dane. Something's real funny. Tell me, Jason Dane. What are the stipulations for this match tonight - the match just moments away - arguably the biggest match in AWA history?

[Dane looks puzzled.]

ATTSBW: Please. Enlighten us.

[An irritated Dane responds.]

JD: If Juan Vasquez doesn't win the match tonight, his AWA career is over.

[Waterson laughs again, joined by the Hotshot.]

ATTSBW: Oh, Dane... you of infinite hype and bluster.

[Waterson produces a stack of papers.]

ATTSBW: This is the official contract for tonight's Main Event. A contract that was written and executed to my EXACT wording by the Southern Syndicate's legal team. And it most certainly does NOT say that if Juan Vasquez doesn't win the match tonight, his AWA career is over.

This document very specifically says that if Juan Vasquez does not win the AWA National Title in this match tonight - his AWA career is over.

JS: What's the difference?

[A smirk.]

ATTSBW: The difference, my naive roving reporter is that Stevie Scott does not need to win this match tonight to send Juan Vasquez out of this company and rid this irritating thorn from our sides. He simply needs to retain the title.

JD: Are you saying-?!

ATTSBW: What I'm saying is that there is a reason the championship advantage is so very important. Keep that in mind, Dane.

[Scott chuckles as well at this point and Dane turns the mic in his direction.]

JD: You find this amusing?

[Scott shakes his head.]

HSS: No. No, I don't. What I do find amusing though is Juan Vasquez' ill-conceived belief that he has ANY idea what it means to me to be the AWA National Champion.

Juan Vasquez just told the entire world that he HAS to win this match.

[Another shake of the head.]

HSS: Juan Vasquez doesn't have the slightest clue about what it means to REALLY have to win a match.

You see, Dane, despite my obvious edge in raw talent over Vasquez, we have had two truly different career paths.

Juan Vasquez is the epitome of someone who has had a silver spoon shoved down their throat for their entire career, Dane.

[Scott points a finger towards the camera.]

HSS: He's a man who has been welcomed with open arms by fans and promoters alike wherever he's gone - Los Angeles, St. Louis, Canada - you name it, he's been a top star there.

Me? I've bounced around from territory to territory, getting the occasional cup of coffee in the big leagues to make the idiots laugh at the bottom of the card.

Until now.

[Scott nods his head.]

HSS: When I came to the AWA, I was still treated as a joke. They wanted me to do funny little interviews. They wanted me to make the people laugh.

Fine. I played my part. I did the interviews. I carried a Russian flag around and pretended I didn't understand why the people were booing me.

Do I strike you as an idiot, Dane?

[Dane shakes his head.]

HSS: I knew exactly why they were booing me... and it was at the exact moment, in the worst night of my life in that double cage in Laredo, Texas, that I knew what had to be done. I saw it, Dane. I saw my ticket to not being a laughing stock anymore.

I saw the way to the big paydays, the fancy cars, the beautiful women, the private jets, the watches, the diamonds, the thousand dollar suits, the things a CHAMPION should get!

[He's getting a little worked up now.]

HSS: I saw what had to be done... and I did it. I led that pathetic sap Sweet Daddy Williams down a primrose path... I made those fans give a damn about me, cheering and screaming their hearts out for me... and then I buried the knife in all of their hearts and took the National Title.

I was big time. I was Main Event. I was the National Champion. I was the greatest wrestler in the world.

I went from being a nobody to being THE man, Juan Vasquez.

Everywhere you go... title or not... your name makes you the man.

[He slaps the title belt.]

HSS: Here... in the AWA... in the house the Hotshot built... this belt makes me the man. This belt means everything to me. It means my kids get to go to a private school instead of some hellhole where they get slapped around for their lunch money because their dad beat up the fans' favorite on TV Saturday Night. It means

that I fly first class to the next show instead of driving fourteen hours in a rental car with four other guys.

At the end of the day, it means I'm the best wrestler in the world, Vasquez... and you're not. No matter how much they tell you elsewhere that you are. No matter how many awards you win. No matter how much fan mail you open.

I'm the best. Not you.

You tell the world you HAVE to win tonight?

[Scott shakes his head, holding the title belt up to the camera lens.]

HSS: I NEED to win. And that's the biggest difference between us.

[He pulls the belt back.]

HSS: One year ago this started. Tonight, it ends.

And it ends with me being exactly what I say I am... the AWA National Champion... and the best wrestler in the world...

[Pause.]

HSS: ...amigo.

[And with that, the AWA National Champion walks out of frame, leaving Ben Waterson behind.]

JD: You have something else to say to Juan Vasquez?

[Waterson shakes his head.]

ATTSBW: This one's for the AWA fans. Those kids with posters of Juan Vasquez on their wall. Those desperate women who hang around backstage after the shows hoping to land a hotel room key from the "big star."

Tonight's the last night you'll ever see Juan Vasquez in an AWA ring.

[A pause.]

ATTSBW: Consider. Yourselves. Warned.

[Waterson pats Dane on the shoulder before making his exit as well, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: It is without question the biggest match in AWA history, fans. And it's right now. Let's go back down to ringside because we've got one heck of a Main Event about to take place.

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

PW: DALLAS, TEXAS!

[Big cheer!]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit, is your MAIN EVENT of the evening, and is for the AWA NATIONAL TITLE!

[DEAFENING ROAR!]

PW: If Juan Vasquez fails to win the National Title here tonight... he will LEAVE the AWA forever!

[The crowd jeers the announcement of the sobering stipulation.]

PW: Introducing first...

#It's alright...#

#It's alright...#

#It's alright... I'm just a little crazy#

[The crowd EXPLODES as Fight's "Little Crazy" starts up.]

PW: He is the special outside-the-ring enforcer for this championship match - ALEX MARRRRRTINEZ!

[The former World Champion walks into view, all seven feet of him towering in the aisleway as he stares out to the crowd. He's wearing a large striped referee's shirt and jeans as he strides down the aisle to the ring.]

GM: There he is, Bucky... the man who has been tasked with keeping this thing under control tonight. The man who has been given the large responsibility of making sure there is a clearcut winner to this so important match here tonight in Dallas, Texas.

BW: Well, I may not be a big Martinez fan but I think this is a job that even HE can't screw up, Gordo. Big seven footer should be able to keep the peace and make people listen to him.

[Martinez reaches the ring, stepping over the ropes to more cheers as he settles back into the corner, shaking hands with AWA Senior Official Michael Meekly as his music fades. "They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock & C.L. Smooth begins to play over the PA system to a DEAFENING ROAR from the crowd!]

PW: He is the challenger... weighing in tonight at 238 pounds... from Los Angeles, California... he is the number one contender to the National Title...

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAN VASSSSSSSSSSSQUEZ!

[Plug your ears. The most popular man in the AWA bursts through the curtain to one of the loudest reactions in the history of the company. He's clad in the same white tracksuit we saw earlier. He pauses just beyond the entrance, looking out at the roaring crowd with a dopey grin on his face.]

BW: Enjoy it, kid... this is the last time you'll ever hear it!

GM: That remains to be seen, Bucky.

[Vasquez breaks into a job, slapping the hands of the fans along the rope barricade, pausing to embrace a few as well. He's enjoying this walk, taking his time as he makes his way to the ring.]

GM: It's a long, long walk to the ring knowing that this may be the final time you make it. Juan Vasquez has put EVERYTHING on the line here tonight as we've mentioned over and over. If he fails to win the National Title, he will walk away from the AWA forever. There are no higher stakes than this.

[Vasquez finally reaches the ring, rolling under the ropes, and springing to his feet to more cheers. He quickly pulls off the tracksuit, tossing it to the ringside

attendant as he stands in the corner, eyeing Alex Martinez warily. Martinez returns the stare, not backing down an inch from the Number One Contender.]

GM: Some tension there between Vasquez and Martinez. Don't forget that it was just a few weeks ago now when Alex Martinez made his arrival here in the AWA and ended up delivering the Firebomb chokeslam to Vasquez. They appeared to bury the hatchet after that but...

BW: But you never can tell how deep bad blood runs. Vasquez might waffle him with a tire iron in mid-match tonight just to take him out of the equation. I wouldn't blame him.

GM: I highly doubt that. But you're right. He does have cause to be suspicious of the big man.

[The music fades out to nothing for a moment...

...and then is replaced by the beautiful opening of Lynyrd Skynyrd's "Free Bird."]

GM: New music for the champ.

BW: It's glorious - just like him.

[After a moment, the National Champion emerges from the locker room in a breathtaking white and silver robe that stretches all the way down to the floor. The robe is covered in feathers and sparkles under the arena lights.]

BW: Look at that robe! I want that for Christmas, daddy!

GM: The champion is going all out for SuperClash II!

[The Hotshot walks a few feet from the aisle, spreading his arms wide and going into a full turn to reveal "HOTSHOT" written across the back in silver. As he slowly turns back around, a shower of golden sparks begin to fall from about ten feet above the entryway.]

GM: The champion is REALLY going all out for SuperClash II!

[The sparks fall for a few moments before a grinning Scott steps further down the aisle. "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson emerges from the locker room at this point, joining the National Champion as they walk down the aisle...

...but suddenly come to a stop.]

GM: What's going on here? Scott and Waterson are conversing in the aisle and-

[The camera zooms in just in time to hear the Hotshot say, "Stay back there tonight, Ben. I got this." Waterson's protests are unheard by the camera but he's obviously upset by this decision.]

GM: It sounds like the National Champion wants to do this one alone, Bucky.

BW: I can't say I agree with that. These two are a team, Gordo. Ben Waterson and Stevie Scott founded the Southern Syndicate in the summer of 2009 and have DOMINATED this sport since then... but they've always done it together! Why now? On the biggest night of his career, why would Stevie Scott want to do this one by himself?

GM: Maybe the National Champion feels he's got something to prove.

BW: I don't like this.

[Neither does Waterson but eventually he's persuaded, angrily walking back towards the locker room as the Hotshot slowly makes his way down the aisle, jerking his arms out of reach of the fans.]

GM: The champion's on his way to the ring perhaps for the final time carrying that belt that means so much to him... it means EVERYTHING to him as we just heard him say.

[Scott reaches the ring, slowly striding up the ringsteps before stepping through the ropes. He does a full spin, showing off the robe to the popping flashbulbs in the building before he removes it, folding it once before handing it over the ropes to the ringside attendant. He slowly turns, staring across the ring at Juan Vasquez who is shifting his weight from foot to foot, clenching and unclenching his fists.]

GM: It's a tale of two competitors right there. Stevie Scott, the champion, cool, calm, collected, and ready for anything. Juan Vasquez, the challenger, a fiery ball of energy ready to explode. Two very different approaches to a wrestling match, Bucky.

BW: Scott has to keep that in mind, Gordo. Vasquez is going to be aggressive - very aggressive. He needs to learn from the Blonde Bombers' mistake and not allow that aggressiveness to overwhelm him. We saw earlier that a title match can be over in a minute or less so the Hotshot needs to remember that. Absorb the early flurry and find a way to stop the momentum.

[Senior Official Michael Meekly calls the two men together, pointing to the floor where Alex Martinez has taken up a position.]

GM: Michael Meekly reminding both champion and challenger that Alex Martinez is a licensed official for this match. He has been empowered to count pinfalls, check for submissions, disqualify - anything power that an official would typically have, Martinez has got it here tonight. Jim Watkins wanted him to be ready for anything.

[The referee stands by the two men, giving final instructions...

...and then spins to signal for the bell. HUGE ROAR!]

GM: Here we go! The Main Event of SuperClash II and you can feel the excitement in the air from this crowd, Bucky! Just how long have they been waiting for this?

BW: One whole year. Like Vasquez said earlier, it's been one year since he was on the verge of becoming the National Champion when Raphael Rhodes interfered and cost him everything.

[Champion and challenger stand toe to toe in the middle of the ring, the crowd buzzing as Scott fires words like a machine gun aimed squarely at the chest of his number one contender.]

GM: Wouldn't you love to be able to read lips right now? What could he possibly be saying to him?

[Vasquez absorbs all the verbal blows, not responding once, simply glaring a hole straight through his hated rival...

...until he suddenly surges forward, lashing out with his skull into the forehead of the National Champion, sending him stumbling backwards into the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Headbutt!

BW: One of the top weapons in the arsenal of Juan Vasquez. He strikes early, he strikes quick, and he strikes damn hard. That headbutt has the champion on Dream Street already.

[Approaching the corner where Scott backed into, Vasquez winds up and throws a skin-blistering chop across the chest!]

GM: Big knife-edge chop by Vasquez!

[The crowd roars as Scott recoiling from the chop, reaching up to grab the rapidly-reddening welt on his chest. But Vasquez is having none of the champion covering up, throwing the Hotshot's arms off his chest and firing another knife edge blow across the pectorals.]

GM: Another one! Good grief!

BW: Vasquez isn't pulling any punches tonight, Gordo. He's hitting harder than I've ever seen him hit before!

[A few more chops follow before Vasquez grabs the wrist of the National Champion, flinging him from corner to corner...]

GM: The challenger sends his foe across the ring...

[Vasquez backs into the corner before sprinting across as Scott hits the far buckles...

...and connects with a big running clothesline!]

GM: BIIIIIG CLOTHESLINE BY THE CHALLENGER!!

BW: And the champ needs to be careful, Gordo. These two men have met in a singles match four times now and every single time, this is how Vasquez starts the match. A big flurry of offense that has the champion backpedaling from the opening bell. Stevie Scott can NOT let that happen here tonight. He needs to establish early that he's in control of this match and make Vasquez play his game.

[Grabbing Scott by the arm, Vasquez fires him from corner to corner again, sending him smashing into the buckles.]

GM: Here he comes again!

[A second running clothesline connects but Vasquez stays on him, not letting Scott crumple from the corner. He pushes the Hotshot back against the buckles, throwing big fists to the skull to the roars of the crowd!]

GM: Look at Vasquez! He is a man possessed!

BW: Posessed with the desire to save his AWA career and become the greatest professional wrestler in the world, Gordo! Juan Vasquez wants to be the National Champion so badly... there's no telling what he'll do to get it!

[The barrage of blows in the corner is interrupted first by the protests of the official who try to get Vasquez to back off but when he refuses, Michael Meekly physically intervenes, dragging Vasquez out of the corner!]

GM: Whoa! Whoa! He should NOT be doing that!

BW: Juan Vasquez was NOT respecting the referee's authority right there. Would you prefer he disqualify the challenger?

GM: Absolutely not. I want to see a clear winner in this one along with every single fan in this building and watching at home on WKIK!

BW: Then you have to give the officials the leeway to do what needs to be done to keep this match under control, Gordo.

[An angry Vasquez pushes past the official, grabbing Scott by the wrist again to fire him across the ring.]

GM: Another whip!

[Vasquez backs to the corner, barking at the official the whole time. He's still arguing with the referee as he charges across...

...and EATS a superkick on the chin!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: HEATSEEKER!! COVER HIM, CHAMP!!

GM: Stevie Scott with the Heatseeker out of nowhere! Juan Vasquez was distracted by the official and he ran right into the Heatseeker!

[The Hotshot seems about to go for a lateral press when Vasquez wisely manages to roll under the ropes, dropping down to the barely-padded concrete floor.]

GM: And look at Juan Vasquez... he knew he was in trouble there. He knew he was in BIG trouble but he had the presence of mind - the ring generalship if you will - to get out of that ring to the safety of the floor.

BW: I don't know how safe the floor is with someone like Stevie Scott but you've got a point, Gordo. He may have just saved his AWA career right there because if Stevie had gotten the cover, he'd be packing his bags to head back to Canada right now!

[Shaking the cobwebs, Stevie Scott steps out to the apron, dropping down to the arena floor. He quickly pulls Vasquez up by the hair, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. He lunges through the top and middle ropes, applying a cover...

...and strategically placing his feet on the middle rope for leverage!]

GM: Not like this, no!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping the canvas once... twice... but a quick-moving Alex Martinez shoves Scott's feet from off the rope before the three count, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Alex Martinez makes the save! He just saved Juan Vasquez' career! Stevie Scott just tried to cheat his way to victory and our ringside enforcer just made sure that didn't happen!

BW: This all seems too familiar to me, Gordo. I seem to remember back in March at The Main Event when Ron Houston was the guest enforcer, he did the exact same thing to Stevie Scott!

GM: And we all remember how that ended - it ended with Juan Vasquez as the National Champion!

BW: History ain't repeating tonight, Gordo. Not on Stevie Scott's watch!

[An angry National Champion pops up to his feet, screaming in the direction of Alex Martinez who calmly walks away, leaving "Hotshot" Stevie Scott to his personal temper tantrum. Scott delivers a hard kick to the ribs of the downed Juan Vasquez before reaching down to drag him up, shoving him back into the corner.]

GM: Now it's the Hotshot's turn...

[Winding up, the National Champion splashes a knife-edge chop across the chest of his challenger.]

GM: Chop by the champ...

BW: And while Stevie may not hit as hard as Juan Vasquez, you know that was a damn painful thing to get hit with. Vasquez is wincing and grimacing off that one.

[Stevie squares up, throwing a boot to the midsection instead. He grabs Vasquez by the hair, throwing him backwards into the buckles.]

GM: Ohh! A whiplash-like effect off a move like that and Juan Vasquez is down, seated on the mat...

[Stevie throws a few more kicks to the body of the seated Vasquez, teeing off on the ribs and chest before reaching down to haul him off the canvas...

...and gets pulled down in a small package!]

GM: CRADLE!! ONE!! TWO!!! TH-

[The crowd buzzes with disappointment as the National Champion kicks out just before the three count.]

GM: So close! Juan Vasquez caught the champion by surprise and he almost won this thing, Bucky.

BW: Sure did. Stevie needs to keep his focus. This is the perfect example of where not having Ben Waterson at ringside hurts him. Ben wouldn't have let that happen.

[Scrambling to their feet, Scott catches Vasquez with a boot to the gut again to cut him off. He grabs a handful of hair, smashing the challenger's face into the buckles before he spins him around in the corner, pushing him back.]

GM: Back in the corner again... look out here...

[Leaning over, Scott grabs the middle rope, lunging forward to drive his shoulder into the ribcage of the Number One Contender.]

GM: He slams his shoulder to the body... maybe going after those ribs...

[Still holding the middle rope, Scott lunges forward again, smashing his shoulder into the ribcage. The referee orders him to back off but the Hotshot delivers three more shoulder drives to the body before he steps away, getting verbally dressed down by the official.]

GM: The challenger's hanging onto the ropes, trying to stay on his feet. He's breathing very heavily though, Bucky.

BW: Shots to the ribs do more damage than you'd think. You start having trouble breathing after enough of them and that's an awful thing to try and wrestle with.

[Moving back in, Scott shoves Vasquez' upper body back, stretching him out and driving a knee up into the ribs. Holding him in place, Scott continues to throw knees to the ribs, drawing the jeers of the fans and the ire of the official who steps in, pushing the champion back...

...but he pushes his way right back in, grabbing the challenger around the head and under the arm, throwing him out of the corner with a big hiptoss!]

GM: Ohh! He threw him halfway across the ring, Bucky!

BW: Right down on the back... and landing on the back like that won't help the ribs at all. When those ribs get hurt, every jolt to the torso hurts like someone's stabbing you. Juan Vasquez has got to be in a lot of pain right now.

GM: Scott's measuring him...

[The challenger pushes up to all fours...

...which is exactly where the champion wants him, rushing forward and delivering a punt kick to the ribcage! The crowd groans as Vasquez rolls to his back, clutching his ribs, promptly rolling away to try to get some breathing room.]

GM: Juan Vasquez' ribcage is taking a pounding in the early goings of this one and now he's trying to get to his feet in the corner...

[But just as he does, the National Champion moves in, shoving his upper body back to expose the ribs for more knee lifts to the torso.]

GM: Another knee! And another! There's a third! He's just brutalizing the ribs right now, Bucky!

BW: Maybe the champ had a better gameplan than we thought, Gordo. Even without Ben Waterson out here, he's in total control of this one. He cut off Vasquez' momentum first and now he's laying in the blows to the body.

[The Hotshot grabs his foe by the arm, launching him across the ring where he smashes into the turnbuckles, stumbling out...

...and getting sent skyhigh, up and over to the canvas with a big backdrop!]

GM: Ohhh! He hit the mat hard!

[Vasquez rolls around on the mat, clutching his ribs as Scott stands over him, arrogantly smirking. He leans down, grabbing the challenger by the hair and hauling him to his feet...]

GM: He brings Juan back up... uh oh!

[The crowd begins to loudly buzz as Scott pulls Vasquez into a standing headscissors.]

GM: He's going for the piledriver! He's wants to spike him on his skull!

BW: If he hits this, it's hit the road, Juan!

[The Hotshot wraps his arms around Vasquez' torso, looking to pick him up off the mat...

...but Vasquez jerks Scott's legs out from under him, holding on as he flips forward!]

GM: CRADLE!! ONE!! TWO!!

[But the Hotshot kicks out at two, causing the crowd to buzz with frustration.]

GM: Scott out at two but Vasquez avoids the piledriver and that's more important at this point, Bucky.

BW: He HAS to avoid the piledriver. It's the most dangerous move in this business! No one has ever gotten out of the piledriver. In fact, we've had people laid out for MONTHS when they get hit with it! If Scott uses it on Vasquez, you know his night - and his AWA career - is over.

[The two competitors scramble to their feet, looking to get an edge. Scott throws a wild haymaker that Vasquez ducks, wrapping his arms around the midsection of Scott. He rushes forward with the Hotshot in front of him, bouncing off the ropes...

...and rolling back into a rolling reverse cradle!]

GM: ROLLING CRADLE!!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping the canvas once... twice... and almost a third time before Scott fires a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Another two count for Juan Vasquez!

BW: From the looks of that cradle, the Assassin's Spike ain't the only thing Adam Rogers taught Juan Vasquez!

GM: And you can see an urgency in Juan Vasquez here tonight. He has no desire to hurt, to punish - he needs to win and he needs that title belt around his waist.

BW: Oh, there's a desire to hurt. Make no mistake, Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott DESPISE each other and would like nothing more than to bleed each other dry here in Dallas, Texas but that's not what this is about. This is about the biggest prize in our sport and a man's career in this company!

[Scott quickly gets to his feet, backpedaling as Juan Vasquez comes towards him, throwing a right hand to the jaw that sends the Hotshot falling back to the buckles.]

GM: Vasquez has got him in the corner!

[A wild-eyed Vasquez batters Scott with forearms to the jaw, knocking him down to a knee where he continues to throw big pounding forearms to the head and neck...

...but the official steps in again, trying to push Vasquez away...]

GM: Come on, ref! Let 'em fight!

[Reaching over the official's turned back, Scott jabs a thumb into the eye of Vasquez, drawing boos from the crowd and causing Vasquez to stagger away, trying to wipe his vision clear.]

GM: Right to the eyes! A cheap shot by Scott...

[Stepping up behind Vasquez, he threads his right leg through the challenger's legs, snapping him back down to the mat.]

GM: Ohh! Side Russian legsweep!

[Scott quickly rolls over, taking a mount position where he grabs Vasquez by the hair, pounding his skull over and over and over.]

GM: Stevie's beating the heck out of him on the mat!

[The National Champion continues to pummel despite the referee's cries to stop. After a few more shots, he grabs Vasquez by the face and SLAMS the back of his skull into the mat!]

GM: Ohh!

[Scott spins out of the mount into a lateral press, barking "COUNT HIM!" at the ref.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got- no, just a two count there.

BW: Stevie needs to go back to the ribs. He was having a lot of luck at working the ribcage a few moments ago. I'd go right back to it now that you've got Vasquez down.

[Scott angrily pulls Vasquez to his feet, tugging him right into a front facelock. He slings Vasquez' arm over his neck, powering him up and down with a quick vertical suplex.]

GM: Nicely executed suplex by the champion...

[With Vasquez down on the mat, Scott gets back up and immediately drives the flat of his foot down onto the injured ribs.]

GM: He's stomping the ribs of the challenger! Over and over again! He seems to be following your strategy, Bucky.

BW: As any smart man who wants to keep his belt tonight would do.

[He uses his foot to shove Vasquez flat on the canvas before leaping up, dropping his knee squarely into the ribcage of the Number One Contender.]

GM: Ohh! That'll do some damage... and another cover by Scott for one! Two! Just two again.

[An angry Scott pushes up to his knees and drives a hammerfist blow down on the ribs. Vasquez cries out as Scott delivers punch after punch into the ribcage, working the challenger's torso with great ferocity.]

GM: The champion's all over the ribcage! He's trying to pick apart that injured bodypart and soften up Juan Vasquez for the heavy artillery.

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED!! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: You can hear the voice of Phil Watson declaring ten minutes have gone by in this match. That means we've got fifty minutes left in the time limit for our Main Event.

BW: For the sake of those re-runs of Alf, we better not get there.

GM: Seemingly as always, we want to thank WKIK for their support in allowing us to go beyond our scheduled time here tonight to bring you this Main Event of SuperClash II in its entirety.

[Pulling Vasquez off the mat, he tugs him into another front facelock.]

GM: Uh oh... another suplex on the way?

[It certainly appears that way as Scott hoists Vasquez up off the mat, holding him horizontal for a half second, and then DROPS him facefirst on the canvas!]

GM: GOURDBUSTER!

BW: And it was a beauty! This might be it, Gordo!

GM: Another cover by Scott - one! TWO!

[But Vasquez again slips a shoulder out at two. An angry Stevie Scott glares at the official, holding up three fingers but the AWA's Senior Official waves him off.]

GM: Michael Meekly says it was only a two count.

BW: Looked like a slow count to me, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure it did to your Stevie Scott-colored glasses.

BW: What the heck is that supposed to mean?

[Climbing to his feet now, Scott approaches Meekly, barking in his direction.]

GM: Leave Michael Meekly alone! He's done a fine job so far in this one and-

[The crowd gasps as Scott shoves Meekly hard with both hands squarely in the chest, knocking him a couple steps back...

...and then shouts, "COME ON! DISQUALIFY ME, YOU PIECE OF TRASH!"]

GM: Look at this! Scott's asking him to disqualify him! Practically begging him to disqualify him! Ben Waterson made it clear - the contract says that Juan Vasquez must win the National Title here tonight to avoid being sent out of the AWA. If Scott gets disqualified, that's not happening!

BW: It was an egregious offense! Do your job, ref! Ring the bell!

GM: He's trying to sucker Michael Meekly into ending this match in his favor and-

[In response, Meekly musters up some courage and throws a big push of his own, sending Scott falling back into a schoolboy rollup from Juan Vasquez!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd deflates as a desperate Stevie Scott fires a shoulder off the mat just before the three count comes down.]

GM: He almost got him!

BW: How DARE Michael Meekly lay his hands on Stevie Scott? That man is the AWA National Champion!

GM: And Michael Meekly is the AWA's Senior Official! Scott had no right to touch him either, Bucky!

[A furious Stevie Scott gets up to his feet, fist clenched, and throws said fist right at the head of Michael Meekly who was expecting it, ducking just barely in time...

...and SHOVES the Hotshot in the back, sending him falling into Juan Vasquez who pulls him down in another small package!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Scott kicks out again, just narrowly saving the title. He swiftly rolls under the ropes, slamming both arms down on the apron as he shouts at Michael Meekly...

...and catches both of Juan Vasquez' feet in the face courtesy of a baseball slide!]

GM: Ohh! Juan caught him in the face with both feet!

[Joining his rival on the floor, Vasquez hauls the National Champion to his feet, grabbing him by the arm...

...and HURLS him spinefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: OHHH! SCOTT'S BACK HITS THE HARDEST PART OF THE RING!!

[The champion grabs the bottom rope, trying to keep himself on his feet but Vasquez is on the attack, grabbing the arm again...

...and HURLS him spinefirst into the barricade!]

GM: Good grief, Bucky! From the apron to the steel!

BW: Vasquez is trying to put something together here. It seems like his strategy for a quick start went nowhere and now he's trying to rally from behind. Can he do it? We're about to find out, I think.

[With Scott sprawling back, his arms over the steel barricade to try to stay on his feet, Vasquez sprints towards him...

...and connects with a running clothesline that takes them both over the barricade and into the crowd!]

GM: OHHHH! INTO THE FRONT ROW HERE IN DALLAS, TEXAS! THE NATIONAL TITLE MATCH HAS SPILLED INTO THE CROWD IF YOU CAN BELIEVE IT, BUCKY WILDE!

BW: Oh, I can believe it. I'm not even sure this building can hold this rivalry, Gordo!

[The cameraman rushes to the railing, focusing down to show Vasquez sprawled out on the concrete floor, both hands wrapped around his midsection as he grimaces in pain. Stevie Scott is laid out a couple feet away, barely moving on the floor as the AWA fans all around them roar their approval for the big move!]

GM: Both of these men are laid out in the crowd and - oh no!

[The crowd begins to boo wildly as AWA Senior Official Michael Meekly begins counting from inside the ring.]

GM: Michael Meekly just started a double count on these men!

BW: That's his job, Gordo. What did you expect him to do?

GM: This place might riot if Meekly counts them both out! Don't let this match end like this - please don't let this happen! Come on, Juan! Get back in there!

BW: Yeah, Juan. Get back in there and leave Stevie in the front row! Hahaha!

GM: You're right! It can't be just Juan Vasquez to get back inside that ring! He's gotta get Stevie Scott back in there as well! You've got to be kidding me!

BW: This is it, Gordo! Say goodbye to Juan Vasquez' AWA career! It's over, daddy!

GM: Come on, Juan! Get up! And get that other son of a-

BW: Easy there, cowboy!

[At the count of five, Juan Vasquez pushes himself back to his feet, grabbing his ribs as he gets there. He looks to the ring, moving in that direction...

...and then spots a grinning Stevie Scott simply sitting on the concrete floor staring up at him.]

GM: Get up from there, you coward! Get back in the ring and fight like man - like a champion!

BW: What's in it for him?

GM: The chance to win or lose like a man!

BW: Hrm. Is there a cash bonus with that?

[Vasquez quickly moves to Scott, grabbing him by the hair, dragging him off the floor...

...but Stevie buries a short right hand in the ribs of Vasquez, breaking his grip. He turns to get away when Juan grabs him by the hair again, literally dragging Stevie over the railing, and just narrowly throwing him under the ropes before the ten count.]

GM: Whew. That was too close. We almost had a double countout and not only does the title not change hands on a countout but Juan Vasquez would have lost his AWA career!

[Vasquez crawls on top of Scott, grabbing the hair and delivering big punch after big punch to the temple to the roars of the crowd. The referee reprimands him, forcing him to break the beating on the canvas. He slowly rises, throwing his head back and letting loose an anguished howl. The crowd roars in response as Vasquez heads to the ropes, stepping through to the apron, and starts climbing the ropes.]

GM: Uh oh... Juan Vasquez is heading up top, fans.

BW: The man is an idiot! His ribs could be cracked, bruised, broken - who knows? And he's going to try to come off the top? Are you kidding me?

[Vasquez steps up to the second rope, wincing with each step. He steps one foot onto the top rope, waiting for the Hotshot to rise and as he does...]

GM: VASQUEZ OFF THE TOP!!!

[In the move that cost him the National Title back in April, Vasquez connects squarely on the chest of the champion with a high cross body...

...but just like in April, Scott rolls through the move, grabbing a handful of tights just out of the official's view as he dives to the mat to count.]

GM: THIS IS HOW HE LOST THE TITLE!!

BW: COUNT! COUNT!

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But loud shouts from a desperate Alex Martinez outside the ring grabs the referee's attention...

...and at Martinez' urging, he spots the hooked tights and waves off the pin count, shouting at Stevie Scott!]

GM: Yeah! Martinez saw the tights being pulled and he made sure that Michael Meekly saw it too! Stevie Scott's not gonna pull a fast one to win this one, Bucky!

BW: That Martinez better watch where he sticks his seven foot nose or Stevie might just kick it square off his face!

GM: Stevie Scott had the trunks hooked - just how he won the National Title for the second time back in April - but Alex Martinez got the referee to stop counting - oh, and Stevie's hot!

[The pissed-off National Champion approaches the ropes near Martinez, leaning over to scream and shout at him...

...and a well-placed high knee to the back by Vasquez sends the Hotshot tumbling over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OUT TO THE FLOOR AGAIN!!

[Vasquez backs off to the far ropes, waving an arm - a sign for Stevie Scott to get to his feet and an equal sign for the crowd to go crazy. As the National Champion staggers up, Vasquez propels himself across the ring at top speed...

...and TORPEDOES himself between the top and middle rope, diving atop a stunned Stevie Scott! HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

GM: WHAT A DIVE!! ONE HELL OF A DIVE BY JUAN VASQUEZ TO THE FLOOR!

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

GM: You heard Phil Watson right there. Fifteen minutes gone in this one... a whopping forty-five minutes left in the time limit but I don't think there's any possible way these two men will make it that far, Bucky.

BW: Not with moves like we just saw. Vasquez put it ALL on the line right there. If he'd missed that, this thing would be over right now but he hit it, he hit it big, and Stevie Scott got wiped out by a Juan Vasquez-sized cruise missile!

[Vasquez slowly gets to his feet, again throwing his arms back with a roar to the crowd. He leans down, dragging the Hotshot back to his feet, pulling him towards the timekeeper's table...

...and SMASHES Scott's face into the wooden table!]

GM: OHHH! FACEFIRST TO THE TABLE!!

[Vasquez seems about to put the Hotshot back into the ring when inspiration appears to strike him. He pulls Scott towards him, ducking down to hoist the Hotshot up on his shoulders...]

GM: We've seen this before, Bucky!

BW: Yeah, but it's usually Stevie doing it!

GM: He's got Stevie Scott across his shoulders... standing over the wooden table and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd's reaction comes as Vasquez shrugs off Scott, dropping him facefirst on the table!]

GM: Good grief, Bucky! Facefirst on that table!

[Pulling Scott up, Vasquez fires him under the ropes. He rolls in as well, throwing an arm across the chest.]

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

[But Scott fires a shoulder off the mat in plenty of time. A frustrated Juan Vasquez kneels, hands on hips for a moment, before climbing to his feet. He leans down, dragging Scott to his feet again...]

GM: SCOOP!

[The crowd cheers as Vasquez slams him down with authority near the middle of the ring...

...and then ROARS as the challenger points to the corner turnbuckles!]

GM: Are you kidding me?

BW: What an idiot! He already blew it once coming off the top! Why would you try it again?

GM: Juan Vasquez is heading for the corner... he's heading for the top rope...

[Vasquez again exits the ring, heading to the corner where he puts a foot on the second rope, pausing for a moment before stepping up to put a foot on the top rope...]

GM: What does he have in mind here, Bucky? Scott's still down!

[The challenger steps up, both feet on the top rope now. He pauses for a moment...

...and then hurls himself into the air, tucking his arms and legs once...]

GM: FROG SPLASH!!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Vasquez crashes down...

...on completely empty canvas as the wily Hotshot just narrowly rolled out of the way in time!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE FROG SPLASH!!

BW: What a stupid move to attempt right there. Why would you risk that with the injured ribs? Even if you hit it, you might do as much damage to yourself as your opponent!

GM: I think Juan Vasquez was running on instinct there, Bucky. He may not have even realized what he was doing...

[And a weary Stevie Scott crawls back towards Vasquez, shoving him onto his back before collapsing across him in a pin attempt.]

GM: That's a cover! ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[The crowd ERUPTS as a defiant Juan Vasquez throws a shoulder off the mat before the three count comes down.]

GM: No! No! Vasquez gets the shoulder up! Juan Vasquez will not go down!

[Shaking his head in disbelief, Scott pushes up to his knees. He glares at the official who holds up two fingers. The National Champion climbs to his feet, reaching down to haul Vasquez up by the hair.]

GM: Big right hand by the champ!

BW: Look at this - he's holding Vasquez up so he doesn't fall down. Scott's trying to punish him a little right here...

GM: Another right hand!

[And as the Hotshot winds up for the third punch, Vasquez ducks underneath it as Scott's momentum spins him around...

...and the challenger hooks him around the neck with his left arm, jamming his right thumb into the side of the throat!]

GM: SPIKE! THE ASSASSIN'S SPIKE IS ON!!

[The crowd erupts at the sight of the hold that has defeated Stevie Scott on two occasions being applied. Vasquez grits his teeth, pushing hard on the thumb as Scott struggles against the hold, his arms pumping and flailing as he tries to find his way free.]

GM: He's got him trapped in the Assassin's Spike! Can he hold on to it?

BW: Get to the ropes, champ! Get out of it!

GM: And once again, you have to wonder about the decision to send Ben Waterson away from ringside. If Waterson was here, he'd almost certainly try to get this hold broken by hook or by crook!

[Scott moves slowly step by step across the ring...

...and wraps his arms around the top rope, screaming for a break.]

GM: He made it to the ropes!

BW: Vasquez isn't breaking it! Get him off the champ, ref!

[The referee tries to do exactly that, screaming at Vasquez to back off - counting up to four and then simply grabbing Vasquez by the arms, trying to break his grip...

...which allows a desperate (but brilliant) Stevie Scott to lash out backwards with a mulekick to the groin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW!! STEVIE GOES LOW ON VASQUEZ!!

BW: You're damn right he did!

GM: What?!

BW: He didn't have a choice! Vasquez had him trapped in that damn Spike - that thing should be illegal! It should be banned! And Stevie made it to the ropes. He should have broken it and he didn't so what choice did Stevie Scott have?!

[Outside the ring, Alex Martinez loudly protests, explaining to Michael Meekly exactly what happened but Meekly shakes it off.]

GM: The referee says he can't do anything since he didn't see it. Alex Martinez is insisting to him what happened but Michael Meekly won't-

[The National Champion spins around, rubbing his neck, trying to shake off the effects of the Spike. He grabs the doubled-up Vasquez in a double under hook, hoisting him into the air...

...and drops him down across a bent knee!]

GM: BACKBREAKER!!

BW: He calls that the Spinal Tap!

GM: That might do it and... wait a second...

[The Hotshot climbs to his feet...

...and points to the corner with a shout of "STEVIESAULT!"]

GM: He just called for it, Bucky! He just called for the Steviesault!

BW: This could be real, real bad. One year ago, he wanted to do this and got talked down by his corner... but now there's no one here. There's no one to stop him, Gordo!

GM: There's certainly not!

[Before heading to the corner, he pulls Vasquez up off the mat, ducking down to scoop him up...

...and gets pulled down in an inside cradle!]

GM: THIS IS HOW VASQUEZ WON THE TITLE!!

[The referee dives to the canvas, slapping his arm down once... twice...]

GM: THRE- OHHHH! SHOULDER UP!! STEVIE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!!

BW: Whew. That was too close.

GM: Juan Vasquez was a half a count away from becoming the National Champion for the second time!

[The two men scramble, each trying to reach their feet first...]

GM: Who can get there first? Who can get to-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as Vasquez reaches his feet and UNCORKS a right cross to the jaw that snaps Scott's head back, sending him falling back onto his rear in the corner.]

GM: Down goes the champ! The champion got rocked with that right and he's down in the corner!

[A fired-up Vasquez approaches the corner, lifting his boot to place it against the face of the Hotshot...

...and rakes the leather of his boot across the face!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: That's illegal too! This Vasquez is the worst cheater I've ever seen!

GM: Another one! He's ripping the skin right off Stevie Scott's face with those.

[Vasquez scrapes his boot across the face of the Hotshot over and over again, ripping into the flesh of Stevie Scott. With the National Champion dazed and in agony in the corner, Vasquez backs off across the ring...

...and points right at the waiting Scott with both hands before breaking into a full sprint!]

GM: HERE! HE! COMES!

[At the "COMES!", Vasquez launches himself into the air, DRIVING both feet squarely into the face of his rival!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! HE DROVE HIS FEET INTO THE FACE OF THE CHAMPION!!!

[Vasquez rolls to his feet, leaning down to drag his opponent a few feet out of the corner. He quickly steps to the bottom rope, leaping backwards with a quick moonsault!]

GM: Ohh! Bottom rope backflip!

[The Number One Contender grabs his ribs, wincing as he gets to his feet. Shaking off the pain, he steps up to the middle rope, leaping backwards again...

...and crashing down across the chest of his rival!]

GM: That's two!

[Vasquez slowly pulls himself to his feet using the ropes. He points to the crowd who roar as he steps up to the second rope, visibly in pain as he places a foot on the top rope...

...and springs off, backflipping onto the Hotshot's chest!]

GM: BACKFLIP OFF THE TOP!! HE GOT IT ALL!!

[The challenger pops up off the moonsault, grabbing his ribs with both arms, and then lunges forward to apply a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[HUUUUUGE ROAR OF SHOCK!]

GM: MY STARS, HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP! HE GOT HIS SHOULDER UP!

[A frustrated Vasquez pushes up to his knees, shaking his head back and forth. He shouts at the official who holds up two fingers. Vasquez again shakes his head as he climbs to his feet, watching Stevie Scott roll under the ropes to the floor...

...where he grabs his title belt off the timekeeper's table, throwing it over his shoulder and heading towards the aisle.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Yeah! Great idea! Get out of here, champ!

GM: Stevie Scott's trying to walk out on this match! He's trying to take the easy way out and STILL get rid of Juan Vasquez forever! Somebody stop this guy!

[Vasquez steps out to the apron, dropping down to the floor. He walks up, grabbing Scott from behind and spinning him around...

...apparently exactly what Scott was expecting as he buries a thumb into the eye!]

GM: Oh, come on! To the eyes again?! Scott's turning into Calisto Dufresne in front of our very eyes, Bucky!

[Dropping the title belt, Scott grabs Vasquez by the back of the hair...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS him facefirst into the steel ringpost, causing him to crumple in a heap on the floor!]

GM: VASQUEZ GETS PUT INTO THE POST!!

[And that gives the Hotshot the chance to pick up the title belt, walking back down the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: He's leaving! Stevie Scott is leaving!

BW: And there's no one to stop him now! See ya, Vasquez! Don't let the door hit you on the tail on the way out, daddy!

GM: This can't happen. This can not happen like this, Bucky!

BW: It's happening! Keep your eyes open and see the end of Juan Vasquez in the AWA!

[The cameraman jogging down the aisle to catch up with Stevie Scott gets a few feet behind him, following his path...

...and as the crowd starts to buzz, Stevie Scott stops still in his tracks.]

GM: He stopped! Stevie Scott just stopped in the aisle!

BW: Why?! Get out of here, champ! Get the heck back to the limo and-

[And as Stevie Scott backpedals a few feet, we see exactly why he stopped...

...and the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS! SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS IS IN THE AISLE
BLOCKING HIS PATH!

[The crowd's roars grow louder as the trash-talking fan favorite slowly backs Stevie Scott back down the aisle. Not wanting to tangle with his former best friend, the Hotshot retreats, heading back towards the ring...

...where Juan Vasquez spins him around in the aisle, dropping him with a big right hand!]

GM: Oh yeah! This one's not over yet, Bucky!

BW: That guy... get him out of here! Who the hell - where did he come from?! I thought he was done!

GM: You HOPED he was done! But Sweet Daddy Williams is back here in Dallas, Texas, and Stevie Scott looks like he's seen a ghost!

[Vasquez pulls Scott off the floor, firing him back under the ropes into the ring. The Number One Contender points in tribute to Sweet Daddy Williams who gives a quick nod, returning the point as Vasquez rolls back into the ring as well.]

GM: Both men are back in - and Sweet Daddy Williams has taken a seat at ringside! He wants to make sure this goes down the right way! He wants to make sure his friend Juan Vasquez gets a fair shot at the National Title!

[The challenger pulls his opponent to his feet, delivering a thunderous headbutt that knocks Scott back into the buckles.]

GM: Back into the corner goes the champ...

[A fired-up Vasquez quickly approaches, grabbing the champ by the side of the head with his left hand, throwing a big forearm to the jaw.]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[The crowd roars as Vasquez continues to throw forearms to the jaw, battering the National Champion in the corner, chopping him all the way down to a seated position in the corner...]

GM: VASQUEZ IS PUMMELING THE CHAMPION!!

[Grabbing the top rope, Vasquez lunges forward to slam a knee into the face of his rival.]

GM: Big knee to the face!

BW: Ref, get in there!

[Michael Meekly is on the scene, shouting at Vasquez to back off as he repeatedly lunges in to drive knee after knee to the face before finally breaking away, shoving the official aside.]

GM: Whoa! Vasquez needs to watch himself!

BW: Ring the bell! DQ him, ref!

[The challenger spins around, charging back in...

...and SMASHES his knee into the face with a running knee!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[Grabbing Scott by the foot, Vasquez yanks him out of the corner and collapses on top of him in a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS!! I thought he had him! He thought he had him! The whole world thought he had him! I thought we had a new National Champion, Bucky Wilde!

BW: But we don't! You, these idiots in the crowd, and that moron Vasquez were all wrong! Stevie Scott is still alive and that National Title is still around his waist!

GM: But for how long? Juan Vasquez can't believe it!

[Vasquez kneels in the middle of the ring, head buried in his hands as he pulls at his own hair. He shakes his head back and forth as the crowd roars, encouraging him to keep going. After a few moments, he slowly gets to his feet, again grabbing his injured ribs as he leans down to drag a dazed Stevie Scott to his feet.]

GM: Juan Vasquez smells blood in the water. He knows that the right move here could put him over the top. He knows he may be moments away from becoming the AWA National Champion!

"THIRTY MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED!! THIRTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We're at the halfway point in the time limit! We're over a half hour into this match and these two men are giving the entire world everything they've got because the greatest prize in our industry is on the line - the AWA National Title!

[Vasquez shoves Scott facefirst into the closest set of buckles. Slowly approaching, he wraps his arms around the Hotshot's waist, powering him into the air with great effort and then setting him down on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Vasquez puts him down on the top rope... I don't know what he's got in mind here...

[The fan favorite from Los Angeles takes a few steps back, grabbing his ribs. He shakes it off, heading towards the corner where he steps up onto the second rope, wrapping his arms around the waist of the Hotshot...]

GM: Are you kidding me?

BW: He's trying to take him off the top! He's going for a superplex!

[Vasquez braces himself, trying to lift Scott into the air again but after a bit of a struggle, he sets him back down, clutching his midsection...

...and getting a hard back elbow to the bridge of the nose, sending him sailing off the ropes, crashing down in a heap on the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! He floors Vasquez and-

[Without a second of pause, Scott steps up to the top rope...

...and leaps backwards, flipping through the air and CRASHING down across the torso of a stunned Vasquez!]

BW: STEVIESAULT!! HE NAILED HIM!!

[Scott reaches back, hooking both legs with his arms.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE- NO! NO! NO!!

[The crowd ERUPTS with relief as the referee springs to his feet, holding up two fingers.]

GM: It's only a two count! Stevie Scott hit the Steviesault but he only gets a two count for it! I don't know how... I don't know how in the world Juan Vasquez got his shoulder off the mat in time!

BW: This should be over, damn it! That idiot Meekly can't count to save his life!

GM: That looked like a perfectly fine count to me, Bucky! Michael Meekly is doing a good job of officiating this match no matter what you and Stevie Scott think!

[Speaking of which, the National Champion is throwing quite the temper tantrum in the ring, shouting at the official, kicking the ropes, threatening to backhand the referee. Instead, he spins away, pulling the challenger off the mat, scooping him into the air..

...and SLAMS him down to the mat!]

GM: Big slam by the champ...

[The Southern Syndicate member backs to the ropes, pointing a finger at the official. He runs towards the downed challenger, leaping into the air and dropping all his weight backfirst down on Vasquez' chest!]

GM: Ohh! Backsplash!

BW: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!

[Scott pops back to his feet, hitting the far ropes, and dropping all his weight down across the chest again!]

GM: Another big backsplash!

[The Hotshot rolls to his feet again, spitting on the downed Vasquez...

...and then leaps into the air one more time, dropping a third senton down across the chest!]

GM: THREE BACKSPASHES!!

[Scott rolls over into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[The crowd ERUPTS at a big kickout by Vasquez!]

BW: WHAT THE-?!

[As Scott rolls to his feet, Vasquez lunges forward, taking the Hotshot's legs out from under him!]

GM: TAKEDOWN!!

[With the Hotshot down, Vasquez takes the mount and starts throwing heavy right hands down on him to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: I think Stevie Scott might have gotten under Vasquez' skin with those backslashes - one of the trademark moves of the Number One Contender!

[The Hotshot gets battered with right hand after right hand after right hand until the protesting Michael Meekly physically grabs Vasquez around the arm, dragging him off the downed National Champion.]

GM: The referee pulled him off! He pulled Vasquez off the downed Scott and-

[With Vasquez backed away, the National Champion rolls towards the ropes, looking for an escape...

...and finds Alex Martinez staring right at him, arms crossed. BIG CHEER!]

GM: MARTINEZ WON'T LET HIM OUT!

BW: Wait! Wait! What business is it of Alex Martinez if Stevie Scott wants to get out of the ring to regroup?! This is a plot by the Championship Committee to take that title off Stevie Scott! How obvious can it be, Gordo?

GM: I don't know what you're talking about.

[An angry Scott gets to his feet, waving off Martinez as he turns to exit the other side of the ring...

...and finds Sweet Daddy Williams staring dead at him.]

GM: He can't get out there either! Martinez on one side! Williams on the other! Stevie Scott is-

[The angry National Champion turns again...

...and finds himself being hiptossed through the air by Juan Vasquez!]

GM: HIPTOSS!!

[Vasquez falls back to the ropes, bouncing off with a charge and leaping into the air, dropping his weight down across the chest of a stunned Stevie Scott!]

GM: Now THAT'S Shades of Tommy Stephens!

[The challenger rolls to his side, applying a lateral press on the dazed champion.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE- NO! NO!!

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE SUPERKICKED THE REF! THAT SON OF A-

[Scott smirks as the crowd jeers wildly at his actions.]

GM: He did that intentionally - a blatant assault on an official! This guy wants to be disqualified! He knows the title is in jeopardy and he wants out, Bucky!

BW: Intentional or not - this match is over. Ring the bell and pack Vasquez' bags... don't forget his passport.

[The crowd roars as Alex Martinez pulls himself up on the apron, stepping over the ropes into the ring...

...and points right at Stevie Scott who grins in response. Martinez lifts an arm, ready to call for the bell.]

GM: No... no, don't do it, Alex. Not like this. Don't let this guy out of this match like this - and more importantly, don't take Juan Vasquez away from the AWA like this!

[Martinez pauses for a moment, listening to the crowd before calling for the bell...

...and then looks down as someone grabs his leg.]

GM: Vasquez! Juan Vasquez is- what's he doing, Bucky?

BW: I have no idea.

[Vasquez pushes himself up to his knees, looking up at Martinez.]

GM: He's... my stars, he's begging Alex Martinez! He's begging Alex Martinez not to call for the bell! He's begging him not to disqualify Stevie Scott!

[The Hotshot glares at Vasquez and then turns his gaze to Martinez.]

"DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! DO YOUR JOB, MARTINEZ!"

[The seven footer stares at the Hotshot for a moment... then out to the roaring crowd... then down to Vasquez...

...and then waves his arms, calling for the match to continue!]

GM: YES! YES! YES!

BW: He can't do that! What kind of a crooked decision is that?!

[A furious Stevie Scott spins away, slamming his arms into the top rope as Vasquez pulls himself up using the ropes across the ring. Scott spins around, lashing out with another Heatseeker...

...this one aimed for Alex Martinez!]

GM: HEATSEEK-

[But at the last possible moment, Vasquez shoves Martinez aside, allowing Scott to airball on the superkick.]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[HUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: SPIKE! VASQUEZ HOOKS THE SPIKE!!

[The National Champion struggles against the dangerous hold again, trying to escape as Alex Martinez leans in, asking for the submission.]

GM: Stevie Scott's fighting it! Stevie Scott's trying to hang on to the National Title but he's gotta feel it slipping away from him at this point. Can he escape the Spike? Can he-

[And a desperate Scott simply reaches out, jamming his thumb into the eye of Alex Martinez!]

GM: Ohh! He raked the eyes of the referee!

BW: That man is NOT the referee!

GM: With Michael Meekly laid out thanks to Stevie Scott, he most certainly is!

[With Martinez blinded and Vasquez stunned, Scott lunges backwards, smashing the Number One Contender into the corner!]

GM: Ohh! He DRIVES him back to the corner!

[Vasquez is pressed against the buckles, trying to keep the hold on as Scott slams back elbow after elbow to the face, breaking the Assassin's Spike!]

GM: He breaks free! He's free of the Spike and-

[Spinning around, Scott grabs Vasquez by the arm and FIRES him across the ring, knocking him into a blinded Alex Martinez, a blow that knocks the seven footer down to a knee. Vasquez hits the mat to a knee as well...

...and Stevie Scott starts waving his arms like a wildman.]

GM: What in the...

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as Ben Waterson comes charging down the aisle to the ring...

...carrying a very familiar steel briefcase.]

GM: What the HELL is he doing out here?!

BW: I knew it! I knew these two would have a plan! I knew Ben Waterson and Stevie Scott weren't going down without a plan!

[Waterson swiftly gets up on the apron, case in hand. A grinning Stevie Scott nods, lifting his hands to receive it...]

GM: I can't believe this! The officials are down... Waterson's here... not again! This son of a- they're going to steal Juan Vasquez' career from him, damn it!

[Waterson tosses the steel case into the air towards Stevie Scott whose hands are raised to catch it...

...but he watches helplessly as the case sails over him, landing in the waiting hands of Juan Vasquez.]

GM: WHAT?!

[Scott's eyes go wide as Vasquez stands before him with the briefcase. The National Champion turns around, looking at Ben Waterson who smirks...

...and nods.]

GM: NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

[The metal briefcase is SMASHED down over the skull of a shocked Stevie Scott, a blow that knocks the National Champion flat on his back. Vasquez quickly tosses the briefcase back to Waterson who drops down to the floor, hiding below the level of the squared circle as a still-hurting Martinez drops down on all fours to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd responds with a major mixed reaction as Juan Vasquez pops to his knees, head bowed as he throws his arms into the air in triumph.]

GM: Juan Vasquez... my god, Juan Vasquez is the AWA National Champion but... but what did we just see?

BW: I have no idea!

GM: Ben Waterson came out here... it looked like... well, we all thought he was going to throw that case to Stevie Scott to finish off Juan Vasquez but he threw it OVER him, Bucky.

BW: It looked like he threw it RIGHT to Juan Vasquez but that can't be... that couldn't have happened, right?

GM: I... in all honesty, Bucky, I don't know what to think right now.

[The referee grabs the title belt from ringside.]

PW: Here is your winner...

...and NEW AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION...

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAN VASSSSSQUEZ!

[The belt is handed over to Vasquez who clutches it, hugging it tightly to his chest as he kneels on the canvas. After a moment, Ben Waterson climbs into the ring, steel briefcase in hand and moves to stand next to Vasquez.]

GM: He's... he's standing next to him. Ben Waterson is standing alongside Juan Vasquez and I don't- what in the world is happening here, Bucky? I feel like this is some kind of a Bizarro world!

[Vasquez slowly climbs to his feet, nodding his head to the crowd that is split between cheering and jeering him. He takes the title belt, slinging it over his shoulder as he stands in the middle of the ring, newly crowned as the AWA National Champion...

...and soon finds himself face to face with Sweet Daddy Williams.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: I feel like I've seen this before, Gordo.

[Williams shakes his head, pointing at Waterson. He jabs a finger into Juan Vasquez' chest, then points at Waterson again.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams is in shock! Could this have happened to him again? Could he have been betrayed for the second time in two years - both times engineered by Ben Waterson?

BW: Wait... are we really saying that Waterson and Vasquez are working together? Is that what we're saying?

GM: What else can we say, Bucky? Look at them standing side by side!

[Waterson pats Vasquez on the shoulder with a big grin on his face, shouting something in the direction of Williams.]

GM: He wants Vasquez to waffle him with that case - just like Stevie Scott did when he joined up with Waterson! He wants him to-

[Vasquez takes the case from Waterson, clutching it in both hands as he glares at a shocked Sweet Daddy Williams who is slowly shaking his head in disbelief.]

GM: What in the world is going to happen here? What is Juan Vasquez - what's going through his mind right now? What's-

[And suddenly, Vasquez wheels around...

...and BASHES Ben Waterson over the head with the briefcase!]

GM: OHHHHHHH! HE HIT WATERSON! HE HIT BEN WATERSON!!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Vasquez throws the case aside, grinning widely and falling into an embrace with Sweet Daddy Williams who hoists his arm into the air in victory.]

GM: Juan Vasquez has done it! Juan Vasquez is the new National Champion! And I don't know what happened with Waterson but it's very clear that Juan Vasquez and Ben Waterson are NOT allies! They're not-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts strongly as a rising Stevie Scott grabs the discarded briefcase and SMASHES Sweet Daddy Williams in the back of the head with it before spinning...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and drilling Juan Vasquez with it as well, laying him out!]

GM: STEVIE SCOTT JUST NAILED THEM BOTH WITH THE CASE!!

[A furious Scott throws the case down right on the back of a downed Ben Waterson. He marches back to Vasquez, pulling him off the mat...

...and into a standing headscissors!]

GM: No, no! You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Stevie's not done! You want his belt? You may have to kill him to keep it!

GM: He's going for the piledriver! He's gonna try to cripple the new champ!

[But before he can lift Vasquez off the mat, he finds himself with a hand wrapped around his throat courtesy of Alex Martinez. A gasping Scott releases Vasquez...

...and finds himself hoisted into the air by the throat before being brutally powerbombed down to the canvas!]

GM: FIREBOMB!! FIREBOMB!!

[The crowd roars for Martinez as he smirks at the downed Hotshot before turning away, stepping over the ropes and making his exit back up the aisle.]

GM: Martinez is leaving! Stevie Scott is down! Ben Waterson is... well, I don't know what! And Juan Vasquez is the new National Champion! My god, what a night, Bucky!

BW: I've never seen anything like it.

GM: We're waaaaay out of time! We've gotta go! For Jon Stegglet, Todd Michaelson, Bucky Wilde, and all the rest of our team, I'm Gordon Myers wishing you good night from Dallas, Texas...

[We abruptly cut to black.

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

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

"SUPERCLASH"

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

"VI!"

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

And then shots that become slightly more obvious.

A street of major theaters.

The 9/11 Memorial.

The Empire State Building.

The Statue Of Liberty.

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

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

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

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

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

"LIVE ON PAY PER VIEW."

[Fade to black...

And back up on what appears to be an X-ray of someone's face placed up on a light board for all to see. We pan slightly to reveal Melissa Cannon in a conservative black dress standing next to it.]

MC: I'm Melissa Cannon and I've been placed on special assignment to visit the AWA's head doctor, Dr. Bob Ponavitch, to discuss the injuries suffered two weeks ago by Travis Lynch at the hands of Alexander Kingsley. Dr. Ponavitch, if you would...

[Ponavitch steps into view, looking every bit the stereotypical TV doctor in his white coat with a stethoscope hanging around his neck.]

DBP: Hello, Melissa.

MC: Doctor, could you tell us the condition of Travis Lynch as we speak now?

[Ponavitch nods, turning towards the X-Ray.]

DBP: Of course, of course. Now, it's important to note that Travis had his face violently rubbed back and forth on exposed concrete several times. You can see here...

[He gestures to a line on the X-Ray.]

DBP: That Travis suffered a fracture of his orbital bone which was ultimately the most serious of the injuries. He does have some severe lacerations as well that are of some concern for us.

MC: No broken nose?

DBP: He was luckily able to avoid that particular injury... which comes as some surprise when reviewing the assault by Mr. Kingsley.

MC: Will the broken bone require surgery of some kind?

[Ponavitch gives a thoughtful glance at the X-Ray.]

DBP: After consultation with the other members of the AWA medical team, we believe that Travis should be able to make a full recovery without the aid of surgery.

[Cannon nods.]

MC: I sense a "but" in there, Doctor.

[Ponavitch slowly nods.]

DBP: But he will be unable to compete inside the ring for quite some time. And what more, we have placed a medical ban on Travis Lynch to prevent him from even entering a building where an AWA event is going on until we say otherwise.

MC: There's a whole lot of ladies who will be upset at that news.

DBP: Yourself included?

[Cannon seems to blush a bit.]

DBP: It's for his own benefit, Miss Cannon.

MC: How long is the ban for?

[Ponavitch gets a very grave look upon his face.]

DBP: Indefinitely.

[The camera holds on Ponavitch for several moments before the screen changes, showing the same image but now clearly on a television screen. The camera pulls back to reveal Mark Stegglet standing next to a grinning Sunshine who is in a black miniskirt and a #ScumbagTravis t-shirt strategically slit to reveal ample cleavage.]

MS: You sure seem pleased with yourself.

[Sunshine looks at Stegglet.]

S: Why wouldn't I be, Mark? After nearly a year of trying to rid the world of Travis Lynch, success is upon us.

MS: That's not what the doctor said.

S: You gotta learn to read between the lines, Mark. Dr. Ponavitch says Travis can come back when he's ready. Do you really think he'll ever come back? Since the day I met Travis Lynch, he's had to battle the Beale Street Bullies, watching his brother get crippled, and his father get beaten up in the process. He's had to fight The Lost Boy - that pathetic, worthless mutt. He's been bloodied by Ebola Zaire, the king of violence. And now... now he got to meet my benefactor, the man who has been footing the bills all along.

[Sunshine stretches out an arm, grinning as Alexander Kingsley walks into view in what has to be the most expensive suit ever seen on AWA television. He's grinning a well-polished smile, tugging at his tie as Sunshine gladly drapes her arm over his shoulders.]

MS: The mysterious benefactor. Alexander Kingsley, it has been quite some time since we've seen you here in the AWA. The World Title tournament, I believe.

[Kingsley nods confidently.]

MS: You lost.

[He jerks his head towards Stegglet angrily.]

AK: That supposed to be funny, you pathetic little worm?

[Stegglet backs off, raising a hand.]

AK: Yes, when I ventured to the AWA before, I was an impetuous young child. I made the jump before I had garnered enough experience to truly compete with the best in the world. But I had a deeper goal than the World Title back then, Stegglet.

MS: Oh?

AK: The opportunity to stand alongside my trainer and mentor.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: You trained with Oliver Strickland from what I recall.

AK: That man was more than my trainer, Stegglet. That man is like a father to me. My own father was always too busy for his son... off making a fortune.

MS: Kingsley Online Entertainment is one of the biggest companies in the world.

AK: All too true. And that money is what paid for men like the Lost Boy and Ebola Zaire to haunt Travis Lynch like a walking nightmare for the past several months.

[Stegglet shakes his head, puzzled.]

MS: I don't get it. You paid for all that. Zaire alone... he doesn't come cheap, right? Why? Why would you do this?

[Kingsley smiles, throwing a glance at Sunshine.]

AK: Why? Other than for the love of a good woman?

[Sunshine smiles seductively, running her hand down Kingsley's chest.]

AK: Alright, Stegglet. You broke me. You want to know why I paid the bills to run Travis Lynch's career into the ground?

Oliver Strickland is a former World Champion. True or false.

[Stegglet pauses.]

MS: True.

[A nod from Kingsley.]

AK: Oliver Strickland is one of the best trainers in the world, getting people ready for this business down in Amarillo with Terry Shane Jr. at The Yard. True or false.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: True.

[Kingsley nods.]

AK: Here's one you might now know the answer to. Oliver Strickland should have been the very best promoter in all of Texas wrestling. True or false.

[Stegglet pauses, looking confused.]

MS: What?

AK: True or false. Oliver Strickland should have been the very best promoter in all of Texas wrestling.

[Stegglet is puzzled.]

MS: I've... I don't think I have the answer to that.

[Kingsley pauses, closing his eyes for a long moment.]

AK: Few do, Mr. Stegglet. Few do. Because when my teacher... my mentor... my father decided to open his own territory down in Amarillo with Terry Shane Jr., there was one man who opposed them. One man who gave it his all - who dedicated his life - to putting them out of business... to stopping them cold before they even got started.

One man who tried to get them blackballed from this industry.

[Kingsley's eyes open, staring into the camera.]

AK: Blackjack Lynch.

[Stegglet's jaw drops.]

AK: And so the sins of the father are paid for by the sons. Blackjack Lynch dotes on his children... protects them... lives every day left of his life for them.

There is no better way to avenge my teacher than to destroy Blackjack's leavings.

[Kingsley's grin returns.]

AK: And that's why Sunshine came to me after SuperClash last year. That's why Sunshine came to me and offered me the chance to be a part of this... the chance to make things right for all of those that the Lynches have wronged.

And believe me... that's a long, long list.

[A soft chuckle.]

AK: Sunshine believes Travis won't return. I believe he will... because like his father, his ego won't allow him to give it up. His ego will drive him back... too soon likely... and when it does, I will be waiting.

WE will be waiting.

[Kingsley nods.]

AK: Good day, Mr. Stegglet.

[Kingsley and a grinning Sunshine exit off-camera, leaving Stegglet behind as we crossfade back to ringside.]

GM: Disgusting.

BW: I agree.

GM: You do?

BW: Yeah, I was hoping he'd have to retire too.

GM: That's NOT what I'm referring to and you know it! What kind of an excuse is that for Alexander Kingsley to assault Travis Lynch?! Because Blackjack Lynch ran his trainer out of the promoting game?

BW: No, no, no... Old Yeller tried to BLACKLIST Mister Oliver Strickland from the world of wrestling! That's a whole other can of worms, Gordo. The old man tried to take away the man's livelihood - the only thing he knows how to do in this world!

GM: Well, it didn't work. Strickland runs a very successful training school out of Amarillo called The Yard with Terry Shane Jr.

BW: Which only proves the best point of them all.

GM: Which is?

BW: The Stenches can't do ANYTHING right.

GM: You're unbelievable. Fans, we are about to see the debut of a newcomer to the AWA. We heard from him last week, he calls himself The Gladiator, and he's making his first appearance tonight.

BW: Where do they find these guys? The Rogues Gallery Wrestling Association?

GM: Bucky!

[We cut to the ring.]

PW: Wrestling fans, the following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from Dallas, Texas, and weighing 244 pounds... this is SCOTTY RICHARDSON!

[A lanky wrestler dressed in long black tights with blue trim and a white tank top that reads "THIS SHIRT IS BETTER THAN YOU!" in black lettering, raises his arms and smirks.

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.

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: Introducing, from parts unknown, weighing in at 270 pounds...

THE GLADIATOR!

[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: Quite an entrance for The Gladiator, wouldn't you say, Bucky?

BW: All I'm gonna say is I thought we had laws prohibiting the use of certain substances!

GM: Bucky, enough already!

[The bell rings and Gladiator quickly rushes Richardson, pummeling him with repeated blows.]

GM: Gladiator not wasting any time!

BW: Richardson didn't even get a chance to warm up!

GM: Gladiator taking Richardson into the corner... he slams him face first into the turnbuckle!

BW: Is the referee gonna get this guy to settle down? Rhetorical question, of course.

GM: Before this match, The Gladiator had a few words about his debut. Let's take you to that.

[We go to a split screen, where to the right, we can see Gladiator backing Richardson into a corner and pounding on him. To the left is the man himself, wearing his gladiator helmet and his head bowed down.]

G: Fortuna is with me as I prepare to step onto the battlefield... but Fortuna will not be at the side of those who are unfortunate enough to oppose me.

[He slowly raises his head.]

G: The normals will try but I will overcome. The scoundrels will not even try but simply beg, yet I will show no mercy. Only those who are truly worthy will be able to withstand my might bestowed upon me by the great Jupiter and Juno.

[His eyes grow intense.]

G: But even they will ultimately fall before me, as I, The Gladiator, will rise to the very top of the AWA, and bask in the glow of almighty victory!

[He turns his head skyward, growling. We cut away from the split screen and back to the ring, where Gladiator has now bodyslammed his opponent. He then looks upward, raising his right arm upward as if he is summoning someone to come down.]

BW: Normals, huh? How is that a bad thing, when you are the guy who talks to the ceiling?

GM: The Gladiator is certainly a unique individual, and Scotty Richardson not having much luck right now. Gladiator turning back to Richardson, who is just getting to his feet. Here's an Irish whip into the corner.

[Gladiator then backs up, charging into the corner and connecting with a hard clothesline.]

GM: My goodness! Look how hard Gladiator came in with that clothesline!

BW: Yeah, he's definitely a hard hitter, but that elevator doesn't go all the way to the top. Heck, I doubt it even leaves the first floor!

GM: Regardless of what you think, Bucky, this man is on a tear in that ring!

[Gladiator drags Richardson out of the corner, then delivers a pair of forearm smashes that back the lanky wrestler into the ropes.]

GM: Gladiator with the Irish whip... and look at this!

[Gladiator catches Richardson off the ropes, spins him around, then drops him hard to the mat with a side slam.]

GM: A tilt a whirl slam! What impact!

BW: Even I felt that one... but now what is this idiot doing?

GM: Gladiator dragging Richardson up... what is he setting him up for?

[Gladiator briefly runs in place before running back to the ropes, past Richardson, then off the opposite ropes, going by Richardson again, then comes off again and leaps.]

GM: Spear tackle off the ropes! Richardson is out of it!

BW: He's pointing at the ceiling again! What is with this guy?

[Gladiator drags Richardson back up again, this time pressing him above his head, looking upward momentarily.]

GM: Gorilla press by the Gladiator... he's got him above his head... but now he drops him and catches him! And right into a powerslam!

BW: Whoa! I can't believe it how quick he did that!

GM: And there's the cover... and the three count follows!

[The referee's hand slaps the mat three times, the Gladiator nodding his head at each count.]

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

[The referee raises Gladiator's arm in victory. Gladiator pumps his arms skyward before exiting the ring.]

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

[As the Gladiator heads up the rampway, he pauses by a camera who is filming in and speaks.]

G: The first of many has been conquered, and more are to follow, as I continue to blaze my path of destruction in the name of Jupiter and Juno!

[He growls, then walks away, raising his arms in victory as we cut back to ringside to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: An impressive victory for The Gladiator in his debut here tonight in the Crockett Coliseum... another one of the impressive newcomers we've seen arrive here in the AWA as of late.

BW: Sounds like Talent Relations has been working overtime, Gordo.

GM: It certainly does judging by the quality of competition we've seen debut in the past few weeks. But speaking of debuts and returns, the entire AWA was shocked by the return of Sultan Azam Sharif two weeks ago during the Rumble... and tonight, he's going to make his SNW return as well! Let's go to Mark Stegglet who is standing by with Sultan Azam Sharif!

[Up to the platform where Mark Stegglet is standing by for an interview.]

MS: Fans, please welcome back to the AWA, the former Olympian and Asian Games medalist, one of the most decorated athletes from his home country, and a certified Pahlavn-e Keshvar... Sultan Azam Sharif!

[The loud sound of a man singing in Farsi starts off "Saz O Avaz" (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=df6x9AgAW-Y>), and the fans mostly cheer (except those who will boo a Muslim no matter what) as the dusky-skinned battlescarred Iranian star walks out from the back onto the platform. Sultan Azam Sharif is clothed in his white kaffiyeh, black agal, reddish-brown bisht, white sirwal with golden sash, and gold hooked-style boots (with one change: the hooks seem to be a much softer material than before, and are thus now more decorative than functional). Well-groomed and properly postured, Sharif carries his enormous Iranian flag in one hand and signals that he is number one with the other.]

MS: Sultan, it has been a long time, and you have come a long way to come back to the AWA.

[The neatly-mustched Persian nods before launching into yet another rambling diatribe of what could charitably be called heavily-accented English. With some Arabic thrown in just because he won't speak Farsi to non-speakers.]

SAS: DANK YOU! Mistair Mork Stegalut, dank you dot you are ontollEgunt AmerEcun to said dot I vas Olympic shampwon, Ashun Game shampwon, Pahlavn-e Keshvar Varzesh-e Pahlavani! Und I om proud to reprusent Iran in Olympic game, Ashun game, und here again in A-dubva-A! Lost time, I vas ottock by Royalty un hod injury. Ven I get heal, alhamdulillah, I go to wrastail in Iran und Turkey because my peepell, Iranian peepell, Mooslem peepell, dey vant to see me since I vas in A-dubva-A. Und I von shampwonship, und stay to defend it. Den Germain promoters, dey say to me, please come to Germony, please come to Beljoom. Und I von European Cotch shampwonship, und I defend dot for six month until I lose dot to Mistair Calloom Muchoney, who I raspec because he is deh real! Und den Joponese promotair say, please come to Tigair Paw Wrastling. Und ven I go there, dot jehbronie Foochimoto run out of Jopon instead of fight me! But I tour Jopon, und wrastail all deh good wrastlairs there.

Un den I say, I hof to go bock, ten tousan mile, to Dallas Texas! All deh peepell know dot Dallas Texas, A-dubva-A, hof deh best wrastlairs in deh vurd!

[The fans cheer, at least the ones who are willing to, and who understood what he just said.]

MS: When you look around the AWA, Sultan, the landscape is quite different than when you were here last.

SAS: OgZACKly! Dey use to hof cedair trees on side of...

MS: I mean the wrestlers are different and the champions are different. Do you know what you plan will be now that you're back in the AWA? Anyone you're targeting?

SAS: Oh, ana afham. Mistair Mork Stegalut, all wrastlair only hof one goal. Dot is to be Vurld Heavyveight Shampwon, and inshallah I vill be Vurld Heavyveight Shampwon! You know dot three year ago, I vas deh vinnair of Stole Deh Spotlight at deh SupairClosH!

MS: That's right. An opportunity that you ultimately wasted, thanks to your then-manager, Adrian Bathwaite.

SAS: Dot vill not hopen again! I vant to be in Stole Deh Spotlight dis year, if dey vill hof it again at deh SupairClosH, un inshallah I vill vin dot again! But I know dot I hof to vin motches to moved up in ronkings! So I om going to go to ring und vin right now! For IRAN! IRAN! IRAN, NUMBAH WUN! CAMARAMAN, ZOOM IT!

[The Sultan throws his bisht down right there and flexes his impressive muscles.]

SAS: Masa' al-khayr!

[And then he heads down the aisle as "Saz O Avaz" begins playing again.]

MS: The Sultan is focused on the biggest prize in the sport, and it looks like he'll start that climb once more... and it sounds like he is already throwing his hat into the ring for the big Steal The Spotlight match at SuperClash. Gordon, Bucky, back to you.

BW: What'd he say? What'd he say?

GM: Sultan Azam Sharif is the unlikeliest of fan favorites, and he is one of the first men in 2014 to declare his intention to be in the Steal The Spotlight match at SuperClash. As a former winner, I can only imagine that he would be a shoe-in to enter that match if he wanted to.

[Sharif, still waving his flag, is now at the ring, where Phil Watson is ready alongside a light-brown haired man with slightly receding hairline and mustache. The man wears black thigh-length tights and black sneakers, as well as a leather jacket. Sharif steps through the ropes as "Saz O Avaz" dies down. Watson nods to the cameraman, and the introductions begin.]

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

Introducing first, to my left. From Dallas, Texas... weighing two hundred forty-four pounds... BRUCE "WILD AND CRAZY" GUY!

[Guy steps up on the second turnbuckle and plays to the crowd, who give him a tepid reaction.]

PW: His opponent, to my right... from Shiraz, Iran... weighing in at two-hundred fifty-nine pounds... SULTAN AZAM SHARIF!

[The crowd cheers as Sharif points to them and nods. He sets his flagpole up in the corner, and removes his kaffiyeh and agal as the opening bell rings.]

GM: Sharif in his first televised singles match since his AWA return, taking on Bruce Guy. The Sultan has, as he mentioned, toured the world after recovering from his injury a year and a half ago.

BW: Convenient how he waited to come back until Dave Cooper was gone.

GM: If you're accusing this man of cowardice, you really haven't paid any attention. Collar-and-elbow tieup, and Guy takes a headlock...

[*THUD*]

GM: ...big back suplex by the Sultan! Bouncing Bruce Guy off the mat!

BW: You gotta know if you're facing Sharif that he's gonna suplex you twenty different ways if you don't look out. And maybe even if you do. He let Guy put him in a headlock just to do that.

GM: Sharif with some stomps, and then locking in his own headlock. Hip throw over, maintaining the headlock. And... again, my word. I don't know that I've seen rolling headlock takedowns often.

BW: And he's splatting Guy down stomach first. Working the ribs. The Camel Clutch takes out the back, the ribs, and the neck.

GM: Bruce Guy trying to shove Sharif off the headlock, but the Sultan is too powerful. This man is a master wrestler, Bucky... a former Olympian. Wouldn't it be interesting to see Sharif face Supreme Wright? The last time he faced a pure technician of that level, it was Pure X in the World Title Tournament, and Sharif was victorious there.

BW: Let's not go crazy, Gordo. If Supreme Wright entered the Olympics, he'd get the gold medal. I don't see a gold medal on Sultan Azam Sharif.

GM: Guy finally works his way free, and fires a couple of blows to the head and abdomen of Sharif. It does not even slow the Iranian down... BELLY-TO-BELLY! He grasped Guy and ripped him near out of his boots! Hurlled him down with authority!

BW: I have a feelin' that this is gonna be one of those real short matches. One suplex from Sharif is like two or three from most guys.

GM: It may well be so. Guy rolling towards the ropes, as he at least still had some presence of mind to not be on the canvas where the Sultan could apply his Camel Clutch.

[Slowly, Bruce Guy works his way to his feet, while Sharif patiently waits in center ring. The dark-haired Iranian is crouched slightly forward, arms spread in a wrestling ready stance. Some of the anti-Sharif fans start a USA chant.]

BW: Yeah! U-S-A! U-S-A!

GM: Just because Sharif is Iranian doesn't make him anti-American.

BW: Did you not hear what he said? "Iran Number One?" I can't understand ninety-five percent of that babble, but that part's pretty clear.

GM: You can be proud of your own country without hating other countries, Bucky.

BW: Only if you're American. The rest of the world better kiss our feet and know we're the best, or we'll bomb them back to the Stone Age.

GM: Oh, brother. Sharif locking up with Guy, and whipping him down with a waistlock takedown, shoots the half, and applies a vice-like grip with the half nelson and a chinlock. He is in firm control of this contest as he pulls up Bruce Guy... MY WORD!

[The fans react loudly as Sharif, with a half-nelson chinlock combination applied on Guy, half-nelson suplexes him straight over his head in a devastating maneuver!]

BW: Uh, yeah, he's done.

GM: Absolutely crushing! Sharif flipping Guy over, and facing him eastward... there is no question that the Camel Clutch is coming now, Bucky.

[Dazed from the half-nelson suplex, Bruce Guy cannot resist as Sharif tucks his arms back and cranks on the Camel Clutch. A methodical wrenching motion by Sharif makes the hold even more destructive, and the submission comes quickly.]

BW: He could have just pinned him, Gordo. You think this guy has changed at all from when Bathwaite was leading him by the nose, and you were calling for his head? He's a terrorist!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: He definitely has changed... Sharif releasing immediately upon the submission! He formerly had been taught that keeping a hold applied for a full four seconds after the bell showed respect, but thank goodness that has been unlearned.

PW: Here is your winner, by way of submission... SULTAN AZAM SHARIF!

[Sharif drops to his knees, says a quick prayer, and then stands to shake his fists and acknowledge the fans who are cheering him. He gets his flag as "Saz O Avaz" plays over the PA.]

BW: And now, here in the USA, we have to watch an idiot wave the Iranian flag over a fallen American. This ain't right!

GM: There is a huge difference between Sharif honoring his own country, and those who do this sort of thing to denigrate and denounce the US. Sharif has not done that. And he is on the way to SuperClash, quite possibly to make an attempt to be the first two-time Steal The Spotlight winner.

BW: Not with Johnny Detson and Calisto Dufresne in there, daddy! They'll make short work out of this guy.

GM: That remains to be seen. Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, we'll see Casanova in action so don't you dare go away!

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 Phil Watson waiting inside the ring.]

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, Pennsylvania...
weighing in at 202 pounds... Marty Carr!

[The lanky young man pumps his arms in the air, shouting to the fans.]

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 as we saw him earlier in the night, holding a framed gold record over his head. Right behind him comes Casanova, also dressed as we saw him earlier. They share a big embrace before heading down the ramp together.]

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

[Watson does a doubletake at his cue cards.]

PW: ...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.]

GM: Egads. What in the world happened to Johnny Casanova? He was always a bit... oversized... but nothing like this.

BW: You know, I talked to Mickey Cherry about that earlier tonight - we're old friends, you know.

GM: I recall.

BW: He told me that when wandered upon Johnny Casanova, the Playboy was bouncing around from territory to territory and just getting his clock cleaned left and right. He was on a downward spiral and Mickey convinced him that all he needed was to be himself.

GM: This is Casanova being himself?

BW: That's what Mickey says.

[As the bell sounds, the two competitors come together in a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Marty Carr and Casanova locking up in the center of the ring... and Casanova's size advantage makes it pretty easy for him to shove Carr back against the ropes.

[The big man backs him down as the referee calls for a break...

...but Carr spins it around, reversing it and shoving Casanova back against the ropes. Casanova gives a squeal as Carr balls up his fist.]

BW: Closed fist! Closed fist!

[Casanova ducks his head through the ropes, covering up and screaming as the referee steps in, shaking his head at Marty Carr.]

GM: The referee's right there, telling Carr to step back and open up that fist.

[Carr backs off, hands raised as Casanova waits... and waits... and waits...]

GM: Come on, ref. Get him back in the ring.

[Casanova lowers his arms off his head and is overheard asking "Is he gone?" before he straightens back up, glaring at Carr.]

GM: Casanova doesn't seem quite the same.

BW: Ya think?

[Casanova marches out to the middle of the ring, sticking a finger in the face of Carr, reading him the riot act...

...and then Carr balls up his fist, ready to throw it again.]

GM: What the...?

[Casanova lets loose another yelp, rushing to duck his head back between the ropes to the laughter of the crowd.]

BW: No one likes getting punched in the face, Gordo.

GM: Well, sure... of course not but... he's a professional wrestler!

[Casanova again finally slips back through the ropes, pausing to primp his hair. He turns, waving for Mickey Cherry who pulls himself up on the apron, shouting at Carr before moving over to help Casanova with his hair.]

GM: Apparently a break in the action to check his hair.

BW: That's important for someone as concerned with their appearance as Casanova is.

GM: Concerned with his... are you even watching this match? Look at this guy! He gained... I don't even know how much weight he gained since we saw him last! He's huge!

[Carr protests to the official as Casanova slowly turns around, getting a shoulder rub from Mickey Cherry...

...and then suddenly throws his arms back overhead, giving a shout as he rushes across for a double axehandle!]

GM: Running hammer blow!

[Carr easily sidesteps, catching the rebounding Casanova with a standing dropkick that sends him sailing between the top and middle ropes, crashing backfirst down on the apron before rolling off to a knee on the floor.]

GM: Casanova hits the floor hard off that dropkick and-

[Carr grabs the top rope, stepping up on the middle rope, and then leaping off, using the rope to swing his legs down between the ropes...

...where Casanova lifts the apron, tangling up the legs of Marty Carr!]

GM: Whoa! Unique counter by Casanova!

[Casanova throws himself at Carr, battering him with rights and lefts to the head. He backs off, walking a few feet away before charging back in, turning to deliver a running back elbow to the chin, snapping Carr's head back!]

GM: Man oh man, Casanova with some unique offense on the floor as he climbs back up on the apron...

[Leaning down, he hauls Carr up on the apron alongside him, leaning Carr over so that his throat is pressed down on the top rope. Casanova puts his weight across the back of Carr's neck, forcing him into a chokehold!]

GM: Casanova's choking him on the apron, using the ropes to strangle him...

[At the referee's four count, Casanova backs off, raising his arms up over his head as the referee reprimands him. He steps back through the ropes into the ring, grabbing Carr in a scoop, slamming him down to the mat.]

GM: Casanova brings him in with a slam.

BW: I don't hear you criticizing his physique now, Gordo. He's looking good in there.

GM: Casanova's showing some of the talent we all saw in him during his last stint in the AWA.

[With Carr down on the mat, Casanova rushes the ropes, bouncing off...

...and leaps up, twisting his body into a corkscrew elbowdrop!]

GM: Ohh! Big near four hundred pound elbow with authority!

[Casanova rests his chin on his fist, grinning as the referee goes to make a count.]

GM: Two count off the elbow. He thought he had him, Bucky.

BW: He certainly did. A confident cover by Casanova.

[Casanova climbs to his feet, joining Mickey Cherry in letting the referee have it for the two count.]

GM: Casanova thought it was three and he's telling the referee that right now.

[A sneering Casanova turns back to the downed Carr, leaning down to pull him up by the front of the trunks, causing a murmur of reaction from the crowd.]

GM: You don't see someone pull up an opponent by the FRONT of the trunks very often.

[Casanova leans in, planting a kiss on the cheek of Carr before twisting around in a high impact belly-to-belly suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He crushed him under all that weight with the belly-to-belly!

[Casanova pushes up off the mat, kneeling as he looks out at the jeering crowd with his arms outstretched to his sides, waving for a louder response.]

GM: Mickey Cherry just shouted that it's naptime!

[Casanova nods to the pencil-thin manager, pulling Carr off the mat by the hair, slipping in behind him...

...and wrapping his beefy arms around the head and neck, hooking in the sleeperhold!]

GM: Sleeper! The sleeperhold is applied!

BW: No, no, no... when I talked to Mickey earlier, he told me to look for the hold they're calling "Goodnight Sweet Prince." This has gotta be it!

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

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

[Casanova gets Carr down into a seated position with the former Playboy's weight bearing down on the back of his neck. The referee steps in, lifting Carr'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 but the immediate problem is that Casanova does not release the hold.]

GM: Come on, ref. Gotta get him to break the hold.

BW: The sleeperhold gets more and more dangerous the longer it's locked in, Gordo.

GM: It absolutely does. The referee needs to get in there quickly... he's putting the count on Casanova.

[Casanova seems completely oblivious to the count until it hits four at which point he lets go, walking away from the unconscious Marty Carr.]

GM: Finally... FINALLY... he lets go... and Carr is out cold, Bucky.

BW: It's been a long time since we've seen someone put the sleeperhold to that level of effectiveness, Gordo. Carr's not moving at all...

GM: And now they've gotta get him to wake him up!

[Casanova is prancing around the ring, getting his arm raised by Mickey Cherry as the official insists that he wake up Carr.]

GM: This is just as dangerous. They need to get him to wake this young man back up as soon as possible.

[The official starts putting the count on Casanova again before he finally relents, sitting Carr up. He uses his hand, rubbing the neck muscles...

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

GM: Well, there was a nice way to do that and a rough way to do it and I guess we just saw which one Casanova chose to go with.

[Cherry is hopping around the ring, pointing at Casanova who grins as he raises his pudgy arms in victory again...

...and we crossfade to Gordon and Bucky sitting at ringside.]

GM: An impressive victory for Casanova here in his return to the AWA alongside Mickey Cherry. And speaking of returns, it was two weeks ago now when the Hall of Fame tag team... the former World Tag Team Champions, the Epitome Of Cool, returned to the world of wrestling for a very special ceremony... a ceremony that was ultimately interrupted by the Lights Out Express.

BW: The AWA World Tag Team Champions.

GM: They were at that time, yes... but no longer as they lost to Air Strike two weeks ago at Homecoming. But regardless of that, they interrupted something that was very important to Andrew Sterling and Dan Thomas... to the fans... and to the

AWA on the whole. It was a blatant show of disrespect for the legendary tag team and earlier today, our own Colt Patterson tracked down the now-former World Tag Team Champions to get their comments.

[Cut to the infamous corridor in the Crocket Coliseum that is home to the Wall of Fame and footage marked "EARLIER TODAY." Colt Patterson stands in-between the red glove of Creed and a half shattered "tubey" that was once cracked against the jaw of a helpless foe by Steve Spector.]

CP: I am standing here with former AWA World Tag Team Champions Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson, formally known as the Lights Out Express, who are accompanied by the lovely Siren of the AWA... Miss Sandra Hayes. Last time on SNW-

MSH: -was a travesty in every sense of the word, Colt. What you saw out there was a farce. It was a mockery of tag team wrestling and everything my boys worked so hard for. These men have carried tag team wrestling in this sport on their back for the past two years! Where are the champions that fell before them? Where are the Bishops, the Bombers, and SkyHerc? What has become of them?!

[Colt shrugs.]

MSH: Relics. Cowards. Runaways. All of them! Washed up and washed out. Just as quick as they, just as long as they were relevant. But you see these two warriors? These are REAL champions. They're still standing. They're still fighting. They're still the hottest commodities in this sport. Year after year, champion after champion, the rest all disappeared. But not the Lights Out Express. Not MY team. Not the fastest charging, hardest hitting, runaway train that steamrolled through every tag team in their path and claimed what was rightfully theirs.

LS: That's right, sister. Ya think them little twits are gonna run us off? Ya think Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz scare us? Ya gotta be kiddin' me, jack! Them girls got lucky, REAL lucky. And ya know why? Ya know why we ain't the champs no more?!

CP: Why?

LS: Three words for ya. Three words that make me sick to my stomach.

[Lenny holds his three fingers and turns his cheek as he makes a dry heaving noise.]

LS: I can't even say it. It's like razorblades in my throat! Tell em' Aaron!

AA: Epitome. Of. Cool.

[Strong bellows over, coughing violently.]

AA: What you two did-

LS: Was NOT cool, brother! NOT COOL!

[Lenny begins to pace around as Hayes tries to comfort him with soft pats on the back as he walks by.]

AA: You marched into our house uninvited and threw the world off its axis. We bestowed the honor of allowing you to watch us in action because some guy in the back told us that a long, long time ago you did something worthwhile and won something worthy of us giving you the time of day. But somehow, in those few minutes where we let you share the ring with us... your failures rubbed off on us.

LS: I showered three times and I still smell like a forty year Frat Boy!

AA: That man in the back talked you up real good. Told us about your wars in the nineties with the Down Boys and the like. Told us how you were one of the most consistent and dominant teams of your generation and went toe to toe with a list of legendary and hall of fame teams. But guess what, gentlemen? This isn't the nineties and your jokes are tired and lame. This is a new era of wrestling, a better one, and the last time I checked before you two goons road back in on your high horses we were kings.

LS: You cost us everything. EVERYTHING! So it's only appropriate that we return the favor and I know just the ring in the a certain downtown arena in New York City where we'd be more than happy to break your faces in.

MSH: Rumor has it the cowards were just passing through Dallas on their current book signing tour and they're already off to Houston for their next –

LS: Houston?! You've got to be kiddin' me, jack! We'd hunt them down to Georgia, Tallahassee, Lexington, or Greensboro but Houston?! The dirty, sleazy, nasty, hairy armpit of Texas!

AA: Lenny.

[Strong turns around and throws his arms up in the air.]

AA: LENNY!

[Strong stops, turning towards his partner.]

AA: Even. Houston.

[Strong's jaw drops.]

AA: If we've got to hijack a bus or walk two hundred and thirty eight miles barefoot across the dessert we'll do it. If we've got to climb mountain tops and jump out of helicopters we'll do it. If we've got to swim after them in the Gulf of Mexico then we WILL do it.

AA: This is our town, Colt. And nobody...NOBODY... comes into our town without asking and you damn well know that NOBODY leaves it unless we THROW them out.

LS: And when we do you better believe that its going to be LIGHTS...

[Strong strikes his palm with his elbow creating a loud *SMACK* noise.]

LS: Out.

[Cut back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: The Lights Out Express say they're willing to hunt down the Epitome Of Cool... well, we just received word that they're not going to have to travel very far because right here, in two weeks' time, the Epitome Of Cool will HERE in the Crockett Coliseum to address what happened at Homecoming and what we just heard! How about that news, Bucky?

BW: They're coming here? They're braver than I thought... or dumber. Yeah, dumber. Let's go with dumber.

GM: You're unbelievable. Fans, let's go back to Phil Watson for more action!

[Crossfade 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, to my right, from the Silicon Valley... weighing in at 237 pounds...

CARL RIDDENS!

[Riddens is a lanky, greasy looking item, who leans in a corner behind Watson and calmly blows his own hair out of his face, before wiping it out with a hand. He wears loose looking red karate style pants and has a black sleeve over his right elbow, with black boots peaking out from underneath the pants.]

GM: Not much information on Carl Riddens here, Bucky, although it's said that he's got a lot of mileage in our sport.

BW: He's been around the loop, that's for sure. Although he's never really stuck around anywhere for an extended period of time.

[Back to Phil.]

PW: His opponent, from Waxahatchee, Texas... weighing in tonight at 241 pounds...

BUTCH McMASTERS!

[McMasters is a rough and tough looking fellow, with a thick hedgehog style mustache and an Army style buzzcut. He wears short black trunks with white thunderbolts on each side and throws up the "Hook 'Em Horns" sign to the crowd.]

GM: Another rugged competitor from Texas is what this man looks like, and this match is underway. Butch McMasters seems like he's antsy to get this underway, but Carl Riddens is decidedly less so.

[Riddens stays in his corner and looks at McMasters, then mumbles to himself. He continues to camp out in the corner and lean against the turnbuckle, not budging. Butch McMasters beckons for Riddens to come out of the corner, and it takes the referee going to the corner and getting right in Riddens' face for him to move. Riddens shuffles out to the center of the ring and brushes the hair out of his face, then sadly shakes his head at McMasters.]

GM: What is going on here?

BW: Maybe this Carl Riddens didn't get the memo. This is professional wrestling, not the Halls of Congress. Eventually we'd like to see some action.

[The referee gets right in Riddens' face and even puts his hand on Carl's shoulder, trying to get him to spring into action. Riddens very carefully lifts the referee's hand off of him and quizzically asks him, "Was that necessary?" And then walks right into the center of the ring...

...and falls right onto the mat, arms out wide. The viewer can see him breath, as Riddens very clearly took a dive, but other than that he is not moving a muscle.]

BW: What the-

GM: Carl Riddens just collapsed right in the center of the ring!

[Arms wide, the camera can pick up Riddens talking to McMasters.

"Cover me. C'mon son, cash the check. Take the win, friend. Do yourself a favor..."]

GM: This is- this is a mockery, folks. These fans paid their hard earned money to see wrestling, to see competition!

BW: Maybe he's sick? Or maybe they know each other?

[The fans are getting restless and Butch McMasters is as well. He points to the downed Riddens, then looks at the referee, who just shrugs and tells him to cover.]

BW: Hey, who's he to argue?

GM: Butch McMasters drops down for the cover, and he hooks the leg... one, two, three! That's it! How about that, Butch McMasters gets a win and doesn't break a sweat doing it!

[The referee raises the hand of Butch McMasters as Phil Watson makes the announcement. Behind them, incidentally, is a clapping Carl Riddens, who has gotten to his feet quickly.]

PW: Your winner...

BUTCH McMASTERS!

[McMasters raises his hand in victory, half elated and half confused, then turns around to Riddens, who is calling for a handshake. McMasters accepts without thinking and shakes with his opponent, then makes the mistake of turning around... baring his back to Riddens, who sprints at McMasters and rifles a forearm into his back.]

GM: What the-?!

[He turns him around to grab a standing side headlock with his left hand... swings his left leg forward and JUMPS forward toward the mat, spiking McMasters' head to the ground.]

BW: He's fine now!

GM: Oh my! That's a vicious move by this Carl Riddens, and a cowardly attack from him as well!

BW: I don't even know what the heck you'd call something like that, Gordo, a headlock driver maybe?

GM: Whatever he calls it, whatever it is, Butch McMasters looks to be out cold from it! After Riddens didn't even lock up with him in the match!

BW: You can thank Ryan Martinez, Little John, Friar Tuck and the rest of the Merry Men! Wise Men out, and the Weird Men are in!

[Riddens gets to his knees and then pushes off, sitting back in the corner. A mic is placed into his hands, and he calmly speaks into it in a clear voice, with a slight twang at the end of his words.]

CR: Those who can have been given a responsibility... to shepherd and shield those who cannot.

I am my brother's keeper. I will offer shelter from the storm... but not to everyone.

[Riddens laughs to himself, and then addresses the downed McMasters.]

CR: Self-deception don't lead to the path of wisdom, brother... ya just gotta open your eyes. See what I see.

It's beautiful, man.

[The camera holds on Riddens as he softly chuckles to himself, staring at his downed victim as we fade to black.

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

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

"SUPERCLASH"

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

"VI!"

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

And then shots that become slightly more obvious.

A street of major theaters.

The 9/11 Memorial.

The Empire State Building.

The Statue Of Liberty.

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

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

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

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

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

"LIVE ON PAY PER VIEW."

[Fade to black...

And then back up backstage where Mark Stegglet stands, microphone in hand.]

MS: Now is the time of year when the eyes of the entire wrestling world turn towards one place, and this year, that place is the legendary Mecca of Professional Wrestling – Madison Square Garden. As I said, there is one place everyone is looking, and there is only one word on their lips – SuperClash. We don't know the full card yet. But we do know one thing for certain. The man about to join me is going to SuperClash. I'm speaking of the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez.

[As Stegglet turns to beckon his guest forward, Ryan Martinez steps in from off camera. Tonight, the tall, muscular and handsome Ryan isn't dressed in his ring gear. He's dressed rather simply, wearing a red and black "Air Strike" T-shirt stretched across his muscular chest, and a pair of black jeans. His dark hair is slicked back, and his cheeks and chin show a heavy five o'clock shadow.]

MS: Mr. Martinez, first off, let me say congratulations on your victory in the Rumble.

RM: Thank you Mark.

MS: Your win, while impressive, was certainly not without controversy. We saw the boiling over of tensions that have been building for some time between you and Hannibal Carver. I have to wonder, what's going through your mind, where Mr. Carver is concerned.

[Martinez raises his hand, scratching his stubbled face thoughtfully.]

RM: Hannibal Carver...

[The White Knight pauses thoughtfully for a moment.]

RM: I respect you Hannibal. For everywhere you've been, for everything you've accomplished, you have my respect. At the Battle of Los Angeles, you stood by my side. And I respect that too.

But it doesn't take a genius to realize that when it comes to tactics, you and I are on completely different pages. The way you conduct yourself? Well, when it comes to those things, we are definitely not on the same page.

But because I respect you, I promise you that someday soon, we'll come to have a meeting of the minds. But Hannibal? You've got to wait.

Because I've got someone else to deal with first.

MS: You're speaking of SuperClash, and your presumptive opponent, Supreme Wright.

RM: I am, Mark.

MS: Taking on Supreme Wright is, in itself, a tall order. Our World Champion is a man at the top of his game, and only a handful of people can ever claim to have beaten him cleanly. But you won't be facing just Mr. Wright. You'll be facing all of Team Supreme. I have to say, the odds are not in your favor.

RM: I'd say this, Mark. The odds don't appear to be in my favor... you're right. You look at it on paper, and what do you see? One man against an army. You think about in the abstract, and it's easy to pick the winner. But there's one thing you're forgetting.

That one man is a Martinez.

[Drawing in a breath and exhaling slowly, young Ryan continues.]

RM: The AWA is filled with wrestlers who carry on the traditions of their family. Each of those names means something. And each man who carries that name into the ring personifies what their family's name means.

A Lynch is a man steeped in his family's tradition. Proud and strong, every Lynch stands on the shoulders of the giants in his family. If you're a Lynch, you're true royalty, and you carry on in that noble lineage.

A Shane is a conniver and an opportunist. A Shane's talent is in service of their endless self-interest. You meet a Shane, and you've met a snake. Deadly and cunning.

A Wright?

[Martinez' expression hardens.]

RM: If you're a Wright, then you burn with the desire to be the very best. A Wright sees nothing but championships and trophies. There isn't a Wright who doesn't have a hole in his soul, and one that they'll endlessly try to fill with gold and other accolades.

The O'Connors are good men in a storm. An O'Connor is loyal, true and brave. They're stalwart men, who would never dream of abandoning someone in their hour of need. There's a reason why "O'Connor" rhymes with "honor."

And Mark, do you know what we Martinezes are?

MS: If I had to guess, I would say you're a family of fighters.

RM: That's right, Mark. We're warriors. And do you know what a warrior does?

He goes to war.

No matter the odds, whatever the cost, we fight. We bleed, and we put our heads down and we plow forward. If you're a Martinez, then you're prepared, at all times, to fight in the battle of your life and to pay the price in blood, sweat and broken bones. We don't quit. We never surrender.

And we don't stop until the job is done.

I'm going to war with Supreme Wright. And I'm prepared for war. I am prepared to show Supreme, and the rest of the world that I deserve to be named "Martinez." You say the odds are against me?

I say that's the story of every war a Martinez ever won.

MS: There's no denying that you're ready. But still, I can't help but wonder...

[At this point, Ryan's speech is interrupted by the appearance of the last person you would expect to approach him. Ryan's face briefly shows incredulous surprise before straightening up in a tight-jawed glare as Mr. Sadisuto steps in front of the AWA's White Knight. Sadisuto is dressed to the nines in a fine suit and a bowler hat. The Japanese veteran wastes no time arriving at the interview position, with a broad smile on his face. He bows politely to Martinez and Steggle.]

MarkS: Mr. Sadisuto, what do YOU want?!

MrS: I hear what you say, Ryan-kun. Vely vely impressive to win Battle of Los Angeles and Rumble back to back. More impressive to do with bad shoulder.

[Ryan reflexively clutches his left shoulder as Sadisuto mentions it.]

MrS: You prove me wrong, boy-san. I think you have no heart, when I destroy nerve in shoulder so long ago. But it awaken you! Now you are so close, boy-san. So close to win Wold Champship. Maybe, I think maybe you even win Champship. Your way. Fair play way. You have to be vely vely lucky to beat Supreme Wright that way, with all his deshi. All to be Wold Champion. Every wrestler dreams to be Wold Champion, and you have one chance, Ryan-kun. Only one. So many wrestlers never get even one chance. So many think they will get so many chances, but never come back to champship match.

But that is not your goal, is it, Ryan-kun?

[Martinez's expression changes subtly. Something that Sadisuto just said intrigues him. Sadisuto notices, and nods.]

MrS: Even if you win Wold Champship, Ryan-kun, you will neeeeeever escape Alex sama's shadow!

[The crowd boos loudly, and Ryan tenses noticeably.]

MrS: Always you are Alex-sama's boy! Always Ryan-kun will be Alex-sama's boy, no more! That is because all these fans cannot let go. They refuse to let go of their hero. They want him forever. They are selfish! They will only pine for their hero when they see you; they want you to be Alex-sama. How will being Wold Champship make you different than him?

[Ryan bites his lip, and Sadisuto holds up one finger.]

MrS: You win one Wold Champship? Alex-sama had maaany. Many many time he was champion. So then what? Then what, Ryan-kun? You will be chase Alex-sama foreevver. How many year will you lose to catch up to him? You cannot do that...

...your way.

Ryan-kun cannot leave the sahadow. But there is hope, boy-san. Winning will not do it alone. Being a hero will not do it at all. When they feel respect, they will think of Alex-sama. When they feel sentiment, they will think of Alex-sama. There is only one path, Ryan-kun. One path out of shadow.

FEAR.

They fear you father a little... they will fear you much! But Ryan-kun must become a man. Mastah Sadisuto can show you the path, Ryan-kun. Listen to Mastah Sadisuto and you will be Wold Champion, and nobody will DARE put you in a shadow! Because you will RULE WRESTLING. You will rule it with iron fist and paaaaaiiin. Fear is never transfer to somebody else. Ryan-kun will never escape the shadow... but Ryan-sama will do it. And he will do it NOW.

All you need to do is leave Ryan-kun behind. Leave the fans behind; they did not help you. Leave it all. Come with me. You will spread fear through the AWA, though all wrestling. Join me. I will make you invincible.

[Sadisuto stretches out his hand, smiling a nasty smile. Having listened silently, though not without expressing, through body language, his outrage and disgust, Ryan Martinez finally speaks.]

RM: You honestly think that'll work, Sadisuto?

The only things you can teach me are the things I don't need. I don't want to learn your dirty tactics. I don't want to forsake the code of honor that defines me as a person. I don't want to be you, and I don't want to lower myself to your level.

Leave now, or I might remember that I owe you for all the underhanded things you've done to me.

[Perhaps surprisingly, Sadisuto's response to rejection is only to chuckle.]

MrS: You will have to suffah to understand, Ryan-kun. And you... WILL... suffah!

Mastah Sadisuto sees the future. I know that you will fail. I know that all this honor you speak up will fail you in the end. I know what your enemies plan for you. Only with my teaching could you have survive. You would have done to them so much worse than they would do to you, that no one would dare challenge you again. But now, nobody will be afraid to cross you. Everybody will do everything to you that they want to. You will be broken. And you will never leave the shadow. You will die in the darkness of Alex-sama's shadow...

...until you come to me. It will happen, boy-san. It will happen. Hahahaha!

[Sadisuto stalks off, leaving a bewildered Mark Stegglet and a visibly agitated Ryan Martinez staring at each other.]

MS: I can't imagine that Mr. Sadisuto, or anyone else would think you'd actually sign on..

"The man speaks true..."

[All eyes turn to the voice belonging to the second intrusion on Martinez' interview time. The camera turns just as Mark and Ryan do as they find themselves looking at a very unexpected sight.

Standing in front of them is a young girl, about twelve or thirteen years old. The girl wears a long sleeved dress that covers her entirely from the neck all the way to her ankles. The dress is black and utterly unadorned. She stands with her hands crossed in front of her, with what looks like an envelope between her fingers. Her complexion is pale, a sharp contrast to the darkness of her dress and the jet black color of her hair, which is parted down the middle and falls in straight lines over her shoulders and down her back. The expression on her face is dour and severe. She seems far too grave to be of such a young age.]

MS: Little girl... I'm not sure you're in the right pla-

[The girl looks up at Mark Stegglet, her eyes boring holes into him. Stegglet unconsciously swallows, uncomfortable under her scrutiny.]

Girl: There are things that you need to hear, Ryan Martinez. Things that will deliver to you the title you crave. Things that will set you free. Because, much as he might appear to be the court jester, the fool Sadisuto speaks true.

[Martinez seems thrown off by the girl's presence. He doesn't want to send someone so young away, but he's clearly irritated by the intrusion.]

RM: I don't think you-

Girl: No, Ryan. There is no need for a speech from you. No need for you to do anything but take this...

[The girl hands over her envelope as Ryan eyes her warily. Doubting a teenage girl could really be a threat, he takes the envelope and opens it slowly, drawing a piece of paper out and reading slowly.]

Girl: Follow the light, Ryan Martinez. And you will be delivered.

[The girl walks away and the camera cuts to Martinez' face, which has gone visibly pale.]

MS: What did it say?

[Martinez crumples the paper in his hand, shaking his head.]

RM: Nothing... nothing at all.

[Seemingly worried, but also angry, the AWA's White Knight stalks off, leaving a bewildered Mark Stegglet alone as we crossfade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

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

[Cue up the piano and drum back-beat of "Mack the Knife" by Louis Armstrong, and the fans boo loudly. As of yet, there is no action at the curtain. The big screen above the entrance shows a dark purple screen with a "KING OF WRESTLING" logo on it, all green-screened behind a clip of Demetrius Lake glaring menacingly at the camera.]

PW: From Kansas City, Missouri... weighing in at three hundred seventeen pounds...

...he is the King Of Wrestling... "THE BLACK TIGER"... DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[Still nothing. The trumpet begins to play, and the entrance video is now showing clips of Lake in action, but there's no Black Tiger. The boos get louder.]

GM: Demetrius Lake taking his sweet time, Bucky. If he even shows.

BW: He was just in the parking lot! It takes a while to get back here, ya know. Somebody go check to see if Jack Stench is still off the premises.

[Finally, Lake does indeed show up, and the volume gets even louder. The self-described King Of Wrestling is garbed in grey trunks, black kneepads, and grey boots, with his initials in red on the trunks and boots. He also sports a red ring jacket and a black fedora. 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. A surly look is on his mustached face as he starts the walk down the aisle.]

GM: As usual, Demetrius Lake is moving on his own time and his own schedule, and making everyone in this building wait as if he were the most important thing in their lives.

BW: He's their King! He is the most important thing in their lives!

GM: Lake is taking his sweet time, denigrating these great fans who are here to see a legend step in the ring.

BW: And in about five seconds, a legend will step in the ring. So why are they booing if that's what they came to see?

GM: You can't seriously be comparing a five-year veteran, impressive though his first five years have been, to a man who has been a major star for three decades.

BW: In Texas, Gordo. Blackjack always wanted to be the big fish in the small pond. But that pond ain't so small anymore, and there's always a bigger fish. And a much younger one, just entering his prime years. Blackjack probably needs to pull out VHS tapes to even remember his prime years!

GM: I'd like to see you say that to his face.

BW: No thank you. He'd beat up somebody who couldn't fight back, just ask his kids.

GM: Will you stop!

[By now, Lake is in the ring, and after going around working the crowd, he grabs the microphone from Phil Watson. The immediate reaction is a reinvigorated booing.]

DL: Did you see how... SHADDAP!

[Nope. Lake cuts himself off in midsentence to shush the crowd, but it has the opposite effect.]

DL: Did you see how Jack Lunch was out there in the parking lot illegally. That vagrant was loitering there in an effort to be able to run in here and save his old man, no doubt about it.

I heard you, old man. I heard you, all week, all full of spit and vinegar. All these real serious statements about what you're gonna do. Well, you also must be full of whiskey! You got to be full of whiskey, full of that liquid courage, to make yourself believe a word you said.

You must got some Injun in you, old man. Some of that Cherokee blood in your line, back from when they were vagrants around here on the way to Oklahoma.

[Boos for the multiple layers of wrong which Lake just stuffed in there.]

DL: Just like your eldest boy is a vagrant outside this building, thinking he can run down here and save your hide! Don't you believe for a minute that your boys can save you! You been tellin' people that all them years of fights made you hard. They just made you old and crippled! Don't you come out here and act like you're some kind of tough guy, old man, you could barely walk down that aisle without a cane! I am the ath-e-lete of the day. Young. Prime. Strong. I got twenty years of main events ahead of me, and you're lucky if you got twenty minutes of oxygen ahead of you!

As a matter of fact, I'll even give you one last chance. You turn around and you hobble on out of this building right now. And don't you EVER come back! You turn tail and hustle out, save yourself the embarrassment and the permanent loss of bodily function. We got Halloween comin' up, maybe you could go to a haunted house and they'd offer you a job.

[BOOO!]

DL: I tell you what. You get out of here, go across the street to the alley, and find Jack. It might take you a minute to pick him out from the crowd of bums in the

alley, but when you do, you tell him that he can come on over here and fight me right here tonight. You tell him that the King wants to finish what was started on Memorial Day.

Then you won't feel so bad. Because your son will be right by your side as you BOTH run away from this arena tonight!

[BOOOOO!]

DL: But if you got enough whiskey in ya, if you really have lost any semblance of good sense, you come on down here. All alone, Old Yeller. All alone. Because Jack and Travesty can't help you, and there ain't a soul alive that would want to. All alone, Old Yeller... come get put down.

[Lake drops the mic, and Phil Watson (who was standing right next to him) has to pick it up as the crowd is outraged and screaming for Lake's blood. The cocky Missourian strides around the ring, boasting... until...]

PW: And now, coming to the ring, he hails from Dallas, Texas, and weighs in tonight at two hundred and sixty pounds...

[No music heralds the arrival of the man who, for three decades, epitomized Texas wrestling. As all eyes turn towards the aisle, the man himself, Blackjack Lynch stands at the top of the entrance ramp. He's dressed simply, wearing a pair of black wrestling trunks, black boots, and black knee pads. His bare chest is covered by a black satin jacket, and the only other color on him is the white towel that's around his neck and shoulders. Perhaps inspired by his opponent's entrance, Blackjack has a microphone in hand. A hand that is covered in his famous, some might say "infamous" black fingerless glove.]

BJL: Demetrius Lake...

[The fans go silent at the sound of his distinctively gravelly voice.]

BJL: My boy Jack likes to say that you're too clever for your own good. But I know that ain't true. What you are, Demetrius Lake...

Is a moron!

And me? Well, I didn't come alone!

[The opening notes of Ted Nugent's "Stranglehold" blare over the Crockett Coliseum and suddenly, the more attentive fans stand at attention. A moment later, all of the fans are on their feet, because standing next to his father is a wrestler who has been gone too long.]

BW: Wait a minute, what is he doing here? He's banned from the building!!

GM: No he isn't! Only Jack and Travis are banned. And listen to these fans, they're going bananas!

[Phil Watson clears his throat, as he amends his introduction.]

PW: He is accompanied to the ring by JAMES LYNCH!!

[The roof nearly comes off the building as James Lynch is welcomed back after a year's absence. The middle Lynch son is dressed in a simple white button down shirt and a pair of blue jeans. He looks to be in good health, and is all smiles, as he waves to his adoring fan.]

GM: Fans, I'm receiving word that James Lynch hasn't yet been medically cleared to wrestle but that he has been granted a manager's license for one night only so that he can stand in his father's corner.

BW: This is a complete travesty of justice! Those damned, dirty Stenches. Of all the underhanded things to pull, this takes the cake! And let me tell you, when you're raised by Henrietta Ortiz Lynch, you learn all about taking cake!

GM: Bucky! Will you stop?

[The camera cuts to the ring, where Demetrius Lake is having a full-on meltdown. He's screaming at the referee to "get that bum outta here" and repeatedly kicking the bottom rope. As the fans jeer, he claps both hands over his ears, repeating his demands for James to be evicted. All of it is to no avail, however.]

GM: The king is unhappy, but you know what? He's the only person on the building who is.

BW: He ain't the only one! I can't believe that that low down dirty Blackjack is doing this to our king!

[As the fans cheer, Blackjack and James calmly walk down to the ring. Fans are reaching up, trying to slap the hands of the legend or of the returning hero. The Lynches pause, acknowledging each of their fans, as Lake continues to fume in the ring. Finally, Blackjack Lynch reaches the apron, wiping his feet on it a few times, before he enters the ring. Once inside, he takes the towel off his shoulders, and with an angry snarl, throws it in the flustered Lake's face.]

BW: That's illegal! Disqualify him!

GM: The match hasn't even started yet!

[A grinning James Lynch claps his father on the back, shouting a few insults in the direction of Demetrius Lake who is shouting at the referee...

...and suddenly boos start to pour down from the Texas crowd!]

GM: Hamilton Graham's coming down the aisle! He's coming out here!

BW: And rightfully so, Gordo! If Old Man Stench is gonna have his no-account cripple of a son in his corner, then Demetrius needs someone to watch his back out here!

GM: He doesn't look like a cripple to me, Bucky! It's been over a year since James Lynch was hit with that spike piledriver by the Beale Street Bullies and that was the last time we saw him. We know he's been working hard trying to get back in the ring, rehabbing that broken neck... and apparently, he's VERY close to coming back, Bucky.

BW: Just what the world needs... another stupid, stinky Stench boy pollutin' the AWA rings.

[Graham waves Lake over, huddling up with his protege as the fans boo...

...and Blackjack's seen enough, stalking across the ring to grab a handful of afro and perm in each hand!]

GM: Oh my!

[He CLASHES their heads together, a blow that stuns Graham but leaves him on the apron as Lake goes sailing backwards, hitting the mat and flipping backwards over onto his stomach...]

GM: Double noggin knocker by Blackjack and- ohh! He drops Graham with a right hand!

[Referee Johnny Jagger signals for the bell as Blackjack turns his attention towards a rising Lake, grabbing him by the hair and ramming him facefirst into the top turnbuckle, sending Lake staggering back across the ring, falling chestfirst into the opposite corner.]

GM: Lake is getting knocked around that ring like a pinball by the Texas wrestling legend...

[Lynch balls up his right hand, throwing it into the kidneys of Lake, causing him to arch his back in pain.]

BW: Illegal! Illegal!

GM: The referee's warning him for it.

[Lynch turns Lake around, whipping him across to the opposite corner, sending him crashing into the buckles. He backs into the ropes, ready to run across...

...but Graham hooks his ankle, hanging on for dear life!]

GM: Hey! Get him off the mat!

[Blackjack wheels around, kicking at Graham with the free leg, battling his way free as Lake races across the ring, leaping up to smash a double axehandle down between the shoulderblades!]

GM: Ohh! Sneak attack from behind by Demetrius Lake!

[The King Of Wrestling quickly has the fans booing their heads off as he slams the point of his elbow down across the back of the neck, knocking Lynch down to a knee. Lake grabs a handful of hair, turning to nod at the jeering fans...]

GM: Big right hand by Lake sends Lynch down to the mat!

[The referee steps in, warning Lake for the closed fist as Lake switches to stomps, forcing Blackjack under the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: Blackjack rolls out of there, trying to get away from those stomps.

[James Lynch rushes to his father's side, turning to shout up at Lake who steps out on the apron, barking at the middle Lynch brother. Lake leaps off, smashing a forearm down across the back of Lynch, sending him back down to the ringside mats.]

GM: Down goes Blackjack after that leaping forearm smash and you've got to start to wonder if Blackjack Lynch bit off more than he can chew here tonight in Dallas.

BW: Of course he did! He's facing the King of Wrestling!

GM: Lake pulls Blackjack up by the hair... ohh! Facefirst he bounces him off the apron!

[Blackjack slumps down to his knees again, leaning against the ring apron as Lake turns, tormenting the ringside fans with some verbiage.]

GM: Lake taking some time to taunt our fans here in the Crockett Coliseum... oh! Hard kick to the back!

[James Lynch is shouting at Lake, drawing the King's attention.]

GM: James Lynch trading words with Demetrius Lake and as healthy as James feels, he'd better keep away from Lake.

BW: If he gets too close to Lake, Lake will turn that stack of dimes he calls a neck into a roll of pennies, daddy.

GM: I'm not even sure what that means.

[Lake drags Blackjack up off the mat, shoving him under the ropes into the ring before pulling himself up on the apron...

...and then turning to get into a shouting match with James Lynch again!]

BW: I can't agree with this one, Gordo. Lake needs to keep his focus on Blackjack and not get tied up with this idiot at ringside!

[With James and Lake trading words, Blackjack Lynch gets a chance to get back to his feet...

...and rushes Lake from behind, throwing a back elbow that sends Lake sailing off the apron, crashing down in a heap on the barely-padded floor to an enormous cheer from the Texas crowd!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: Illegal! Backjumpery!

GM: Blackjack hits him from behind - no one ever said that Blackjack Lynch is a sportsman - and he puts Lake down on the floor!

[Hamilton Graham takes this moment to climb up on the apron...

...and Blackjack grabs two hands full of the greatest perm in the business, using the grip to flip Graham over the ropes into the ring to a huge reaction!]

GM: BLACKJACK BRINGS IN HAMILTON GRAHAM THE HARD WAY!

[The crowd is absolutely rabid at this point, on their feet screaming and shouting as Blackjack pulls Graham back up, pasting him with a right hand that sends the former World Champion sprawling back into the corner.]

GM: Blackjack Lynch is putting the boots to Graham in the corner...

[Grabbing an arm, Lynch shoots Graham across, causing the Kansas City native to bounce off the turnbuckles...

...and sends him flipping through the air with a spine-rattling backdrop!]

GM: OHH! Big back body drop by Blackjack Lynch!

BW: On a man who is not even his opponent! I bet Blackjack doesn't even realize that - the senile ol' bat!

[Blackjack grabs a rising Graham by the hair, hauling him over towards the ropes...

...where Demetrius Lake reaches under the ropes, tripping up Lynch and putting him down on his back.]

GM: Oh! Lake trips him from the floor!

[He pulls Lynch under the ropes, burying a knee into the midsection before grabbing an arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: OHHHH! BLACKJACK LYNCH HITS THE STEEL! GOOD GRIEF!

[Lake glares at a shouting James Lynch, threatening to permanently shut his mouth as Hamilton Graham slips out to the floor, sticking a finger in the face of James Lynch...

...who CRACKS Graham with a right hand, knocking him on his rear end to a DEAFENING cheer!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[A fired-up Lake grabs Blackjack off the railing, throwing him under the ropes into the ring. Lake throws his arms apart, shouting "IT'S OVER, MEXANS!" to the fans in the crowd as he climbs the ringsteps, slapping the top turnbuckle a few times before he starts to climb...]

GM: The Black Tiger is heading up top, looking for that big splash so that he can put away Blackjack Lynch in the center of the ring here tonight in Dallas.

BW: Lake's taking his time though, ain't he?

GM: He certainly is... getting up to the second rope now...

[Lake turns his head, still barking at the fans... at James Lynch... at the counting referee...]

BW: Come on, King! You're wasting too much time here!

GM: He sure is! Blackjack's on his feet!

[Lumbering towards the corner, Lynch reaches up to a big cheer, grabbing Lake and stopping his ascent...]

GM: He caught him! He caught him and-

[...and HURLS Lake off the top rope, sending him flipping through the air!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: HE SLAMMED HIM OFF THE TOP!!

[Lake cries out, grabbing at his lower back as Blackjack leans against the buckles, breathing heavily...

...and then holds up his glove-covered hand to a DEAFENING CHEER!]

GM: Blackjack's calling for the Claw! He's calling for the Iron Claw - his family's legendary hold!

[Lake slowly gets back up, still holding his back, staggering as Lynch steps out of the corner...

...and hooks the Claw!]

GM: IRON CLAW LOCKED IN BY BLACKJACK LYNCH!

[The fingers dig into the temples of Demetrius Lake, causing him to grab the wrist of the older grappler, trying to force his way free...

...which is Hamilton Graham's cue to slip into the ring, coming in from behind!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW!! LOW BLOW BY GRAHAM!

[The referee wheels around, waving his arms.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Blackjack Lynch is going to win this by disqualification but-

BW: But it don't matter 'cause Lake and Graham are puttin' the boots to him!

[The crowd is jeering wildly as the King of Wrestling and his mentor are stomping Blackjack Lynch into the canvas...

...when James Lynch suddenly dives into the ring, climbing to his feet to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Wait a second! James Lynch hits the ring!

BW: He can't do that! He's not medically cleared!

GM: To wrestle! No one said he couldn't get in there to save his father from injury and-

[The crowd ROARS as James throws one of his beautiful dropkicks, catching Graham flush and sending him sailing over the ropes, crashing down to the floor below!]

GM: The dropkick sends Graham to the floor and-

[As James gets up, pumping his fists to the cheering crowd, he gets a knee slipped into his lower back by Lake...]

GM: Ohh! Lake from behind and-

[The crowd jeers as he snares a front facelock, slowly turning James Lynch over, his neck pressed against Lake's shoulder...

...and Lake DROPS down in a reverse neckbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The loud roar of shock is replaced by jeers as Demetrius Lake gets back up, looking down at James Lynch who is clutching at the back of his injured neck...

...and then starts stomping the neck!]

GM: Lake's going after the neck! He's trying to finish what the Beale Street Bullies started over a year ago!

[The stomps switch to elbowdrops as over three hundred pounds hits the back of the neck over and over and over...]

GM: This is terrible! This is awful! We need some help out here!

[Lake switches his stance, dropping quick knees down on the back of the neck...

...when the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of the locker room emptying as Cesar Hernandez, Sweet Daddy Williams, The Lost Boy, and countless others come rushing out into view, clearing the ring from a fleeing Lake who pauses to retrieve his mentor before quickly heading back up the aisle.]

GM: The locker room has saved the day... but were they in time? Was it too late for James Lynch?

[The crowd is still buzzing as Blackjack Lynch, hurting from the low blow, crawls over to his son, an anguished expression on his face as he cries for help.]

GM: We're... fans, we're going to get some medical help out here for James Lynch but... this is a bad, bad scene. We're... let's go to break.

[The shot stays on James Lynch with his father by his side for several seconds before fading 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.

Fade from the graphic back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: We are back, fans, and up next we have one of the more remarkable and perhaps heartwarming stories of the past year. Reginal Levois, whom we saw in a segment last week, is going to get a chance to win an AWA roster spot. He, along with a group of young men in Port-au-Prince, turned to wrestling as a means to help the people of Haiti's capital after the titanic earthquake in 2010. The nation still has not recovered, but Reginal hopes to make it on the biggest stage in the sport as an example and an inspiration for his countrymen.

BW: Spare me the sob story, Gordo. If the kid wins, he's in. If he don't win, he's out. That's all that matters.

GM: I don't think that even you could deny that this match has immense meaning, Bucky.

BW: Alright, alright. I'm willing to see if this guy has what it takes. I guess he earned the opportunity if he did all that. But remember, daddy, here in the pros we don't give hand-me-outs. When you got one chance to change your entire life and energize your country, I expect you'll do anything and everything to make it happen. If Levois don't do that, then he don't deserve to be here, sob story or not.

GM: The hopes and dreams of an entire nation ride with Reginal Levois tonight. Let's take it up to the ring.

[We go up to the ring, where Phil Watson is standing by with a very youthful-looking man with long black hair (below shoulder length), and a scruffy mustache and beard. He wears plain full-length black tights and white boots, and leans back in the corner in a completely relaxed posture. Longtime AWA viewers may recognize him.]

PW: The following special attraction match is set for one fall, with a ten minute time limit. It is a roster spot challenge match!

Introducing first, to my left... from Jamestown, Colorado... weighing two-hundred twenty-five pounds... KYLE HOULDER!

[Houlder jumps up and down, in a sarcastic exaggerated display of phony elation at being introduced. He then goes right back to lounging in the corner as the crowd jeers him.

Then, the soft yet energetic beat of "Je Femen" by Alan Cave plays over the PA. As the crowd cheers, the muscular form of Reginal Levois bursts through the curtain. Excitedly, Reginal screams to the fans, and they respond to him. The Haitian Sensation proceeds down the aisle at a high pace, slapping hands and shouting the whole way.

Levois, a dark brown skinned man with even darker brown hair (lightened in places due to sun exposure) tied back in a ponytail, is wearing white cargo pants, white socks, black sneakers, and a red T-Shirt with the word "REMEMBER" on the front superimposed over the Haitian flag. His hands and wrists are taped, and the tape extends to the mid-forearm.]

PW: Coming down the aisle... from Port-au-Prince, Haiti... weighing two-hundred forty-three pounds...

..."The HAITIAN SENSATION"... REGINAL LEVOIS!

GM: There he is, Bucky. Reginal Levois has one opportunity, and this is the biggest night of his life. These fans are behind him all the way!

[Levois hits the ring, leaping through the ropes. He shakes his fists in the air, going to all four sides of the ring to greet and pump up the crowd. He throws his T-Shirt into the crowd, and jogs to his corner to await the start of the match.]

BW: Yeah, the fans might be behind him, but again: sentiment won't get it done. I'm not gonna sit here and say he won't do it, because I've never seen the kid. He might have that killer instinct and ruthless drive that you need in this sport, for all I know. But don't hand him anything on a silver platter out of pity, Gordo. That's irritating.

GM: If the AWA was doing that, Bucky, they'd have just given him a roster spot. Alright, the music is down, and Levois is in his corner, ready to start the contest.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: We're underway. Levois to lock up with Kyle Houlder, whom we have not seen in the AWA in almost two years, aside from a cameo at Rising Sun Showdown. Quite a hiatus.

BW: Something about slipping a sheet-metal fake gun into Michaelson's carry-on bag at an airport.

GM: I'm honestly shocked that he's back. Collar-and-elbow, and Levois bulls Houlder back into the corner. The Haitian Sensation is the stronger of the two, and a shot to the midsection by Reginal. Snapmares Houlder out of the corner, and runs him down with a clothesline as Houlder quickly gets to a standing position!

BW: I bet they didn't know much about clean breaks down in Haiti starting a promotion out of nothing with no trained refs.

GM: Likely not. Houlder slides out onto the apron, and referee Davis Warren forcing Reginal Levois back. Levois certainly appears a bit nervy, and he's trying to press the advantage. But he does seem unfamiliar with structured rules...

[Which Houlder takes advantage of. As Levois tries to walk around Davis Warren, Warren blocks him... allowing Houlder to reach over the top rope and Warren's shoulder with a pretty blatant eyepoke.]

BW: Ha. Total clueless rookie move.

GM: Kyle Houlder with a handful of hair, and drops off the apron! Levois was clotheslined off the rope, and he is gasping for breath now.

BW: So much for that big opportunity, daddy. The kid is chokin' in more ways than one!

GM: Houlder back inside, and drops an elbow on Levois. And another. Hook of the leg, but not even a one-count. It is far too early to attempt a pin!

BW: Man, this kid really is nervous. Look at him shakin'!

[The 'shaking' that Bucky is referring to is very obvious, but it is actually Levois shaking his head and upper body to get the crowd behind him. Houlder stomps away, but Levois fights through the pain and gets to his feet, shouting out to the fans. He then pops Houlder in the side of the head with a haymaker, sending him reeling to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Reginal is fired up! He powers through Houlde's offense, and hammers at the man from Jamestown! Irish-whip by the Haitian Sensation, and...

[*WHACK!*

GM: ...LEVELS HOULDER WITH AN OVERHEAD TOMAHAWK-STYLE CHOP! That must have been the "Creole Chop" that we have been told about in our match notes, and Levois is in control after that devastating blow.

BW: But the dummy is playing to the crowd instead of following up! He's letting Houlde get out of the ring again!

GM: Inexperience by the young man from Port-au-Prince. He rushes to the ropes as Houlde again gets up on the apron... slingshots Houlde back in... NO!

[To his credit, Levois has learned, because he doesn't run at Houlde this time. He runs to the ropes alongside him, grips the top rope, and slingshots him in. But Houlde is equal to the task, and instead of flopping onto his back as so many do, he kicks forwards and lands on his feet. Reginal is taken off-guard, and an explosive two steps into a single-foot dropkick sends the Haitian crashing back into the corner!]

BW: Wham! Houlde hammered him with that one!

GM: Indeed! Highly unusual style of dropkick, but it allows Houlde to recover quickly and follow-up with... brutality! Houlde scraping Levois' face and eyes along the top rope! That is blatant and illegal!

BW: That's the kind of thing the guy who is fighting for his professional life SHOULD be doin'.

GM: The Haitian Sensation is blinded, staggering around. And Houlde is... mocking him?

[Yep. Instead of attacking, Houlde is clutching his eyes in an over-the-top mirror of Reginal's body language. Levois reaches out blindly for the ropes, and Houlde reaches out with the same arm, flailing it wildly to mock him. The fans boo this behavior loudly.]

BW: Ha ha!

GM: That is both a waste of time and an act of callous disrespect.

BW: Maybe so, maybe so. But it's hysterical, and that makes it OK.

GM: Houlde with a shot to the ribs of Levois. Now sending him off the far ropes... Levois leapfrogs him on the way back! Drop down in front... leapfrog...

[Let's help Gordon out here. Levois leapfrogs the first run, then Houlde drops down as he runs back. Then Houlde leapfrogs Levois on the third time past... and the fourth time is the charm as Levois interrupts Houlde's clothesline attempt with a jumping missile shoulderblock to the approval of the crowd!]

BW: He had a full head of steam, daddy, but I wonder if Houlde was just wearin' him out a bit with all that runnin'.

GM: Possible, but what a heavy cost to pay for it! Levois with a crushing blow, and now pulling up Kyle Houlde... big Samoan Drop! Perfectly executed, and that could be it! One! Two!

BW: Nope, not quite.

GM: Back and forth action here. Levois pulls up Houlder, and this time Houlder is sent for the ride...

[Nope. Kyle grabs the top rope after the Irish-Whip to stop himself. He then kisses his hand and slaps his rear in the classic "Kiss my ass" sign, to which Levois plasters him with a clothesline to send him tumbling over the top rope to the floor!]

BW: Oh, man! There was anger in that shot, daddy.

GM: Yes, there was, and Levois stepping out onto the apron! Kyle Houlder landing on his feet on the floor, but the Coloradan is dazed. And here comes Levois off the apron... FLYING SHOULDERBLOCK CONNECTS OFF THE APRON!

[The fans cheer loudly for the wild move, though Houlder adeptly pulls his hands up to cushion the impact a bit. Levois hops up and shouts to the crowd. But he's still hot, and thus pulls up Houlder right away to punch him.]

BW: Houlder got a defense up, daddy. I don't think Levois got him flush with the shoulderblock.

GM: No, but it still had some impact as... drop toehold by Houlder! Reginal Levois face-first to the floor!

BW: That'll swing it back around. Warren is up to three, so Kyle has some time to hit a big move out there before rollin' him back in.

GM: Indeed, he likely will try to do just that. Kyle Houlder grabs the leg of Reginal Levois and... what? What is he...?

BW: That's a kneelock, Gordo.

GM: I know, but that doesn't make much sense for the situation. Perhaps Houlder looking to soften up the legs of his opponent out here. You don't often see a submission hold outside, though, because he'll have to break in just a few seconds.

BW: Levois grabbin' the railing. You know he didn't learn no technical wrestling on the streets in Haiti. This would have to be his weakness.

GM: True, yes. Houlder with the hold locked, and the count at seven.

BW: Eight. Gordo, he ain't...

[Levois, in some amount of pain from the hold but lacking the technical expertise to quickly escape, looks up with desperate eyes at Davis Warren counting. We can hear him blurt out to Houlder, with fear in his voice: "What are you doing?! The count!" Houlder just smirks at him, and continues to look him in the eyes as the count hits nine. The fans are now booing very loudly.]

GM: This is... what in the world is Kyle Houlder thinking?! He's getting himself counted out!

BW: Ten! That's it!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: WHAT IN THE WORLD DID THAT ACCOMPLISH?!

[Houlder lets go of the hold, and rolls away... laughing. He is literally rolling on the floor laughing as Levois just looks up into the ring with abject horror on his face.]

BW: He didn't care about winning, Gordo! He just made sure Levois lost! That was this guy's one big chance, and now it's gone! Ha ha ha!

GM: That's disgusting! That... that is absolutely inhuman! And Houlder is laughing as if it is the funniest thing in the world!

BW: Let's make it official!

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... here is your official decision. Both wrestlers have been counted out of the ring. The result of the contest: a double countout! And as a result of the match stipulation, Reginal Levois does not win the AWA contract!

[The fans boo, and Levois is still sitting where the kneelock took place, on the floor next to the barricade. His eyes are wide in disbelief and horror. He looks every bit the man who has just lost everything. Kyle Houlder, meanwhile, is doing a slow victory lap like he just won a World Title, and he is getting jeered very loudly indeed.]

GM: Levois did not lose the match! Houlder got the double-countout on purpose, just to screw him over!

BW: And?

GM: And that is a travesty! That... that can't happen! I thought when we were rid of the Wise Men, we'd be rid of this kind of injustice!

BW: Justice is in the eyes of the beholder, Gordo, and as far as I'm concerned, there's nothing wrong with it. Levois had to win. He didn't have to "not lose". If he wanted the spot so bad, he should have won. He should have made sure this didn't happen. Kyle Houlder did exactly what he set out to do, and that makes him the real winner!

GM: Why? Why?! What kind of human being would... he knew what was at stake! There was an entire nation looking up to this man for inspiration!

[It looks like Gordon will get to ask the question directly, because Houlder stands right on the announce table to take a bow to the crowd. Bucky takes the opportunity to flag him down.]

BW: Kyle! Kyle! Gordo here keeps crying 'why, why'. Why don't you tell him why?

[Houlder takes the offered mic, a canary-eating grin on his face.]

KH: Why? Did he ask "why?" or did he ask "WWWWWWHHHHHHHHHHYYYYYYYYYYY ohgod WHHHHHHYYYYYYYYYYY?!"

BW: Eh, somewhere in the middle.

GM: This is NOT funny! You just destroyed a man's dream! The dreams of his countrymen! For what?!

[Kyle gives him a long incredulous look. An "isn't it obvious?" look.]

KH: Uhm, because it's HILARIOUS?! Did you see the look on his face. Hahaha, it was priceless. I thought he was gonna cry.

GM: How did you even get rehired?

KH: Well, Percy Childes hired me the day before the Cibernetical thing, because he figured if worst came to worst it'd make Michaelson miserable. That's the kind of thinking I can get behind. And from now on, I'm gonna make life suck for as many people as I can, for one reason and one reason only: 'cuz it's funny.

GM: That's sick.

KH: That's 2014. Try the Internet sometime, you'll love it.

GM: Get... get this guy out of here. Cut to... something... anything.

[Myers shakes his head glumly as Houlder waves sarcastically at the camera and we cut to the parking lot where Hamilton Graham and Demetrius Lake are beating a hasty retreat to their car, but Mark Stegglet is racing just as quickly as he tries to get word from the two men.]

MS: After what we just saw, what do you two have to say for yourselves?

DL: Let me tell you somethin' Mr. TV Announcer. All you saw was-

[There's no further words, as suddenly, Jack Lynch tackles Lake from behind, driving him into the asphalt.]

MS: What the-?!

[The two men tumble for a time, but Lynch winds up on top, drawing his fist back to drive it into the Black Tiger's skull. Before he can do that, Hamilton Graham grabs hold of his wrist, yanking Lynch off. Hamilton Graham spins Lynch around, driving a fist into his jaw, sending Jack reeling back.]

MS: We need some help out here!

[Graham closes in, only to be doubled over by a hard kick to the gut. Full of fury, Lynch swings Graham around, tossing him back first into the car door.]

MS: Goo-

[Lynch once more dives for Lake, and the two tie up, each man throwing wild haymakers at the other.]

MS: Security! Where's security?!

[This is broken up again by Graham who trips Lynch up. With Lynch dazed, the two Missourians finally get into their car, where they speed off. As Lynch slowly gets to his feet, Stegglet races over, putting the microphone right into Jack's face.]

MS: Mr. Lyn-

[Red faced and livid with rage, Lynch snarls, cutting Stegglet off.]

JL: Enough! I have had enough! Lake, you son of a bitch! That was it! That was the final straw!

Two weeks from now, you haul your ass to the CROCKETT COLISEUM and you face the consequences of what you've done tonight.

And if you don't? I swear to god that you'll never be safe! I swear on my life I will hunt you down and make you pay. So you decide. You face me in the ring, or you face me on the street!

[A moment later, Jack's shoulder is grabbed by his father, who has come up from behind. Jack whips around, half expecting an attack, only to see that it's his father.]

BJL: Come on. They're loading Jimmy in the ambulance now. You need to be with him.

[Jack nods, and they both exit. A moment later, in the distance, the squealing sirens of an ambulance can be heard as we fade to black.

Open to a finely set dinner table in an upscale restaurant, as soft classical music is playing. Tuxedoed servers are hustling and bustling, bringing finely polished silver trays of food to tables. The camera zooms in on one table, where one person stuffs a napkin into his collar and picks up his fork and knife...

...Bucky Wilde.]

BW: Ya know, daddy, I been everywhere in this sport of ours, and I seen 'em all. I know what it takes to be a top guy, I know what it takes to keep them turnstiles movin' and keep them cash registers ringin'.

I've seen the best technical wrestlers of all time, I've seen the highest flyers that've ever lived, I've seen the most powerful human beings to ever walk the face of the Earth!

But when it comes down to it, we all wanna see the same thing...

[The last waiter comes and sets down the kind of plate you'd see for a gigantic bird or maybe a small dinosaur. With a finely manicured hand the waiter takes off the lid of the obviously gourmet meal...

...and reveals the newest AWA DVD! AWA's Best Grudge Matches!]

BW: ...a good fight!

[The scene goes from Bucky in the restaurant to clips of some of the AWA's most famous fights, as Bucky narrates.]

BW: AWA's Best Grudge Matches is gonna bring to you the most intense, the most personal battles we've ever seen. Fifteen matches in high definition, with yours truly and my main man Gordo on the call. And even better, I'm your host!

[The shot switches to the intense staredown between Calisto Dufresne and City Jack.]

BW: It was nothing but high drama and emotion when Calisto Dufresne and City Jack squared off, I guarantee you that.

[Switch to a much younger Eric Preston pulling back on James Monosso in their famous Towel Match.]

BW: Or maybe you wanna relive Eric Preston and James Monosso goin' toe to toe in a towel match, with nothin' but pride and sanity on the line!

[Switch to the Southern Syndicate huddled outside the massive WarGames structure, with Juan Vasquez looking across the ring, the crowd in the background frenzied.]

BW: And what would a DVD about grudge matches be without WarGames? The Southern Syndicate in all their glory, daddy, standin' across the ring against Juan Vasquez and his all star team. What a match it was! And for you completist fans, we've got the first ever AWA WarGames, featurin' names you haven't heard in a long time, like Werewolf Gregorson and Despair!

It's all here, baby, all the matches that made your hair stand up. Alex Martinez and the Dragon, William Craven!

[Cut to that barbed wire match, both have been punctured.]

BW: The Lynches, the Beale Street Bullies, Broussard vs. Stevie in a Loser Leaves Town. Juan Vasquez and Dave Cooper puttin' it ALL on the line!

The tension, the emotion, the heartbreak, the sorrow. The pain, the blues and the agony! It's all right here, daddy. So get off the couch, run to your car, and go get you some!

[Cut back to Bucky in the restaurant, piece of meat on his fork.]

BW: Bring home the bacon today, daddy, and sink your teeth into the finest the AWA has to offer!

[As Bucky inhales his dinner, the camera fades to the DVD cover as a voice over plays.]

"AWA's BEST GRUDGE MATCHES is available at AWAsShop.com, Target, Wal-Mart, KMart and wherever DVDs are sold. Kids, get your parents' permission!"

[We fade back in from black on a view of the ring, where we see Phil Watson standing by with a fairly familiar figure. Dressed in ragged jeans, a stained, now-off-white "Dallas Sucks" T-shirt, black boots, and chomping on a cheap cigar, the South Philly Phighter is yelling at the crowd.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and a ten minute time limit and is for the AWA World Television Title!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first, already in the ring... from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... weighing two hundred forty-three pounds... THE SOUTH PHILLY PHIGHTER!

[The fans boo the Phighter, who is continuing to do nothing to endear himself to the Dallas faithful as he points at his shirt. But the crowd quickly changes its tune as "We Hold On" by Rush begins to play over the loudspeakers, heralding the arrival of AWA's Television Champion. The fans roar their approval as Tony Sunn strides out and, in response to their cheers, he raises the gold belt overhead.]

PW: From Ithaca, New York... weighing in at two-hundred and eighty-seven pounds... he is the current AWA World Television Champion... TONY SUNN!

GM: Tony Sunn coming down to the ring now. This young man has accomplished so much since arriving in the AWA nearly a year ago. Winning the AWA Television Championship has got to make his family proud!

BW: And beating up helpless women has got his daddy rolling in the grave! His old man would be ashamed of the rulebreaker his kid turned into...a disgrace to the stripes!

GM: Tony Sunn apologized for accidentally colliding into Marissa Monet, Bucky.

BW: Pfft...like that was a sincere apology. Y'know, Sunshine should pass on her business card to Marissa -- that is, if Shadoo Rage doesn't beat all the apologies out of that lunkhead first!

"DING! DING! DING"

GM: And here we go... tieup in the center of the ring and as the South Philly Phighter attempts to outmuscle Tony Sunn, I can't imagine that's going to go too well for him, Bucky.

BW: Not one bit. Sunn may be a disgusting human being but he's a big musclehead inside the ring.]

[Phighter attempts to shove Sunn to the mat - and it's about as effective as shoving over a small car. He tries again, but the Television Champion still doesn't budge an inch. Sunn, mouthing "My turn!", now shoves The South Philly Phighter - who somersaults backwards towards the corner in an undignified heap much to the delight of the crowd.]

GM: Oh my! Sheer power on display by the World Television Champion who certainly has a long line of top contenders lining up to face him - men like Shadoo Rage, like Frankie Farelli, like Callum Mahoney among others.

[The South Philly Phighter complains about a nonexistent hairpull that gets an eyeroll and a warning from the official.]

BW: Keep an eye on that swarthy opportunist Sunn, ref! Better yet, disqualify him right now!

GM: Will you stop?!

[The Phighter gets back up and locks up a second time with Sunn. This time, the South Philly Phighter grabs Sunn in a headlock.]

GM: A change in strategy by the man from Philadelphia who never seems to lack for the time to badmouth our wonderful fans here in Dallas.

[That's true. In fact, the Phighter has JUST finished shouting "This guy's nothin' - just like the Cowboys!" when Sunn powers him up, dropping him down on the back of his head with a back suplex. The Phighter flails about on the mat before rolling out to the floor, clutching the back of his head.]

GM: One big suplex sends the challenger scurrying for higher ground and that's what we've come to expect out of the Ithaca, New York native who has GOT to be looking forward to SuperClash where he'll get the chance to compete in front of his friends and family who'll be making the trip to Madison Square Garden to see him action.

[Sunn waits patiently in the ring as the Phighter paces back and forth at ringside, still holding the back of his head.]

GM: Phighter maybe realizing he's bitten off more than he can chew here...he wants no part of the strength of Tony Sunn!

BW: He just wants to get away from Sunn's bad breath, that's all! And I don't blame him - smells worse than the pigsty down at the Stench ranch... also known as Travis' room.

[As the referee's count reaches eight, the challenger slips back into the ring, rushing into a third lockup... but this time, he reaches up to rake the eyes instantly, leaving the World Television Champion blinded as he staggers away.]

GM: Oh, cheapshot to the eyes by the challenger!

[The Phighter rears back, throwing a pair of closed right hands that sends Sunn staggering back into the ropes.]

GM: The Phighter's bringing the illegal - but effective - offense at this stage of the matchup, grabbing the arm here...

[Sneering and shooting off a few choice words to the crowd, The Phighter goes to whip him across the ring...

...but Sunn's got other ideas, easily reversing the whip and sending the Phighter into the ropes where he bounces back...]

GM: The Phighter off the ropes and- OH MY!

[The crowd "ooooo" in awe as Sunn effortlessly powers the Phighter up over his head into a gorilla press. With his arms at full extension, Sunn steps out to the middle of the ring...

...and then slowly lowers the Phighter so that his stomach touches the top of Sunn's head before the champion presses him skyward again. He repeats this as the crowd counts along and the Phighter screams for help.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

At Five, Sunn slams the South Philly Phighter to the mat more than halfway across the ring, canvas shaking from the impact.]

BW: Oooh...okay, THAT looked like it hurt!

GM: Oh my stars! What power from the Television Champion! Tony Sunn with a message of his own to Shadoe Rage right there!

[A woozy Phighter tries to get up, but Sunn grabs both of the Phighter's arms and crosses them in front, traps both his arms under Sunn's shoulder, hooks the leg opposite, and lifts him up in a devastating suplex! Tony bridges as the referee makes the count...]

GM: One! Two! And there's the three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Rising Sunn from the TV Champ and that's all she wrote!

BW: Sure, Sunn's got the muscles...I'll give him that. But where you're supposed to have brains, he's got muscles there too! No way he's gonna out-think someone as chaotic and unpredictable as Shadoe Rage, Gordo!

GM: That remains to be seen because you know that Rage will not rest until he gets another shot at Tony Sunn and the World Television Title.

[Sunn holds the title belt over his head to cheers, slinging it over his shoulder as the camera zooms in on him. He looks directly into it with a point, nodding eagerly.]

"Any time, anywhere -- ANYONE they want me to face!"

[He slaps the title belt a few times before ducking through the ropes to make his exit as we cut back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: A very clear message there from the World Television Champion who says he'll face anyone that the Championship Committee wants him to face - anywhere and at any time.

BW: I'm sure that doesn't apply to the people he's duckin' like Shadoe Rage.

GM: Shadoe Rage IS the Number One Contender although the Committee has been hesitant to give him a shot at the title considering his volatile and unpredictable behavior. Not exactly the kind of guy you want representing the company to a youth group or on a talk show, Bucky.

BW: I'd like to see him drop that elbow on Jimmy Kimmel. Can't stand that guy.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Alright, fans... we're going to take another quick break but we'll be right back after-

[The highly distinctive synthesized bells of "A New Game", the familiar NFL Films anthem, plays over the PA. The fans boo as "First String" Frankie Farelli starts power-walking to the ring. At his side is his head cheerleader, Chastity Chamberlain.]

BW: Our commercials can wait, Gordo. A Super Bowl champ is on his way down!

GM: This is not scheduled, fans! Frankie Farelli isn't on the program for the evening, but he is moving with a purpose.

[Farelli is not moving to the ring with his usual casual swagger, that's for sure. Frankie Farelli is a broadshouldered man with short blonde hair and gleaming white teeth. He's wearing a blue New England Patriots Starter jacket, blue trunks with red and silvery-white trim (with a small silvery-white number 73 in the upper right corner), white boots with the New England Patriots logo on the side, blue knee and elbow pads, white forearm pads (including a "quarterback pad" with a Velcro playlist on his left forearm) and finger tape. Most prominently, he frequently holds up his single 2004 Super Bowl ring to show the fans why he believes himself to be better than them. He has put it on his middle finger for some odd reason...

Chamberlain is wearing the blue, silvery-white, and red cheerleader outfit of a Patriots cheerleader. The buxom blonde is waving her pom-poms, trying to get the fans cheering and seemingly oblivious to the fact that they aren't. She bounces around on the balls of her feet, occasionally doing a high leg kick or jump as part of her cheer routine.

The duo quickly reach the ringside area. Farelli waits for Chastity to hop onto the apron and hold the ropes open before he enters the ring to a round of jeers. Chamberlain then hops around the ring, takes the microphone away from Phil Watson, and then neatly jumps in over the top rope, and bounds all over the ring waving her pom-poms and leading cheers that are actually boos. The cocky Farelli reaches a hand out, and Chastity plops the mic in his hand. His music fades as he walks around the ring pointing at the fans.]

FF: Look at yourselves! What kind of NEEERRRRRDS are you people?!

[BOOO!]

FF: It's football season! It's football season, for Belichick's sake! What are you people doin' HERE?! There are football games on! Just because the state of Texas don't have a team worth spit don't mean you should waste your Saturday night watchin' second-level sports!

If I had been billed on the card, I could understand it. Then, you'd get to see a real live Super Bowl champ live!

[Farelli flashes the ring.]

FF: Bow down.

[BOO!]

FF: But no! You LOOOOOSERS came out here to watch wrestling instead of football?! What, the Longhorns are that bad? I know, I know, they won one championship in fifty years and they think they're an SEC-level program. HA. Joke. The Texas Longhorn fans think they're the best program in history, and the rest of us know they couldn't sniff the top ten!

[BOOOOO!]

FF: Or maybe you're Aggies fans! What in the name of Vince Lombardi is an Aggie, anyway?! Well, if you're Aggie fans, you're basically cowards who ran from the Longhorns, which is like running away from a boxing match against a punching bag!

[BOOOO!]

FF: I know you're not Baylor or TCU fans. Because there aren't any. So why are you here?! Even though every Texas team is garbage, you could at least find a powerhouse to back. Like...

[Farelli holds out his non-Super Bowl ring hand, and Chastity slides his NCAA Championship ring on it.]

FF: ...THE Ohio State Buckeyes.

Crowd: BUCK-EYES SUCK! BUCK-EYES SUCK! BUCK-EYES SUCK! BUCK-EYES SUCK!

GM: We apologize for the rough language of the crowd chant, fans.

FF: That proves it! You're not football fans! You like wrestling over football, and that makes you NEEEEERRRRRRRRRRRDS!

[BOO!]

FF: You will NEVER know the touch of a woman. And for those five or six women who wandered in here, you wouldn't know a real man if you were lookin' at one. By the way, you are... for the first time in your life.

So what I want to do, is enrich your lives. I wanna show you what you NEEERRRRRDS are missin'. I'll show you that wrestlers are nothing next to football players, and I want anybody back in that locker room to come out here right now and try to prove me wrong!

[Farelli points to the back. Chastity starts a cheer: "Come on down! Get beat up! None of you are man enough! Yeeeeeahhh!"]

GM: I cannot believe that this company lets a man disgrace our sport this way! He literally just told our audience to change the channel!

BW: Nope. He told them to watch HIM, daddy. You gotta have a thicker skin, Gordo, really.

GM: He has just issued an open challenge, and I hope that somebody comes out here and shows him up.

FF: Come on, boys! You can't all hide in your lockers and hope I'll go away. I'll... ah, here we go.

[The fans cheer as Henry Porten jogs out from the back. Porten has a dirty blond brushcut and a bulky build with a slight gut, much like an old-school wrestler physique. He wears long blue tights with red laceless boots. The name "HENRY" is printed down one side of the tights in red, and a red fireball is printed on the other. He also wears white wristbands. To the ring, he wears a blue T-Shirt with a Superman-like logo containing an H instead of an S.]

GM: Henry Porten! We have not seen him since his run-in with the Samoans a couple of months ago!

BW: He obviously hasn't learned anything! What happened the last time he got in somebody's face?

GM: He's a fearless young man, Bucky. And he is not someone who will ever back down from a challenge, no matter what. He's a man who will stand up to a bully!

BW: He's an idiot.

[Porten gets in the ring, walks up to Farelli, and speaks in his completely earnest voice.]

HP: I, uh, heard you want to fight somebody. I like fighting! So that's convenient.

[Farelli turns to look at Chastity, who bursts out laughing, pointing at Porten and ridiculing him. Farelli shakes his head in an 'is this guy for real' motion. He is, however, removing his precious rings and handing them to Chamberlain.]

FF: Kid. Kid. You got a real vacant look in your eyes, like all these nerds out here. So, before you get yourself killed, lemme get a few things straight with you. You can't be stupid enough to think a wrestler could beat a football player. So, you're from Georgia, right? What, are you a loser Falcons fan? A loser Bulldogs fan? A loser Yellow Jackets fan?

HP: Uh, I don't watch football.

FF: YOU DON'T WATCH FOOTBALL?!

HP: Nah. I play X-Box instead. I like Halo. Also punching people. Is the punching started yet?

[With a thoroughly disgusted look on his face, Farelli winds up and whacks Porten in the face, sending him staggering.]

FF: Ring the bell!

[Farelli tosses the mic away... as he does, Porten's reaction to being punched is a big happy grin, and he comes right back at Farelli and blasts him with a big right of his own!]

GM: The challenge is accepted, and we have a match!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: We still need a ref!

GM: Porten and Farelli are slugging it out! Henry Porten is a brawler, a mixed martial artist, and a slugfest is going to suit him just fine.

[Davis Warren slides in the ring to referee the impromptu match, and Farelli rakes Porten's eyes to break up the toe-to-toe exchange. The crowd boos the dirty trick.]

GM: Blatant eye rake!

BW: That's okay, when he did it we didn't have a ref, so it's okay. Now we have a ref so he can't do it again.

GM: Farelli whips Porten off the ropes... WHAT A POWERSLAM!

BW: You hear that thud, daddy? That's the same kind of impact he smashed defensive linemen into the ground with in the NFL. Pro Bowler, Super Bowler... the only bowl Henry Porten was ever in was the toilet bowl, because he's not smart enough to lift the seat.

GM: Please. Farelli lining up Porten, and drops the forearm right into the chest! Standing up, lining his man up, and again!

BW: He uses the front of the elbow, at the end of the forearm, in those front elbow drops. That's also what he uses to hit that Touchdown with. Linemen have to deliver those forearms to huge guys wearing armor, so hitting an unarmored guy is like a picnic for him.

GM: That actually makes some sense. Big body slam by Farelli! I also note that Frankie Farelli likes to use short bursts of devastating impact, and then take his time to keep himself rested and collected... also just like a football player. I wonder what will happen if somebody pushes the pace against him.

BW: Farelli's got Porten up in a bear hug... you know what he does from this! He'll crush him with the Blitz!

[With his opponent held up in the bear hug, Frankie backs up... and runs towards the corner! But Porten claps his hands around Farelli's head with an ear clap, causing Frankie to lose his balance and fall on his face! The crowd cheers!]

GM: Porten counters the Blitz with a big ear clap! We saw against the Samoans that this young man has guts and will not be an easy out!

BW: We also saw the Samoans pretty much annihilate him and take him out for two months, so that only goes so far.

GM: Farelli is up, but dizzy. Porten pumping his fists in the air... left, right, left, right... an expert flurry! Farelli is rocked!

[*WHACK!*

BW: HEY! Make him open those fists!

GM: URAKEN! The spinning backfist levels Frankie Farelli! Porten off the ropes...

[The 252-pounder builds up a head of steam, runs back over Farelli to bounce off the other side of the ropes, and jumps, thrusting one fist over his head in a 'flying' motion, and lands hard on Farelli with a splash to the loud approval of the crowd.]

GM: SUPERMAN DIVE! This could be the upset!

BW: NO WAY!

GM: Two count! He got a two! And for the first time in his AWA career, Frankie Farelli is in trouble! Someone is finally taking it to him!

BW: I can't believe that it's THIS dummy!

GM: Henry Porten with all of the momentum! Porten off the ropes...

[Henry runs, and stops. Because Chastity Chamberlain is on the apron, stretching one of her long legs up on the top rope in a suggestive manner, leaning back to emphasize her curves. Porten's eyes practically pop out.]

BW: Guuuuhhhhh...

GM: CHAMBERLAIN WITH A BLATANT DISTRACTION!

BW: Did... did you say somethin'?

[The fans boo, though many male fans are expressing some rather shameless approval for what they're seeing. Chastity makes a 'come hither' motion at Porten, and he comes hither. Then Farelli runs up behind him, grabs his head with a chinlock, jumps up, and yanks Porten over backwards to bend him nearly in half!]

GM: HORSECOLLAR! HORSECOLLAR BY FARELLI!

BW: Er, what? Oh! Yeah, what an idiot to be distracted by Chastity like that! She'd never be caught dead with a loser like him!

GM: He wasn't the only one to be distracted, Bucky! Farelli was in trouble, but Chastity Chamberlain bailed him out! She is NOT just there for "moral support", or even to inflate Farelli's ego; she's a weapon! Porten is in pain, and Farelli lifts him up... whip to the corner. OH!

BW: ZONE BLOCK! He snapped that dummy's neck back! Almost decapitated him. Which would be great, I mean, who wouldn't be happy to lose fifteen pounds of useless weight?

GM: Farelli locking on the bear hug again! Rushing across the ring...

[The boos punctuate as Farelli smashes Porten into the turnbuckle, and sends him sailing overhead with the belly-to-belly suplex! Porten bounces and rolls, as Chastity happily bounces around ringside, waving her pom-poms.]

BW: What a devastating combination! And I think it's time to take this into the end zone, Gordo.

GM: Farelli up on the second turnbuckle on the inside. He's making that 'touchdown' sign, and Porten has got to see this coming or it will be all over for him! Porten pulls himself up...

[*WHACK!*

BW: _TOUCHDOWN_! Hahaha, he didn't see it coming. Frankie walked that one in. Seven points.

GM: There's the cover, and this is... what? Farelli stood up!

[The fans are a bit confused, as Farelli points down at Porten. Porten is writhing slowly, clearly knocked silly. Farelli shakes his head turns to the crowd, and announces: "I'M GOIN' FOR TWO!"]

BW: You know what this is, Gordo? Porten's still conscious. He's the first guy to get hit with that and not be KOed. Farelli don't do nothin' halfway... he wants him OUT.

GM: But he had the pin! There's no question! Porten's shoulders were obviously down, and now Farelli is pulling him up! What kind of bully is he?!

BW: The kind who gets your lunch money, daddy!

GM: Farelli up on the second rope again...

[*WHACK!*

BW: TWO-POINT CONVERSION!

GM: A second Touchdown!

BW: That makes it a Two-Point Conversion, Gordo. And there's the three. Porten's out now!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: That's awful. Henry Porten started to get some momentum, but Chastity Chamberlain got involved. And this big bully is still undefeated.

BW: Let this be a lesson to you, kids. When a bully comes for your lunch money, give it to them. If you stand up to a bully, you'll just get hurt bad.

GM: Bucky! No, kids, do not listen to him. What I take away from this is that Frankie Farelli is trying to make our sport look bad, and somebody has got to silence him! He is totally out of line.

[Farelli parades around the ring, pointing at Porten and shouting "That's a pro wrestler!". Chamberlain is now in the ring, cheering Frankie on. They are met with jeers.]

BW: Yeah? Well, that's real easy to say, and real hard to do.

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

[The fans boo, and Farelli re-dons his beloved rings and holds his hands out in front of him.]

GM: And NOW we can go to commercial... I do not want to see any more of this man.

[Fade to black.

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.

One fade in later and we're brought to a locker room. Pacing slowly around that locker room is a rather large man -- none other than Robert Donovan, whose expression could be best described as...grouchy. The big man definitely isn't happy, but turns to the camera anyhow.]

RD: I really wanna be mad at you, boy, but I'm havin' a hard time findin' it in me. Sure, you dumped me over the top, kept me away from your boss one more time, but since you also threw that trash heap Jackson out with me, I can't find it in me too much to be mad...not at you, anyhow. Don't get me wrong, right after it happened I racked up a nice little fine breakin' furniture in the locker room, but after I cooled down...an' ran out of chairs to throw...it occurred to me that in yer shoes, I wouldn't do a damn thing different. I see two of the biggest obstacles in the ring, a chance to get rid of 'em both...don't know if I care who they are, they're takin' a trip to the floor an' I'm two steps closer to winnin' it all.

[Donovan chuckles.]

RD: Almost brings a tear to this old man's eye...too bad he couldn't go on an' win it all, though. Would've been pretty damned funny to see if Wright taught the boy too well, maybe showed him a few things he shouldn't have, gave him a little bit of an edge if the day ever comes they square off in that ring.

[The big man shrugs.]

RD: That ain't my problem, I guess...but Wright, you for damn sure still are. I've been anglin' to get hold of you for months, waitin' for an opportunity. One comes up a couple of weeks ago, an' damned if Ricky Armstrong bein' about half my age an' ten times faster didn't make sure he got out there before I even had a chance. Seems like waitin' for opportunities is somethin' I've done my whole damn career, you know? Waitin' for my chance at the champ, waitin' to hear from a friend to see if they've got my back, waitin' for a damned phone call to see if I've got a job or not. Don't know why, in more'n twenty years, it never occurred to me to just go out an' take it...but I guess that ain't my way.

[Donovan cracks his knuckles.]

RD: Way past time that changed. You clearly ain't got it in you to stand across from me in a wrestlin' ring, Wright, an' I'm too damn old an' too impatient to wait for you to grow a spine, so I got a better idea.

[Donovan rolls his neck, cracking it audibly.]

RD: I think, sometime or another, I'll just walk these old bones out to the parking lot, find your car, a tire iron, an' see how many times I can hit you with it before security saves your sorry backside.

[Donovan stalks out of view, leaving the cameraman behind.]

GM: Robert Donovan, the hardcore veteran, is still looking to get his hands on Supreme Wright, Bucky.

BW: He wants to punish Wright for what he thinks Wright has done to his son.

GM: Thinks? He knows that Wright has corrupted Tony Donovan, turning him from a bright, young kid with top notch potential into... whatever it is he is now. A punk kid who has no respect for his own father.

BW: But a punk kid who looked real good in that Rumble and earned himself a singles match on SNW tonight because of it. Face it, Gordo. If Tony Donovan had listened to his old man, he'd still be sitting in the Combat Corner waiting for Michaelson to tell him he was good enough to be on television.

GM: Let's head up to the ring to see him in action!

[The camera drifts from Michael Weaver, standing in a corner and pulling on the straps of his singlet, to Phil Watson, wielding his ever-present microphone.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is for one fall, with a fifteen minute time limit! Introducing first, already in the ring, he stands six feet tall and weighs two hundred and forty-two pounds, hailing from Joplin, Missouri...Michael Weaver!

[The young man from Joplin raises one hand in the air, getting some love from the crowd.]

GM: Michael Weaver, one of Patrick Weaver's nephews, looks ready to go here tonight.

BW: He's not ready, Gordo -- trust me!

[Watson addresses his mic again.]

PW: And his opponent!

[The crowd immediately begins to boo as Tony Donovan, II appears in the aisle. TD2 looks around at the audience, smirking, and slowly makes his way down the aisle.]

PW: He stands six feet, six inches tall, weighing in at two hundred and sixty pounds...hailing from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and representing Team Supreme...

[The boos get even louder.]

PW: ...this is Tony Donovan, II!!

[The younger Donovan turns to both sides of the aisle, boos still raining down on him, and grins, quickly making his way into the ring and getting right in the face of Michael Weaver...and then backing off, laughing as Ricky Longfellow steps between them and then turns and signals the timekeeper.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow has started this match and -- oh my!

BW: Haha! That idiot Weaver was slow out of the corner, and Tony Donovan just smashed him back in!

GM: The bell had just rung --

BW: -- and Weaver wasn't ready for it, but Tony was!

GM: The younger Donovan backs off of Weaver, who staggers back out of the corner -- and eats a TREMENDOUS uppercut from Tony Donovan, II!

BW: That should be enough...except Tony isn't done! That's right, show this punk that Team Supreme means business!

GM: How the hell is this showing anything -- what is Tony Donovan doing?

[Donovan has dragged Weaver out of the corner by his head and pushed him into a gutwrench position, smirking as he hooks his arms around Michael Weaver's midsection.]

GM: He's not doing this!

BW: Oh, yes he is, Gordo! What goes up...

[As Tony Donovan hoists Michael Weaver up...]

BW: Must come down!

GM: Tony Donovan, II just used his father's own finisher, and this one has got to be over!

[TD2, having bounced up after the powerbomb, is laughing visibly as he drops down to cover Weaver, shoving his forearm into Weaver's face as he does so.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow with the one, two, and three...and, well, unfortunately for Michael Weaver, he got caught coming a little slow out of the gate, and Tony Donovan, II made him pay.

BW: You see, Gordo, Tony Donovan has learned from the very best -- Supreme Wright wouldn't have tolerated any mercy on his part. He wouldn't put up with any of his students waiting for their opponents to "be ready" -- once that bell rings, it's kill or be killed, and you can bet your bottom dollar if any member of Team Supreme hesitates, Cain Jackson will be waiting to set them straight!

GM: Tony Donovan, II racks up another victory tonight, and regardless of how I feel about the company he keeps, this is a young man who could be very dangerous down the road. What a tremendous night of action we have had thus far, Bucky!. The Road to SuperClash is heating up and we've got fans from all over on the edge of their seats to see what happens next.

BW: Including one of my personal good friends, the current undisputed Global Fighting Championship Heavyweight Champion of the World!

[The camera jump cuts to the audience, front and center seat just left to the ring. The crowd stirs into a mish-mash of emotions as the camera fixates on a large African-American man seated calmly with aviator sunglasses pulled down over his eyes. The figure's scalp is shaven down to his dark skin along the sides of his head save for the small razor patches that jet out behind his ears and ducktail town into a thick grizzled beard and the short black Mohawk down the center of his head. An absurd amount of chains hang around the neck of the man, folding over his cannonball like biceps that erupt out of his tight muscle shirt.]

GM: Friend or not, the "Rottweiler" Rufus Harris is in the house, ladies and gentlemen, and in this very arena tomorrow night he will defend his gold that he has held for an unprecedented seven defenses in a rematch against the man whom he beat for it almost two years ago. Lets take a look at what the Crockett Coliseum has in store for our fabulous Dallas fans tomorrow night!

[The AWA screen fades and re-opens within a blink on a large gold medallion with two martial artists grappling on the ground. The big GFC letters are carved into the gold fixture that is fastened around a thick black leather title.]

V/O: Their first encounter went down in history as an all time classic.

[Rufus Harris sprints across an octagon, leaping into the air with a flying knee that smashes his opponent in the chest and blasts him back first into the cage.]

V/O: One of the most epic stories ever told inside an octagon will be re-written in what fans across the globe are calling the biggest showdown of the year.

[Harris pulls the man's head down with an overhand grip. He unleashes a flurry of knees that his opponent desperately tries to shield with his forearms.]

V/O: Will the Champion defend his throne and try to cement his legacy as one of the greatest Heavyweight Champions of all time?

ANNOUNCER: He's reeling! Harris' knees have broken through Marcelo's defense! The Champion is in trouble!

[Harris lands a high knee to the kidney of Marcelo Costa. Costa slips his head free and shoves Harris off, buying some space.]

V/O: Or will the Brazilian known by most as Cascabela, the silent rattle snake, strike first?

[Costa leaps into the air, coiling his long legs around the neck of Harris and grabbing the back of his head with his hands.]

ANNOUNCER: Triangle! Costa is trying to slip that right leg over his left knee! The Champion is on the move and Rufus Harris' dream might be put to rest!

[Costa maneuvers his leg into place and begins to pull the back of Harris' head downward, using his own arm to apply pressure to his neck. Slowly, Harris begins to fade, dropping down to one knee as Costa leans back further.]

V/O: Their first battle ended in controversy.

[Harris, nearing unconsciousness, exhales and explodes upwards and hoists Costa back into the air with his legs still wrapped around his neck.]

ANNOUNCER: Look at the strength of the Rottweiler! He's going for that vicious slam!

[Harris grunts as Costa's eyes dart around the octagon as his body is violently spiked downward and into mat!]

ANNOUNCER: He's still holding on! Marcelo Costa is like an anaconda with that with that triangle choke! Harris is -- I can't believe it he's lifting him again!

[Harris deadlifts Costa back up, scraping him up his chest and heaving him up into the air before SMASHING him back down!]

ANNOUNCER: Costa is out! The official is pulling Harris off of him! We've got a new Heavyweight Champion of the world!

[The senior official rolls Harris off of Costa and he lays motionless beside him. Both men unmoving, both men's eyes rolled back into their head.]

ANNOUNCER: Is Harris out?!

V/O: Controversy.

[Rufus Harris moves first, rolling onto his chest with his face inches away from the head of Marcelo Costa and delivers his trademark baritone bark which seems to snap Cascabela back into consciousness!]

V/O: Disrespect.

[The Rottweiler crawls across the ring and barks into the main camera as promoter Jamie Price walks in with the belt. Costa, now on his feet, charges towards Harris and is cut off by the corner of Harris. Marcelo screams out towards Harris who continues to bark at him over his ring crew. Costa's Brazilian corner men jump into the fray and shoving ensues. Price tries to tug Harris away and the Rottweiler yanks the title out of his hands and presses it into the air which draws a thunderous ovation.]

V/O: Hatred.

[The two men continue to jaw at one another as the image spins out of control and we are left with a still frame shot of Harris and Costa standing toe to toe, face to face.]

V/O: Harris. Costa. II. Live on Pay Per View.

[The screen fades and re-opens back on Gordon and Bucky in the booth.]

GM: What a war that one is going to be, Bucky.

BW: I've got my month's earnings on the Rottweiler.

GM: We can't talk about sports wagering on television! Watch it live tomorrow night on Pay Per View, folks. Now, two weeks ago, young Derrick Williams surprised a lot of us with a very strong performance, picking up his first televised win in the process.

BW: And getting under the skin of Joshua Barnes in the process too.

GM: That's true but Williams' victory had a lot of people talking since the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling as this student of two former World Champions tries to prove he belongs here in the AWA.

BW: It's gonna take more than one win to convince me of that.

GM: Well, let's head back up to Phil Watson and see if Derrick Williams can put together a second televised win and start a bit of a winning streak here on SNW here tonight!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Currently in the ring, from San Cristobal in the Dominican Republic, weighing in at 275 pounds... Angelo Cordero!

[Little reaction is given to the Dominican journeyman who raises his hand and appeals to the crowd at the mention of his name. Then, the opening of Tom Petty's "I Won't Back Down" fills the arena.]

PW: And his opponent... from Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 265 pounds... DERRICK WILLLLIAMMS!

[Polite applause starts for the young rookie stepping through the curtain. Like last show, he looks focused and concentrating on the ring, changing his attire from white to maroon, no jacket. He does a couple hand arm raises appealing to the crowd as he enters the ring]

GM: And here comes young Derrick Williams, little change in look and entrance, but he still has that focused expression on his face from two weeks ago.

BW: There's plenty of guys in that locker room - including Joshua Barnes - who'll be more than happy to slap that expression down the block for him, Gordo.

[As the music fades out, Williams uses the ring ropes for a quick pre-match stretching routine.]

GM: There's the bell and here we go live from Dallas, Texas...

[The two grapplers circle one another, looking for an opening and come together in a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Lockup in the center of the ring... and Williams quickly ducks out and into the armwringer, cranking on that arm as he picks up right where he left off two weeks ago.

BW: Two weeks ago, the kid seemed to excel when he stuck to the basics. We'll see if he can do that tonight or if he'll get lured back into trying to make someone's Twitter feed.

[Williams slowly twists the arm again before settling into a wristlock, wrenching on the arm...]

GM: Staying on the arm in the early moments of this one.

[Holding the arm, he steps through, throwing Cordero down with a standing armdrag before hanging onto the armbar.]

BW: The kid found something that works for him and so far, he's managing to stick with it.

[Pinning the arm to the mat, Williams drops a knee down into extended limb. He does it again, this time pushing his legs into the air for added impact before pulling Cordero to a seated position, applying an overhead wristlock.]

GM: Williams focusing on the arm completely right now, and that strategy would suit him well going against someone like Joshua Barnes, who likes to use that Lariat.

BW: Oh it would, Gordo, but Barnes ain't gonna be this easy to keep down. Cordero's a solid competitor - he's got a lot of experience under his belt - but he's not on the top of the food chain for sure.

GM: Perhaps not but Williams is showing some wisdom beyond his years here, thinking ahead as Cordero is known for using that bearhug - a hold that is rendered practically useless with a bad arm.

[Switching gears, Williams uses the arm to pull Cordero up, releasing the wristlock to duck in, lifting Cordero under his arm, and dropping him across the knee in a pendulum backbreaker.]

GM: Ohh! That'll rattle your spine from head to toe! The young man looks totally in control here, back to his feet...

[He hits the ropes, measuring, leaping into the air...]

GM: Good jumping knee drop by the rookie!

[Williams dives across, hooking a leg in a pin attempt but only gets two.]

GM: Two count off the kneedrop.

BW: That might've been a little premature for the rookie. He's gotta learn to size up what condition his opponent is in. That comes with experience.

[He pulls Cordero off the mat, pushing him back against the ropes, firing him across...]

GM: He shoots him in...

[As Cordero bounces back, Williams clasps his hands together, delivering a big sledge hammer blow across the sternum, knocking Cordero down to the canvas!]

GM: Hooo boy! Big shot by Derrick Williams!

BW: The kid's on a roll again, Gordo.

GM: He certainly is and as he pulls Cordero back to his feet, he may be looking to put him away...

[The rising Cordero throws a right hand, catching Williams off-guard and sending him stumble back. Cordero winds up to put a little more on his next haymaker, throwing it...

...but Williams ducks under, turning to shove Cordero in the back, knocking him into the ropes...]

GM: Cordero's off the ropes...

[Williams catches Cordero, lifting, spinning in one fluid motion, and DRIVING him down to the canvas!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER!! That's it!

[He floats over, hooking a leg as the referee drops down.]

GM: One! Two! Forget about it, it's over!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The music kicks in again and Phil Watson makes it official as the referee raises the hand of the triumphant rookie.]

GM: Another win here on SNW for Derrick Williams.

BW: The kid looked good again but I gotta point out again, Gordo - Angelo Cordero is NOT Joshua Barnes. And Williams has failed against better competition before. He's still got a way to go before he can seriously step into the ring with someone who's been around the block as many times as Barnes has.

GM: You make a good point, Bucky... and as Derrick Williams makes his way up the aisle to speak to our Mark Stegglet, let's take a quick look back at how he finished off that match.

[As the replay is cued up, Bucky Wilde takes over.]

BW: Alright, Gordo... you can see that big hammer blow to the chest really had Angelo Cordero reeling...

[We see the slow motion shot of the hammer connecting, flipping Cordero back where the back of his head SLAMS into the canvas. The shot fades to a different one, showing Cordero throwing a right hand.]

BW: Cordero tried to rally, landing one right hand but when he went for the second, the kid avoided it, pushed him to the ropes...

[As Bucky describes it, we see it.]

BW: ...and then lifted the bigger man up, twisting him around, and slamming him down with that spinebuster. Nothing fancy - just great execution, high impact, and the one, two, three for your winner - two shows in a row - Derrick Williams.

GM: Let's go to Mark!

[The camera cuts back to the interview platform where Mark Stegglet stands and Derrick Williams walks into view]

MS: Thanks, Gordon! Derrick Williams, that's two in a row, quite impressive.

DW: Yeah, Mark. That's two wins. I get to three, that's a streak. But a winning streak isn't what's important right now. What's important, is what I did back at Homecoming. I called out a bully. Someone that puts people in hospitals for money. That's what I did.

And you know what, Mark? Everyone's been questioning it. I have two TV wins in my career and I'm calling out someone with more experience that may just be better than me right now. But you know what, Mark?

[Stegglet does not know.]

DW: I don't care. I want Barnes. I want to show that I can hang, and that I won't back down from someone that might be bigger, or badder, than me. I don't sweat Barnes. And I can't wait for the day the Committee pulls us together and I get to go one on one with...

[Williams' words trail off as his eyes turn towards the entrance ramp where Joshua Barnes has emerged...]

DW: Yeah, I'm talking about you! You want to do this right now?

[The crowd cheers the idea of that but Joshua Barnes plainly has other ideas as he strides down the ramp, heading towards the ring.]

MS: Well, Joshua Barnes is up next in the ring but he... well, he missed his cue or something. We're scheduled to go to a commercial right now. Mr. Williams, any parting thoughts?

[But Williams' eyes are locked on Barnes as he approaches the ring, stepping through the ropes.]

DW: Something isn't...

[Williams' words trail off again as Barnes marches toward the downed Cordero, shoving past the official tending to him and yanking the journeyman wrestler to his feet, turning to lock eyes with Williams.]

MS: Wait a second, he's not-

[Barnes turns...

...and FLATTENS the dazed Cordero with the big clothesline, leaving him lying on the canvas to jeers from the Texas crowd.]

DW: Son of a...

[Stegglet jerks the mic away.]

MS: Easy there. Derrick Williams, is this a message to you?

[Barnes slowly gets to his feet, staring back at Williams who is staring across the Crockett Coliseum fans at him.]

MS: Derrick?

[Williams is silent, staring a hole through Barnes, rage burning in his eyes 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...

...and then fade back up to find Phil Watson standing in the middle of the ring, ready to do his job.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. In the corner to my right, from Catania, Sicily, Italy... weighing 250 pounds... the Sicilian Stud!

[The stocky grappler from Italy waves an arm to the crowd to cheers. He's wearing a green singlet with the Italian flag on the front and white kneepads and boots.]

PW: And his opponent... from Brownsburg, Indiana... weighing in at 295 pounds... JOSHUA BARRRRNES!

[Barnes is staring across at the Sicilian Stud as the boos of the crowd are clearly heard. Even under his shaggy mop of black hair, Barnes has a deep grimace. He stares straight ahead, not looking at the fans.]

BW: Joshua Barnes is undefeated - you'd think the fans would respect that.

GM: What? He's a bully. He put Hugh Jenner in the hospital last week, and moments ago, he attacked Angelo Cordero after his match with Derrick Williams!

[Barnes stalks out to the center of the ring as the bell sounds. The Sicilian Stud does likewise and tries to get an early edge, bouncing a forearm off the jaw of the bigger man!]

GM: Solid forearm shot by the Italian!

[A second and third forearm seem to surprise Barnes, knocking him back into the ropes.]

GM: The Stud shoots him in...

[On the rebound, the Sicilian Stud goes for a shoulderblock - but Barnes doesn't budge back. Instead, Barnes delivers a vicious right hand that floors the Stud.]

GM: Oof! The Sicilian Stud throws his all behind that shoulder tackle but Barnes didn't even flinch before knocking him flat with that right hand.

BW: Josh Barnes gets results.

GM: He's a good wrestler but what an unpleasant person. He doesn't want to be in the AWA, he doesn't want to be in wrestling at all, and at the end of the day, he just doesn't like anybody.

[Barnes delivers a hard kick to the ribs, forcing the Stud to roll under the ropes to the floor. As the Stud catches his breath, Barnes steps out onto the ring apron.]

GM: Barnes sends him to the floor and he's going out after him...

[Cracking his knuckles, Barnes leaps off and nails the Sicilian Stud on the top of his head with a double axe handle. The Stud crumples to the concrete floor.]

GM: Down goes the Sicilian Stud off the axehandle...

[Barnes sneers at the jeering fans in the front row as he pulls the Italian off the ringside mats...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: Oh my! He whipped the Stud into the steel steps, sending him flipping right over them!

[The Stud's knees slam into the steps on the approach, causing him to front flip over the steps, landing on his back on the solid concrete floor.]

GM: The referee's count is up to four as Barnes is just punishing this young man from Sicily.

BW: He's taking out his frustrations on him - that's what he's doing, Gordo.

[Barnes throws a glance at the referee to check the count as he pulls the Stud up by the hair, hurling him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Barnes puts him back in...

[He reaches under the ropes, grabbing a handful of hair...

...and SLAMS the Stud's face down into the mat!]

GM: Ohhh!

[He lifts the head off the mat, repeating the faceslam!]

GM: Another one! Come on, referee!

BW: The referee's telling him to back off... what do you want?

[Barnes rolls back in at the count of eight, rising to his feet to stomp the Stud a few times. The crowd boos some more - Barnes' offense is effective but not pretty - and Barnes shoots a scowl into the audience.]

GM: You want to talk about someone who doesn't have any joy for this sport? A guy who is just a rotten, miserable human being? Well, it's this man right here who Derrick Williams called out just a few minutes ago.

BW: And Derrick Williams might soon find himself sharing a hospital room with Hugh Jenner. There's no way that kid can last in the ring against a brawler like Barnes. If Williams has any brains whatsoever, he'll stay away from Barnes and pray that Barnes finds something else to attract his attention.

[Barnes starts to pull up the Sicilian Stud... and the Stud fires off a punch to the stomach!]

GM: The Stud goes downstairs!

[The crowd cheers as Barnes doubles over, and the Stud follows up with a European Uppercut, then bounces off the ropes...]

GM: DROPKICK! Barnes hits the mat, and the Stud covers!

[The Stud only gets a one count before Barnes kicks out. But the fans are trying to rally the Sicilian Stud as he gets to his feet, encouraging them with a fistpump.]

GM: The Sicilian Stud is trying to put together a rally here, pulling Barnes off the mat with these fans cheering him on...

[But Barnes grabs him by the ears, yanking him into a headbutt to the nose!]

GM: Ohh! Brutal shot right there!

[The Stud staggers back...

...making him easy prey as Barnes surges forward, connecting with his running clothesline!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: That's it, Gordo!

[The Stud flips over backwards before crashing down to the canvas. Barnes settles into a cover, not even bothering to hook a leg.]

GM: One... two... and three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: I'm amazed anyone can take that without needing a neckbrace. It's absolutely one of the best clotheslines in the entire AWA, Gordo.

GM: Indeed.

BW: Josh Barnes is just Brute Force personified. Derrick Williams would be a fool to challenge him.

[The referee raises Barnes' arm as soon as Phil Watson makes it official...]

PW: The winner of the match.... JOSHUA BARNES!

[Barnes lowers his arm, rolls out of the ring, grabs his jacket, and walks back up the aisle]

GM: Barnes won, and now he's leaving.

BW: They don't pay overtime in the AWA.

GM: But what about the fans? What about sportsmanship? What about the excitement of pro wrestling?

BW: I don't think Barnes cares. And would you want to correct him?

GM: I'll pass on that... but while that man seems to hate everything about this business, there are men in this company who love everything about what they do for a living. Right, Bucky?

BW: I... guess. Why are you asking me?

GM: Well, Mark Stegglet caught up earlier today with a pair of wrestlers who seem to take so much joy in the world of pro wrestling.

BW: Okay, why do I... oh no.

GM: A tag team... the newest addition to the AWA's tag team division in fact.

BW: You tricked me, Myers.

GM: I did no such thing. Let's take a look at that footage right now!

[We crossfade back to the locker room area to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where Mark Stegglet is standing between Chester O. Wilde and Buddy U. Loney - also known as The Wilde Bunch. Wilde is in a pair of stained and dirty overalls over his hairy bare chest. Loney sports a green and black flannel that has seen better days... better days than the one it is currently experiencing with a dirty pot-bellied pig named Mable being clutched up against it. The pig gives off a couple of snorts before Stegglet begins.]

MS: Two weeks ago, the newest addition to the AWA tag team scene, the Wilde Bunch, made their debut in impressive fashion. Chester, Buddy... welcome to the AWA!

[Chester starts to speak but Buddy raises a hand, slapping it heavily against his chest to stop him cold. Chester looks puzzled at his cousin who gives a long shake of his head.]

COW: What?

[Buddy keeps shaking his head and then lifts Mable slightly.]

COW: Oh. Uh, Mark... ya think ya might be forgettin' someone, buddy?

[Mark Stegglet's jaw drops.]

MS: Oh. Really? Okay. Chester, Buddy... Mable...

[Buddy is all grins now as Mable gives off another few snorts.]

MS: Welcome to the AWA.

[Chester throws a glance at Buddy who nods.]

COW: Well, thank ya, Mark! We ain't been happier to be someplace since Buddy broke the record for most hotcakes shoveled down his gullet in an hour and dinner was on the house!

MS: That does sound nice.

COW: Sure was. 'Specially since it was Cousin Willie's weddin' day.

MS: Your cousin had his wedding dinner at a pancake house?

[Chester and Buddy throw a confused look at each other.]

COW: 'Course he did! Where else ya gonna have a formal dinner than Eddy's House Of Flapjacks?

[Stegglet shrugs.]

COW: But that's enough yappin' 'bout fine dinin' back home. Let's talk about the AWA tag teams!

[Stegglet nods. Chester stares at Stegglet... for several seconds... silently. Finally, he rubs a hand through his tangled mess of a beard.]

COW: Uhh, Mark... aren't ya supposed to ask us questions or somethin'?

MS: You said you wanted to talk about the AWA tag teams.

COW: Ohhh yeah.

[More silence.]

MS: Well?!

COW: Huh? Oh, okay. AWA tag teams, we're comin' for ya!

[He grins, giving the camera a big thumbs up, standing awkwardly for several moments.]

MS: Is that it?

[Chester replies through clenched teeth, holding the smiling pose.]

COW: Are we still on?

[Stegglet looks at the camera with a shake of his head as we fade to back out to Gordon and Bucky - the latter of which has buried his head in his arms on the announce desk.]

GM: You gotta love those two!

BW: Do I? They're an embarrassment to... to...

GM: To you?

BW: To society! To humanity! To mankind! You want to see the walking, breathing equivalent of the lowest common denominator? There they are!

GM: They're just fun-loving guys, Bucky... and I think they're a real treat to have around here.

BW: A treat, huh? More like a trick.

[Gordon sighs, shaking his head.]

GM: You're too much. Let's go back to the ring now for more-

[A voice calls out, interrupting Gordon.]

"I'll take it from here, Myers, go have a Coke and a smile and take a load off.

[That'd be Larry Doyle, and as the camera quickly flashes to the announce booth you can see the grin on Bucky's face and the disdain on Gordon's.]

LD: That's right, yokels - that magical talking box you call a tellervision has come back to wrestling, and what a match we have for you! I, Larry Doyle, owner and proprietor of Doyle, Inc, Hollywood Productions and a White Castle in Biloxi, Mississippi, proudly bring to you Brad Jacobs, the Tower of Power, the Master of Disaster, the Scourge of the Far East, the One Man Weapon Of Mass Destruction, and my own personal best friend-

[Gordon just groans.]

LD: -against some-uhh, against some, body, against- Bucky, little help here, si vous plait.

BW: You got it, Larry. Brad Jacobs against Troy DeMang, back from the Promised Land!

GM: Didn't you have to actually SIGN for the match, as Jacobs' manager?

LD: I'll have you know I sign for his matches, his bills, his room service, his tithes to the Church On The Move, his auto insurance and every donation Brad Jacobs makes to the Single Mother Shelters all over North America.

BW: Geez, Larry, I didn't know you and Brad were that involved in helping mankind.

LD: Well, back in the old days, before he ate through a straw and had rubber teeth, ol' Stanton read in the newspaper that a single mother's home was having trouble raking in funds, so we let him loose for a weekend in Toledo and a whole bunch of new single mothers popped up about four weeks later.

GM: Larry-! Will you please?!

LD: Yeah, I bought stock in home pregnancy tests that Monday. Made a mint.

[As the bell rings inside, Troy DeMang saunters out and extends a hand to Jacobs... who peers at the crowd for a moment, and takes in the multitude of "NOOOOOOOOOOOOO's" being shouted down from the audience.]

GM: The fans certainly seem to think-

LD: If you piled up everything these fans DIDN'T know you could just about fill up the Grand Canyon! Listening to them for advice in a wrestling match is like asking Stephen Hawking for advice in a dunk contest. Troy DeMang is a-

["WHAAAAACK!" A strong standing clothesline from Brad Jacobs ends the short internal debate, and as Jacobs yanks "The Chosen One" up by the hair and throws him into the corner.]

LD: They ain't come up with the unit of measure to gauge just how strong this boy is, fellas, his left pectoral muscle maxes at 315 on the inclined bench!

GM: When you get signed for a match against Brad Jacobs, it's guaranteed to be a rough day at the office!

[In the corner, Jacobs grabs Demang's right wrist with his left hand and LAYS into him with short right hands to the cheek, leading him out of the corner and making DeMang's knees buckle with a final right hand that sends him sprawling back into the corner.]

GM: I think it's very possible that the only thing holding up Troy DeMang is the corner turnbuckle right now.

LD: I think it's very possible that Troy DeMang's eyes are crossed right now and he's got double vision of the popcorn guy and the ring bell! Brad Jacobs is a rare talent, boys, he's got the ability to make himself, and yours truly, a very rich man in a very short time!

GM: But do you really think that he appreciates the way you treat him, Larry Doyle? The way you consistently emasculate him and remind him of the hold you have over him?

[DeMang comes out of the corner, having just been whipped there by a rampaging Jacobs, and gets grabbed then smashed by a ridiculous spinning powerslam that about makes the ring shake!]

LD: Let me answer that question from you with a question to Bucky.

GM: Okay...?

LD: Bucky, you're in charge of the announce, booth, right? You have the power to hire and fire Myers over here, am I right?

GM: Excuse me!?!

BW: You got that right, Larry, I've got a lot of say in what goes on in the broadcast portion of the AWA broadcasts.

LD: Now I know that you get tired of this old fogey, that he's cranky and crotchety and smells like Head 'N Shoulders, but did you ever go above his head and try to get him fired?

BW: Why no I never did, Larry.

LD: And that's because you are doing what's best for the team, and putting your own ego on the backburner, am I right?

BW: Because that's the kind of guy I am.

LD: Exactly! That's the kind of guy Brad Jacobs is too, Myers. Does that answer your question? He's respectful of his superiors, even if I have to bring him back to reality sometimes. Just like Bucky has to do with you.

[With Gordon's head in his hands, Jacobs lifts Troy DeMang WAAAAAAAY up over his head and walks around the ring with him... showing him off to each side of the ring... then bench pressing him once, twice, three times over his head before chucking him headfirst into the nearest turnbuckle, lawn dart style.]

BW: That's gonna leave a mark, Gordo, that might put ol' Troy Boy up there into la-la land!

GM: He'd have great company with you two, that's for sure.

LD: Gentlemen, it has been a pleasure as always, but I'm a business man, so let me handle my business, man.

[As Doyle exits the announce table, Jacobs locks the bent over Troy DeMang into a front facelock... then lifts into a vertical suplex... then comes crashing down, twisting into a powerslam as he plummets to the mat.]

GM: My goodness, my goodness, a Backsmasher slam by Brad Jacobs caps off a legalized assault right here in front of us! An easy pin by Jacobs, here's the count! One, two, three, a thorough mopping of Troy DeMang is on the books for Brad Jacobs!

BW: Don't you love it when Larry Doyle stops by for a chat?

GM: My favorite part is when he leaves, I can tell you that much!

[Phil Watson enters the ring with a microphone, ready to make it official.]

PW: The winner of the match, in a time of-

[But that doesn't last long.]

LD: Gimme that, gimme that, I'll take care of business here. Your winner, in a time of less than it takes to make a DiGornio Pizza, in a style that is best compared to a tank in Tiananmen Square, the man who planted a bomb in the temple of your dreams... BRAAAAAAAAAAAAA-

[But the announcement is interrupted by a hurting Troy DeMang, who rolls onto the foot of Doyle, moaning in pain. Doyle is not amused.]

LD: Child, have you plum lost your mind? You don't interrupt me, people at your level don't interrupt people at my level! Brad, get rid of 'im, get him out of here.

[Jacobs stays turned away from Doyle, then says something over his shoulder.]

LD: What, what, excuse me? People at your level CERTAINLY don't get to talk to people at my level like that! When are you gonna learn to do what you're told? When's it gonna sink in? I'M THE BOSS, I CALL THE SHOTS-

[A fuming Jacobs picks up DeMang by one hand, and grabs him around the throat, spewing a line of venom while looking directly at Doyle...

...when suddenly, the crowd erupts in cheers!]

GM: DAVE BRYANT! The former World Champion is headed to the ring!

[Doyle quickly bails through the ropes, avoiding a right hand from the Las Vegas native who whirls around, going downstairs with a haymaker to the midsection of the former World Tag Team Champion!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant goes low on Jacobs!

[He spins around, throwing a trio of right hands to the skull of Jacobs, backing him towards the ropes. Bryant suddenly backs away, leaning down to slap his hands against the canvas to a big cheer as he wheels around, ready to throw the superkick...

...and finds no target as Larry Doyle has tripped up Jacobs, dragging him under the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Jacobs gets pulled out by Doyle!

[Bryant leans over the ropes, shouting at Doyle who is now holding a fuming Brad Jacobs in check.]

BW: What a brilliant move by "Hollywood" Larry! Bryant was getting that superkick ready for Brad Jacobs and Doyle saw it coming!

[Bryant glares up the aisle briefly before turning and walking to the center of the ring, shaking his head, then turning to face the aisle before raising the mic.]

DB: You know, Doyle, I've run with some shady people in my life. Eddie Van Gibson, Mark Langseth, and that's not even getting into the litany of slimy, scummy customers I've dealt with in all my years of living in Vegas, not to mention the... characters I encountered when I spent a decade bouncing around the lousiest rat-infested flea market wrestling promotions Nevada and California had to offer when I managed to get myself run out on a rail.

[Bryant pauses.]

DB: ...all those con-artists, scammers, thieves. All of the greasiest, most disgusting kinds of people you could ever hope to meet in professional wrestling...and you STILL manage to outshine them all, Doyle. You're the most pathetically spineless sack of garbage I have EVER encountered in all my days in wrestling, and that's a hell of a lot of days, and nearly as many scumbags as there are days to boot.

[Bryant pauses while the crowd makes some noise at that.]

DB: You know, Doyle, I have to admit that I had it all wrong. I thought that Brad Jacobs was the one I was really angry at. Funny, that a guy directly responsible for Supreme Wright's theft of MY championship isn't even the one I want the biggest piece of. No, Doyle, that honor belongs to you, because you're a coward hiding behind a hostage. You keep threatening this kid for something he didn't do, something he's not responsible for...and unfortunately, he hasn't quite got it in him to let someone he cares about pay for his own mistakes in life, so you've got yourself a reluctant bodyguard, a big old brick wall you can hide behind while you say and do whatever you want.

[The former champ is clearly getting pissed.]

DB: Well, Larry, your days of hiding behind a better man are numbered. I don't know how and I don't know when, but I WILL get it through Brad Jacobs' head that he doesn't need to pay for his brother's mistakes. I will make him see what everybody around him already sees -- that you're a pathetic leech, a hanger-on, a malignant tumor that needs to be cut out.

[Bryant pauses, the mic falling to his side for a second before coming back up.]

DB: Jacobs, I don't even want to fight you anymore. I want to help you. I've been where you are, signed some really damn bad deals that left me with nothing and the spineless twit in charge with everything. You're too damned young -- and frankly, too damned good -- to throw it all away for something that's not even your fault. I know you don't want my help, you don't give a damn what I think...but that won't stop me from trying, because like the proverbial bad penny, I won't ever go away. Not until Larry Doyle is ruined, left with nothing but the giant bullseye painted right in the middle of his forehead for almost bringing the place I've come to love to ruin.

[Bryant points up the aisle.]

DB: I know you can hear me, Doyle, so hear this too -- I'm gonna be that thorn in your side you can't quite reach, and when Brad Jacobs finally decides to be a man and cast you off...I'll be the knife in your heart, you son of a bitch.

[With that, Bryant throws down the mic, steps through the ropes, and heads up the aisle.]

GM: Wow! Dave Bryant has made it VERY clear that his goal is to end Larry Doyle!

BW: He can have all the goals he wants, Gordo, but at the end of the day, that means he's gotta go through Van Alston... he's gotta go through Brad Jacobs... and former World Champion or not, I don't think Bryant's got it in him to get through those two to get at Larry.

GM: That remains to be seen... but as Dave Bryant implores Brad Jacobs to be a man and stand on his own, you have to wonder just how long Larry Doyle will be able to keep Jacobs under his control. How long can Doyle hold Jacobs' own brother's freedom against him?

BW: I've seen that kid's rap sheet, Gordo. It's longer than the World Book Encyclopedia. If Jacobs doesn't do what he's told, Doyle will send that kid away for a long, long time.

GM: I don't even want to know why Larry Doyle is showing you Brad Jacobs' brother's criminal record. Fans, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by! Mark?

[As the shot fades from the ring to the backstage area, we find Mark Stegglet holding a microphone. On the right, toweling himself off, is Joshua Barnes. Barnes is still wearing his trunks, and has a t-shirt on. His jacket is slung over his left arm, and he has put back on his wire-rimmed glasses. His face shows scars from past fights - the nose has clearly been broken several times in the past-and he gives Mark an annoyed look.]

MS: I'm backstage here in the Crockett Coliseum with Joshua Barnes who won his match against the Sicilian Stud earlier tonight. But before that, you came out and assaulted the man that Derrick Williams had defeated in Angelo Cordero, leaving the veteran lying in the ring.

[Barnes has nothing to say... yet.]

MS: I'm assuming you heard Derrick Williams say he wants a match with you. What do you have to say to him?

[Barnes takes his time, using the towel to clean off his glasses before putting them back on his face. He looks at Stegglet... looks at the camera... and then...]

JB: Derrick Williams? The short answer is, "He's an idiot." The longer answer is "He's an idiot, and thank you for being so dumb, Derrick."

MS: "Thank you?" That's an odd response to his challenge.

JB: I'll explain. You saw what I did to the Sicilian Stud back there? What I did to Hugh Jenner? What I've done to every single opponent they've put me against in the AWA?

[Barnes started counting on his fingers]

JB: I went into the ring. I hurt them. I left them a gurgling puddle of drool in the ring. I got the three count. And I went backstage to collect my share of the winning.

But the problem? The AWA only pays me so much to beat up the Sicilian Stud. Here...

[Barnes pulls out a handful of cash and puts it in Mark Stegglet's hand. He holds Mark's hand up to the camera.]

JB: Say this is what the AWA pays me against the Sicilian Stud. Got it?

[Mark nods]

JB: Great. But I've got bills back home, Mark.

The rent's due...

[Barnes pulls some of the money out of Mark's hand.]

JB: Winter's coming and the heating bill's rising.

[He takes more cash out of Mark's hand.]

JB: My eldest might need braces.

[And pulls even more cash out, leaving Mark's hand empty.]

JB: And the oven just broke.

[Barnes grabs Mark's hand, forcing it open.]

MS: There's nothing left to-

[Barnes erupts, interrupting Stegglet.]

JB: I KNOW THERE'S NOTHING LEFT. You see, Mark, I need a better payout. And I can't make that much beating up The Sicilian Stud or Hugh Jenner every week. I need-

[Stegglet interrupts, causing Barnes to stop and glare at him.]

MS: Now, let's talk about Derrick Williams. He was upset at your actions towards Hugh Jenner two weeks ago. He looked less than thrilled about what you did to Angelo Cordero tonight. And now, he's issued a challenge towards you...

JB: Yeah, let's get to Derrick Williams. A man who "loves" wrestling. A man who wants to defend the honor of the sport. A man that says that he'll stand up to me.

[Barnes jams a thumb towards his chest.]

JB: You see, I was worried that after my match with Jenner, the AWA wouldn't be able to find anyone who would be willing to get in the ring with me. I can't get in the ring, I can't win. I can't win, I can't get paid. But luckily for me, fools like Derrick Williams are all over the place. So "Thank you" for volunteering, Derrick.

[Barnes snorts]

JB: Derrick wants me in the ring? Someone make the match. Williams can share the same hospital room with Jenner after I'm finished with him.

[Barnes delivers a short laugh]

JB: I hope you do stand up to me, Derrick. That just means I'll get to punch you twice.

[Barnes shoves the microphone back in Stegglet's hands, walks out and the camera fades to the bank of television monitors that can only mean the return of the Control Center. 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 two months 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.

[We cut to a graphic showing Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright.]

MC: Two weeks ago, Ryan Martinez outlasted twenty-nine other competitors to win the 2014 Rumble and in the process, punched his ticket to the Main Event where he will challenge for the World Heavyweight Title. His opponent? Barring any upsets between now and Thanksgiving Night will be the two-time World Champion and arguably the most hated man in wrestling, Supreme Wright. What a match that one is going to be, fans.

[The graphic changes to three words - "STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT."]

MC: It's an annual tradition - the Steal The Spotlight showcase. This year, Steal The Spotlight is returning to its roots as a five-on-five elimination matchup. Throughout the night, we've heard news about this match and we can now confirm that it'll be Team Detson with Johnny Detson and Calisto Dufresne leading the way against Team Supernova featuring the face-painted fan favorite and Sultan Azam Sharif. Of course, we'll be seeing more superstars added to those squads in the days and weeks to come.

[The graphic changes to show the AWA World Tag Team Title belts.]

MC: And what about the World Tag Team Titles? Rumors are running rampant in the AWA offices over who will challenge Air Strike for the titles at the big event. Will it be the Lights Out Express in a rematch? Will it be SkyHerc getting a shot at the titles that many believe they never should have lost in the first place? Or does the fact that Todd Michaelson has spent the last week in Japan have anything to do with the biggest night of the year?

[Cannon grins.]

MC: It's the big one. It's SuperClash VI. And it's a night that if you're a fan of this sport, you do NOT want to miss.

From the Control Center, I'm Melissa Cannon and we'll see you next time!

[Fade to black.]

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

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

"SUPERCLASH"

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

"VI!"

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

And then shots that become slightly more obvious.

A street of major theaters.

The 9/11 Memorial.

The Empire State Building.

The Statue Of Liberty.

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

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

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

"SUPERCLASH VI
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
NEW YORK CITY

NOVEMBER 27, 2014"

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

"LIVE ON PAY PER VIEW."

[As the graphic fades, we come back up on the ring where the colorful Colt Patterson is standing, mic in hand.]

CP: Earlier tonight, I was walking around backstage and I heard chatter that the suits needed someone to come out here tonight and talk to Juan Vasquez.

[Big cheer!]

CP: They wanted someone to ask the tough questions... to not lob softballs at him like you know Stegglet would do. So, here I am... and here he comes. Two weeks ago, he made his return to the ring during the Rumble and now he's here to tell us why... JUAN VASQUEZ!

[The sounds of "They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begin to drift over the Coliseum's PA system to a HUGE reaction from the Dallas fans.]

GM: Here he comes, fans!

[The crowd gets louder as the Hall of Famer strides into view, dressed in street clothes as he lifts a hand to their reaction. He gives a nod before starting to walk down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: In recent weeks, we've seen TWO shocking appearances from Juan Vasquez. As Colt mentioned, Juan appeared during the Rumble two weeks ago and nearly won the whole thing...

BW: Easier when you're giftwrapped the #30 slot.

GM: And of course, back at the Battle Of Los Angeles, we were all stunned when Juan Vasquez leapt over the barricade, charging the ring to save his friend Alex Martinez from the Dogs Of War.

[Vasquez steps through the ropes, shaking hands with the former World Champion inside the ring as the music fades.]

CP: Juan Vasquez, the people wanna know what brings you back to the AWA... what brought you back to the Rumble... and what brought you back to stick your nose in the business of the Dogs Of War in Los Angeles. Tell it true... amigo.

[Colt shoves the mic in Vasquez' face who smirks in response.]

JV: Man, I miss Jason Dane.

[Big cheer! Patterson grumbles something off-mic as Juan pats him on the back.]

JV: Alright, you - and the fans all over the world - deserve some answers so you're going to get them.

Let's start with talking about the Battle Of Los Angeles. When I looked-

[The former World Champion's words are cut off by the snarling, snapping, and barking dogs that have come to mean the arrival of the Dogs Of War. The lights dim as spotlights begin swirling and swooping over the entire crowd, finally coming

to rest on the midnight blue-clad Dogs Of War who start walking through the crowd towards the ring as KISS' "War Machine" blares over the PA system.]

GM: Uh oh... here comes trouble.

BW: The Dogs Of War have heard enough!

GM: He barely said anything!

BW: I'm not sure they give a damn.

[The trio quickly makes their way to ringside, hurdling the barricade into the ringside area. Colt Patterson backs off, leaving Juan Vasquez in the middle of the ring, his head on a swivel as Pedro Perez orders his allies to surround Vasquez, each taking a spot on a different side of the ring.]

GM: They're surrounding him... and I don't like the looks of this at all.

[Perez snatches up a mic off a ringside table, giving a throat slash gesture as the music abruptly cuts out.]

PP: Well, well, well... if it isn't my old friend, Juan Vasquez.

[Perez sneers at Vasquez, showing a toothy grin.]

PP: I've gotta admit - the boys and I were a little surprised to see you two weeks ago in the Rumble. Not as surprised as we were when you got all up in our business in Los Angeles, that's for sure... but still surprised. I had my money on you never showing your face around here again.

[The crowd boos the idea of that. Wade Walker puts his powerful arms on the ring apron, staring in at Vasquez who has his right hand balled up and ready to throw at a moment's notice.]

PP: Just like when I was a little kid, I've always been real good at connecting the dots, Juan... and I don't think it's any coincidence at all that when the Dogs Of War showed up in the AWA, suddenly you had other business to attend to. I don't think that's a coincidence at all.

[Vasquez shakes his head, shouting off-mic at Perez.]

PP: In fact, Juan... I'm willing to put down a sizable chunk of change that you... the great Juan Vasquez... the Hall of Famer... the former World Champion... the two-time National Champion... the pillar that this company was built on...

...are scared... of us.

[Vasquez again shouts off-mic, gesturing Perez to get in the ring.]

PP: Oh, there'll be plenty of time for that, Juan. There's gonna be a whole lot of time for the three of us to get in that ring and show you why you never should've come back.

And if you WERE gonna come back?

[He waves a wagglng finger with a "tsk, tsk."]

PP: You NEVER should've gotten in our way.

[Isaiah Carpenter and Wade Walker climb up on their respective sides of the ring apron. The crowd is buzzing now, ready for the fight to come. Perez pulls himself up on the apron as well, mic still in hand.]

PP: See, Juan... you're standing in this ring right now, chest puffed out, head held high, acting like a big hero out of a Western movie staring down the outlaws who've come to town to raise hell... the ol' gunslinger with one more good fight left in him...

[Perez shakes his head.]

PP: We've seen your kind before. In fact, we saw a seven foot version of you a few weeks ago, thinking he'd be able to stare us into silence... just... like... you.

But there's a simple lesson you gotta learn, Juan ol' boy.

The Dogs Of War don't back down. The Dogs Of War don't scare. And the Dogs Of War don't believe in rules... none of 'em.

[Carpenter nods his head at his partner.]

PP: We choke. We bite. We punch.

[He shrugs.]

PP: And when a guy whose best days are behind him and whose future is lined with signing autographs at comic book conventions shows up, we don't fall to our knees, shake his hand, and ask what it was like to wrestle Jeff Matthews back in the day.

We stare that guy dead in the eye...

[Perez steps through the ropes, walking right up to Juan Vasquez, staring him dead in the eye.]

PP: We say... "You're in OUR yard now, oldtimer."

[Perez takes a half step back, breaking into another grin...]

PP: And then we send the old man into early retirem-

[Perez doesn't get the words out of his mouth before Vasquez lashes out with the Right Cross, sending Perez spinning away, falling chestfirst to the canvas! The crowd ERUPTS in a roar!]

GM: OH MY STARS! HE KNOCKED PEREZ OUT COLD!

[A shocked Wade Walker and Isaiah Carpenter are on the move. Walker comes through the ropes as Vasquez rushes him, trying to keep him from getting to a vertical position, hammering him back against the ropes, staggering the big man...

...but as he turns, Carpenter comes springing off the top rope, sailing through the air to connect with a flying knee to the side of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow knocks Vasquez down to his knees where Carpenter promptly starts kicking the Hall of Famer in the ribs. Wade Walker storms over, shoving his own partner aside as he angrily pulls Vasquez into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Walker's got him hooked!

[The big man muscles Vasquez up into the air, standing tall...

...and SITS OUT in a devastating powerbomb to the groans of the crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERBOMB! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Walker shoves Vasquez away, climbing back to his feet as Carpenter launches into another stomping attack on the Hall of Famer..

...when suddenly, the crowd bursts into cheers at the arrival of half of the AWA locker room!]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[We instantly spot Cesar Hernandez, the Northern Lights, Sweet Daddy Williams, and several others tear into view. Carpenter and Walker elect to save their fight for another day, dragging Perez to the floor and making their exit through the crowd.]

GM: The locker room arrives and saves Juan Vasquez from further attack but the damage has been done by the Dogs Of War! Carpenter, Walker, and Perez continue to be thorns in the side of every good man left in this company.

BW: Martinez? Done. Vasquez? Check. Who's next, Gordo? Maybe John Wesley Hardin will drag himself out of retirement and take a beating from the best three man team this sport has ever seen!

GM: I highly doubt that. Fans, it's just about Main Event time and as we get this settled down out here, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by! Mark?

[We cut to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing by with Michael Aarons, one half of the World Tag Team Champions, Air Strike. Aarons is doing his very best Brian James impersonation as he paces back and forth in the background look down at the floor. He is dressed to wrestle wearing long green tights with a vertical white stripe going down each leg and white boots. The AWA World Tag Team Title is fastened around his waist.]

MS: I'm standing here with one-half of the brand new World Tag Team Champions, Michael Aarons, who is set to take on Supreme Wright tonight. And it's worth noting that not out here at this time is Cody Mertz.

[Aarons stops pacing and storms over to Stegglet.]

MA: Cody will be out in my corner tonight.

MS: Be that as it may, what does he think about you standing up for him tonight against the AWA World Heavyweight Champion?

MA: Let's get one thing straight right off the bat here, Steps. Cody Mertz is my friend and my partner and together we are the AWA World Tag Team Champions. What Cody Mertz is, is a great guy and a heck of a wrestler! What he is not, is in need of someone to fight his battles for him! I'm not here to fight for Cody; I'm here because Supreme Wright thinks he has the supreme right to stick his nose wherever he wants because he's the champ, has that dumb goof lumbering behind him, and a bunch of dumb kids buying what he's selling.

[Aarons shakes his head.]

MA: Let's get a few things straight here, champ, because you're not going to get the warm and fuzzy version from me. You think the wrestling world revolves around you because you eat, breath and sleep the sport with a serious expression on your face.

[Aarons stiffens up his expression and face in an attempt to "mock" the champ. After a few seconds, he smiles, pointing at his face.]

MA: You see this, it's called a smile you should try it more than twice a year. No, you think you're the best wrestler, the best trainer, the best person around.

[Aarons scoffs.]

MA: Well, I hate to spoil the party, but teaching an armbar or two don't make you a mentor and stealing some weak minded fools from the Combat Corner don't make you the Combat Corner. Just like going to the Combat Corner don't mean you graduated from it.

[Aarons jacks a thumb in his own direction.]

MA: Like I did, like my main man Cody did. You think you're the only one who thought they were ready before they got the call? You think you're the only one who thought they knew better?

[Aarons laughs.]

MA: Heck no you weren't! You want to do things your own way be my guest. But you want to drag Todd Michaelson's name through the mud because you know better? No, not happening! We're settling all Combat Corner business tonight.

[Aarons begins bouncing back and forth on the balls of his feet psyching himself up for the match.]

MA: The truth is I'm not standing up for Cody because Cody can stand up for himself. I'm just tired of you running your mouth, champ, and its high time that someone shuts you up! You wanna come looking for a fight? Well look no further because you got one with the-

"Mind if I interrupt for a moment?"

[All eyes turn towards the man approaching Stegglet and Aarons. Who is it? None other than the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez. Martinez stands on the other side of Stegglet, as he and Aarons look each other over.]

RM: I won't take up too much of your time, but I do have something I want to ask.

You're going out there tonight and you're facing Supreme. But like Mark pointed out to me earlier, when you face Wright, you also face Team Supreme. You have Cody, and I don't want to take anything from your partner.

But Michael? If you'll let me, I'd like to be in your corner tonight.

[Aarons smirks.]

MA: The White Knight in my corner tonight? Who wouldn't say yes to that?

[The offer accepted, Martinez extends his hand, and Aarons eagerly takes it, the two shaking each other's hands.]

RM: Just one more thing to say.

[Ryan cracks a rare grin.]

RM: Remember who you are tonight. Remember that you are the high flying, death defying, teenage dream.

And you're going to make Supreme Wright scream.

I'm counting on it!

[Aarons laughs.]

MA: Couldn't have said it any better myself.

[Aarons holds out a fist and he and Martinez exchange a fist bump and walk off together.]

MS: Gentlemen, there you have it. Things just got a little more interesting for the Main Event which is right now so let's go down to Phil Watson!

[Crossfade down to the ring where the ring announcer is waiting for the last call of the night.]

PW: The following match is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first, he is one-half of the AWA World Tag Team Champions...

[The rapping sounds of "Can't Hold Us" by Macklemore and Ryan Lewis brings the fans to their feet as Phil Watson continues.]

PW:...from Carson City, Nevada...

MICHAEL AARONS!!!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Michael Aarons, followed by his tag team partner Cody Mertz and Ryan Martinez, bursts through the curtain, throwing his arms up into the air!]

GM: It was earlier tonight when Michael Aarons threw down the challenge and now he's wrestling the most important singles match of his young career against the AWA World Champion, Supreme Wright.

BW: That kid's gotten a little big for his britches if you ask me! Did you hear the way he talked to Supreme Wright? He's lucky he didn't get his head kicked off by Tony Donovan like Ricky Armstrong!

[Aarons points towards the ring before he breaks into a dash, charging down the aisle...

...and diving over the top rope, front rolling back to his feet. He marches to the nearest corner, mounting the midbuckle to salute the cheering fans.]

PW: And his opponent...

"READY...HUT!"

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

#(Jesus walk)

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

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

[... as the lights in the Coliseum then go completely dark and "Black Skinhead" begins to play, signifying the entrance of the AWA World Heavyweight champion, bringing the boos to a deafening crescendo! The champion is dressed in a black tracksuit with gold trim, cradling the greatest prize in all of professional wrestling, the AWA World Heavyweight championship belt, in his right arm. As he passes by his charges, Team Supreme follows him towards the ring, where Tony Donovan and Cain Jackson both hold open the ropes for their leader. Supreme then steps through the ropes and into the ring, as the rest of Team Supreme stand on the outside in his corner.]

BW: There he is, Gordo. The top of our sport and the best wrestler in the world today! He's gonna' show Michael Aarons just exactly what happens when punks don't know their place in the pecking order!

GM: Aarons is a champion in his own right, Bucky. This isn't going to be as easy as you think it is.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go!

[Wright reaches out with his right arm, as the two circle each other, using it to paw at Aarons, who slaps his hand away each time. Suddenly, Wright lunges in and within a blink of an eye, drops down and takes Aarons off his feet with a drop toehold. He quickly floats over into a side headlock as the two get to their feet, as Supreme quickly follows up with a headlock takedown, keeping Aarons on the mat as he yells, "Does this look familiar?" at Cody Mertz, who slams his hands on the apron, yelling encouragement at his tag team partner.]

GM: Supreme Wright was a four-time All-American freestyle wrestler at the University of Indiana and he's putting those skills on display right now.

BW: You've probably got more fingers than there's been people in the history of professional wrestling that could hang with the champ on the mat...and Michael Aarons sure as heck ain't one of those people!

[Fighting his way back to his feet while still trapped in a side headlock, Aarons buries a series of elbows into Wright's midsection, before shooting the champion off into the ropes. As Wright rebounds off the ropes, he collides with Aarons, knocking him over with a shoulderblock. However, the tag team champion quickly kips back with fists raised, as the crowd roars!]

GM: Oh!

[Wright charges, but is side-stepped by Aarons, who grabs a waistlock and runs the World Champion into the ropes, before rolling him back into a reverse cradle!]

GM: Reverse cradle by Aarons! One! Two!

[Aarons is kicked off and sent towards the ropes, where he rebounds off and cartwheels to the side as Wright simultaneously kips up back to his feet himself! As Wright turns to Aarons, the Carson City native throws a kick at Wright that is caught, but it was only a diversion, as he almost immediately leaps into the air...]

"SMACK!"

GM: OH MY!

[...and catches the World Champ with an enzuigiri!]

GM: Kip up and a handspring from both men and it's Aarons that scores with a leaping kick to the head!

[As Wright rises to his feet, Aarons sends him off his feet once again with a spinning leg lariat!]

GM: AND THAT SPINWHEEL KICK SENDS THE CHAMPION OUT OF THE RING!

BW: This is a smart move by the champ. He knows Aarons was building momentum and the quickest way to put a stop to that nonsense was to just get the heck outta' the ring!

[Wright rolls out of the ring from the blow, taking a second to shake out the cobwebs before pulling himself back up onto the ring apron. However, as he does so, Aarons runs towards the nearest corner and leaps onto the middle turnbuckle...]

GM: AARONS!

[...before springing off and leaping OUT of the ring, plowing into Wright with a diving shoulderblock that knocks him off the ring apron and back onto the outside!]

GM: OH MY STARS! Michael Aarons just launched himself over the top rope and sent Supreme Wright crashing to the floor! And listen to these fans!

[Aarons is pumped up, high fiving a couple fans in the front row, before grabbing Wright and tossing him back into the ring. From the apron, he then proceeds to climb up to the top rope and waits for the World Champion to rise to his feet, before flying off and connecting with a missile dropkick!]

GM: BIG DROPKICK OFF THE TOP! One! Two! No! That's all he's gonna' get!

[Aarons backs Wright into a corner, nailing him with a punch, before trying to send him across the ring with an Irish Whip. However, Wright reverses it and then yanks Aarons back towards him, before doubling him over with a big knee to the midsection. Holding onto Aaron's arm, Wright twists it over his head rapidly and yanks down HARD, causing the Air Strike member to slam face-first into the canvas!]

GM: OH! Michael Aarons eats canvas!

BW: Aarons must've thought he had this match in full control, but when you've mastered the art of wrestling the way Supreme Wright has, there ain't ever gonna' be a situation where he can't just turn things around in a blink of an eye!

[With Aarons still lying facedown on the canvas, Wright walks over...

...and stomps down on his arm!]

GM: OH! Right on the elbow!

BW: You can build up muscles, but there's no way to strengthen joints, Gordo!

[Aarons screams in pain and cradles his right arm, kicking his legs in pain. Pulling Aarons up, Wright twists his arm into a hammerlock...

...and then drops low, kicking Aaron's legs out from under him and causing the Tag Team Champion to land onto his own arm!]

GM: OH!

[With Aarons down on the mat, Wright grabs the wrist of the arm he just attacked and straightens it out on the canvas...]

"THUD!"

GM: Big knee driven into the arm!

[The crowd boos loudly, as Wright, still holding down Aarons' arm, looks out the cheering members of Team Supreme and then locks eyes with Ryan Martinez.]

"THUD!"

"THUD!"

"THUD!"

"THUD!"

"THUD!"

"THUD!"

"THUD!"

"THUD!"

GM: Dear lord, Supreme Wright is absolutely mauling that arm!

BW: Consider this a valuable lesson. It'll teach this dumb kid not to run his mouth!

[Wright finally releases Aarons' arm, allowing the tag team champion to quickly roll away, clutching his arm in obvious pain. The Champ spreads out his arms to receive a massive chorus of boos from the crowd, as Team Supreme slap their hands down on the ring apron and chant in unison...]

"SU-PREME WRIGHT!"

"SU-PREME WRIGHT!"

"SU-PREME WRIGHT!"

"SU-PREME WRIGHT!"

"SU-PREME WRIGHT!"

"SU-PREME WRIGHT!"

GM: It's just mindboggling how brainwashed the members of Team Supreme are.

BW: Brainwashed? They're learning under the tutelage of the greatest wrestler on the planet! The Heavyweight Champion of the World! They're just paying him the respect he's due!

GM: And if you believe that, I've got a bridge in Brooklyn to sell you, Bucky.

[Pulling Aarons to his feet, Wright whips into the far corner, following close behind him and plastering him with a European uppercut just as he hits the corner!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Wright gives a brief glance to Martinez and Mertz, shaking his head at them, before once again whipping Aarons across the ring and hard into the turnbuckles. He then charges in with a head of steam, looking to blast Aarons with another European uppercut...

...but Aarons moves out of the way!]

GM: OH! Nobody home!

[Running into the ropes as soon as he slipped out of the corner, Michael Aarons comes flying off just as Supreme Wright turns around...

...NAILING him with a flying forearm!]

GM: THE BIG FOREARM CONNECTS!

BW: But he hit it with that bad arm, Gordo! That's gonna' cost him!

[On the outside, Martinez and Mertz shout encouragement at Aarons, who struggles to his feet, holding his hurt arm close to his chest.]

GM: Aarons is up!

[Aarons nails a rising Wright with a kick to the midsection and hooks him for a suplex, but cannot lift the champion up with his busted wing. Wright tries to suplex Aarons, but it's blocked. With a burst of energy, Aarons manages to power Wright up into the air...]

GM: Suplex coming up...NO!

[...but Wright lands behind him! He spins Aarons around, but the high flyer ducks down and grabs the World Champ around the waist, before lifting him up and taking him over with a Northern Lights suplex!]

"OHHHH!"

GM: SUPLEX WITH A BRIDGE! ONE! TWO! T-NOOOO! SO CLOSE!

BW: Too close! For a second there, I thought he might've had him!

[Slipping a shoulder at the last possible moment, Wright is slow to his feet as Aarons grabs him, trying to send him into the ropes. Wright reverses the whip, dropping down onto the mat as Aarons rebounds off. Aarons jumps over, but hits the brakes as Wright rises to his feet and proceeds to leap up onto the World Champion's shoulders!]

GM: MICHAEL AARONS IS UP ON WRIGHT'S SHOULDERS! I THINK HE'S GOING FOR A VICTORY ROLL!

[Aarons tries to catch his balance, but Wright takes a few steps forward, before THROWING him off...

...and dropping him throat-first onto the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Rebounding off the ropes, Aarons is then caught in Wright's clutches, as the World Champ wraps his arms around the Carson City native not only in a rear waistlock,

but also with his arms trapped and held to his sides. In one fluid motion, Wright bridges back, German suplexing Aarons!]

GM: A BRIDGING GERMAN SUPLEX AND AARONS' ARMS ARE TRAPPED! ONE! TWO! THREE-

[A massive roar!]

GM: HE ESCAPES! Somehow, Michael Aarons was able to break one of his arms free!

BW: I ain't ever seen a German suplex like that, daddy! How the heck did he not get pinned by that!?

[On the outside, the members of Team Supreme are in disbelief, while Martinez and Mertz breathe a sigh of relief. Meanwhile, Wright slaps his hand down on the mat repeatedly in frustration, before hauling Aarons to his feet...

...THROWING him shoulder-first into top turnbuckle!]

GM: OH!

BW: The champ's hot, now! He thought he had it won!

[Aarons turns around and is promptly hit with a big forearm that cracks him across the jaw. Wright then bends down, lifting Aarons up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR FAT TUESDAY!

[...but Aarons slips out, landing behind Wright...

...and catching him across the jaw with a thrust kick!]

GM: OH! That kick rocks the champion!

[Wright is dazed, but still on his feet. Aarons then runs towards him, taking the champion over the top rope with a clothesline that sends him falling to the floor!]

GM: Ohhh! Supreme Wright hits the floor hard!

[The members of Team Supreme rush over to their leader, checking on his condition while inside the ring, Michael Aarons has the crowd rocking. Eyeing the crowd of Team Supreme members gathered around Wright, the tag team champion points to them as the crowd roars!]

BW: He can't be thinking of doing what I think he is...

[Just as Tony Donovan and Alex Martin help a woozy Wright to his feet, Aarons has already run off into the far ropes...

...and dives into them with a tope, sending Team Supreme sprawling!]

GM: OH MY STARS! MICHAEL AARONS JUST TOOK OUT TEAM SUPREME!

[Grabbing Wright out of the pile of humanity that's down on the ground, Michael Aarons tosses the champion back into the ring. As Wright gets to a knee, Aarons charges towards him, grabbing the Louisiana native behind his head and slamming him face-first in the canvas!]

GM: OH!

[Shaking off the pain in his right arm, Aarons makes a guttural roar and then points to the top turnbuckle, as the crowd roars!]

GM: I think he's calling for "High in the Sky"! Michael Aarons is looking to finish off Supreme Wright!

[Stepping out onto the apron, Aarons goes to climb up the turnbuckles...

...only to have his foot grabbed by a Team Supreme member!]

GM: Tony Donovan! He's got no business interfering in this match-up!

[However, Cody Mertz is there, nailing Donovan with a punch that knocks back the Team Supreme member! As the other members of Team Supreme converge on Mertz, Ryan Martinez also arrives on the scene, knocking them back as the crowd goes wild!]

GM: MERTZ! MARTINEZ! WE'VE GOT A FULL SCALE BRAWL BREAKING OUT!

[Free from Matt Lance's interference, Aarons climbs up to the top turnbuckle, but the momentary distraction was enough, as Wright is back up on his feet and charges into the corner, knocking Aarons off balance...

...and onto his shoulders!]

GM: No! Supreme Wright's got him set-up for Fat Tuesday again!

[From the fireman's carry, Wright throws Aarons over his head and drops onto his back, ready to deliver his trademark double knee gutbuster. However, Aarons readjusts in mid-air...

...and PLANTS both of his feet into the World Champion's chest!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! WHAT A COUNTER!

BW: HOW THE HECK DID HE DO THAT!?

[Taking a hard landing despite making that amazing counter, Aarons landed hard on his right shoulder. He crawls over to the ropes, draping himself over the bottom rope. However, as the referee is momentarily distracted by the brawl occurring on the outside, an opportunistic Cain Jackson sees his opening...

...and promptly NAILS Michael Aarons with a big boot!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: THE BIG BOOT! CAIN JACKSON HIT IT FROM THE OUTSIDE! DAMN HIM!

BW: What!? I didn't see anything!

GM: Of course you didn't!

[A MASSIVE chop from Ryan Martinez greets Jackson as soon as he's hit the boot, but the damage has been done. Aarons falls back from the ropes with a glassy-eyed look on his face...

...and is quickly snatched into a Fujiwara armbar by Supreme Wright that snaps him back into consciousness!]

GM: THE FUJIWARA ARMBAR!

[Pulling back on Aarons' arm at an ungodly angle, it's the tag team champion's cry of pain that brings the referee back to attention, as he drops down to check for the submission...]

GM: No, kid...you got to fight this!

BW: He's gotta' submit or he's gonna' lose that arm!

[...and gets it!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Supreme Wright gets the win, but it was Team Supreme that stole this one for him!

[However, despite hearing the bell ring, Wright isn't releasing the hold.]

GM: Hey...HEY! Break the hold! Break the hold!

BW: It looks like the only thing he's looking to do is breaking that arm!

[Seeing what's going on from the outside of the ring, Cody Mertz and Ryan Martinez immediately stop their fight with the Team Supreme members and dive in to make the save!]

GM: RYAN MARTINEZ IS ALL OVER SUPREME WRIGHT!

[Pummeled by an onslaught of lefts and rights from Martinez, Wright beats a hasty retreat, quickly rolling to the outside of the ring, where the members of Team Supreme are ready to receive him, forming a human wall in front of him as they slowly back away from ringside. Cain Jackson hands Wright the World Title belt and he lifts it into the air to a roar of boos from the crowd.]

GM: The dust is finally starting to clear. Cody Mertz is tending to Michael Aarons. And Ryan Martinez is standing in the middle of the ring with a microphone.

BW: Haven't we heard enough from him tonight?

[Martinez is fuming mad as he points a finger at the retreating Team Supreme.]

RM: Wright! You think they're going to save you? You think that being surrounded by your lackeys means you're untouchable?

Supreme Wright... you're wrong!

[Martinez points an accusing finger at the trio of Supreme Wright, Cain Jackson, and Tony Donovan. The latter two are standing defensively in front of their leader, while the world champion's cold eyes are staring daggers into his SuperClash opponent.]

RM: And in two weeks, we three are going to prove it!

Two weeks from now....

[Ryan looks over his shoulder, and gets nod from both Aarons and Mertz.]

RM: Cody Mertz, Michael Aarons, and myself challenge you three to a match!

You say Team Supreme is the best? Well, I say, prove it! Meet us in two weeks. Cody and Michael will be ready, and you can be damn sure I'll be ready.

In fact... you can count on it!

[Martinez spikes the mic to big cheers from the crowd, turning to go check on his allies.]

GM: Wow! A challenge for next time on SNW! Ryan Martinez and the World Tag Team Champions want Team Supreme in this ring! Fans, we've gotta go! We're out of time! We'll see you in two weeks!

[The camera cuts to Supreme Wright in the aisle, staring back at the ring with the World Title belt held over his head as we fade to black.]