

For
Andy & Blackie

SUPERCASH VII

THE RISING

November 26, 2015
Minute Maid Park
Houston, Texas

[A black screen.

White text appears on behalf of the AWA legal team to inform you of the penalties involved if you happen to do things with the Pay Per View that you're about to watch that you shouldn't. Naughty pirates. Arrrrr.

From that, we fade to another 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."

[Back to black for a moment.

With the screen still black, we hear the opening piano notes to Guns N' Roses' "November Rain" - a tradition now for the event that you're about to witness. As the screen fades up onto the SuperClash logo, another SuperClash tradition begins... the voiceover provided by the Dean of Professional Wrestling commentary, Gordon Myers.]

"For decades, the biggest day of the calendar year for the professional wrestling business was Thanksgiving night.

It was the night when all the biggest stars came out.

The night when all the biggest matches were held.

The night where careers were built and legends were made.

And the night where the memories that last a lifetime were formed.

On this night, the AWA returns to those days for the biggest event of the year. It is SuperClash...

...and it has arrived."

[The piano and logo fade in unison only to be replaced by the voice of the Boss himself, Bruce Springsteen, as he starts in on "The Rising." We start on a black screen but that swiftly changes.]

#Can't see nothin' in front of me
Can't see nothin' coming up behind#

[Our opening shot is of Hannibal Carver sitting in a dark tavern, tipping his head back as he pours the remnants of a bottle down his throat.]

#Make my way through this darkness
I can't feel nothing but this chain that binds me#

[Fade through black to Ryan Martinez doing situps at a quick pace.]

#Lost track of how far I've gone
How far I've gone, how high I've climbed#

[Back through black to Carver now running on the streets of Boston.]

#On my back's a sixty pound stone
On my shoulder a half mile of line#

[Again through black on Martinez, this time running the ropes inside the ring, sweat pouring off the champion's frame.]

#Come on up for the rising
Come on up, lay your hands in mine#

[A quick cut shows Hannibal Carver standing amongst the people. Those who surround him are clad in the t-shirts of the FREE CARVER movement.]

#Come on up for the rising
Come on up for the rising tonight#

[Quick cut to Ryan Martinez walking the aisle towards the ring, title belt secured around his waist as he slaps the hand of every fan that is offering it.]

#Left the house this morning
Bells ringing filled the air#

[Fade through black to Jack Lynch standing outside his family's ranch, a thousand yard stare off into the distance at a setting sun. A pan of the camera shows his wife and daughter standing in his field of view.]

#I was wearin' the cross of my calling
On wheels of fire I come rollin' down here#

[Through black to Supreme Wright addressing Team Supreme as a whole, almost like something out of a propaganda film.]

#Come on up for the rising
Come on up, lay your hands in mine#

[Quick cut to Jack Lynch walking the aisle in his leather trenchcoat, black Stetson on his head as he slaps the hands of the ringside fans.]

#Come on up for the rising
Come on up for the rising tonight#

[Cut to a fan holding up a sign that reads "WRIGHT IS WRONG!" The sign becomes blurry as we change focus to the foreground where a determined Supreme Wright is standing.]

#La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la#

[Quick cuts of action showing Supernova flying across the ring to squash Shadoe Rage in the corner... Violence Unlimited throwing the members of Air Strike into one another with a pair of running powerbombs... Larry Wallace using the dropkick on a rebounding Bobby O'Connor.]

#La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la#

[More quick shots of Charisma Knight slamming Julie Somers' head into a steel ringpost... Calisto Dufresne hitting Johnny Detson with the Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am DDT... Casey James smashing his fist into the heart of Brody Thunder.]

#La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la#

[We keep 'em coming with The Gladiator being crushed into the concrete floor with a Cracked Earth splash... Pedro Perez throwing himself through the ropes with a flying tackle on Brian Lau... Travis Lynch and Juan Vasquez trading blows down on the canvas.]

#La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la#

[And one final batch with Cesar Hernandez taking Rex Summers off his feet... Caspian Abaran flipping through the air onto Kerry Kendrick... Derrick Williams clubbing Callum Mahoney with forearms to the head. We kick into a brief guitar solo and a series of shots of the crowd...

A young boy waving a "WHITE KNIGHT" sign over his head as his father looks on with a smile.

A middle-aged woman pointing to a homemade "I LOVE YOU, TRAVIS!" t-shirt.

A group of kids all wearing Supernova facepaint.

Three squealing girls with an Air Strike banner held up between them with plenty of glittery silver hearts.]

#There's spirits above and behind me
Faces gone black, eyes burnin' bright#

[A shot of Ryan Martinez, eyes closed and deep in thought, surrounded by images of some of the men he has faced in his AWA career - Gunnar Gaines, Caleb Temple, Supreme Wright...]

#May their precious blood bind me
Lord, as I stand before your fiery light#

[A shot of Hannibal Carver - a mirror of the Martinez shot - with images of Johnny Detson, Morgan Dane, and Terry Shane around him.]

#La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la#

[Quick cut to Martinez laying in the machine gun chops in the corner.]

#La - la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la#

[To Carver hammering a helpless foe with heavy forearms to the head.]

#La - la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la#

[To Martinez lifting an opponent into the air, putting them down with the Brainbuster.]

#La - la, la, la, la, la, la, la#

[To Carver laying out a victim with a Blackout.

The music slows, cutting out to just the lyrics almost in a whisper...]

#Come on up for the rising#

[Fade through black on Martinez looking up to the sky.]

#Come on up, lay your hands in mine#

[Fade through black to Carver doing the same.]

#Come on up for the rising#

[Martinez raises his hands towards the light, holding the title belt in his grasp.]

#Come on up for the rising tonight#

[Carver clenches his fists, pulling them up in front of them. The screen dissolves into a split screen. Martinez looking ahead, the title belt over his head. Carver with his fists clenched, staring straight ahead.

And as the lyrics fade out, we hear a very familiar dueling chant, slowly gaining in volume...]

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[And with the chant as loud and as clear as day, we slowly fade to black...

...and then back up on our first shot of Minute Maid Park. The initial shot is from a drone, showing the basic setup of the stadium since the retractable roof is wide open. A large stage has been set up in center field with a long sloping ramp leading from it down to the aisle that will head to the ring. The ring has been placed near

second base, surrounded by a black metal barricade and rows upon rows upon rows of steel chairs. The place is sold out so every chair is filled as we fade to a shot of the stage itself where a giant American flag is hanging from the metal framing above the stage. The voice of Phil Watson rings out.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... to honor America with his singing of "America The Beautiful"... please welcome the star of the FOX Network's smash hit "Empire"...

JUSSIE SMOLLETT!

[Smollett gets polite applause... hey, it's "America The Beautiful" as he sits at a piano, ready to perform. He smiles with a wave to the crowd before tickling the ivories and beginning to sing.]

#O beautiful for spacious skies
For amber waves of grain
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!#

[As Smollett holds the final note, the crowd roars their patriotic support. A series of squealing pyro goes off, golden rockets streaming towards the sky with a loud accompanying "POP!" that allows a banner to drop down from the metal framework, one at a time.

The first salutes SuperClash I with a promotional shot of Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez nose to nose.

SuperClash II has a similar shot of the only two men to Main Event two straight SuperClash events.

SuperClash III's banner shows off Calisto Dufresne and Supernova.

A gap is between the two sets of banners as #4 fires to reveal the Main Event of SuperClash IV as James Monosso and Supreme Wright are staring at one another.

POP! SuperClash V is spotlighted by Calisto Dufresne and Dave Bryant squaring off, each with a title over their shoulder along with the words "TITLE VERSUS TITLE."

And finally, last year's SuperClash takes its rightful spot as Ryan Martinez stares into the eyes of World Heavyweight Champion Supreme Wright, finishing the barrage of banners to fall into place.]

GM: It is that special occasion when the entire wrestling world comes together for the biggest night of the year! Ladies and gentlemen, we are LIVE in Houston, Texas! We are LIVE in a sold-out Minute Maid Park with over 45,000 fans on hand! We are LIVE around the world on Pay Per View! And we are LIVE for the Super Bowl of Professional Wrestling that we know by one word - SuperClash!

[Another cut gives us a camera shot from the upper deck, somewhere behind home plate so we can see the lighting structure that has been set up over the ring, flashing multicolored lights on the squared circle with its red, white, and blue ropes. The black canvas mats surrounding the ring, covering the grass, are what we've come to expect from an AWA event. A red and white ring apron with "SUPERCLASH VII" written across it surrounds the ring as well.]

GM: The crowd here in Houston has been filing in for the better part of the last two hours and they are ready to bear witness to one of the most anticipated nights of action that I can recall!

[As our camera moves around the ringside area, it comes to rest on the announce tables... yes, tables... that - on this night - stand several feet back from the ring, the barricade at their backs. On our left sits Manuel Ortiz alongside famed retired luchador Hector Joaquin. They are busy speaking as well as we look to our right and see who we expected to see.

First, it's the Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing, Gordon Myers, in a black tuxedo with white dress shirt and red bowtie. Gordon is obviously happy to be here, a grin across his face. His eyeglasses are in place. His salt and pepper hair has been styled under his headset. The utmost professional is ready to get down to business. Next to him is...]

GM: By my side, as he's been for the past eight years, is the one and only Bucky Wilde and Buckthorn, old friend, a Happy Thanksgiving to you and yours.

[Indeed. And the Most Colorful Color Man in the business is living up to that moniker with a hot pink suit from head to toe. He's sporting a jet black dress shirt underneath and a dazzling yellow tie. Whew. Don't adjust your set. Your corneas are just burned to a crisp.]

BW: Happy Thanksgiving, daddy! You know, ol' Buckthorn has a lot to be thankful for this year and being right here every year on Thanksgiving Day is one of those things. Where else can you get paid for sitting ringside and watching the best professional wrestling action on the planet, daddy?!

GM: Absolutely. Bucky, the lineup has been discussed for weeks now. We know all the matches... we know what's at stake. But everywhere we've been all week here in Houston, everyone is talking about the big one.

BW: Hannibal Carver fighting for the World Title against Ryan Martinez but thanks to President O'Neill, that's not all he's fighting for.

GM: That's right. If Hannibal Carver fails to win the World Title here tonight, President O'Neill says he's gone! He's fired!

BW: And while there may be another joint hanging around these parts picking up our leavings, I don't think Carver wants to be part of that!

GM: Absolutely not. The pressure is on tonight for Hannibal Carver as he tries to win the title AND save his job.

BW: When you talk about pressure, Gordo, what about the pressure on Jack Lynch's wife? She's gotta stand out there at ringside and watch Supreme Wright put her husband through the kind of torture she's only had nightmares about... and she's gotta do it without throwing in that towel.

GM: Wright got exactly what he wanted when he set up that one. Plus, we've got three other titles on the line! The Legends Royale! The Women's Match! The Street Fight!

BW: Don't forget my favorite - the Proletariat Challenge!

GM: You get paid to say that?

BW: Nyet, comrade!

GM: O'Connor and Wallace! Gladiator and Oni! Detson and Dufresne! It's all going down right here tonight and to kick things off, let's go backstage to our own Mark Stegglet to talk to one of the teams in this year's Steal The Spotlight! Mark?

[We cut backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by with one half of the Steal the Spotlight match.]

MS: Welcome, folks, to SuperClash! Very soon, we'll be kicking things off with the annual Steal the Spotlight match and, gentlemen, your thoughts as we head into it?

[Callum Mahoney is the first to lean in. He has on the "KEEP CALLUM AND ARMBAR" T-shirt over his black wrestling singlet.]

CM: You know what, fellas? While we might not have Thanksgiving in the Old Country, and I am the kind of miserable bastard who does not often give thanks, I am thankful for my health. I am thankful for the use of my limbs. After all, standing across the ring from us will be five poor souls, any and all of whom could fall victim to the dreaded armbar... Five unfortunate rear ends prime for the kicking, and I am thankful for these feet that will be doing it. Most of all, I am thankful to be standing with you in the Steal the Spotlight match tonight.

[Mahoney looks at his teammates and nods.]

CM: Where the opposing team has someone who has never won a single accolade like Cesar Hernandez...

[He points to Rex Summers.]

CM: We have a former champion in "Red Hot" Rex Summers. Where the opposing team has a disgraced luchador in Caspian Abaran, we have the untapped potential, the blue chip prospect that is Kerry Kendrick.

[Mahoney claps Kendrick on the shoulder.]

CM: While they have a Combat Corner flunkie, we have the fastest rising Combat Corner graduate, whose star continues to shine brightly, Mister Steal the Spotlight himself! They have someone whose name means nothing to the sport, while we have one whose very name is synonymous with wrestling excellence. And, of course, they have Kevin Slater's boy, who thinks he deserves to be mentioned in the same breath as a former Irish National champion, winner of the twenty fourteen All-Europe Catch Wrestling tournament, and the man who broke the Sultan's arm!

[He hikes his thumb towards himself, then points to his teammates.]

CM: When you look at us and you look at the other team, you're looking at five fellas who have got lots to be thankful for, especially when one of us walks away with the spotlight tonight!

[The other four chuckle and exchange high-fives. Kerry Kendrick hijacks the microphone from Stegglet before he can ask his next question.]

KK: Picture this: you've got five guys who have had to fight uphill battles the whole time that they've been in the AWA. And picture a magic bullet that can make all of that go away. Picture five guys so driven... so hardwired to pursue excellence... to pursue that acclaim. Five guys who want that golden opportunity... who need that golden opportunity. I know that these four men that wouldn't hesitate to smile at me one second and bury a knife in my back the next; but that's just the way I like it!

I like that we're hungry! I like that we're perpetually pissed off! I like that we're walking to that ring with a chip on our shoulders! I like that the five of us are going out there to jump start SuperClash and set that bar so high, no one can hope to touch it! Not Martinez, not Carver, not Vasquez, not any of the Lynches, and definitely not that latex-faced, purple lipgloss-wearing crash test dummy that calls himself a Ladykil--

[Stegglet withdraws the microphone before Kendrick can finish his thought. Paul Von Braun steps closer to Stegglet.]

PVB: I'm thankful the Von Braun name will finally be recognized. I'm thankful Victor will prove how good the Von Brauns are. I'm thankful the Von Brauns will no longer be overlooked due to Victor. I'm thankful we will finally take our rightful place in the sport of wrestling. Come to thank of it? I'm not thankful for any of what I just said. We're the Von Brauns. We're owed all those things. We're owed being recognized as the greatest wrestling dynasty in this sport. I AM thankful for this team giving us a chance to be part of this team.

[Stegglet then turns his attention to Skywalker Jones, looking pretty darn cozy in a full-length furcoat and designer sunglasses that he's apparently wearing to counter the bright glow of that million-dollar smile on his face. Beside him is the best ring announcer in the business, Buford P. Higgins, wearing an ultra-fancy white tuxedo for tonight's proceedings. Jones is frozen in his pose for a few seconds, before reaching up and removing his sunglasses to speak.]

SJ: My o' my! Another year and another appearance by Skywalker Jones in Steal the Spotlight! Now, we can talk about all the things we're thankful for today, but Skywalker Jones knows that there's nothing more to be thankful for than to have Mister Steal the Spotlight himself - MOI - to guide this magnificent team to victory with my vast experience in this match!

MS: That's true, Mr. Jones. Out of everyone involved in this match, no one has wrestled in more Steal the Spotlight matches than you.

SJ: Marky Mark Stegglet, when it comes to Steal the Spotlight, much like many other things in life, there ain't a single man on Earth that can compare to what Skywalker Jones has accomplished! Skywalker Jones has been to the top of the mountain in Steal the Spotlight! Skywalker Jones has captained his own team. Skywalker Jones WAS his own team! You name it, I've done it! And tonight, it ain't gonna' be any different! 'Cause lemme tell you what Skywalker Jones is predictin'! Something that's NEVER been done!

[Jones turns to his teammates.]

SJ: You guys know what Skywalker Jones is predictin'?

[Everyone sort of shrugs. Jones laughs.]

SJ: A CLEAN SWEEP, FOOLS!

[In the background, we hear Buford shout "5 AND 0!"]

SJ: That's right, we're young, we're hungry, and we're gonna' tear through those jiggadolts like the Thanksgiving jive turkeys they are! Can you feel me!?

[Jones raises his hand and high fives his teammates as everyone then turns to Summers, who has yet to say a word. Stegglet holds the mic closer to him, hoping for comment.]

RS: We could stand here all night and tell each other what we are thankful for but I can tell you that the "Red Hot" one is most thankful Mr. O'Neil has finally manned up and taken a hard stance with the Boston buffoon, Hannibal Carver.

And if we're lucky, in just a few hours we won't have to see that sixty-two inch beer gut wiggling and giggling in an AWA ring ever again.

[The Summers Sweetheart smiles and nods gleefully.]

RS: In addition, I'm thankful that tonight all these Texas trollops who swoon over the red headed step child Travis Lynch and those tools known as Air Strike will have all their fantasies fulfilled when they once again gaze upon the most ravishing man they have ever seen, Rex Summers.

["Red Hot" Rex Summers smirks.]

RS: But more importantly, I'm thankful that tonight is the night that one of us walks out having stolen the spotlight. That one of us will be able to ascend to the heights of Icarus, have all eyes upon us, and achieve glory here in the AWA.

[Rex Summers rubs his chin.]

RS: But you know what everyone is failing to realize is? "Red Hot" Rex Summers doesn't have to steal the spotlight, 'cause the spotlight was invented for me. Every time a spotlight is fired up and shining brightly, it pans the arena looking for me! And when it finds me, it shines just brighter 'cause a real man and a true star is basking in it's glory.

[The other four members of the team all cast Rex Summers a glare as he smirks at the camera for a moment.]

RS: After tonight, there's going to be no denying who owns the spotlight here in the AWA.

[Rex blows a kiss at the camera as the group walks out of sight.]

MS: There is certainly no lack of confidence on this squad... but Sweet Lou, what's going on over there with you?

[We fade in to another part of backstage at Minute Maid Park where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing with the other half of the Steal The Spotlight match.]

SLB: Thanks, Mark. Overwhelming confidence coming from that side of the locker room but gentlemen, on today of all days - it's SuperClash and I've gotta believe that means you're ready!

[Cesar Hernandez leans in. Hernandez is in a pair of black trunks and a white windbreaker-style jacket with his initials in red script on the left upper chest.]

CH: Sweet Lou, there are people in this business who would answer that question by telling you that they were born ready... but that's not any of us. Because I wasn't born ready to compete at the highest level on the most important show of the year. I fought for that ability. I worked for that ability. I EARNED that ability. And that's something those bums across the ring from us tonight know nothing about. Hard work. Respect. Dedication. When you look at us, Sweet Lou, and you see someone like Caspian who lost his whole world when that mask came off him... but he came here to the United States and said, "I'm going to work harder than I ever did before and I'm going to get back what I've lost. Honor. Respect. Dignity." That's someone who is ready to compete, Sweet Lou.

[Hernandez slips an arm over the shoulder of Jordan Ohara.]

CH: Or when you take a young man surrounded by controversy and politics who ran right into the fire to try and help four guys he didn't know from Jose! That's someone who is ready to compete.

[Hernandez points to the camera.]

CH: Or when you take one old, tough hombre who looks across the ring tonight and sees someone who has tried to embarrass him... tried to humiliate and slander his family... and who has hidden for years from what he's got coming to him.

[He jerks a thumb at his chest.]

CH: That's someone who is ready to compete. So yes, Lou... I guess we are ready to compete tonight at SuperClash.

[Blackwell pivots.]

SLB: Alright, Cesar Hernandez is ready but what about someone like you, Willie Hammer? Are you ready for this battle tonight for the Steal The Spotlight contract?

[Willie Hammer leans in, running an afro pick through his hair. He has on a Combat Corner T-shirt over a pair of white trunks with green trim around the waist and the bottom of the thighs.]

WH: Sweet Lou, for the second time in my young career, I find myself in the Steal The Spotlight match at SuperClash. While I might have thrown my name into the hat hoping to get my hands on Skywalker Jones, Mister Steal the Spotlight himself, or, should I say, Mister Four-and-One, Mister Twenty Five Percent Success Rate, and only because you had someone like Hercules Hammonds doing the heavy lifting, after that miscarriage of justice at All-Star Showdown, I've got some Chocolate Thunder for the other four mooks on that team!

[Lou nods.]

SLB: On this holiday evening, you've gotta be thankful to finally get your hands on Jones here tonight.

[Hammer grins, nodding.]

WH: Seeing that it's Thanksgiving, I am thankful and honored to be standing alongside these men, instead of the nest of vipers that is our opponents tonight. While I have to give some of the credit for my SuperClash debut to my mentor Sweet Daddy Williams, this time around I'd like to think there was no need for Mister Williams, or my uncle, to put in a good word for me. This time around, I ain't a rookie no more. This time around, the second time's going to be a charm as the sweetest chocolate outside of Hershey secures his place in the spotlight!

[Caspian Abaran claps Hammer on the shoulder as Blackwell turns again.]

SLB: You're the newcomer to this team... heck, to the entire AWA, Jordan Ohara. But what a night to debut and what a chance you've got in front of you this evening.

JO: Mr. Blackwell, when I was a boy growing up in North Carolina I would imagine nothing more than being a professional wrestler. My father was a terrific professional wrestler and I moved to Japan to follow in his footsteps and wrestle in his homeland. But Japan was never as big as the United States and while Tiger Paw Pro was special, but it never had an event like SuperClash. I am a Millennial

Talent and like the Phoenix I represent, I will rise and shine out there tonight. This is a dream come true to make my American wrestling debut at SuperClash.

SLB: You have to be nervous facing off against the team of Callum Mahoney, Red Hot Rex Summers, Kerry Kendrick, Victor Von Braun and Skywalker Jones ... that's a very formidable team.

JO: It is a formidable team, Mr. Blackwell, but I am not nervous. I have the opportunity to show those men true competition and what this young haifu boy from North Carolina by way of Japan can do. I disapproved of their tactics. I am the Phoenix, Mr. Blackwell. Tonight, I shall set that ring on fire because I can!

[Blackwell turns to the formerly masked luchador, Caspian Abaran.]

SLB: Caspian Abaran, how 'bout it?

[Abaran grins.]

CA: What can you say, Sweet Lou? The night skies have opened up. The stars have aligned and put together a team created by the Gods! The Phoenix will fly! Mi hermano, Cesar, will get his hands on that perro Summers. Chocolate Thunder will soar over the people. And Derrick Williams... well, I'll let him tell you all about that!

[Blackwell turns to Derrick Williams, wearing a shiny black vest with silver trim and a silver hood, which is down. You can see new black trunks going down to mid thigh with silver "DW"'s on the sides, black half-finger gloves on his hands and black elbow pads]

SLB: And finally Derrick Williams, tonight has been a long time coming for you, hasn't it?

[Williams nods]

DW: Yes Lou it has. I've been waiting for months now for tonight, for getting my hands on Callum Mahoney. He's prodded, ducked, and dodged enough, and he can't anymore. Tonight, I finally get my hands on him. But you know Mahoney, he'll hide behind his team, he'll hide behind Kendrick, Summers, Von Braun, and Jones. And it's fine, because the nice thing about Elimination matches, is that me and my team can just go through the whole team til he has no one left to hide behind, and my partners here are all chomping at the bit to go through that whole team as you can obviously see.

So I have no worries that tonight, I'll get my hands on Mahoney, and I'll beat a bit of respect into him, And hopefully, it'll all stick after I hit him with an elbow or two. You know those guys across the ring, they've been taking advantage of numbers. Tonight we start even - no surprises, no sneak attacks, no tricks, 5 on 5, elimination style, to Steal The Spotlight.

[Williams points to his team]

DW: Two plans of action for the five of us tonight. Stage one, we get our piece. We give those five a big batch of comeuppance that everyone's been waiting for. For me personally, kicking Mahoney's ass all over the ring, then it's planting this elbow...

[Williams holds up his right arm, showing the silver skull emblazoned on his elbowpad.]

DW: ...firmly into the back of Mahoney's head and putting him down, knocking him out of the running. For the rest of these men with me, it's knocking off the guys they all have their documented issues with. Then Stage two, we all have one hell of a match between the five of us, tear the house down, and Steal the Spotlight in every sense of the phrase. Time for talking is over, Lou... it's time for us to go out and have ourselves a good ol' fashioned fight and settle some scores. Let's go, guys!

[The team all nods and cheers in agreement, slapping each other on the shoulder as then head off screen]

SLB: Well, these five men are fired up and ready to go. Who will Steal the Spotlight here at SuperClash VII? Let's go back to the ring and find out!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing in a black tuxedo. Lookin' good, Philly Phil.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you, Skywalker Jones' personal ring announcer...

...BUFORD P. HIGGINS!

[A huge roar of boos from the crowd greets the diminutive ring announcer as he appears at the top of the entrance way. Clad in an all-white tuxedo, Higgins is dressed to the nines for the biggest night of the year. Pulling out his trademark gold microphone, Higgins addresses the crowd.]

BPH: HOUSTON, TEXAS!!!

[The crowd cheers, because...heck, that's their town!]

BPH: Did I suddenly go deaf? I said...HOUSTON...TEXAS!!!

[The crowd roars ever louder, because...heck, THAT'S THEIR TOWN!]

BPH: Are you ready, are you even remotely prepared to pay homage to the team that's gonna make history tonight, when they make the first ever clean sweep in Steal the Spotlight history? 'Cause even if you ain't, it's time! UP! UP AND OUTTA' YOUR SEAT AND ONTO YOUR FEET! 'Cause here they come!

[The opening to "Flashing Lights" by Kanye West begins to play as ten, yes, count'em TEN beautiful women in various states of undress rise from beneath the stage, each one hanging off a stripper pole, drawing a HUGE pop from the crowd!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!

BW: Cover your eyes! You're a married man, Gordo!

[As the girls dance, flames...twenty feet high suddenly shoot high into the air and then when the dust settles, we see them all, the self-proclaimed "greatest collection of talent" in Steal the Spotlight history...Callum Mahoney, Kerry Kendrick, Victor Von Braun, Skywalker Jones, and Kerry Kendrick, standing on top of the stage, a united army of greatness. As they stand there, the dancers have gathered around the team, still doing their thing.]

BPH: OH MY GOODNESS! Ain't that a sight! But here's more for your eye's delight! Introducin' first, he is the armbreaker, world shaker, the catch-as-catch can master and he's gonna' make life for Derrick Williams a straight up DISASTER! Show your love for Callum...

...MAHOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNEEEEEYYYYY!!!

[The crowd roars with boos for the Irish grappler as he raises his arms triumphantly into the air.]

BPH: Next up, he is the man that's gonna' strap rocket onto his back and SHATTER that glass ceiling above his head! Ain't nothin' gonna' break his stride and ain't nothin' gonna' hold him down no more! I'm talkin' bout my man...

KERRRRRRRRRY KENNNNNNNNNDRRRRRRRRIIIICCCCK!!!!

[Another roar of boos can be heard as Kendrick steps forward, shouting, "IT'S MY TIME NOW!", flanked by his hooded bodyguard, as Higgins continues on.]

BPH: And who can forget this man? He comes from a family with a wrestling tradition that'd put the Lynches, the Shanes and the O'Connors to a low, down dirty shame! Here is

Victor.

Von.

BRAAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!!

[Von Braun goes to Mahoney and Kendrick, high-fiving his teammates as Buford laughs.]

BPH: 'Tween the ladies and these bright lights, I'm gettin' sweatin' like a sinner in church up here! But speakin' of sinners! Up next is the man who's hot as hell and sins like a devil! Ladies in the crowd and ladies on the stage, he informed me earlier today that there's PLENTY of him to go around! Contain your excitement as I introduce to you...

REEEEEEXXXXXX

SUMMMMMMMMMMMMMMEEEEEEEEEERRRRRRSSSSS!!!

[Summers has his arms held out as he lets the dancers feel him up and down. Grabbing one around the waist with each arm, he makes his way to the front of the stage with a smirk on his face.]

BPH: And for the record, ladies...the after party is at the Four Seasons!

[Buford takes out a handkerchief and wipes the sweat from his brow, before putting on his best smile.]

BPH: And now...I've saved the best for last! 'Cause he is the greatest star in the HISTORY of this match! There ain't a doubt in ANYONE'S mind that he IS Mister Steal the Spotlight! Completing this dream team is the man, the myth, the legend! From Hot Coffee, Mississippi, here is...

[Buford pauses for a second and turns to the crowd.]

BPH: You know the words to this song, right?

[BIG POP! Higgins nods in approval before continuing on.]

BPH: Sky.

"SKY!!!"

BPH: Walker.

"WALKER!!!"

[What's the sound of 45,000+ people taking a collective deep breath? Well, you just heard it.]

"JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSS!!!!!"

[Jones boogies his way towards his teammates, dancing and gyrating with the ladies as he passes them by. Upon reaching the rest of the team, he throws out high fives and fist bumps like they're going out of style. Now firmly united as one, the five men make their way down to the ring.]

GM: Buford P. Higgins never fails to work a crowd into a frenzy. Even when Skywalker Jones hasn't been the most popular guy on the AWA roster as of late, he's got them shouting his name.

BW: Well, let's be frank, Gordo... there's little these nine-to-fivers like better than the sound of their own voices. Chanting, cheering, singing along with the best ring announcer in the history of the world.

GM: Many have called this one of the greatest teams ever assembled for Steal The Spotlight and that is a hard statement to argue against, Bucky.

BW: They've got speed, they've got quickness, they've got high flying, they've got power, they've got brains, they've got experience, they've got the bloodlines, they've got-

GM: We get it, we get it. Goodness, it's going to be a night like that, is it?

BW: It's SuperClash, daddy! GET HYPE!

[As the rulebreaking team enters the ring, Phil Watson takes the mic once more.]

PW: And their opponents!

[The crowd erupts at the sound of "Coming for the Throne" by Otherwise blaring throughout Minute Maid Park as the opposing team enters the stadium.]

PW: From Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico... weighing two-hundred forty-two pounds... CESAR HERNANDEZ!

[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 green trunks and boots (both of which are monogrammed with his initials), matching kneepads, and white wrist tape. His ring jacket is a very stylish one, with pleated sleeves and frills along the torso... it bears the color of his trunks, along with white and gold lining and trim.]

PW: From South Central Los Angeles, weighing in at two hundred and eighty pounds, he is WILLIE HAMMER!

[Willie Hammer, wide grin plastered on his face, steps through the entranceway, dressed in a Combat Corner T-shirt, white trunks, with green trim around the waist and thighs, and green boots, with white trim on the tops and white laces. He raises his right arm and pumps his fist thrice to the music, before making his way to the ring, stepping to the beat. As Hammer struts his way down the aisle, he tries to reach out to as many outstretched hands on either side of him as he can.]

PW: From Charlotte, North Carolina, weighing in at two hundred and twenty-two pounds, he is THE PHOENIX ... JOOOORDANNNNNN OHARAAAAAAA!!!

[Jordan Ohara comes bouncing out onto the stage a ball of fire. He prances from one side of the stage to the other, throwing up his hands at the crowd and rocking out to the heavy guitar riffs. Jordan is bare-chested, every muscle standing out in high relief as he plays air guitar. He is dressed in some Carolina blue tights and white boots with black "tar" heels. The fans go crazy for him. Kids rush the guard rails and women scream through the audience as the brown-skinned new superstar jumps around down the ramp. He leans against a railing, rocking the air guitar as kids pat him on the back and some girls swoon. He then rushes to another section, leaping up and down and encouraging the crowd to jump with him. He runs to another section, high-fiving everybody before he finally leaps up onto the ring, slapping hands with his teammates already inside the ring.]

PW: From Montemorelos, Mexico... weighing in at two-hundred nine pounds... CASPIAN ABARAN!

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

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

PW: And their partner, from Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at two hundred sixty-five pounds, DERRICK WILLIAMS!

[Williams doesn't raise his hand at the announcement, focusing on the ring. His ring gear consisting of short, thigh length glossy black tights with "DW" in a stencil font enclosed in a silver circle, in silver, with "Brooklyn" written smaller in a similar font on the bottom left front. He wears black boots, coming up to mid-calf, with black knee pads. His wrists are taped with glossy black athletic tape, with black, half finger weightlifting gloves on his hands, and black neoprene elbow pad/braces, the one on the right adorned with Skull in silver on the pad portion. Rounding out the ensemble is a black glossy vest with a silver hood, pulled up as he walks along the aisle, slapping hands with the fans.]

GM: Ten top level competitors in this one tonight, Bucky, a SuperClash tradition.

BW: A SuperClash tradition indeed. And one of these guys - and ONLY one - is going to walk out of here tonight with a contract for a guaranteed match in their back pocket.

GM: That's right. Remember, fans, this is a five-on-five elimination tag but if one team has more than one man left upon winning, those competitors must battle it out until only one is left.

BW: That's what happened last year when Johnny Detson faced Calisto Dufresne for the contract.

GM: Absolutely. So it makes for an interesting dynamic because you want to work with your partners to eliminate the other team but at the same time, you have to be prepared to FACE your own partners if it gets to that point.

[Both teams are huddled up in their respective corners, discussing some last second strategy...

...when Derrick Williams suddenly breaks out of the huddle, charging across the ring, leaping up and smashing a forearm into the ear of Callum Mahoney!]

GM: WHOA!

[The referee signals for the bell, starting the match as Williams pivots, throwing forearms at Rex Summers... at Kerry Kendrick... at Victor Von Braun... and finally at Skywalker Jones, a blow that sends Jones flailing through the ropes and out to the floor...

...and then the crowd ERUPTS as the rest of the team - Cesar Hernandez, Caspian Abaran, Willie Hammer, and Jordan Ohara - come sprinting across the ring to aid their partner!]

GM: AND WE'RE OFF AND RUNNING HERE AT SUPERCLASH, FANS!

[The brawling breaks loose as the referee frantically waves his arms, trying to get people out of the ring.]

GM: Our newest official - Scott Ezra - draws the very difficult job of refereeing our opening match.

BW: I hear we got a whole new crop of zebras here tonight.

GM: Dick Longfellow is here. Davis Warren is here. But yes, we've got three new officials as well who will be joining us including Mr. Ezra here who comes highly recommended from his work in the Midwest.

[A series of knife edge chops from Ohara sends Von Braun bailing through the ropes to the floor where a masterful pair of dropkicks from Hernandez and Abaran send Summers and Kendrick out. Williams and Mahoney are still trading forearm shots as the official steps in, forcing people back to their respective corners, literally dragging Williams in a waistlock across the ring to his corner...

...which is how Mahoney finds him when he sprints in, throwing a stiff right hook, suckerpunching Williams on the jaw! The fans jeer as Mahoney yanks Williams out of the official's grasp, throwing a vicious uppercut up under the chin!]

GM: Ohh! European uppercut!

[Mahoney hangs on to the back of Williams' head, laying in a second forearm uppercut... and a third. He shoves Williams back into a neutral corner, an angry expression on his face as the Fighting Irishman starts throwing boots to the midsection, kicking Williams relentlessly...

...and the referee steps in again, pushing Mahoney backwards, getting him back out of the corner!]

GM: This official sure does like to get physically involved in the match as-

[Mahoney pushes past the official, heading back in towards Derrick Williams who looks dazed...

...until he pushes out of the buckles, rocking Mahoney with a stiff forearm on the jaw!]

GM: Oh!

[The crowd rallies behind Williams as he throws a second... and a third... and a fourth, backing the Armbar Assassin across the ring...

...until Mahoney reaches out and stick a finger in the eye!]

GM: That cheap street brawling tactic out of Mahoney, leaving Williams temporarily blinded!

BW: Nothing will stop a competitor quicker than a poke in the eye.

[Grabbing Williams by the back of the head, Mahoney rifles him headfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Williams goes crashing into the buckles as all of the other eight men are back up on the apron now, shouting encouragement to both competitors. This is just one of the individual rivalries wrapped up in this match. You've got Hernandez and Summers. Abaran and Kendrick.

BW: Hammer and Jones.

GM: Absolutely. And you have to wonder if that gives an edge to men like Jordan Ohara and Victor Von Braun who have no grudges to settle and can focus on winning the match.

BW: That's a real good point, Gordo.

GM: Really? You're paying me a compliment?

BW: The night's still young.

[Mahoney turns slightly, slamming an elbow back into the temple of Williams. He grabs the young lion by the hair, walking him over towards the corner where he tosses him into the wrong part of town before slapping the hand of Victor Von Braun.]

GM: And in comes Victor Von Braun right now, speak of the Devil.

[Mahoney lays in another boot to the gut as Von Braun comes in, joining Mahoney in alternating boots to the midsection until the referee's four count. Mahoney ducks out as Von Braun straightens up, laying in a big standing clothesline on the cornered Williams!]

GM: One clothesline... another clothesline!

[Two more follow, the last of which lifts Williams' feet off the mat before he settles back down. Von Braun grabs him by the wrist, stepping back...

...and YANKS Williams into a short-arm clothesline, taking him off his feet!]

GM: Ohh! A bushel of clotheslines out of Von Braun!

[Von Braun drops to his knees, applying a lateral press as Scott Ezra drops down to count.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! But that's all as Williams slips out.

[Von Braun grimaces in the direction of the official as he hauls Williams back to his feet, grabbing a front facelock before slapping the hand of Kerry Kendrick who steps in and clubs Williams across the back with a forearm smash, sending Williams staggering away.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick in off the tag and he comes in hot - another big forearm between the shoulderblades of Derrick Williams, sending him staggering across the ring towards his own corner where he certainly needs to get right about now...

[But Kendrick shakes his head, hooking the back of Williams' trunks, pulling him back into a short forearm to the small of the back. Kendrick spins Williams around, scooping him up and slamming him down in the middle of the ring with a body slam. He points to the corner of the fan favorites, firing off some words in their direction before snapping a quick legdrop down on the throat, rolling into a lateral press.]

GM: Kendrick covers this time... and another two count.

[Kendrick grabs Williams by the back of the head, peppering him with short right hands to the skull. The referee reprimands him, forcing him to break at four. Kendrick climbs to his feet, dusting off his hands as he leans down, dragging Williams up by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip to the corner... Kendrick's coming in!

[A running back elbow up under the chin stuns Williams as Kendrick reaches out to tag Rex Summers.]

GM: Another tag. So far, this team is working very well together.

BW: I told you, Gordo. This is the best team I've ever seen assembled for Steal The Spotlight. They might pull a clean sweep, daddy!

GM: Highly unlikely.

[Summers steps in, winding up, and hammers a forearm across the sternum. He switches to a kick to the body, grabbing Williams by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip...

[But as he gets Williams out, Summers slams on the brakes, pulling him back the other way into the corner!]

GM: Oh my!

[A smirking Summers nods to the jeering Houston crowd, dragging Williams a few feet out of the corner...

...and pulls him into a double underhook!]

GM: Summers hooks him!

[But Williams, feeling the hold applied, suddenly surges forward, stampeding across the ring...

...and DRIVES Summers back into the opposing team's corner! Big cheer!]

GM: Williams with the counter and-

[Cesar Hernandez reaches over the top rope, slapping Williams' back. The hot-headed Latino slips into the ring, shouting and screaming...

...and PASTES Summers with a right hand... and another... and another. A flurry of haymakers are rocking Summers, driving him down to a knee as the referee is shouting at the veteran to back off!]

GM: HERNANDEZ IS ALL OVER HIM!

[The referee steps in, forcing Hernandez to walk away, shouting in Spanish to the crowd who cheers in response. Summers climbs off the canvas, shaking the cobwebs as he walks towards Hernandez from behind, arms raised over his head...]

GM: Summers coming up from behind!

[...and the veteran swings around, burying a right hand into the chiseled midsection of Summers!]

GM: Ohh! Hernandez goes downstairs!

[He circles around the former AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion, lifting him towards the sky, and dropping him down on a bent knee before sprinting towards the ropes that Summers is facing...]

GM: BIIIIIG ATOMIC DROP... Hernandez off the far side!

[And the veteran leaves his feet, throwing himself into a crossbody press on Summers, taking him down to the canvas!]

GM: Crossbody gets one! He gets two!

[But Summers rolls Hernandez out of the lateral press, promptly rolling under the ropes to the floor. He throws his arms at Hernandez, waving him off as the veteran gets back to his feet, shouting down at Summers who paces back and forth at ringside, passing Kerry Kendrick's hooded bodyguard. The Summers Sweetheart jogs over to his side, placing a hand on his chiseled abs until he brushes her off, turning angrily towards the ring where Cesar Hernandez is shouting at him, begging him to get back in the ring.]

GM: Hernandez wants some more of Rex Summers! He's not done with him yet!

BW: What's he so hot about, Gordo?

GM: Are you kidding me?! You've heard all the garbage spewing out of Summers' mouth for months regarding Cesar's wife Isabella!

BW: Oh. Better not show ol' Cesar stall #3 backstage then. Some beauts written on the wall in there.

[Hernandez approaches the ropes, leaning over to shout at Summers who steps back, shaking his head. He waggles a finger at Hernandez, telling him to back off.]

GM: Summers isn't about to play this game on Hernandez' terms.

[In fact, "Red Hot" Rex Summers takes the long way around the ring, walking towards his corner where he rolls under the ropes and reaches up to tag Skywalker Jones before Hernandez can get near him.]

GM: And in comes Skywalker Jones off the tag...

BW: Mister Steal The Spotlight!

GM: So he claims.

[Hernandez makes another grab for Summers, hooking him by two hands full of hair...

...which allows Jones to grab the top rope, leaping and swinging his leg up to catch Hernandez in the head with a kick!]

GM: Oh!

[The veteran staggers back as Jones grabs the top rope with both hands, leaping to the top rope, springboarding off...]

GM: Springboard dropkick connects!

[The feet catch Hernandez flush in the chest, sending the veteran down to the mat and flipping backwards over onto his stomach. Jones pops up, a million dollar smile on his face as he taunts the crowd.]

GM: Skywalker Jones is the master of the daredevil high-risk maneuvers and he connected with one right there, putting Cesar Hernandez down hard on the canvas. But this is the problem with someone like Jones. He hits the big move but he doesn't follow up. He wastes time taunting the fans and his opponents.

[After several seconds pass, Jones circles back to Hernandez who is slowly getting up off the canvas, throwing a kick into the chest. He grabs Hernandez by the hair, dragging him the rest of the way to his feet...

...and Hernandez pops him with a right hand on the jaw!]

GM: Big right hand!

[With Jones staggered, Hernandez grabs him by the back of the tights, sending him sailing over the top rope. The veteran spins away, shouting at Summers again, approaching the corner...

...and misses Jones hanging onto the ropes, scrambling to stay on the apron. He runs along the apron, running right up the ropes, standing a length of the ring away from Hernandez as he pauses.]

GM: Jones is up top!

[Jones hurls himself off the top, arms over his head...

...and Hernandez catches him with a right hand to the gut, causing him to double up and fall to his knees!]

GM: Hernandez caught him! What a right hand!

[Hernandez pulls Jones up by the hair, throwing a pair of right hands to the jaw, knocking Jones back into the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip...

[As Jones rebounds, Hernandez sidesteps, hooking a waistlock and charging the ropes with him...]

GM: Off the rope-

BW: Tag!

GM: Summers with the blind tag!

[...and rolls Jones back into a rolling reverse cradle!]

GM: He's got Jones covered!

BW: But Jones ain't the legal-

GM: SUMMERS!

[Sliding into the ring, Summers rushes Hernandez, pulling him into the double underhook...]

...and DRIVING him headfirst into the canvas!]

GM: HEAT CHECK!

[Summers smirks as he flips Hernandez to his back, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Phil Watson's voice rings out.]

PW: Cesar Hernandez has been ELIMINATED!

[Summers rolls to a knee, striking a single bicep pose and planting a big kiss on it as his teammates and the Summers Sweetheart cheer. He nods to them as Willie Hammer comes charging into the ring.]

GM: Hammer in and he's coming in hot!

[Hammer pulls Summers off a knee, throwing a right-left-right-left combo, shaking the "Red Hot" One from head to toe. The blows back Summers into the ropes where Hammer grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip shoots him across...

[Hammer leaps into the air, extending his leg to catch Summers flush across the collarbone with a leg lariat!]

GM: Oh my! That takes Summers down hard!

[Summers rolls to all fours, trying to crawl across the ring but Hammer shakes his head, delivering a big kick to the ribs, flipping Summers over onto his back.]

GM: Hammer getting down on all fours himself here... what's this about?

[As Summers rolls back to all fours, Hammer lunges forward, driving his own head into Summers']

GM: Oh! Headbutt!

[A second headbutt follows... and then a third sends Summers rolling under the ropes out to the floor.]

GM: The kneeling headbutts put Rex Summers on the run and-

BW: He's not safe out there!

GM: He's certainly not - Hammer building up steam!

[The Combat Corner graduate steps out on the apron, running in place near the ringpost...

...and then comes tearing down the apron, leaping off...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SOMERSAULT DIVE OFF THE APRON!

[Hammer climbs to his feet, shaking his head, doing a little dance as he points out to the roaring crowd in attendance.]

GM: Over forty-five thousand fans in this stadium going absolutely nuts!

[The Southern California native pulls Summers off the mat, rolling him under the ropes into the ring. He pulls himself up on the apron, pointing to the corner...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Already?!

GM: Willie Hammer calling for Hammer Time! Heading down the apron to the corner!

[But as Hammer steps up on the second rope, Summers crawls across the ring to his corner, slapping an offered hand from Victor Von Braun.]

GM: Summers tagging back out... and these fans in Houston are letting him have it. They wanted to see the Hammer Time frog splash out of Willie Hammer, Bucky.

BW: Well, of course they did. But what did you want Summers to do? Sit there and let it happen?

[Hammer hops down off the ropes, staring across the ring at Von Braun who returns the glare.]

GM: And things come to a crashing halt as these two stare across the ring at one another. You can hear Paul Von Braun giving some advice from out on the floor and this is Victor Von Braun's moment, Bucky.

BW: He's still fairly new here in the AWA so you have to believe he needs a big showing here to make an impact tonight.

[Hammer edges forward, pointing at Skywalker Jones, demanding that Von Braun tag in the high flyer.]

GM: And Willie Hammer doesn't want Von Braun. He wants Jones!

BW: No surprise there... but will Von Braun oblige?

GM: We're about to find out, Bucky.

[Von Braun looks annoyed, turning to the corner, offering a hand to Jones as Hammer steps forward...]

...and Von Braun pivots, **BLASTING** Hammer with that open hand to the ear!]

GM: Oh!

[As Hammer turns, grabbing the side of his head, Von Braun throws himself at the legs, driving his shoulder into the back of Hammer's knee!]

GM: OHH!

[Hammer crumples to the canvas, clutching his knee as Von Braun slowly gets up, a satisfied smirk on his face. He starts violently stomping the knee, kicking the kneecap repeatedly.]

GM: Victor Von Braun going to work on that leg... and Willie Hammer didn't see that coming at all.

BW: He got too excited at the idea of facing off with Jones. Going back to your point from earlier, Gordo... it may be better to have no grudges... no rivalries within this match so you can stay focused on winning it.

[Hammer rolls to all fours, trying to crawl across the ring to his corner as Von Braun stalks behind him in pursuit...]

GM: Hammer trying to make a tag - that must've done some damage to the knee...

[Von Braun grabs a foot, preventing Hammer from going any further despite his very long stretch towards the corner. He slips a foot behind Hammer's knee...]

...and **DRIVES** the kneecap down into the canvas. Hammer howls in pain as Von Braun steps in front of him, standing between Hammer and his partners who all have their arms outstretched.]

GM: Von Braun does an excellent job of cutting off any potential tag right there and hurting Hammer's knee even more in the process.

[He grabs the foot again, tucking his own foot behind the knee...]

GM: And **DOWN** into the canvas a second time!

[Von Braun keeps his grip on the foot, using it to drag Hammer across the ring towards the other corner.]

BW: Von Braun cutting the ring in half like any good tag team wrestler would... you know, Gordo, we really don't know a lot about Victor Von Braun yet. Do you think he has tag team experience?

GM: Certainly seems that way as he drops an elbow down across the back of the head, keeping Hammer down on the mat...

[And now Skywalker Jones sticks out his hand, shouting at Von Braun who looks up from a knee with disgust.]

GM: Jones wants in there now that Hammer is down...

[Von Braun rises, looking out to his father who nods, and then slaps Skywalker Jones' hand.]

GM: The tag is made... a reluctant tag perhaps...

[Jones slingshots over the top rope, diving on top of Hammer where he proceeds to "hammer" him with fists to the skull.]

GM: Skywalker Jones is all over Willie Hammer! These two have been trading words for quite some time now and now they're physically going at it here at SuperClash as part of Steal The Spotlight.

[We cut to an aerial shot of the massive crowd jammed into Minute Maid Park.]

GM: There you see it. 45,000+ in attendance here tonight in Houston, Texas - a happening if there ever was one, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. You know, I heard an informal survey said that about 43,000 are here to see me!

GM: Highly unlikely.

[Cut back to the ring where Jones pulls Hammer off the mat, shoving him back into the neutral corner. Jones leans over, rifling lightning quick rights and lefts into the ample midsection of Hammer.]

GM: Fist after fist to the body - getting backed up by the referee now. Scott Ezra doing a fine job so far in his AWA debut.

[Jones backs off before charging back in, running up the opponent's chest, stepping on his face as he backflips through the air, landing on his feet...

...and a hobbled Hammer comes charging out, leaping up, and swinging his arm into the chest of Jones with a clothesline that flips him inside out!]

GM: OH MY!

[The crowd is roaring for the offensive move as Hammer rolls to all fours, smashing his fist down into the mat, aiming towards the corner where his three remaining partners have their arms outstretched.]

GM: Hammer's looking for the tag - Derrick Williams, Caspian Abaran, and the debuting Jordan Ohara - all waiting to receive it. Can he get there before Jones recovers from that clothesline?!

[Hammer starts to edge across the ring but Jones scissors his legs around the ankle of his foe, reaching back and slapping a hand...]

GM: Tag is made to Mahoney!

[The Fighting Irishman walks in, takes aim...

...and drops a PUNISHING knee down across the back of the skull!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Flipping Hammer to his back, Mahoney jams his forearm bone into the cheek of Hammer, applying a lateral press.]

GM: Mahoney covers... but only gets a two count.

[Mahoney pulls Hammer right up to his feet, holding a handful of hair as he holds him facing his partners, forcing him down to his knees, still facing the other corner.]

GM: What is Mahoney doing here?

[Mahoney BLASTS Hammer across the cheekbone with a swinging forearm smash!]

GM: Oh! Crossface by Mahoney!

[He does it again from the other side, taunting the other corner as he does. Derrick Williams steps through the ropes only to have Scott Ezra block him, pushing him back through the ropes as Mahoney pulls Hammer up, taking him into a side waistlock...]

GM: Mahoney going to try and get him up... and he does!

[Mahoney holds Hammer up in the air a moment before dropping him down on the back of his head and neck with a back suplex.]

GM: Big suplex! That'll knock some of the fire out of Willie Hammer.

[Mahoney sits up on the mat, scrambling to a knee, keeping an eye on the opposing team as Williams argues with the referee. The Fighting Irishman approaches the corner, waving for Williams to come at him...

...and Williams comes through the ropes again, causing the official to have to physically hold him back as Kerry Kendrick comes into the ring illegally.]

GM: Kendrick in without a tag... double whip by Kendrick and Mahoney... and a double back elbow puts Hammer back down!

[The Armbar Assassin exits the ring, pausing to slap his hands together over his head before ducking out. Kerry Kendrick takes over on Hammer, stomping the back of the head and neck as the official turns around, asking Kendrick about a tag he didn't see.]

GM: There was no tag, ref! Get him out of there!

BW: I heard one. Didn't you hear it? You need to get your ears checked out, Gordo?

[The official lets it slide as Kendrick drops to his knees, driving the point of his elbow down in the back of the neck. He smirks as he flips Hammer over onto his back, earning a two count of his own.]

GM: Another two count... and Kerry Kendrick gets back to his feet, he's gesturing to his corner to his allies...

[Kendrick positions Hammer where he wants him, grabbing the legs underneath his armpits...]

GM: Kendrick sets... catapult!

[The catapult sends Hammer into the air, sailing towards the corner where he elevates himself enough to land on the second rope!]

GM: Counter!

[From the second rope, Hammer reaches down and BLASTS Summers with a right hand, knocking him off the apron. Mahoney and Von Braun move to intervene but Hammer SLAMS their heads together to the roar of the crowd. Jones bails out off the apron as Hammer blindly leaps off, twisting around to take Kendrick down with a crossbody!]

GM: Down goes Kendrick... and Hammer rolls right off, looking for the tag!

[The crowd is fully behind Hammer as he crawls across the ring, looking to get to his partners...

...and makes a lunging tag!]

GM: CASPIAN ABARAN MAKES THE TAG!

[Abaran slingshots over the top rope, rushing in towards the rising Kerry Kendrick, taking him down with a leg lariat!]

GM: Abaran knocks Kendrick off his feet! But both men are quickly back up!

[An armdrag by Abaran sends Kendrick down to the mat.]

GM: Down goes Kendrick again!

[But the outspoken rulebreaker gets up, charging back in...

...and goes up and over with an overhead armdrag!]

GM: Lucha libre style armdrag by Abaran!

[Kendrick gets up again, rushing in with a clothesline that Abaran does a front roll under, allowing Kendrick to bounce off the far ropes, running right back into Abaran's waiting arms as he lifts Kendrick, twists him around...

...and DROPS him down across a bent knee!]

GM: TILT-A-WHIRL BACKBREAKER!

[With Kendrick down, Abaran gets up, rushing towards the ropes, leaping up to the second rope, springing off...]

GM: MOONSAULT!

[...crashing down across Kendrick's chest, tightly hooking the legs!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Kendrick just BARELY gets the shoulder up, prompting an "OHHHH!" of disappointment from the AWA faithful. Abaran pulls him up, battering him with knife edge chops, sending Kendrick staggering back into the neutral corner where he grabs him by the arm...]

BW: Mexican whip coming up.

[The whip sends Kendrick crashing into the far buckles as Abaran leans back against the corner, rushing across the ring...

...and leaps high into the air, soaring in with a leg lariat before tumbling over the top rope, landing on the ring apron!]

GM: Wow! What athleticism on display by-

[With Abaran on the apron, Skywalker Jones charges down the apron after him...

...and Abaran drops down, raising his legs!]

GM: What the-?!

[Abaran lifts Jones into the air in a monkey flip, tossing him off the apron and sending him crashing backfirst down on the covered grass!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ABARAN TAKES DOWN JONES TOO!

[The high flying luchador regains his feet, slapping the top turnbuckle a few times, taking aim at Kendrick. As Kendrick gets in range, Abaran slingshots over in a somersault, landing on the shoulders of Kendrick where he promptly spins around into position for a Victory Roll...]

GM: VICTORY RO-

[...but in mid-move, Kendrick kneels down on it.]

GM: COUNTER!

[The referee drops down, counting once...

...and misses Kendrick grabbing the middle rope as his bodyguard grabs his hands for extra leverage.]

GM: No, not like this!

[The official counts twice.]

GM: Ref, he's got the-

[And three times.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Kendrick and his hooded bodyguard let go of the ropes before the official can see it as he signals to the ring announcer.]

PW: Caspian Abaran has been ELIMINATED!

[Kendrick is taunting Abaran as the luchador rolls from the ring, shaking his head in disbelief...

...and doesn't even notice Jordan Ohara come sailing off the top rope, catching him flush with a crossbody across the chest!]

GM: CROSSBODY OFF THE TOP! OHARA GOT IT ALL!

[The referee dives back down to the mat to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Ohara ends up getting pulled from the ring by Kendrick's hooded bodyguard!]

GM: What the-?! Come on, ref!

[A flash of anger from Ohara as he grabs the hooded bodyguard by the hood, struggling as they try to escape...

...and the hood comes off to reveal...]

GM/BW: ERICA TOUGHILL?!

[Ohara immediately lets go upon seeing a woman, staring down in shock at her as she glares at him...

...and Kendrick DRILLS him with a baseball slide dropkick to the side of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Kendrick out of nowhere!

[Kendrick slides out to the floor, trading a high five with Toughill.]

GM: I can't believe it!

BW: What? You thought it was a man?

GM: I did... and I think you did as well!

BW: No way, Gordo. I know who it was all along.

GM: I don't buy that for a second! In the meantime, Jordan Ohara went from having his first elimination in no time flat with that beautiful cross body off the top to being in some serious jeopardy out here on the floor as Kendrick... OHH! Facefirst off the ring apron!

[Ohara stumbles away, dropping down to a knee as many of the females in the crowd boo Kendrick's attack on the good-looking young man. Kendrick pulls Ohara up by the hair, smashing his face into the apron a second time...]

GM: Kendrick rolls Ohara back inside the ring...

[Rolling himself back in as well, Kerry Kendrick climbs to his feet, ignoring the referee as he hauls Ohara up by the hair, pulling him towards the middle of the ring, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: Snap suplex! And a gem by Kerry Kendrick!

[Kendrick sits up on the mat, looking to the corner where his still-full-strength team is cheering him on.]

GM: Kendrick pulling Ohara up... right over by the ropes...

[Hooking a side headlock, Kendrick pushes Ohara's forehead down on the top rope...

...and drags it the length of the ropes, burning the forehead with the rope covering.]

GM: That's gotta sting.

BW: Oh, I've had it done. It absolutely does. And this kid might not be so good-looking by the time Kendrick's done with him.

[A smirking Kendrick rounds the corner, raking the forehead again to the middle of the ropes before whipping him to the ropes...]

GM: Irish whip across the ring...

[As Ohara rebounds, Kendrick hooks him in an abdominal stretch.]

GM: Abdominal stretch - and you don't see this too often, Bucky.

BW: You don't because most guys can't apply it correctly. If you can, it can be a very effective wear-down hold.

[Kendrick pulls back on the arm, attacking the abdominals of Ohara.]

GM: Kendrick's got it locked in there pretty good. He doesn't quite have the toe hooked behind the ankle but other than that, he's got it on and he's got it in deep and- get here down from there!

[Erica Toughill suddenly is on the apron, shouting at the official...

...which allows Kendrick to stretch out a hand, hooking the hand of Callum Mahoney who pulls hard with both hands, applying more pressure to the hold.]

GM: Mahoney with the illegal assist and-

[The illegal doubleteam gets Derrick Williams' attention as he comes into the ring but the referee pivots from Toughill to him, blocking his path. Williams is angrily screaming at Scott Ezra, pointing at the illegal activity but Ezra won't even turn until Williams exits the ring...

...and finds nothing but Kendrick holding the abdominal stretch in place.]

GM: There's all sorts of chicanery going on behind the back of the referee in this one. It seems like we should have two officials out here for this.

BW: Don't start blaming the referees already. You'll have enough of that later tonight when all these special guest referees with no experience get out here.

GM: It certainly could have a major impact on the title matches here tonight in Houston.

[The official questions Kendrick who denies it, wrenching the arm and shouting "Ask him, ref!" Ezra obliges and informs Kendrick that Ohara refuses to give in.]

GM: Ohara hanging in. This kid's tough, Bucky.

BW: How the heck do you know that, Gordo? We've seen him in the ring for three minutes!

GM: I did my research about his time in Japan. There's a reason he was one of the hottest free agents in the world when the AWA signed him.

BW: You're saying he was worth burning the bridge for?

GM: I... no comment.

[Kendrick releases the hold, dumping Ohara down to all fours on the canvas as he reaches out and slaps the hand of Victor Von Braun.]

GM: The tag is made to Von Braun who steps right in, yanking Ohara to his feet...

[Von Braun pulls him into a rear waistlock...]

GM: Von Braun hooks him...

[As he lifts Ohara for a German Suplex, Ohara tucks his legs, rolling forward, dragging Von Braun down into a double leg cradle!]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Victor Von Braun has been ELIMINATED!

[Von Braun angrily gets to his feet...

...and clubs the rising Ohara in the back of the head! He launches into a series of stomps to the head as the official shouts at him!]

GM: Come on! The man's eliminated! He's gone!

[Von Braun's assault on Ohara is short-lived but effective as he's forced out of the ring by the official. With Ohara down, Callum Mahoney comes charging in, throwing himself into a heavy forearm smash to the back of the head.]

GM: Mahoney is the legal man now... we're down to a three-on-four match with Mahoney's team still holding a slight edge.

[Grabbing two hands full of hair, Mahoney rakes Ohara's face back and forth on the canvas, causing more jeers from the SuperClash sold-out crowd!]

GM: Mahoney's all over him! More of those street brawling tactics!

BW: I get the feeling these guys are sick of the press talking about Ohara's good looks, Gordo. They're going to change some of that here tonight.

GM: They're certainly trying as Mahoney pulls Ohara up... boom! Big European uppercut, sending Ohara falling back into the ropes, barely able to stay on his feet.

[Grabbing Ohara by the arm, Mahoney whips him across the ring. The young man from Charlotte, North Carolina ducks a clothesline on the rebound, bouncing off the far side...]

GM: Ohara coming back...

[Mahoney straightens up, winding back his right hand...

...but Ohara leaps up, scissoring the head between his legs, throwing his hands up in an "I love you" sign to the AWA faithful before leaning back, taking Mahoney down to the canvas!]

GM: Whoa! Traditional flying headscissors out of Ohara! Another move you don't see much of anymore!

[Ohara rolls back to his feet as Mahoney comes charging at him...]

GM: Oh my! What a chop! Knife edge chop takes Mahoney off his feet and down to the canvas!

[Mahoney rolls back up, grabbing at his chest as he staggers in...]

GM: OH! WHAT AN ARMDRAG!

[The crowd cheers for the DEEP armdrag by Ohara, throwing Mahoney across the ring.]

GM: Mahoney gets back up, coming in again...

[And a second armdrag throws him back the other way!]

GM: Another deep armdrag by Jordan Ohara and this kid is something else right out of the gate, fans!

[Mahoney gets back up, moving in...

...and then slams on the brakes, dropping to his back and rolling out of the ring with a dismissive gesture as Ohara sets for another armdrag!]

GM: Hah! And Mahoney wants no part of that, bailing out of the ring.

[The Irish Assassin staggers around the ring, looking to regroup...

...and walks right into Derrick Williams who drops down off the apron, blocking Mahoney's path! The crowd roars at the idea of that showdown!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Hey, ref! Get him on the apron! He's not allowed to do that!

[That's exactly the case that Mahoney is pleading right now as Williams waves him forward, looking eagerly for the fight. Shaking his head, Mahoney walks back the other direction, circling the ring, looking for his opening as the referee's count gets to five.]

GM: Mahoney very slowly up on the apron, looking back in at Ohara...

[Mahoney steps in, eyeing Ohara, waving him into a tieup.]

GM: Ohara coming into Mahoney's half of the ring for the tieup... and Mahoney goes RIGHT to the eyes!

[And with Ohara eagerly coming into the wrong half of the ring, Mahoney spins him around and shoves him back to the corner where the Fighting Irishman reaches out a hand.]

GM: Tag is made to Rex Summers...

[Summers steps in, ducking and grabbing the middle rope...]

GM: Big shoulder down into the midsection... and again. Summers perhaps trying to take some of the wind out of the young man's sails.

[Summers straightens up, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Oh! Hard chop by Summers!

[Summers looks pretty pleased with himself until...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: And Ohara fires back!

[The blow staggers Summers who winces, rubbing his chest.]

GM: Ohara's chop seems to have had more effect on Summers than Summers' chop did on Ohara!

[Summers straightens up, winding up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Summers again with the ch-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: OHARA RETURNS FIRE!

[Summers is getting mad now, winding up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Ohara gives a shout, twisting his body to return fire...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Summers staggers back, swinging his arms at the air as he wobbles in a circle, heading right back to Ohara who DRILLS him with an overhead chop down between the eyes!]

GM: Oh yeah! Down goes Summers and Ohara with a lateral press, hooking the leg!

[The official counts one... counts two... but Summers kicks out.]

GM: Two count only before Summers slides right out the back door, fans.

[Ohara claps his hands together as he regains his feet, pursuing a crawling Summers, pulling him up to his feet where he grabs the arm, twisting it around into a wristlock...]

GM: Ohara with the armtwist, putting pressure on that limb...

[Summers winces as he walks around the ring, grabbing at his shoulder a couple of times before Ohara twists the arm a second time.]

GM: Ohara twisting the limb again, adding more torque on it...

[Summers reaches out a hand towards the corner but Ohara gives the arm a yank, pulling Summers off his feet and putting him down on the mat before dropping a leg down across the bicep.]

GM: Ohh! Lots of impact on that... and he segues nicely into the armbar, jamming his knee right into the shoulder of Rex Summers who has gotta be feeling overwhelmed right now.

BW: Absolutely. This kid shows up two weeks ago fresh off the boat and takes them all by storm... and now this?

GM: Rex Summers strikes me as the epitome of overconfidence. Do you think he took Jordan Ohara too lightly tonight? Do you think he's the type who would review video tape of Ohara's matches in Japan?

BW: Sexy Remy is the consummate professional, Gordo. He's gonna do whatever it takes to win.

GM: That doesn't really answer my question.

[Ohara wrenches back on the arm as the official asks Summers if he wants to submit. The former PCW Champion refuses as he rolls to a knee, trying to push up off the canvas.]

GM: Ohara's hanging onto the arm as Summers backs him into the ropes...

[The referee steps in, calling for a break...

...and at the count of four, Summers slams a knee up into the midsection of Ohara!]

GM: Summers with the cheap shot on the break... big shock, I'm sure.

[Summers nods to the crowd, pointing to his head as he grabs Ohara by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Ohara off the far side, ducks the clothesline...

[On the rebound, Summers sets for a backdrop...

...but Ohara skies over him in a graceful leap, dragging him down in a sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[At the LAST possible moment, Summers clashes his heels together on the ears of Ohara, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Wow! How close was that?!

BW: Too close! Jordan Ohara nearly eliminated the man who many feel - myself included - is the odds-on favorite to win this whole thing.

[Summers scrambles off the mat, taking a chance at a running clothesline that Ohara ducks...

...and catches Summers flush on the sternum with a back thrust kick!]

GM: Ohh! What a martial arts kick out of Ohara!

[Summers staggers back to the corner where Kerry Kendrick tags in, rushing into the ring towards Ohara...]

...where another armdrag sends him sailing, bouncing off the canvas!]

GM: Another armdrag! Those are a thing of beauty!

[Kendrick scrambles up, full of piss and vinegar as he comes in again, leading with a boot to the midsection that cuts off another armdrag attempt...]

...and then YANKS the hair, taking him down hard to the canvas to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick has absolutely no regard for the rulebook.

[Kendrick is all smiles as the crowd jeers, Erica Toughill clapping out at ringside for her employer as he puts the boots to Ohara.]

GM: Kendrick taking it to the young man from Charlotte.

BW: Who you've done your research on.

GM: You haven't?

BW: He's a young punk. Probably another dumb kid. Do I need more than that?

[Kendrick leans down, dragging Ohara to his feet, ducking under to lift him up and drop him down across a bent knee.]

GM: Inverted atomic drop!

BW: The streets of Houston will be soaked with the tears of the sweathog women tonight, daddy!

[And with Ohara hurting, Kendrick dashes to the far ropes, rebounding back fast...]

...and BLASTS Ohara in the back of the head with a running clothesline!]

GM: Ohhh! Absolutely devastating!

[Kendrick aggressively flips Ohara to his back, covering him without hooking a leg.]

GM: Kendrick with the cover gets one... he's got two... he's- no! Ohara lifts the shoulder up in time!

BW: And as much as I like Kerry Kendrick, that was a mistake, Gordo. He should've cinched up that cover, hooked a leg or two... and maybe he would've gotten the kid.

[With Ohara down on the mat, Kendrick - of course - complains about the count to new official Scott Ezra who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Kendrick following Ohara as the young kid crawls across the ring, trying desperately to create some space between he and Kerry Kendrick as the man formerly known as Keith Smith tries to find a way to finish this kid off in his debut.

[Kendrick leans down, pulling Ohara off the mat, shoving him back against the buckles of the neutral corner. In the corner, Skywalker Jones is calling for Kendrick to finish Ohara off. Kendrick turns slightly, shouting something in response to Jones.]

GM: A little trouble perhaps brewing on that team.

BW: Stop trying to make trouble where there isn't any.

[Kendrick turns back to Ohara, grabbing the arm for an Irish whip. He's obviously distracted, turning to say something again as he starts the whip...

...but Ohara slams on the brakes, reversing the whip as he pulls Kendrick towards him, ducking under to lift him in a belly-to-back, swinging all the way around and sitting out in an impactful powerbomb!]

GM: OHHH! HE CALLS THAT THE BOLT BUSTER! THE BOLT BUSTER CONNECTS!

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Erica Toughill makes a move...

...and ends up getting blocked by Willie Hammer who shakes his ample rear end in her direction, forcing her to backpedal in horror as the referee counts a third time!]

GM: THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Kerry Kendrick has been ELIMINATED!

[An irate Skywalker Jones comes rushing into the ring, crouching down, waiting for Ohara to turn...]

GM: Jones is in! Ohara hasn't seen him! Ohara hasn't-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK!

BW: THE DUFRESNE DESTROYER! THE VASQUEZ VANQUISHER! THE OHARA OBLITERATOR!

[Jones pumps a celebratory fist, diving across Ohara's chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP!

BW: WHAT?!

[The crowd is absolutely ROARING for Ohara at this point. Jones is beside himself, angrily shouting at the official who backs off, holding up two fingers.]

GM: Wow! Jordan Ohara kicked out of the superkick and Skywalker Jones can't believe it! I think he's a little jealous of Ohara right now, Bucky. I think the kid is... pardon the phrase... stealing a little of Jones' spotlight.

[Jones angrily pulls Ohara off the mat, shoving the kid back into the corner of the unpopular team. He throws a series of a half dozen forearms to the jaw, ducking down to lift him up into a seated spot on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Jones deposits Ohara on the top rope!

[He reaches up, landing another forearm before stepping up to the second rope...

...and then leaps into the air, landing on the top rope, springing back up to scissor Ohara's head between his legs!]

BW: TOP ROPE RANA!

[The rana flips Ohara off the top rope, throwing him halfway across the ring where he actually hits the mat, rolls through, and hurls himself towards his corner!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Willie Hammer comes tearing into the ring, rushing across and leveling the rising Jones with a clothesline...

...and then keeps on going, leaping to smash a forearm into the jaw of Callum Mahoney, knocking him off the apron. Summers takes a swing that Hammer ducks before leaping up, lashing out with a foot to the jaw of Summers, knocking him off the apron to the floor!]

GM: HAMMER'S CLEANING HOUSE!

[Willie Hammer gives a big shout, turning back towards Jones who is trying to get up off the canvas. He pulls him up, swinging him around and scooping him up into his arms...]

GM: Hammer with the backbreaker!

[Hammer lifts Jones back up, spinning around with him once and then swinging him out into a thunderous side slam!]

GM: OH MY!!

[Hammer nods to the cheering fans...

...and kips up off the canvas, wincing as he does and shaking out his knee.]

GM: Hammer looks like he's still feeling the effects of the work on the knee that Victor Von Braun did earlier in the match.

[On his feet, Hammer looks out to the cheering crowd, nodding his head. He starts running in place, puffing out his cheeks, bugging out his eyes...]

GM: Uh oh! Hammer's building up some steam!

[He dashes to the ropes, rebounding off...

...and LEAPS into the air, dropping backfirst down on the prone Jones!]

GM: SHADES OF JUAN VASQUEZ!

[Hammer flips over, applying a lateral press!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Jones slips out from under Hammer's larger frame, breaking the three count.]

GM: No, no! Two count only!

[Hammer pushes to a knee, looking at Scott Ezra questioningly.]

GM: Scott Ezra is certainly paying his dues in this one with the amount of times people are questioning his count. Willie Hammer though, getting back to his feet now... looking for a way to finish off Skywalker Jones...

[Hammer is on his feet, hands on his hips, looking out at the crowd...

...and then points to the corner, nodding his head.]

GM: Willie Hammer is calling for Hammer Time!

[Sweet Daddy Williams' protege approaches the corner, stepping through the ropes. He pauses, wincing as he shakes out his leg.]

GM: That leg is still bothering him...

BW: Probably not the best time to climb to the top rope if you've got a bum wheel, Gordo.

GM: It's probably not but he's going to do it anyways!

[Hammer takes his time, stepping to the bottom rope... then to the second...]

BW: This is taking too long, Gordo!

GM: It certainly is as Skywalker Jones has gotten up off the mat...

[Jones falls to the corner, catching the hand of Callum Mahoney who comes charging into the ring, steps up to the second rope, wrapping his arms around the rotund Hammer...]

GM: What the...?!

[The Fighting Irishman leans back, HURLING Hammer off the top rope, sending him sailing through the air and BOUNCING off the canvas with an overhead belly-to-belly superplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Mahoney crawls across the ring towards the downed Hammer...

...and then spots Jones insistently sticking out his hand.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! He just tagged out!

[Mahoney glares at Jones, shaking his head...

...and then angrily slaps his hand as Jones gleefully steps up to the second rope, then to the top...]

GM: Skywalker Jones is up top! Skywalker Jones is gonna fly!

[Jones turns around, facing the crowd...]

GM: What is he doing up there?

[Jones cups his hands to his mouth, shouting "SHOOT THE MOON!" before, suddenly, the man who calls himself Mister Steal The Spotlight stakes his claim to that title, backflipping off the top rope so high that he's able to over-rotate...

...and CRUSH Hammer underneath a legdrop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS, WHAT DO YOU EVEN CALL THAT?!

BW: Success, daddy.

[The man from Hot Coffee scrambles into a lateral press, hooking a leg...]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Willie Hammer has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd jeers the announcement as Hammer is helped from the ring by a ringside official.]

GM: Five men left! Derrick Williams and Jordan Ohara on one side of the ring while Callum Mahoney, Rex Summers, and Skywalker Jones are on the other. One of these five men are going to walk out of SuperClash VII with a guaranteed contract for the match of his choice in his back pocket!

BW: We've just crossed the 30 minute mark in the time limit, Gordo, and we've STILL got five men left. Incredible!

GM: Jones is back up on his feet...

[The ever-arrogant former World Tag Team Champion uses his toe to draw a line on the canvas, inviting either Williams or Ohara to cross it...

...and yes, Derrick Williams is quite willing, sprinting across the ring, tackling Jones around the midsection, driving him back into the wrong part of town!]

GM: WILLIAMS HAS GOT JONES IN THE CORNER! HE'S GOT-

BW: TAG!

[With Williams doubled up, Jones hooks a tight front facelock, holding him in place as Callum Mahoney steps in and boots Williams right in the ribcage!]

GM: Oh! They suckered Williams in on that one!

BW: That hot temper got him in trouble there - just like his teacher a year ago with KING Oni.

[Mahoney lands two short knees to the ribs before Jones lets go and backs off, leaving Mahoney in the ring with his rival. Mahoney pushes Williams back against the ropes before clubbing him across the chest with a forearm!]

GM: Good grief! That'll take the wind right out of you!

[Grabbing the back of Williams' head, Mahoney pulls down and swings up with the other arm, catching him under the chin with a European uppercut!]

GM: Williams got rocked with that one...

[But as Williams leans against the ropes, he throws a forearm that bounces off the jaw of Mahoney!]

GM: Oh!

[Mahoney pulls the head down again, landing a second uppercut...

...and Williams throws a second forearm smash to the jaw!]

GM: These two hard-hitting tough guys are hitting each other with all they've got!

[Mahoney hits a third uppercut but this time, Williams' forearm sends him staggering away. With the crowd roaring, Williams goes to pursue but finds himself unable to follow up.]

GM: What the... Summers! Summers is holding the tights!

[The camera shot cuts for a crystal clear shot of Summers on the apron holding Williams' trunks, keeping him from going after Mahoney. Williams frantically tries to get loose to no avail...

...until he catches Summers with a back elbow, knocking him off the apron to the floor. But as he turns back to go after Mahoney, the Fighting Irishman runs back in and catches him with a clubbing blow across the ear!]

GM: Ohh!

[Spinning Williams back against the ropes, pulling him down in a clinch, Mahoney leaps up to catch him with both knees in the head.]

GM: Both knees! Innovative offense out of Mahoney!

[Mahoney pulls him into a double underhook, taking Williams up and over with a butterfly suplex, rolling through into the mount. He grabs Williams by the head, pounding away with a series of short forearms to the temple!]

GM: Mahoney is letting Williams have it with those strikes... perhaps trying to knock Williams out and truly prove his superiority.

[Mahoney batters Williams until the count of four... and a little bit past it before the referee physically pulls the Fighting Irishman off his rival. Mahoney shoves Ezra back, sticking a finger in his face.]

GM: Uh oh... Mahoney's gotta be careful, Bucky.

BW: That's for sure. A disqualification leaves him on the outside looking in. He's too close to being the winner of this one to have that happen. Gordo, what do you think Mahoney does with Steal The Spotlight?

GM: I would think he'd look for a title shot... Shadoc Rage perhaps... or maybe Travis Lynch.

BW: If either of them have the titles after tonight.

GM: An excellent point. So much can change here in the AWA after tonight. So much volatility in what happens next and into 2016 relies on what happens right here in this ring tonight in the middle of a sold out Minute Maid Park.

[Mahoney turns back towards Williams, approaching him as Skywalker Jones mimes punching Williams from his spot on the apron. We cut to the other corner where Jordan Ohara is clapping his hands, shouting "COME ON, DERRICK!"]

GM: Mahoney pulling Williams off the mat, lifting him up across his shoulders...

[The Fighting Irishman walks around the ring with Williams, pausing to look at Ohara before turning away and executing a front-rolling Samoan Drop...

...and pops up to a knee in the corner, slapping the hand of Skywalker Jones shouting "FINISH IT!"]

GM: Mahoney wants Jones to finish this one off right here and now and he looks like he's going to oblige!

[Jones leaps to the top rope, raising his arms high over his head...]

"ZERO G!"

[...and hurls himself into the air, flipping backwards while sailing forward...]

GM: SHOOTING STAR...

[The flashbulbs are firing as Jones plummets downwards...

...and CRASHES AND BURNS on Williams' raised knees!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WILLIAMS GETS THE KNEES UP! HE GOT THE KNEES UP!

[Jones bounces off, clutching his abdomen as he falls back down to all fours. Williams rolls to a knee, climbing to his feet, raising his right arm over his head...]

GM: Williams is up... Jones is rising...

[And Williams goes into a full spin, throwing a devastating rolling elbow to the back of Jones' head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WILLIAMS KNOCKED HIM OUT! HE'S GOTTA BE OUT!

[Williams flips Jones over, applying a lateral press, looking across the ring at Callum Mahoney as he holds up his fingers, counting along on the one... two... three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW Skywalker Jones has been ELIMINATED!

[Williams slowly gets to his feet, eyes locked on Mahoney who looks to Summers.]

GM: And then there were four! But Callum Mahoney suddenly doesn't look so eager to get back in that ring with Derrick Williams!

[Williams holds up two fingers, gesturing to he and Jordan Ohara who claps his hands, encouraging the crowd to do the same... and then points across to Summers and Mahoney who are in the midst of a heated conversation.]

GM: I don't think EITHER of them want in that ring with Derrick Williams right now! Williams looks fired up and-

[The young lion suddenly charges across the ring, leaping up to land a forearm smash on the forehead of the Fighting Irishman, sending him falling to the floor. Williams looks like he regrets that for a moment before turning to grab Rex Summers by the hair, flipping him over the ropes inside the ring!]

GM: Williams brings Summers in the hard way!

[Down on the mat, Summers scoots backwards, shaking his head, begging off as Williams approaches him, fists balled up, looking out at the crowd. Soon, Summers backs into the corner, coming to an abrupt halt.]

GM: Uh oh! Rex Summers is out of room!

[Williams grins as he pulls Summers up, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and lands a hard overhead chop to the chest that leaves a rapidly-reddening welt!]

GM: Good grief!

[Summers cringes, stumbling out of the corner but Williams shoves him back in, pulling Summers' head down before cracking him with a European uppercut!]

GM: Williams lands the uppercut... and another... and another! He's rocking Rex Summers over and over again!

[Grabbing the arm, Williams fires Summers across the ring, sending him crashing into the buckles. The Red Hot One staggers back out...

...and gets LAUNCHED into the air, dumped down on his back with a backdrop!]

GM: BIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP!

[As Summers hits the mat, he goes rolling out to the floor, wobbling around the ring as the Summers Sweetheart trails behind him.]

GM: Rex Summers hits the road... he's got no interest in taking on Derrick Williams, heading over there towards Callum Mahoney.

[Summers and Mahoney are down on the floor, arguing with one another, huddling up...

...and Derrick Williams slides out to the floor, rushing around the ringpost, getting a running start...]

GM: WILLIAMS!

[Williams leaps into the air, driving a foot into the skull of both Summers and Mahoney as they were near the apron!]

GM: DRIVE BY DROPKICK CONNECTS!

[Williams grabs Mahoney, chucking him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: He puts Mahoney back in the ring!

BW: But he's not the legal man!

GM: I'm not sure Williams even cares.

[The Brooklyn native crawls back in, heading towards Mahoney who backpedals, begging off up against the ropes as Williams comes for him...

...but Mahoney surges forward, driving his head into Williams' gut!]

GM: Oh!

[Mahoney gets up, grabbing Williams by the hair as he lays in three stiff kneestrikes to the skull...

...and then uses the grip on the hair to HURL Williams through the ropes and out onto the thin padding at ringside!]

GM: Right back out to the floor! And now it's Mahoney coming out after him, stepping out on the apron...

[Rex Summers, seeing Williams in trouble, rushes around the ring to pull him up by the hair. Mahoney grabs the arms of Williams as Summers lays in blow after blow to the midsection...]

GM: We've got a two-on-one on the floor and-

[Suddenly, Jordan Ohara is on the top rope...

...and HURLS himself off onto the pile with a crossbody, wiping out all three competitors even his own teammate!]

GM: OHARA TAKES FLIGHT AND HE TAKES 'EM ALL DOWN! OH MY!

[Ohara climbs to his feet, nodding to the roaring crowd as he pulls Rex Summers off the mat, rolling him under the ropes inside the ring.]

GM: Summers is back in... he IS the legal man...

BW: But Ohara isn't!

GM: He's certainly not but he IS going up top! Ohara's going up top and-

[Ohara steps to the second rope... then to the top. He raises his arms, his fingers curled into the "I love you" gesture aimed at the fans as Rex Summers starts to stir off the canvas...]

GM: Ohara's gonna fly again and-

[But before he can, Mahoney climbs up on the apron...

...and SHOVES Ohara off the top rope, sending him sailing off the ropes, flying through the air, and crashing down in a heap on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHARA CRASHES AND BURNS TO THE FLOOR!

[Mahoney leans over the ropes, grinning at the downed Ohara.]

GM: And I guess he's proud of himself, Bucky!

BW: Why wouldn't he be? He just cleared a path for he and Summers to win this thing right now!

GM: Well, only one of them can "win this thing" but he certainly has increased the odds that one of them might.

[As Derrick Williams crawls up on the ring apron, Rex Summers approaches, reaching over the top rope to drag Williams to his feet. He tugs him into a front facelock, slinging an arm over his neck...]

GM: Summers is going to bring him in the hard way!

[But as Summers goes to lift, Williams grabs the ropes to block.]

GM: A veteran move by the man who is just barely over his first year in the big leagues!

[Summers attempts the lift again but again Williams blocks it.]

GM: "Red Hot" can't get him up but-

[With a shout, Williams actually lifts Summers into the air, aiming to suplex him over the top onto the outfield grass...]

...but Mahoney slips down the apron, burying a right hand into the ribs, forcing Williams to set Summers back down who promptly suplexes Williams over the ropes into the ring!]

GM: And Summers takes him up and over thanks to his partner - the only member of his team remaining - Callum Mahoney. And now official Scott Ezra is ordering Mahoney to get back across the ring... to get back into his corner...

[Mahoney reluctantly steps around the ringpost, walking the length of the apron to his corner. He throws a glance down at the still-downed Ohara as he passes, making sure they're still in good shape.]

GM: Summers pulls Williams off the mat... big knee to the gut... and another...

[With Williams doubled up, Summers lifts him up under his arm, holding him... and holding him... and holding him...

...and then suddenly executes the backbreaker, driving him down across his knee!]

GM: Ohh! Backbreaker connects...

[Hanging on to Williams, Summers tilts to the slide, rolling Williams into a side press with a leg hook.]

GM: Summers gets one! Summers gets two!

[But Williams lifts the shoulder at two, breaking the pin.]

GM: Two count only as we cross the forty minute mark in this battle.

[Summers swings a leg over Williams, grabbing a handful of hair, pasting him with a shot between the eyes... and another... and another. The referee's count gets to four, forcing Summers to break off the attack, climbing to his feet. He places his hands on the back of his head, still straddling the downed Williams, swiveling his hips around and around as the fans (mostly) jeer.]

GM: Absolutely disgusting.

BW: A dozen ol' Houston Hogs just passed out in the sixteenth row. I'd give 'em CPR but I forgot my climbing gear at home.

[Stepping back across the ring, Summers slaps the offered hand of Mahoney, pointing at Williams with a "end it!"]

GM: Mahoney back in off the tag... and drops a big knee down into the head!

[He quickly covers, getting another two count.]

GM: Mahoney gets two... and oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers as Mahoney drives his forearm back and forth on the cheekbone of Derrick Williams.]

BW: Nothing illegal about that.

GM: Maybe not but it's totally uncalled for and another example of Mahoney trying to hurt an opponent instead of trying to win a match.

[Mahoney gets up, watching as Jordan Ohara pulls himself up on the apron, lying on his stomach on the canvas. The fans cheer the sight of the Carolina native.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! After that incredible fall to the floor, Jordan Ohara is actually on the apron and... well, he's not waiting for a tag... not yet at least.

[The Fighting Irishman pulls Williams up to his feet, blasting him in the ear with a forearm smash that puts the young lion up against the ropes.]

GM: And you've gotta be a little surprised that we're forty minutes or so into this match and Callum Mahoney has yet to attempt the Armbar on Williams.

BW: He knows he can get it at any time... and it's just not time yet.

GM: I see.

[Mahoney presses his palm into the face of Williams, shoving it back. He does it again, taunting the young lion.]

GM: There's no call for this either, Bucky.

BW: No, but it's gotta feel pretty good.

[Mahoney reaches out, slapping Williams lightly across the face...]

"Come on, boy!"

[And again...]

"Come on!"

[Mahoney slaps him HARD this time...]

...and Williams uncorks a straight right hand, connecting solidly on the jaw of Mahoney, sending him staggering back a few steps to a huge reaction!]

GM: RIGHT HAND CONNECTS! THAT ROCKED MAHONEY!

[Williams advances out of the corner, grabbing Mahoney by the hair, throwing a forearm smash... another... another... another... another... another...]

GM: Oh my stars!

[Another... another... another... another... another... another...]

GM: What in the-?!

[And suddenly, Williams lets loose a crazy scream, leans down and slaps the canvas with both hands...]

...and UNCORKS a rolling elbow that BLASTS Mahoney on the jaw!]

BW: HOLY...

[The blow spins Mahoney away from Williams, essentially out on his feet when Williams shoves Mahoney from behind, sending him into the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: SPINEBUST-

[But as Mahoney hits the mat, he's got Williams' arm scissored and trapped within the jujigatame - the cross armbreaker!]

BW: ARMBAR! OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Williams is quick to defend, locking his hands, trying to prevent his elbow from being hyper-extended.]

GM: Derrick Williams is fighting it! He's felt the Armbar before! He knows what happens if it gets locked in!

[The crowd is roaring as Williams continues to fight, preventing the deadly submission hold from being applied...]

GM: Derrick Williams is fighting this hold with every bit of energy left in his body because if Mahoney locks it in, his night and his chance to win the Steal The Spotlight contract is over!

[Williams rolls to a knee, using his hand to grab his other wrist...]

GM: He's got the hold blocked but can he get out of it? Can he find a way to escape?

[With a shout, Williams grits his teeth...]

GM: He's trying to...

[...and LIFTS a shocked Mahoney up into the air, staggering across the ring with him!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE GOT MAHONEY UP AND-

[He HURLS him towards the corner where Jordan Ohara uses the ropes to swing a leg up, catching Mahoney in the back of the head with a boot as Mahoney SLAMS into the buckles!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Williams reaches out, slapping Ohara’s hand.]

GM: Tag!

[Ohara comes through the ropes as Mahoney staggers out. He leaps into the air, grabbing the Fighting Irishman by the back of the head and SLAMMING his face down into the canvas!]

GM: Faceslam in the middle of the ring... Ohara rolls him over... covers!

[The referee dives down to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Shoulder up! He got the shoulder up!

[Ohara slowly gets off the mat, turns around in a circle, looking out at the encouraging fans as he tries to find his next move. Mahoney slowly comes off the canvas, getting caught with a knife edge chop!]

GM: Big chop stuns Mahoney! And another one!

[Striking a martial arts pose, Ohara snaps off a stiff backfist to the temple, holding the pose as Mahoney staggers back to the ropes.]

GM: Mahoney’s on Dream Street after that!

[Ohara charges in, jumping up into position for a headscissors, taking Mahoney down to the canvas. He gets up as Mahoney does the same, grabbing the ropes to stay on his feet when Ohara charges him a second time, leaping up...]

GM: Another headscissors and-

[As Ohara is up on the shoulders, Rex Summers climbs up on the second rope, reaching up to hook Ohara by the back of the head...

...and DROPS off the apron, snapping Ohara’s throat down over the top rope!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Mahoney grabs Ohara, pulling him up off the mat, looping Ohara’s own arm around his throat...]

GM: Emerald Cutter!

[...and PULLS Ohara down in a neckbreaker! The impact stuns the young man as Mahoney crawls over him, hooking both legs.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

PW: Jordan Ohara has been ELIMINATED!

[The fans jeer Ohara's elimination but before long, many are standing and applauding the amazing debut by the newcomer...

...but inside the ring, Derrick Williams has stormed back into the mix, pulling Mahoney off of Ohara and battering him with short forearms to the temple!]

GM: And we're back to Williams and Mahoney! It started this way and it very well may end this way as Derrick Williams, Callum Mahoney, and Rex Summers battle it out to see who will win this year's Steal The Spotlight contract!

[Williams gets Mahoney on his feet, pushed back into the corner where the young lion is opening fire on him, landing forearm after forearm to the jaw. He grabs the arm, whipping him from corner to corner, sending him bouncing off the buckles out towards the center of the ring...]

GM: Williams ducks the clothesline...

[He steps in behind Mahoney, grabbing him by the left wrist, crossing it over his body. He jerks the arm, essentially causing Mahoney to spin around as Williams spins as well...

...and BLASTS Mahoney in the back of the head with another elbow strike!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's gotta be it!

[Williams throws his arms apart, flipping Mahoney onto his back and diving across his prone frame...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Callum Mahoney has been elimina-

[As Phil Watson is in mid-sentence, Rex Summers charges into the ring, pulling Williams up and right into a double underhook...]

GM: He's got him hooked!

[But Williams spins out of it, landing a devastating elbow strike on the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Summers dazed, Williams dashes to the ropes, getting a running start as he goes into a full spin...]

GM: ROLLING ELB-

[Summers ducks down, sending Williams sailing past him and as the young lion turns around, Summers plants a boot in the midsection. He hooks the arms again...]

BW: HEAT CHECK!

[But Williams spins out a second time, grabbing the arm, stepping behind Summers who looks panicked. He suddenly reaches out with his free arm, grabbing referee Scott Ezra by the shirt, pulling him towards him.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Brilliant counter!

GM: He's holding the referee by the shirt! He's-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And with the official trapped, Summers swings his leg back, driving it up into the groin of Derrick Williams!]

GM: LOW BLOW! HE KICKED HIM LOW!

[Williams slumps to a knee as Summers spins around, hooking the double underhook...

...and SPIKES him skullfirst down to the canvas!]

GM: HEAT CHECK!

[He flips the fan favorite over onto his back, diving across in a lateral press, hooking a leg as the referee dives down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!

BW: YES!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... your winner of the match and the Steal The Spotlight contract...

"RED HOT"... REEEEEEEEX SUMMMMMMERRRRRRRS!

[Summers rolls off Williams to his back, throwing his arms up in the air. A squeal from the Summers Sweetheart is followed by her quickly climbing the ringsteps as "Stroke Me" kicks in over the PA system.]

GM: Rex Summers - by hook or by crook - has won Steal The Spotlight here at SuperClash VII!

BW: Just as I predicted! And now, he's got one year to cash that contract in for the match of his choice. National Title, TV Title, World Title... heck, tag titles... who knows what he's doing with it but I believe it's going to be a helluva moment when he cashes it in!

GM: Rex Summers made his AWA return back in April and in the span of seven months, he's put himself in position to be on top of the world!

[Summers climbs to his feet, shouting at official Scott Ezra to raise his hand.]

GM: Rex Summers wins this one with the Heat Check DDT AFTER an illegal low blow that saved his skin.

BW: What are you going on about now?

GM: Derrick Williams was going to lay him out with that elbow! He had it set and Summers grabbed the referee to save himself! Then he hit the kick and... well, it was academic from there.

[The camera cuts to Williams down on the mat, slamming a closed fist on the canvas. He shakes his head as he looks up at Summers celebrating.]

GM: How disappointed must that young man be. He came to SuperClash with two goals - to get his hands on Callum Mahoney and to use this match as a springboard into a major title opportunity in 2016.

BW: Well, at least he accomplished one goal.

GM: That he did. And there will be another day for this young man. Another opportunity to put himself into title contention. Another chance to show the world what he's made of.

[Cut back to Rex Summers, still celebrating his win. He embraces the Summers Sweetheart who is positively giddy as the fans jeer loudly.]

GM: What a way to kick off the seventh edition of SuperClash here at a sold-out Minute Maid Park in Houston, Texas!

[With "Stroke Me" still playing over the PA system, we pan across the aforementioned crowd, showing the mass of fans in attendance. Quick cut to a shot up in the stands of a screaming fan giving the camera a thumbs down.]

GM: A very unpopular way to start off the show perhaps but it was quite the win nonetheless. Rex Summers with a major accomplishment here tonight and that's what it's going to take to win our next match. A major accomplishment. Because when you're talking about a battle between two unpinned superstars - a clash of the Irresistible Force meeting the Immovable Object. I'm talking about The Gladiator taking on KING Oni... and right now, we're headed backstage to comments from both of these competitors before this titanic clash!

[We go to backstage where Mark Stegglet stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

MS: In mere moments, fans, we will see a match that has been billed as The Irresistible Force Meets the Immovable Object. Two men who are undefeated in singles competition since their arrivals in the AWA will come face to face for the first time. On one side of the ring will be the massive KING Oni, under the management of Dr. Harrison Fawcett, and on the other side of the ring will be this man, The Gladiator.

[As if on cue, The Gladiator walks onto the set. He is dressed in black trunks with matching kneepads and wrestling boots. He wears a Roman gladiator helmet and...]

G: Aaarrrrggghhh aaarrrrggghhh aaarrrrggghhh.

[...he's doing that. He paces back and forth in front of Mark Stegglet, continuing to growl.]

MS: Gladiator, you have torn through the competition since you have arrived in the AWA. But back at the Rumble match in Hawaii, you crossed paths with KING Oni for the first time. Since then, all signs pointed to you and he coming face to face in the ring. But 10 days ago, Oni and Anton Layton attacked you and left you laying. What is your condition going into tonight's match?

[Gladiator grunts and growls for several seconds before he speaks.]

G: They have told me that there is no honor among thieves, and what happened 10 days ago proves beyond a shadow of any doubt that Harrison Fawcett and his mongrels have no honor. Men with no honor can never understand the path of a true gladiator, unlike my gladiators who continue to follow me into battle day in and night out. Anton Layton and KING Oni might have hurt me, but they have failed to stop me. Failed to stop me on my journeys through these lands, failed to stop me on the path to this moment that is almost upon us, what you refer to as an irresistible force against an immovable object.

[He turns to the camera, raises a finger and raises his voice.]

G: I AM INDEED THAT IRRESISTIBLE FORCE THAT HAS TORN THROUGH THESE LANDS, BUT I LOOK AT THE SO-CALLED IMMOVABLE OBJECT AND I SEE THE CRACKS IN THE FOUNDATION! CRACKS THAT MAKE IT EVIDENT THAT THE LIKES OF KING ONI AND ANTON LAYTON DO NOT STAND UPON THE SOLID GROUND, BUT UPON THE SAND THAT THE FOOLS WILL ALWAYS TRY TO BUILD UPON! I COME FORWARD INTO BATTLE TONIGHT, TO DEMONSTRATE THAT THE PATH OF A TRUE GLADIATOR ONLY MAKES ME STRONGER, ONLY PROVES THOSE WHO CHOOSE TO DEVIATE FROM THE PATH ARE WEAK IN BODY, MIND AND SPIRIT! ANTON LAYTON ONLY DEMONSTRATED HOW WEAK HE WAS WHEN HE SUCCUMBED TO HARRISON FAWCETT'S FALSE PROPHECIES, AND TONIGHT, I SHALL LEAVE NO DOUBTS IN ANYONE'S MIND WHO IS TRULY THE STRONGEST IN THESE LANDS WHEN I DESTROY THE FOUNDATION BENEATH KING ONI AND SHOW THE IMMOVABLE OBJECT HAS ALWAYS BEEN ON SHAKY GROUND!

[And then...]

G: SNORT snaaarrlll SNORT!

[...that happens and Gladiator goes back to pacing behind Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Still, Gladiator, you heard the comments from Harrison Fawcett. In the past year alone, he has not only influenced KING Oni, but the likes of The Lost Boy, Porter Crowley and Anton Layton. And now, tonight, he says he will add you to his collection!

[Gladiator stops pacing and turns to Stegglet, Gladiator's voice lowered again.]

G: Harrison Fawcett speaks yet another false prophecy, but this time it is no surprise at all. For he cannot understand the power I have harnessed from the forces I answer to! From Minerva, who gives me the wisdom to know right from wrong! From Diana, who keeps me focused on the objective at hand and never lose sight of what is in front of me! From Pluto, who reminds me how those he oversees were never worthy of being a true gladiator and to stay on the right path! From Mars, who gives me the strength I need to give me the edge in every battle I have had! And from Jupiter and Juno, who have made me understand that every obstacle, every setback I may endure, is only done to make me stronger and help me overcome whatever lies ahead!

[He turns back to the camera, raising a finger and pointing at it, and his voice rises once more.]

G: YOU, HARRISON FAWCETT, CAN NEVER HOPE TO UNDERSTAND WHAT TRULY MAKES ME STRONGER! YOU CAN NEVER HOPE TO OVERCOME THE MIGHT OF THOSE WHO GIVE ME GUIDANCE THROUGH EVERY COMBAT I ENDURE! AND YOU CAN NEVER CONTROL THOSE WHO CANNOT BE CONTROLLED, AND THOSE WHO I ANSWER TO, NOT ONLY CAN YOU NEVER CONTROL THEM, BUT YOU CAN NEVER CONTROL THOSE WHO FOLLOW THEM! AND I CONTINUE TO FOLLOW THEM BECAUSE THEY HAVE NEVER USED ME FOR A TWISTED PURPOSE, BUT ONLY THAT

I MAY CONTINUE TO GROW IN BODY, MIND AND HEART, FOR WHICH I WILL ONLY RESPOND BY DOING THEM HONOR!

MS: Still, Gladiator, nobody has defeated KING Oni since his arrival in AWA. He has seldom been taken off his feet... in fact, even MAMMOTH Maximus had a difficult time doing that! How do you overcome a monster such as Oni?

[Gladiator raises a finger again, his voice grows louder.]

G: THE OBSTACLE THAT LIES AHEAD IS NOT ONE I ASSUME WILL BE AN EASY ONE TO OVERCOME, BUT ONCE AGAIN, THE FOUNDATION UPON WHICH IT RESTS IS ON SHAKY GROUND! MY GLADIATORS WILL FOLLOW ME INTO BATTLE, KNOWING THAT THEIR FOUNDATION IS STRONG, THAT A STRONG FOUNDATION SHALL ALWAYS OVERCOME A WEAK ONE, EVEN IF THE WEAK ONE MUST BE CHIPPED AWAY AT BEFORE IT FINALLY BREAKS! BUT BREAK IT WILL, AND ONCE IT DOES BREAK, THE KING SHALL COME TUMBLING DOWN, FALLING BEFORE THE MIGHT OF A LEVIATHAN! A LEVIATHAN THAT IS KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS THE GLADIATOOOORRRR!

[He lets the last syllable hang for several seconds as he walks off set, holding his arms skyward.]

MS: The Gladiator sounds confident, but will he be able to overcome the King? I'm betting Sweet Lou has at least one man's answer to that. Lou?

[Cut to another part of the backstage area where Doctor Harrison Fawcett is flanked by the Prince of Darkness, Anton Layton, and his "pet", The Lost Boy. KING Oni is nowhere to be seen. Fawcett stands in a dark black suit with a deep crimson dress shirt and white tie underneath, gripping a leash that is wrapped around the neck of The Lost Boy. Layton is in his black velvet robe, his eyes hidden by the hood. Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in the midst of it all, looking quite uncomfortable.]

SLB: Doctor Harrison Fawcett, I can't help but notice someone is missing from this Family portrait.

[Fawcett arches an eyebrow.]

"D"HF: Ah, yes. Mr. Crowley. His failure two weeks ago on All-Star Showdown resulted in the need for some... deeper understanding.

[Blackwell audibly gulps.]

SLB: I, uhh... I meant, KING Oni.

[Fawcett smiles.]

"D"HF: My mistake. The KING will make his presence known when the time is right... and do you know when that is, Blackwell?

SLB: I'm sure you're about to tell us.

"D"HF: How true. The time is right when his followers... his loyal subjects... have gathered en masse to pay homage to him with their own blood and bile. The ultimate sacrifice must be made to call forth the Demon himself on this night.

SLB: Sacrifice?

"D"HF: You want details? I'm not sure the AWA's corporate partners would appreciate that but Louis, whenever you're in the mood to see how the Fawcett Family does things, your room at the Manor is always waiting.

[Blackwell shudders.]

SLB: No thanks. Let's talk about The Gladiator...

[Fawcett licks his lips.]

"D"HF: Oh, please... let's.

SLB: You have said that your goal tonight is not to destroy The Gladiator but to... what? Take possession of him?

"D"HF: So to speak.

SLB: That didn't look to be the case two weeks ago...

[We cut to previously-recorded footage from All-Star Showdown that shows KING Oni dropping his Cracked Earth splash down on The Gladiator's chest.]

"D"HF: A man must be broken before he can be put back together. Look at my pet here...

[We go back to live action as the camera pans down to The Lost Boy, whimpering as he rests his head against Fawcett's leg.]

"D"HF: When he came to me, he was a man. He believed in himself. He possessed the strengths of self-guidance and self-determination - dirty, filthy seeds planted in his soil by a dirty, filthy man in Travis Lynch.

This... this is no man. And he never should've been told he was. Travis Lynch builds false hope in all he touches. Just like his followers believe that he can overcome the mighty Vasquez here tonight, the Lost Boy was convinced that he was more than he was.

A savage. An animal.

But when I got my hands on him... excuse me, when I got my... EYE... on him...

[Fawcett's hand comes from a pocket inside his jacket, now clasped around his trademark crystal, letting the light dance off the gem.]

"D"HF: All became clear to us both. It took some time. But as he was broken down, I built him back up into his true self... what you see before you now.

[The Lost Boy whimpers again as Fawcett lightly pats his head.]

"D"HF: Good boy. And so it will be for The Gladiator. KING Oni has been given the strictest of orders... and while my orders and his desires do not often meet, on this night they do.

Break him.

SLB: You told Oni to break The Gladiator?

"D"HF: Exactly. I want him broken. I want him shattered into pieces. Because when all the Gods and Goddesses that he worships fail at putting him back together...

... I will not.

[That twisted smile emerges again.]

"D"HF: And when you add the power of The Gladiator to the might of the Fawcett Family... nothing... and no one... can stop us.

[Fawcett lets loose a deep and dark chuckle as Blackwell turns to the camera.]

SLB: I know that laugh. And it means trouble for The Gladiator here tonight. Gordon... Bucky... back down to you at ringside.

[We cut first to a panning shot of the sold-out crowd, still buzzing from the opening match.]

GM: Thanks, Sweet Lou... and Bucky, I've gotta say that man sends a chill down my spine.

BW: Blackwell? It's his cologne. Makes me want to vomit too.

GM: No! Fawcett!

BW: Oh. The good Doctor? That kind, loving, generous soul?

GM: I have a feeling your opinion of him is tainted.

BW: When we were having our weekly dinner-

GM: Weekly dinner?! Oh, brother. Fans, let's go to Phil Watson for the introductions for this epic encounter!

[We cut 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...

[With the early evening's light still in the air, the lights in the arena cut out to get us closer to darkness. A large spotlight blasts over to the stage, lighting up the center of it where a man stands in a long black robe that hangs down, pooling at his feet. A braided rope is tied around his waist. His face is covered in tattoos - real or temporary we can't tell from a distance - as he faces the crowd and speaks in a loud, booming voice.]

"I CALL TO THEE..."

[The voice echoes throughout Minute Maid Park.]

"I CALL TO THEE..."

[Cut to a crowd shot where puzzled fans are arching their necks, looking up towards the stage.]

"I CALL TO THEE..."

[From just beyond the spotlight, a similarly dressed man inches forward, bowing his head as he hands a six foot tall staff to the robed man, a bone skull atop it with smoke oozing from the eyeholes and mouth.]

"TO THE SPIRITS OF THE UNDERWORLD... HEAR MY CALL... BRING FORTH YOUR POWER..."

[A creepy red light slowly spreads out over the Minute Maid Park crowd as a rhythmic drum beat begins...]

"WE THROW OURSELVES UPON YOUR MERCY... WE CALL UPON YOUR STRENGTH... WE OFFER ALL THAT WE HAVE AND ALL THAT WE ARE TO YOUR HUNGER..."

[The beat grows louder and stronger.]

"THE FIRES HAVE BEEN PREPARED! YOUR FOLLOWERS HAVE GATHERED! THE DEMON SEEKS STRENGTH... POWER... OVERWHELMING OMNIPOTENCE..."

[And louder... and stronger.]

"LOOK WITH ALL-SEEING EYES... LISTEN WITH ALL-HEARING EARS... WITNESS THE LOVE AND OBEDIENCE OF THOSE WITH YOUR ESSENCE WITHIN THEM..."

[The drums beat louder... and louder... and louder...]

...and suddenly, they cut out as the "priest" slams the butt of his staff down on the stage, flames shooting from the mouth of the skull as the red light floods the stage, revealing a large "stone" stairway heading up twenty feet into the air, towering above the stage. Beyond the top of the open stairway stand massive red and orange flames shooting into the air above the field of Minute Maid Park.]

GM: My god.

BW: Oh, I don't think so, Gordo.

[From off-stage, a stream of "followers" dressed in rags emerge, crawling on hands and knees. They kneel before the priest who uses his staff to gesture them towards the stairway. They begin to crawl up the stone stairs as the priest continues to speak.]

"WE BRING YOU THE BLOOD OF YOURS... WE BRING YOU THEIR SOULS IN OFFERING..."

GM: When Fawcett was talking about a sacrifice...

BW: He wasn't kidding.

[The followers get closer to the top of the stairs, climbing in single file.]

"THEY WILLINGLY GIVE THEMSELVES TO YOU..."

[The first follower to the top rises, turning to look to the crowd, raising his arms over his head, shouting in some indecipherable tongue...]

...and throws himself backwards into the "flames," a horrific scream escaping as he does.]

"THEY THROW THEMSELVES INTO YOUR FIRES..."

[One by one, the followers mount the top step, raise their arms, speak something beyond understanding by us mere mortals...]

...and jump into the burning fires.]

GM: The screams... my god...

BW: What in the world are we witnessing?

GM: I'm afraid it's beyond this world. It's...

[As the last of the followers vanishes, their cries echoing behind them, the priest takes to the stairs, slowly climbing to the top. He turns, looking to the crowd...]

"THOSE WHO LIVE FOR YOU..."

[He looks out at the crowd, eyes rolling back in his head.]

"...DIE FOR YOU!"

[And he just drops backwards into the fires, disappearing out of view as the red lights cut to black, leaving the stage in shadows as the crowd buzzes over what they just saw.]

The crowd sits in silence for a few moments before the sweet yet eerie melody of "Kagome Kagome" by Hatsune Miku and Megurine Luka begins to play over the P.A. The melody is undercut by an accompanying synthesizer that sounds like it's straight from a 1950's horror movie as "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett walks through the curtains into a spotlight, raising his gem up high for all to see.]

GM: The so-called good Doctor arrives... and I see that the Prince of Darkness and his loyal pet are with him.

[Layton is bringing up the rear, still in his black robe as he drags the snarling Lost Boy by his leash. Fawcett raises the crystal high, shouting something off-mic...]

...and suddenly, the stage itself starts to split in half. Fawcett's eyes light up with glee as the stage opens up...]

GM: What in the...?

[...and the gargantuan KING Oni is slowly raised into view. He's clothed in an all black robe and a kabuki-style mask/headdress in the style of the oni from folklore. Wild eyes, long teeth poking out of a wide maniacal grin and wild red hair.]

BW: HE HAS RISEN!

[Oni stands motionless as Fawcett moves in front of him, gesturing with the crystal towards the ring. The behemoth follows behind him, allowing Layton and The Lost Boy to come behind everyone else.]

PW: From the Kimon... weighing in at 514 pounds... he is accompanied to the ring Anton Layton, The Lost Boy, and "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett...

KIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIING OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONIIIIIIIIIIII!

[The long walk to the ring sees plenty of fans abusing Fawcett... and cowering away from Oni as they head towards the squared circle in the middle of Minute Maid Park. Fawcett goes up the steps first followed by Oni as Layton and The Lost Boy take up spots on the floor.]

GM: What an entrance for the Demon who looks to score perhaps the biggest win of his AWA career here tonight over The Gladiator!

[As Oni steps to the center of the ring, he removes the mask, revealing the same design painted on his face, along with a black mohawk. He then removes his robe, wearing a black singlet with a dark red mawashi [the belt or loincloth that sumo

wrestlers wear during training and combat] worn over the singlet. Fawcett hands both the robe and the mask to a ringside attendant...]

PW: And his opponent...

[We cut to the cleared stage where we see nine men dressed in tunics, baldrics (belts worn over the shoulder), balteuses (belts worn around the waist), Braccae (trousers), Caligae (sandals) and Galeas (gladiator helmets) walk out, taking their positions along the front edge of the stage. The man in the middle, who stands in front of the ramp, raises a bugle and begins to play a tune... the tune signaling the arrival of The Gladiator, a tune that draws roars from the crowd.

The two men who flank him on either side of the ramp each have a small drum, which they start pounding. That's followed by the rest of the men each raising their bugles and joining in with the first bugler, playing the same tune.

The crowd swells, but there's no sign of The Gladiator.

That is, until the camera moves toward the underside of the stage, and that's where we see the popular wrestler come walking out. His appearance draws roars from the fans on hand.]

PW: Introducing, from parts unknown, weighing in at 270 pounds, ladies and gentlemen, here is... THE GLADIATOR!

[The Gladiator is dressed in black trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots, and wears a Galea on his head. He walks toward the base of the ramp, steps in front of it and removes the Galea. He drops to one knee, sets the helmet to the side, bows his head down and places his right hand on the ground before him, as if he's feeling out his surroundings.]

GM: Look at this entrance by The Gladiator! Can you believe it, Bucky?

BW: The only thing I can believe is this lunatic is about to step into the ring with the biggest giant the AWA has ever seen, and he's going to get crushed by him!

GM: We saw the giant Oni try to do just that on All Star Showdown, but Gladiator still walked out under his own power! I can't... wait a minute, what's this?

[Gordon is referring to another man, dressed in the same garb as the other nine men on stage. He walks out past the bugler at the top of the ramp, down it and stands just behind The Gladiator, who continues to feel the ground before him.

That's when the buglers and drummers reach the climax of their tune and the man standing near The Gladiator raises up an object... a ram's horn.

He blows it and The Gladiator's head snaps upward, as if he's gazing past the ring before him. The buglers and drummers stop and the speed metal kicks in over the speakers.]

GM: Watch out... here he comes!

[The Gladiator bursts to his feet, leaving his helmet behind, and sprints down the aisle at top speed. He dives under the ropes and leaps to his feet, dashing off the ropes several times and causing Dr. Harrison Fawcett to slip out onto the apron, as Oni steps back into the corner, keeping his eyes locked on his opponent.

That's when The Gladiator stops his movement around the ring, turns toward Oni and points a finger at him, then starts moving his arms upward, as if he is reaching into the heavens above.]

GM: You talk about a showdown! THIS IS IT!

[The referee, Davis Warren, slides in front of The Gladiator, trying to get him to step back as Oni leans back in the corner, holding the top rope as he repeatedly slams his own body back against the buckles, shaking the ring as he does.]

BW: Man oh man, I hope they reinforced the ring for this one, daddy!

[Warren has The Gladiator back in his corner, moving to the center of the ring where he points to both men...

...and then brings his arms together as he signals for the bell to a HUGE cheer!]

GM: OH YEAH! LET'S DO THIS!

[Oni is still slamming his body into the buckles as The Gladiator nods his head, pumping his arms up and down towards the Houston night sky. Oni steps from the corner, marching to the center of the ring where he holds his ground, eyes locked on his opponent who is still conversing with the Gods...

...until he breaks into a sprint, running into Oni with a hard shoulder tackle but Oni doesn't budge!]

BW: No effect!

[The Gladiator turns, snarling as he dashes to the far ropes, rebounding back again...]

GM: Another tackle!

[But still nothing as Oni stands his ground, staring at The Gladiator. The Demon gives forth a sharp bark, slapping himself across the pectoral. The Gladiator then dashes to the ropes a second time...]

GM: The Gladiator to the ropes again...

[Oni switches his stance, looking for a backhand chop but the Gladiator ducks under, hitting the far ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!

[The blow is completely absorbed by Oni who this time slaps both sides of his chest, demanding more...]

BW: Oni wants more!

GM: He's gonna GET more!

[The Gladiator dashes to the ropes again, springing off, building speed...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!

[This one causes Oni to take two steps back, a major victory for The Gladiator who pumps his arms in the air as the crowd cheers the moral win. The muscular powerhouse dashes to the ropes again, looking to take advantage of the slight give by Oni...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[But this time, the rebounding Gladiator catches a massive overhead slap down across the chest, knocking him down to the canvas!]

GM: WOW!

BW: One shot! All it took was ONE shot from KING Oni to put The Gladiator down! The Gladiator was giving Oni all he had and the BEST that he had but it only took one single blow from Oni to put him down! Incredible!

[Oni stands over the downed Gladiator, looking down at him as Fawcett shouts "YES!" from the floor.]

GM: KING Oni with a single blow knocks The Gladiator down to the canvas and that's precisely where you DON'T want to be against a five hundred pounder!

[Oni reaches down, slapping his hand around the throat of the Gladiator...

...and deadlifts him back to his feet!]

GM: Pure power right there!

BW: He picked up a 270 pounder like he was nothing!

[The Demon hooks both hands around the throat, walking towards the center of the ring...

...and HOISTS the Gladiator up into the double choke!]

GM: He's got the Gladiator ten feet up in the air, choking the life out of him!

[The referee's count gets to four before a shout from Fawcett gets Oni to let go, flinging the Gladiator down to the mat.]

GM: Incredible!

[Oni glares at the official as he stalks towards him. Davis Warren backpedals a few steps before bailing out of the ring to the floor. He shouts at Oni, threatening him, pointing to the AWA badge on his shirt.]

GM: Davis Warren threatening to disqualify KING Oni but I've got a hunch that Oni couldn't care less, Bucky!

BW: He might put Warren on a spit if he does. I've been to a Fawcett Family BBQ, Gordo. The Lynches got nothing on them!

[The Demon slowly approaches the downed Gladiator who has pushed himself up to his knee. Oni grabs a handful of long brown hair...

...but the Gladiator erupts from a knee with a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand!

[The Gladiator lands a second haymaker... and a third...]

GM: The Gladiator's firing back!

[The crowd rallies behind the Gladiator as he lands a fourth and fifth haymaker, sending Oni a couple of steps back. The Gladiator quickly goes to the ropes, rebounding back...

...right into a shocking thrust kick to the sternum, a blow that sends the Gladiator falling to the mat where he promptly rolls under the ropes to the floor, clutching his chest!]

GM: Where in the world did THAT come from?!

BW: I've got no idea but The Gladiator is right out here by us, sucking wind like he just ran a marathon!

GM: The Gladiator went right out here to the floor... and you're right, Bucky. He looks like he's in a lot of pain. That kick caught him by surprise and he's in a lot of trouble- uh oh!

BW: Get out of my way, Gordo! I'm getting out of here!

GM: You are not! You stay right here, Buckthorn Wilde!

[The crowd begins to buzz as KING Oni exits the ring, stepping out on the apron before dropping to a knee and then to the floor.]

GM: It is unusual for KING Oni to follow an opponent out to the floor but... well, this is no typical opponent and certainly no typical match.

BW: It's SuperClash, daddy! All the rules go out the window at SuperClash!

[Oni leans down, dragging the Gladiator off the floor by the hair. He holds him by the hair, staring into his eyes...

...and then wraps the other arm around the neck, using the clinch to HURL The Gladiator into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE GLADIATOR HITS THE STEEL!

[Oni stands, staring at the Gladiator for a moment, writhing against the steel...]

GM: Oh no... oh my god, no!

[Doctor Harrison Fawcett rushes over, shouting at Oni but he gets there too late as Oni makes a charge...]

GM: ONI...

[The 517 pound Demon barrels across the ringside area, turning his back as he prepares to crush The Gladiator against the steel...

...but at the last second, the Gladiator YANKS himself clear, causing Oni to SLAM into the steel!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS! HE BROKE THE RAILING!

[The Minute Maid Park crowd is buzzing as we cut to a fast-moving cameraman who quickly gets into position to look down at KING Oni, flat on his back on top of a section of barricade that snapped off when he hit it. Luckily, a quick pan of the

crowd shows no one injured as they just happened to go through it in a section where no fans were standing.]

BW: Is everyone okay?!

GM: It looks like... thankfully, there were no fans there but KING Oni is laid out flat on his back and that's one of - if not the very first - times we've seen that!

BW: No thanks to the Gladiator! He didn't make that happen!

GM: He certainly did! He might not have struck an offensive blow to cause it but he certainly did do something DEFENSIVELY to make it happen!

[The Gladiator is on his hands and knees several feet away as the referee dives to the floor, going swiftly to check on Oni. Davis Warren is barely there for a moment before Doctor Harrison Fawcett storms in, shoving Warren aside, and taking a knee next to his monster!]

GM: Fawcett's over there now as well and Oni isn't moving, fans!

BW: Not that I want to see this happen but instead of hanging out on the floor, shouldn't that idiot Warren be inside the ring and, you know, COUNTING?!

GM: He absolutely should but the official, showing concern for one of the combatants, let his instincts kick in first.

[Warren takes another look, making sure Oni is fit to continue before he slides back into the ring, coming to his feet...]

"ONE!"

GM: And there you go, Bucky. Davis Warren has started a count on both competitors out here on the floor. If he gets to ten, fans, this one is all over in a double countout which I think no one wants to see.

[Fawcett is shouting at Oni, slapping him lightly on the face repeatedly, shouting "GET UP! GEEEEET UUUUUUUP!"]

GM: Oni's down! The Gladiator's down! And as the count reaches three, you start to wonder if either of these individuals are going to get up in time!

[The referee counts "FOUR!" as the crowd buzzes with concern for a possible double countout. The Gladiator, near the railing, is being encouraged by the front row fans to get to his feet and continue the fight.]

GM: The Gladiator's starting to stir, fans! The Gladiator is trying to get up off the mat and get back to his feet!

BW: If Oni's undefeated streak ends by countout, we riot!

GM: Who's "we"?!

BW: Some of those guys in the fire on the stage might protest.

[The Gladiator is on his feet at the count of "SIX!" as the ringside fans pat him on the shoulders and back.]

GM: The Gladiator's up and... what is he doing?!

[The Gladiator rolls under the ropes...

...and rolls right back out, breaking the count.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: He doesn't want to win that way! It's admirable, Gordo... stupid but admirable!

[The Gladiator walks over to the downed Oni, sending Fawcett scampering away. He looks down at Oni...

...and then SLAPS him across the face!]

GM: What the-?!

[The Gladiator looks down again... and SLAPS him a second time!]

BW: The Gladiator's lost it! And he didn't have much of it to begin with!

[The Gladiator winds up a third time...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and this time, Oni's eyes fly open as his hand comes up, clutching the throat of the Gladiator!]

GM: UH OH!

[A fuming mad Oni climbs to his feet, still holding the one-handed choke on the Gladiator...

...and FLINGS him into the ringpost, the steel jamming between the shoulderblades of the Gladiator!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Maybe that whole slapping thing is seeming like a bad idea right about now.

[Oni shoves the Gladiator under the ropes into the ring before climbing up on the apron, ducking through the ropes. He pulls him up by the hair, flinging him into the turnbuckles...

...and slowly backs across the ring...]

GM: Oni's setting up for the avalanche!

[The behemoth barrels across the ring, charging in on the Gladiator...

...who leans back, raising both boots and causing Oni to SLAM his own face into them!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BOOTS UP! GLADIATOR GOT THE BOOTS UP!

[The blow sends Oni stumbling back as The Gladiator regroups, hopping up on the second rope. He pumps his right arm to the sky a few times, getting set...]

GM: The Gladiator's going to fly!

BW: I don't think we've seen that before!

GM: Neither do- HE LEAPS!

[But in mid-flight, as he extends his arm for a clothesline, Oni sidesteps and BLASTS him across the head with an open-handed slap, knocking him out of the sky!]

GM: OHH!

BW: So much for that gameplan!

[Again, Oni yanks the Gladiator off the mat, throwing him into the corner. He backs up quicker this time, pressing his massive frame against the far turnbuckles...

...and breaks into a charge, barreling across the ring with a loud bellow...]

GM: AVALAAAAAAAAAAAAANCHE!

[The big splash in the corner connects, crushing The Gladiator between the 517 pounder and the turnbuckles. Oni backs off, allowing the Gladiator to stumble out of the corner, collapsing on the canvas...]

GM: Uh oh! You know what that means! You know what comes next!

[A cackling Harrison Fawcett nods his head in approval as Oni backs off, raising his fists in the air, creating some distance. Fawcett shouts, "BLESSINGS GO OUT..." as Oni hits the ropes, coming back towards the downed Gladiator...]

GM: He's gonna do it! He's gonna-

["...ONI GOES IN!" is heard from Fawcett as Oni leaps up into the air for the Cracked Earth splash!]

GM: SPLASH!

[But again, the Gladiator rolls out of the way, causing Oni to SLAM chestfirst into the canvas!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[The Gladiator rolls back, flipping the 517 pounder over onto his back before diving across him!]

GM: COVER! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Oni HURLS The Gladiator up into the air with a powerful kickout, tossing him a few feet away before sitting up on the mat.]

GM: Wow! That might be the first pin attempt we've seen on KING Oni in all his time here in the AWA but even though it looked good, Oni flung him aside like last week's garbage!

[The Gladiator scrambles to his feet, coming up swinging as Oni starts to get up off the mat...]

GM: Big right hand! And another!

[The haymakers continues to be drawn back and fired, bouncing off the hard skull of KING Oni as he slowly gets to his feet. The Gladiator winds up again, ready to slam his knuckles into Oni's head...

...and Oni reaches out, wrapping his massive arms around the torso of The Gladiator!]

GM: BEARHUG!

[Oni's powerful arms squeeze The Gladiator's torso, trying to rip the breath out of his body!]

GM: Oni's trying to take him out with this! The Gladiator's going to have a hard time breathing if he doesn't get out of this hold pretty quickly!

BW: That's the goal in a hold like this. Hold him tight enough so that he has a hard time expanding his chest. Make sure he can't get a deep breath. And the really good bearhugs will actually get tighter when you take a breath. If you take that deep breath and inhale, they'll tighten it up so your chest can barely go out at all.

GM: The Gladiator's looking for a way out of this. He may not be the best ring tactician on the planet but he does know that if this continues, he'll be unconscious in the middle of the ring with KING Oni standing over him.

[The Gladiator winds up, smashing a right hand into Oni's head.]

GM: He's fighting! He's trying to fight out of this!

[Another blow lands... and another...]

BW: He can't do it, Gordo! Oni's too strong!

[Gladiator winds up for another one...

...but Oni squeezes tighter, causing The Gladiator to cry out and give up on the counter-attack!]

GM: In mid-punch, KING Oni tightens up on the bearhug like you were just talking about, Bucky...

BW: Oni's gonna crack him in half, stuff him, and make him the main course at Thanksgiving dinner at Fawcett Manor!

[The Gladiator plants his hand on Oni's chin, pushing his head back, trying to free himself...

...but again, Oni increases the pressure, forcing the Gladiator to put his arms back down.]

GM: Again, the Gladiator tries to escape but again, no dice.

[Oni lifts the Gladiator off the mat, ragdolling him back and forth a few times as the referee checks again to see if the Gladiator wants to quit. The warrior shakes his head, refusing...]

GM: Oni's trying to get that submission and... wait a second!

[The crowd's cheers start to get louder as the Gladiator takes his right arm, inching in between his torso and Oni's arm, pushing firmly... and then gets it through!]

GM: He's got an arm in!

BW: If he can keep it there, it creates the slightest bit of space between Oni's arm and Gladiator's torso! It can possibly be a gateway to getting a little more air into him!

[The Gladiator lifts his left arm, shaking it in the air as the crowd cheers him on!]

GM: He's going to try it again!

[The energetic powerhouse lowers his left arm, sliding it down towards his side...]

GM: The left arm... trying to work it in... trying to push through...

[With great determination, the Gladiator is able to slide his left arm in between his body and Oni's arm as well!]

GM: Both arms are in!

BW: Now what?

GM: I'm not sure if I-

[The Gladiator starts shaking, trembling with intensity, his head rocking back and forth...]

GM: What's he... I think he's trying to break it!

[The Gladiator starts to grumble, muttering out loud as he tries to lift his arms like doing lateral dumbbell lifts...]

GM: He's trying to force his way out of this punishing hold! Can he do it?!

[As the crowd gets louder, The Gladiator starts to shake more, his own voice growing louder to match the fans...]

GM: The Gladiator's trying to fight his way out!

[The decibel level is going through the open roof as The Gladiator continues to power out of the hold, lifting his arms, causing Oni's grip to loosen!]

GM: My stars! He's doing it! He's doing it!

BW: Where the heck is he getting the strength to do this?!

GM: I have no idea but he's-

[The crowd EXPLODES as The Gladiator completes his escape, breaking Oni's hands apart...]

...to which the Demon responds by headbutting him!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: He should slap the bearhug back on him and make him do the whole thing again!

[Grabbing The Gladiator around the head and neck, Oni hurls him towards the ropes where he bounces off...]

...and CONNECTS with a running clothesline!]

GM: Big running clothesline by the Gladiator rocks Oni!

[The Gladiator runs to the ropes again, coming back strong...]

GM: And another!

[Oni is wobbling now, arms pinwheeling in the air as the Gladiator hits the ropes a third time. He rebounds back...

...and ducks under Oni's attempt to chop him down, hitting the far ropes...]

GM: Gladiator off the back side!

[The added speed gives The Gladiator enough momentum to BLAST Oni across the chest with a third clothesline. Oni steps back, wobbling...

...and drops down to a knee!]

GM: HE DROPPED HIM! HE DROPPED THE DEMON!

BW: No, no, no! Oni's only down to a knee! He hasn't taken him all the way down!

GM: Not yet but... he's going up on the ropes again!

BW: Because it worked so well last time?!

[The Gladiator steps up on the second rope, arms stretched to sky, drawing power from the cheering fans and the heavens above...

...and LEAPS OFF, connecting with a flying clothesline that does indeed topple the kneeling KING Oni! The crowd ERUPTS into cheers!]

GM: HE DID IT! HE FLOORED HIM! HE FLOORED KING ONI!

[With Oni down on the mat, The Gladiator crawls on top of him, reaching back to loosely hook a massive leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! ONI KICKS OUT! ONI KICKS OUT!

[The Gladiator rolls off, burying his head in his hands as the crowd groans with disappointment. Outside the ring, Harrison Fawcett, soaked with sweat, is fanning himself rapidly, turning red in the face as he watches the action unfold.]

GM: Harrison Fawcett thought it was over right there! You can see it in his eyes, Bucky!

BW: No way. The good Doctor's got the utmost confidence in KING Oni!

[Climbing off the mat, The Gladiator raises his arm, dropping an elbow down on the chest.]

GM: Elbowdrop!

[He gets back up, dropping a second one...]

GM: Another!

[A third follows... then a fourth... then a fifth... and finally a sixth before the Gladiator attempts another cover!]

GM: Will a half dozen elbow drops be enough?!

[The Gladiator again hooks the leg as the referee goes to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But again, Oni powers out, shoving The Gladiator off of him!]

GM: No, no! Not enough! It's not enough to keep the Demon down for a three count!

[The Gladiator slowly gets back to his feet, looking down at Oni as the Demon struggles to get back up.]

GM: What's it going to take? What can the Gladiator do to finish off KING Oni?!

[The Gladiator starts running in place, lifting his legs high...]

GM: Look at the energy still coursing through the veins of The Gladiator!

[As Oni gets to a knee, the Gladiator dashes to the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Oni's back up and- SPEAR! SPEAR!

[Throwing himself violently into the torso of KING Oni, the Gladiator knocks him back down to the canvas!]

GM: He threw himself into that spear tackle but... he's not going for the cover!

[Climbing back to his feet, The Gladiator waves for Oni to get up before pumping his arms towards the Houston sky, running in place once more. The crowd is roaring, encouraging the Gladiator to finish off the Demon as Oni starts to stir, moving a little slower than last time as Doctor Harrison Fawcett raises the crystal over his head, shouting at Oni in Japanese from the floor.]

GM: Fawcett's pleading with Oni to get back in this. He's trying, getting back up again...

BW: A normal man wouldn't get up from that spear from The Gladiator but the Demon is no mere mortal man!

[As Oni struggles to retake his feet, The Gladiator breaks into a dash again, hitting the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: BOOM!

[...and takes Oni off his feet with a second spear tackle! The crowd roars, encouraging the Gladiator to make a cover but he shakes his head, climbing back to his feet again.]

GM: What in the world?

BW: He must not think it's enough!

[The Gladiator, on his feet, gestures again for Oni to get up, waving his arm at him as Fawcett pulls himself up on the apron, leaning through the ropes, shouting at Oni more heatedly.]

GM: Doctor Harrison Fawcett is beside himself, fans! He's screaming for Oni to get up, begging him to get up!

[Oni slowly rolls to a hip, causing The Gladiator to look out on the crowd, pumping both arms up and down towards the sky before running in place once more.]

GM: The Gladiator's got all the power of these fans behind him! Cheering him on! Supporting him! And as KING Oni struggles to get off the mat, The Gladiator looks to strike one more time!

[Oni pushes to a knee, barely able to keep his head up as The Gladiator runs to the ropes, bouncing off them. He runs PAST the rising Oni to hit the ropes behind him. He runs past Oni a second time, hitting the original set of ropes again, building a maximum amount of speed...]

GM: The Gladiator charging in!

[...and he LEAPS into the air, driving every bit of his power into the midsection of KING Oni, toppling the 517 pound Demon and putting him flat on his back once again.

And this time, The Gladiator covers, hooking the leg.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[A crest-fallen Fawcett is still on the apron, leaning through the ropes. His jaw has dropped at the sight of his fallen Demon.]

GM: The Gladiator has done it! The Irresistible Force has conquered the Immovable Object! Incredible!

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... THEEEEEEE GLAAAAADIATORRRRRRRRR!

[The Gladiator rises off the mat, head thrown back to look at the sky above as the Minute Maid Park crowd roars in salute to their victorious hero.]

GM: What a win! Many thought it couldn't be done, Bucky, including you!

BW: Hey, I'll admit that. The Gladiator has shocked me here tonight... and by the looks of things, he's shocked Doctor Harrison Fawcett as well.

[Fawcett is still leaning through the ropes, looking on in disbelief at what just happened. He climbs through the ropes into the ring, looking down on KING Oni who hasn't moved yet. The crystal is still in his hand.]

GM: The Gladiator heading to the corner... stepping up on the second rope...

[With the crowd cheering him on, The Gladiator raises his arms above his head. The camera pivots around him, showing his powerful frame mounted on the second rope with the crowd roaring behind him.]

GM: And now the Gladiator is thanking all these fans here in Minute Maid Park and all over the world for supporting him!

[He drops down, walking across the ring to climb onto another set of turnbuckles, raising his arms above his head...]

GM: The crowd here in Houston is on their feet, paying tribute to The Gladiator and... what is Harrison Fawcett doing to KING Oni?

[The cheering crowd starts to jeer as Fawcett stands over Oni, shouting and screaming at his fallen charge. The Gladiator walks past him, climbing a third set of turnbuckles to salute the fans.]

GM: Harrison Fawcett is absolutely SCREAMING at Oni.

BW: I'm not sure that's a wise thing to do.

GM: Neither am I but Fawcett is reading him the riot act... telling him how he embarrassed him... how he failed him...

[The Gladiator drops down, heading for the final set of buckles...

...and steps right behind Doctor Harrison Fawcett who backs right into his muscular chest to a HUGE cheer!]

GM: Uh oh!

[Fawcett slowly turns around, looking up at The Gladiator who tilts his head, appraising the situation...

...and as the good Doctor rapidly tries to swing the crystal up in front of his face, The Gladiator acts, scooping him up in his arms and pressing him straight up over his head!]

GM: OH MY STARS! HE'S GOT FAWCETT UP! HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[The Gladiator turns, showing his prize to all four sides of the crowd, stepping away from Oni to the middle of the ring...

...and then drops Fawcett down, catching him on his shoulder and DRIVING him into the canvas with a thunderous powerslam!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! HE PLANTS HIM INTO THE MAT!

[The crowd gets even louder as The Gladiator pushes back to his feet, looking down at the motionless Fawcett on the canvas!]

GM: And The Gladiator may have just made sure we've seen the last of the Fawcett family for quite some time, fans!

[The shot cuts down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: We said it would be an epic encounter and it lived up to the hype as the Irresistible Force conquers the Immovable Object right here tonight in Houston, Texas! And I've gotta believe, Bucky, that a win over KING Oni might propel The Gladiator into a whole lot of conversations surrounding a future title shot for this great warrior.

BW: Ugh. Can you imagine a lunatic like this representing the company?

GM: You bet I can and I love the thought of it!

[While Gordon and Bucky were bantering, The Gladiator has made his way up the aisle towards the stage. He stops at the top of the ramp, turning to look back at the cheering crowd...

...and then thrusts his arms skyward once more, reaching up into the sky as he looks up!]

GM: The Gladiator perhaps paying tribute to the Gods above!

BW: Seven save us.

GM: KING Oni is still down. Harrison Fawcett is still down. And... huh...

BW: What?

GM: Where in the world did Anton Layton and The Lost Boy go?

BW: I've got a better question for you, Gordo.

GM: What's that?

BW: Where did the crystal go?

[There's a moment of silence from the announcers as The Gladiator turns his back to the crowd, walking back towards the locker room as the crowd continues to cheer..

...and we fade to pre-recorded footage of Sweet Lou Blackwell who sits behind a large desk. Beside him is a rotary dial phone. Yeah, there are apparently some of those still around.]

SLB: Some people accused me of not wanting to change with the times. That some things were better left in the past.

[He raises his arm and swats the rotary phone away. It falls to the ground before him with a clatter.]

SLB: And the more I've thought about it... they were right!

[He pulls from underneath the desk... a smartphone!]

SLB: I have officially upgraded, folks!

[The camera cuts to a smartphone screen and the shot moves in closer to see an icon featuring Sweet Lou's face imposed over an AWA logo. Beneath it are the words:

"SWEET LOU'S HOTLINE.]

V/O: That's right, AWA fans, Sweet Lou Blackwell's hotline is going high tech! Get on Google Play and iTunes and look for the Sweet Lou's Hotline app! Download it today and you can stay on top of all the latest rumors, gossip and breaking news, delivered only by Sweet Lou Blackwell! Plus exclusive interviews and plenty of insights from Sweet Lou about the latest developments in the AWA and the history of pro wrestling!

[We cut back to Sweet Lou at the desk.]

SLB: It's a free app, but kids, don't forget to get your parents' permission before you download!

[He looks down at the smartphone and seems puzzled.]

SLB: Um... can someone tell me how to set up the wifi connection again?

[Fade to black...

...and through black up onto more pre-recorded footage - maybe cell phone footage from the looks of it. This time, we're in a pretty slick looking gym. It might be a MMA gym judging by the amount of boxing bags hanging from the ceiling and the ring in the background. Speaking of in the background, we see "Flawless" Larry Wallace standing in that ring. More accurately, he's running in place in a pair of grey shorts and no shirt, revealing he's got quite the sweat going on. A harsh voice shouts out "DOWN!" and Wallace obliges, dropping down into a pushup position for a handful of pushups before "UP!" rings out and he leaps back to his feet to begin running in place again.

In the foreground, we're watching this over the shoulders of two men that are out of focus. One keeps his eyes locked on the ring as he says - barely audibly...]

"Is he ready?"

[The other turns, looking at the first. This one is Hamilton Graham, former World Champion and all-around legend. He smirks as he pulls a cigarette out of his mouth.]

HG: What do you think?

[We cut back to the ring where another "DOWN!" has just happened. Larry Wallace is firing off push-ups when a whistle rings out. The pot-bellied older man in the ring who bears a striking resemblance to Wallace lashes out with a kick to the wrist, kicking the arm out from under Wallace and sending him facefirst to the canvas. The older man barks instructions from above.]

"Always be ready!"

[He tries a stomp that Wallace rolls away from.]

"Always expect the unexpected!"

[He drops a heavy elbow down towards Wallace who rolls away from that too, causing the older man to slam down on the mat with a grunt. Wallace rolls to a knee, looking down.]

FLW: You okay, pops?

["Battlin'" Burt Wallace looks up at his son with a nod.]

BBW: Help me up?

[Larry reaches down to Burt, grabbing him by the arm, hauling him to his feet...

...where Burt pulls him into a headbutt to the mouth, leaving Larry staggered!]

BBW: What did I just say, boy?

[Burt pushes Larry back against the ropes, hauling off and smashing a forearm down across the chest.]

BBW: You think O'Connor will hesitate to put you down? You're wrong!

[Another forearm shot!]

BBW: You gotta think like a Wallace!

[A third one leaves Larry gasping for air. A whistle sounds and Burt pauses in mid-swing. He walks away angrily.]

BBW: Maybe you're not ready after all.

["Flawless" Larry Wallace leans over, spitting a mouthful of blood from his now-split lip on the canvas.]

FLW: Where you going, old man?

[Burt Wallace freezes, turning around.]

BBW: What did you call me?

[Larry Wallace rubs the back of his hand across his split lip, wiping the blood off for the moment.]

FLW: You heard me.

[And with that, "Battlin'" Burt Wallace comes tearing across the ring towards his son who front rolls out of the way. Burt hits the buckles, pivoting to pursue...

...and gets a dropkick right on the mouth, knocking him down to the mat. Wallace grabs the top rope, stomping his father in the ribs once... twice... three times, forcing him out to the floor.]

FLW: You don't think I'm ready?! I was BORN ready! Because I'm your son! And from the minute I could walk, you trained me to fight! From the minute I made my first friend in the neighborhood, you trained me to expect him to stab me in the back! And from the day I saw your first match, you trained me to hate the O'Connors... to hate the Lynches... to hate them all!

So, if you don't think I'm ready, you get your fat ass back in this ring and I'll show you just how ready I am!

[Wallace kicks the ropes angrily, stalking across the ring.

We cut back to the foreground where Hamilton Graham takes a long drag on the cigarette, turning to look to the other man again.]

HG: He's ready.

[Without a response, the other man walks out of the shadows into the light, revealing the former two-time World Champion, Supreme Wright. Wallace, seeing Wright for the first time, looks down at his former trainer and actually seems to snap to attention, his back straight as an arrow. Wright looks up at Wallace, taking his measure.]

SW: You know what you need to do.

[It's not a question, it's a statement. Wallace looks down at Wright, their eyes meeting for a long moment before Wallace gives a nod.]

FLW: Yes, sir.

[Wright holds the gaze...

...and gives the slightest of nods before turning to make his exit, walking out of the camera's shot as we fade to black.

And then back up to live action with Mark Stegglet standing alongside Bobby O'Connor who is dressed for action. The shot sends a loud cheer through the Minute Maid Park crowd, bringing a smile to Bobby's face before Stegglet begins speaking.]

MS: Bobby O'Connor, listen to that reaction here in Houston! That's gotta get you pumped just moments before you head down that aisle to take on your former tag team partner and friend, "Flawless" Larry Wallace!

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: Of course it does, Mark. From the day that I stepped foot in the AWA, these fans and I have had a special relationship - a bond that's stronger than oak. They love me and I love them right back and no matter how many times I hear them react like that for me, it sends a chill right up my spine every single time.

MS: That said, Bobby, you're not the only one with a match here tonight. You've got friends all over this card in some very tough battles.

BOC: Mark, it wouldn't be SuperClash if it wasn't a night of tough battles. We've already seen two tough ones... how 'bout that Gladiator, huh?

[Bobby shakes his head, whistling between his teeth.]

BOC: Supernova fighting for the title later... Travis in the biggest match of his life against Juan Vasquez... Air Strike trying to get the gold back... Ryan and Mr. Carver... Julie Somers... you know, Julie and I don't know each other very well but I admire her spirt... I admire her fire... heck, she reminds me a little bit of me when I first landed here. I wish her all the best tonight too.

[Stegglet arches an eyebrow.]

MS: Bobby, I notice you didn't mention your... former tag team partner?

[Bobby shakes his head with a smile.]

BOC: You noticed that, huh? Well, first thing's first, Mark... you can cut that whole "former" thing. Jack is my brother and Jack is my partner. The TexMo Connection is gonna be around until one of us can't walk anymore.

MS: If Supreme Wright has his way, that happens tonight.

BOC: Supreme Wright. Supreme Wright wants a lot of things to happen, Mark. He wants Jack to suffer. He wants Jack's wife to suffer. He wants Jack's family to suffer. He even wants my little niece to suffer. But I know Jack Lynch as well as any man walking God's green Earth and I can tell you right now that the only suffering that's going to be going on tonight is Supreme Wright when Jack gets his hands on him and takes out a year's worth of torment in that ring.

MS: That may be true but as we just saw, Supreme Wright also has taken an interest in YOUR match here tonight... and that video was sent to us by e-mail so you better believe that SOMEONE wanted us to see it. Is it a warning?

[Bobby chuckles.]

BOC: Just when you think Larry Wallace can't sink any lower, he does. Of course it's a warning, Mark. It's Wallace trying to get in my head to make me think about anyone BUT him. He's got Hamilton Graham out there. He's training with his old man, Burt Wallace. He's attacked my father. And heck, maybe he's going back to his Team Supreme ways. But tonight, all that's over, Wallace. Tonight, you find out why they called me "Bunkhouse" back where we come from.

[The fan favorite grimaces, sighing.]

BOC: You and I... we didn't work as a team and honestly, Larry, I'm sorry about that. I wish it had worked out.

But I will NEVER apologize for the success I've found since then. I will NEVER apologize for finding my way to Mr. Carver. I will NEVER apologize for becoming friends with Ryan and Jack and all the rest.

I will NEVER apologize for winning the Rumble and earning myself a World Title shot that I plan on cashing in in the very near future.

[Bobby lifts a finger, pointing at the camera.]

BOC: And after what you did to my father...

[O'Connor grimaces, shaking his head.]

BOC: I will NEVER apologize for what I'm about to do to you.

[The fan favorite turns, making his exit as the fans inside the stadium cheer.]

MS: Alright, Bobby O'Connor is on a mission tonight here in Houston! Bucky, Gordon... back to you!

[Crossfade out to another drone shot of Minute Maid Park, lights swirling over the crowd. The day's sky is giving way to twilight and soon, darkness will cover the stadium and the fans within it. The Houston skyline is in the background as Gordon and Bucky begin to speak.]

GM: Thanks, Mark... and as we look out on this beautiful vista here in Houston, you've gotta believe that Bobby O'Connor is on a mission here tonight, Bucky. We're talking about a man who has assaulted O'Connor at every opportunity AND went after his father to boot!

[Cut to Gordon and Bucky seated at their table.]

BW: Sure, sure... O'Connor's upset and rightfully so but is he ready? Has he been training for this match like Larry Wallace has or has he been too busy helping Ryan Martinez train for his? Has all this drama with Jack Lynch got him thinking about other things because I can promise you, if O'Connor isn't focused on Wallace, the Flawless One will turn his lights out real quick.

GM: And what about this video... this mysterious video of Wallace's training session being observed by Supreme Wright. What's that all about, Bucky?

BW: For once, I've got no idea, Gordo... but if Wright was involved in getting Wallace ready for this one, you know something's up.

GM: Phil Watson, take it away!

[Cut 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...

[V.I.C.'s "Flawless" kicks in over the PA system to big jeers from the Minute Maid Park crowd.]

PW: Now residing in Miami, Florida... weighing in at 233 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by the legendary Hamilton Graham...

"FLAAAAAAWLESS"
LAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRYYYYYY
WAAAAAAAAALLLLLLAAAAAAAAACE!

[The curtain parts as Larry Wallace, sporting reflective red sunglasses on his face and a white towel around his neck, saunters into view. He's wearing a golden double strapped singlet that extends down to mid-thigh with "FLAWLESS" written in script across his abdomen. His well-toned upper body is glistening with baby oil as he nods at the cameraman, gesturing to himself as Hamilton Graham walks out behind him, shouting at the jeering fans to "SHOW SOME RESPECT!"]

GM: "Flawless" Larry Wallace is making his SuperClash debut here tonight in Houston, Texas... and by my estimation, he's got his work cut out for him, Bucky.

BW: He certainly does. Bobby O'Connor's got more experience on the big match stage. He's likely also got an edge in the brawling department but you can't count Larry Wallace out because he's got the great equalizer.

GM: Which is?

BW: The BEST dropkick in the world, daddy!

GM: Oh, brother.

[Wallace reaches the ring, pulling himself up on the apron. He leans back against the ropes, gesturing at himself as Graham takes his spot in the corner. The Flawless One throws the towel behind his back, allowing Graham to snatch it out of the sky as he hops through the ropes with a flourish, going into a full spin once he's inside the ring...

...and snatches the mic away from Phil Watson.]

FLW: I'll take it from here, jack!

[The crowd jeers as an annoyed Phil Watson backs away. Wallace smirks, looking out on the massive crowd.]

FLW: My name...

[The crowd's jeers pick up in volume, cutting off the Flawless One who sneers.]

FLW: My name...

[And even louder, drowning out Wallace's attempts to introduce himself. Hamilton Graham is pacing the ringside area, shouting at the first few rows to "SIT DOWN AND SHUT UP!"]

FLW: MY NAME... IS LARRY... WALLACE!

[The boos pour down on the second generation star as he smirks at the crowd's reaction.]

FLW: AND I AM... ABSOLUTELY... FLAWLESS!

[He lowers the mic, spreading his arms wide in a pose as the fans roar their disapproval. He holds the pose for a few seconds... okay, maybe a bit longer than that. When he finally lowers his arms, he's looking agitated.]

FLW: They tell me this is a record-breaking crowd here tonight in Houston...

[The crowd cheers for themselves!]

FLW: Oh, and I can tell that it's true. You people break a whole bunch of records. For instance, most people who looked at going to high school and thought, "Nah, I'm good!" That's a record you people break!

[And here comes the boos again.]

FLW: How about this one? Least amount of teeth per capita! Chewing tobacco is not your friend, jack!

[More boos!]

FLW: Oh, Mr. Graham will like this one... most people who believe that the Lynch family is more than a delusional, penny-pinching old man and his sons who are too dumb to stand on their own!

[Oh, that does it. The crowd is livid now. Who dares to judge the Lynches in Texas?! WHO!? Wallace is obviously enjoying the reaction.]

FLW: And of course, most people gathered in one place who have absolutely no understanding of what I'm about to do to their hero, Bobby O'Connor. So, "Boo Hoo Bobby", get yourself out here and let's show these people why I'm the BEST... DAMN... SECOND GENERATION STAR... in this business.

[Wallace tosses the mic behind his back, causing Phil Watson to drop it to laughter from Wallace. Watson picks it back up and continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening guitar riff from "Godzilla" by Blue Oyster Cult is heard as the crowd gets to their collective feet.]

PW: Weighing in at 265 pounds... from Jefferson City, Missouri... "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor!

[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: Bobby O'Connor continues to get better and better every time out and this year, Bucky, he won the annual Rumble match.

BW: Yeah, but he lost in the Stampede Cup tournament so I gotta think you chalk 2015 up as a failure for him.

GM: I don't think so.

BW: Losing a half a million dollars is nothing to sneeze at, Gordo.

[O'Connor slides under the ropes into the ring...

...and makes a beeline for Larry Wallace who quickly bails out through the ropes to the floor, shaking his head as O'Connor screams at him to get back inside the ring. Wallace waggles a finger at O'Connor, shaking his head no as Hamilton Graham comes over to converse with him.]

GM: Larry Wallace looks like he wants no part of Bobby O'Connor, Bucky!

BW: It's called a strategy, Gordo... and if Larry Wallace has been working out with his father "Battlin'" Burt Wallace, his mentor Hamilton Graham, and his FORMER teacher Supreme Wright, you better believe Wallace has got a good one here tonight.

GM: That remains to be seen and- O'Connor's going out after him!

[Wallace sees him coming and beats a quick retreat, running around the ringpost with O'Connor in hot pursuit. He slides under the ropes, popping up to his feet as O'Connor slides back in as well. Wallace greets O'Connor with a knee to the midsection, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip...

[Wallace throws himself at the feet of O'Connor, making him go up and over him. He pops back up in time to leapfrog his rebounding former tag team partner, sending him into the ropes a third time...

...and leaps up in the air with perfect extension of the body, aiming a dropkick at the face of O'Connor!]

GM: DROPKICK!

[But O'Connor hangs onto the ropes and Wallace goes crashing back down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! He went for it too early and O'Connor had it well-scouted!

[O'Connor rushes off the ropes, diving on top of Wallace with a loose side headlock, battering him in the ear with clenched fists.]

GM: O'Connor's right on him, smashing his fist into the side of the head!

[Wallace flails about, trying to escape...

...and does manage to break free, rolling back out to the floor again. He grabs at his ear, wincing as he walks over to Hamilton Graham who grabs him by the shoulders, steadying him...]

GM: Another strategy session out on the floor... but here comes O'Connor again!

[Wallace wobbles away as Graham puts himself between his charge and the incoming O'Connor who draws a fist back. Graham promptly backs off, hands raised as O'Connor stalks past him, pursuing Wallace around the ring as the fans cheer him on.]

GM: These fans want to see Bobby O'Connor get his hands on Larry Wallace in the worst possible way, Bucky!

[Again, Wallace walks swiftly around the ring, ducking under the ropes inside it as O'Connor follows. And again, Wallace catches him with a boot to the gut on the way in.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[This time, it's Wallace who goes into the ropes as O'Connor makes a dive at the feet, forcing Wallace to hop up and over, hitting the far ropes.]

GM: This seems vaguely familiar - oh! Leapfrog by O'Connor!

[And as Wallace rebounds for the final time, O'Connor takes flight with a dropkick that won't win any awards but it does put Wallace down on the mat where he rolls out to the floor again.]

GM: Dropkick on the button!

BW: Well, it wasn't the best dropkick in the world.

GM: Maybe not but it was certainly effective!

[Wallace AGAIN bails out of the ring to the jeers of the fans, slapping his hands down on the apron in frustration. He points angrily at O'Connor with a shout of "THAT'S MY MOVE!" before spinning away to converse with Hamilton Graham who is urgently trying to calm down his charge...

...which allows Bobby O'Connor to get a running start, hitting the far ropes...]

GM: O'Connor off the ropes!

["Bunkhouse" Bobby DRILLS Wallace in the back of the head with a baseball slide, knocking him facefirst down on the floor!]

GM: Oh my! He caught all of that!

[As O'Connor slides to the floor, Hamilton Graham gets right up in his face, shouting at the third generation star...]

GM: Hamilton Graham taking issue with what he's seen so far... really letting O'Connor have it for-

[O'Connor's not having any of it, winding up and BLASTING Graham between the eyes with an overhead elbowsmash, sending him wobbling back and crashing down on the ringside mats as well to a HUGE cheer!]

GM: DOWN GOES GRAHAM! DOWN GOES GRAHAM!

BW: You think this is hilarious, don't you?!

GM: I certainly do as Hamilton Graham hits the floor at ringside!

[O'Connor pumps a fist to the crowd, turning his attention back to Wallace.]

GM: O'Connor pulling Wallace up off-

[But Wallace hooks O'Connor by the front of the trunks, using the leverage to yank O'Connor forward...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHH! SHOULDERFIRST INTO THE STEEL BARRICADE!

[O'Connor slumps against the steel, grabbing at his right shoulder in pain. Wallace climbs up off the ringside mats, looking down at his fallen tag team partner...]

...and STOMPS the shoulder into the steel again... and again... and again.
O'Connor winces, continuing to try and shield the shoulder with his arm as Wallace pulls him off the floor, rolling him under the ropes inside the ring.]

GM: Wallace puts him back in... and as he follows him in, you've gotta believe he'll be targeting the arm.

BW: It's a smart move, Gordo. That arm is responsible for O'Connor's Fear The Reaper lariat so if Wallace can take that out of the equation, he'll greatly increase his chances of winning this match. In other words, a flawless strategy!

GM: Give me a break.

[Pulling O'Connor up, Wallace uses a snapmare to take him down into a seated position where he promptly slams the point of his elbow down onto the shoulder before jerking the right arm back into a standing armbar.]

GM: Armbar applied by Wallace who certainly does not lack in the technical skills department.

BW: He didn't get that from his old man, I promise you that.

GM: Absolutely not. The saying used to go that Burt Wallace never saw a face he didn't want to punch.

BW: That was his style in the ring - roughneck, bombs away, throw 'til your knuckles hurt.

GM: Wallace cranking back on the arm, asking referee Ricky Longfellow to check for a submission but I'm betting you'll have to do a lot more than that to get Bobby O'Connor to call it quits.

[Hearing a "no" from O'Connor, Wallace steps over the limb so that he's straddling it, his butt up against O'Connor temple, pulling up on it again.]

GM: Unusual armbar applied by Wallace, increasing the pressure on the elbow here.

[As O'Connor refuses to quit again, Wallace steps over so that he's facing the arm, pulling it up against his knee and drops down to the canvas, pinning the arm between his knee and the canvas. He grinds his kneecap back and forth on the bicep, causing the fan favorite to howl in pain to the irritation of the Houston fans who are letting Wallace have it.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor still hanging in there despite the assault on the arm after it hit the steel railing.

BW: Thanks to Larry Wallace.

GM: He certainly did have something to do with it, yes.

[Wallace breaks off his attack on the arm, striking his trademark pose to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Larry Wallace is wasting some valuable time here if you ask me. He should stay on the mat, keep going after the arm and shoulder.

[The Flawless One breaks out into a confident smirk at the jeering fans as he leans down, pulling O'Connor off the canvas. He grabs the right arm, twisting it around into a wristlock...

...and O'Connor fires off a left hand to the jaw!]

GM: O'Connor lands the left!

[Another one follows... and a third snaps Wallace's head back as he tries to keep his grip on the wrist...]

GM: O'Connor's trying to fight his way out of this and-

[Wallace unapologetically grabs a handful of O'Connor's hair, YANKING him off his feet and down to the canvas to jeers from the fans and an admonition from the official. Wallace lifts his hands, shaking his head...

...and then drops a knee down on the shoulder again!]

GM: Wallace continues to attack the shoulder...

[He grabs the wrist, extending the arm and dropping a leg across the bicep!]

GM: Ohh!

[Wallace rolls over into a lateral press, not bothering to hook a leg.]

GM: One! Two!

[But O'Connor slips out before the three count can come down.]

GM: Two count only as these two men who used to form a team called the Young Bloods continue to do battle here at SuperClash VII in Houston, Texas!

[Wallace grabs the arm, putting more pressure on it as he drags O'Connor to a knee. He switches to a handful of hair, hauling O'Connor to his feet...]

GM: Irish whip shoots him into the buckles.

[O'Connor comes staggering out of the corner where Wallace sets, hooking him under the arm and taking him over with a big hiptoss!]

GM: Hiptoss takes him down...

[Wallace breaks into a cartwheel, graceful and well-done, and then throws a low dropkick to the shoulder area, putting O'Connor back down on the mat, rolling to his stomach and grimacing in pain.]

GM: Was that the best dropkick in the world?

BW: Hmm. On a normal scale, I'd give it a 9.7... on the Wallace scale, maybe a 7.

GM: I see.

[Wallace leans over, extending the arm out from O'Connor's side...

...and DROPS a knee down into the shoulder joint!]

GM: Right back on the shoulder and you've got to admire the single-minded focus in this match by Wallace. He hurt the shoulder and ever since, he's been on that limb like white on rice.

BW: That's Hamilton Graham's influence... Supreme Wright too, I'd imagine.

[Still kneeling on the shoulder joint, Wallace grabs the wrist with both hands, pulling against the grain as O'Connor cries out in pain.]

GM: Oh my, look at the pressure on the shoulder right there!

BW: Not just the shoulder, Gordo - the wrist and the elbow as well. This is a very painful hold. The kind of thing that Supreme Wright would happily teach all his students.

GM: And apparently apply to a baby if you believe the garbage coming out of his mouth.

BW: You don't?

GM: Do I believe Supreme Wright would do just about anything to succeed? Yes. Do I believe he'd apply a potentially arm-breaking hold on a child as part of that? No.

BW: I heard Lynch wouldn't even let his daughter in the building tonight so he apparently believes it.

GM: I doubt that.

[As O'Connor refuses to give up again, Wallace climbs to his feet, holding the wrist in one hand...

...and KICKS the tricep!]

GM: Good grief!

[Dragging O'Connor off the mat by the arm, Wallace walks him over to the corner, pushing him into the buckles before hammering home a forearm across the sternum. A second one follows before Wallace wraps O'Connor's right arm over the top rope and then back under it, pulling on the limb as O'Connor tries to battle free!]

GM: Get him out of the corner, ref!

[O'Connor flails away, hammering Wallace with a trio of left hands to the skull, causing Wallace to fall back. The fan favorite pulls his arm free, giving it a shake that brings a wince to his face as Wallace moves back in...

...and gets a left back elbow up under the chin to a big cheer!]

GM: Oh! Bobby caught him coming in!

[Wallace staggers back again as O'Connor stays in the corner, grabbing at his shoulder.]

GM: O'Connor got a moment's respite but he's not able to take advantage of the situation. That shoulder's causing him all sorts of problems.

[Wallace shakes the cobwebs, moving back in again...]

GM: O'Connor's trying to shake some life into that right arm and-

[As Wallace steps towards him, O'Connor lashes out with a quick and stinging left jab to the jaw...]

GM: Oh! Sharp jab on the chin!

[The fiery fan favorite rifles them in, landing jab after jab after jab, sending Wallace backpedaling as O'Connor gives his right arm another shake before throwing it in a clothesline that takes Wallace off his feet...]

...but causes O'Connor to slump to his knees, grabbing his arm in pain.]

GM: He hit the clothesline but at what cost?!

BW: He went down immediately, Gordo. That arm's in bad shape!

GM: The right arm of Bobby O'Connor is giving him a lot of trouble in this one as we get close to the ten minute mark of this one.

BW: He's not gonna make it to the ten minute mark at this rate, Gordo.

GM: You could be right. The right arm is dangling useless at his side right now after connecting with that clothesline.

[Outside the ring, Hamilton Graham slaps the canvas, shouting in to Larry Wallace as the camera peers over his shoulder at both men being down on the mat.]

GM: The clothesline did some damage but Larry Wallace is starting to stir, climbing to his feet off the canvas...

[Wallace stumbles over towards the kneeling O'Connor... and SLAMS the point of his elbow down on the shoulder... and again... and again. O'Connor collapses forward, holding himself up on his hand and knees with one arm...]

...and Wallace ruthlessly kicks the other arm out from under him, putting O'Connor facefirst down on the mat.]

GM: Larry Wallace is in complete control of this one at this point and that's gotta feel good for him, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Think about their career paths since their tag team broke up. O'Connor went immediately into a mentorship with Hannibal Carver... then made buddies with the AWA's Golden Boys like the Lynches and Ryan Martinez. Larry Wallace got stuck on the sidelines and was going nowhere until Team Supreme took him in. Wallace feels like O'Connor stole his career, Gordo, and it's a hard point to argue against.

[Wallace grabs the right arm, flipping O'Connor over. Holding the wrist, he lifts his leg and STOMPS the shoulder joint. He keeps the arm trapped as he stomps the shoulder a half dozen times as the referee keeps checking to see if O'Connor wants to submit.]

GM: A brutal assault on the shoulder out of Larry Wallace... and he goes for a lateral press. One! Two! But that's all. O'Connor may have taken a tremendous amount of punishment to the arm but he continues to hang in there... he continues to fight.

BW: We've come to expect nothing less from the kid but staying in there and fighting can yield some bad results if you're getting physically dissected by your opponent.

GM: The kid from Jefferson City, Missouri has got a lot of heart, Bucky. The whole world will find out that when he challenges the winner of tonight's Main Event for the World Title in the near future.

BW: Maybe, maybe not. Can't wrestle for the World Title with a bum shoulder.

GM: Oh yeah? Ask Ryan Martinez about that one.

[Wallace lets go of the wrist, arrogantly walking around the ring, leaving his opponent down on the mat in agony. The fans are letting him have it but Wallace is returning the favor, shouting at faceless voices in the crowd.]

GM: Larry Wallace taking some time to berate our fans here in Houston... and I'm sure there's more than a few people out of their seats at home, off their couches yelling at the TV too.

[The Flawless One pauses to lean through the ropes, delivering a high five to Hamilton Graham who shouts "FINISH HIM OFF, KID!" to his charge. Wallace gives a nod, circling back to O'Connor.]

GM: And if Bobby O'Connor can't get back in the game here and quickly, Larry Wallace is going to score the biggest win of his career tonight at SuperClash.

[Wallace drags O'Connor off the mat by the right arm, twisting it around and backing him up into the ropes...]

GM: Irish whip...

[Wallace dives at the feet of O'Connor, causing him to hurdle over before hitting a second set of ropes...]

GM: Leapfrog by Wallace... getting set for...

[And as O'Connor rebounds again, Wallace leaps into the air, getting incredible height and extension as he lashes out with both feet to the jaw of his former tag team partner!]

GM: DROPKICK!

BW: No, no! THE BEST DROPKICK IN THE WORLD!

[Wallace pops up to his knees, arms raised as he crawls towards O'Connor, applying a lateral press...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[...but O'Connor's left shoulder comes flying off the canvas JUST in time!]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT!

[Wallace's jaw is dropped, totally in shock as he looks at the official in disbelief.]

GM: O'Connor kicks out of the so-called Best Dropkick in the World! Larry Wallace is in shock!

BW: No time for shock, kid. Get up and finish him!

[Hamilton Graham is shouting the same thing at Wallace who slowly gets up, running a hand through his hair, looking around the ring.]

GM: I'm not sure he knows what else to do!

[Wallace approaches O'Connor, pulling him up by the hair. He walks him to the corner, bashing his head into the top turnbuckle. Turning him around, he lights up O'Connor with a big chop... and another... and a third...]

GM: Chops in the corner... here comes the whip!

[Wallace fires O'Connor across the ring where he hits the buckles...

...and comes charging back out, leaping into the air, and SMASHES his right shoulder into Wallace with a flying shouldertackle!]

GM: OHHH! O'CONNOR WIPES HIM OUT!!

BW: But he used the bum shoulder to do it! What a stupid move by the dumb kid!

[O'Connor rolls to his back, holding his shoulder as Wallace rolls under the ropes, dropping down to the floor...]

BW: And on the contrary, look at the brilliant move by Larry Wallace! He knew he was in trouble and knew that he needed to get the heck out of the ring before O'Connor had a chance to cover! A perfect piece of knowing exactly where you are inside the ring at all times and taking advantage of it!

[Graham rushes to the side of Wallace, kneeling down next to him on the ringside mats.]

GM: Hamilton Graham with some advice for Larry Wallace who thought he had it won with that dropkick and then kind of imploded, Bucky.

BW: That was inexperience right there. An experienced pro wrestler knows that even their biggest weapon might get kicked out of sometimes. You always have to have a Plan B in your back pocket... and you're right, Gordo. When the dropkick didn't get the three, Wallace seemed in a panic... like he didn't know what to do next.

[Grabbing his shoulder, O'Connor sits up. He throws a quick glance around, climbing to his feet as the crowd cheers him on.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor is up and he's looking for Larry Wallace!

[Out on the floor, Wallace has gotten to all fours and with Hamilton Graham still talking to him, he's crawling alongside the apron towards the ringpost.]

GM: Wallace is trying to get back to his feet but O'Connor is coming for him!

[Approaching the corner, O'Connor looks over the ropes, spotting Wallace who is using the ringpost to climb to his feet. The fan favorite leans through the ropes, grabbing at Wallace with his left hand but Wallace slips around the post, avoiding it.]

GM: Larry Wallace trying to stay away from O'Connor who is trying to drag him back inside the ring...

[Having changed positions, Wallace's movement causes O'Connor to reach out with his right arm to grab him...

...which is exactly what he planned, grabbing the right wrist...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[He swings the arm, SLAMMING the crook of the arm into the steel ringpost! O'Connor immediately slumps, falling down against the turnbuckles, grabbing his arm as Wallace steps up on the apron, ducking through the ropes...

...where he immediately starts stomping the shoulder, forcing O'Connor down on his face on the mat. The referee steps in, forcing Wallace to step back...]

GM: Get in there, referee!

BW: He's there! What more do you want?

GM: Wait a second! WAIT A SECOND!

[With the referee's back turned, Hamilton Graham grabs both wrists of O'Connor...

...and JERKS his right shoulder into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL! RIGHT INTO THE STEEL RINGPOST!

BW: They planned all that out, Gordo! Hamilton Graham was talking to Larry Wallace on the floor and I GUARANTEE you that they planned every single bit of that out right there! Hah! I love it when a plan comes together!

[With O'Connor down on the mat, Wallace pushes past the referee, grabbing an ankle and dragging O'Connor away from the corner, diving into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as O'Connor's left shoulder pops off the mat in time!]

BW: WHAT?!

[Wallace angrily slams his fists down into the mat, pounding them into the canvas as the crowd cheers the resiliency of one of their favorite sons.]

GM: O'Connor kicks out! O'Connor with the heart of a lion, kicking out of another pinning situation!

BW: How?! How does he keep doing that?!

GM: Guts, determination, the love of these fans here in Houston and all around the world!

BW: Horse manure! That's all garbage to me, Gordo!

[Wallace climbs off the mat, burying his face in his hands for a moment...

...and then leans down, dragging O'Connor off the mat...]

GM: Wallace pulls him- left hand!

[O'Connor's big left stuns Wallace. A second one spins him around as O'Connor hooks a loose side headlock with his left arm, running towards the corner, leaping up...

...and DRIVING Wallace facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: BULLDOG! BULLDOG HEADLOCK!

[O'Connor's right arm hangs helplessly at his side as he uses his left, flipping Wallace onto his back, diving across him with a complete inability to hook a leg with his right arm.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But this time, it's Wallace who kicks out, breaking the three count.]

GM: Two! Two! Only two!

[O'Connor pushes up off the mat, pain on his face as he climbs to his feet with the aid of the ropes. He moves back in on Wallace, pulling him up by the hair, and uses a left-handed chop to send him into the corner.]

GM: O'Connor's having to use his off hand for everything... big left uppercut snaps Wallace's head back!

[Grabbing the right wrist with one hand, O'Connor uses a really sloppy one-handed whip to send Wallace across the ring. The move doesn't have a lot of impact, allowing Wallace to bump the buckles and come charging back out...

...but O'Connor lifts him by the leg with one arm, hoisting him skyward and dropping him facefirst on the canvas!]

GM: FLAPJACK!

BW: He didn't get all of it though! Not enough height! Not enough speed! Not enough impact!

[A weary O'Connor rolls Wallace onto his back, trying a cover anyways but only gets two again.]

GM: Still just a two and Bobby O'Connor is getting desperate.

BW: Darn right he's getting desperate. How much offense can someone manage with one arm... and their off arm to boot?! He's going to have dig deep and find something unexpected if he wants to finish off the Flawless One!

[O'Connor takes the mount, pounding Wallace with left hands that don't seem to have a ton of impact as Wallace covers up.]

GM: O'Connor's left arm isn't getting the level of damage he needs to win this thing. You're right, Bucky... he might need to dig deep and-

[Dragging Wallace off the mat, O'Connor rockets him facefirst into the top turnbuckle again. He grabs the wrist again, getting a little more mustard on it this time, sending Wallace crashing into the buckles where he staggers back out...

...and O'Connor clenches his teeth, giving his right arm a shake.]

GM: What's he-?!

[The gutsy fan favorite comes charging out of the corner, raising his right arm...]

GM: FEAR THE REAPER!

[O'Connor leaps into the air, lashing out with the crooked arm lariat to the throat of his former tag team partner...

...and hits the canvas screaming in pain, rolling back and forth, clutching his arm!]

GM: Oh... oh my stars.

BW: O'Connor with a gutsy move... but a dumb one if you ask me!

GM: He was running out of options and decided to use that right arm... he decided to try and finish things off with the one move he knew would do it... but in the process, he appears to have hurt his arm even worse!

BW: He got most of that lariat though! Wallace is out if O'Connor can cover!

GM: I'm not sure he can. O'Connor seems to be in a tremendous amount of pain, clutching that arm and shoulder. He may have caused some serious damage by using that lariat with the injured arm, Bucky.

BW: Like I said... gutsy but dumb.

[We cut to a shot over the shoulder of Hamilton Graham as he pounds his fist into the mat, shouting at the Flawless One to get up and finish off O'Connor but right now, both men are down as the official stands over them.]

GM: And it looks like Ricky Longfellow is about to start a double count on the two downed competitors. It would be a terrible way to end this match but...

[The official does indeed start his ten count as Wallace lies flat on his back staring up at the lights and O'Connor in on his stomach, clutching his arm.]

GM: Remember, fans, if one or both of these competitors don't make it to their feet before the count of ten, this match is over.

BW: A double countout is like getting socks for Christmas. You better remember that in about a month, Gordo. I want a real gift from you this year.

GM: I'll see what I can do.

[The count hits three with neither man showing any sign they're getting up to their feet. The referee slows, taking his time to check both competitors before counting again.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow is going to give these guys as much time as needed to get off the mat and keep this fight going. It's SuperClash and no one wants to see a match end like this.

BW: We say that now but we don't know that for sure, Gordo. We've got four guest referees we're going to see tonight. Who knows what they want?

GM: An excellent point, Bucky, and we're going to see our first guest referee of the night in our World Television Title match which is coming up next.

[The count is up to five as Graham is hammering his fist repeatedly into the apron now, screaming with his gravel-throated voice at Larry Wallace who finally seems to hear him, rolling to a hip, trying to shake his head and clear the cobwebs.]

GM: Wallace making his move, trying to shake off the Fear The Reaper lariat...

[The Flawless One rolls to a knee as the count goes to six.]

BW: Up to six already. Wallace needs to get up and get up now.

GM: He's trying... and in the meantime, Bobby O'Connor has managed to get his left arm under him, trying to push up off the mat.

BW: Good luck with that.

[Wallace pushes up off the mat, stumbling and falling into the ropes as the referee signals that he's up. He wobbles across the ring towards Bobby O'Connor, pulling his former partner up by the hair...]

...and narrowly avoids a wildly thrown left hand by O'Connor, trying to defend himself. But as O'Connor sails past, Wallace lifts him up in a belly-to-back suplex...]

GM: Wallace lifts!

[...and drops him down across a bent knee in a devastating backbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

[Wallace swings his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as he dives across O'Connor's heaving chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! O'CONNOR KICKS OUT! OH MY STARS!

[Wallace stares incredulously at the referee, shaking his head in disbelief.]

GM: Wallace thought he had him!

BW: Of course he did! Why wouldn't he?!

GM: O'Connor's gotta be running on fumes at this point as Wallace drags him off the mat by the arm... oh! He gives it a hard yank, putting more strain on it!

[Backing O'Connor into the corner by the arm, Wallace takes aim, going for an Irish whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

BW: How did he reverse that with one arm?!

[Wallace hits the buckles, stumbling out towards O'Connor who sets for a backdrop...

...but Wallace slams on the brakes, hooking O'Connor by the tights...]

GM: NO!

[...and ROCKETS him shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wallace pulls him from the corner by the tights, dragging him down into a schoolboy rollup.]

GM: He's got him down! ONE!!

[The camera gets a clear shot of Wallace hooking a handful of tights.]

GM: TWO!!!

[Wallace hangs on tight, using the extra leverage to keep his former friend's shoulders on the mat as the referee raises his hand for the third and perhaps final time...]

GM: THREEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Wow! Wallace wins! Larry Wallace has... that's a major upset if you ask me.

BW: It has to be, Gordo. I don't think there's a sports book in the country that had Wallace winning this one. And if you did, you just hit a jackpot, daddy!

GM: Wallace went after the shoulder and arm early and once it was hurt, he just kept going after it. Of course, he had to use a handful of tights to get the final win-

BW: I think the shot into the post did the trick, Gordo, the trunks was just the insurance policy.

GM: I see. The celebration is on, Larry Wallace and Hamilton Graham celebrating this huge victory over... well, to be frank, over a guy who said he was going into the next Saturday Night Wrestling to challenge for the World Heavyweight Title. What does this mean for that title opportunity?

BW: It's a guaranteed title shot. He could lose every match til Christmas and still cash it in when he wants to, Gordo.

GM: I know but- I'm deeply concerned about Bobby O' Connor's condition. He may have suffered a severe arm injur-

[Before Gordon can complete his thought, Minute Maid Park ERUPTS in a massive chorus of boos as they see Supreme Wright, dressed in a black tracksuit with gold trim, making his way to the ring!]

GM: Wait a minute! It's Supreme Wright!

BW: You saw the footage with Wright and Graham talking earlier, Gordo! He told Larry Wallace he knew what had to be done and this must be what he meant!

GM: But why's he out here!?

BW: We're about to find out, daddy!

[As Wright walks towards the ring, he crosses paths with Graham and Wallace, who stops to stare at his former trainer. Wright drops his usual stone-faced expression for a moment and grins at Wallace, patting his former charge on the shoulder and audibly saying "You did good." as Wallace nods and makes his exit with Graham. Wright then returns his attention back towards the ring and slides right in.]

GM: Did you hear him? Wright told Wallace, "You did good!"

BW: Didn't he? O'Connor's at Wright's complete mercy!

GM: That's what I'm worried about. I don't think Supreme Wright knows a single thing about showing mercy!

[Wright looks down at O'Connor for a split-second, but without the slightest hesitation, he goes right into action, grabbing Bobby's left arm and shoving his face into the canvas. From there, he seats himself on the mat, entangling O'Connor's left arm beneath his right leg and twisting it into a hammerlock, locking it into place with his waist. O'Connor yells out in pain, but Wright is quick to grab O'Connor's injured right arm as he struggles, pulling it back into a modified armbar and trapping it beneath his right armpit. With his one free arm, Wright reaches into his left pocket...and produces a microphone.]

SW: You're in quite the predicament at the moment, Mr. O'Connor.

[Bobby tries to struggle, but Wright applies the slightest pressure, causing him to scream out in pain.]

SW: Please don't move, Mr. O'Connor. I've placed you into an omoplata and an armbar. I assure you, I can make this so much more painful for you.

[As the day begins to turn to night, Supreme Wright turns his attention towards the crowd.]

SW: Allow me to tell you a story...

[A huge roar of boos greets that announcement from Wright, unappreciative of his jab at Jack Lynch.]

SW: It began one year ago to this day. A Champion, the greatest the AWA had ever seen, had the one thing that meant most to him in the world taken away from him by your White Knight.

MY World Heavyweight title.

[Wright's eyes grow wide...wild with rage at the memory.]

SW: But the proud Champion made a vow. Until he chose to regain HIS World Heavyweight title, he would take away the things most precious to The White Knight.

[Supreme looks down at O'Connor with a look of contempt and wrenches back on his right arm, drawing another pained scream from the Rumble winner. The slightest of smirks forms on his face as he watches O'Connor in agony.]

SW: His Family.

[Just then, the crowd ROARS with massive cheers as they see Jack Lynch running out from the back like a bat out of Hell!]

GM: WAIT! IT'S JACK LYNCH! JACK LYNCH IS OUT TO SAVE HIS FRIE-

[However, just before Lynch can reach the ring...]

SW: Not so fast! I'd stop right there if I was you!

[To make his point, Wright pulls back on O'Connor's arm, eliciting a pained scream. Lynch stops dead in his tracks, helplessly yelling, "LET HIM GO!"]

SW: When I'm done with my story, cowboy.

[Lynch slams his hands down on the ring apron, in frustration, once again screaming, "LET HIM GO!" Wright keeps his eyes locked on his rival without the slightest hint of emotion shown on his face.]

SW: Now then...where was I?

[Supreme keeps his eyes locked in on Lynch.]

SW: Ah yes, The Proud Champion would take away The White Knight's family.

And it all began with you, Jack Lynch.

[The name is said with complete and utter disgust. Wright's complete disdain for Lynch is obvious.]

SW: But when it all started, you were just a pawn. A faceless victim to bring pain to the heart of The White Knight. But you refused to fade away. And kept fighting. And you kept struggling. And the more you fought and the more you struggled, the more I learned just who Jack Lynch was. And soon enough, much like The White Knight...

...I learned to HATE you.

[For the briefest of moments, Wright's words burned with passion. Every single word at dagger aimed at Jack Lynch's heart.]

SW: But not for the reasons you might think. Not because you tried to cripple me. Not because you were too proud to quit and not because you were too stubborn to die. I hate you because of what you are and what you represent. You didn't love the sport. You didn't live for the sport. You were here for fame. To travel the world. For...

...the money.

[Wright closes his eyes and takes inhales deeply, trying to keep himself calm.]

SW: Your very existence is an abomination to this beautiful sport we call professional wrestling!

But I vowed to myself, I would teach you, Jack Lynch. Before I would destroy you, I would TEACH you exactly what it means to be a professional wrestler. And EXACTLY what it means...

[Once again, Wright applies pressure to his grips on O'Connor's entangled arms, drawing tortured screams from him and the crowd, before easing up on

him...slightly. Lynch again makes a move towards the ring before something in Wright's eyes convinces him otherwise. He angrily slams his hands down on the canvas, staring in at Wright.]

SW: ...to be a champion.

To be a wrestler is to live a pained existence of constant suffering as you strive to be the very best in the most barbaric and beautiful of sports. To be a champion...

[Wright then shifts his right arm slightly, releasing the hold he had on O'Connor's injured right arm and instead now gripping and pulling it back by the wrist.]

SW: ...means to be prepared to sacrifice and lose everything you hold dear to your heart. Including your friends...

[There's a slight pause as Wright makes sure to stare directly at Lynch when he says this.]

SW: ...and FAMILY.

[Supreme gives a look at the grip he has on O'Connor's wrist before continuing on.]

SW: It wasn't too long ago that you accused me of making you a liar, Jack Lynch.

[Supreme shakes his head.]

SW: I respectfully disagree.

I made you a WRESTLER.

And in this war we've had, Jack Lynch, blood has been shed, bones have been broken and we both sure as hell have suffered. But I think you've learned your lessons well. And look at you now, Jack Lynch. You want to be the best so you can conquer the best. At long last...you truly are a wrestler.

[Lynch can only stare in disbelief at Wright, mouthing the words, "You're sick!"]

SW: But I'm not quite done teaching you yet, Jack Lynch. It's time for the final lesson. It's time for me...

...to MAKE you a champion.

[And with that, Supreme Wright drops the microphone and then grabs Bobby O'Connor's already held wrist with his left hand. Seeing what's about to happen, Lynch immediately tries to get into the ring to stop Wright, but he's too late. With both hands now gripped around O'Connor's wrist and O'Connor's left arm still trapped in an omoplata, Wright falls back...and pulls.]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The crowd falls silent from the sickening sound. Jack Lynch dives onto Wright, pounding his fist into the head a few times before Wright slips out from under him, rolling out of the ring as Lynch dives through the ropes, trying to get at him but getting tangled up in the process. A smirking Wright backpedals up the aisle... quickly... as Lynch stares at him, emotion covering his face.]

GM: My god...

BW: He broke his arm, Gordon.

GM: From that sound... that sickening sound...

[Lynch closes his eyes tightly before turning around where his friend... his tag team partner... his brother... is flailing about on the canvas, grabbing at his arm. The Iron Cowboy crawls over to him, cradling his head in his arms. Over and over, all we can hear is the King of the Cowboys saying two words, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry." O'Connor's screams of pain have the sold-out crowd in stunned silence as the AWA medical team - led by Dr. Bob Ponavitch - come rushing to the ring.

"I'm sorry."

The doctors push Jack Lynch back, much to his dismay. He stands, staring down at his family who has been assaulted for no other reason but to get at him.

"I'm sorry."

Lynch turns his back on the scene in the ring, looking up the aisle where Supreme Wright has paused to watch. Wright enjoys what he's seeing, nodding in approval as Lynch locks eyes on him - now fully aware of what he needs to do. He returns the nod, turning back to look over his shoulder at the still-screaming O'Connor.

"I'm sorry."

Fade to black.

We fade up on the logo for the television network known by its fans as "The X" - Fox Sports X. Standing next to it is Terrence Howard of "Empire" fame.]

"They tell me that Lucious Lyon ain't the toughest man on Fox anymore. Hah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

[Cut to a shot from SWLL's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA where El Caliente snaps off a death-defying dive over the top rope, over the corner ringpost, and onto a prone figure. A voiceover not belonging to Terrence Howard provides the hype.]

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

[Then to a shot of the GFC - a recent shot with Ivan Petrov knocking Rufus Harris out to win the GFC Heavyweight Title.]

"Or maybe you prefer a little bit of MMA!"

[On to Tiger Paw Pro's WrestleGalaxy as Yoshinari Taguchi exchanges stiff slaps with the man AWA fans would know as Nenshou.]

"Travel to the Land of the Rising Sun for some puroresu action!"

[A highlight reel level head kick from a European looking kickboxer drops a Japanese one.]

"The hottest new action on The X belongs to SKB - Super K Boxing!"

[And finally to a shot of Ryan Martinez lighting up Supreme Wright's chest with a series of machine gun chops.]

"Saturday nights bring you all the action of the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut back to Terrence Howard, wincing and rubbing his own chest as if he could feel Martinez' chops.]

"Alright, alright... those boys are pretty bad too. But can they sing?"

[Howard laughs as we cut back to the logo for The X. Howard delivers the closing line.]

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[The "come get some" slogan fills the screen as we fade to black...

...and then back up to live action where Mark Stegglet is standing backstage, looking around a bit as we come to him.]

MS: Fans, I'm...

[He looks off-camera where there are suddenly a lot of loud voices.]

MS: I'm backstage here at Minute Maid Park where there's quite the scene backstage... they're bringing Bobby O'Connor back here right now. The doctors are with him... AWA officials... it's quite the chaotic scene and as soon as I'm able to get an update on the condition of Bobby, we'll be sure to let you know but... well, right now, we're shifting our focus to the AWA World Television Title match and the long-awaited clash between challenger Supernova and champion Shadoc Rage - our first title match of the four we'll see here tonight. Supernova, come on in here...

[Supernova walks onto the set. His face is painted black and yellow, resembling a flame. He wears a black jacket with yellow epaulets on the shoulders and a big, flaming, yellow sun on the left side near his chest. He also wears his black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides.]

MS: Supernova, tonight you will get one more chance at the World TV title, and this time around, there will be no time limit! You told everyone at the start of the year that you were setting your sights on championship gold, but one obstacle in previous meetings with Shadoc Rage was the time limit expiring. Tonight, that will be one less obstacle for you to face. How do you like your chances?

S: Mark, it's interesting how you bring up history, how you bring up what I told everyone at the start of 2015, that I had set my sights on becoming a champion! You know, that video package that aired on All-Star Showdown showed me in action against Calisto Dufresne, the man who held the National Title back in 2011 at SuperClash III! That was my first real shot at a title, not just a spot in a tournament, and some people thought that, even though I came up short of winning the gold, it was only a matter of time before I won a championship!

[He looks at the camera.]

S: But as some might say, history sometimes gets in the way. I had to deal with a lot of obstacles to getting back into the title hunt... obstacles like William Craven, Royalty, The Unholy Alliance and the Wise Men! Now, don't get me wrong, Mark... I understand that the road to a championship isn't going to be smooth, there are some bumps you've got to get over and you might get off course at times, but as long as you learn from those things, you get better at what you do. That means, when the time does come for another shot at the gold, you've grown and you've learned, which makes you better prepared for another shot. But you know that it hasn't been that easy since I first got the shot, do you, Mark?

MS: As I've mentioned earlier, the time limit got in the way a couple of times.

S: [slight laugh] Yeah, there was that, but there was more. But sticking with what you're talking about, Mark, the first couple of times there was that question about

what would have happened if Shadoe Rage and I had gone into overtime! And the next time we sought to answer that question, along comes some folks from Japan who decided to crash the party and not allow Shadoe Rage and I to settle the question! And, once again, I understand that sometimes you have to deal with an obstacle in the road if you want to eventually get yourself championship gold, but what happened instead after Rising Sun Showdown?

[He looks at the camera once more, his eyes narrowing.]

S: Shadoe Rage starts looking for excuses, looking for ways to avoid, spent more of his time facing guys who, while they are good people, weren't exactly what you would call the top contenders, all because Rage was picking his opponents. Heck, when I was sitting on the sidelines waiting to get doctor's clearance to return to the ring, the only guy he faced who would be a worthy contender was Rex Summers... a guy I don't like, a guy who doesn't like me, but I will admit that he's a great wrestler. And yet the only reason Rage faced Summers was not because Rage wanted to, but because he had to, and he still couldn't get the job done without taking a shortcut!

[He shakes his head.]

S: And nothing annoys me more than watching a champion who makes a mockery of everything by picking and choosing who he faces instead of getting in the ring with the guys who have proven their mettle... and especially when he did everything he could to do to avoid facing me and erase the doubts that I can tell are in the back of his mind! [Deep breath.] You know, I'm about to use that language that George Carlin says you can't say on TV. You take it, Mark!

MS: Well, Supernova, let's not forget that it was Shadoe Rage who put you on the shelf for several weeks when he hit that running knee to your head, moments after you jumped him and tore his robe apart. You know that Rage takes a lot of pride in his pomp and circumstance, as it were. And I think we both know Rage is none too happy with you interrupting his planned video package with a package of your own. Rage could very well want to put you on the shelf again, this time for good!

S: Mark, I know that Rage is a dangerous man. I realize he's only getting hotter under the collar with each passing day that he can't shake me off! But Rage had better realize that I have as much reason to be hot under the collar as he does! I already sat on the shelf for months at a time after the Wise Men made me a marked man. And the only reason I didn't show up sooner was because a man by the name of Jim Watkins not to reveal all your cards right away and wait for the right moment. This time around, I didn't need to talk to Jim Watkins to know that the only thing to do was to get back in that ring as soon as I got the green light from my doctors. And I knew that the only thing there was to do was to make Rage realize that when you try to take somebody out of this sport, you better keep both eyes open at all times because you never know when that somebody may come back for your hide!

[Supernova takes another deep breath.]

MS: Supernova, one other matter that should be addressed is that the TV title match, like all other title matches here tonight, will have a special guest referee. None of those guest referees have been identified yet. There's been speculation that the guest referee could be anybody past or present in the AWA, maybe somebody who has never appeared in the AWA! How is that going to play a role in this match tonight?

S: All I'm gonna say is that whoever has the job of being the special guest referee better realize that they've got a hungry challenger. A challenger who's hungry to get his hands on a man who has been avoiding me like the plague! A challenger

who's hungry to take down a man who has been handpicking challengers who aren't among the best instead of clearing the doubts in his mind about that one opponent he can't put away! A challenger who's hungry to even the score against a man who would rather put me in a hospital bed than prove he has what it takes to beat me one on one! And a challenger who has been in the AWA for more than six years, who has given his blood, his sweat and his tears to this fine organization, and is really hungry to get his first taste of championship gold!

[He pounds his chest a couple of times.]

S: THE HEAT IS ON IN HOUSTON TONIGHT AND SHADOE RAGE IS GONNA FEEL IT, I CAN PROMISE YOU THAT!

[He cups his hands to his mouth, howls and walks off the set.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, there is no doubt Supernova is ready, but the question is, will he come away with the title that he is after? But he mentioned the special guest referee and as you all know, both champion and challenger had to approve the referee of choice... and let's go ahead and bring their choice in right now.

[Stegglet pivots, cracking a smile as someone walks into view in a black and white striped tanktop and black pants.]

MS: Melissa Cannon! Welcome to SuperClash!

[Cannon doesn't smile, inclining her head slightly.]

MS: Melissa, I... well, I have to say you don't exactly look happy to be here.

[She grimaces.]

MC: Look, I'm... I'm over the moon to be here at SuperClash. I love it. It's every wrestler's dream to be at SuperClash on Thanksgiving Night. No matter what company anywhere in the world... ask them all and they'll tell you this is EXACTLY where they want to be...

[She throws a glance down at her shirt.]

MC: But this isn't how I wanted to be here, Mark. I wanted to wrestle. I wanted to compete. I wanted to be inside that ring proving to the front office that the women in this sport DESERVE their chance to shine... but I didn't get the job done and now it's up to Charisma Knight and Julie Somers to do that.

[A determined Cannon points a threatening finger at the camera.]

MC: And you two listen to me right here and now. This is on you. This is your responsibility and your chance to make it happen. If you don't...

[Cannon's voice trails off with a shake of her head, going silent.]

MS: Melissa, you're obviously upset about not being in that match with Julie Somers but you ARE here at SuperClash. You ARE the special guest referee for the match between Supernova and Shadoe Rage and... well, can you focus on that considering-

[Melissa interrupts.]

MC: I can do the job. For eight years, I've done anything this company has asked of me, Mark. I've been the ring announcer. I've done your job. I've been in the ring as a wrestler. And tonight, I'm going to climb in the ring as the referee of one

of the biggest title matches of the year. Those two wrestlers put their faith in me. The office put their faith in me. And ultimately, as the referee, the fans are putting their faith in me.

I'm not about to let any of them down.

[And with that, Melissa makes her exit, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: An angry... upset... yet very determined Melissa Cannon - the special guest referee for the first of our four title matches here tonight! We've heard from the challenger... we've heard from the referee... and that means there's only one man left... and thankfully, Sweet Lou Blackwell drew that straw. Lou?

[We crossfade to another part of the backstage area to Sweet Lou Blackwell. The AWA's resident shill is in full on shill mode as he holds the microphone at the backstage interview area in front of the AWA backdrop and logo.

SLB: All right, ladies and gentlemen, what a show this has been tonight! SuperCard VII was always set to be a spectacle and so far it hasn't disappointed. My guest at this time will be in battle in a few moments for the AWA World Television title. He has survived against Supernova before thanks to the clock. But tonight, he doesn't have that advantage. My guest, the longest-reigning AWA World Television champion, Shadoe Rage, and he has to face Supernova in a no time limit championship match.

[Enter Shadoe Rage. He dominates the screen. The camera is locked in on his hazel eyes blazing through the lens. They stare through the millions and millions of viewers. The King of Rage Country's beautiful face is twisted with intensity and fury. His bronze skin glistens with a coating of oil and a sheen of sweat. His dreadlocks are held back by a damp grey bandana. His trademark fuchsia tortoise shell sunglasses are perched atop his head. He draws ragged, rasping breaths.]

SR: Supernova, Supernova, Supernova ... the time is now! SuperClash! World Television Title on the line! For one year, I've reigned supreme as champion and for one year you've been trying to steal her from me!

[He raises the AWA World Television title and puts it over his shoulder. The new silver plates shine. His voice drops into a harsh whisper. His eyes seem to grow even more intense.]

SR: But you can't take her from me! SHE'S MINE! YOU CAN'T HAVE HER!!!!

[Rage takes two deep breaths as he stares lovingly and obsessively at the World Television Title.]

SLB: I know you feel very possessive of that title, Shadoe Rage, but I've got to say Supernova has looked great coming into this matchup and momentum definitely has to be on his side. What makes you think you can stop him from taking the title when you can't just run out the clock?

[Rage turns in circles. Blackwell flinches backwards as the champion struggles to control his violence.]

SR: Do you know why he can't have her, Sweet Lou Blackwell. Do you know why? Because he isn't ready yet to take her from me!

[Rage turns directly to the camera, stabbing his finger through the lens.]

SR: You've been here six years, Supernova! And you've never won gold! I've been here three years and for one whole year I've defended this belt with honor!

I've defended her with my life!

[He pauses to let that sink in.]

SR: I've watched you. Popular. The people love you. The wrestlers love you. You're captain of the cool kids. Good for you. It won't get you anywhere. Those fans that love you? They don't help you win. The wrestlers in the back? They won't help you win. They love you. They fear me.

[He takes another pause.]

SR: You fear me. Because you know you couldn't beat me in ten minutes. You couldn't beat me in fifteen minutes. You couldn't beat me in half an hour! And tonight, at SuperClash VII in Minute Maid Park, in front of 48,000 people, you won't beat me with no time limit. Ask me why, Blackwell! Ask me why!

[Rage's eyes seem to have changed color to a harsh intense gold.]

SLB: Why?

SR: Because this is just a game to you, Supernova.

This is life and death for me!

You've been gifted main events. You've been gifted title shots. THEY NEVER WANTED ME TO WIN THIS BELT! They never wanted me to be a champion. They never granted me the opportunities they've gifted you! But they couldn't deny me. Because I refuse to be nothing. I refuse to be reduced to insignificance. But you? You, you face-painted coward, you'll never understand that. You'll never be strong enough on the inside to overcome me. You'll never dig deep enough to beat me!

[Rage's chest starts heaving as Sweet Lou Blackwell looks on aghast.]

SR: You know it. That's why you've been jumping me from behind since the beginning! That's why you've been lying since the beginning! You want to play at being a hero because it makes you feel good. It hides the shame! It hides the humiliation! It hides the fright!

It's why you paint your face. It's why you play cool. It's all a mask. It's all a sham. It's why you don't win. You know it. You know I know it.

[Rage massages his temple with his left hand.]

SLB: With all due respect, Shadoe, those are tough words to swallow. I can't believe you're calling the man a coward. Supernova has been nothing but a class act around here. Something some people would say you've never been.

[Rage's emotions are barely controlled now. He struggles to control his temper.]

SR: Class act? CLASS ACT? Have you seen how he's treated the World Television championship? He committed the ultimate classless act when he put his filthy hands on her! HE DEGRADED HER!

[Rage turns his back on the camera. He shakes his head and covers his eyes with his sunglasses. Ragged sobs rip from his chest.]

SLB: Degraded the championship? What are you talking about!

SR: Supernova, every night I live with the nightmare that you put your cowardly hands on her ... on my AWA World Television championship! And you degraded her! You deliberately degraded her! And I was helpless. I couldn't even get a piece of you as you put your hands on her!

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[The primal roar frightens Blackwell. Rage's eyes are half-hidden by sunglasses now but it appears there are tears streaking down his face.]

SR: He degraded her, Blackwell. He assaulted her. That's why I wanted Melissa Cannon as special referee. She can understand what Supernova is. He's an abuser. He's a monster.

SLB: You're losing your mind, Shadoe! This is a championship belt! It's not a woman! It's not alive! And now you're telling me you expect Melissa Cannon to sympathize with you and side with you and not be an impartial referee? Have you taken leave of your senses?

[Blackwell shrinks back as Rage balls his fist, ready to lash out.]

SR: You don't know what it felt like! (To the camera) Supernova, do you know what that felt like? To all you men out there, imagine what it would feel like if some man put his filthy hands on your woman-

SLB: Hang on now! I don't know who you think you are but you're not about to-

[Rage turns back to Blackwell.]

SR: You dare interrupt me?! ME?! Blackwell, you don't know what it was like! Having to watch that... it would break your heart. It would break your spirit! It would make you feel... dirty. It would make you insane.

SLB: This is insane! It's an inanimate object, Shadoe Rage!

[Rage pushes up his sunglasses to show teary eyes. He takes the championship from his shoulder and offers it to the camera.]

SR: She means everything to me! I swore that I would protect her! I would love her! I wouldn't let anybody touch her! You made me a liar, Supernova! You hurt her! You broke our spirits. You broke our hearts! You made us feel dirty and unsafe! You made us insane!

[Sweet Lou's brow furrows in confusion.]

SR: But you didn't tear us apart. You can't tear us apart! You will never tear us apart!

[Rage becomes oddly composed. His breathing slows. He wipes his eyes clear. A frightening resolve comes to him.]

SR: You just made us more determined, Supernova. You revealed yourself to us. And now we know that you can't beat me. Now we know how to beat you! You're a coward. You're ashamed.

[The eyes start to burn with that crazy light again.]

SR: Follow that shame to your fear.

[Rage rolls his neck. He straps the AWA World Television Title around his waist.]

SR: Follow that fear to your rage. That's where I'll be. And that Rage will be ON YOUR ASS! You want her? You have to kill me. Say it.

You have to kill me.
You have to kill me.
You have to kill me.

You better kill me. Because I'm going to kill you. I'm going to kill you, Abusivenova. You're going to die for what you did. You're going to die ... in darkness.

[The camera holds on Rage's gaze just long enough for the viewer to believe every word he spoke was true before he exits stage left again. Sweet Lou stares after him, aghast.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, in all my years I have never seen a man so paranoid, so unstable. We're going to have to keep a close eye on this situation and the safety of our competitors. Somebody make sure there's extra security. And somebody warn Melissa Cannon... this man's a lunatic!

[Blackwell is so rattled he forgets to sign off properly and the camera fades back out to ringside with him muttering warnings and disbelief backstage.]

GM: Thanks, Lou. Fans, the crowd here at Minute Maid Park is still in a state of shock - us included - over what we saw Supreme Wright do to Bobby O'Connor. We don't have much news for you but we do know that Bobby O'Connor was rushed from the ring by Dr. Bob Ponavitch's medical team with the intention of transporting him by ambulance to a nearby medical facility. We were able to briefly speak to the doctor before he left ringside. Fans, he does believe the arm to be broken which is... well, it's bad news if you're a fan of Bobby O'Connor as so many of us are.

BW: Supreme Wright just upped the ante one final time before his showdown with Jack Lynch late tonight.

GM: That's it? That's all you have to say about the condition of Bobby O'Connor?

BW: The kid was playing with fire hanging out with those Stenches and Ryan Martinez and now he got burned. Tough luck.

GM: You're unbelievable... but speaking of getting burned, tonight Shadoe Rage just might feel the heat when he has to defend that World Television Title he won from Tony Sunn a year ago in New York City against Supernova in a match with no time limit.

BW: This is a sham, Gordo... a sham and a shame. The World Television Title is battled for under a ten minute time limit. No time limit? No title if you ask me. Shadoe Rage got railroaded into this and it's just made him angrier and more unhinged.

GM: I'm not even sure that's possible but we're moments away from seeing if Supernova can capture his first AWA championship - something he's been battling for for so many years now. We all remember his Main Event with Calisto Dufresne at SuperClash III for the National Title. Tonight, he can erase the memory of coming up short there.

BW: He CAN... but WILL he?

GM: Let's find out. Take it away, Phil Watson!

[Crossfade to the ring to Phil Watson.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with NO TIME LIMIT!

[Big cheer!]

PW: It is for the AWA WORLD TELEVISION TITLE... first, the Special Guest Referee...

[The camera cuts to the corner where Melissa Cannon is standing, leaning against the turnbuckles.]

PW: MELISSA CANNON!

[Big cheers for the female grappler as she raises an arm to salute the fans.]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[The shot cuts to the side of the stage and the crowd starts cheering. Because on stage is none other than Judas Priest.

Guitarist Glenn Tipton, bassist Ian Hill and lead singer Rob Halford are front and center as they start strumming the opening chords that begin their famous song "You've Got Another Thing Comin'" and, on the videoscreens above the ring, the music video for the same song starts up. The rest of the band joins in and the crowd gets louder, because they know who will soon make his appearance.

Halford gets it started with the opening lyrics.]

#One life, I'm gonna live it up.
I'm taking flight, I said I'll never get enough.
Stand tall, I'm young and kind of proud.
I'm on the top, but as long as the music's loud.#

[And that's when the man known as Supernova strides out onto the stage, the crowd's cheers growing louder. Supernova is dressed in a black jacket with yellow epaulets on the shoulders and a big, flaming, yellow sun on the left side near his chest. He also wears his black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. And the blond-haired man's face is painted black and yellow to resemble a flame.

Halford walks toward Supernova and continues singing.]

"If you think I'll sit around as the world goes by.
You're thinkin' like a fool, 'cause it's a case of do or die.
Out there is a fortune waiting to be had.
If you think I'll let it go, you're mad.
You've got another thing comin'."

[Halford holds the mic toward the crowd, who joins in.]

"YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THING COMIN'!"

[Supernova and Halford meet up on the stage and exchange a high five.]

GM: Can you believe this, Bucky? The legendary Judas Priest is here in Houston, live and on stage performing as Supernova makes his way to the ring!

BW: I'm surprised you know who Judas Priest is, Gordo! I figured you grew up with the likes of Mozart and Beethoven... heck, you probably remember what those two were like when they were just getting started!

GM: [sarcastically] Oh, ha ha, you are a funny man, Bucky.

[Supernova reaches the top of the ramp and raises his arms above his head, the fans cheering in response. He pauses, turning to point at the banner hanging behind him for SuperClash III where he and Calisto Dufresne are pictured. He gives a nod before he heads down the aisle, slapping hands with ringside fans. He reaches the ring as Halford has reached the next version of the chorus.]

"If you think I'll sit around while you chip away my brain.
Listen, I ain't foolin' and you'd better think again.
Out there is a fortune waiting to be had.
If you think I'll let it go, you're mad.
You've got another thing comin'."

[The crowd joins in for the next lyric.]

"YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THING COMIN'!"

[Supernova has climbed into the ring by this point and raises his arms to the crowd. He removes his jacket and hands it over to a ringside attendant. By the time Halford has finished the next couple of lines, Supernova heads to the corner, mounts the second rope and howls to the crowd.]

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

THIS...

IS...

SUUUUUUUPERNOOOOOOOOVAAAAA!!!!

[The fans roar in approval of the challenger to the World Television Championship. He jumps down, swinging his arms across his chest, a bundle of nervous energy as he awaits his opponent. The classic rock legends are about to finish up their performance when suddenly, a voice rings out.]

"CITIZENS OF RAGE COUNTRY! CLOSE YOUR EARS TO THESE HEATHENS FOR YOU ARE ABOUT TO BEAR WITNESS! TONIGHT, YOUR RECORD-SETTING, RECORD SHATTERING AWA WORLD CHAMPION SET THINGS RIGHT! TONIGHT, SUPERNOVA'S LIGHT GOES DARK AND ALL OF RAGE COUNTRY WILL BE CELEBRATING! CITIZENS OF RAGE COUNTRY, THE MATCH OF THE CENTURY COMMENCES NOW!"

[Rob Halford looks more than a bit irritated as he gestures for his band to cut the music, staring towards the entrance as Phil Watson makes his introduction.]

PW: And his opponent... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 240 pounds... he is the current and longest reigning AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION... the King of Rage Country...

SENNNNNNNSAAAAAATIONALLLLLLL

SHAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOOOOOOOOE

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The majestic fanfare that means the start of John Williams' Olympic march kicks in over the PA system. It continues for a moment until four wrestlers - Rashan Hill,

Amos Carter, Angelo Cordero, and Benjamin Dupue - emerge carrying the World Television Champion Shadoe Rage on a royal sedan.]

GM: Oh, would you get a load of this?

BW: The King is here! Oh... uhh... you don't think Demetrius Lake is watching this... wherever he is... do you?

GM: I wouldn't be surprised.

BW: Well, he knows he's the one true King in my book!

[The preliminary wrestlers walk slowly to the stage with Rage on their shoulders as the King of Rage stands tall, holding the AWA World Television title high in the air. Behind him, curtains of silver, gold and magenta fireworks shoot into the air, burning in two columns as the procession begins to slowly descend the ramp.

Rage is decked out in a magenta leather robe, silver bandana and fuchsia trunks festooned with silver stars. His locks are tied up into a high bun. He gestures wildly at the crowd, shouting and promising that Supernova will never win the title as his attendants pilot the sedan to the ring. The slowly set the lip of the sedan to the ring apron and Shadoe Rage steps off, vaulting over the ropes. He takes center ring, pirouetting for the crowd as all four ring posts shoot silver and pink fireworks high into the air. Rage continues pirouetting until the pyrotechnics display ends.]

GM: Never one to be outdone, Shadoe Rage has arrived here at SuperClash, Bucky.

BW: An entrance fitting for the longest reigning AWA World Television Champion of all time, daddy!

GM: Rage captured the title a year ago against Tony Sunn at SuperClash VI and it feels like Supernova has been hot on his heels ever since then. Is tonight finally the night that title goes back into the hands of someone the people can respect as champion?

BW: Respect?! Why wouldn't you respect Shadoe Rage?! He's held the title for a year! He's beaten the likes of Sweet Daddy Williams, Rex Summers, Willie Hammer, Supernova... you name it, he's beaten 'em!

GM: I'd argue that he has not beaten Supernova... although he has prevented him from winning the World Television Title... for now.

[Rage kisses the AWA World Television title as he motions for a ring attendant to bring the new trophy case, larger and more solid than before. He locks away the World Television title and stares after it jealously as the ring attendant takes it to ringside. Satisfied the title is safe, Rage then strips off his sunglasses and bandana before finally shedding his robes to reveal his lean, sinewy body. He sports metallic silver boots festooned with the star motif in pink. Rage faces towards the corner where Supernova has stood and waited the entire time, his feral beauty becoming a hard mask as he glares at his challenger.]

GM: And with the pomp and circumstance out of the way, it's time to get down to brass tacks and the fact of the matter is that this particular issue started over the World Television Title and tonight, it will end over the World Television Title.

BW: That's right. There's some bad blood there - especially over that Eclipse that put Supernova on the shelf for a month or so but make no mistake, Supernova will NOT put anything above winning the title here tonight. That's how you hurt Shadoe Rage the most.

GM: The atmosphere here on the field of Minute Maid Park is electrifying for this - the first of four title matches we'll see here tonight.

[As Phil Watson exits, special guest referee Melissa Cannon steps forward, putting an arm on the chest of both men, keeping them just beyond contact as they stare one another down in the center of the ring.]

GM: What role will Melissa Cannon play in a match like this? To the best of my knowledge, she has no experience as a referee, Bucky.

BW: I believe you're right about that. Special guest referees are always a shot in the dark, Gordo. Sometimes you get someone with the backbone to stand up to both guys and keep things under control to get a fair conclusion. Sometimes you get someone with an issue or a grudge that causes controversy with every decision.

[Shadoe Rage is angrily barking at Supernova, spreading his arms wide, shouting at the challenger who is cool as a cucumber, just returning the stare at the manic World Television Champion. Cannon keeps her cool as well, ordering both men back to their corners so she can start the match.]

GM: Rage is a frenetic ball of energy, looking to attack, attack, attack...

BW: He's going to get his chance to do exactly that in just a few moments.

[Supernova obeys the order of Melissa Cannon, turning his back and walking back towards his corner...

...which is Rage's cue to brush past the special guest official, charging across the ring at the exposed back of the challenger!]

BW: Never turn your back on-

[But Supernova spins, grabbing the attacking Shadoe Rage, and rocketing him chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Oho! Supernova baited him in!

[Melissa Cannon signals for the bell to officially start the title match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go! No time limit battle for the World Television Title here at SuperClash!

[With Shadoe Rage in the corner, Supernova unloads, landing three big sweeping haymakers to the jaw before shifting his feet, throwing a pair of backfists to the cheekbone that leaves Rage stunned...]

GM: Supernova starting off hot - he's got Rage on the ropes!

[Grabbing Rage by the arm, Supernova whips him across the ring, throwing himself back into the buckles as the crowd ERUPTS!]

BW: What?! What?!

GM: He's trying to finish it now! He's trying to finish it right now!

[Supernova goes tearing across the ring, leaping into the air...

...but Rage throws himself through the ropes to the floor, clutching his chest as he hits the thin ringside mats. Supernova shows off his agility, adapting in mid-air to land on the midbuckle.]

GM: Wow! Supernova went for the Heat Wave but Shadoe Rage saw it coming, diving out to the floor!

BW: But Supernova countered that!

GM: These two have met on several occasions all over the country and know each other very well so you can expect to see a lot of counters and maybe counters to those counters like we saw right THERRRRRRRRE!

[Gordon's shout comes as Supernova steps up to the top rope, diving off the top onto a stunned Shadoe Rage at ringside, bowling him over with a crossbody!]

GM: SUPERNOVA DIVES TO THE FLOOR! OH MY!

[Climbing to his feet, Supernova cups his hands, giving a howl to the Houston crowd who echo in response. The face-painted fan favorite pulls Rage off the mat, chucking him under the ropes back into the ring. Supernova goes back in under the ropes, getting to his feet...]

GM: Wait a second!

[Supernova grabs the champion by the legs, lifting them up to step through into the Solar Flare!]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE SOLAR FLARE! HE'S GOING FOR THE SOLAR FLARE!

[A desperate and panicked Shadoe Rage raises his arms up, blocking the step-through.]

GM: RAGE IS TRYING TO BLOCK IT!

BW: He'd better! If he doesn't, it's over, daddy!

GM: They're in the center of the ring! Supernova's trying to get that Solar Flare locked on but Shadoe Rage is fighting for his life to avoid it!

[Supernova tries to step through a second time but Rage is able to block it, scooting and crawling on the mat.]

GM: Supernova's struggling to get this hold applied and Rage is trying to get out of there!

[Finally, the fan favorite is able to step through...]

GM: HE'S GOT IT! 'NOVA'S GOT IT!

[He flips the hold over, leaning back in the Solar Flare!]

GM: HE'S GOT IT LOCKED ON...

[The crowd deflates as Shadoe Rage frantically wraps his arms around the bottom and middle ropes, screaming "BREAK IT! BREAK THE HOLD!" Melissa Cannon steps in, demanding the hold be broken and as it is, Shadoe Rage uses his grip on the ropes to drag himself out of the ring to the jeers of the Houston crowd.]

GM: Rage bails out to the floor! Supernova had the hold locked in but Rage was able to get to the ropes!

[Supernova looks out to Rage on the floor, waving him back into the ring as Shadoe Rage paces the ringside area, grabbing at his lower back.]

GM: We've seen these two fight to time limit draws all over the country but not only will that not happen here tonight... we almost saw this one end in a matter of minutes, Bucky!

BW: Almost seconds. Shadoe Rage got suckered in at the bell and he almost paid the price for it. He can NOT take Supernova too lightly. This is a guy who has won the Rumble. This is a guy who has competed in the Main Event of SuperClash III! If Rage isn't on top of his game, that record-setting title reign is going bye-bye, daddy!

[Rage walks around the ringside area, circling around by the timekeeper's table...

...and suddenly makes a lunge for the case where the TV Title is resting. He opens the case, snatching up the title belt. He waves his arm dismissively at Supernova, walking towards the entrance ramp with the belt over his shoulder.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Hey, there's no time limit but nobody said anything about countouts! Shadoe Rage is out of here, Gordo!

GM: He can't do that!

BW: Watch him!

[Rage turns to look at the ring, smirking at Supernova who stands, hands on his hips, as he stares down at him. The World Television Champion gives a wave before turning his back, walking back up the aisle as the fans jeer him loudly!]

GM: Shadoe Rage is leaving! The World Television Champion is walking out of here, Bucky! He's leaving!

BW: Look at Supernova! He can't believe it! He thought he had it all figured out! And now it's all being taken away from him!

[Rage is going quickly up the ramp, already about halfway up it before Supernova shakes his head, stepping through the ropes and dropping down to the floor. The crowd gets progressively louder as Supernova goes charging up the ramp, racing after Shadoe Rage.]

GM: No way! Supernova's going after him! He's going after him!

[The footsteps on the ramp catch Rage's attention as he swings around, belt at the ready...]

GM: Rage is waiting for him!

[The TV Champion takes a big swing with the belt but Supernova ducks under it, sending Rage sailing past him. Both men slam on the brakes, spinning around. Rage rushes Supernova again who ducks down...

...and sends Rage SAILING high into the air, flipping over and landing HARD on the metal ramp!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP ON THE RAMP! OH MY!!

[Supernova pounds on his chest for a moment before dropping down to a knee, taking a mount position as he grabs a handful of locks...

...and BLASTS Rage with a right hand between the eyes!]

GM: Supernova's got him down and Supernova's opening fire!

BW: But what's that idiot Cannon doing?! She's not even counting!

[The shot cuts back to the ring while Supernova pounds Rage with right hands. Melissa Cannon, the special guest referee, is leaning over the ropes, shouting for them to get back in the ring but showing no inclination to start a ten count that could potentially end the match.]

GM: You're right. She's not! I couldn't begin to tell you what's up with that but I can tell you that Supernova is taking the fight to the World Television Champion out on the ramp!

[After a half dozen blows land, Supernova climbs off the downed Rage, turning to walk back a few steps and retrieve the World Television Title...

...which he holds up over his head, showing the Minute Maid Park crowd who ROAR in response!]

GM: Supernova's got the title!

BW: That doesn't belong to him!

GM: Not yet maybe... but the night's still young!

[Supernova turns, showing the belt to the other side of the entryway, earning another big cheer...

...when suddenly, a charging Shadoe Rage leaps into the air, driving his knee in between the shoulderblades of Supernova, knocking him down on the metal rampway!]

GM: RAGE ATTACKS FROM BEHIND!

[Rage angrily grabs Supernova by the back of the head, smashing his face down into the metal ramp!]

GM: Ohh!

[He smashes his face into the ramp a second time, raking his face back and forth on the metal before climbing to his feet. He plants a foot between the shoulderblades, spreading his arms and gesturing to the jeering fans.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is pretty proud of himself after that!

[Rage is taunting the fans alongside the barricade shouting at him. He lets his foot off Supernova, dragging him to his feet...]

GM: Look out! LOOK OUT!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With a running start, Shadoe Rage HURLS Supernova off the elevated rampway, clearing the distance between the ramp and the railing easily which sends the challenger CRASHING into the steel!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: Right down on the steel railing! Supernova's done, Gordo! He's finished!

GM: What are you talking about?!

BW: If Rage gets back in the ring and gets her to start counting, there's no way Supernova gets back in there in time! He'll be counted out and the record-setting reign will continue!

GM: So far, Melissa Cannon hasn't made a single count. She's just watching like this 45,000+ sell out crowd in Houston, Texas!

[Rage stands at the edge of the ramp, looking down at Supernova, spreading his arms and looking out at the jeering crowd. He jerks a thumb at himself, making the "belt gesture" as he goes back to retrieve his title belt, picking it up as he starts walking back down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Shadoe Rage has left Supernova laid out on the floor... and it looks like he's going to do exactly what you were saying, Bucky. He's headed back to the ring and if I had to guess, he'll be looking for that countout to retain the title.

[The World Television Champion plants a kiss on the face of his belt, dropping it back into the case before rolling under the ropes into the ring where he starts waving an arm, ordering Melissa Cannon to count.]

GM: Shadoe Rage, the World Television Champion, is telling the special guest referee, Melissa Cannon, to start her ten count.

[Rage waves his arm a few more times at Cannon who looks less than eager to oblige.]

BW: What's wrong with this woman? Count, you silly dame!

GM: Melissa Cannon is telling him no! Melissa Cannon says she won't do it!

BW: What?! Why?!

GM: Cannon is... she says the people deserve a clear winner!

BW: A countout is a clear win!

GM: You know very well what she's saying, Bucky!

[Cannon and Rage are shouting at one another as the fans cheer the defiant official on, imploring her to stick to her decision.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is beside himself! He can't believe it! He's counting himself but that doesn't mean anything at all!

[Rage spins away from Cannon, burying his face in his arms...

...and when he pulls his face back into view, his eyes are scary. Wide, bulging, and filled with fury, Shadoe Rage advances on Melissa Cannon, backing her up towards the corner where he puts his closed fist under her chin, lifting her head up. The fans jump on Rage for putting his hands on Melissa Cannon, jeering loudly.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Hey! She's the one who is violating the rules! She's the one refusing to do her job out here!

GM: That doesn't give Shadoe Rage any right at all to put his hands on her! Not one bit!

[Rage points a threatening finger at Cannon's face with the other hand, shouting at her but Cannon doesn't back down...

...and actually slaps the hand under her chin away, spinning out of the corner and away to the middle of the ring as the Houston fans cheer!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Oh, that REALLY got him mad now.

[Rage is fill with... well, rage... as he stalks out of the corner, coming towards Melissa. In the meantime, the AWA faithful have started to cheer Supernova again as the face-painted challenger comes staggering along the rampway, heading back towards the ring.]

GM: Shadoe Rage has got Melissa Cannon in his sights again... coming in on her...

[But as Rage gets close, Cannon lets a stiff forearm fly, smashing the World Television Champion on the jaw, sending him spinning away. He angrily spits on the canvas, turning - eyes even wider and madder at this point - back towards the guest referee.]

GM: Melissa Cannon with a forearm smash!

BW: The referee just STRUCK a competitor, Gordo! What kind of garbage is this?!

GM: She's defending herself!

BW: Rage didn't do a thing to her yet!

GM: YET?!

BW: Well, if she doesn't back off and do her job, I make no promises!

[Rage is stalking Melissa, causing her to back off again...

...and not noticing Supernova slide into the ring, coming up to his feet behind the champion.]

GM: Supernova's back in and-

[Rage suddenly swings a right hand back, perhaps thinking about doing the unthinkable to the guest referee...

...but Supernova hooks the arm, swinging Rage around...]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE!

[...and drags the World Television Champion down to the mat! Cannon dives to the canvas, arm cocked and ready.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Rage just BARELY kicks out in time, sending a ripple of a groan through the SuperClash crowd!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: That was a fast count, Gordo!

GM: It certainly had a little pep to it!

BW: Pep?! What the HELL does that mean?! She tried to rob him of the World Television Title!

[Supernova comes to his feet as Rage does the same, peppering him with left jabs to the jaw followed by a right haymaker that lifts him off his feet, putting him down on the canvas where he promptly rolls from the ring again.]

GM: And again, Shadoe Rage has bailed out of the ring! It's obvious that he wants absolutely no part of Supernova and this No Time Limit battle for the World Television Title!

[This time, Supernova's not about to let Rage get away from him, sliding out to the floor, chasing Rage who spots him coming and makes a run for it, circling the ringpost.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is on the run and Supernova is in hot pursuit!

BW: Rage is going to have the speed advantage though.

GM: Rage slides back in...

[Rounding a second ringpost, Supernova slides in after him...

...and gets BLASTED with a double axehandle as Rage drops to his knees, smashing his hands down across the back of the head!]

GM: Oh! Rage caught him coming in!

BW: No, no... he SUCKERED Stupidnova in! Hahaha!

GM: Oh, you're a real riot!

[Rage batters Supernova with closed fists to the back of the head for a moment as Melissa Cannon shouts for him to back off. He throws a pretty fierce glance at her before climbing to his feet, arms spread wide, inviting her to disqualify him.]

GM: Rage telling Cannon that if she doesn't like what he's doing, she can disqualify him.

BW: Yep! She's welcome to do it!

GM: Of course, that would also result in Supernova winning the match and winner's side of the purse but he would NOT capture the AWA National Title.

[Rage watches as Supernova climbs off the mat, smashing the point of his elbow down from over his head across Supernova's head. Grabbing Supernova, doubling him up, Rage smashes an elbow down on the back of the neck sending the challenger staggering back into the ropes.]

GM: The challenger on the ropes as Shadoe Rage winds up... hard jab to the jaw!

[The right hand stuns Supernova, making him easy prey for a left jab. Rage alternates a few times, throwing right then left... right then left, leaving Supernova hanging onto the ropes.]

GM: Rage pulling Supernova off the ropes by the hair... ohh!

[Rage swings around in a circle, throwing Supernova through the ropes, trying to send him to the floor but the challenger hangs on, keeping himself up on the apron as Rage walks away.]

GM: Rage thinks he sent Supernova to the floor but the challenger hung on!

[As Rage turns around, he rushes towards Supernova who is coming back in, catching him with a running knee to the gut. He grabs the back of Supernova's head again, rushing across the ring...

...and HURLS him over the top rope, sending him crashing down on the mats covering the outfield grass!]

GM: HARD FALL TO THE FLOOR FOR SUPERNOVA!

[Melissa Cannon reprimands Shadoe Rage who brushes her aside as he steps to the corner, climbing to the second rope and then to the top, raising both arms straight up over his head, posing for one and all to see as flashbulbs fire all over Minute Maid Park...

...and then leaps off, bringing a double axehandle down onto the head of Supernova!]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[The axehandle leaves Supernova down on the floor as Rage stands over him, shouting at the fans - "SHE'S MINE! SHE'S ETERNALLY MINE!" before pulling the challenger up, tossing him back under the ropes.]

GM: Rage puts him back in, rolling back in himself... and dives into a lateral press.

[The special guest referee delivers a two count before Supernova lifts the shoulder off the mat. Rage pushes up to his knees, holding up three fingers at Cannon who shakes her head in response. He climbs off the mat, still glaring at the referee who isn't backing off...

...and then leaps into the air, dropping a knee down across the sternum, sliding quickly into another lateral press.]

GM: Rage gets one! He gets two!

[But again, Supernova kicks out, causing Rage to slap his hands together swiftly three times, shouting "ONE! TWO! THREE!" at Cannon who again shakes her head.]

GM: Shadoe Rage continues to have issues with referee Melissa Cannon and you've gotta think he's regretting approving her as the official right about now.

[Rage climbs off the mat, leaning down to drag Supernova to his feet, scooping him in the air and slamming him down on the canvas.]

GM: Big slam by the champion...

[The champion takes aim, leaping up to drop an elbow down into the chest. He climbs to his feet, holding up one finger before he leaps up again...]

GM: Rage dropping elbow after elbow down into the heart of the challenger... that tremendous heart that has saved Supernova from the jaws of defeat on several occasions. But will it be able to do the same thing tonight?

BW: Four elbows... five elbows... six elbows... come on, people! Count along with the champ!

[But the fans are not counting, simply booing their heads off as Rage drops his seventh and eighth elbow. He scrambles up, dropping the ninth before he gets to his feet, lifting his arm into the air, twirling his finger around...

...and leaps high into the sky for a tenth elbowdrop to the chest!]

GM: An even ten! And Rage rolls into a cover!

[Melissa Cannon dives to the mat, counting to two before Supernova's shoulder comes off the canvas.]

GM: No, no... two count only, Bucky.

BW: Two count only and we are past the ten minute mark in this one. This one shouldn't even be for the title anymore. They should've said Supernova can have all night long to get some kind of revenge on Rage but the title was only on the line for the first ten minutes!

GM: Perhaps you're right, Bucky, but that's NOT the rule here tonight! Supernova's got all night to figure out a way to put Shadoe Rage down for a three count or make him give up and take that title off his waist.

[Rage lifts a leg, straddling the chest to pummel Supernova with closed fists to the eyebrow.]

GM: Closed fists by the champion earn him another reprimand from Melissa Cannon.

BW: And the reprimand earns her another glare from the champion.

[Hauling Supernova off the mat by the arm, Rage hangs on to it...

...and YANKS 'Nova into a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: Short-arm clothesline takes the challenger down... and Rage isn't done with him, dragging him back to his feet...

[A second short-arm clothesline takes Supernova off his feet where Rage drags him up again...]

GM: Supernova comes back up... and a third short-arm clothesline puts him back down!

[Rage looks out at the jeering fans with a nod, planting his foot on the chest of Supernova and pointing at Cannon who drops to count.]

GM: You're not going to get Supernova like that.

[A two count follows before the challenger kicks out. Shadoe Rage, soaking up the jeers from the Houston crowd, leans down to drag Supernova off the mat again, firing him into the corner where he staggers out into a back elbow under the jaw, putting Supernova back down on the canvas.]

GM: Shadoe Rage bringing the impactful offense with the clotheslines and the back elbow to the jaw... really doing a number on the head and neck of the challenger so far in this one as he attempts to extend his record-setting title reign.

[Rage grabs the top rope, stomping Supernova as he crawls near the ropes, trying to get back to his feet. He hauls the challenger up, grabbing him by the back of the head...]

GM: Rage coming across, dragging Supernova behind him and... OHH!

[The crowd groans as Rage leaps over the top rope, snapping Supernova's throat down on the top rope!]

GM: Good grief! That might do it, fans!

[Rage, quick as a cat, slides back into the ring, crawling into a cover as he hooks a leg for the first time.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Supernova kicks out at two. Rage angrily glares at Cannon before SMASHING a fist between the eyes of the challenger. He climbs up to his feet, stomping Supernova a few times before dragging him up...

...and BLASTING an overhead elbow down between the eyes, sending Supernova falling backwards into the ropes again.]

GM: Rage is on the attack, not wasting any time as he grabs the arm, shooting him across...

[Supernova hits the corner...

...but bounces right out, giving a shout as he barrels out and FLATTENS Rage with a running clothesline!]

GM: WHOOOA MY!

BW: Where the heck did that come from?!

GM: Supernova feeding off the energy level here at Minute Maid Park... at SuperClash!

[Rage climbs back to his feet, getting hit with a second clothesline!]

GM: Two big clotheslines and the challenger's got the champion reeling!

[As Rage comes back up to a vertical base, Supernova throws a pair of kicks to the gut, sending Rage falling backwards...]

GM: The challenger with a second wind and-

[Rage suddenly lunges at him, throwing a wild right hand...]

GM: Big right!

BW: NO EFFECT!

[The crowd ROARS as Supernova simply smiles, shaking his head at Rage who backs off as Supernova gives a shout, flexing his arms in front of him...

...and then surges into action, throwing forearm after forearm in the corner, the speed and impact getting higher the more he throws!]

GM: SUPERNOVA'S HAMMERING THE CHAMPION!

[Rage is having little to no luck blocking the blows, melting down to a knee in the corner as Supernova pummels him with forearms. He suddenly breaks away, giving a shout to the crowd, smashing a fist into the chest as he stalks across the ring. Melissa Cannon gives him the warning to let Rage out of the corner...]

GM: Supernova's got Rage reeling and... he's coming back for him!

[Eyes on Rage, Supernova backs into the opposite corner...]

GM: Here we go again! Supernova backs up to the buckles...

[Cannon walks back across the ring, checking on Rage as he tries to get back to his feet...]

GM: Supernova from coast to coast... HE LEA- OH!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Shadoe Rage reaches out, grabbing Melissa Cannon by the arm, pulling her in front of him as Supernova is forced to slam on the brakes to avoid crushing her with a Heat Wave in the corner!]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[Cannon struggles to get free but Rage hangs on tight. An angry Supernova stalks towards the corner, shouting at Rage...

...who shoves Cannon at him. Supernova catches her, checking her condition...]

GM: Supernova asking Melissa Cannon if she's okay and-

[As the challenger turns back to Rage, the champion buries a boot into the midsection. He jumps up on the second rope, leaping off with a crossbody...

...that Supernova catches!]

GM: OH MY! SUPERNOVA CAUGHT HIM!

[Nova shakes his head at the cheering crowd, walking out to the middle of the ring, holding a struggling Rage in his arms...

...and with a mighty yell, he lifts Rage the rest of the way up, gorilla pressing him over his head!]

GM: GORILLA PRESS! GORILLA PRESS!

[Supernova stands, holding the champion high over his head...

...and then steps forward, HURLING Rage over the top rope and down to the thin pads on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE THROWS HIM TO THE FLOOR! MY STARS!

BW: That’s a disqualification, isn’t it?!

GM: For what?!

BW: A deliberate attempt to cripple the man!

GM: Turnabout is fair play and it’s Shadoe Rage who put Supernova on the shelf for several weeks earlier this year! It’s Rage who tried to put Supernova out, Bucky!

BW: I... uhh... whatever!

GM: Great comeback! And speaking of comebacks, you’ve gotta wonder if Shadoe Rage is going to be able to comeback from that!

[The camera shot on the floor shows Rage laying facefirst on the thin mats.]

GM: Now, Bucky... I have to imagine a fall like that doesn’t hurt QUITE as much as it usually does. Tonight, we’ve got dirt and grass underneath those pads at ringside... not solid concrete.

BW: Sure, I guess... but it wasn’t like falling on a pillow either, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not. And Melissa Cannon doing her job here, letting Supernova have it for that move... even though she’s gotta be grateful that he didn’t hit her with that Heat Wave.

[Supernova is in the ring talking to Melissa Cannon for a few moments before he starts towards the ropes, ready to go after the champion...]

GM: Supernova’s stepping out to... he stopped. What’s he-?

[Supernova gets back in the ring, pointing to the floor with a questioning look on his face...]

GM: Supernova says... how can that be? He says Rage isn’t there!

[The camera cuts back to the floor where moments ago, Shadoe Rage was sprawled out on the mats...]

...and finds nothing.]

GM: Where could he have gone?

BW: Maybe around the ringpost? Maybe to the other side of the ring.

[Supernova is walking around the inside of the ring now, peering over the ropes on all four sides. He throws his hands up in the air, shaking his head in disbelief.]

GM: Shadoe Rage has vanished without a trace and...

BW: Magic, Gordo! It’s magic!

GM: I highly doubt that. I think it's fairly clear where Shadoe Rage has disappeared to but-

[But while Supernova is leaning over the ropes, asking the fans if they've seen Rage, the World Television Champion is crawling out from under the ring on the far side from where he was, rolling under the ropes, rushing across towards Supernova's blind side...]

GM: RAGE!

[...and leaps up, hooking Supernova by the head as he tucks his knees and shins up into the back of the challenger, falling back to the canvas!]

BW: LUNGBLOWER! OH YEAH!

[Rage frantically flips Supernova over, hooking a leg and diving across his chest as a surprised Melissa Cannon drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Supernova's shoulder comes flying off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: No, no! The challenger kicks out in time!

[Rage angrily slams a fist down on the canvas as he climbs to his feet, stomping Supernova before he can rise, driving him near the ropes. The champion steps up on the second rope, dropping a shin down across the chest!]

GM: Cannon telling Rage to get out of the ropes...

[Holding the top rope, he boots Supernova a few more times, driving him under the ropes and out to the floor. With a shout and point in Cannon's direction, Rage stalks to the corner, stepping to the second rope...

...and then to the top!]

GM: He's looking for Death From Above again! Rage up on the top rope!

[Rage lifts his arms over his head, holding them at full extension for a few moments...]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[...and leaps off the top rope, aiming to catch Supernova again with the double axehandle!]

GM: OHHH! He got that one!

[But as he gets up himself, he visibly winces, hopping on his right foot as he walks away from the downed Supernova.]

BW: And Rage comes up gimpy, Gordo!

GM: He certainly is! A high risk offensive strike out of Shadoe Rage may have shown exactly why they call it high risk as he's limping out there on the floor.

BW: It looks like it's the left knee... maybe the ankle but I think it's the knee.

GM: And that can't be good news for the champion, trying to stay on his feet.

[Rage grabs the ringpost, wincing as he tries to shake the pain out of his left knee while Supernova recovers from the double axehandle off the top. The challenger pushes to a knee, looking over to Rage who is still shaking his leg.]

GM: Supernova's trying to get up off the mat at ringside and the big news of the moment is that Shadoe Rage tweaked that left knee.

BW: Does Supernova know it and can he take advantage of it?

GM: The challenger using the ring apron, dragging himself to his feet...

[Grabbing the ropes, Rage drags himself under them back into the ring as Supernova rolls under them as well.]

GM: Both men back inside the ring... Rage hanging on to those ropes... clinging to them really as he tries to get up...

[Which is Supernova's cue to kick Rage in the back of the knee, causing his leg to fly out from under him as he lands on the back of his head on the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! I think that answers your questions, Bucky! Supernova knows the knee is in trouble and he knows how to take advantage of it!

[With Rage down on the mat, Supernova grabs the leg...

...and leaps forward, stretching out the hamstring something fierce!]

GM: OHHH!

[Rage flails about on the canvas, grabbing at his left leg as Supernova rolls to a seated position, looking out at the crowd.]

GM: And with each attack on that knee, Supernova gets closer to being able to lock in that Solar Flare and maybe... just maybe... forcing Shadoe Rage to submit away the World Television Title.

BW: I feel like you'd have to rip his leg off to get him to give up the title, Gordo. That's how much the title means to him.

GM: You could be right but as Supernova- OH! He stretches out the leg again!

[Supernova gets to his feet, turning towards Rage who is dragging himself across the ring, trying to get away from the challenger who pursues, grabbing the ankle as Rage attempts a lunge under the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Rage was trying to get out but Supernova cuts him off!

[The crowd is cheering as Supernova drags Rage out to the middle of the ring, flipping him over onto his back. The Houston crowd EXPLODES at the thought that Supernova is going for the Solar Flare...

...but instead, the face-painted fan favorite spins around the leg, twisting it, and falls back into a figure four leglock!]

GM: FIGURE FOUR! SUPERNOVA HOOKS A FIGURE FOUR IN THE CENTER OF THE RING!

[Rage cries out as Supernova cranks the hold, trying to force a submission out of the World Television Champion!]

GM: The figure four is locked on in the middle of the ring! Shadoe Rage's knee was already in a world of pain and this is just turning up the heat on it! Can he hang on?

BW: The better question is can he find a way out!

[Rage grabs at his dreadlocked hair, pulling at it as Melissa Cannon asks him if he wants to give up.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is desperately trying to hang on! Shadoe Rage has one thing in this world that he truly treasures and that's the World Television Title! Bucky Wilde thinks Supernova will have to rip his leg off to get him to give up that title and we may be about to find out!

[Rage twists to his side, trying to roll the hold over, trying to reverse the pressure of it.]

GM: If Rage can turn it over, all that pain will go shooting back the other way into Supernova but I'm not sure if he can do it!

BW: He's trying, Gordo!

[The World Television Champion pumps his right arm in the air, trying to flip it over...]

GM: He's trying to get it turned over! He's trying hard!

[...and with one more scream of effort, Rage does it, flipping Supernova over onto his stomach, sending the pressure back the other way onto his legs!]

GM: HE DID IT! HE REVERSES THE HOLD! HE FLIPPED THE FIGURE FOUR OVER AND-

[Supernova pushes up off the canvas, pain dripping off his face as he cries out at the reversed hold!]

GM: And now it's Supernova who is feeling the pain shooting through his knee!

[With his body already pushed up and Rage still in pain, 'Nova manages to push a little harder, flipping the hold over again...]

GM: He counters the counter!

BW: We're through the looking glass, people!

GM: And Shadoe Rage grabs the ropes, forcing a break!

[Melissa Cannon's count sees Supernova break the figure four at the count of three. Both men withdraw from the hold grabbing at their knees.]

GM: Shadoe Rage rolls out to the floor, grabbing at his leg... and Supernova's coming out after him!

[Supernova grabs Rage by the shoulder, blasting him with a right hand that knocks Rage off his feet, putting him down on the floor as the crowd roars!]

GM: Big right hand drops the champion!

[The challenger leans down, pulling Rage up by the dreadlocks...

...and SMASHES his face off the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Rage is-

[The wild-eyed champion takes a wild swing at the air, coming up empty as Supernova ducks back, throwing a backfist that sends Rage staggering alongside the apron, wobbling into the barricade where he almost falls over it before steadying himself...]

GM: Supernova is... what's he doing, Bucky?

BW: Living up to his Stupidnova nickname!

[Supernova comes charging down the length of the ringside area, leaping into the air in a makeshift Heat Wave...]

...but the wily veteran uses his grip on the barricade to pull himself clear, sending 'Nova crashing into the barricade, his knee slamming into the steel before he flips over it into the front row!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE CROWD!

[The World Television Champion raises his muscular arm in triumph, backing into the apron before rolling under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Rage rolls in... and Supernova's out in the crowd!

BW: And I could be wrong, Gordo, but I think Supernova hit his knee on the railing!

GM: You could be right. I couldn't tell from this point of view...

[We cut to a split-screen replay of the attempted Heat Wave, showing Supernova sailing into the air as Rage pulls himself clear. The challenger's kneecap SMASHES into the steel before he flips over it.]

GM: OH! You're right, Bucky! Right there into the steel!

[Rage rolls back out to the floor, hobbling over towards the railing where Supernova is laid out on the floor. He pulls the face-painted fan favorite up by the head, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Rage has him hooked... he lifts!

[...and DROPS him down with a suplex on the floor!]

GM: OHHH!

[Rage sits up on the floor, flexing his leg a few times, trying to keep his knee loose before getting up to his feet.]

GM: Rage is back up... pulling Supernova up as well... throwing him under the ropes into the ring. We've over twenty minutes into this battle and as Rage puts Supernova in, it looks like he's trying to finish him off!

[The World Television Champion pulls himself up on the apron, swinging his leg back and forth, trying to shake some life into his knee as he slaps the top turnbuckle a few times.]

GM: I think he's going for the elbow - he's looking for the Angel of Death Drop!

[Rage is slow to climb for one of the rare times in his career, stepping up to the bottom rope. He winces with his movement, trying to get to the second rope...]

GM: The champion's having some trouble getting up top! That knee is giving him trouble, Bucky.

BW: He might want to re-think this, Gordo. It's taking too long!

GM: Shadoe Rage is trying to get up to the top rope, looking for the elbow by my estimation but you're right, Bucky... it's taking a very long time and while he climbs, Supernova has managed to roll to his stomach, trying to push up off the mat.

BW: We've got a race now!

GM: We certainly do...

[Rage grimaces, shouting out as he places one foot to the top rope...]

GM: Rage is trying to get up there... and he does! He's up top!

[But as he gets there, Supernova uses the ropes to drag himself up...

...and starts shaking the top rope!]

GM: Supernova's trying to-

BW: NO!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Unable to keep his footing, Rage's legs slip out from under him, causing him to crotch himself on the top turnbuckle!]

GM: WHOOOOOA NELLIE!

BW: Someone's going to be singing soprano tonight!

GM: And with Shadoe Rage in an uncomfortable position, Supernova's climbing up after him...

[Nova also visibly shakes out his knee, trying to keep it loose as he steps up to the second rope, pulling Rage into a front facelock...]

GM: Uh oh! And these fans here in Houston can sense what's coming next as Supernova hooks him up, slinging that arm over his neck...

[Supernova clenches his teeth, shouting with effort as he muscles Rage up into the air...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[...and brings him CRASHING down in a superplex!]

GM: SUPERPLEX OFF THE TOP!!

[The challenger flips over, diving across Rage without hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: KICKOUT! RAGE KICKS OUT!

[Supernova rolls off to his back, staring up at the lights as the crowd buzzes with excitement for the match and disappointment at Rage being able to escape the pin that would’ve finally brought gold to the face-painted fan favorite!]

GM: Supernova got as close as a professional wrestler can get to striking gold without actually doing it right there! Incredible!

BW: I bet Rage’s heart skipped a beat on that one, daddy!

[Sitting up on the mat, Supernova looks pleadingly at Melissa Cannon who holds up two fingers and then shows with both hands how close it came to three. Supernova shakes his head in disappointment, wincing as he climbs up off the canvas.]

GM: The challenger’s back up... looking to finish off the champion... looking to win the title here tonight at SuperClash VII, four years after he failed to win the National Title against Calisto Dufresne at SuperClash III!

[Grabbing Rage by the hair, Supernova drags him to his feet, walking him to the corner where he SLAMS his head into the top turnbuckle. He does it a second time... and a third before turning Rage back around.]

GM: ‘Nova grabs the arm... shoots him across...

[Biting his lip, Supernova backs to the buckles. He nods his head at the cheering crowd...

...and goes into a dash, charging across the ring!]

GM: HERE HE COMES!

[Supernova LEAPS into the air, soaring through the sky, crushing Rage in the corner with a flying splash!]

GM: HEAT WAVE CONNECTS IN THE CORNER!

[Supernova steps to the side, tossing Rage out of the corner where he hobbles a few steps out, collapsing to the canvas. With the SuperClash crowd on their feet, Supernova steps forward, picking up the legs...]

GM: HE’S GOING FOR IT! HE’S GOING FOR THE SOLAR FLARE!

[With the crowd cheering him on, Supernova flips it over, sitting back on the punishing submission hold!]

GM: HE LOCKS IT IN! THIS MIGHT BE IT, FANS!

[The ROAR of the crowd when he gets the hold on is ear-splitting. Fans all over the stadium are on their feet, screaming for Rage to give up and give away the World Television Title he’s held for a record-setting year!]

GM: RAGE IS CLAWING AT THE MAT! RAGE IS TRYING TO HOLD ON!

[Melissa Cannon is down on all fours, staring right into the face of Shadoe Rage, asking him if he wants to submit.]

GM: RAGE WON'T QUIT! RAGE WON'T GIVE IN!

[Rage is defiantly shaking his head no, stretching out his arms, clawing at the mat, trying to drag himself and Supernova the relatively short distance towards the ropes!]

BW: Supernova can't fully sit back in this hold with the banged-up knee but he's got it locked in pretty deep!

GM: Melissa Cannon is in perfect position to check for the submission but so far, Rage is refusing to give up!

[The World Television Champion keeps pulling on the mat, pulling hard...]

GM: Rage needs to get to the ropes but can he? Can he get there and save his title?!

[Supernova stumbles on the injured knee as Rage makes a lunge...

...and gets there! The crowd deflates at the sight of Rage clinging to the ropes as Melissa Cannon orders Supernova to break the hold!]

GM: He survived! Shadoe Rage, refusing to give up... refusing to lose that title here tonight... refusing to go down!

[Rage drags himself under the ropes onto the apron, his leg up in the air, draped over the middle rope as Supernova stands in the ring, hands on his hips for a moment.]

GM: Supernova was so close right there but Shadoe Rage showed tremendous resilience in refusing to submit away the World Television Title... but the challenger definitely has momentum on his side right now as he walks across the ring, leaning over...

[He grabs Rage by the hair, hauling him to his feet...

...but Rage slings himself between the ropes, grabbing the legs and tripping up Supernova, knocking him back to his shoulders. Rage lunges through into a jackknife cradle, leaving his feet on the middle rope as Cannon dives to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE-

[But at the LAST possible moment, Melissa Cannon erupts to her feet, pointing at the feet on the ropes, shaking her head, waving it off!]

GM: NO, NO! MELISSA CANNON SAYS NO!

BW: WHAT?!

GM: SHE SAW THE FEET ON THE ROPES!

[Rage abruptly breaks his cradle, surging to his feet, hobbling across the ring as he sticks a finger in Melissa's face, backing her up as she points to the ropes, waving it off again.]

GM: Melissa Cannon saw the feet on the ropes and she called him on it! He tried to steal it, Bucky! He tried to steal this one to keep the title!

BW: Shadoe Rage is going to do ANYTHING necessary to keep that title around his waist!

[The World Television Champion backs Cannon all the way to the corner, bullying her into the buckles, threatening her..

...when she suddenly shoves him in the chest with both hands, striking up a defensive pose and asking Rage to attack her! The crowd ERUPTS as Rage looks around puzzled!]

GM: Hah! He thought he could bully Melissa Cannon because she's a woman and Melissa Cannon just showed him that he's DEAD WRONG, fans!

[Cannon again implores Rage to come at her as he backpedals across the ring, looking at her in shock...

...and walks right into a schoolboy!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!! ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! MY STARS, RAGE KICKS OUT! RAGE KICKS OUT!

[Shadoe Rage scrambles off the mat, catching Supernova with a lunging double axehandle to the back of the head before he can get up!]

GM: Ohh! Rage cuts him off and...

[Cursing and spitting, Rage stalks across the ring...]

GM: Shadoe Rage is filled with fury at this moment! He's screaming at Supernova! He's screaming at Melissa Cannon! He's screaming at the fans!

BW: He may not even feel his banged-up knee at this point, Gordo.

[Turning to face the downed Supernova, Rage leans over, yanking his kneepad off his leg, hurling it across the ring to bounce off Supernova's head. He crouches over, waving for Supernova to get up from his all-fours position.]

GM: Oh my stars, he's looking for the Eclipse! He's looking for that running knee that STARTED his record-setting title reign! The same running knee that hit Tony Sunn one year ago and nobody's seen him since! The same running knee that put Supernova on ice for over a month!

[Rage SCREAMS at Supernova, shouting at him to get up again. The announcers lay out, letting the crowd's sounds - imploring Supernova to get up... begging him to defend himself - be the soundtrack of the moment...

The face-painted challenger pushes himself up to his knees, the face paint disintegrating from nearly a half hour of action...

...and Shadoe Rage chokes down any pain that his knee is causing him, charging across the ring, his knee completely bare and exposed as he looks to drive his kneecap THROUGH his rival's head...

He draws near as Supernova's eyes go wide, realizing what's coming for him once again...

...and then slides his leg out, only on one knee know as he tries to surge to his feet before the Eclipse comes.

Rage closes the distance as his challenger pushes up to his feet, tucking his head, and catching Rage around the torso, lifting him up on his shoulder!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[Supernova lumbers forward to the center of the ring, leaping up as he swings Rage out, dropping him down in a split-legged slam as both men crash into the canvas!]

GM: What a counter! Supernova with a modified spinebuster... maybe a powerbomb... whatever you want to call it, he avoided the Eclipse and-

[Both men are laying flat on their backs on the canvas...

...when suddenly, Supernova starts positioning his legs from his back.]

GM: What's he-?!

[Supernova grabs Rage's legs, folding one over the other into a "4" shape, grabbing the extended leg under his armpit...]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE SOLAR FLARE FROM HIS BACK!

[...and rolls over, flipping both Rage and himself onto his stomach. The crowd is roaring with anticipation as Supernova slides a leg underneath himself, pushing up to a knee...]

GM: HE'S ALMOST GOT IT!

[With one more scream of effort, Supernova is on his feet, sitting back in the Solar Flare! Rage cries out, grabbing the mat, screaming in pain as he claws at the canvas!]

GM: SUPERNOVA'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!

BW: And this time, they're in the middle of the ring, Gordo! I'm not sure Shadoo Rage has got enough left to get to the ropes from this spot! Supernova's got the Solar Flare on right where he wants it!

GM: Rage is trying to grab Melissa Cannon's leg!

[But she sees that coming, sweeping her leg out of his reach, staying back as she asks him repeatedly if he wants to give up...]

GM: Rage is hanging on but for how long?! His knee has been through a tremendous amount of punishment in this match! It's being bent at a horrific angle right now, so much pressure being put on the knee as we're just short of the thirty minute mark in this out-and-out war over the World Television Championship!

BW: The champ's holding out!

[The camera zooms in on Rage, pain all over his face as he pulls at his own hair, screaming in agony. Supernova leans back a little further, wrenching the knee even more as Rage slams a fist into the mat over and over and over. The screams of pain turn into something else...]

"YOU CAN'T HAVE HER!"

"YOU CAN'T HAVE HER!"

BW: What a sack of garbage! Shadoe Rage carried that title with honor and pride over the past year and to listen to you act like Supernova is going to usher in a golden era for that championship makes me sick! Rage was robbed - pure and simple!

GM: Bucky, the man is unconscious! He's STILL unconscious! He passed out from the pain shooting through his knee thanks to the Solar Flare and wasn't able to continue!

BW: Says you!

GM: Says everyone! Look at him!

[Shadoe Rage is indeed still motionless on the mat, facefirst on the canvas as an exhausted Supernova pushes himself up to his feet. He's soaked with sweat, breathing heavily, and his facepaint is almost completely gone as he throws back his head in a howl!]

GM: Oh yeah! These fans love that! And as focused as Supernova was in this match, we didn't see him play to the crowd as much as he usually does but he certainly is doing it now! He's letting them all know how much they mean to him!

[The referee grabs Supernova by the arm, raising it over his head before handing him the World Television Title belt that Supernova immediately embraces before holding it up in the air, earning even louder and more boisterous cheers from the AWA faithful!]

GM: There he is, fans! The new champion in all his glory!

BW: Ahhh, this whole thing makes me sick.

GM: Supernova enjoying this moment as he should. It's been far too long for this young man before finally tasting his first piece of AWA championship gold! Soak it in, young man! You deserve it!

[Nova collapses to his knees again, staring at the title belt in his hands as the crowd continues to roar. He looks up at them with a grin before dropping to his back, rolling underneath the ropes to the floor.]

GM: And now Supernova's going to celebrate with his people - with the fans here in Houston and all over the world!

[Approaching the barricade, Supernova is getting pats on the arms and back from the fans as he slowly climbs over it. The fans surge to surround him, congratulating the new champion, taking selfies with him, giving him a high five or a hug...]

GM: What a moment for Supernova! What a moment for these fans! At long last, the title reign of Shadoe Rage is at an end and Supernova reigns supreme! Tonight, Shadoe Rage DID feel the heat and it cost him everything!

[Supernova continues to walk through the crowd, soaking up the cheers as the fans continue to celebrate with him. He turns back towards the ring, raising the title belt over his head to another big cheer as we fade to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Wow! What a match and what a moment here at SuperClash! We've got a brand new World Television Champion and you can bet that before the last toll of the bell had sounded, the competitors were lining up at the office of President O'Neill to stake their claim at the first title opportunity. And speaking of opportunity... here with me now is a man who's been off of American wrestling TV for quite some time but back tonight in the Legends Royale with a big opportunity to show the world he's still got it, Tommy Stephens!

[Shot expands to show Tommy Stephens, still looking youthful in his late 30s, though sans his long blond hair. In place is a short cut with some gray hairs here in there with his blond locks. He's dressed in a "Waru Dojo" black T-shirt and his old black & purple striped wrestling tights.]

TS: Yeah, yeah, yeah! Glad to be back in the States! Wow, where to start, right? I mean, it's been... Geez, seven? Eight years? I don't know, but it's been a crazy long time since I laced it up State-side...

MS: And in that time, you've been retir-

TS: Whoa, whoa. Whoa! Don't hit me with the R-word! I'm not dead yet, man! And just cause I haven't been hitting YOUR -

[Stephens points at the camera with a grin.]

TS: DVR'ed AWA programming - and don't skip the ads, kids, it pays the bills - but... Um... What was I talking about?

MS: Retirmen-

TS: No, come on! Don't say that! But, uh, yeah, I've wrestling on the mean streets of the westerns shores of eastern Japan, so that's why I've been away... But I'm back! And here, in YOUR -

[Stephens once again points at the camera, with a wink.]

TS: AWA ring!

[Stephens nods.]

MS: So what got you back here to compete tonight?

TS: Well, I actually called up... I mean, when I called Casey James, he kept hanging up thinking it was a prank call, but after the tenth call he gave in... Or up, I don't know, but I'm in! And, I mean-

MS: Do you see yourself possibly wanting to test more than just the Legends Royal tonight, maybe joining -

TS: Here? Um... Phew, talent is RICH here so... Hey, I've had my share of embarrassments on live TV - including tonight, so uh...

[Oddly, Stephens ponders further embarrassments, but ultimately shakes his head no.]

TS: No, no, see, I'm back for one night only cause, well, I'm at home in Osaka, with my family, carrying on the Sone legacy of my departed friend and mentor... So, honestly? I'm here to just make many back home proud. And really? I'm here to show I'm not just some guy a senton's named for!

MS: Of course referring to your former stable mate and two time National Champion, Juan Vasquez -

TS: Yeah, talked with him backstage! And look, Juan and I, we go way back - more than just "stablemates", ok? We're like, blood brothers, ok? And I've been fan number one of his here in AWA, too. He IS AWA and I'll be more than happy to get a ringside seat to see him take back the National Title! But... I'd be lying if I didn't... Well, If I wasn't really here for one night's worth...

[Tommy pauses, dramatically... For full effect before stupidly grinning to Stegglet.]

TS: Of Juan Vasquez-money! You better pay me, Mr. O'Neill! I better get that check of Juan money like none other!

[Stephens smiles and makes the ever-so-classy Johnny Manziel money sign.]

TS: But hey, really? It's an honor, after my time in St. Louis, LA, and Toronto, to be invited to wrestle with bona fide legends - Hall of Famers in fact? Look, I'm no legend, alright? I'm just a guy who got lucky a few times, latched on the coattails of TWO honest to God GODS of wrestling in Luke Kinsey and Juan, and then drank it all away just to build it back up. so this?

[Stephens shakes his head, smiling from ear to ear.]

TS: Man, this will just be fun for me. And if I make some waves? Dare say even win the whole shindig?

[Stephens shrugs.]

TS: Who knows, maybe I might call up a real estate agent and see what's available stateside...

MS: And there -

[Stephens pops his head back in the shot, waves his hands about.]

TS: Na, I'll stay only if I get a big, fat, Juan Vasquez-money contract!

[Stegglet shakes his head as Stephens walks out of view.]

MS: Let's send it over to "Sweet" Lou who's standing by with Julie-

[Mark Stegglet is interrupted by a deep voice, that is recognized as that of Rex Summers.]

RS: Wait a minute, now wait one minute, Mark.

[Rex Summers enters into the camera's view, the Summers Sweetheart by his side and she is carrying a red Zero Halliburton briefcase in her hand. She smiles broadly for the camera as Summers continues to speak.]

RS: Tommy Stephens? Julie Somers? These are the people you're wasting your breath on? When you could be speaking to the newest Steal the Spotlight winner, "Red Hot" Rex Summers? It's no wonder the AWA didn't give you the hotline report, Mark.

[Mark does not appeared humored.]

RS: Tonight Mark, the "Red Hot" one will give you the scoop of a lifetime...

[Summers motions to his Sweetheart, who holds the briefcase so Rex can open it.]

RS: Now before I open this, take a good look at it, Mark. This is a custom made Zero Halliburton briefcase...

[The camera focuses on the red aluminum briefcase with a single silver handle. Upon the front are the words "Red Hot" in silver writing in a half moon.]

RS: Made specifically for this night, made specifically to secure the...

[Rex Summers opens the briefcase and inside is seen the contract he won earlier in the evening.]

RS: ...Golden ticket. Now Mark, I have one year to cash this ticket in and in the process make history, 'cause I guarantee you, Mark, once "Red Hot" Rex Summers cashes this golden contract in it won't be a wasted opportunity like MAMMOTH Mizusawa, who used it to face Juan Vasquez and couldn't beat him with TWO golden tickets! And it won't end up like Johnny Detson's golden ticket, another failure in a long, long career riddled with failure upon failure.

[Rex with a throaty chuckle as the Summers Sweetheart nods.]

RS: Nope. This golden ticket won't be a waste, Mark. I have three hundred and sixty five days, to take my time... and decide what to do with this golden ticket ...

[Rex closes the case.]

RS: And there's nothing the "Red Hot" one loves more than taking his time...

[The Summers Sweetheart blushes a bit as she smiles.]

RS: Now, before we go any further...

[Summers suddenly comes to a pause as someone walks into view. This is someone that AWA fans have never seen before. A young man with pale skin and a very nice black suit, white dress shirt, and maroon tie. His blonde hair is cut short and also stylish. Everything about him screams that he's very focused on his image.]

MS: I'm sorry. We're in the middle of something here.

[The suited young man who can't be past his late 20s or early 30s smiles.]

"Yes, I can see that. Rex Summers, I presume..."

[Summers looks agitated.]

RS: You can read the marquee. I'm impressed. Now who in the hel-

[The young man raises his hands.]

"Please. Don't strain yourself. My name is Emerson Geller."

[Summers looks puzzled as Stegglet raises his eyebrows in recognition.]

RS: You say that like I should know the name.

[Geller chuckles, looking down for a moment.]

EG: You should... and judging by Mr. Stegglet's expression, he certainly does. But I'm sure you're not alone in wondering who I am and why I'm here on the AWA's biggest night of the year, Mr. Summers.

Do you use the Internet, Mr. Summers?

[Summers looks puzzled.]

RS: What are you-

EG: I ask because if you do, you might have seen a report by Jason Dane. Frankly, I don't know how he does it. The scoop, you know?

[Summers slowly raises an eyebrow.]

RS: The new...?

EG: Director of Operations, yes. Not my favorite title but I think it sums up nicely why I'm here and what I'm doing. You a fan of Game of Thrones, Mr. Summers?

[Summers doesn't even have a chance to respond before...]

EG: I like to think of myself as the President's Hand. President O'Neill is going to be taking a step back from the day-to-day operations around here. He'll be focusing more on "big picture" stuff... trying to see the forest and not the individual trees like yourself. But in his absence... all of this is under my command.

[Summers looks agitated.]

RS: Okay, so you're the new boss... and you wanted to introduce yourself because you saw me win Steal The Spotlight earlier and you thought you should get to know the guy who is going to be the next big thing around here?

[Summers breaks into an arrogant laugh. Gellar laughs along with him. Summers stops laughing. Gellar does not, keeping his gaze on Summers. He continues laughing for an uncomfortable few moments longer.]

EG: Something like that.

[There's a brief staredown before Gellar extends his hand. Summers takes it for the handshake.]

EG: Congratulations on your win tonight. Go out. Enjoy yourself.

[Summers nods, starting to walk away but Gellar hangs on.]

EG: But I'll need to see you at Saturday Night Wrestling...

[Summers raises an eyebrow, slowly nodding.]

EG: ...in the ring...

[Summers continues to nod. Gellar lets go of his hand, walking past him. He pauses before stepping out of view, reaching back to rap his knuckles on the metal case.]

EG: Oh, and make sure you bring this with you.

[Gellar smiles at Summers, walking out of view, leaving a confused Rex Summers behind as we cut to backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Fans, the last few months we have seen a number of talented individuals who have been making the push to have a full-time Women's Division here in the AWA. Tonight, at SuperClash, it will not be the first time the ladies have had a wrestling match at the annual spectacular, but it is clear that those in tonight's match want it to lead to something more than it has in the past. And that brings me to my guest... Julie Somers, come on in here.

["The Spitfire" Julie Somers walks onto the set. She is dressed in a red halter top and matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. Her wavy, brown hair is pulled back behind her head.]

SLB: Julie, in just a few moments you will step into the ring, once again, against Charisma Knight. Before we get to that match, though, we know it could have been you facing Melissa Cannon, but 10 days ago at All-Star Showdown, you tried to stop Charisma Knight from... how shall we say this... playing fast and loose with the rules, but it still cost Melissa Cannon the match. Do you have anything to say regarding your actions in that match?

[Julie puts her hands on her hips and takes a deep breath.]

JS: I won't lie to you, Sweet Lou. I failed to stop Charisma Knight from pulling her usual tricks. There was a small part of me that says it's my fault that Melissa Cannon lost her chance to face me tonight on the biggest stage of them all.

[She flicks a loose strand of hair away from her face.]

JS: But I had a long talk with the woman who trained me, Sarah Sharpe. She reminded me I can't dwell upon things, that I have to move forward. Most of all, she reminded me that it was Charisma Knight who decided to bend the rules in her favor and only she can be held responsible for that. So while I am sorry that Melissa lost her chance to face me, I need to get focused on the real matter at hand, and that's my match tonight, where I am going to prove to everyone that not only was my last win over Charisma Knight no fluke, but that I am going to hold her accountable for everything she has done.

SLB: Julie, I wanted to bring up one thing that Charisma Knight mentioned a few weeks back, how she said things didn't have to be the way they are right now between the two of you. She even suggested the two of you could have been friends.

[Julie scoffs and shakes her head.]

JS: You know, Sweet Lou, it seems I've been having to hold myself responsible for a lot of things these past few months. I just told you I'm sorry Melissa Cannon won't be facing me tonight. I told people this past summer how much I regretted not taking the open challenge from Miyuki Ozaki. I've had critics out there who said that I wasn't good enough to get the job done against Charisma Knight before and they're thinking I can't beat her again.

But as far as what Charisma Knight has had to say about how things could have been different between us, as if somehow I'm responsible for that?

[She turns to the camera and glares.]

JS: I'm not the one who accused Melissa Cannon of being the Golden Girl the AWA was trying to protect. I'm not the one who jumped somebody from behind to make sure that she got to be the one to take Melissa's open challenge. I'm not the one who told the person who got jumped that it wasn't personal. I'm not the one who used the Wilde Bunch and fabricated stories to get them to team with her because nobody else would trust her. No, Charisma Knight, none of that is on me.

[She points to the camera.]

JS: That's all on you. You're the one responsible for all of that, contrary to what you may think. And if you think for one minute there was ever a chance that you and I could have been friends after all that...

[She shakes her head.]

JS: The hell there ever was.

SLB: Be that as it may, Julie, you know that Charisma Knight has logged victories over you on several occasions. I'm sure she sees this as her chance to appeal to the AWA President that a women's championship should be introduced and that she should be the top contender for it. And it's no secret you want the same thing. What do you believe will make the difference in tonight's match?

JS: Sweet Lou, this comes down to what drives Charisma Knight versus what drives me. We've seen what drives her, haven't we? Jealousy, anger, resentment, the idea that she was being intentionally held back, forced into a position that she didn't want to be in. And on that last point, I won't lie to you, Sweet Lou, I felt that to an extent. But unlike Charisma, I focused more on what was really important.

[She thumps her chest.]

JS: It's what lies in my heart right here. All the things I learned from my mentor, Sarah Sharpe, a talented wrestler herself. The times I spent with my uncle at the arenas when I was just 13. When I got the chance to talk to Hall of Famer Nina Grimsson, even get to go out and have pizza with her after the matches. When I came face to face with Hall of Famer Stephanie Harper, who welcomed me with open arms and led to a relationship that's been so great, she's like a mother to me. When I got to listen to stories from another Hall of Famer, Tara Smith, who never once turned me down if I wanted to ask her about how I could have a future as a pro wrestler.

It could have been easy for women like them to turn me down, to act too busy to give a few minutes of advice, to see me as nothing but some silly little girl who was only interested in hanging out with them backstage so I could brag to all my friends about who I knew. And every time I've stepped into that ring, I've thought about those women before me and asked myself what they would do in any given situation, what bits of advice will come in handy and allow me to get the job done in the ring.

[She pushes a strand of hair behind her ear.]

JS: That's the motivation I have, Sweet Lou. Wrestling is what I live for. This is what I grew up around. This is what I knew I wanted to do for a career. This is my dream, my passion, my livelihood. And in my heart I carry every bit of advice I got, every kind word I received from those before me about what it takes to be the best.

[She turns to the camera again.]

JS: Charisma Knight, when I step into that ring to face you, I'm going to have the motivation of every Hall of Famer, every top women's wrestler I've met, to lead to only one thing.

[She points to it.]

JS: And that's me kicking your ass!

[She walks off the set as Sweet Lou raises his eyebrows at Julie's final remark.]

SLB: Oh my goodness, The Spitfire sounds like she means business tonight! Mark, let's get back to you!

[The camera cuts back to Mark Stegglet, standing with Charisma Knight, wearing her gear with a red ring jacket with a black hood, pulled up but letting the front of her new bright pink and aqua hair show through.]

MS: Thanks guys, I'm back here with Char-

[Knight interrupts, pulling the mic over to her]

CK: No, Stegglet, you just stand there and hold the mic and shut up, this is MY MOMENT and it will not be disturbed by your prattling!

[Stegglet looks a little sheepish, but continues to hold the mic as Charisma continues]

CK: For almost twenty years, since I first realized as a kid that I could wrestle someday, I've been waiting for this moment. I've been waiting for my time, to step through that curtain, to walk down that aisle, to head into that ring, at the biggest wrestling event of the year, in front of the biggest crowd live and on Television. Tonight is the night. And no one is going to spoil it, not Melissa Cannon, and not you, Julie Somers.

[Knight's gaze narrows, showing her focus on the night's opposition.]

CK: For a few months now Julie, you've been in my way. You've been the annoying yappy dog nipping on my heels. The gnat that I can't spray away. This started as just business, you were merely in my way from me claiming my rightful spot. I pushed you aside, but you came back, and I beat you, and you came back, and I beat you again, and you came back. You just won't go away.

Hell, you even snuck one in on me, caught me with my guard down, and you almost, ALMOST, ruined this moment. And for that, you're going to suffer, sweetie. You're going to suffer like you never have. I don't care who you think you are. I don't care who your brother's best friend's mother is, or who your father's brother's nephew's cousin's former roommate is. I don't care.

You can sit there and talk about how awesome this is, how you've wanted this, Julie. And that's great, but no one has wanted this more than me. NO ONE.

[She takes a second to calm herself.]

CK: Ten years. Ten years to be taken seriously. Ten years working to keep my pride intact. Ten years of having a standard that I wouldn't compromise. Ten years of not lowering myself to work in exploitive promotions. Ten years of clawing and dragging, of having my options limited because of politics.

I have finally arrived at my first goal - wrestling at SuperClash.

Tonight Somers, tonight I go out there and show the world why I am the best female wrestler in the world... why I am one of the best wrestlers on the planet, PERIOD.

I start to cement my legacy tonight, whether I beat you down, kick your teeth down your throat, pin you, or break your damn leg, tonight I prove that I am the best... and that you, Julie, are just an eager little girl that has a long way to go,

Tonight I prove that I - Charisma Knight - am going to lead Women's Wrestling back into the spotlight, and be the standard bearer for every woman that comes into the sport. We've talked... now, it's time to dance.

[Charisma walks off camera as Stegglet wraps up.]

MS: A very focused Charisma Knight, ready to step up and claim what she thinks is hers but can she overcome an equally focused and determined Julie Somers? It's time to find out! Gordon, Bucky... back down to you at ringside!

[We crossfade to a shot of the sold out Minute Maid Park crowd, cheering as the camera sweeps over them.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. While there's technically no title on the line in this one, Bucky, you might very well say there is. For months now - or longer to hear her tell it - Melissa Cannon has been at the forefront of this battle with AWA management to finally - at long last - bring a Women's Division to the company. Part of that battle yielded this - an opportunity for two female competitors to hit the biggest stage in the world and show us all what they can do. Julie Somers and Charisma Knight have a lot of weight on their shoulders here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. The future of the Women's Division - if one is to exist - is right on them. They need to come out here and prove they can compete on the same level as everyone else. They want a division? They want a championship? Tonight's the night to show what they've got.

GM: And... hooo boy, take a look at that...

[Just before that line, the camera had cut to show someone sitting in the front row. The competitor that many have called the greatest female wrestler in the world - Miyuki Ozaki.]

GM: Miyuki Ozaki, currently a free agent in the wrestling world although she spends much of her time these days in Japan, is sitting in the front row and you can get she's here for one reason. She wants to see as much as the rest of us do if these two have what it takes to bring women's wrestling back to the mainstream here in the United States.

BW: Boy, does that ever have the potential to get in the heads of Somers and Knight here tonight, Gordo.

GM: It certainly does. But they've gotta put that out of their heads. They have to put aside all the pressure, all the distractions, all the rumors about who might be coming in... and they need to focus on the match at hand. Because these are two top flight competitors and one slip-up can mean the difference between the thrills of victory and the agony of defeat. Who will come out on top? Let's go to the ring and find out!

[Cut 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...

[The lights around Minute Maid Park dim leaving the ever-darkening night sky the only light as scrambled speech fills the arena, followed by several seconds of melodic keyboards, then the opening power chords of Semblant's "What Lies Ahead" kicks into full gear.]

PW: From Cleveland, Ohio... weighing in at 150 pounds... here is...

CHAAAAAARISSSMAAAA
KNIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIGHT!

[Charisma Knight steps through the entranceway onto the stage, a black hood covering most of her bright pink hair with aqua ends. The rest is covered in a

bright red floor length cape wrapped around her as she moves to the top of the ramp. She opens the cape up, holding it out, revealing the rest of her red ring jacket over her gear, while the insides of the cape glisten in the spotlight as red and orange rhinestones cover the inside in a fire pattern against a black background. She drops the cape at the stage, and begins the long walk down the aisle toward the ring, her face the picture of focus, almost ignoring the jeering of the fans.]

GM: And here she is. Charisma Knight is making her way down the aisle to the ring for a historic match here at SuperClash, and she looks ready, Bucky.

BW: Gordo, she's been waiting for this her entire life and now that she's made it, no one - not even Julie Somers - is going to deny her her destiny.

[Knight climbs the steps to the ring, walking along the apron on the hard camera side, stopping at the middle and facing the crowd, holding out her arms and raising her head. She lowers her head, looking around the crowd with a slight sneer before entering the ring, removing her jacket to reveal her matching flame emblazoned black, red, and orange gear, consisting of kick pads over wrestling shoes, upper thigh length tights, and a closed off modest halter length tank top. As she hands her jacket out to a ringside attendant, her eyes flash with rage as she points...]

"YOU!"

[The crowd buzzes as Knight straightens up, locking eyes with Miyuki Ozaki who seems unconcerned, smirking at the competitor inside the ring.]

GM: Charisma Knight has made no secret of her feelings towards Miyuki Ozaki and she's glaring at her right now.

BW: If looks could kill, daddy.

GM: Knight obviously was unaware that Ozaki is here tonight and she does NOT look happy about it.

[And while Knight is glaring at Ozaki from inside the ring, Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And her opponent...

["She Works Hard For The Money" by Donna Summer kicks in over the speakers and, on the screens above the ring, clips air of the young woman about to make her way out onto the stage. The package plays as the legendary disco and R&B singer's voice rings through Minute Maid Park.]

#She works hard for the money
So hard for it, honey
She works hard for the money so you better treat her right#

#She works hard for the money
So hard for it, honey
She works hard for the money so you better treat her right#

[As the chorus concludes, that's when "The Spitfire" Julie Somers strolls out onto the entrance stage. She wears a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. She has her arms raised, motioning with her hands to encourage the crowd's cheers.]

PW: Introducing from Boston, Massachusetts, and weighing 145 pounds... ladies and gentlemen, here is "THE SPITFIRE"...

JUUUUUUUUULIIIIIE

SOMMMMMERRRRRRS!

[Julie reaches the top of the ramp and pumps her fists a few times, a big smile on her face. She jogs down the ramp and then the aisle, a smile on her face but a look of determination in her eyes.]

GM: This young lady grew up idolizing several of the women who have been inducted into the Pro Wrestling Hall of Fame. Now she has her moment on the biggest AWA show of the year.

BW: Well, her dreams could turn into a nightmare, because Charisma Knight is looking to even the score after this Spitfire got lucky.

[Julie reaches the ring and slides under the bottom rope. She gets to her feet and stares at Charisma Knight for a moment, Julie's smile disappearing and a hard stare forming. After a moment, she walks across the ring to the corner, mounts the second turnbuckle and waves her arms to the crowd, encouraging their cheers.]

GM: Knight actually has two victories over Somers, so if anybody would be evening the score, it would be Somers.

BW: Nah, it's not about counting wins and losses, Gordo. It's about the Spitfire understanding her place in the pecking order, and Charisma Knight is on the top! And tonight, she's gonna prove that!

[Julie climbs down from the second rope, turns and locks eyes with Charisma, the referee stepping between them and ordering both women to opposite corners. From her spot in the corner, she throws a glance outside the ring to Miyuki Ozaki too...]

GM: Julie Somers making sure Ozaki is aware she knows she's there as well.

BW: Ozaki's gotta love this. Two women battling it out for the future of women's wrestling... and they've both got their eyes on her now. She's the center of their attention.

GM: I highly doubt that... but both of these competitors want to make sure that the so-called best woman's wrestler in the world knows they're aware of her being there. They want to make sure she's watching when they show the world exactly what they're capable of.

[New AWA official Andy Dawson steps out to the middle, extending an arm to both sides of the ring, figuratively holding them back...

...and then signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[As the bell sounds, both women sidestep out of their respective corners, moving in a circle to size one another up.]

GM: This is the third time these two have met in singles action - plus that mixed tag match that Charisma Knight tricked your nephews into, Bucky.

BW: The best tag match they've ever been in.

GM: I'm sure you feel that way.

[The two competitors come together in a collar and elbow tieup, not messing around as they immediately start jockeying for position.]

GM: In the past, we've seen Knight attack before the bell. We've seen a game of cat and mouse... and now, they're going right at it as Knight uses her size advantage, backing Julie Somers across the ring into the ropes.

[The official immediately steps in, calling for a clean break.]

GM: Andy Dawson calling for a break... and he gets one.

[Knight backs off, arms raised as she keeps her eyes on the Spitfire, ready for any sudden burst of offense.]

GM: Clean break... how about that?

BW: You sound surprised.

GM: That's because I am. Charisma Knight is one of the dirtiest fighters I've ever seen. Remember when she attacked Julie Somers from behind and slammed her head into the ringpost in Las Vegas?

BW: I do. But remember when Somers accused her of being a brainwashed kidnapped former ninja?

GM: ...No.

BW: Oh... well... maybe that didn't happen but I'm sure Somers did something else to deserve that!

[Somers edges away from the ropes, making a quick lunge for a single-leg takedown attempt but Knight pulls away, catching her in another tieup as she gets to her feet, promptly pushing her across the ring a second time...]

GM: Knight backs her down again, bullying her across the ring...

[The referee steps in, calling for another break.]

GM: Another break being asked for by the official and-

[Knight steps back, arms raised...]

GM: Really? Another clean break? Is this a different Charisma Knight we're seeing here tonight?

[...and then cracks a smirk, patting Somers on the head! The crowd "ohhhhs" at the blatant show of disrespect and then cheers as Somers comes tearing across the ring after Knight who backpedals as quickly as she can, ducking through the ropes and shouting at Andy Dawson to keep her back!]

GM: Knight with total disrespect and Somers wants to make her pay for it!

[Somers struggles to get past the new official but has no success as he backs her up to the middle of the ring. Knight withdraws from the ropes, still smirking as she keeps her eyes on the suitably-nicknamed Spitfire who is pacing back and forth now.]

GM: Julie Somers needs to keep her cool and not make a mistake.

BW: She's playing right into Charisma Knight's hands right now. Knight wants her to make a mistake that she can take advantage of.

GM: Somers waving Knight off the ropes... she's ready to do this...

[Knight takes a step forward, opening her mouth to say something...

...and gets POPPED in the jaw with a forearm smash to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: OH!

[A second forearm is followed by three more, backing Knight into the ropes where the referee steps in, trying to force a break but Somers is having none of it, grabbing Knight by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Knight!

[As Somers rebounds, she ducks a clothesline from Knight, hitting the far ropes where she bounces off again...]

GM: Another clothesline ducked by Somers!

[She comes off the ropes one more time as Knight spins around. This time, Somers leaps into the air, extending her arm to CRACK Knight across the collarbone!]

GM: Leaping clothesline drops Knight!

[Somers regains her feet as Knight comes off the canvas, leaping up to catch her with a dropkick under the chin, sending her falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: And a dropkick as well has Knight on the retreat!

[Somers gets up off the mat, walking towards the corner where Knight is getting back to her feet...

...and lightly pats her on the head to a big cheer!]

GM: Haha... turnabout is fair play!

[Knight's eyes flash with rage as she gets to her feet, staring daggers at Somers who backs out to the middle of the ring, waving her forward with both hands.]

GM: Julie Somers is calling her out! She's telling Knight to bring it on!

[Somers is still waving as a fuming Knight comes stalking out of the corner...

...and Somers drops down, using a drop toehold to take the over-anxious veteran off her feet, bouncing her face off the canvas. She lets go of the hold, rolling over Knight's back and applying a side headlock.]

GM: From the drop toehold into the side headlock. Julie Somers isn't an expert at the world of technical wrestling but she's showcasing what she knows right here, taking Knight down...

[Somers wrenches on the side headlock as Knight easily gets back to a knee, looking for an escape as the fan favorite gets cheered by the Houston crowd. Grasping Somers' wrist, Knight rises up, twisting the wrist around into a hammerlock in the same motion.]

GM: Nice counter by Knight who certainly has more skills in the technical aspects than her opponent.

[Cranking up on the arm, Knight abruptly lets go, ducking down and yanking Somers' legs out from under her in a double leg trip, putting Somers facefirst down on the mat. Knight rears back with an elbow...]

GM: Elbo- no! Somers moves!

[Julie Somers rolls to a knee, looking as Knight does the same, shaking out her right arm.]

GM: So far, these two are showing themselves to be as evenly matched as their one and one record against each other in singles competition would imply.

[Climbing to her feet, Knight gives her arm another shake before making a lunge at Somers with a collar and elbow...]

...but Knight pulls up, burying a knee into the gut of Somers. She grabs Somers by the shoulders, pushing her back against the ropes.]

GM: Charisma Knight suckered her in with that fake-out... ohh! Hard round kick to the body!

[Hanging on to the top rope, Knight delivers kick after kick after kick to the body, leaving Somers clinging to the top rope to stay on her feet after the official backs Knight off.]

GM: Knight showing that vicious side as she puts the boots to Julie Somers, leaving her in some trouble up against the ropes...

[Knight comes back in, ready to strike...]

...but Somers tucks her arms over the top rope, leaning back to flip over the ropes, landing on her feet on the apron!]

GM: Whoa!

[Knight is caught by surprise for a moment but then surges forward just as Somers tugs on the top rope, yanking herself into a forearm shot to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Somers caught her coming in!

[The Cleveland, Ohio native staggers back...]

...and then rushes forward, ducking down to try and drive her shoulder into Somers' midsection...]

GM: Somers spins away and-

[She SLAMS her knee up into the jaw of Knight, stunning the rulebreaker as she hangs over the middle rope. Somers backs off, turning to the fans with a "COME ON!" before charging back in, leaping into the air...]

...and DRIVING both of her feet into the temple of Charisma Knight in a dropkick! Somers lands seated on the apron as Knight staggers backwards, falling down to a knee as Somers grabs the top rope with both hands...]

GM: Julie Somers is bringing the quick-paced offense early in this one, trying to knock Charisma Knight off her game...

[Somers gives a shout as she slingshots over the top in a somersault, landing with her legs on the shoulders of the rising Knight...

...and then yanks the top rope, pulling Knight towards the ropes where she flips her over the ropes and down to the floor with a rana while Somers lands standing on the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a move out of Somers! That one sends Knight down to the floor and while Knight may be a dirty player, I don't think she wants to be outside the ring with the high flyer, Bucky!

BW: Julie Somers is using that speed... that quickness... to great advantage so far and she's got Charisma Knight reeling in the early moments of this one!

[Somers, still standing on the apron, turns her back on Knight, looking out to the cheering crowd with a "YEAAA!" As Knight starts to stir on the floor, Somers leaps into the air, springing off the middle rope, twisting around in a crossbody that wipes out Knight on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MORE HIGH RISK OFFENSE OUT OF THE SPITFIRE!

[Somers crawls off the mat, pumping a fist as she approaches the front row of fans, pausing to high five a few of her followers.]

GM: Julie Somers is celebrating that big move-

BW: Which is a big mistake if you ask me. The kid's all worked up and emotional and she's wasting time taking advantage of a downed opponent.

[Somers gives one more high five before she returns towards Knight, pulling her up by the hair, rolling her under the ropes inside the ring.]

GM: Somers puts Knight back in... dragging herself back up on the apron...

[The crowd cheers as Somers slaps the top turnbuckle a few times, pointing to the downed Knight...]

GM: She's going for the Moonsault!

BW: Already?!

GM: It certainly appears that way! You spoke a moment ago about Somers wasting time - well, she's not wasting any time right now as she's going up top, fans! She's looking to finish this match off right here and now!

[Somers steps to the second rope... then to the top, turning her back on the ring...]

GM: Julie Somers is up top... she's set to fly!

[The Spitfire leaps into the air, backflipping through the sky as the crowd rises to their feet...

...and Charisma Knight rolls out of the way...

...but Julie Somers sees it coming, landing on her feet!]

GM: OH MY! SOMERS LANDS ON HER FEET!

[Knight rolls to a knee, trying to get up before Somers can come back in but falls short, getting caught with a leaping forearm smash in the corner.]

GM: Somers has got her in the corner...

[Somers turns to the fans with a "LET'S GO!" before unleashing a knife edge chop across the chest.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[With a fist pump, Somers grabs Knight by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Knight!

[As Somers races across the ring, she leaps up to the second rope. Knight comes in after her but drops down as Somers does a head fake...]

GM: Oh! Knight bit on the head fake, drops down to the mat...

[...and as she gets up, Somers leaps off the second rope with another flying rana takedown, flipping Knight over and down to the mat!]

GM: OH MY! SOMERS CATCHES HER AGAIN!

[Knight rolls under the ropes to the "safety" of the ring apron, pushing up to a knee as Somers claps her hands together over her head a few times, getting the fans on their feet as she dashes to the far ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Somers charging in!

[The Spitfire swings her leg up, looking to kick Knight off the apron to the floor...

...but Knight steps to the side slightly, catching the leg under her arm as Somers tries for the kick...]

GM: Oh! Knight avoids it! She's got the leg and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Knight DROPS off the apron, snapping the back of Somers' knee down on the middle rope!]

GM: Good grief! What a counter by Knight!

BW: That could rip a knee... hyper-extend it... tear something...

[Down on the floor, Knight grabs the foot, pulling down on the leg as Somers struggles to free herself, still trapped around the second rope.]

GM: And this is what Knight was waiting for! You knew that at some point, she wanted to target the knee and she got her window of opportunity right there. She's going to go after that knee and set up the figure four leglock!

BW: She's beaten Somers with the figure four once!

GM: And Somers has COUNTERED the figure four once to beat Knight! It's all even between these two!

[Scrambling up on the apron, Knight kicks the knee hard. Not letting Somers withdraw her leg, Knight goes after the limb, kicking it repeatedly as referee Andy Dawson calls for her to back off.]

GM: Knight obeying the official for the moment as he helps Somers out of the ropes... she's staggering across the ring...

[Knight steps in behind her, takes aim... and lunges forward, DRIVING her shoulder into the back of the knee!]

GM: Ohh! She clipped her! She clipped the knee!

[Somers drops to the mat, clutching her knee as Charisma Knight pushes up to her knees, a sadistic smile on her face as she looks out to ringside, her eyes locking with Miyuki Ozaki once more.]

GM: A long history between those two, fans.

BW: Charisma Knight believes that Ozaki got her blackballed from wrestling in Japan at a time when Japan was pretty much the only place in the world providing women with a place to compete.

GM: Hopefully that's all changing before our very eyes but Knight definitely has some strong negative feelings towards the woman that many believe is the best woman's wrestler in the world.

[Knight drags Somers off the mat by the hair, the latter notably trying to avoid putting weight on her leg as Knight grabs her around the head and neck...

...and snapmares her over, making sure she's close enough to the ropes to rocket the back of Somers' knee into the middle rope!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: It's hard for someone to imagine how much that hurts.

GM: Somers in a lot of pain down on the mat... and she rolls right out of the ring to the floor. Trying to buy herself some time to recover... but Knight's coming out after her.

[Not even hesitating for a moment, Knight steps through the ropes, jumping down to the floor.]

GM: Knight's on the floor, pulling Somers up by the hair...

[She slowly drags Somers across the ringside area towards the ringside barricade.]

GM: Where is she going, Bucky?

BW: Oh, I think I know EXACTLY where she's going.

[Knight shoves Somers back into the railing, tucking her arms behind it...

...and then points menacingly at Miyuki Ozaki in the front row before winding up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: Big overhand chop by Charisma Knight!

[She pauses, glaring at Ozaki, looking for a reaction and getting none...

...so she hits Somers harder!]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[Knight looks at Ozaki again who feigns a yawn. A fuming-mad Knight pulls Somers off the railing, stomping across the ringside area...]

GM: She’s going to put her into the post! Just like she did in Vegas!

[But as she tries, Somers lifts her arms, blocking the slam!]

GM: Blocked!

[Somers holds tight to the post, refusing to have her head smashed into the steel...

...so Knight steps back and kicks the back of the knee, causing Somers to collapse, falling to her knees where she slumps against the steel post.]

GM: Oh! A leg sweep of sorts by Charisma Knight!

[Knight grabs Somers by the hair, pulling her head back for some trash-talking.]

GM: Knight getting in the face of the Spitfire, letting her have it verbally...

[She pulls Somers off the floor by the hair, rocketing her facefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Into the apron... and Knight rolls her under the ropes into the ring.

[Knight rolls herself back in as well, coming quickly to her feet as Somers pushes to all fours, trying to create some distance between her attacker and herself...

...but Knight’s having none of it, grabbing the foot and lifting it off the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! The kneecap DRIVEN into the canvas!

[Knight stands over Somers who is rolling back and forth in pain, clutching her knee as Knight looks out at the jeering crowd, extending her arms and waving for more.]

GM: Charisma Knight is enjoying the reaction of these fans at SuperClash, I do believe.

[Knight looks out at the crowd, waving more furiously and getting the desired reaction as they let her have it.]

GM: The fans here in Houston are all over Charisma Knight as she pulls Somers off the mat...

[...and gets popped with a forearm shot to the jaw!]

GM: Oh! Somers caught her!

[Knight is surprised by the blow and the one-two left-right forearms to the jaw that follow it, sending her staggering back a step. Somers drives an overhead elbow down between the eyes, knocking Knight down to a knee.]

GM: Somers is firing back! The Spitfire living up to her nickname!

[Somers looks out to the fans, giving a fistpump as she breaks towards the ropes...

...but Knight hooks a handful of hair, using it to YANK Somers off her feet, sending her crashing backfirst down to the mat!]

GM: OHH!

BW: So much for living up to her nickname!

[With Somers down, an aggravated Knight drops down, slamming her knee down into the temple.]

GM: Kneedrop by Knight!

[She repeatedly drops Demetrius Lake-style kneedrops to the head, not leaping - just dropping...

...and then slides into a lateral press, not bothering to hook a leg as the referee delivers a two count before Somers raises her shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Two count only. An arrogant cover by Knight who didn't bother to hook a leg at all. You're not going to get Julie Somers like that if you ask me, Bucky.

BW: Probably not but she might just be trying to wear her down... or perhaps she's trying to see where she's at. How much damage she's done. How much does Somers have left. That kind of thing.

[Still down on all fours, Knight slips a knee onto Somers' ankle, pinning her leg to the mat where she promptly balls up her fist, slamming it down on the injured knee.]

GM: MMA-style hammerfists down on the knee, just trying to beat some punishment into the leg.

[She gets up to her feet, leaping up and dropping her knee down on Somers', sending a scream of pain into the air from the Spitfire!]

GM: Ohhh! That might be enough right there!

[Knight gets off the mat, stomping the knee a few times before she grabs Somers by the hair, hauling her to her feet...]

GM: She grabs the leg... shinbreaker coming up!

[She lifts Somers into the air, the leg tucked underneath her...

...and brings it CRASHING down across her own bent knee!]

GM: OHH! SHINBREAKER!

[And while still holding the leg, Knight uses a dragon screw legwhip to take Somers back down to the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! That legwhip looks absolutely terrible!

[With Somers on her back holding her leg, Knight grabs the foot, giving it a yank...]

GM: She's going for the figure four!

[Knight spins around the leg...

...but Somers is ready for her, planting her foot on the butt and **SHOVES** Knight through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A COUNTER BY SOMERS!!

[Knight crashes down on the floor hard, grabbing at her own knee as she hits the barely-padded infield dirt.]

GM: Knight is grabbing her leg! She may have tweaked her own knee going through the ropes like that!

[In the ring, Somers slowly gets to her feet, hobbling over towards the ropes, taking a look at Knight. She steps out to the apron, wincing as she backs to the ringpost...

...and giving a shout, she gets a short two-step run before leaping off, snaring the rising Knight's head between her legs, and snaps her over in a swinging rana to a big cheer!]

GM: ANOTHER HEADSCISSORS - THIS ONE OFF THE APRON - BY SOMERS!

[The crowd is roaring for the move as both women are laid out on the floor.]

GM: Somers sucked up the pain shooting through her knee to deliver that move and to buy herself some time! Knight's attempt at the figure four was countered but you better believe that won't be her only attempt at it.

BW: Absolutely not. That's her weapon of choice and if she locks it in, I'm betting we've got ourselves a winner, Gordo.

GM: You could be right and as the fans rally behind Julie Somers, trying to get her to her feet, referee Andy Dawson has started a double count on both of these competitors.

[Somers starts crawling back towards the ring as Knight tries to regroup from the second fall to the floor. She grabs the apron, dragging herself to a knee.]

GM: Somers is trying to get herself back in the ring... pulling herself off the floor using the apron...

[The Spitfire pulls hard, dragging herself up on the ring apron, kneeling on the apron, hanging onto the ropes as Charisma Knight pushes up to her feet, wobbling towards the apron as well...]

GM: Charisma Knight's pulling herself up on the apron as well... right up there next to her opponent. Both women now on the apron!

[As Knight gets to a standing position, Somers greets her with a right hand to the ear!]

GM: Big right hand by Somers!

[Knight steps back... and then surges forward with a left hand of her own to the jaw!]

GM: And Knight returns the favor!

[Somers lands a right...

...then Knight lands a left!]

GM: We've got a slugfest out on the apron!

[Somers lands a right... and another... and another...]

GM: A FLURRY OF RIGHT HANDS AND THE FANS GO WILD FOR SOMERS!

[The blows backs Knight down the length of the apron as Somers holds her ground. Knight gets a bit of momentum, pushing off the post to come quickly back down the length of the apron...

...and Somers tries to boot her in the gut, only to end up with Knight catching the leg!]

GM: Oh no! OH NO-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts with horror as Knight takes the captured leg, horrifically twisting it and YANKING Somers off the apron and down to the floor!]

BW: DRAGON SCREW LEGWHIP OFF THE APRON! KNIGHT JUST RIPPED EVERY PIECE OF TENDON, LIGAMENT, AND MUSCLE IN THAT KNEE!

GM: Somers is down! Julie Somers is SCREAMING in pain after that devastating maneuver by Charisma Knight!

[Knight is still sitting on the apron, a twisted smile on her face as she looks down at her screaming opponent. She gives herself a satisfied nod as she pushes off the apron, stalking towards Somers who hasn't moved from the spot where she fell on the floor.]

GM: Knight's coming out here... oh, look at this...

[Knight kneels down next to Julie Somers, looking in her eyes, taunting her.]

GM: We can't hear a word coming out of Charisma Knight's mouth but I can only imagine what she's saying to Julie Somers right now.

BW: "I told you so."

GM: Perhaps... and as she- oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers as Knight drags Somers by the hair on the ringside mats towards the ring, muscling her up and shoving her under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Knight rolls her back in... and she's coming back in as well.

BW: It's only a matter of time now, Gordo.

[The voice of Phil Watson rings out over the PA system at Minute Maid Park.]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIFTEEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We are halfway through the time limit of this one as Charisma Knight gets back to her feet... look at that expression on her face. Pure, unadulterated arrogance.

BW: It's called confidence, Gordo... and she's got a good reason to be confident.

GM: Knight grabs the foot... looking to hook the figure four and put this one away!

[Knight spins around the leg, leaning down to hook the other one...

...but as she's done once before successfully, Somers reaches up, hooking Knight by the head, and dragging her into an inside cradle!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!! ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: NO, NO, NO! KNIGHT'S OUT AT TWO!

GM: So close! Julie Somers was SO close to repeating what she did at-

[The crowd groans as Knight HAMMERS a rising Somers with a short kneelift to the side of the head, knocking her back down to the mat. Knight looks furious as she stomps Somers a few times before getting backed off by referee Andy Dawson.]

GM: Julie Somers with perhaps a last ditch - a final effort if you will to try and win this match. Her knee has been through a tremendous amount of punishment and Charisma Knight looks like she's ready to wrap this thing up and go home to Cleveland.

BW: And the beauty of going after the knee like this is that you take away so much of Julie Somers' offense. The ranas, the moonsaults... if you can't get lift with that leg, you can't pull off the flashy offense like that.

GM: An excellent point, Bucky.

[Knight moves past the official, grabbing Somers by the hair, dragging her off the mat and throwing her violently into the corner. She runs the short distance, smashing Somers in the buckles with her body weight.]

GM: Short avalanche has Somers stunned...

[She grabs Somers by the arm, whipping her across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip!

[As Somers nears the corner, she somehow manages to step up to the second rope, avoiding the crash into the buckles. Knight comes stomping across as Somers throws a head fake back, causing Knight to bottom out again...]

GM: Somers caught her with the fake again... turns around...

[But Knight is quick to her feet - perhaps too quick - as Somers leaps off...]

GM: HEADSCISS-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd's reaction comes as a ready Knight catches her on the way down, DRIVING her into the canvas with a powerbomb! She leans into the legs, applying a double leg jackknife cradle as the referee dives to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: WHAT?!

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP! SHE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[Knight slams her fist repeatedly down into the canvas, glaring at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Knight thought she had her and quite frankly, I did too! But Julie Somers is showing an incredible amount of heart and guts! She refuses to stay down as Charisma Knight looks to finish her off again.

[Pulling Somers off the mat, Knight holds the hair, rocking her with a series of short forearms to the jaw...]

GM: Oh! Oh! OH!

[...leaving Somers dazed as she leans back against the ropes, tiredly throwing a kick at Knight's midsection!]

GM: Oh no... Knight caught the bad leg again!

[Knight smirks at Somers, shaking her head in disbelief. She can be seen saying something off-mic to Somers, taunting her...]

GM: Knight's going for that dragon screw again!

[But as she sets...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEAD KICK! LEAPING HEAD KICK!

[The enzuigiri connects SOLIDLY with the back of Knight's head, leaving her flat on her back on the canvas as Somers crawls, throwing an arm over Knight's heaving chest!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT AT TWO! MY STARS!

[Somers rolls to her back, hands up over her face as the crowd roars with disappointment.]

GM: Somers got the head kick! Somers got the near fall! But at this point, you have to wonder - what in the world does Julie Somers have left, Bucky?

BW: Nothing! That was it! That was her Hail Mary! Charisma just needs to get back up, lock in that figure four, and collect the winner's share of the purse, daddy!

GM: You could be right as both women are down after that kick to the back of the head... neither one looks like they're in any condition to keep this thing going but they've got to! They've gotta keep going!

[Somers flips over onto her stomach, trying to push up to her feet as a dazed Knight sits up, shaking her head back and forth.]

GM: Charisma Knight trying to clear the cobwebs... trying to figure out where in the world she is and what in the heck she's doing right now...

[Knight flips to her hip, pushing up off the mat as Somers uses the ropes to drag herself up...

...and Knight violently kicks the back of Somers' knee, flipping her legs up into the air and dumping Somers down on the back of her head and neck!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Hah! That'll cut off whatever grand idea Somers had! She's done for! She'd better face reality because she just got one heck of a reality check from Charisma Knight!

[Knight sneers down at Somers as she grabs a handful of hair, hauling her up to her feet. She pulls her in, folding the leg up under her...]

GM: Knight's going for the shinbreaker again...

[She lifts Somers up, dropping her shinfirst down across the bent knee...]

GM: Shinbreaker...

[The momentum carries Somers back up where Knight typically uses the belly-to-back suplex...

...but there's a bit too much momentum as Somers slips out of Knight's grasp, hooking her legs around Knight's head...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[...and flips backwards, snapping Knight over into a rana as Somers reaches back to hook both of Knight's struggling legs!]

GM: CRADLE! SHE'S GOT THE LEGS!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Knight kicks her way free a moment too late as the bell sounds. Somers pushes up to her knees, arms raised in the air as Knight holds up two fingers to the referee who shakes his head, showing three fingers in response.]

GM: Somers wins! Somers wins! Somers wins!

[The crowd is ROARING for the Spitfire as the official helps her to her feet, lifting one of her arms up into the air!]

GM: Julie Somers gets the one-two-three right in the center of the ring! On a banged up knee and with all the odds against her, she gets the win and-

[Somers hobbles to the corner, stepping up gingerly to the second rope, pumping her fists to the raucous crowd. We cut to a shot of the crowd where Miyuki Ozaki is on her feet. She is not applauding. She is not cheering. She is simply taking in the moment.]

GM: The fans are going crazy! They've really taken to this young lady and what a win for her here in Houston!

[Cut back to Somers who looks down into the camera, pointing into it...]

"I've proven enough... we've all proven enough. Landon O'Neill... a women's division... a women's championship... make it happen!"

[Somers lowers herself down to the mat slowly, bouncing on one foot as Charisma Knight angrily exits the ring. The Spitfire raises her arms again.]

GM: Well... you heard her, Mr. President. I'd say the ball is in your court, sir.

[The camera holds on a joyous and weary Somers, arms over her head as we fade back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: An exciting night of action here in Houston just continues to get better. We've got a new World Television Champion in Supernova and if Julie Somers gets her way, she just staked her claim to not only an AWA Women's Division but also to a potential AWA Women's Championship! Incredible. But they're not the only ones talking about gold this weekend. Friday night, I was right down the road at Hofheinz Pavilion on the campus of the University of Houston for a very special Combat Corner Wrestling event that saw the crowning of the very first CCW Champion. Let's take a look!

[We fade through black on a shot of the crowd at the aforementioned building - a crowd chanting "CEE-CEE-DUB!" over and over and over as our soundtrack for this particular montage fades in - "Young & Stupid" by Travis Mills featuring T.I. The horns lay the groundwork as we get quick shots of Max Magnum, John Law, Bret Grayson, and Sid Osborne before the lyrics kick in.]

#Life just keeps getting better
Come a long way from the holes on my sweater#

[Former Olympic powerlifter Sammy Carson delivers a bone-shaking front powerslam on Ted Bentley.]

#My girl go hard a real go get her
Told me that she love me forever, she better!#

[Jackie Bourassa delivers a baseball slide dropkick on Arawak Jack Veles.]

#And if she leaves me for someone clever
Find a new chick, cause that sh- don't matter#

[Nathan Sterling & Jackson Thomas throw a double back elbow under the chin of Kenneth Doll.]

#Don't need money when you got good weather
Rolling around the city
No pressure#

[Koji Nakano unleashes a flurry of stiff chops and kicks on Bret Grayson.]

#Oh it's too good to be young and stupid, baby#

[Sid Osborne dives off the apron with a somersault onto a surprised special guest Jordan Ohara.]

#Oh it's too good to be young and stupid, baby#

[Ohara lights up Osborne with a series of stiff chops, knocking him down to the mat.]

#Uh, it just keeps getting better#

[John Law and Max Magnum square off, staring each other down in the center of the ring...]

#Life just keeps getting better#

[...and suddenly, they're throwing bombs at one another.]

#It just keeps getting better#

[Magnum lifts Law up on his shoulders, looking to finish him off...]

#Life just keeps getting better#

[Law slips out, hooking a hand around the throat but Magnum powers out, lifting him back up and driving him down to the canvas. The shot cuts to Magnum holding the CCW title belt over his head as the horns kick back in...

...and we fade back up from the music video to Mark Stegglet.]

MS: And joining me at this time is the man who you just saw become the very first Combat Corner Wrestling Champion Max Magnum and his... representative, the "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson.

[The duo comes in on either side of Stegglet as he introduces them. Max Magnum is a beast of a man, wearing only a pair of black trunks and boots... oh, and the sparkling silver title belt with a red "CCW" right in the center of it draped over his right shoulder. Ben Waterson is in a business suit... and looks agitated.]

ATTSBW: The AWA fans are regarded as some of the most well-informed in all of wrestling yet I feel the need to make one thing clear, Mr. Stegglet.

Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Ben Waterson... I am the Agent To The Stars and I have the distinct honor and privilege to be the representative for the man you see before you... the future of our industry... MAAAAAX MAAAAAGNUM.

[Stegglet takes the mic back.]

MS: I just said that.

[Waterson gives Stegglet a wilting glare.]

ATTSBW: The Wise Men may be dead and buried, Mr. Stegglet, but I can assure you that it is not wise to interrupt myself or Max Magnum.

[Waterson clears his throat, turning back to the camera.]

ATTSBW: We come here tonight not to gloat over championship gold. Not to taunt the masses who thought John Law or Bret Grayson or "Sin City Sid" were going to be able to knock off the subjugator of professional wrestling.

No, no... we come here to issue a warning.

For years, scientists have labored to find a way... a path to enlightenment that would provide them with the ability to let the people know when disaster was heading towards them. For this, they have achieved some degree of success.

A hurricane warning comes 36 hours beforehand.

A tornado warning comes 15 minutes before it hits.

By the time you hear an earthquake warning, it's already happening.

[Waterson turns, pointing to the hulking Magnum.]

ATTSBW: But we are here to give you all fair warning of this incoming disaster. There will be no surprise. You will know in plenty of time before he makes landfall.

We want Ryan Martinez to go out there tonight and defeat that beer-chugging brawler by the skin of his teeth. We want him to go back to the locker room, wipe the blood from his eyes, look into a mirror, pat the title belt on his shoulder and say... "He's coming for me. I'm on borrowed time."

We want Travis Lynch to get on the cell phone after his match tonight and say, "Ma... Pa... better put my favorite cow in the barn. Looks like a storm's a brewin' and it just might wipe out everyone and everything we love... including my invalid brother, James."

We want Supernova to put on another coat of makeup, praying that the eyes of domination don't fall upon him.

Up and down the roster, you should feel fear. Up and down the roster, you should tremble with trepidation.

Because HE is coming.

It may not be tomorrow. It may not be next week. It may not be next month.

But HE is coming and when he arrives, there will be nothing that will stop him. No Iron Claws. No Heat Waves. No Machine Gun Chops. No Cracked Earths. No Fat Tuesdays. No City of Angels.

[Waterson grimaces.]

ATTSBW: Juan Vasquez will take one look at this man and wish he'd retired when he had a chance. You and I have unfinished business, Mr. Vasquez... and this man is the one who the Gods have reached down and transformed into a holy entity with the power and strength and speed and agility and savageness to finish it.

We have come to put the AWA on notice. You can keep us in the minor leagues beating up men not worthy of lacing his boots... but you can't do it forever.

And when we arrive, everything changes.

[Waterson grins as Magnum emits a growl.]

ATTSBW: Consider. Yourselves. Warned.

[We fade away from the trio backstage and back out onto the field of Minute Maid Park down at ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing, looking around at the crowd all around them.]

GM: As we get back to the action here at SuperClash VII, you can see, fans, we're preparing for a spectacle.

BW: Look at this, Gordo, we're being surrounded by humanity here.

[The handheld cam goes through a slow dolly shot of the seemingly dozens of people at ringside.]

GM: The ringside area is filling up with officials from the NHL, the NBA... our colleagues from the GFC on The X there at ringside... sporting press... Tommy Fierro and Clayton Shaw representing the AWA front office... Dr. Ponovitch there as well...

[Fade to the wide shot of the arena. "Enae Volare Mezzo" by Era begins to play through Minute Maid.]

GM: ...All here to oversee what must be one of the most unique fights in the long history of SuperClash: Maxim Zharkov's Proletariat Challenge.

[To the ominous chanting of his GFC entrance theme, Ivan Petrov of the GFC steps onto the stage in a "Crimson Demon Dojo" t-shirt and track pants, the large GFC Heavyweight championship around his waist.]

GM: And there you see the new GFC Heavyweight Champion, Ivan Petrov, as always with that blank, icy expression; he too will be at ringside for this contest.

[Following behind him as Petrov descends the ramp to ringside are: Ivan Kostovich, the silver-on-red leather unsanctioned "Soviet Championship" on display in his hands... Vladimir Velikov, who holds the briefcase with the red hammer-and-sickle decal, one hand held close to his midsection with a wrist splint visible... Kolya Sudakov, his eyes somewhat downcast, his face looking bruised, a red Soviet Union flag cast over his shoulder... and last, Jackson Hunter, Zharkov's manager, in a vintage (obviously rented) tuxedo, clipboard tucked under his arm.]

GM: I was speaking with Jake Kilkenny, my counterpart from the GFC the other day, and he believes that Petrov is one of the top fighters in MMA today because of his mindset; he says that most of his opponents lose before he even gets to the cage!

BW: Look at the face on the guy! No wonder! Petrov looks like the Terminator!

GM: And we're told Petrov was specifically brought in to train Maxim Zharkov in that mindset. Bucky, do you know what that means?

BW: You and I will be making tractor parts and lining up to buy vodka by the end of the year.

GM: Stop... Phil Watson in the ring, where he will brief us all on the particulars of this unique Proletariat Challenge.

[As Zharkov's entourage reaches ringside and takes their corner, Petrov's theme fades out and Phil Watson takes his place in the middle of the ring.]

PW: Wrestling fans, it is now time for the Proletariat Challenge! In this contest, Maxim Zharkov will face up to five different American athletes in five minute rounds, with a sixty second rest period between each round.

[Fade to ringside, where Tommy Fierro and Vladimir Velikov stand on either side of a lottery hopper, filled with five spherical blue capsules. Fierro looks onward into the ring, hands clasped behind his back; Velikov looks on warily.]

PW: The order that the athletes enter the gauntlet will be drawn at random before the first bell and during the rest periods. Each match may be stopped at any time by pinfall, submission, countout, disqualification, or at the discretion of the representative of the athletic sanctioning bodies at ringside. And... if the five minute round time limit elapses, the American athlete will receive a cash prize, the Soviet Championship, and be declared the winner of the PROLETARIAT CHALLENGE!

[The stadium begins cheering with anticipation.]

PW: And now, introducing the American challengers!

[From behind the stage, a row of bright spotlights shoot upward through a haze at a 45 degree angle; in the distance, a drum strikes, giving way to the lone trumpet of the "Fanfare For The Common Man" intro.]

[Five men of various sizes and shapes step in front of the lights, casting silhouettes into the twilight of the stadium.]

The Emerson, Lake and Palmer version of "Fanfare For The Common Man" begins to pulse through the arena as regular lighting resumes, as the five men in matching royal blue AWA t-shirts jog down the aisle one-by-one.]

PW: From Detroit, Michigan, representing the NHL, COLIN CROWTHER!

...From San Bernardino, California, representing the GFC, QUEST "Q&A" AARON!

...From San Francisco, California, representing extreme sports, TANNER DELACRUZ!

...From Richmond, Virginia, representing the NBA, THE LANDLORD... D'ENDRE PORTER!

...And from Houston, Texas...!

[The crowd saves their biggest cheer for...]

PW: ...Representing the CFL, EASTON... WOTHERSPOOOOON!

[Wotherspoon catches up with his four fellow challengers in the corner opposite to the Russian contingent, and they exchange friendly commiserations.]

GM: And the gladiators enter!

BW: You might call them... American Gla—

GM: [interrupting] You might call them that, but I wouldn't, Bucky.

BW: Ah, come on, daddy. Put these guys in those big hamster balls and let them fight it out.

GM: All five men look ready to compete here tonight; we understand that Wotherspoon, Delacruz and Q&A have been regular presences out at the Combat Corner... Colin Crowther and D'Endre Porter had professional commitments... Crowther has just arrived this afternoon from New Jersey, where his Columbus Blue Jackets beat the Devils 2-1 last night... and The Landlord arrived this morning from Phoenix where his Pelicans squeaked by the Suns 120 to 114. Congratulations to

both men, coming into this challenge on a high note.

BW: I also would like to congratulate myself on getting to be the first person to ever say "big hamster balls" in AWA history.

GM: [ignoring] ...But this is wrestling. And this man - the Tsar - he terrifies me.

[Cut to a wide shot of the stadium, as an old phonograph crackles to life and plays what sounds like a traditional Russian folk version of the "Soviet March."

Suddenly with the rumble of a tympani, the song transitions into the full orchestral version of the "Soviet March." Over the six giant posters at the entrance, huge banners unfurl one-at-a-time in front of them, right to left:]

[Stalin!]

[Trotsky!]

[Gorbachev!]

[Yuri Gagarin!]

[Lenin!]

[Brezhnev!]

[At one corner of the stage, a female opera singer stands in the spotlight, behind a vintage microphone. Her hair is intricately braided, and wears an olive green women's military uniform. She clasps her hands at her sternum as she sings emotively...]

SINGER: Nash Sovetskiy Soyuz pokaraet
Ves' mir ot Evropy k Neve na vosto-ok
Nad zemleoy vezde budut pet':
Stolica, vodka, Sovetskiy medved' nash!
Nash Sovetskiy Soyuz pokaraet
Ves' mir ot Evropy k Neve na vosto-ok
Nad zemleoy vezde budut pet':
Stolica, vodka, Sovetskiy medved' nash!

[In the instrumental break, twenty beautiful Russian dancers in cropped military jackets with gold braids, tight black booty shorts, red berets, fishnet stockings and high heels begin marching in unison around the stage, hands on hips, big friendly smiles on their doll-like faces.]

SINGER: Vse narody zdes' stoyat togo,
Chto my vse voplotili na svet,
Blagodarnyy nizkiy poklon
Ot sa-moy mo-gu-sches-tvennoy v mire!

[In the interim, the dancers are now holding rifles with bayonets, and are now gleefully marching around the stage with them. A hatch opens in the center, and a not-at-all phallic missile begins to rise from it, a red and gold hammer-and-sickle emblazoned on its dark metallic surface.]

SINGER: Vse narody zdes' stoyat togo,
Chto my vse voplotili na svet,
Blagodarnyy nizkiy poklon
Ot sa-moy mo-gu-sches-tvennoy v miiiiiiiire!

[The missile seems to take forever to rise from the stage it's so huge. The dancers split in half on either side of it, march in place and salute with big patriotic smiles, cradling their rifles.]

The missile now stands fully erect at twenty feet in the air, and at its base stands Maxim Zharkov in his dark teal robe, arms folded defiantly in front of him. The crowd boos, but can barely be heard over the bombastic music and ceremony emanating from the stage.]

SINGER: Nash Sovetskiy Soyuz pokaraet
Ves' mir ot Evropy k Neve na vosto-ok
Nad zemleoy vezde budut pet':
Stolica, vodka, Sovetskiy medved' nash!

[With a scowl beneath his thick moustache and a steely gaze beneath his mighty eyebrows, Zharkov marches down the ramp in time with music, flanked on either side by grinning, porcelain, high-heeled, long-legged Russian women strutting like peacocks with guns.]

Nash Sovetskiy Soyuz pokaraet
Ves' mir ot Evropy k Neve na vosto-ok
Nad zemleoy vezde budut pet':
Stolica, vodka, Sovetskiy medved' nash!

[As the opera singer hits an impossibly high note, Zharkov leaps to the apron in one swift move, throwing off his heavy cloak with a roar as the march reaches its rousing crescendo. With a loud "POP," red and gold confetti shoots majestically from the upper decks onto the crowd below.]

BW: Uhhh... Gordo... Remember what you said about losing before the bell ringing? Well... do svidanya, comrade. It's been fun working with ya...

[Cut to Ivan Kostovich at ringside, surrounded by the Russian contingent. His fist is over his mouth, jaw quivering in patriotic sentimentality. He pats Jackson Hunter on the back warmly.]

GM: Sit down, get back here. The match hasn't even started yet. I think Sigmund Freud would have a few things to say about what we just witnessed here.

[Most of the fans are not impressed, instead preferring to chant at Zharkov.]

"U-S-A!"
"U-S-A!"
"U-S-A!"
"U-S-A!"
"U-S-A!"

GM: And let's not bury the lede here, during Zharkov's entrance to the stadium, the drawing for the first entrant into the Proletariat Challenge was held—

BW: Wait, what?! That's not fair!

GM: ...And we may have a spoiler off the top, wrestling fans, because Zharkov's first challenger is 7' 2", 315 pound D'Endre Porter!

[Porter steps over the top rope. Maxim Zharkov stretches against the ropes in the opposing corner.]

GM: And there's the bell, ladies and gentlemen!

"U-S-A!"
"U-S-A!"
"U-S-A!"
"U-S-A!"
"U-S-A!"

[Zharkov and Porter take a moment to look into the stands of Minute Maid Park.]

"U-S-A!"
"U-S-A!"
"U-S-A!"

GM: Fans at home, I wish you were with us live because this is 45,000-odd people chanting tonight, and they will not be intimidated by The Tsar or his propaganda!

BW: They're trying to distract him so he'll have to run out the clock. Stop stallin'!

GM: Zharkov now, looking to lock up... Porter with that reach... Maybe not a good idea unless he is well versed in the catch-as-catch-can style...

BW: Heh heh. "Stop Stalin."

GM: Porter, looking very confident here; he would have to be, given he has almost a foot's height advantage over the Last Son of the Soviet Union.

[With arms extended, Zharkov and the NBA star lock knuckles on one hand, then the other. Then, Zharkov presses his shoulder into the basketball player's sternum.]

GM: Test of strength here to start off this unique gauntlet; Porter with the height advantage, and Zharkov with what looks like the pure power and technical wrestling advantage... Amateur-style takedown... into what looks like a grounded bearhug...

BW: Zharkov's got this big guy grounded. D'ya think he's gonna flop his way out of this?

GM: And Porter... gets a foot on the rope! Very ring savvy of him, though it's easy with those long limbs of his. Ricky Longfellow calling for a break, Zharkov does not want to lose by disqualification here...

BW: Typical basketball player, looking for a referee's call to bail them out.

GM: And we have a clean break! Bucky, is it possible that Zharkov and the Soviets have underestimated their opponents at all?

[Cut to a split-screen: the in-ring action on one half, a huddle of Zharkov's cornermen in the other: Jackson Hunter is scribbling notes on his clipboard and strategizing with the Russians.]

JH: ...Which means we have to keep these rounds short. Ivan, this is where you come in; if Q&A or Crowther are drawn early in the contest we've got to have him look for a quick takedown or-

[Velikov places his hand over the camera lens to block the view. Cut back to the ring, where Zharkov slips behind into a rear waistlock.]

GM: And Jackson Hunter going through some on-the-fly plotting with Zharkov's team...

BW: That's what makes Jackson Hunter a great manager. He's been in the ring, and he thinks five steps in front of everyone else; he's done his homework on these

guys.

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

GM: Both men back to a vertical base, back where we started. Less than four minutes to go in the round. And... Zharkov with a boot to the midsection, doubling D'Endre Porter over... there's that gutwrench waistlock!

BW: No way! Is he going to try to...

GM: Porter trying to block it, But Zharkov has him just off the ground... flapjacks the Landlord over!

BW: He's not done! He's getting warmed up!

GM: Zharkov with that waistlock still on D'Endre Porter... Oh... my stars!

[Zharkov deadlifts Porter off the ground into a German Suplex.]

GM: A German Suplex—

BW: EAST German Suplex!

GM: —on a seven-foot tall opponent... and Zharkov is not wasting another second, shooting the arm now, looking for... LOOKING FOR THE GORYNCH! That deadly back-mounted full nelson! And... he's got it locked in!

BW: Oh, daddy, betcha never felt anything like this in the paint!

GM: And... there's the bell!

[The referee does a double take, as he never heard a submission.]

GM: And Ricky Longfellow, looking confused... I don't think he heard a submission. I want to hear the official announcement.

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, at one minute, fifty-two seconds, the authorized NBA official at ringside has requested the match stopped and has submitted on behalf of D'Endre Porter.

[The referee tries to pry Porter from the Gorynych as jeers rain down for the bogus decision. Zharkov holds it for a second or two longer than necessary before releasing, and then confidently struts back to his corner.]

GM: What? That doesn't seem fair!

BW: Oh yeah, he was gonna break out of being ripped in half by Maxim Zharkov ANY minute now; wise up, daddy. This guy's got alimony and child support he's gotta maintain...

GM: You don't know that! But... it probably was for the best for all parties involved to stop that. Zharkov looks more dominant than we have ever seen him.

BW: So which one of you dummies wants to get into the ring after that, huh?

[Cut to the lottery hopper, where the remaining four challengers crowd around. Tommy Fierro pulls out a capsule and cracks it open, removing a strip of paper; he unfolds it and displays it: 'COLIN CROWTHER.' The hockey player rolls into the ring,

just as D'Endre Porter is helped to the floor.]

GM: It's Colin Crowther, defenseman for the Columbus Blue Jackets. He is one of the most feared men on the ice.

BW: Well, this a wrestling ring, and Maxim Zharkov doesn't have a jersey to be pulled over his head.

GM: Crowther currently holds the Blue Jackets' franchise record for penalty minutes; I admit I don't know much about ice hockey, but I believe the rules of the AWA are more relaxed than those of the NHL, especially in regard to fighting, which is what Crowther is known for. And there's the bell signaling the second round.

[Crowther charges out of his corner and leaps at Zharkov, raining down piston punches.]

GM: And Crowther, out of the gate, bringing the fans to their feet!

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

[With a shove, Zharkov pushes Crowther to the canvas, but he is quickly back up again, charging in once more.]

MZ: 'PUSHKA!'

[Zharkov thrusts his palm forward into the hockey player's face as he runs in.]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: Oh, you're losing some more teeth there! Did you see the way his head snapped back?

GM: And Colin Crowther... Oh my stars, he looks like he may be knocked out. Zharkov... The Tsar is not going for a pin fall here though...

[Zharkov drags the NHLer to the friendly corner. The crowd begins to buzz...]

GM: And Maxim Zharkov is ASCENDING THE ROPES.

BW: Oh daddy... as if her weren't scary enough.

[Zharkov balances on the middle turnbuckle, turning to look outside the ring. He points to Vladimir Velikov and leaps.]

GM: DOUBLE KNEE DROP!

BW: It's SuperClash, daddy!

GM: Zharkov with the cover, and it's academic... TWO... THREE! The Tsar wins with a Pushka palm strike and a tribute to the Soviet legend!

BW: I don't believe in miracles.

[Cut for a second to said legend. Velikov is applauding proudly as Hunter and Kostovich pat him on the back.]

BW: And in less than a minute, Gordo. Have we even passed the five minute mark for the match yet? We're almost halfway done and the entrances and regalia have

taken longer than the actual match.

[Zharkov prowls the ring, just getting warmed up as the hockey player is helped to the floor.

Cut to ringside and the hopper. Three capsules remain. Fierro takes one and opens it, retrieving the strip of paper within.]

GM: And it's time for another drawing—I thought entering the Proletariat Challenge at this point would start to give our American athletes a distinct advantage, but it looks like The Tsar is only getting warmed up.

BW: Who is it? Who's gonna be next?

[Tanner Delacruz, the small Filipino-American exchanges a quick high five with the two other remaining challengers then slides into the ring, crouching low in the corner opposite Zharkov.]

GM: Tanner Delacruz! What an inspiring story this young man has, and what a story it would be if this young man—with his family in attendance here tonight—if he could pull off an upset and last the full five minutes.

BW: Come on, Gordo, look at him! The Tsar is almost three times as massive as this kid. And this kid's big athletic achievement is bouncing around like a pinball thinking he's Spiderman!

GM: Bucky, tell that to the 45,000 strong here in Minute Maid...

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

GM: And there's the bell! The clock has started ticking again, with the goal to last five minutes with this monster from Magadan, Russia.

[Zharkov crosses to the center of the ring, where he folds his arms confidently. With almost equal defiance, the 120 pound Delacruz walks up to him, standing a foot away.]

BW: David and Goliath. 'Cept this time, David is overmatched.

GM: And... wow. This young man, this survivor... Tanner Delacruz refusing to be intimidated.

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

[Zharkov smirks beneath his thick Stalin-esque moustache as he looks down at the shorter Delacruz. Delacruz does not break gaze.]

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!

BW: Kid, what the heck are you thinkin'?

GM: DELACRUZ SLAPPED ZHARKOV! THE TSAR... LOOKS STUNNED.

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

[After a second of incredulous disbelief, Zharkov's face turns beet red with rage, he rears back with his arm to take a wild overhand strike, but Delacruz rolls out of the way to behind the massive Russian where he rubs his hand on the back of Zharkov's bald head.]

GM: He's taunting The Tsar!

BW: This kid's got a death wish!

[Zharkov is furious; at ringside Jackson Hunter is helplessly shouting instructions while pounding his clipboard on the ring apron.]

GM: And this young man Delacruz... he may have this figured out!

BW: He's being a coward, Myers! This is wrestling, not gymboree!

GM: Zharkov laid down the rules for the Proletariat Challenge, Bucky. The winner is the one who lasts five minutes without being beaten by Zharkov.

BW: It's still cheating!

GM: And Delacruz, staying low and circling Zharkov, and that seems to be giving Zharkov fits right now!

[Zharkov charges suddenly, but Delacruz is too fast. In one swift motion, he dives through the ropes and somersaults to the floor.]

GM: Delacruz on the run now... the referee beginning the count now. A countout is a victory for Maxim Zharkov.

BW: Is this any way to represent the stars and stripes, Gordo? By running?

GM: This young man is just trying to survive against the big man as long as possible. A victory is a victory when the odds are stacked against you, Bucky!

BW: Oh, I remember you sayin' that, Myers. I'll remember you sayin' that forever.

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

GM: Referee at a five count... this kid is so fast, so constantly in motion, and there is so much going on at ringside that our cameras are having trouble keeping up... And now that snake Jackson Hunter is up on the apron, interrupting the count and arguing with Ricky Longfellow.

BW: As he should, this is a miscarriage of justice!

GM: Nearly two minutes elapsed in the third round of this challenge, and we've only seen incidental contact so far, Delacruz on the ring apron now and Zharkov charging in.

[Just as the Tsar reaches over the top rope, Delacruz leans back, using the spring in the middle rope to baseball slide between Zharkov's legs, where he takes off in a dead run for the opposite ropes, sliding through again.]

GM: And Delacruz with another uncanny escape!

BW: Look at this, Gordo. The ref isn't taking any action, so Zharkov's team is going to step in!

[This time, Petrov, Sudakov, Kostovich, and Velikov fan out around the ring.]

GM: And again, Hunter argues with the referee!

BW: Now they got him!

GM: Zharkov following to the outside, and the Russians are cornering Delacruz on the floor!

BW: Good. Tiny cowards should not take the Proletariat Challenge.

GM: It's five-on-one, Bucky!

BW: So, the shoe's on the other foot, then. Zharkov walked into this match willing to take on five men, let's see this squirt do the same!

[With the referee and Jackson Hunter shouting at each other from the ring apron, Delacruz suddenly finds himself surrounded with Zharkov slowly advancing. From behind, Sudakov grabs on to Delacruz's shoulders.]

GM: And these men are not participants in this match! Hey ref!

[With malice, Zharkov rears back his massive right arm, palm open...]

MZ: 'PUSHKAAAAA!'

GM: HE DUCKED!

[...And accidentally levels Kolya Sudakov with a massive palm strike to the chin!]

GM: Somehow, some way, this young man manages to escape, back to the ring! And Easton Wotherspoon, Houston's own, he pulls that snake down from the ring apron.

[With the Russian corner in disarray, and Ricky Longfellow now counting Zharkov out, the Tsar quickly clambers into the ring, where he is met with a stomp from Tanner Delacruz.]

BW: And now this punk goes on offense?

GM: Oh dear...

[Zharkov responds to the weak stomp by kippping up to his feet, and his hand finally manages to grasp around Delacruz's throat.]

BW: Oh, finally some justice!

GM: This will not be pretty, but Zharkov has less two minutes left in this round!

[Grabbing Delacruz by the sides of his head like a vice, the massive Soviet begins to lay in a series of headbutts.]

BW: This kid's gonna pay for that, Gordo. He got way too cocky. Should've stuck with running away.

[Delacruz begins to crumple under the flurry of headbutts, but Zharkov's vice grip keeps him upright.]

GM: And we may need to look at stopping this round as well because this kid is being laid waste to.

BW: He ain't done yet, not by a long shot!

[Zharkov releases the vice, doubling Delacruz over in a waistlock and hoisting him up.]

MZ: 'TSAR BOMBAAAA!!!'

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! WHAT A TSAR BOMB! Keeping the waistlock firmly cinched with Delacruz's shoulders pinned, not taking any chances! One... two... and THREE! Three challengers down! Two left, and I'm sure that round went on far longer than Zharkov's team intended it to, with barely ninety seconds in the time remaining...

[Kolya Sudakov storms into the ring...]

BW: Yeah, he could've beaten on him for a good minute or so afterwa—

GM: [interrupting] OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!

[Myers' exclamation is mirrored by the fans.]

BW: WHAT THE...?

GM: KOLYA SUDAKOV HAS JUST BROKEN A FLAGPOLE OVER THE BACK AND SHOULDERS OF MAXIM ZHARKOV!

[Sudakov, furious, shouts angrily down to Zharkov on the canvas, clutching his shoulder in pain.]

BW: WHAT IS SUDAKOV DOING?!

[The fans are on their feet as Jackson Hunter and the Russians storm the ring, trying to restrain Sudakov.]

GM: SUDAKOV SHOVES KOSTOVICH TO THE GROUND! DOWN GOES JACKSON HUNTER! SUDAKOV IS INCENSED AND OUT OF CONTROL!

[Velikov tries to talk sense into his nephew, but Sudakov shouts some invective at him in Russian, and rolls out of the ring.]

GM: And Kolya Sudakov is leaving Minute Maid Park! He's walking out Zharkov!

[As the fans scream in approval at Kolya Sudakov's change of heart, Sudakov holds the red Soviet flag aloft. He roars as he tears it down the middle before throwing the red rags on the ground. Kostovich and Velikov chase after him, trying to talk sense into him. In the ring, Petrov, in a rare moment, looks perturbed. Hunter is, of course, apoplectic.]

GM: And the fourth round is due to start in seconds! Zharkov is hurt! His backup is in shambles!

BW: Just call the thing off! This is not a fair challenge! America cannot win this way! It has to be a fair fight!

GM: And Petrov is not allowing Dr. Ponovitch to examine Zharkov... are they going to try and tough this out?

[The bell suddenly sounds.]

GM: And... I'm told that's sixty seconds; the rest period is over and Hunter and Ivan Petrov will have to vacate the ring... Ohhh my stars...

[The fans buzz with anticipation as the hulking, mohawked Quest "Q&A" Aaron steps calmly into the ring.]

GM: It's the latest signee to the Global Fighting Championship. It's Q&A! Quest Aaron! What a draw he got!

BW: A lucky draw! Zharkov was blindsided by his own alleged cornerman!

GM: Q&A's reputation was built on street fighting videos; there are some critics who have argued that he represents sideshow appeal and has no place inside the GFC with rounded fighters; we'll see if he can silence his critics.

[Q&A, who has been pacing back and forth waiting for Zharkov to recover, finally decided to charge in and begins laying in to the Tsar.]

GM: And this big man from the Inland Empire bringing some heavy lumber! My stars!

[Zharkov tries to cover up in the corner, but Q&A is relentless with head and body strikes. The referee tries to intercede while Petrov grabs the bottom rope and coaches from the floor.]

GM: And Zharkov may be in trouble here! Fans in Minute Maid Park are on their feet! Could Quest Aaron be about to be richer to the tune of fifteen thousand?

BW: Those are illegal strikes! This whole thing smells like a setup to me!

[Zharkov stumbles forward woozily out of the corner, but Q&A is right back on top of him with hard punches.]

GM: And again, Q&A seizing the advantage here! That's one thing that I do know about Q&A is that no one seems to be able to defeat him in a fight!

BW: This is a wrestling match, Gordo, not a circus!

GM: Zharkov ducks, trapping Aaron's arm!

[Zharkov locks in a desperation arm triangle choke around the shoulder and neck of the street fighter.]

GM: Almost a sort of bearhug applied to the arm and neck of Quest Aaron, almost like a modified sleeper. Ivan Petrov has been instructing Zharkov from ringside since this round started a minute ago, taking over from Jackson Hunter with the rest of the Russian contingent absent...

BW: What did I tell you? Wrestling match, Gordo!

[Q&A struggles ineffectively to free himself from the arm triangle choke, but

Zharkov's massive arms constrict him; he flails helplessly, and begins going limp.]

GM: And... and that's it! Q&A has been put down by that neck and shoulder bearhug, and the GFC officials at ringside have stopped the match!

BW: Welcome to legitimate combat sports, Q&A.

GM: And now Ivan Petrov and Jackson Hunter have entered the ring. Zharkov may have won that round, but it looks like there may be some serious damage done by those savage strikes perpetrated by Quest Aaron.

BW: Yeah, his face is red... looks like he's gonna have some bruising there. See, his eyes are glassy. He's fighting an honest match and the Good Ol' USA is repayin' him with dirty tricks and low blows!

GM: If anything untoward was happening in this match, Bucky, I'm sure Ricky Longfellow would have stepped some time ago.

BW: Bah, an American official. I'm all in favor of America being on top of the world, but not if we gotta cheat to get there! If I'm Jackson Hunter, I'm going to lodge so many protests at the AWA front office come Monday morning...

GM: And of course, there will be no draw for the fifth and final contestant in the Proletariat Challenge: we know it's going to be Houston's own Easton Wotherspoon!

[The fans cheer on the hometown challenger as he rolls into the ring.]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

GM: And look at that! You'd almost swear Wotherspoon and Zharkov are mirror images of each other. Both 6' 3", both over 300 pounds, both in their early twenties, both have that imposing physique and clean-shaved scalp; Wotherspoon an offensive lineman for the Canadian Football League, got his start here in Houston.

[The bell sounds, and Hunter and Petrov again clear the ring.]

GM: And there's the bell for this final round! Maxim Zharkov is hurting! Can Easton Wotherspoon bring it home for America on Thanksgiving, and defeat the Tsar?

[Zharkov, his face looking slightly rearranged and eyes glassy, crosses to the center of the ring.]

BW: And the big guy is still ready to fight! Take a walk, Zharkov! Take a shortcut for once; all your opponents have!

GM: And... a collar-and-elbow tie-up as these two bulls lock up; Easton Wotherspoon has been working out at the Combat Corner since his Blue Bombers ended their season three weeks ago... AND MAXIM ZHARKOV IS GIVING GROUND!

[In the lockup, Wotherspoon pushes Zharkov backwards a step, and then another.]

GM: Zharkov may be fading, and Wotherspoon is fresh!

BW: Easton has three weeks of experience? Wow. Maxim Zharkov has been training at a secret facility in Siberia since he was BORN ON THE LAST DAY OF THE SOVIET

UNION, Gordo.

[Wotherspoon jockeys Zharkov back into the corner, where the referee calls for the break.]

GM: And a reminder that this is still an AWA sanctioned bout, despite the unusual circumstances surrounding it.

BW: He's gonna cheapshot Zharkov, count on it.

GM: And a clean break. Todd Michaelson, from what we're told, is very impressed with the hustle and desire of this young man.

[Wotherspoon backs to the center of the ring, pointing his index finger outward.]

EW: "U! S! A!"

[The fans cheer and begin chanting in response.]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

[Zharkov snarls in the corner and charges Wotherspoon with a shoulderblock.]

GM: And Easton doesn't budge!

[Zharkov and Wotherspoon go nose-to-nose, forehead-to-forehead in a massive staredown.]

GM: Can you feel it, Bucky? Can you feel the momentum turning? Could we see a legend born here tonight?

[Wotherspoon dashes to the ropes and rebounds, smashing Zharkov with a shoulderblock of his own.]

[...But Zharkov doesn't budge either. He roars, pounding his chest with his open palms.]

BW: Gordo, he's just going to take him to a stalemate, that's no victory!

GM: But that's the point, to last the full five minutes with Maxim Zharkov, and we're down to four minutes in the final round already; the clock is ticking.

[Zharkov and Wotherspoon lock up again.]

GM: Another lockup, and another stalemate, and again Wotherspoon is forcing Zharkov to back down!

[Zharkov takes a step back, but this time goes down low.]

GM: Counters into a snapmare takedown...

[Zharkov begins furiously laying in overhand strikes to the seated Wotherspoon.]

GM: ...And just punishing Easton with the blows!

BW: Smart move, daddy. Smart tactics. Use the other fella's strength against him!

GM: And Zharkov just raining down those strikes like a grizzly bear! And...

[Zharkov punctuates his strike flurry with a smack to the back of Wotherspoon's head.]

GM: ...Now there's no call for that!

BW: Tit-for-tat, baby. What that punk did earlier, Zharkov is gonna repay with interest!

GM: Front facelock applied now, and Zharkov is still going on offense. I suppose he would have to, given that this is a must-win situation here. Three minutes, thirty seconds remaining! Easton trying to push his way out of the facelock, but...

[Zharkov suddenly hoists Easton into the air.]

GM: OH MY STARS! Zharkov uses the Blue Bomber's power against him again with a fantastic vertical suplex!

BW: He picked him up like he were a light-heavyweight, Gordo!

GM: And Zharkov has seemingly found another gear in the last round, picking up Wotherspoon... Pumphandle...

[Zharkov lifts Easton again, throwing him down violently across his bent knee.]

GM: ...Into a backbreaker! That's a 300-pound man Maxim Zharkov is manhandling! Zharkov with a bearhug now...

[From the mat, Zharkov clasps his hands around the football player's torso, and drags him upright.]

BW: Look at this, Gordo! He's ragdollin' this guy!

GM: Standing switch...

[Zharkov, arms still clasped around Wotherspoon's torso, arcs backward.]

GM: ...AND... MY... GOD! An overhead suplex tossing this 300-plus pound offensive lineman halfway across the ring!

[Wotherspoon pulls himself to the corner, and hoists himself to his feet using the ropes, but Zharkov is right on top of him.]

MZ: "PUSHKAAAA!"

[Palm strike!]

MZ: "PUSHKAAAA!"

GM: Zharkov is stepping on the gas!

[Palm strike!]

MZ: "PUSHKAAAA!"

BW: I told you, we don't have an answer for this monster!

[Palm strike!]

MZ: "PUSHKAAAA!"

[Palm strike!]

GM: And Wotherspoon cannot mount an offense from—ACK!

[From a standing position, Zharkov leaps into the air...

...and delivers a picturesque dropkick to the chest of his opponent.]

GM: I... I know we've seen that before, but I still can't quite comprehend it.

BW: It's not SuperClash any more. It's SovietClash!

GM: I will never comprehend the sight of a 330 pound man getting the hangtime to do a standing dropkick.

BW: Put him in the ring with Larry Wallace and the whole universe will implode, daddy!

GM: And Wotherspoon fighting back, but those shots have no authority behind them, and Zharkov is shrugging them off. Standing headscissors... he's not serious going to...

MZ: "TSAR BOMBAAAAAA!"

GM: He is! THAT'S 300 POUNDS HE'S HOISTING UP!

BW: WHOA!

[Zharkov struggles to keep his mirror twin on his shoulder.]

GM: CAN HE GET HIM? CAN EASTON ESCAPE THIS AND TURN IT AROUND?

[With great effort, Zharkov centers Wotherspoon's mass across his shoulders, and grips his arms into a crucifix.]

BW: He's got him. He's got him.

GM: TSAR BOMB ON A 300-POUND MAN! Oh my. I am hard pressed to name an athlete who could find another gear like this monster from Magadan. And Zharkov is still not done! Rolling Wotherspoon over... What is he doing?

BW: He wants a submission.

[Zharkov locks in a back-mounted full nelson and torques back.]

GM: Zharkov with the Gorynych, and a savage one at that! We saw it end the first round against D'Endre Porter! We have one minute left! Can Easton Wotherspoon hold out?!

BW: Why would he risk it? He's got a job already! He's got a mathematics degree! He'd be risking permanent injury!

GM: FIFTY SECONDS REMAINING! AND EASTON WOTHERSPOON IS NOT SUBMITTING!

BW: Where's Ponavitch! This kid is risking his life in there! Stop this!

GM: LISTEN TO THESE FANS! THEY SEE THE CLOCK RUNNING DOWN!

"U-S-A!"
"U-S-A!"
"U-S-A!"

GM: ZHARKOV NOW REALIZING THE GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION AND PULLING BACK AS HARD AS HE CAN!

[Zharkov lets loose a roar as he cranks back harder! Wotherspoon cries out in pain at the increased pressure.]

GM: THIRTY-FIVE SECONDS REMAINING! THIS YOUNG MAN IS RISKING PERMANENT DAMAGE!

[Wotherspoon's head suddenly slumps over.]

GM: THIRTY SECONDS AND... Longfellow calls for the bell!

[The bell rings. At ringside, Jackson Hunter throws his clipboard into the air jubilantly, paper raining down on him as his palm pounds the red-decaled briefcase in triumph. Ivan Petrov nods approval and stoically claps his hands approvingly. The fans, who have been on their feet, sag in resignation.]

GM: Come on! Break the hold, ref!

[Zharkov keeps the Gorynych locked in for a few second after the bell, as per tradition, then stands and raises his arms in triumph with a roar.]

GM: I am in shock, but my hat is off to Maxim Zharkov: he took on five of America's elite athletes, and vanquished them all, like he promised.

[The "Soviet March" plays through Minute Maid; Ivan Kostovich and Vladimir Velikov emerge from the back and jog down to the ring. Zharkov's entourage mob the ring to congratulate their man. Kostovitch snaps the Soviet Championship belt around Zharkov's massive abdomen.]

GM: And I can't help but notice the absence of Kolya Sudakov from Zharkov's handlers.

BW: He's jealous, Gordo! Pure and simple! Can you imagine a meathead like Sudakov going through five elite athletes one after the other, all cheating?

GM: And apparently, we're not done yet, because that miserable snake Hunter has a microphone.

[With only Zharkov and his four cornermen left in the ring, the "Soviet March" cuts out. Jackson Hunter has the microphone.]

JH: Fans of the AWA...

[The stunned silence ends and the jeering begins from the crowd.]

JH: ...Please... attend... carefully. Because you just saw Maxim Zharkov just get warmed up. You just saw him destroy five of the best athletic bourgeois you had to offer. I have to ask...

...Do you have no more Americans?

...Do you have no more badasses?

[With a devious look on his face, he turns his attention to the front row.]

JH: Wait...

[He rolls to the floor, and locks eyes with a seven foot tall man, sitting in the front row. Mirrored sunglasses cover his eyes, and he's wearing a black leather jacket over a white t-shirt. All around him, the fans are on their feet, buzzing with anticipation.]

JH: I see one last one.

[The fans erupt. Zharkov and his team follow Hunter to the floor.]

GM: Oh my! OH MY! THAT'S ALEX MARTINEZ!

BW: The so-called Last American Badass! I saw him out here earlier... what's HE doing here?!

GM: His son's in the Main Event! Plus, the AWA asked him to play host to some of our current and potential corporate partners here tonight! He's been at ringside all night just enjoying the show and helping the AWA with business.

[Martinez stays in his chair, calmly mouthing "I'm just here to see the show." And then, a moment later, "I came to see Ryan, not you." And then, he makes a shoo'ing motion to Hunter and Zharkov. Yellow-shirted security personnel begin converging in the area, even as more fans begin to converge, screaming encouragement to Martinez, who remains in his chair.]

BW: ARE YOU KIDDIN'?

GM: IS ZHARKOV CHALLENGING ALEX MARTINEZ?

[Jackson Hunter steps aside from Zharkov deferentially. Zharkov stands at the barricade in front of the seated Last American Badass.]

GM: HE IS!

[Zharkov looms in ominously, snarling down at Martinez.

Cooly, Alex Martinez looks to his entourage, which includes longtime girlfriend Selena Gomez, who seems far more worried than the still cool and collected Martinez. The well-dressed businessmen sitting around Martinez are smiling, happy to be "part of the show."

And then, Martinez slowly pulls his sunglasses off, handing them to Gomez. Slowly, Martinez comes to his feet, and stands up in front of Zharkov; the fans scream in anticipation as Martinez cracks his knuckles and offers a challenging grin.]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second! Alex Martinez is not physically cleared for-

BW: WHO CARES?! LET'S DO THIS!

[Martinez's crew tries to get him to back down, but as his grin fades, he locks eyes with Zharkov and they stare each other down from across the rail.]

GM: We've got a staredown on our hands! The Last Son of the Soviet Union. The Last American Badass.

BW: Gordo! Language!

GM: Well, uh... yes, I suppose I apologize for that, fans, but it seems appropriate in this situation! It seems like-

[Suddenly, Zharkov shoves Martinez, and the stadium seems to spontaneously combust into a riot!]

GM: HE SHOVED HIM! HE PUTS HIS HANDS ON-

[And the crowd EXPLODES into a deafening roar as Martinez throws himself forward, tumbling over the barricade and taking Zharkov down to the floor!]

GM: ZHARKOV AND MARTINEZ! ZHARKOV AND MARTINEZ! MY GOD, MY GOD!

[We see a flurry of punches from the former World Champion on the Russian just before they disappear from sight as backstage staff, security, and the respective entourages of Alex Martinez and Maxim Zharkov surround the scene.]

BW: IT'S PANDEMONIUM OUT HERE!

[A handheld camera manages to capture the melee from the ring, above where Alex Martinez and Maxim Zharkov are brawling tooth-and-claw, surrounded by dozens of people.]

BW: THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY, GORDO!

GM: OH, NOT AGA—

[The commentary cuts out as the ringside area descends into bedlam, the only sounds are fans cheering, blowing air horns, clapping and whistling.

Zharkov's entourage - with the help of Tommy Fierro, Soup Bone Samson, and what seems like half the salaried AWA staff - finally manages to pull Zharkov away from Martinez, who himself is surrounded by his crew and yellow-shirted event security.]

GM: Can you hear me? Can you hear me? We've lost Bucky - we can't hear Bucky! Fans, we are in what seems like a riot that erupted between Maxim Zharkov and Alex Martinez when- OH MY!

[Alex Martinez tears himself away and rushes Zharkov again!]

GM: THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN! ALEX MARTINEZ IS GIVING THE TSAR THE FIGHT OF A LIFETIME!

BW: One-two! Am I on!

GM: You're on, Bucky!

[Again, the army of non-wrestling personnel forcibly separate Alex Martinez and Maxim Zharkov. A camera gets close enough to Zharkov to see that he has been busted open, from the lip and from the nose, blood coursing down his chin. Jackson Hunter and the remaining Russian contingent try to escort him up the aisle.]

MZ: "SCHAS PO EBALU POLUCHISH, SUKA, BLYAD!"

[Martinez rolls into the ring, throwing off his coat, beckoning Zharkov to join him. The Tsar tries to free himself, but is dragged up the aisle by his handlers, left to shout profanity in Russian.]

GM: And I think the Proletariat Challenge has been answered by the Last American Badass! What a scene here in Houston, fans!

[We get an aerial shot of the mass of humanity surrounding Zharkov in the aisle and the mass surrounding Alex Martinez inside the ring.]

GM: What a moment... what a night... and we're just getting going! We've got to get this under control out here because we're mere moments away from our National Title showdown so let's head backstage to hear from both challenger... and champion!

[The scene fades backstage, where we see Juan Vasquez, standing inside his dressing room. The former two-time AWA National Champion is dressed in his trademark white tracksuit with black trim, ready for tonight's match. His jacket is unzipped, revealing the AWA "The World's Most Dangerous Group" t-shirt in the style of the old N.W.A. rap group t-shirt, with former National Champions Marcus Broussard, Stevie Scott, Ron Houston, Kolya Sudakov, and of course, himself on the front. He stares at the camera for a moment, before cracking a slight smile and begins to speak.]

JV: You know, I had a big speech prepared for this occasion, but...the hell with it. I'm just gonna' shoot from the hip, 'cause I'm pretty damn sure the time for mutual respect and admiration between me and Travis Lynch is over.

[He gives a small shrug.]

JV: For the past few days now, I've been hearing the same question over and over again. At airports, while signing autographs at All Access, while eating at restaurants and while makin' the rounds promoting SuperClash...everyone was asking me the same question...

"Why'd you slap Travis?"

[He chuckles.]

JV: Honestly, that ain't the question you people should be asking me. What you SHOULD be asking me is...

"Why didn't you slap Travis sooner?"

[Juan doesn't laugh, smile or so much as chuckle when he says that. He's dead serious.]

JV: Everyone's so damn concerned about me markin' up Travis Lynch's perfect high cheekbones and model good looks when I slapped him, but I'll be perfectly honest with you guys.

You should all be glad I didn't break his damn jaw.

[He pounds his right fist into the palm of his hand.]

JV: Why'd I slap Travis? I slapped that kid across his cocky, smug little face 'cause he had it comin' to him. 'Cause I had the stones to do what Henrietta and Blackjack couldn't to that pampered little brat. It was a reality check to a punk that's long forgotten what existin' in reality is all about.

The moment Travis Lynch won the National Title, he was carryin' on the legacy of every man that held it before him. And I thought Travis would be a man that'd do right by the title. I thought he would be the next great champion in this sport. And he swore up and down that he'd do exactly that...but it's becomin' painfully obvious to me that whatever respect and sense that boy had for this sport and the people in it flew right out the window the moment he got the National Title around his waist.

He's so concerned about making a name for himself...he's so worked up on steppin' outta' the shadow of his brothers and last name...that he's lost all perspective on what it takes to be a great champion. And ever since, he's taken every opportunity to slap me right in the face with his arrogance and disrespect.

So the way I see it?

When I slapped the taste outta' his mouth, I was just returnin' the favor.

[An annoyed look forms on Juan's face as he takes a deep breath, trying to keep himself calm.]

JV: For a long time, I thought WrestleRock was the single darkest moment of my career. And yeah, in a lot of ways it was. I was never the same again after it happened. I still carry the scars from it...but still, I was able to come back from it. And I'm here today, ready to fight and regain the National Title that I never should've lost.

[His eyes narrow.]

JV: But...

[Juan hesitates for a brief moment, reflecting on the dark memories he's conjuring up.]

JV: ...Unholy War was the single darkest day in AWA history and I don't think anyone can dispute that. That was a match that cost five men their careers.

FIVE!

And to go through something like that, that's the sort of thing that NEVER leaves you. I've tried to atone for it. I've tried to move past it...but I don't think I'll ever be able to wash the blood off my hands from that match. And yet there's Travis Lynch, wantin' to run his mouth off about Unholy War to me like it's some big joke? He wants to trivialize the careers and lives that were ruined in that match to attack my integrity and character? You know what I say to that?

[Juan shakes his head.]

JV: Travis Lynch can go straight to hell.

[He stares directly into the camera, expression unwavering.]

JV: And if anyone's got a problem with that? They can go right along with him.

[He stays silent for a moment, letting the weight of those words take their effect.]

JV: I don't need to tell anyone just what the National Title means to me. I don't need to tell anyone just how far I'm willing to go to regain it. I think everyone already understands just how important this match is to me...but I never thought in my life that right now, the National Title would be in the hands of someone that didn't deserve it.

Maybe some day, Travis Lynch can still be the champion I thought he could be; the champion that these people and the AWA deserve.

But amigo?

Today ain't that day.

[A determined look forms on Juan's face as he shakes his head furiously.]

JV: Today, I take back MY title! Today, the people get the champion they deserved all along! Today, the AWA National Title returns to where it has ALWAYS belonged.

Around MY waist.

[A beat.]

JV: And that's all there is...to it.

[Fade out from the pre-recorded footage to a live shot of Mark Stegglet standing backstage.]

MS: Strong words there from the challenger as we are now just a few minutes from when we will bear witness to the AWA National Title Match as the challenger Juan Vasquez will stand across the ring from this man, the AWA National Champion...

[As the unnaturally handsome Travis - looking like a twenty first century Adonis - walks in the camera's view, the tens of thousands of women in attendance begin to drown out the voice of Mark with their high pitch screams from inside the seats of the stadium.]

MS: "The Texas Heartthrob" Travis Lynch!

[The AWA National Champion is attired in his trademark super smedium T-shirt, which has the image of Texas, colored like the Texas state flag, upon it and the word HEARTTHROB written diagonally over the image of Texas in black lettering. A silver crucifix rests on top of the T-shirt. He is also wearing black chaps, with silver studding forming the belt and along the edging and around his waist is the AWA National Championship belt.]

MS: When I arrived earlier today, there was a sea of fans wearing t-shirts and waving signs for you and Jack. It certainly looks like Lynchamania is running rampant in Houston, Travis!

[Travis smiles and nods.]

TL: Mark, while you're callin' it Lynchamania, I'm callin' it love. 'Cause with each and every beat of a Texan's heart, Lynch blood is pumped throughout the land! For decades each one of these fans have grown up watchin' the Lynches wrestle, brawl and bleed for them. Hell, there are still arena floors stained with my family's blood... and each battle won or lost, each title we've captured or had ripped from our bloodied hands, these great fans have been there supportin' us. And for that I can't thank them enough, but they all know...

[Travis pounds his chest, right above his heart with his left hand.]

TL: My heart is filled with nothin' but love for each and every one of them!

[The crowd roars.]

MS: Tonight, you step into the ring with Juan Vasquez for that title around strapped around your waist. In a match that has been built on a mutual respect...

[Travis nods his head in agreement.]

MS: ...and the legacy of that championship belt you currently wear around your waist.

TL: Y'know Mark, respect is a funny thing. Without question there is a respect between Juan and myself... and it's hard not to respect Juan Vasquez.

He's had a storied career, former World Champion in the GLCW, RCW and the UWF. He's a TWO time AWA National Champion and a Hall of Famer... he's a damn legend in this business, Mark. I can't deny that and I respect him for that.

Heck, he came back from that death match with Demon Boy Ishrinku, a match that would have forced others into retirement.

[Mark nods.]

TL: But that match took a lot out of him. Y'all saw how long it took him to return to the ring and while he won't admit it, I can tell he still hasn't fully recovered. You can see it in his eyes, Mark. Juan is startin' to realize just how long in the tooth he's become and he's not sure if he can go in the ring the way he once did.

[Mark looks as though he is about to say something but Travis continues to speak.]

TL: And when a man begins to doubt himself... he falls back to what comes natural. Twelve days ago, Juan did that when he slapped me across the face.

MS: Travis, it could be said you perhaps instigated Juan a bit before that match...

TL: It's a well known fact, Mark, that when you mess with my family, like Supreme Wright did, I get a bit passionate...

MS: A bit?

[Travis cracks a grin.]

TL: At least Jack and I weren't thrown in jail this time, Mark. So maybe, just maybe I ran my mouth a bit more than I should have... but the Lynches don't lie, we don't drag a man's name through the mud and at the end of the night, Juan knew what I was sayin' was true.

And Juan may not like hearin' what I'm sayin' right now... but when you're the mentor to the man that threatened my niece and just broke the arm of a man I call a brother...

[Anger is etched upon the face of Travis. He breaths deeply and remains silent for a long moment.]

MS: Travis, are you okay?

[Travis runs his taped left hand through his hair.]

TL: Yeah ... yeah. As I was sayin' respect is a funny thing, Mark. With a simple slap, Juan showed just how much respect he truly has for me.

But Juan has to remember, he isn't the only one of us who's won gold before. Ya see, I'm a former Texas State Tag Team Champion, the final man to hold the PCW Heavyweight Championship belt and the current AWA National Champion! I'm the man who's beaten the son of a legend in Bruno Verhoeven, beaten a legend in Adam Rogers... and more importantly I have already beaten Juan Vasquez.

[The anger is gone from Travis' face, it's been replaced with determination.]

MS: Travis, I hate to point this out but there are those out there that are questioning if you can walk out of Houston with the AWA National Championship belt around your waist.

TL: Well lemme tell ya somethin', Mark! I don't care about those people! I couldn't care less what those people think! Ya see I'm not fightin' for them. I'm fightin' for all those people who've had my back since I stepped into the PCW ring for the first time nine years ago! I'm fightin' for all those people who embraced my brothers and I in 2011 when we debuted in the AWA!

But more importantly I'm fightin' for this title...

[Again, Travis slaps the AWA National Championship belt.]

TL: ... fightin' for the legacy of this title and more importantly, I'm fightin' for respect!

[From the crowd comes a roar of approval for the AWA National Champion.]

MS: Respect? Travis, you already have the respect of these great fans.

[Travis smirks.]

TL: Ah Mark, as I said earlier, I have their love... and that's better than their respect.

MS: Then whose or what respect are you referring to Travis?

TL: The respect I'm talkin' about is the complete respect of Juan Vasquez.

'Cause tonight Juan, I promise you with good Lord Almighty as my witness, you will respect me. The same way that everyone who's just gotten beat has no choice but to respect the man that beat him.

[Travis slaps Mark on his shoulder and leaves the interview area.]

MS: As you can see Bucky and Gordon, the champion is fired up here tonight! But can he topple the People's Hero and the Hall of Famer? We're about to find out!

[We crossfade out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. Travis Lynch is out for respect tonight, Bucky.

BW: Respect? That's a sucker's game. What he should be out for is a win. There are people in this business who've had their career MADE by beating Juan Vasquez. Lynch has done it once but if you do it on the biggest stage in all of wrestling with the entire world watching, you may have just made yourself famous.

GM: Can't he do both?

BW: Absolutely. But when you talk about earning someone's respect, to me it sounds like you might not be willing to do what it takes to win. I don't see Stench hooking a pair of tights... putting his feet on the ropes... whacking Vasquez with a chair.

GM: Of course not!

BW: You say "of course not"... I say that might be what it takes to put Vasquez down for a three count because Juan Vasquez is a man who has wanted nothing more for YEARS now than to put that National Title back around his waist. He

didn't even compete in the World Title tournament. When the National Title was gone, Vasquez just kinda bounced from rivalry to rivalry, never setting his sights on championship gold. When that title came back a year ago, it was like new life was breathed into Vasquez. This is it, Gordo. This is his chance. This is his shot. This is his opportunity to show why his face is on two of those banners up there - why he was in TWO SuperClash Main Events!

GM: Bucky, you talk about Vasquez winning the title... his only goal... what if he doesn't? If he fails... what becomes of Juan Vasquez then?

BW: Only he has that answer... but he's praying he doesn't have to give it.

GM: And don't forget about the Special Guest Referee. We saw the effect that Melissa Cannon had on our World Television Title match earlier. Who's it going to be? What impact will they have? It's time to find out! Phil Watson, the floor is yours, my friend!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a 60 minute time limit and is for the AWA NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Big cheer!]

PW: First, the Special Guest Referee...

[Watson lowers the mic, the crowd buzzing with anticipation.]

BW: Who's it gonna be, Gordo?

GM: You don't know?

BW: Sure, but I-

[Suddenly, the AWA faithful ERUPTS into cheers at the sounds of Ugly Kid Joe's "Everything About You."]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[After a moment, one of the pillars that the American Wrestling Alliance was built upon walks into view, standing in a pair of black pants and a striped "referee's" tank top. He grins at the reaction, striking a pose at the top of the ramp.]

PW: "HOOOOOTSHOOOOOT" STEEEEEEEEEEEEEVIEEEEEEEEE SCOOOOOTTTTTTTTTT!

[The crowd ROARS once again as Stevie cracks the mother of all Steviegrins, nodding at his adoring fans. He points to the fans as he starts walking down the aisle, heading towards the ring.]

GM: Oh my! "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, a two-time National Champion in his own right, is the Special Guest Referee!

BW: Well, on a night when the AWA shatters all of their attendance and gate records, it's only fitting that the Hotshot's in the house, Gordo. I saw Marcus Broussard backstage earlier tonight and I told him that I felt the same way about him being here. Guys like Marcus, like Stevie... and yeah, like Vasquez... they're the reason we're all here tonight, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely right. We've come a long way from running small gyms at community colleges and taping TV in a TV studio... and a lot of that is thanks to the

three guys you just mentioned plus men like Kentucky's Pride, like Rough 'N Ready, like Calisto Dufresne, like James Monosso... and that list goes on and on.

[Stevie Scott reaches ringside, rolling under the bottom rope before climbing to his feet.]

GM: It's been over a year since we've seen the Hotshot who has suffered from a series of serious injuries over the past few years that have stalled out several attempts at an in-ring comeback. But I'm glad to see him here tonight.

BW: You've gotta wonder though...

GM: What's that?

BW: Stevie Scott's got Juan Vasquez' fate in his hands.

GM: Hey, both men had to approve of the referee just like in all our title matches tonight. Besides, Vasquez and Stevie Scott have been on the same side the last few times we've seen them together.

BW: Yeah, but some things never change... and we talk about the two banners that Juan Vasquez is on. Stevie Scott is on those same banners. Those two BUILT SuperClash from the ground up. You think the Hotshot isn't at least a little bit jealous to see his old rival fighting for the National Title in a featured match here tonight?

[Scott salutes the crowd before settling back into the corner for the rest of the introductions.]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[The stadium is plunged into complete darkness as the extended opening to "They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begins to play. On the video wall, highlights of Juan Vasquez quickly flash across the screen...images of Vasquez connecting with the Right Cross on Stevie Scott, crushing Isaiah Carpenter with a Shades of Tommy Stephens senton, smashiing Calisto Dufresne with a running knee to the face, battering Hannibal Carver with a rapid series of headbutts, piledriving Stevie Scott...and finally a frozen image of Vasquez, holding the the AWA National title high into the air.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 238 pounds... he is a two-time National Champion... a Hall of Famer... the People's Hero...

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN
VAAAAAAASSSSSSSQEZZZZZZZZZZ!

[As the iconic saxophone riff begins to play, the lights come back on in Minute Maid Park as from underneath the elevated stage, we see a red chrome 1953 Chevy Bel Air lowrider driving up from below! As the lowrider stops at the top of the aisle, the crowd ROARS when they see Juan Vasquez, dressed in his trademark white tracksuit with black trim, standing up atop the passenger side seat with his arms raised high into the air! The lowrider proceeds to drive down the declining ramp, stopping in the middle of the aisle and shows off its hydraulics, tilting to one side and then to the other, before bouncing up and down the rest of the way to the ring. The lowrider then proceeds to make it's biggest bounce, tilting all the way back onto its rear bumper as the crowd "Oohs" and "Ahhs" and falling straight back to the ground!]

GM: The challenger catching a ride to the ring in style!

[The People's Hero then proceeds to get out of his seat, leaping onto the hood of the lowrider and places his hands on his hips, striking a heroic pose as thousands of flashbulbs fill the air. Grinning big, Vasquez proceeds to take one small leap off the hood of the lowrider and onto the apron. He goes to step in through the ropes, but pauses, setting his feet back down onto the mat and proceeds to wipe them off on the apron. He turns to the camera and yells, "I still ain't too old to do this!", before leaning back and slingshotting himself into the ring with a front somersault to a big pop!]

GM: Juan Vasquez hits the ring, the crowd solidly behind him... for now at least... as he prepares to challenger Travis Lynch for the AWA National Title! But will those same fans be behind him when one of Texas' favorite sons arrives?

BW: We're about to find out, Gordo.

[As Vasquez tugs on the ropes, getting ready for action, Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Cut to the entrance way where out from behind the curtain comes the Houston Texan cheerleaders, who get a loud ovation from the Houston fans. The lovely ladies line both sides of the ramp.]

BW: It must be halftime here at Minute Maid Park and you know what Gordo, I'm not complaining at all!

GM: Of course you're not and it doesn't sound like these fans are either!

[The crowd continues to cheer and suddenly a voice is heard.]

"GIMME A T!"

[The other cheerleaders and the fans all scream "T"!]

GM: Bucky, did you just scream T?

BW: When a cheerleader asks for a letter, you have to respond, Gordo.

"GIMME A R!"

[The other cheerleaders and the fans all scream "R"!]

"GIMME AN A!"

[The other cheerleaders and the fans all scream "A"!]

"GIMME A V!"

[The other cheerleaders and the fans all scream "V"!]

"GIMME AN I!"

[The other cheerleaders and the fans all scream "I"!]

"GIMME A S!"

[The other cheerleaders and the fans all scream "S"!]

"WHAT'S THAT SPELL?!?"

"TRAV-IS! TRAV-IS! TRAV-IS!"

GM: What happened, Bucky? I thought when a cheerleader asks you have to respond.

BW: Not when she's spelling out the name of a Stench!

"TRAV-IS! TRAV-IS! TRAV-IS!"

[Cut to the backstage area where the AWA National Champion is slowly walking towards the entrance way. The champion is attired in his trademark super smedium T-shirt, which has the image of Texas, colored like the Texas state flag, upon it and the word HEARTTHROB written diagonally over the image of Texas in black lettering. A silver crucifix rests on top of the T-shirt. He is also wearing black chaps, with silver studding forming the belt and along the edging and around his waist is the AWA National Championship belt. The champion pauses for a moment as longtime friend and occasional tag team partner "Prince" Colin Hayden slaps him upon the shoulder and the two men talk briefly just before the curtain.

The chant of "TRAV-IS! TRAV-IS! TRAVIS!" can still be heard as Travis kisses his taped left hand with the initials AD and points to the sky and says "This is for you." As Travis stares up at the sky for a moment, the classic riffs of "Tom Sawyer" by Rush begin to play throughout Minute Maid Park.]

#A modern day warrior
Mean, mean stride
Today's Tom Sawyer
Mean, mean pride#

[Travis pushes open the curtain and walks out onto the stage. The camera pans behind him showing his view of Minute Maid Park, and Travis pauses, soaking up the love from the fans, who are cheering wildly.]

#Though his mind is not for rent
Don't put him down as arrogant
He reserves the quiet defense
Riding out the day's events
The river#

[The camera continues to show Travis' view as the Houston Texan cheerleaders are still chanting "TRAV-IS!" and waving their pom poms.]

GM: The fans are on their feet! The cheerleaders are on their feet! Heck, I bet even some fans at HOME are on their feet, Bucky!

BW: I bet they are too... trying to find the remote control to see what's happening on the Weather Channel.

GM: Bucky!

[The camera pans back in front of Travis as he begins the long walk to the ring.]

PW: Weighing in at two hundred and fifty two pounds... from Dallas, Texas... this is the AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION... the Texas Heartthrob...

TRAAAAAAAAAAVISSSSSSSS
LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The roars of the Texas crowd get louder as they stand in support of one of their own. Lynch is all smiles as he comes down the aisle, throwing a "hook 'em horns"

up into the air to a big cheer. As he gets closer to the ring, he approaches the barricade, leaning over for high fives and hugs... and a few kisses from the ladies to boot. He walks past the lowrider, throwing a sideways glance at it before he grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron. He pulls off his t-shirt, drawing a BIG cheer from the ladies as he tosses it into the crowd to a lucky female fan. He pulls off his silver crucifix, planting a kiss on it before he hangs it around the ringpost. The chaps come next, falling off into a pool on the floor. He turns, pointing to the fans before ducking through the ropes inside the ring.]

GM: Travis Lynch is home in the great state of Texas and these people are treating him like he's a member of their own family, Bucky!

BW: WHAT?! I CAN BARELY HEAR YOU!

GM: Never mind!

[Lynch nods in respect to "Hotshot" Stevie Scott as he hands over the title belt, giving it a light touch across the faceplate as he settles in, giving the ropes a couple of tugs, keeping his eyes on Juan Vasquez who is on the far side of the ring.

With the crowd roaring for both competitors, champion and challenger come together in the center of the ring. "Hotshot" Stevie Scott approaches the duo, holding the National Title belt, looking longingly down at the faceplate of it...

...and then thrusts it into the air, getting more cheers from the Minute Maid Park crowd!]

GM: That's what it's all about! The AWA National Title! Can Juan Vasquez capture the National Title for the third time? Can Travis Lynch defeat the Hall of Famer for the second time?

BW: These people are going nuts, Gordo!

GM: Can you blame them? The Texas Heartthrob versus the People's Hero! The fans are on their feet and the match hasn't even started yet!

[Stevie Scott turns to hand the title belt out to a ringside attendant as Vasquez and Lynch stand in the center of the ring. The Hotshot turns back to the middle...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go!

[Lynch and Vasquez are still nose-to-nose as the roaring crowd continues to get louder.]

GM: Wow! What a reaction from these fans!

BW: But who are they cheering for? The Texas Heartthrob or the People's Hero?

GM: They're cheering for both of them, Bucky!

BW: Maybe... but who are they cheering for more?

GM: I haven't the slightest idea. Do you?

BW: Oh, I'm pretty sure I do. As much as I hate to say it, Juan Vasquez may consider himself a wrestling god but in the so-called great state of Texas, it's all about the Lord Almighty above and the stinkin' Lynch clan... oh, and high school football because they're even weirder than you'd imagine.

[A very clear "TRAV-IS! clapclapclap TRAV-IS clapclapclap!" chant starts up. Travis nods with a smile, turning in the direction of those cheers. Vasquez looks around in dismay for a moment... until a "JUAN! JUAN! JUAN!" chant comes in response. Vasquez cracks a typical Vasquez grin, nodding in acknowledgement. The two turn back towards one another...]

...and Travis Lynch insistently raises his right arm into the air.]

GM: And how about that? Right off the bat, the National Champion is looking for a test of strength.

[Vasquez looks up at the arm...]

...and then waves a hand dismissively at Lynch, taking three steps back to laughter from many in the crowd.]

GM: Well, Juan Vasquez has never been a powerhouse so I suppose that makes sense.

BW: Vasquez is a veteran, Gordo. He's going to wrestle his match and not be tricked into wrestling someone else's.

[Vasquez slaps both biceps once and then lunges into a collar and elbow tieup, struggling against the younger competitor's power as Lynch tries to force him back across the ring.]

GM: Vasquez can't even budge Travis Lynch who only outweighs Vasquez by about 15 pounds but it's solid muscle, Bucky.

[Vasquez takes two steps back as Lynch starts to power him backwards...]

...until Vasquez switches into a side headlock, using leverage to take Lynch up, over, and down to the mat with a headlock takedown.]

GM: Nice takedown by Juan Vasquez, wrenching on the head and neck down on the mat.

[Vasquez has a smile on his face as he cranks on the headlock.]

GM: Travis Lynch quickly getting his legs under him, battling back to his feet...

[Lynch backs Vasquez up across the ring into the ropes, throwing him off.]

GM: Travis shoots him off... drops down...

[Vasquez goes up and over the downed Lynch, hitting the far ropes before rebounding back...]

...and runs right into a shoulder tackle from the National Champion that knocks Vasquez off his feet. Travis looks down at Vasquez with a grin as the People's Hero grabs at the back of his head, scooting a few feet back, looking up at the Texas Heartthrob as the overwhelming majority of the fans cheer.]

GM: Travis Lynch floors Juan Vasquez... and you've gotta wonder if the reaction of this crowd at Minute Maid Park is getting into the head of Juan Vasquez a little bit.

BW: It would have to be, Gordo. Vasquez isn't used to being treated like this by the fans. His ego can't handle it. The Juan Vasquez Show Starring Juan Vasquez

isn't just a clever joke. That's what he really felt Saturday Night Wrestling was back in the day.

GM: Vasquez climbing off the mat... telling Lynch to hit the ropes this time...

[The National Champion obliges, rushing to the ropes. Vasquez dives to the mat, making Lynch go up and over. Travis bounces off the far side as Vasquez gets up, setting his feet...

...and gets knocked backward, sprawling on the canvas after Travis runs him down with a shoulder block!]

GM: Ohh! Travis sends him sailing back to the mat! So much for that idea!

[Vasquez rolls to a knee, slapping a hand down on the canvas before looking up at the grinning Lynch.]

GM: Juan Vasquez showing some signs of frustration as he climbs back to his feet.

[Vasquez glares at Lynch for a bit... and then points to the ropes again.]

GM: Juan Vasquez asking Travis Lynch to go to the ropes a second time.

BW: Didn't he learn his lesson?

GM: Maybe not.

[Lynch shrugs before dashing to the ropes. This time, as he rebounds, Vasquez leapfrogs over him, causing Lynch to duck down before charging across to the far ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Hipto- reversed!

[Vasquez goes for his signature hiptoss but Travis reverses it, taking the challenger down with one of his own.]

GM: Travis with the hiptoss... Vasquez right back up and-

[Lynch leaps up, throwing a dropkick that sends Vasquez sprawling back down to the canvas where he rolls under the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: Oh my! The dropkick connected right on the chin and Juan Vasquez decided to get on out of there and regroup a little bit.

[Travis stomps around the ring, riling up the already-excited crowd as Vasquez paces around the ring, occasionally throwing a glance up at Lynch.]

GM: Juan Vasquez going for a walk out here at ringside, trying to figure out what's gone wrong with his gameplan so far.

BW: Well, so far, Lynch has had an answer for everything that Vasquez has tried. I doubt that'll keep up. You don't get to be a Hall of Famer by getting outmaneuvered by a punk kid whose old man has a God complex.

GM: Bucky, it almost sounds like you're rooting for Juan Vasquez here tonight.

BW: If Satan himself fought Travis Stench in the middle of Heaven Stadium, I'd be the guy in the red devil facepaint carrying a foam pitchfork, daddy.

[Gordon chuckles as Stevie Scott's count reaches five and Vasquez walks up the ringsteps onto the apron. He waves Lynch back before stepping through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Back to the action we go...

[Vasquez crouches down, extending a hand, wiggling his fingers as he approaches Travis Lynch who drops down to the Hall of Famer's level, approaching center ring...

...and they go back into a collar and elbow tieup. Vasquez quickly grabs the wrist, twisting it around into a hammerlock.]

GM: From the tieup to the hammerlock, Vasquez attacking the left arm...

BW: Not a bad idea. He uses the Claw with that arm. He throws the Discus Punch with that arm. He signs his stupid name on stupid pieces of paper that stupid fans give him with that arm.

GM: Would you knock it off?! What is wrong with you?!

BW: I can't believe we're back in Texas. This place just makes me mad.

[Vasquez cranks up on the arm while Lynch looks for an escape. He leans over, trying to reach between his own legs to grab Vasquez' but fails at that. He straightens up, looking for a back elbow but Vasquez is in position to avoid that as well.]

GM: As you said, Juan Vasquez is the veteran. He knows how to position himself in the ring to avoid some of the common escapes of this...

[Travis suddenly ducks down, twisting in, ducking through, and twists Vasquez' own arm behind him in a hammerlock.]

GM: Nice reversal by Travis Lynch... and-

[But Vasquez is a step quicker, instantly going into a drop toehold, taking Lynch down to the mat. Vasquez keeps the left ankle scissored, torquing the knee as Lynch claws at the canvas.]

GM: Vasquez counters it right back!

[Vasquez rolls to a knee, grabbing the foot...

...but Lynch makes a lunge for the ropes, causing referee Stevie Scott to step in, calling for a rope break.]

GM: Referee Stevie Scott is right there, asking for the clean break...

[Vasquez looks at Lynch for a moment... then at Scott... and then lets go, backing up with his hands raised. The fans cheer the clean break.]

GM: Nice clean break there by Vasquez.

BW: For how long? Everyone knows Vasquez has a dark side. Maybe these idiot fans cheering Lynch more than him will bring it out of the shadows.

GM: I highly doubt that.

[Vasquez stands in the center of the ring as Lynch gets up off the mat, shaking out his leg a few times. He nods his head as he edges away from the ropes, arms extended, moving into another tieup.]

GM: Another collar and elbow... a whole lot of feeling out process in this one early on...

[Vasquez suddenly breaks off an armdrag, throwing Lynch halfway across the ring. The crowd cheers as Vasquez scrambles up to his feet, hands at the ready but Lynch is slower, taking a knee and staring across as Scott waves for the action to continue.]

GM: Nice armdrag by the challenger... deep armdrag too.

[Lynch eases up, edging towards the center again, arms out, fingers wiggling as he looks for an opening.]

GM: Neither man rushing into anything here tonight. They've got the time to really take a methodical approach and avoid any mistakes.

BW: That's key in a title match, Gordo. Making a mistake can be the difference between winning and losing and you can bet both of them will be fighting to avoid any major mistakes.

[The two competitors go into another collar and elbow, jockeying for position as Travis muscles Vasquez back a couple of steps...

...and snaps off an armdrag of his own, throwing Vasquez across the ring!]

GM: An exchange of armdrags this time! These guys are very evenly matched, Bucky... perhaps more evenly matched than many of us believed going into this.

BW: Don't tell anyone I said this but Travis Lynch has improved by leaps and bounds over the past year or two. You know, when the Lynches first came to the AWA, he looked like he was going to get lost in the shuffle and be Jack and James' little brother. But after the business with Sunshine and Rob Driscoll and all that, he's really come into his own.

GM: That's pretty close to a compliment.

BW: I know. Can someone bring me some mouthwash?

[As Vasquez gets back up, coming quickly towards Lynch, Lynch slides into a go-behind, hooking his hands together in a waistlock. He lifts Vasquez off the mat, throwing him down on his stomach.]

GM: Wow! Powerful waistlock takedown by the National Champi- ohh! Reversed by Vasquez who hooks a waistlock of his own!

[Vasquez hangs on as Lynch uses his amateur techniques to try and escape, sitting out, rolling through... but the veteran hangs on like a rider on a bull.]

GM: Vasquez has those hands locked and he's keeping them that way...

[Both men get back to their feet, Lynch grabbing at the wrists to try to escape...

...and suddenly throws a back elbow that catches Vasquez FLUSH on the jaw!]

GM: Oh! That'll break the hold!

BW: Might break his jaw while he's at it! Vasquez certainly didn't get out of the way of that one and-

[Vasquez rubs his jaw for a moment as Lynch turns around...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: VASQUEZ SLAPS HIM ACROSS THE FACE!

BW: He didn't like that elbow!

[Lynch recoils from the slap...

...and then shoves Vasquez in the chest with two hands, sending him back a few steps.]

GM: Lynch with the shov- OH!

[The crowd groans with disgust as Vasquez spits right in the face of the Texan!]

GM: Oh, come on, Juan! There's no reason for that!

BW: I'd say the feeling out process is over, daddy!

[Vasquez glares at Lynch who returns the stare...

...and as a smirk crosses the two-time champion's face, Travis Lynch has seen enough!]

GM: DOUBLE LEG TAKEDOWN BY THE CHAMPION!

[Lynch floats swiftly into the mount, grabbing Vasquez by the hair and pasting him with left hand after left hand as Stevie Scott calls for the break!]

GM: Lynch is taking the fight to Vasquez down on the canvas!

[As the Hotshot's count reaches four, Lynch pulls to his feet, dragging Vasquez up with him, charging across the ring...]

GM: HEADFIRST TO THE TURNBUCKLES!

[An irate Lynch spins Vasquez around, shoving him back into the corner, leaning over to grab the rope with both hands...]

GM: Shoulders to the midsection! One after another by the champion!

[A half dozen shoulders to the gut leave Vasquez reeling as Lynch grabs the arm, rocketing Vasquez across the ring to the far corner, slamming into the buckles and staggering back out...]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP BY THE TEXAN!

[The crowd is roaring for the Texas Heartthrob as he leans down, slamming both hands down on the canvas before he balls up his left hand, standing in a slight crouch...]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second here!

[And as Vasquez regains his feet, Lynch goes into a spin...]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH...

[But the two-time champion sees it coming, ducking under as the Texan sails by. Vasquez cocks the right hand in response...]

GM: RIGHT CROSS!

[Vasquez lets it fly but Lynch front rolls to avoid it, coming to his feet...

...and we get a stand-off as the fans cheer both men!]

GM: Wow!

BW: Both of these guys have done their homework, Gordo. We could see that the last time they met. Vasquez knows about the Iron Claw. He knows about the Discus Punch.

GM: Just like Lynch knows about the City of Angels, the Assassin's Spike, and the Right Cross.

BW: This is one of those matches where you feel like someone's going to have to pull out something new to win. Or in Vasquez' case - maybe something old. We know that over time... with age... Juan Vasquez has removed a lot of the high risk, high impact maneuvers that he used in his days in Los Angeles, in Toronto, in St. Louis... but maybe one of those makes a comeback here tonight when Travis Lynch least expects it.

GM: Or maybe it's something simple that can surprise someone. A cradle of some sorts.

[Lynch unclenches his fists, walking along the ropes as Vasquez rolls his neck, sidestepping to keep Lynch in his sights as the fans continue to cheer. After a few moments, they come back together in another tieup, Vasquez quickly going into an armtwist...

...but Lynch is firing back this time, bouncing three forearms off the jaw of Vasquez, sending him spinning away, landing chestfirst against the ropes.]

GM: Lynch bringing the thunder behind those blows...

[With Vasquez stunned, Travis charges at him, grabbing a waistlock as he tries for a rolling reverse cradle...]

GM: White Lightning rollup!

[...but Juan hangs on to the ropes, causing Travis to roll back towards the middle of the ring. He rolls to his feet, charging back in on the challenger...]

GM: Travis coming on strong!

[Vasquez sidesteps, hooks the trunks, and RIFLES Travis Lynch through the ropes, sending him flipping through the air and CRASHING down on his upper back and neck on the padded floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Vasquez backs off as Stevie Scott shouts at him, raising his hands as he watches his former rival approach the ropes, leaning over to take a look at Travis Lynch who

has rolled to his hip, grabbing at the back of his neck as the fans buzz with concern over the hard fall.]

GM: Incredibly hard fall to the floor and right now, you can hear a pin drop inside Minute Maid Park as these fans wait to see if Travis Lynch can get back to his feet and continue this battle.

BW: Well, if he can't get up, Vasquez is going to win the match but not the title and we all know he doesn't want that... not for an instant.

GM: Absolutely not. Juan Vasquez came to Houston, Texas tonight with one clear purpose... to walk out as the National Champion.

[Vasquez watches as the count progresses and with a shake of his head, he rolls out to the floor, pulling a rising Travis Lynch off his knee, shoving him back under the ropes to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Vasquez puts the champion back in - not about to let it end like that.

[Vasquez rolls under the ropes as well, climbing to his feet. He throws a glance at Stevie Scott who kneels to check on Travis Lynch...

...and then moves in, stomping the Texas a few times.]

GM: Come on, Stevie! Keep him back!

[Scott backs Vasquez off, sticking a finger of warning in his face.]

GM: The referee's trying to check to see if Travis Lynch can continue and Juan Vasquez wants no part of it! He's trying to keep the attack going on Lynch and- here he goes again!

[As Scott kneels down, Vasquez moves in, delivering three hard stomps to the ribs until Stevie Scott again gets up, forcing Vasquez back, sticking a finger in his face.]

GM: Juan Vasquez is completely ignoring the instructions of the special guest referee, Stevie Scott, in this one, Bucky!

BW: Like I said, those two have a history and it's going to be hard for them to see eye-to-eye in there.

GM: Vasquez backed off again. Scott kneels down, asking Travis if he can continue...

[Vasquez storms in again, this time kneeling down into the mount. He grabs Travis by the hair, landing some big right hands to the skull...

...and then finds himself being dragged off Lynch by two hands full of hair thanks to "Hotshot" Stevie Scott as a big majority of the crowd cheers wildly!]

GM: Oh my! Stevie Scott pulled him right off the mat!

[An irate Vasquez wheels around, shoving the Hotshot in the chest. Stevie Scott shakes his head, pointing the stripes on his tank top, ordering Vasquez to go back to the corner and wait or he'll disqualify him.]

GM: Wow! Stevie Scott just made it REAL clear! If Vasquez doesn't let him check on Travis Lynch, Scott's going to disqualify him and that'll end Vasquez' hopes of becoming the first three-time National Champion in AWA history!

[Vasquez glowers at Scott as he stands in the corner, staring at the downed Travis Lynch. Scott has a few words with Lynch as he tries to sit up on the mat. The Texan nods his head.]

GM: Travis Lynch says he can continue and-

[Scott turns to tell Vasquez the match can go on but Vasquez is already on the move, connecting with a low dropkick. He rolls into a lateral press, not bothering with a leg as Scott delivers the first count of the match, getting to two before Travis Lynch kicks out.]

GM: Two count right there...

[Vasquez is quickly to his feet, pulling Lynch up by the hair and rocketing him headfirst into the corner turnbuckle.]

GM: Headfirst to the corner...

[Switching his stance, Vasquez begins rifling right hands into the skull of the Texan, throwing them faster and faster as the crowd's cheers actually become predominantly jeers as he batters Lynch down into a seated position against the buckles despite the referee's cries.]

GM: Vasquez pounds Travis Lynch down to the mat!

BW: And listen to these fans now, Gordo. What a difference ten minutes makes!

GM: The Texas fans are out in support of their favorite son and Juan Vasquez - People's Hero or not - is experiencing something that he hasn't heard much of in his years here in the AWA... boos.

[Vasquez walks out of the corner, looking out at the jeering crowd. There's a noticeable look of disbelief on his face... one that is rapidly turning to disgust as he stomps across the ring to the opposite corner, waving for Lynch to get up...]

GM: Juan Vasquez, two-time National Champion, has got the current champion in his sights!

[And as Lynch uses the ropes to drag himself to his feet, Vasquez goes tearing across the ring from corner-to-corner, leaping into the air and driving both knees right into the chest of the Texan!]

GM: OHH! CRUSHED IN THE CORNER BY VASQUEZ!

[He bounces back a few feet from the corner, doing a two-handed "come here!" gesture to Lynch who staggers out into the challenger's grasp...

...and gets HURLED up and over, bouncing off the canvas!]

BW: EXPLODER SUPLEX! When's the last time we've seen that out of Juan Vasquez?!

GM: I can't recall... and he crawls into a cover!

[Vasquez applies a side press, hooking a leg.]

GM: Stevie Scott counts one! He counts two!

[But Lynch's shoulder comes flying off the mat, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: No, no... two count only!

[Vasquez quickly gets off the canvas, delivering a pair of stomps to the chest of Lynch, drawing more boos from a majority of the crowd. The People's Hero looks up at the sea of humanity, shaking his head as he leans down, dragging Travis Lynch to his feet...

...and ducks under, lifting Lynch up over his shoulder!]

GM: He's going for the City of Angels! He's going for the win right now!

[But as he walks out to the center of the ring, Vasquez starts to stagger as Lynch struggles to get free, flailing his arms and legs...

...and slides over the back, rolling Vasquez up in a sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Vasquez, caught by surprise by the sunset flip, clashes his heels together on the ears of the champion, breaking the pin.]

GM: Two count the other way! Vasquez almost got caught with the sunset flip!

[Back on his feet, Vasquez greets the rising Lynch with a running kneelift that snaps his head back, sending him falling back into the ropes. He wobbles along the ropes, ending up in the corner as Vasquez approaches...]

GM: Vasquez has got him in the corner again...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A big overhand chop in the corner splashes across the muscular chest of the National Champion!]

GM: Ohhh! That one shook the champ from head to toe!

[Vasquez steps back as referee Stevie Scott asks him to. Scott leans in, checking on Lynch's condition as Vasquez comes back for more...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The Hotshot intervenes once more, warning Vasquez against attacks in the corner as the veteran steps back...

...and the distance created allows Lynch to unload a left hand on the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Big left by the champion!

[The crowd gets behind Travis as he fires off a second shot, sending Vasquez wobbling backwards. The National Champion staggers from the corner, swinging both arms together on the ears of Vasquez!]

GM: He rung his bell with that one!

[Vasquez winces, dropping to a knee but getting right back up before Lynch lifts him around the torso, dropping him down in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Travis Lynch firing back! Starting to get back into this!

[With the crowd cheering him on, Lynch backs into the ropes...

...where Vasquez rushes forward, connecting with a clothesline that takes Travis Lynch over the top rope and down to the floor below!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The National Champion is sprawled out on the floor as Stevie Scott backs Vasquez up, approaching the ropes to start a ten count.]

GM: With Travis Lynch down, special guest referee Stevie Scott is going to start a ten count again... and remember, if Lynch were to get counted out, he'd lose the match but he'd remain the National Champion.

BW: Which is exactly why he'd do it! You can hear the ghost of Blackjack whispering in his ear right now, “Stay down, you stupid brat!”

GM: The ghost of... Buckthorn Wilde, you know very well that not only is Blackjack Lynch alive and well, he's actually going to be out here later tonight for Jack Lynch's match with Supreme Wright.

BW: Of course, of course... hey, why isn't he out here now?

GM: What do you mean?

BW: Well, if the Lynch family is here... why are they only going to be out here for Jack's match? I mean, I get it. I wouldn't want to claim Travis as my flesh and blood either but...

GM: Would you stop?!

[Juan Vasquez crouches down about three-quarters of the way across the ring, watching as Stevie Scott continues to count Travis Lynch.]

GM: The count is up to four... now to five...

BW: What is Vasquez waiting for?

GM: That's an excellent question... and Travis Lynch is starting to stir out on the floor!

[With the count at six, Lynch pulls himself up into view with the aid of the ring apron...

...which is when Juan Vasquez comes sprinting across the ring, dropping into a baseball slide with both feet NAILING Lynch in the face, sending him sailing backwards...]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: AND INTO THE STEEL GOES THE NATIONAL CHAMPION!

BW: We've crossed the fifteen minute mark of the match, Gordo, and if Lynch doesn't kick things into another gear, he ain't gonna make it another fifteen minutes as the National Champion.

GM: You'd like that, wouldn't you?

BW: Would I like to see Texas' favorite son lose his title in front his home state fans that practically worship him? Ummm... lemme think about it...

GM: Don't bother. I think we know your answer.

[Vasquez slides outside the ring, breaking the count temporarily as he stalks towards Lynch who is leaning against the barricade.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Knife edge chop this time - right across the chest!

[The front row fans are letting Vasquez have it as he takes aim again.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The People's Hero takes a moment to shout at the fans who are yelling at him.]

GM: And... oh boy... we've got a verbal confrontation on the floor between Juan Vasquez and some of these Texan fans.

[The fans all over Minute Maid Park start to boo Vasquez for verbally attacking one of their own. He grabs Lynch by the hair, hauling him away from the railing...

...and SMASHES his face into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst to the apron!

BW: And millions of Texas sweat hogs cried out at once and were suddenly silenced.

GM: Knock it off, Bucky.

[Vasquez rockets Lynch facefirst into the ring apron a second time before shoving him under the ropes inside the ring. He grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron...]

GM: Lynch down on the mat... Vasquez on the apron...

[He skies over the top rope, flipping in a somersault and slamming down backfirst across the chest! He flips over, applying a lateral press.]

GM: Vasquez covers for one! He's got two! He's got- no! Just the two count!

[Vasquez grimaces as he pushes up to his knees, throwing a glance at Stevie Scott who holds up two fingers as Travis Lynch rolls back under the bottom rope, ending up out on the ring apron.]

GM: Vasquez didn't like the count there, grumbling a bit to Stevie Scott as he gets to his feet... and he's pulling Lynch up by the hair, looking to bring him back in the hard way...

[But before he can, Travis uses his grip on the second rope to slingshot a shoulder into the gut of Vasquez.]

GM: Oh! Travis goes downstairs on him!

[Lynch suddenly slingshots over the top, looking to drag Vasquez down in a sunset flip...

...but Vasquez is hanging onto the top rope, preventing the pin attempt as the crowd cheers for the Texan!]

GM: Travis is trying to get him down in that sunset flip but Vasquez is hanging on to the ropes!

BW: Brilliant move by Vasquez to avoid the takedown!

GM: Brilliant perhaps but my understanding of the rulebook says it's illegal and-

[Stevie Scott orders Vasquez to release his grip on the ropes, starting a five count...]

GM: Stevie Scott apparently interprets the rulebook the same way and-

[He abruptly steps back, swinging a leg up...]

GM: He kicks the arm free!

BW: One arm! Vasquez is hanging on with the other!

[The right arm is pinwheeling around as Vasquez tries to keep his balance. Stevie Scott swings around to the other side where the left hand is hanging on tight...]

GM: One hand down and-

[Scott swings his leg up, kicking the left arm...

...but Vasquez defiantly hangs on, shaking his head.]

GM: He couldn't kick it loose! He couldn't-

[The crowd ROARS as Stevie Scott uncorks his signature Heatseeker superkick to the arm of Juan Vasquez, causing his grip on the ropes to break and fall back into Lynch's sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Shoulder up! Shoulder up! Vasquez gets the shoulder up!

BW: Whew. That was a little too close for Juan Vasquez!

GM: And he's hot under the collar about it!

[Vasquez comes up angry, shoving Stevie Scott back to the corner. Stevie grimaces, shaking his head as he jerks a thumb at his striped shirt. Vasquez can be heard over the ring mics.]

"I DON'T GIVE A DAMN!"

[He shoves Scott a second time...

...who then returns the favor, sending Vasquez falling back towards Lynch who drags him down in a schoolboy!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN, VASQUEZ GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

[Vasquez comes up shouting at Scott who backpedals, waving for the match to continue as Lynch regains his feet. The two-time National Champion turns into the Texan who lands a left haymaker on the jaw!]

GM: Big left hand! And another! And another!

[With Vasquez stunned, Lynch grabs him by the arm, firing him into the turnbuckles where he SLAMS into the corner, staggering back out...

...into Travis Lynch who lifts him up and then PRESSES him towards the night sky hanging over Minute Maid Park's open roof!]

GM: GORILLA PRESS!

[Lynch holds him there for a moment, flashbulbs firing all over the place before he throws Vasquez down to the canvas with a thunderous thud!]

GM: BIG SLAM!

[Vasquez arches his back in pain, lifting off the canvas as Travis balls up his fists, looking out to the crowd with a "LET'S DO THIS!" He stalks towards Vasquez who pushes up to a knee, scooting back into the corner as Lynch advances on him.]

GM: Travis has got him up in the corner...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Knife edge chop by the Texan!

[He grabs Vasquez by the arm, falling to a knee from the force he puts behind the whip - a whip that sends Vasquez flipping upside down into the corner, tumbling over the ropes and landing on the apron before crashing down to the floor!]

GM: Vasquez down and down hard out on the floor right in front of us... and Travis Lynch is going after him! The Texas Heartthrob is fired up and he's looking to get him some of the Hall of Famer!

[Out on the floor, Lynch grabs a rising Vasquez by the hair...]

BW: Look out, Gordo!

[...and BOUNCES him facefirst off the announce table! Our camera shot catches Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde rising to their feet, still talking as Lynch and Vasquez stand before them.]

GM: We're getting an up close and personal view of the action here.

BW: Get out of here, Stench!

[Travis SLAMS Vasquez' face into the top of the table a second time, pausing to shout at Bucky off-mic.]

BW: You kiss your mother with that mouth?! On second thought, that probably only makes your mouth filthier.

GM: BUCKY!

[Lynch is still shouting at Bucky as he pursues a dazed Vasquez around the ringpost. Vasquez rolls under the ropes as Lynch grabs the second rope, pulling himself up on the apron...]

GM: Travis up on the apron and- oh! Back elbow under the chin by Vasquez!

[The blow stuns Travis who manages to hang onto the ropes, keeping up on the apron. Vasquez gets a running start, dashing to the far side, rebounding off...]

GM: Vasquez coming in fast!

[The challenger is looking to knock the champion off the apron to the floor... or maybe with enough impact into the railing...]

...but as he gets near, Travis Lynch uncorks one of his signature weapons, reaching over the top rope with his left hand open wide!]

GM: CLAW!

[The crowd EXPLODES into cheers, fans leaping to their feet at the sight of the Lynch family legacy - the Iron Claw - being locked on the skull of the Hall of Famer!]

GM: THE IRON CLAW IS LOCKED IN! TRAVIS LYNCH WITH THE ULTIMATE COUNTER AND JUAN VASQUEZ DIDN'T SEE IT COMING!

[Lynch grits his teeth as he digs his fingers into the temples of Juan Vasquez, trying to cut off the flow of blood to the brain of the challenger, rendering him unconscious!]

GM: Lynch has that Iron Claw locked in from the apron to Juan Vasquez on the inside of the ring!

[Vasquez gets closer to the ropes, throwing a pair of right hands, trying to fight his way free from one of the most legendary holds in the entire world of professional wrestling!]

GM: Vasquez has gotta get out of this and he's gotta do it quickly!

BW: Why isn't Scott superkicking Travis' arm?!

GM: It's not the same situation at all, Bucky! And look at this! Vasquez is coming over the top rope! Lynch is dragging him over the top rope with that Iron Claw!

[The fans continue to cheer as the Texan drags Vasquez over the ropes to the apron where Vasquez slumps down to a knee.]

GM: Lynch continues to keep that Claw locked on Juan Vasquez!

BW: You can't win it on the apron, Gordo.

GM: You can't... you're absolutely right. Lynch would need to get him back inside the ring to make this happen!

[Lynch switches his stance on the apron, grabbing his left wrist with his right hand to increase the pressure on the kneeling Vasquez' head as the fans continue to roar, cheering on the National Champion!]

GM: Over twenty minutes into this title defense - plenty of time left on the clock!

BW: But how much time does Vasquez have left on HIS clock?! He's gotta get out of this! He's gotta snap out of this and keep going!

GM: Vasquez is down on a knee... but look at this! LOOK AT THIS!

[Vasquez suddenly gives a roar, surging forward to throw himself at the midsection of Lynch, lifting him up over his shoulder, a move that forces Lynch to break the hold. A dazed Vasquez reaches back, cradling Lynch's head and neck...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Oh my god.

GM: No, no, no, NOOOOOO!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROPS down, driving the back of Lynch's head and neck down on the ring apron!]

GM: CITY OF ANGELS ON THE HARDEST PART OF THE RING!

BW: He's done, daddy! Stick a fork in him, Travis Stench is done!

[Vasquez sits on the floor, breathing heavily as he leans against the ring apron. Right above him, Travis Lynch is laid out flat on his back, unmoving from the impact of the Air Raid Crash on the apron!]

GM: Juan Vasquez with a desperation counter... total desperation puts Travis Lynch, the National Champion, in a bad, bad way.

BW: That's the understatement of the night, Gordo. If Vasquez was- well, if both of them were in the ring, we've have a new National Champion! Lynch ain't moving... and he may not move for hours! Vasquez knocked whatever sense he had left out of his head with that! Incredible!

GM: But the longer that Juan Vasquez sits out on the floor, the longer of an opportunity that Travis Lynch has to recover and get back into this match.

[Stevie Scott is kneeling on the mat, leaning through the ropes to check to see if Travis Lynch has the ability to continue on in the match.]

GM: "Hotshot" Stevie Scott taking a long look at Travis Lynch. The back of his head and neck hit the hardest part of the ring apron very hard. That's the kind of thing that could certainly cause a concussion or maybe a stinger of some sort.

BW: If Scott has to stop the match, Vasquez wins the title, right?

GM: A referee's stoppage due to injury would certainly result in a title change in my opinion.

[Travis grabs Stevie's wrist, shaking his head.]

GM: Travis is... I think he's saying he can continue!

BW: Of course he is. Dumb kid.

[Stevie waves for the match to go on to a big cheer from the crowd. He steps up on the bottom rope, starting a double count on both competitors.]

GM: We go right from the possible ref stoppage to a potential double countout. Juan Vasquez is still down on the floor... still feeling the effects of the Iron Claw from Travis Lynch. He had Travis Lynch exactly where he wanted him but he was unable to take advantage of the situation.

[As the special guest referee's count gets to four, Juan Vasquez blindly reaches up, hooking a hand on the ring apron, trying to drag himself back to his feet.]

GM: Vasquez starting to stir... and Travis Lynch hit the apron so hard, he may STILL be easy pickings for the two-time National Champion.

[Vasquez, on his feet as the count gets to six, shoves Lynch under the ropes into the ring. He then grabs the middle rope, dragging himself up on the apron.]

GM: Travis back in the ring... Juan up on the apron...

[The Hall of Famer walks down the apron, slapping the top turnbuckle a few times. He steps up to the second rope, the crowd buzzing as he steps to the top rope, looking up to the sky, smacking a fist into his chest...

...and takes flight, leaping off the top, pumping his arms and legs!]

GM: FROG SPLASH!

[Vasquez comes sailing off the top rope with his version of his old friend, Luke Kinsey's, Magic Carpet Ride...

...and CRASHES down on the chest of Travis Lynch!]

GM: HE GOT IT! THAT MIGHT DO IT!!

[Vasquez doesn't bother to hook a leg as Stevie Scott drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[At the very last moment, Travis Lynch's right shoulder comes flying off the mat!]

GM: NO! HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT IN TIME!

BW: Unbelievable!

GM: Travis Lynch, being driven by the love and support of these fans here in Texas, found the will and strength to kick out of that frog splash! Vasquez can't believe it! And frankly, I'm having a hard time believing it myself!

BW: Juan Vasquez hits the frog splash off the top after hitting the City of Angels on the apron and he STILL can't get the three count?! What in the world is going on with Travis Lynch?!

GM: It's the power of the fans! It's the love and support of the fans giving him strength beyond normal!

BW: I... I don't buy that! Never have!

GM: I know you don't buy it! But it's reality! It's the truth! How else do you explain it?!

[An irate Vasquez climbs to his feet, glaring at Stevie Scott...

...and then turning to look at the crowd as a chant starts up.]

"TRAV-IS!"

"TRAV-IS!"

"TRAV-IS!"

"TRAV-IS!"

"TRAV-IS!"

"TRAV-IS!"

GM: Listen to these fans showing their support for the Texas Heartthrob! For one of Texas' favorite sons! For a member of the most famous family in all of Texas!

[Vasquez runs his hands through his hair, giving a shout as he stomps over towards a still downed Lynch, dragging him right up to his feet...]

GM: Vasquez pulls him up! Vasquez just lost his cool! He heard these people with their overwhelming support for Travis Lynch and they lost it!

[Turning Lynch around, Vasquez ducks down, lifting Lynch up on his shoulders into a torture rack...]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second!

BW: I told you, Gordo! I told you he'd dig deep into his past!

GM: This is... if he hits this, he'll break his neck! This isn't about winning a match, this is about crippling his opponent!

[Vasquez stands in the middle of the ring, the crowd buzzing with concern over what Vasquez seems prepared to do...

...and we cut to a young boy in the front row wearing a Vasquez t-shirt and a Travis Lynch baseball cap, horror on his face at what's apparently about to happen.]

GM: Don't do it, Juan! Your fans don't want this! No one wants this!

BW: I do! Put him in a wheelchair next to his invalid brother!

GM: Vasquez has Lynch up on his shoulders and-

[The People's Hero looks out on the crowd - no longer booing. Many of them are loudly pleading with Vasquez, begging him to not sink to that level. Vasquez pauses, looking into the sea of humanity that is the AWA faithful.]

GM: He's hesitating! Vasquez isn't sure he wants to do this! He isn't-

[And with Lynch on his shoulders, Vasquez pauses just a second too long as Lynch scissors his legs around the right arm, hooking the left arm with his arm...

...and drags Vasquez down with a crucifix!]

GM: CRUCIFIX! CRUCIFIX!

[Stevie Scott dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd at Minute Maid Park EXPLODES into cheers as Lynch lets go of the crucifix. Juan Vasquez scrambles to his feet, right fist balled up and at the ready...

...but special guest referee Stevie Scott dives in his path, wrapping his arms around his former rival, pushing him back against the ropes.]

GM: Travis Lynch wins! The champion retains the title!

BW: I don't believe it!

GM: Somehow, someway... the Texas Heartthrob has defeated the Hall of Famer for the second time! Somehow, someway... Travis Lynch is walking out of his home state with the title still around his waist!

[Lynch slowly sits up on the mat, looking to the corner where Stevie Scott is holding Juan Vasquez back, speaking to his frenemy.]

GM: Juan Vasquez got up all hot under the collar and Stevie Scott is trying to talk him down. He doesn't want Vasquez to make a mistake that he'll regret. After so many years of being the People's Hero, he doesn't want Vasquez to snap in a surge of emotion and throw all that away.

[The Texan slowly gets up off the mat, holding the back of his head as he looks across the ring at Vasquez who has stopped struggling against the Hotshot, his head down as he stares at the canvas. Scott steps back, keeping an eye on his former rival as Lynch looks across at him.]

GM: Travis Lynch retains the title... but did he earn that respect from Juan Vasquez that he's been searching for?

[Lynch is standing in the middle of the ring, holding his left hand on the back of his head while his right is outstretched towards Vasquez. The People's Hero is still looking down at the mat, not even acknowledging the young man who just bested him in a battle for the only prize Vasquez has wanted for years.]

GM: So much disappointment's gotta be running through Juan Vasquez right now. We all know how badly he's wanted to wear that National Title again for so long. He came close tonight, Bucky... he truly did.

BW: You don't have to tell me that. I thought he had it won.

[The fans are still cheering as Vasquez slowly raises his head, his eyes coming to rest on Travis Lynch's extended hand.]

GM: Travis wants the handshake. He wants to bury this feud right here and now.

[Vasquez lifts his arms, hands on his hips as he stares at the man who just bested him.]

GM: Juan Vasquez has a strong ego... everyone knows that. Can he find it within himself to listen to these fans and accept the handshake of a man who defeated him?

[The defeated Hall of Famer slowly walks out of the corner, pausing just beyond Travis' reach. He takes a deep breath, looking out at the crowd who are now urging him to shake the hand of the National Champion.]

GM(softly): Come on, kid...

[Vasquez pulls his head all the way back, eyes closed as he faces the night sky. The crowd is roaring, begging for the handshake to make things right between these two fan favorites...]

BW: I don't think he can do it, Gordo.

[Suddenly, Vasquez turns away, his back to Travis Lynch who looks surprised and... disappointed?

The fans ROAR in surprise, some boos sprinkled in but most seem to not have given up hope yet, pleading with the People's Hero to turn around...

...and he slowly does, looking long and hard at Travis Lynch who insistently sticks out his hand again...

Vasquez looks out at the fans once more, nodding as they urge him on...

And lifts his arm, clasping Lynch's hand in his to a DEAFENING ROAR!]

GM: Oh yeah!

[Vasquez quickly turns to the side, lifting Lynch's arm into the air, pointing once at him...

...and then lets go, dropping to the mat and rolling from the ring.]

GM: The big handshake, giving the people what they want, and now Juan Vasquez will head back up the aisle... giving the kid his moment in front of his home state fans. What a classy move by the Hall of Famer!

BW: Kinda makes me sick to my stomach actually.

GM: You be quiet, Bucky Wilde. Travis Lynch retains the title and earns the respect of Juan Vasquez!

[Lynch is handed the National Title belt by Stevie Scott who also steps out of the ring, jogging up the aisle, putting an arm around the shoulders of Juan Vasquez as they make their exit, leaving the Texas Heartthrob to his moment in the spotlight. Lynch steps up on the second rope, lifting the title into the air to big cheers!]

GM: Oh yeah! The fans here in Texas and all over the world are behind Travis Lynch who has done himself proud here tonight!

[Lynch leans towards the camera, showing the tape with "AD" on it. He pats it on his sweat-covered chest, pointing to the sky to more cheers as the fans continue to roar.]

GM: An incredible moment for Travis Lynch - perhaps the greatest of his entire career as he stands alone on top of the world after beating one of the best of all-time with the National Title on the line!

BW: I'm going to be sick.

GM: And as my broadcast partner looks for somewhere to toss his Thanksgiving turkey, we're heading backstage to our own Mark Stegget! Mark?

[Lynch is standing on the buckles, title belt over his head, crowd roaring in tribute as "Tom Sawyer" blasts over the PA system and we fade to the interview area backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands, microphone in hand.]

SLB: An incredible victory by Travis Lynch over Juan Vasquez, a living legend in his own right... but later tonight we'll see MANY legends return to the ring, include the set of men who look possibly -

CJ: A set of men?

[The camera pans back to show AWA's former National Tag Team Champions, City Jack and Tin Can Rust. City Jack, showing some gray hairs on his head and beard, has on a pair of blue jeans and a red checkered button up stretched over his ample gut. Rust, looking rather sour, is in his wrestling attire along with a black and red "Kentucky's Pride" t-shirt. Even though now nearly fifty, Rust looks to be in fit shape.]

CJ: Naw, Lou! We ain't just a set of men! We here represent the one and ONLY Kentucky's Pride!

SLB: So City Jack, Tin Can Rust, are both of you competing in the Legends Battle Royale tonight? My Hotline sources checked and said you still weren't cleared for any sort of wrestling match, thanks to Ca-

[Jack gives the stink eye as he cuts off Blackwell before he can say the name of the man responsible for Jack's condition.]

CJ: What, you crazy? I got one bum eye, two fat ol' stumps of legs, and nothin' but jelly in my belly - I ain't in no condition to put a fight on for these great AWA fans tonight... Not that I ain't compelling enough to go out there and show them so-called legends a thing a'two of this SOB!

[Jack slaps his arms and puts up his fists like he's raring to go... but then drops them and smiles.]

CJ: But like I said, I ain't crazy and I wanta be able to put my feet one in front of another when I'm done here tonight.

SLB: Then I take it if you're not stepping in the ring, then Tin Ca-

TCR: Yeah, me, I'll be in there. I'll be there, ready to take anyone! Legends, huh? How 'bout the first AWA tag team champions? How about the man who was on the very first AWA televised show?

[Rust sneers a bit while Jack chuckles as he pat his tag team partner on the bicep.]

CJ: Good lawd, see! This here's the man going in that ring! He's been all sort of worked up this week, waitin' and waitin' to step in and tussle it up with them Hall-o-Famers!

SLB: Considering tonight's match is a who's who of wrestling, I don't -

TCR: Look, I ain't "making an appearance", saying I'm just happy to be here or laying down just cause someone's got a fancy ring or a big rep, got that? Those

other guys? Just men! Just a bunch of guy that I'll throw my lefts and rights, get 'em right in the face... and see just who's the better man!

[With that, Rust storms off as Jack just shrugs his shoulders while looking at Blackwell.]

CJ: Hey, better him than me, that's for sure! Now... if you'll excuse me, Sweet Lou... I've gotta see a guy 'bout a thing.

[The cryptic Jack grins as he pats Blackwell on the shoulder, walking out.]

SLB: That Legends Royale later tonight is going to be something else. But if the competitors in our next match have any say, there may not be anything left of Minute Maid Park to house the rest of SuperClash. Of course, I'm talking about the Street Fight and fans, if you called the Hotline earlier this week, you heard about this shocking scene up in Dallas at the Combat Corner. There was a training session in progress when... well, take a look...

[We fade through black on a hard camera shot of a pro wrestling ring. Inside the ring, we see a pair of unknown young men down on the mat grappling. Nearby, Marcus Broussard is standing, barking instructions...

Suddenly, a loud shout rings out from off-camera. Broussard's eyes turn towards the voice. His eyes go wide, quickly shouting for the two young men to get up and get out of the ring...

...but before they can, someone slides under the bottom rope. As he gets to his feet, we can easily tell it's Wade Walker in a pair of black pants and a white tanktop. He leaps into the air, blasting one of the students with a Superman punch to the jaw, sending him sprawling out to the floor.

Broussard shouts "NO!" at Walker as he turns around. Pedro Perez and Isaiah Carpenter hit the ring next, grabbing Marcus Broussard by the arms, holding them as Wade Walker rushes across the ring again towards the other student who is now looking to help his teacher...

...and gets FLATTENED with a devastating spear tackle that seems to break him in half! Walker gets up to his feet, looking around with a "Anyone else?" expression on his face. The other students look to hit the ring but Broussard shouts for them to stay back.

Pedro Perez grins as Carpenter grabs both arms, holding Broussard as Perez lightly pats his face with his hand.]

PP: Smart move, Shark. You wouldn't want your boys to get fed to the machine, would you?

[Broussard grimaces, struggling to get free from Carpenter's grip.]

PP: And if I were you, I'd keep your cool. We're not here for you. We're here for that!

[Perez points in the direction of the camera.]

PP: We're here to send a message to the James Gang... and to give them a little history lesson, Shark. You know the kind of lesson I'm talking about, right?

[Broussard slows his efforts to get free, looking out to his students with a nod.]

PP: Good Shark. Heel, boy.

[Perez smirks as Broussard gets fired up for a moment, trying to get free. The hothead of the Dogs of War turns back to the camera, stepping up on the second rope.]

PP: This... this is where it all started for all three of us.

[Perez covers his mouth in mocking shock.]

PP: What?! The Dogs of War were part of the system that created the AWA's posterboys like Eric Preston and Supreme Wright? Yes... yes we were. It's one of those little known secrets that the AWA never told anyone about us. It was in their best interest to act like they'd never seen us before. The hype was strong. These mysterious men came from out of nowhere to wreak havoc on everyone they saw. These men plucked from obscurity by Percy Childes.

[Carpenter, still holding Broussard's arms, shouts.]

IC: That part's true.

PP: We owe Percy Childes a lot. But we weren't exactly unknown when he found us either.

History 101, James Gang. Class is in session.

[Perez jerks a thumb at himself.]

PP: Everyone knows my story. I was here. I was in these walls. And I was a "prize student." Michaelson told everyone how the fire was in my bloodline... how I was a future Main Eventer...

Enter Stevie Scott. Enter Juan Vasquez. Those two tried to ruin my career before it ever got started. Those two tried to bury me in the desert with the careers of so many others they buried to get where they are.

[Perez runs a hand through his hair.]

PP: I got hurt... bad. Then came the call...

"We still think the world of you but maybe you should take some time to find yourself."

Find myself.

[Perez chuckles.]

PP: So I went to the one place where anyone has a chance to find themselves. I went home. I went back to Puerto Rico and I waited. Waited for my chance. Waited for MY opportunity.

[Perez turns, pointing to Isaiah Carpenter.]

PP: He was here too! He was here and he was ready to be the kind of star that this company could be proud of!

But some punk kid picked a fight in the locker room. He defended himself and left that kid a bloody heap. Who did they blame? They blamed him.

[Carpenter nods.]

PP: But Percy Childes saw in him what his trainers did not. He saw the fire. The same fire that I had burning inside me. That fire that can't be put out by anything but success. That fire that will burn a sweeping path through any piece of dry brush talent that gets in its way until it's the only thing left standing. That fire burns in him. That fire burns in me.

[Perez turns towards Wade Walker, walking up behind him and slapping a hand down on his shoulder.]

PP: Oh yeah... he was here too. The great hope. The blue chipper. Over the years, you've heard the AWA hype the next big thing to come out of here. Supreme Wright. Eric Preston. Aaron Anderson. Max Magnum.

But you never heard Wade Walker.

Back then, he went under a different name. He was supposed to be the next big thing... in the NFL. And when life decided to send him on a different path, it was Todd Michaelson who came looking for him. It was Todd Michaelson who wanted him to be his next big thing here in the Combat Corner.

But Wade Walker said no. Wade Walker said something better is out there for me. Wade Walker said you can't feed my fire.

But Percy Childes can.

[Perez grins.]

PP: James, Taylor, and Donovan are now sitting in a room somewhere, looking to their leader and saying, "Mr. Lau, please explain this story to us."

I'll save him the time, boys. It's real simple.

The Dogs of War have fought to get where they are. The Dogs of War have battled to get to where they are. The Dogs of War have sacrificed to get where they are. The Dogs of War have sweat... have bled... have shed tears to get where they are. The Dogs of War have gone TO war to get where they are.

And you?

[Perez sneers.]

PP: What have you done? Wes Taylor, a failed football player who fell into the Combat Corner because of his old man. Tony Donovan, an ungrateful brat whose father got him into the business and then got stabbed in the back when he thought it might get him somewhere. Brian James, an unwanted BASTARD who was gifted with the opportunity to train at the knee of the most dangerous man to ever lace boots in our sport.

None of you know sacrifice. None of you have fought to get to where you are. None of you have the fire that we have! But nonetheless, you deserve to be RIGHT where you are...

...and where you are is directly in the path of the most devastating unit to ever lace boots in this sport.

[Perez steps up on the second rope, pointing to the camera.]

PP: We are not the Pride. We are not Legion. We are not Redemption or Genesis or The Foundation! WE ARE NOT THE SYNDICATE!

We are... something... better.

[Perez hops down, leaning over the ropes.]

PP: We are the Dogs of War - undefeated since the day we were brought together with a higher purpose... total domination. Undefeated against the likes of Martinez... Claw... James... Thunder... Vasquez... Carver. Undefeated against the world.

They couldn't do it... none of them could...

[Perez cracks a grin.]

PP: Now what in the world makes you think that you can?

[Perez throws a glance at Carpenter, giving him a nod.]

PP: I know what you're thinking, Lau. These guys aren't going to make it to SuperClash. They crashed the boss' playground. They went into Michaelson's house and beat up his boys.

[Carpenter drags Broussard over towards Perez.]

PP: They...

[Perez leans forward, putting his face right next to Broussard's.]

PP: ...threatened his running buddy. But you know what, Lau? If that's your strategy, you badly underestimate our value to this company. The Dogs of War are the hottest commodity in the business. Michaelson knows it. Stegglet and the rest know it. You know what that makes us? Beyond the law. Beyond their touch. They stood back and watched as we put faces through windshields for months. They want to slap our wrists for this?

[Perez extends his wrist towards the camera.]

PP: Do it.

[Perez chuckles, looking into Broussard's eyes.]

PP: Whaddya think, Shark? Prediction time. Come Thanksgiving Night. Dogs of War. James Gang. Who comes out on top?

[Perez looks at Broussard who doesn't respond.]

PP: Come on, Shark. Don't take the coward's way out like your boy Stegglet. Pick a winner.

[Broussard stays silent.]

PP: Oh, don't be that way, Shark. I used to admire you. I used to want to be you.

[Perez leans closer.]

PP: Don't make me beat an answer out of you. Who's it going to be? Who's it going to-

[Broussard suddenly lashes out, smashing his skull into Perez' mouth, causing the Puerto Rican to cry out in pain, stumbling backwards as Carpenter clubs Broussard

in the back of the head, knocking him down to his knees as Wade Walker grabs him around the throat.

Walker suddenly lifts Broussard off the mat, pulling him into a powerbomb position. Several shouts come from off-camera as Walker hoists Broussard into the air..

...and Pedro Perez leaps up, tucking his knees into the back of Broussard as Walker swings him down in a powerbomb/Lungblower combination, leaving the San Jose Shark trembling on the canvas.

The ring floods with Combat Corner students trying to protect their teacher as Pedro Perez and Isaiah Carpenter exchange a high five over Broussard's laid out body. Perez shouts over the sea of bodies into the hard camera.]

PP: You can't do it, James Gang!

Just like your old man, James... he couldn't do it!

Last year, Martinez' old man couldn't do it! Vasquez couldn't do it! Thunder couldn't do it! Hannibal Carver couldn't do it! Even the so-called most dangerous man in the history of the business, Tiger Claw, couldn't do it!

Nobody can do it. Not them. Not anyone before or since them.

And not you!

[Perez throws a glance around at the chaos unfolding. He gives his partners-in-crime a nod.]

PP: Let's get out of here.

[The trio start to exit as someone rushes to the hard camera, turning it down as we can still hear the shouts in the background. A cry of "GET A DOCTOR!" is the last thing heard before we go through black...

...and back up to live action backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands, surrounded by the four men that comprise the James Gang. On Blackwell's right is Wes Taylor in a pair of black jeans with a white "wifebeater" tanktop while on his left is Tony Donovan, wearing black jeans and a black tracksuit jacket with the hood down. Behind them is Brian James. The son of the Blackheart is bare chested, wearing a pair of blue jeans, with a white towel covering his face. The AWA's Engine of Destruction is constantly flexing his muscles or clenching his fists, glowering under the towel. Near James is their manager, Brian Lau, dressed in a black suit, a pair designer sunglasses over his eyes.]

SLB: In recent weeks, it has been nothing less than all out war between two groups of men. I'm talking about the conflict that has erupted between the Dogs of War and the James Gang. We've seen attacks, counter attacks, and casualties on both sides. It has to be asked. Wes Taylor, has your fledgling group bitten off more than they can chew?

WT: You know who almost bit off more than he can chew? That gutter punk trash Pedro Perez! Perez put his hands on our man, Brian Lau... and that's something that you just don't do! We fought all over that building with them mangy Dogs, right out to the parking lot, and when you last saw Pedro Perez... you saw him about to bite off more than he can chew with a mouthful of glass, Blackwell! That's biting off more than you can chew!

Us? We may have big mouths between the four of us but that just means we can chew up anything that comes our way and spit it right back out. Only the grace of

God saved Pedro Perez that night... tonight, the Lord Almighty's sick of saving your asses.

SLB: The Dogs of War are, and always have been, a cohesive unit. But the last time we saw you, there was some disagreement as to whether or not the James Gang were all moving in the same direction. Tell me something Tony Donovan, can you men stand together?

[Tony Donovan chuckles.]

TD: Can we stand together? Look around you, Sweet Lou!

[Tony gestures grandly at his teammates.]

TD: We ARE standing together. What happened the last time you saw us was a minor disagreement, a slight difference of opinion. We're all grown men here, we put it aside, we stood together and beat the Dogs' tails all over that building, and that's the end of that chapter...but unfortunately for the Dogs, it's nowhere near the end of the story.

SLB: I hesitate to give you a compliment, but if the James Gang has an advantage, it has to be the tactical genius that guides your actions. Brian Lau, tell me what your game plan is tonight?

[Lau moves forward, staring at Blackwell.]

BL: You think it's that simple? You think I'm going to come out here and lay it all out for you, Blackwell? You want to know what the plan is tonight? Let me give you the broadstrokes.

Restitution, retribution, and revenge.

My chiropractor can now afford a new summer house, a new boat and a college education for two of his children as a result of what those reckless buffoons did to me at All Star Showdown. Brian James has twenty-four staples in the back of his head after he was hit with a chair.

The Dogs of War have a lot to pay for. And tonight is the night when all accounts will be settled.

SLB: The Dogs of War have taken out the Soldiers of Fortune among so many others. Last year they took out three bonafide legends in this sport in Alex Martinez, Carver and Vasquez. Ever since the Wise Men brought them in, they've been a force to be reckoned with. And tonight, you're directly in their path. You're telling me you're not nervous?

TD: Legends? You and I have a vastly different opinion on what makes you a "legend" in this sport, Blackwell...but I digress. I'd be a liar if I said we haven't been watching every bit of tape we could get on the Dogs, learning everything we possibly can about how they think, how they fight. Have they been a force to be reckoned with?

[Tony smirks.]

TD: Sure. But...are we nervous? What do you think, Wes? Are we nervous?

WT: There's only three things on this Earth that make me nervous, Blackwell.

[He ticks them off on his fingers.]

WT: Swearing in church. Drinking in church. And...

[Taylor gets a smirk on his face.]

WT: ...congregating in church.

[He winks at the camera.]

WT: But the Dogs of War don't fall on that list. Perez, Carpenter, and Walker have so much hype, you'd think John Wesley Hardin himself had risen from the grave to deliver one final Cattle Buster. But we don't fall for it. We don't believe the hype. We know they hurt. We know they suffer. And after what happened on Showdown, we damn sure know they bleed. That makes them mortal men and when you put the three of us together, there ain't a single team of mortal men walking this planet that we can't beat.

Hey, Blackwell... what was it these three dead men walking used to say all the time?

SLB: The Wise Men send their regards.

BL: That's right. The Wise Men send their regards. Well let me tell you something, Dogs of War. THIS Wise Man isn't going to send you regards.

This Wise Man is sending you the three most devastating forces in all of professional wrestling.

Look at this man here.

[Lau points to Wes Taylor.]

BL: Mister Wesley Taylor. The inheritor of a long and proud tradition in this sport. A man who embodies the spirit of the Outlaw. He is the best of that storied moniker. He is the, pardon the expression, the Ultimate Outlaw. A man so dangerous that the devil crosses the street just to get out of his way. This is a man for whom greatness is a birthright. A man whose destiny is to surpass the status of all the other Outlaws in this outlaw sport.

How can you be anything less than confident if you're Wes Taylor?

SLB: That was quite the compliment paid to you, Mr. Taylor.

WT: It ain't braggin' when it's the truth, Blackwell. Born in darkness and baptized in blood. My father wasn't born an Outlaw. He took that name from the baddest son of a bitch this business had ever seen. He rose up as a punk kid, spat in his face, and then fought him so hard, Hardin walked away and gave him the name.

You hear me, Blackwell?

The man walked AWAY from my father... and gave him the name he'd fought his entire life for.

[Taylor raps a fist on his chest.]

WT: That means the blood of the Outlaw runs through these veins... and I expect I'll spill a little of that blood tonight. Hell, I just might spill the better part of what's in my body. And that's okay because you can take my blood, Dogs... but you can't take my birthright. Like Brian Lau says, I was born to be the best to carry that name... and I ain't gonna carry it yet because I haven't earned the right.

Tonight? I start earning it.

[Taylor steps back as Lau retakes the mic.]

BL: And then look at who stands beside him as the other half of the premiere tag team in the AWA, the team who will dominate 2016. I'm talking about Tony Donovan. Six feet, six inches and two hundred and sixty pounds of pure nastiness. A man who'd push you down a flight of stairs rather than shake your hand. People talk about the recklessness of Isiah Carpenter. But there is no man with a greater disdain for the safety of others and a disregard for his own well-being than Tony Donovan.

SLB: Is that true, Mr. Donovan? Are you the daredevil of this group?

TD: Sometimes, no matter how hard you try, Blackwell, and no matter how hard you wish you wouldn't, you learn things from your parents. You can say a hell of a lot of things about the old man...and, well, we have...but one thing you can't say is that he wasn't willing to sacrifice himself to try to take down whoever it was he stood across the ring from. We're talking about a man who kept wrestling after a bottle sheared off most of one ear. We're talking about a man who would bleed buckets wherever he went, whether he was wrestling in front of sixteen people in some craphole dive in South Laredo or sixteen thousand when he went to California -- he knew, and he passed on the fact that sometimes, to get things done, you have to leave a piece of yourself out there in that ring...or on the floor...or in a parking lot...wherever.

[Tony pauses briefly.]

TD: Maybe the only good lesson I got from my father was that there's times when the only weapon you've got to fight with is your body, and as long as you don't miss, no matter how much you hurt, they're gonna hurt that much more, and Blackwell...

[Tony smirks.]

TD: Tony Donovan sure as hell won't miss.

BL: And then, there is the James Gang's namesake.

[Lau beams with pride, as he turns his eyes towards the man in the back of the group.]

BL: A man who is incomparable. The unstoppable, unbeatable, unconquerable Engine of Destruction. The Son of the Blackheart, the complete warrior, the deadly combatant. I'm talking about Brian James. I could keep going, Blackwell. I could talk from now until doomsday, and I would not even cover ten percent of the accolades that belong to this man.

SLB: After all that, you have to be feeling some pressure, Mr. James.

[Blackwell turns to James, who slowly removes the towel from his face.]

BJ: Pressure?

All I feel, Blackwell, is rage.

Rage over the fact that these pieces of garbage thought to put their hands on Brian Lau, not once, but twice! Rage over the twenty-four staples that are holding my skull back together. And rage over the fact that the Dogs of War haven't learned how to fear the James Gang.

But don't worry, we're going to teach you how to fear us.

Understand this, Blackwell. This is called the JAMES Gang. That's my name. And that isn't a name that was just given to me. That isn't a name that I got at birth.

Casey James wouldn't acknowledge me as his son until I survived the most brutal training known to man. I was no one until I became the first graduate of my sensei's academy. I didn't get to call myself Brian James until I'd gone to hell and back again three times over.

And believe me, I didn't let these two men beside me use that name until I was certain they'd shed as much blood as I had.

The James Gang isn't just a name. It's a badge of honor. And Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan earned that honor.

Dogs of War, you are going to learn what war truly is. Undefeated? That means nothing to me. You're not the best until you've beaten the James Gang.

And that's something you simply can't do.

SLB: I can see just how ready you are for what's to come.

BL: Ready? This goes beyond ready. This is the moment that everyone will remember. The moment when the Dogs of War were revealed as the lowly whelps they are, and the beginning of the ascendance of the James Gang.

You see, the Wise Men might have used you to send their regards, Dogs of War. But I have no regard for you. The James Gang has no regard for you. But we do have something for you.

We have a suggestion for you.

Two simple words, but in those two words are the best advice anyone who has to face the James Gang should heed.

Tony?

[Donovan steps forward, a smirk on his face.]

TD: Start running.

SLB: Gordon, Bucky... I'd batten down the hatches for this one. Hide your valuables. Put the women and children to bed. This one is going to be something else. Back down to ringside...

[Cut to a panning shot of the Minute Maid Park crowd, enthusiastic for what's about to come.]

GM: Thanks for that, Lou. One year ago, the Dogs of War faced down perhaps the greatest six man tag team ever assembled - a literal Dream Team in the form of Alex Martinez, Hannibal Carver, and Juan Vasquez. They faced them... and they defeated them.

BW: As much as we want to call them a Dream Team, the fact remains that those were three individuals. They were not a team. They were not a unit. The James Gang is.

GM: Since the Dogs of War have arrived here in the AWA about a year and a half ago, they've had one goal. To be the best. And they've succeeded. Undefeated during that time. Whenever they've gone into the ring as a unit, they've come out the winners against some of the toughest teams in the sport. Tonight, however, they face their toughest challenge... and in a Street Fight. Bucky, who does a Street Fight favor?

BW: The Dogs of War have Street Fight experience. They did it last year and they won last year. But in my book, the lack of traditional rules makes it easier for the James Gang to isolate someone. Remember back in Japan when the Dogs of War were handcuffed to the railing, to eliminate them from the fight. If something like that happens tonight, it'll be totally legal... and it'll be a path to victory for the James Gang.

GM: As Sweet Lou said, this one is going to be something else. Fans, let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

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

PW: The following contest is the STREET FIGHT!

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: There are no disqualifications, no countouts, and no time limit!

Introducing first...

[The stadium goes dark for a moment causing a rush of adrenaline to wash over the crowd. Some soft lighting comes up on the stage, showing a large white cloth screen that has fallen to hang as a backdrop. There's a guitar chord - quiet at first but slowly building. A voiceover begins.]

"The Donovan family has a long legacy of bloodshed. It begins with "Tough" Tony Donovan - the patriarch of the family."

[The makeshift screen shows video of Tony Donovan beating the hell out of Gino Lorenzo in a parking lot in April of 1975, smashing him across the knee with a tire iron and breaking his leg.]

"Tough" Tony's propensity for violence would not die with him as he produced three heirs - the maniacal and unpredictable Adam Donovan, the technical wizard Matt Donovan, and his eldest and most like his father - Robert Donovan.]

[We get a shot of the three Donovan boys standing side by side in their younger days...

...which fades into a blood-covered Robert Donovan digging a fork into someone's head.]

"Robert Donovan once said he'd bled on every piece of land where a professional wrestler could bleed. From the Land of the Rising Sun to the Rodeogrounds of Laredo from the Extreme land of Los Angeles and all points in between, Robert Donovan was recognized as one of the most violent and brutal competitors to ever step through the ropes."

[A shot of Donovan delivering the Vengeance chokeslam on two open steel chairs.]

"And then came Tony Donovan... his grandfather's namesake with the violence of his father, the technical prowess of his uncle Matt, and the unpredictability of his uncle Adam. Tony Donovan was born to be in this business and is of a bloodline

whose propensity for violence knows few equals. Tony Donovan stands before you, baptized in blood."

[A spotlight hits Tony Donovan standing in front of the sheet screen, dressed as he was moments earlier. He takes two steps forward, standing with a fist raised...

...and is suddenly doused in red liquid from above. The crowd gasps in horror as a closeup shows Donovan, "blood" dripping down his face. He spits sharply, spewing a mist of it into the air as the voiceover continues.]

"Many in the world of professional wrestling have claimed to be the one, true Outlaw."

[We see glimpses of Brent Maverick, Doc Holiday, and John Wesley Hardin in action.]

"But only one man IS the Outlaw."

[Bobby Taylor appears on the screen, delivering a Cattle Buster DDT on a helpless foe.]

"In 1996, Bobby Taylor was a young up-and-comer... a kid with spirt, heart, and toughness... but with nothing that made him a star. Until one night, when he stared into the face of professional wrestling and spat right in it, declaring himself the one, true Outlaw of the sport."

[Cut to footage from No Imitations Accepted 1997 where Taylor is getting destroyed in the so-called Legends Beatdown. We get shot after shot of Taylor taking signature moves from Otto Verhoeven, from Brody Thunder, from the Syndicate.]

"He took the best the sport could give him, trying to show him his place..."

[And then a shot of him dropping a lighting rig on Casey James.]

"...and came back for more. He is violent. He is resilient. He is vicious. He is brutal. He is extreme.

He is the Outlaw."

[Then a shot of Wes Taylor brawling with Pedro Perez.]

"And this man is every bit his son. The Ultimate Outlaw. The man most deserving to wear the name. Wes Taylor was born to be in this business and is the direct descendant of the only man who can be called "Outlaw." Wes Taylor stands before you, baptized in blood."

[A spotlight hits Wes Taylor standing in front of the sheet screen, dressed as he was moments earlier. He takes two steps forward, standing with both arms raised and his head tilted back, looking up...

...and is suddenly doused in red liquid from above. The crowd gasps again but starts to jeer as our closeup shows Taylor, wiping the blood from his eyes, screaming loudly as he readies for battle and the voiceover continues.]

"Of all the great families in the world of professional wrestling, few have had the breadth of impact of the family James. From the feisty attitudes of Rob and Kyle... from the lasting greatness of Tommy... from the managerial excellence of Jessie..."

[The screen shows quick shots of all of those individuals, dissolving into one shot of a bloody Blackheart.]

"But none provoke the guttural response to their name as this man. A shiver down your spine. A tug at your guts. A jolt to your heart. Casey James is a man to fear. A man to dread. A man to beg for mercy..."

[We get a rapid series of shots of Casey delivering Blackheart Punch after Blackheart Punch to a Who's Who of professional wrestling.]

"...knowing no mercy will come your way. He is a monster among men. He gives the Devil himself nightmares. A warrior. A champion."

[And then a shot of Brian James standing next to his legendary father.]

"From the Blackheart's blood comes the Engine of Destruction. Born with a bad side and bred to love it. Brian James is the perfect blend of genetics and learning. A student at the knee of the most dangerous man in wrestling, James took his genetic gifts and honed them into a lethal weapon."

[James betrays TORA at SuperClash one year ago, realizing his destiny.]

"Brian James was born to be in this business and is the son of the Blackheart in every possible way. Brian James stands before you, baptized in blood."

[A third spotlight lights up Brian James, the towel hanging over his shoulder as the crimson pours down upon him. He stares stoically into the camera, not reacting to the "blood" all over his face, covering his entire expression except for the eyes... good lord, the eyes.

The lights are on all three of them now, "blood" dripping from their bodies to pool at their feet...

...when suddenly, the sounds of barking and snapping dogs are heard over the PA system to a decent-sized reaction!]

GM: Uh oh!

[Midnight blue spotlights begin swirling over the crowd, on the hunt for the three men collectively known as the Dogs of War.]

BW: Where are they, Gordo?

GM: In a place this size, I have no idea! But they're here! The Dogs of War have arrived and-

[The backlighting on the stage intensifies as suddenly the forms of the Dogs of War in shadow appear behind the three members of the James Gang, standing nearly forty feet tall at first. The crowd ROARS as the James Gang looks around in confusion.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: They're behind 'em! They're behind the curtain!

[The shadow figures get smaller and smaller as they approach the curtain until they're about the same size as the James Gang members...

...and with "War Machine" roaring throughout Minute Maid Park, they come tearing through the curtain, attacking all three members of the James Gang from behind!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[The Minute Maid Park crowd are on their feet, screaming and shouting with glee for the brawl that's about to unfold before their very eyes. A sweeping boom camera shot of the stage shows Pedro Perez trading fists with Wes Taylor, Isaiah Carpenter tangled up with Tony Donovan, and Wade Walker throwing bombs at Brian James!]

GM: WE KNEW IT WAS GONNA BE A FIGHT BUT WE DIDN'T KNOW IT'D START ON THE STAGE!

[Our camera crew struggles to keep up with the action as Tony Donovan swings a knee up into the gut of Carpenter, grabbing a handful of hair and dragging him across the stage. In the background, we see Brian James starting to fire back on Wade Walker - essentially a stand-off with the crowd roaring their support for their preferred team.]

GM: The fans in Houston seem split on who they're supporting here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Look, neither one of these teams are filled with what you'd consider "nice guys," Gordo. For the fans, it's more of a matter of who do you hate less in this one.

GM: The Dogs of War, with their actions over the summer, had worked themselves into the good graces of many fans but for the fans that were supporting them, that uncalled for assault on the Combat Corner and Marcus Broussard this week undid that good will.

BW: Them's the breaks, Gordo.

[We cut to another part of the stage where Pedro Perez has Wes Taylor down on the stage, holding his hair and dragging his face back and forth across the metal stage, leaving pools of the red liquid behind.]

BW: Perez is trying to remove Taylor's face from his head!

[A quick cut finds Tony Donovan trying to bounce Isaiah Carpenter's head off the steel structure holding up the white sheet that was used during the intro. Carpenter blocks it by lifting his leg and returns the favor, sending Donovan headfirst into the steel!]

GM: And already, Tony Donovan's head is bouncing off metal!

BW: I got a feeling this one isn't going to last too long, Gordo.

GM: You may be right about that one as Carpenter- oh! Sharp kneelift puts Donovan down on the stage!

[Cut back to Walker and James. This time, Walker is rallying off a series of looping haymakers, sending James stumbling backwards down the ramp... heading down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Those two are getting closer to the ring but their allies are all up on the stage still!

BW: It's a Street Fight, Gordo! Anything goes!

[With Donovan down on the stage, Carpenter turns his attention towards helping his partner with Wes Taylor. He joins Pedro Perez, both men putting the boots to the downed Perez for a moment to a scattering of big cheers.]

GM: We've got a two-on-one up on the stage - exactly the way the Dogs of War like it!

BW: This is what they need to do... actually, this is what BOTH teams need to do to win this thing. They're going to need to isolate a member from the other team, put a hurting on them, and make it a numbers game. The Dogs of War - as we've seen in the past - are much, much better as a collective unit than they are individually. If the James Gang can manage to make it a handicap match and break down the unit, they may be on their way to the biggest victory of their careers!

[Perez and Carpenter drag Taylor off the stage. Perez holds the arms back as Carpenter lays in hooking blows to the midsection. A quick cut down the aisle shows Brian James backing Wade Walker up against the barricade, throwing heavy knees at his body.]

GM: Goodness, this thing is all over the building and quite frankly, is a little difficult to keep track of, fans. We'll certainly keep trying to do our best though as Brian James appears to have turned the tables on Wade Walker, the powerhouse of the Dogs of War.

[Walker manages to catch one of the thrown knees under his left arm, wrapping the right under James' left armpit...

...and somehow muscles him up and over in a makeshift suplex, throwing him over the barricade and into the crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND THIS FIGHT HAS SPILLED INTO THE STANDS!

[The camera shows James laid out on the floor...

...and then cuts back to the stage where Carpenter and Perez are setting up for a double suplex on the steel stage.]

GM: Here comes the doubleteam and-

[Donovan comes walking into view, clinging to a piece of metal siding that he apparently pulled off the stage somewhere. He winds up as the crowd buzzes with anticipation...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TWO BIG SHOTS ACROSS THE BACK WITH THE PIECE OF SHEET METAL!

[The blows leave Perez and Carpenter down on their knees as Donovan stalks around them, trash-talking all the while. He stands before them, looking down as he raises the steel again...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT ACROSS THE HEAD OF PEDRO PEREZ!

[The blow leaves Perez laid out on the stage, his arms failing to shield his head from the impact of the blow. Donovan lets loose a roar as he throws the metal aside like a frisbee, sending it spinning into the white sheet still hanging from the metal superstructure.]

GM: What a shot! Tony Donovan may have just made a major impact on this match early on!

[Donovan drags Perez up by the hair, dragging him across the stage towards the ramp...

...and flings him by the hair down the ramp, sending him down where he rolls halfway down the ramp towards the ring!]

GM: Donovan tossing Perez aside like a sack of garbage!

[The third-generation grappler turns back towards the downed Carpenter and the rising Wes Taylor.]

GM: And now it looks like it'll be Donovan and Taylor doubleteaming Isaiah Carpenter!

BW: This is what the James Gang needs to do, Gordo. Divide and conquer.

GM: Perez is down. Walker and James are brawling in the seats down off the aisle, trading heavy blows! The fans are going nuts all around them and... wait a second!

[Taylor and Donovan have come together, lifting the much-smaller Carpenter off the metal stage...

...and gorilla pressing him over their heads in a double lift!]

GM: CARPENTER IS WAY UP THERE! SIX FOOT FOUR WES TAYLOR! SIX FOOT SIX TONY DONOVAN! THEY'VE GOT HIM WAY UP HIGH BY THE EDGE OF THE STAGE AND-

[With the crowd ROARING with anticipation, Taylor and Donovan stand at the edge of the stage, giving plenty of time for the flashes to fire...

...and then HURL Carpenter off the stage, sending him sailing some fifteen feet down through the air!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Carpenter goes smashing down onto a pile of something. Sharp-eyed viewers might notice a canvas tarp covering all of it to hide what lies underneath. But most fans simply roar for the high impact, screaming their heads off. A few scattered "HO-LY SHIT!" chants break out as Taylor slams a fist into his chest, screaming down at the floored Carpenter before turning to exchange a double high five with his tag team partner.]

GM: TAYLOR AND DONOVAN JUST WRECKED ISAIAH CARPENTER! HOLY...

BW: Some of these fans are saying it for you, Gordo!

GM: Absolutely! And that may have just taken Isaiah Carpenter COMPLETELY out of this match, flying some fifteen feet off the stage and through... I don't even know what was down there! Crates? Equipment boxes? Pyro equipment? Who the heck knows but Carpenter is laid OUT!

[Cut to a shot of Carpenter sprawled out on the tarp-covered pile, arms and legs akimbo as he lays motionless. The crowd is still buzzing over the crazy fall as Taylor and Donovan start walking down the ramp towards the ring.]

BW: And this is their chance, Gordo! Divide and conquer! Carpenter is down. Carpenter is hurt. I don't know if he's getting back into this match or not but if he is, I'm guessing it's going to be a while. This is the James Gang's chance to get Walker or Perez in the ring and finish them off while they've got a numbers advantage!

[Leaving Carpenter behind, Taylor and Donovan go stomping down the ramp towards the ring where Wade Walker and Brian James have spilled back over the ramp and into the ringside area, still trading heavy blows.]

GM: Pedro Perez starting to get to his feet and-

[Taylor lays into him with a stiff boot to the side of the jaw, knocking him back down. A smirking Tony Donovan drops to his knees, battering Perez with right hands...

...and then the duo pulls Perez up, holding him by the arms as they turn towards the entrance way!]

GM: What are they...

[The crowd jeers as Brian Lau emerges from the entrance, stomping down the ramp, wincing with every other step.]

GM: Two weeks ago, Brian Lau got spear tackled off the apron to the floor by Pedro Perez and-

BW: You know what they say, Gordo. Payback's a-

GM: That's quite enough of that as Lau walks down there and...

[Lau lays a little trash talk on Perez before stepping back, throwing a front kick into the gut!]

GM: Lau with a kick to the midsection! I'm not sure how much damage that'll do.

BW: Hey, the man's a former EMWC Junior Heavyweight Champion.

GM: Yes, and those of us who can remember that know all too well how that whole situation went down.

BW: I'm just rooting for a return of the nymphs. If we get nymphs, I'm calling for Lau vs Travis Lynch for the National Title.

[Lau throws a hard slap across Perez' face, grabbing his own hand in pain after delivering it. Donovan grabs the other arm, turning Perez towards Taylor who CRACKS him with an uppercut!]

GM: They're leaving Perez down on the ram- oh! Lau with one final kick to the ribs for good measure... and they're heading for the ring where Brian James has been caught in the corner!

[James is up against the buckles in the ring as Wade Walker grabs the middle rope, laying in heavy shoulder tackles to the midsection that are actually lifting James off the mat.]

GM: Wade Walker bringing the heavy artillery here in Houston, Texas... but Brian James has got reinforcements en route!

[Donovan is the first one in, rolling under the bottom rope, rushing across the ring, throwing himself into a corner avalanche that crushes Walker into James!]

GM: Ohh! Big running splash! 260 pounds into the back of Wade Walker!

BW: It took a little bit out of James as well but not as much as those shoulders to the gut were doing.

[Donovan grabs Walker by the back of the tights, pulling him out of the corner towards the middle of the ring as Wes Taylor rolls in to join his partners. Brian Lau takes a spot in the corner, directing traffic from the floor as Taylor and Donovan back Walker across the ring, grabbing him by the arms...]

GM: Double whip shoots him in...

[Walker bounces off the far ropes towards Taylor and Donovan who turn and throw a pair of back elbows up under the chin, taking Walker off his feet and putting him down on the canvas.]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Walker off the double team... and look at this!

[The crowd starts to jeer as Taylor and Donovan resort to stomping Walker viciously into the mat.]

GM: Walker's under assault from Taylor and Donovan and the referee just has to stand there and watch!

BW: Absolutely. This is totally legal in a Street Fight!

GM: And Wade Walker is finding himself in some serious jeopardy as the Dogs of War try to defend their undefeated streak as a trio.

[Donovan walks over to check on Brian James as Taylor takes the opportunity to keep on stomping Wade Walker, forcing him to roll across the ring towards the ropes.]

GM: Taylor is putting the shoe leather to Walker, knocking him out to the ring apron.

[The son of the Outlaw reaches over the top rope, hauling Walker up to his feet by the arm. He pulls Walker's throat down over the top rope in a front facelock, leaning on it to choke him!]

GM: That's a choke, ref!

BW: Street Fight, Gordo! Totally legal!

GM: I'm sorry... yes, of course you're right but as Wes Taylor tries to choke Walker into unconsciousness, you have to wonder if even a powerhouse - a wrecking machine - like Wade Walker can battle THREE competitors at the same time!

BW: Hey, it's one on one right now, Gordo.

GM: It is, yes... but- Tony Donovan coming over to help his partner now.

[Donovan grabs Walker as well, each man slinging an arm over his neck as they lift Walker up into the air, dropping him down to the canvas with a double suplex!]

GM: Taylor and Donovan bring Wade Walker in the hard way!

BW: Tag Team of the Year right there!

GM: For 2015? They didn't win the titles! They didn't win the Cup! They didn't-

BW: No, no... 2016! We're calling it early.

[Donovan rolls through the suplex into a lateral press, nodding with each count.]

GM: One! Two!

[Walker powers his shoulder off the mat at two as Donovan rolls off and allows Wes Taylor to step in, leaping high into the air, and dropping his knee down across the sternum!]

GM: Big leaping kneedrop... and now Taylor covers!

[Taylor only gets a two count as well as Walker powers out. Taylor grabs Walker by the back of the head, lacing a few right hands into his face before climbing off the mat.]

GM: A pair of two counts by Taylor and Donovan as they try to take the biggest dog in the fight out of the picture.

[And as Walker starts to stir off the mat, Brian James gets himself back into the mix, stalking out of the corner and hooking the rising Walker in a Muay Thai clinch, hands locked behind the neck...]

GM: James hooks him and- oh! Big knee to the body! And another! And another!

[Knee after knee landing in the ribcage has Walker staggering back under the heavy assault towards the turnbuckles. With the body weakened, James switches to a higher level attack, bringing a knee right up the middle to SMASH into Walker's face, sending him falling back into a seated position in the turnbuckles.]

GM: Wow! What a kneestrike by James and Wade Walker - the sometimes unstoppable, unfazable Wade Walker - has been fazed and stopped by the knees of Brian James!

[With Walker down against the turnbuckles, Wes Taylor brushes past his ally, raining down stomps on him. James backs off, watching his partner's frenetic energy. Taylor waves him back as he paces across the ring to the opposite corner...]

GM: What's Wes Taylor got in mind here?

[Taylor lets loose a shout as he charges across the ring at top speed...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: RUNNING KICK TO THE CHEST BY TAYLOR! GOODNESS!

[The son of the Outlaw peels out of the corner, trading a high five first with Brian James and then one with Tony Donovan as James yanks Walker off the mat, pushing him back against the buckles as Tony Donovan takes his shot...]

GM: Running splash in the corner for a second time! This time, Walker takes all of it... and Donovan hooks a headlock...

[Charging out of the corner, Tony Donovan leaps into the air, driving Walker facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: BULLDOG! Facefirst down to the canvas!

[Donovan flips Walker over onto his back, applying another lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Walker again kicks out, lifting the shoulder up to some scattered cheers throughout the Minute Maid Park crowd.]

GM: Walker gets the shoulder up again but you have to wonder how much longer he can last in there against THREE other competitors!

BW: Carpenter's still down but where the heck is Pedro Perez?!

[Donovan climbs to his feet as James shouts "GET HIM UP!" to his partners-in-crime. Taylor grabs an arm as Donovan grabs the other, dragging Walker to his feet and holding him up between them...]

GM: Walker at the mercy of the James Gang!

[James backs off, taking aim, stalking back and forth a few times...]

GM: What's he...?

[Suddenly, James shouts, pulling back his right arm for the Blackheart Punch!]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH!

[But just as suddenly, a steel chair comes flying into the ring, bouncing off the back of James, sending him pitching forward. Walker uses the distraction to yank his muscular arms together, sending Taylor and Donovan crashing into one another!]

GM: PEREZ WITH THE CHAIR!

[Pedro Perez steps through the ropes, grabbing the chair he flung to save his partner. He shouts loudly, getting the fans riled up as he lifts the chair, headbutting it a few times...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Wes Taylor across the back with it, sending him flying through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A SHOT BY PEREZ!

[Perez slams the chair down onto the mat twice, manically jerking and twisting his body around in anger as he screams at Tony Donovan before jabbing the seatback of the chair into the midsection...]

...while a roaring Wade Walker comes barreling across the ring with a clothesline that takes Brian James over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: WALKER CLEARS OUT JAMES! THEY'RE FOCUSING ON DONOVAN!

[Perez swings the chair down, opening it up so that someone could sit down in it as Walker goes to grab Donovan. Perez shakes his head, holding up his hands to his partner...]

GM: What's this all about?

[Perez drops to his back, rolling quickly under the ropes. He marches over to the timekeeper's table, shoving the timekeeper right out of his chair.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The fiery Puerto Rican grabs the chair, flinging it recklessly over the ropes into the ring where it bounces twice before coming to a stop.]

GM: Pedro Perez is out of control!

[Perez rolls back in, grabbing the chair...

...and sets it up facing the other chair. The crowd begins to buzz with anticipation as Perez slaps his hand down onto the seat, shouting "NOW WE GOT IT RIGHT!" before backing off to the corner. He hops up to the midbuckle, lifting his arms over his head as Walker lifts Donovan up under his arm...]

GM: What in the world?!

BW: I don't like the looks of-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY! SIDE SLAM DOWN ON THE STEEL CHAIRS!

[Donovan is laid out on the slightly bent chairs, his back arching as he writhes in pain. Walker stands over him, rifling in a pair of right hands to put him back down on the steel as Perez steps to the top rope, the crowd rising as he does...]

GM: Oh my stars! What is he going to do up there?! Donovan's laid out across those chairs and-

[Perez leaps high into the air, tucking his legs up under him...]

GM: DOUBLE STOMP!

[...and DRIVES his feet down into the chest of Donovan, putting him THROUGH the two chairs that are now a mangled mess as Donovan hits the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Perez grins as Walker flings the chairs aside, diving across the downed Tony Donovan's chest!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THR-

[The crowd groans as Wes Taylor reaches under the bottom rope, hauling Wade Walker out to the floor by the leg...

...and BLASTS him with an uppercut!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Walker goes stumbling away, holding his jaw as Wes Taylor does a little jig. He steps towards the timekeeper who is sprawled out on the floor.]

"Blow on it!"

[He offers his knuckles to the timekeeper who shakes his head.]

"BLOW ON IT!"

[The timekeeper obliges this time just before Taylor turns...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PEREZ WITH THE DIVE ONTO TAYLOR!!

BW: A SUICIDE DIVE TURNS HOMICIDAL AS HE WIPES OUT THE SON OF THE OUTLAW, DADDY!

[Perez pushes up off the floor, pumping a fist as the crowd roars for the dive onto Wes Taylor. He grabs Taylor by the hair, throwing him back under the ropes into the ring. He rolls back in, diving across Taylor's chest...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But this time, Tony Donovan - who is up on his knees - just kinda flings himself onto Perez' back to break up the pin.]

GM: Two count! Two count only for the Dogs of War!

[Donovan rolls tiredly to his back as Pedro Perez rolls off of Taylor.]

GM: We've got bodies laid out in the ring! Pedro Perez thought he had Taylor beaten right there but Tony Donovan was able to save his partner! Wade Walker is down on a knee on the floor.

BW: He's STILL holding his jaw, Gordo. Taylor's uppercut might've broken his damn jaw!

[Still showing the ring, we've got Taylor, Perez, and Donovan all flat on their backs...

...until Perez gets grabbed by someone off-camera, yanked out to the floor!]

GM: Brian James just pulled Perez out of the ring!

BW: Uh oh!

GM: This is unfinished business from two weeks ago! It was Perez who went after Brian Lau! It was Perez who caused Brian James to need staples in his head! It was Perez who-

BW: It's Perez who is about to get his tail kicked!

[James' hands are a blur of motion, lashing out repeatedly and connecting with the body of Perez, rifling blows into the right ribcage... then the left. He moves up the ladder, landing three right hooks before spinning around in a spinning backfist that causes Perez to spit a wad of saliva into the air. He hooks onto the ropes, trying to stay on his feet as James backs off, throwing a front kick to the sternum that drops Perez down to his knees.]

GM: Brian James is a striking MACHINE on the floor! The Engine of Aggression is living up to his nickname as he tries to avenge what happened to Brian Lau two weeks ago!

BW: James isn't done either, dragging Perez up by the- LOOK OUT!

[The crowd ROARS as Brian James angrily hurls Perez by the hair towards the announce table, sending Bucky and Gordon scattering JUST in time!]

GM: Holy...

BW: Gordo, can you hear me?!

GM: I got you, Bucky. We're still on the air, I think. No thanks to Brian James who tried to take out our entire table... and-

GM: Oh man... I should've grabbed my soda!

[James clambers over the table, kneeling down just beyond it to hammer fists home into the skull of Pedro Perez who is down on the floor.]

GM: We've got a fight just a few feet away from us here and-

[James' battery of Perez is cut off by the arrival of Wade Walker on the scene who grabs James by the arm, swinging him around and pastes him with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Oh! Walker opens fire!

[Walker keeps on throwing, battering James repeatedly...

...until James suddenly leaps forward, throwing a stiff kneestrike to the jaw, sending Walker falling back into the barricade!]

GM: OHH! Walker gets DRILLED on the chin!

[But as James turns around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHH! PEREZ HITS HIM WITH ONE OF OUR MONITORS!

[The blow from the monitor catches James RIGHT between the eyes, causing him to slump over, falling facefirst on the table, arms up over his head.]

GM: WHAT A SHOT!

[Perez throws the monitor down to the floor, letting loose a roar. He walks out from behind the table, approaching the ring.]

GM: Brian James had things going his way but Pedro Perez, out of nowhere with that monitor, turned the tide in a big way!

BW: Perez should drag him into the ring and pin him! James might be out cold after that!

GM: He certainly might. We've got Walker and James down out on the floor... and Pedro Perez is digging under the apron.

BW: You never know what someone will find down there... especially a lunatic like Perez.

[Perez pulls the apron up, looking for something...]

GM: Perez is trying to... oh no.

[The crowd ROARS as Perez pulls a metal ladder into view!]

BW: Oh my god.

GM: A ladder?! This isn't a ladder match!

BW: No, but it's a Street Fight and if Perez wants to use the entire inventory at the local Home Depot, he can!

[Perez opens up the ladder parallel to the ring apron, standing about 15 feet tall.]

GM: Perez has got the ladder up!

[With the Houston crowd roaring, Perez starts climbing the ladder, looking over to make sure James is still down...]

...and boy, is he down. Blood is pouring from the spot where Perez hit him with the monitor, leaving a red pool under his head on the announce table. We can see Bucky Wilde and Gordon Myers standing off to the side, watching...]

GM: Perez trying to get up that ladder... he's about halfway up the side of it... and oh my, Brian James has been badly lacerated by that television monitor of ours. He's bleeding profusely.

BW: That may be the last of his worries if Perez does whatever in the world Pedro Perez is thinking about doing.

[Perez gets near the top rung of the ladder...]

...when suddenly, we see Tony Donovan climbing up the other side!]

GM: Tony Donovan's making a move to save Brian James!

BW: How the heck is he even standing after going through those chairs?!

GM: I have no idea! Donovan showing incredible resilience as he climbs the ladder, trying to get to Pedro Perez before Perez can do whatever in the world he thinks he's about to do!

[The camera cuts to a shot of the top of the ladder, showing Perez swing a leg over, sitting on the very top of the ladder as Donovan climbs towards him.]

GM: Perez saw him coming and he's looking to cut him off!

[Perez reaches down, catching Donovan in the skull with a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand by Perez, trying to knock Donovan off the side of the ladder!

[Donovan shakes it off, getting another step closer as Perez opens fire a second time.]

GM: Another right! But Donovan keeps coming! Channeling the toughness of his father!

BW: Don't let Tony hear you say that.

GM: Another right... but Donovan's right up there with him!

[The six foot six Donovan loops a right hand upwards, catching Perez on the jaw. The Puerto Rican hooks the top of the ladder, falling back for a moment before pulling himself back up...]

GM: Another right hand!

[Perez staggers back again, swinging backwards as the crowd buzzes in anticipation of someone taking a hard fall off the ladder to the floor. He drags himself back up as Donovan climbs another step...]

GM: Oh! Big hook to the jaw!

[Perez' eyes glaze over for a moment...

...but then he lashes out with a kick to the chest, catching Donovan!]

GM: Perez with the boot to the chest... and one to the face!

[Donovan hangs on to the ladder, trying to keep his balance as Perez pulls his leg back again...

...and SLAMS his foot into Donovan's face, sending him sailing off the ladder and crashing down in a heap on the floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PEREZ KICKS HIM OFF THE LADDER! HE KNOCKS DONOVAN TO THE FLOOR!

[With one member of the James Gang out of the picture, Perez swings around to face the table again, ready to dive off onto Brian James...

...only to find Brian James nowhere to be seen.]

GM: Wait a second! Fans, we were so busy watching Perez and Donovan... where the heck is Brian James?! Where did-

[And the crowd starts to buzz as Brian James rolls back into the ring, blood pouring from the wound on his forehead as he gets to his feet. Brian Lau is shouting encouragement from the floor as James walks across the ring, stepping up on the bottom rope...]

GM: James is climbing! JAMES IS CLIMBING!

[Pedro Perez hasn't spotted James yet, looking back and forth as the crowd gets louder. James steps to the second rope right by the ladder, reaching out to grab the ladder to steady himself. The movement of the ladder catches Perez' attention as he swings his head around...

...only to see the blood-covered Brian James step to the top rope!]

GM: JAMES IS UP TOP! JAMES IS ON THE TOP ROPE!!!

[Perez quickly swings around, trying to defend himself as James reaches up, blasting him with a right hand to the jaw...

...and then pulls him forward into a front facelock!]

GM: OH MY GOD!

BW: He can't do this!

GM: He's got Perez hooked! Perez is on top of that 15 foot ladder and Brian James is standing on the top rope, hanging onto the ladder for dear life to balance himself!

[James slings Perez' arm over his neck...]

GM: DON'T DO IT, KID! DON'T DO IT!

[The crowd is absolutely beside itself as James struggles...

...and lifts Perez off the ladder and into the air...]

GM: OH... MY... STAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRS!

[James and Perez go sailing through the air, plummeting down from the sky, moving through a sea of flashbulbs...

...and CRASH down onto the canvas with a thunderous superplex off the ladder!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The announcers lay out, letting the roar of the crowd tell the story as you can see fans on their feet all over Minute Maid Park. A cut to a high angled camera shows the ring from above. James down. Perez down. Taylor, Donovan, and Walker are down out on the floor. Brian Lau is frantically pounding on the ring apron, screaming for James to make the cover.]

GM: WHAT A SCENE HERE IN HOUSTON! BODIES SCATTERED IN THE RING! OUT OF THE RING! EVERYWHERE! THE CROWD IS ON THEIR FEET! BRIAN LAU IS THE LAST MAN STANDING!

BW: Lau is BEGGING Brian James to wake up enough to make that cover!

GM: I don't know if he can! Brian James has been through a tremendous amount of punishment physically in the last several minutes! James is showing how much he truly is the son of the Blackheart here tonight! Nobody can take advantage of the situation after that... WAIT A SECOND! WAIT A SECOND!

[The crowd begins to roar again as the camera cuts to the aisle where Isaiah Carpenter, clutching his ribcage, is stumbling down the aisle towards the ring, walking in the narrow space between the barricade and the ramp.]

GM: CARPENTER!

BW: HE LIVES!

GM: ISAIAH CARPENTER IS HEADING TOWARDS THE RING! SOMEHOW, THE SON OF A GUN IS WALKING AND HE'S HEADED TOWARDS THE RING!

[Carpenter staggers into view, the crowd roaring as he pulls himself up on the apron, looking out over the scene in the ring. Brian Lau is staring at Carpenter, frantically shaking his head as Carpenter grabs the top rope with both hands...]

GM: What's he...?!

BW: Are you crazy, kid?!

[Yes. Yes he is.]

GM: Carpenter- SPRINGBOARD!

[Leaping into the air, Carpenter springs off the top rope, snapping off a full front flip...]

BW: 450 SPLASH!

[...and CRASHES down onto the bloodied Brian James' prone form!]

GM: HE GOT IT! HE GOT ALL OF IT!

[Carpenter rolls off, clutching his own rib cage.]

GM: He hurt himself, Bucky!

BW: He was grabbing the ribs when he came down the aisle... and then he does something like that?! Unbelievable!

[Carpenter sucks it up, throwing an arm over James' chest!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: LAU!! LAU PULLED HIM OUT! BRIAN LAU PULLED HIM OUT!

[The crowd JEERS loudly for the only manager in the Hall of Fame as he stands there, having potentially saved the match for his squad.]

GM: Brian Lau may have just saved Brian James!

[Carpenter pivots, glaring at Lau who stands his ground, pointing and shouting at Carpenter, throwing a glance into the ring...]

GM: What's he...?

BW: He's buying time! Lau's risking his own well-being to buy his team some time! Brilliant... and what a manager! Who does such a thing?!

[Carpenter suddenly realizes what's going on...

...and grabs Lau by the collar, shaking him back and forth!]

GM: Oh! Carpenter's got Lau! Carpenter's got Lau!

[But as Lau struggles to get free, Wes Taylor comes fast around the corner. Carpenter sees him coming, shoving Lau aside...

...but gets DRILLED by a leaping back elbow that drops him hard on the floor to a groan from the crowd!]

GM: WOW! What an elbow out of Taylor! Out of nowhere!

[With Carpenter down on the floor, Taylor checks on Lau and then turns back towards the ring, rolling under the ropes.]

GM: Taylor's back in! We've got Pedro Perez still down from that superplex! This might be it, fans!

[Taylor pulls Perez off the mat, grabbing him by the hair as he walks back to the corner, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Taylor's looking for the tornado DDT out of the corner! If he hits it, it's over!

[Taylor gives a shout to the Texas crowd, kicking off the ropes, twisting around with Perez...]

...who stays on his feet, blocking the move by shoving Taylor off!]

GM: Counter and-

BW: WALKER!

[As Taylor lands on his feet, he turns...]

...and gets CREAMED with a running spear tackle!]

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR! HE GOT HIM!

[Perez pumps a fist, shouting for Walker to cover him!]

GM: Walker makes the cover! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TONY DONOVAN WITH THE DIVING SAVE!! MY STARS! JUST IN TIME!

[A furious Pedro Perez rushes across the ring, jumping on Donovan's back, pummeling him with hammerfists down between the shoulderblades before dragging Donovan off the mat.]

GM: Perez pulls him up...

[Grabbing the arm, Perez goes to whip Donovan across the ring but Donovan reverses it, sending him to the corner instead...]

...but as he approaches, Perez puts on the brakes, kicking up into the air as a charging Donovan runs under him. Perez tucks the knees into the back, hooking his hands around the face...]

BW: LUNGBLOWER!

[Donovan flails about on the canvas as Perez makes a diving cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But Donovan kicks out, lifting the shoulder off the mat... and then rolling from the ring as Perez questions the official!]

GM: Donovan rolls to the floor... and Perez is going after him!

[Perez and Donovan are out on the floor as Wade Walker climbs back to his feet, pounding a clenched fist down into the canvas as he takes aim on a rising Brian James...]

GM: James, bloodied but not broken, getting to his feet as Wade Walker puts him dead in his sights!

BW: And you know that Walker would love NOTHING more than to end this by pinning Brian James in the center of the ring after how this whole thing got started between these two groups!

GM: Absolutely! Walker is ready! Walker is set! Walker is-

[James gets to his feet, locking eyes with Wade Walker...

...and in true son of the Blackheart style, he gives him a little sign language to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: Uhhh.

BW: He's not saying that Walker's #1, daddy!

[The obscene gesture actually brings a disbelieving smile to the face of Wade Walker who shakes his head before lowering it, charging across the ring to deliver the mother of all spears...]

GM: WALKER CHARGES!

[He lowers his head further, extending his arms towards his victim...]

GM: SPEAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRR-

[But at the last moment, the agile-for-his-size James leaps into the air, twisting his body to plant his foot on the back of Walker's head...

...and goes with the momentum of the spear, STOMPING Walker's face into the canvas with a highlight reel Curbstompin' counter!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CURBSTOMP! CURBSTOMP! CURBSTOMP!

[The bloodied James collapses to his knees, diving across a motionless Wade Walker, flipping him over onto his back. He plants his ribs into Walker's chest, hooking both legs as he rolls into the pinning predicament!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

[But at the last possible moment, Isaiah Carpenter grabs James by the foot, dragging him out of the pin and out to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! CARPENTER SAVES IT FOR THE DOGS OF WAR!

BW: LAU SAVED IT FOR THE JAMES GANG! CARPENTER SAVES IT FOR THE DOGS! THEY'RE ALL EVEN NOW!

[Out on the floor, Carpenter SLAMS James' bloodied face into the ring apron, throwing him back down to the floor. He pulls himself back into the ring, grabbing a rising Wes Taylor by the hair, shoving him back into the corner where he rifles in a series of right-left-rights to the body before a spinning back kick to the gut leaves Taylor sucking wind.]

GM: Carpenter runs across the ring... charging back in!

[He leaps up, SNAPPING Taylor's head back with an impactful knee strike. Grabbing the back of the head, he rolls Taylor out of the corner, causing the former Combat Corner student to roll right back up to his feet...

...where a running one-legged dropkick sends him flying backwards, hitting the buckles before he drops to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Taylor down off the dropkick, rolling out... and Carpenter's going after him!

[Once outside the ring, Carpenter kneels down...]

GM: What's he doing now?!

BW: I have no idea!

[Carpenter flips the apron up, reaching down under it...]

GM: The last time someone went under the ring, they came back with...

[And the crowd ROARS as Carpenter pulls something into view.]

GM: WHAT?! ANOTHER LADDER?!

BW: This is insane, Gordo! This might be crazier than last year!

[Carpenter quickly muscles the ladder up...

...and sets one end on the steel barricade while setting the other on the ring apron.]

GM: He's... he's making some kind of a bridge between the ring and that ladder... I'm sorry, the barricade.

BW: You've got ladders on the brain, Gordo.

GM: Apparently so as Carpenter gets a second ladder involved in this match.

[Carpenter goes back to the original ladder - the fifteen footer - and folds it up.]

GM: Now he's over here by us with that other ladder. I'm not comfortable with this at all...

BW: Whew. He's putting it in the ring.

GM: What?! He's putting it in the ring!

[Inside the ring, Pedro Perez takes the ladder, unfolding it and setting up near the ropes. The crowd INSTANTLY starts buzzing loudly.]

GM: Oh my stars... I don't like the looks of this... not one bit!

[With the ladder set up in the ring, Carpenter grabs Wes Taylor by the head, smashing his face into the top of the bridged ladder.]

GM: Carpenter's got Taylor and... oh no... I was afraid of this!

BW: He's putting him on top of the ladder, Gordo!

[Once there, he delivers a few right hands, keeping Taylor there as Carpenter rolls back into the ring...

...and with Perez holding the ladder, Carpenter starts climbing it. The crowd is absolutely going nuts for this as the daredevil of the Dogs of War gets closer and closer to the top of the fifteen foot ladder!]

GM: Carpenter is climbing what could be his personal Stairway to Heaven or...

BW: Highway to Hell?

GM: You got that right!

[Carpenter gets to the last rung, pausing to look out on the roaring Minute Maid Park crowd...

...and then takes one more step up, delicately balancing himself on the top of the ladder, breathing deeply as he straightens up, looking down at Taylor on the bridged ladder...]

GM: My god in heaven! Get him down from there!

BW: Oh, I think he'll be getting himself down real quick!

GM: Carpenter on top of that fifteen foot ladder... OH MY GOD!

[He throws himself into a somersault, looking to land on Wes Taylor. The shot - likely to be replayed in AWA highlight videos for years to come - shows the darkened Houston sky behind him, providing a picturesque backdrop as he flips through the sky, soaring through the air, plummeting downwards as the flashes fire...

It's a beautiful thing.

Until Brian Lau.]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[At the last moment, Brian Lau grabs Wes Taylor by the wrist, yanking him right off the ladder...

...which means Isaiah Carpenter SLAMS down onto the steel ladder from over fifteen feet in the air with nothing to break his fall except that steel!

The crowd is roaring for the death-defying move and the result. Brian Lau, wide-eyed and disbelieving, is a few feet away, kneeling on the floor next to Wes Taylor who is barely moving as well. Lau is staring at Carpenter, now on a ladder that is BENT in the middle, forming a "V" with Carpenter's motionless and wrecked frame nestled in the midst of twisted steel.]

GM: BRIAN LAU SAVES WES TAYLOR... AND ISAIAH CARPENTER PAYS THE PRICE FOR IT!

[Cut to the ring where Pedro Perez is staring, slack-jawed, at his fallen partner...

...and then his gaze drifts over onto Brian Lau who is responsible for it.]

GM: Oh no...

BW: Run Brian!

[Lau attempts to do just that, running around the ringpost, ready to make a break for it but Pedro Perez is too fast for him, cutting him off. He throws him under the ropes, climbing in after him...]

GM: Perez has got Lau in the ring!

BW: Who's gonna help him?! Taylor's down! James is down! Donovan's down!

[As a dazed Wade Walker gets back to his feet, he spots Carpenter's motionless form as well. He turns to Perez who points to Lau, nodding his head.]

BW: This might be a mistake, Gordo! They're taking the time to go after Lau - and I get it, I do! Lau hurt their buddy! He hurt their partner! But beating up Brian Lau doesn't win this match!

GM: You're right, Bucky, but the Dogs of War are beside themselves with anger over what Brian Lau just did!

[Perez hangs on to Lau as Walker bails out of the ring...

...and angrily kicks over the ringsteps, breaking the staircase away from the base of it. The crowd begins to buzz with anticipation as Walker grabs the base, powering it over his head and tossing it into the ring.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: They did this to Alex Martinez last year! From one Hall of Famer to another!

GM: Walker back in, positioning that base near the corner...

[Perez grins at Lau who is now pleading with them to stop...

...but the twisted Perez shoves Lau over to Wade Walker who throws him down to the mat, leaning down to grab his legs in wheelbarrow position.]

GM: Oh my stars... Brian Lau is helpless!

[Lau's face is pressed down against the canvas as Walker gets set to lift him up. Pedro Perez hops up to the middle rope, ready to strike...]

GM: Brian Lau needs- NO!

[Walker lifts Lau into the air, he swings him back down, bouncing his face off the steel steps base!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst down on the steel!

[Perez stands up on the second rope, a huge grin on his face as he raises his arms over his head...]

GM: Perez on the second rope! Lau at his mercy!

[The Dog of War slowly turns his arms down, twisting his fingers into pistols, pointing them at the prone Lau...]

“TIME TO DIE!”

[But before he can leap, the crowd ERUPTS into cheers! The camera cuts to the aisle where “Blackheart” Casey James and Tiger Claw are sprinting down the aisle towards the ring, diving headfirst under the ropes into the ring!]

GM: JAMES! CLAW! THE SYNDICATE IS COMING TO SAVE THEIR FRIEND!

[Claw is the first one there, popping to his feet as Wade Walker lets Lau go, turning to confront him. The most dangerous man in the history of the sport runs towards Walker, ducking a wild haymaker, leaping to the second rope in one motion, and snapping off a step-up enzuigiri on the back of Perez’ head, sending him flipping off the top rope and down onto the metal base as Lau slumps to the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Wade Walker spins, coming for Claw who catches him coming in with a right-left combo followed by a leaping kneestrike that pops him on the chin. The knee spins him around towards Casey James...

...who barrels him over with a three-point stance clothesline!]

GM: OHHHH MY! BLACK MASS CLOTHESLINE TAKES DOWN WADE WALKER!

[Casey James is fuming mad as he shoves his friend in the chest, pointing down at the laid out Perez. Claw gives a nod, backing to the corner as the crowd continues to roar!]

GM: The Syndicate has arrived and the Dogs of War are gonna pay for putting their hands on Brian Lau!

[Claw hops up to the second rope, waving his arms up in the air as the crowd gets louder. James grabs Perez by the legs, pulling him into wheelbarrow position.]

GM: Oh my! We know what’s coming next, fans!

[The Blackheart powers Perez up into the air as Claw leaps off the second rope, hooking a three-quarter nelson...

...and DRIVES Perez’ skull down onto the steel step base!]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SYNDICUTTER! SYNDICUTTER!

[Claw pops up to his feet, looking down with disdain at Pedro Perez as Casey James throws his arms apart in a “it’s over!” gesture. Claw rolls Perez from the ring with his foot, taking out the trash as the two men exit the ring, checking on Brian Lau who has rolled out to the floor.]

GM: James and Claw checking on Lau...

[A bloodied Brian James approaches, placing a thankful hand on the backs of his father and his teacher...

...and then gives a nod towards the back. Casey James gives his son a hard, long look... and then nods in response, slinging Brian Lau over his shoulder.]

GM: Brian James is telling his father and his teacher to get Lau out of here! He wants to end this fight himself!

BW: Wow! Brian James turning down the aid of TWO members of the Hall of Fame! This is a Street Fight! If they wanted to help beat the Dogs into a pulp, it'd be totally legal!

GM: Fans, Isaiah Carpenter is down and out! Pedro Perez... he's down and likely out as well! That means that Wade Walker is all alone against the James Gang!

[James pulls himself up on the apron, staring into the ring as Wade Walker slowly staggers up to his feet, looking at him. And with a silent gesture from James, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan take up flanking positions on the other sides of the ring.]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: Divide and conquer! Divide and conquer!

GM: They've done exactly what you said they had to do! Wade Walker is the last man standing! Wade Walker is the last member of the Dogs of War on his feet and-

[Walker looks at Taylor... and flashes him a middle finger.]

GM: Oh brother.

[The defiant powerhouse of the Dogs of War turns towards Tony Donovan, doing the same thing to him. Donovan grins in response as the crowd cheers.]

BW: This is bad, Gordo.

GM: Tell me about it.

[And Walker finally turns to Brian James, the confrontation that started this war...

...and spits right in his eye! The crowd howls with surprise as James recoils!]

GM: Oh... my... god.

BW: Wade Walker isn't backing down! He won't go down without a fight! He wants this fight, damn it! He says bring it the hell on and let's see who's the last man standing!

[Wes Taylor ducks through the ropes first, rushing towards Walker who blocks a right hand before uncoiling one of his own to the jaw of the young rookie!]

GM: What a shot by Walker!

[Two more back Taylor against the ropes as Walker lays in the heavy striking...

...but Tony Donovan rushes in from behind, putting a knee up into the lower back. He lands two forearms to the ear, spinning Walker back against the ropes as Taylor grabs an arm and he grabs the other.]

GM: The James Gang shoots him in... double clothesli-

[Walker raises his arms, running right through the clothesline attempt to hit the far ropes. He rebounds off the far side, leaping into the air to SMASH a Superman punch into the jaw of Taylor, sending him spinning away!]

GM: Leaping right hand by Walker!

[The former collegiate football player spins around, waving Donovan towards him. The third generation grappler charges him...

...and Walker lifts him right up off the mat, defiantly throwing him down in a standing spinebuster. He shouts at the downed Donovan, smashing a fist into his chest as the crowd ROARS for the one-man show of Wade Walker!]

GM: WALKER IS TAKING THE JAMES GANG APART!

[A fuming Brian James stands on the apron, staring at Walker who turns to face him again. Walker points at James... then jerks a thumb at himself...]

GM: Wade Walker is saying it's between the two of them! And listen to this crowd at Minute Maid Park! Incredible!

[The bloodied James steps through the ropes, stalking towards the center of the ring where he presses his forehead up against Walker's. The two stand in the center, breathing heavily, trash-talking one another off-mic - the very picture of intensity as the crowd roars.]

GM: This is it! This is the end of the line!

[James pulls back first, throwing a right hand that causes Walker to stumble back a step before he returns fire with a haymaker of his own that knocks James back a step!]

GM: They trade right hands!

[James steps forward again, this time a blur of motion as he goes downstairs with a series of quick rights and lefts to the body. The blows cause Walker to double up as James steps back, snapping off a vicious standing axe kick to the back of the neck, knocking Walker down on his chest to a big reaction.]

GM: Wow!

BW: Tiger Claw's gotta be proud of that kid right now!

GM: James moving incredibly fast for a man of his size... to the ropes...

[For the second time in the match, James looks to stomp the back of Walker's head into the canvas. Walker pushes up to all fours as James steps off the broad back, giving himself extra height...

...but Walker keeps coming up, catching a flying Brian James, and DRIVING him down with a thunderous powerbomb. He stays in the jackknife cradle, leaning all his weight on the stacked-up legs!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But with a sudden twitch, James kicks out!]

GM: My stars! How close was that?!

[Wade Walker pushes to his knees, the very image of frustration as he buries his face in his arms for a moment. The crowd is still buzzing over the near fall as Walker gets to his feet...

...and drags a thumb across his throat to a big reaction!]

GM: Walker looking to finish it... dragging James off the mat...

[He yanks the son of the Blackheart into a standing headscissors, reaching down to hook his arms around the body...]

GM: He's going for another powerbomb!

[Walker lifts the 295 pound James up into the air with relative ease, holding him up on his shoulders...

...and charges across the ring, HURLING James through the air, throwing him violently into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BUCKLE BOMB!!

[James loops his arms around the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as Walker steps back...

...and picks up the steel steps base!]

GM: Oh my god! What's he going to do with that?!

[Holding the metal base across his chest, Walker races across the ring with it, looking to avalanche James with the steel...]

GM: AVALANCH-

[...but James leans back, lashing out with a right hand. Yes, he punched the steel. More specifically, he Blackheart Punched the steel. It's not smart but it's effective as the blow sends Walker falling back, the metal on top of him, pinning him to the canvas.]

GM: WALKER'S DOWN! WALKER'S GOT THE STEPS ON TOP OF HIM!

[Brian James jumps up to the second rope, looks around...

...and then leaps into the air, tucking one leg up...]

GM: KNEEDROP!

[And a crushing 295 pound kneedrop lands on Walker!]

BW: GOLDEN TIGER STRIKE! One of Tiger Claw's signature moves!

[Shoving the steel aside, James applies a lateral press, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What in the...?

BW: He kicked out!

GM: I can't believe it! Wade Walker showing heart like we've never seen! He refuses to let it happen! He refuses to let the streak be broken! He refuses to let what appeared to be the inevitable moments ago happen!

[The son of the Blackheart stares in disbelief at the official through his crimson mask. He cradles his hand in his arms, obviously having hurt it with the ill-advised Blackheart Punch to the steel.]

GM: James is hurt! James is in shock! James has no idea what in the world just happened!

BW: Wade Walker is trying to get up... the son of a... he's trying to get up!

[James climbs to his feet, looking down at Walker as he crawls onto the metal base, trying to push up to his feet, staring up at James who looks down at him...

...and then twists his hurting fingers into that of a pistol. He grimaces as he does it...]

"Time... to die."

[James twists around, rushing to the ropes, rebounding back, leaping into the air, planting his foot on the back of Walker's head...

...and STOMPS his face down into the solid steel staircase base!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it.

BW: Curbstomped Wade Walker straight to hell!

[James flips Walker off the steps onto his back, diving across as he hooks both legs...]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd goes silent for a moment, in shock at what they've just seen.]

GM: They did it! The streak is dead! The Dogs of War have fallen to the James Gang!

BW: Incredible!

GM: The Dogs of War walked into Houston, Texas undefeated any time they came into the ring together... but tonight, Brian James, Wes Taylor, and Tony Donovan have changed all of that.

[Slowly, the crowd starts to come around as Brian James rises to his feet, his upper body covered in crimson - a mix of the real thing and the "blood" dropped on him during his entrance. He raises his arms in the air, closing his eyes as he listens to the mixed response from the Houston crowd.]

GM: History has been made here tonight at SuperClash! History has been made! The James Gang has done the unthinkable and knocked off the Dogs of War in a six man Street Fight!

BW: Alex Martinez couldn't do it. Juan Vasquez couldn't do it. Hannibal Carver couldn't do it. But tonight, the James Gang has done it.

GM: Wade Walker, the last man standing for the Dogs, put up one hell of a fight but he couldn't survive... he couldn't keep it going. The James Gang worked their plan to perfection and... wow.

BW: There are moments that wrestling fans will never forget. Vasquez over Stevie Scott. The WrestleRock beatdown. Ring Wars 3 in Toronto. The Killing Box. This is one of those nights, Gordo... this is one of those moments. The Dogs of War, undefeated since the day they stepped foot in this business as a unit, have fallen at long last. The King is dead... long live the King.

GM: Wes Taylor coming back in now, bringing his partner Tony Donovan with him. They weren't there at the end when it was won but make no mistake, this would not have happened without them. They were the ones who took Isaiah Carpenter out of a large portion of the match to begin with.

BW: Absolutely. Taylor embracing Brian James... Donovan can't believe it. This is the biggest win of their lives as well. Just one year ago, Tony Donovan was here fighting his own father in a match that a lot of people thought was a joke. Wes Taylor was right there with his friend when it was over... but a year later, they've made history alongside Brian James.

GM: And don't forget Brian Lau. The mastermind behind it all.

BW: This is as much his win as it is any of theirs.

GM: Indeed.

[The camera pulls back as James, Taylor, and Donovan stand in the center of the ring, hands raised in triumph as the fans give a mixed reaction to them.]

GM: Another incredible moment here at SuperClash and the crazy thing is, Bucky, we've still got five more matches to go here tonight.

BW: That's right. Two more title matches... the Legends Royale... that hate-filled Towel Match... and Johnny Detson taking on Calisto Dufresne.

GM: That one is coming up next for us here in Houston but before we get to that, let's head back to our own Sweet Lou Blackwell who might have his biggest guest of the night! Lou?

[We crossfade from the shot of the triumphant James Gang backstage to where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: History has been made here in Houston! Already a historic night with one title changing hands... an undefeated streak coming to an end and so much more but now, let's make one more piece of history. In the time that I've been working here in the AWA, one of the most popular questions I've gotten from fans all over the world is "When?" "When, Sweet Lou Blackwell, will the AWA Talent Relations department get off their hindquarters and bring the Titan to the United States?" The time for waiting is over! Ladies and gentlemen, the newest member of the American Wrestling Alliance is the one and the only... TORIN THE TITAN! Come on in here, big guy...

[The camera noticeably zooms back to accommodate Sweet Lou's guest as the wonder known as Torin The Titan walks into view, a giant-sized smile on his face. Torin is a giant. Literally. Medically. In every sense of the world. His arms -

contained in a bright yellow dress shirt and a brown sportscoat - are long and powerful. His legs in a pair of tan slacks are like tree trunks. His tremendous head of curly hair is Hamilton Graham worthy... and ahh, that smile. The smile that could light up the darkest of rooms. He puts a heavy hand on Sweet Lou's shoulder, causing the announcer's knees to buckle.]

SLB: Easy there, big man...

[Torin laughs, a mighty deep bellowing chuckle... almost Santa Claus-esque with a noticeable "HO HO HO!" When he speaks, there's a heavy French accent - almost making him difficult to understand at times. When you add in some broken English, it gets even tougher.]

TTT: Sorry, Lou... sorry. Sometimes... the Titan too strong.

[He chuckles again as Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Too strong indeed. Well, Torin... I've gotta say that's a great honor and pleasure to have you here in the United States... and especially here in the AWA! You know, the people here - the fans - are so excited to see you in action.

[Torin smiles.]

TTT: Thank you, Lou... I appreciate that. I looking forward to see them too.

SLB: Torin, it's been a long time since promoters all over the United States have been trying to get you here but you seemed happy to wrestle only in Japan... in Europe. What's taken so long to get you to the good ol' US of A?

[Torin nods as he listens intently.]

TTT: Your people have saying, Lou. Home is where heart is?

[Blackwell nods. Torin nods again, placing a massive hand over his likely massive heart.]

TTT: My heart and home in France. My heart and home with my family... with my friends in France. It was hard to leave, Lou. But Izumi-san says America is... land of opportunity?

[Torin smiles.]

SLB: The land of opportunity? And what kind of opportunity is that you're looking for? Money? Fame? Titles?

[Torin shakes his head.]

TTT: Opportunity to thank American fans for their support. Torin gets cards, letters... "please come to America, Torin!" HO!

[The sharp chuckle seems to surprise Blackwell who jumps.]

TTT: Now I here. You waited long time to see Torin... Torin not disappoint you.

SLB: Alright, now I'm told you just signed your AWA contract today - an exclusive contract that says you are able to compete all over the world at your pleasure... but when you do come to the United States to compete, it'll be right here in the AWA... is that right?

[Torin nods.]

TTT: AWA people have been very fair. Very generous.

[He places his hands on his massive stomach.]

TTT: Torin very happy and excited to get in ring.

[Blackwell chuckles.]

SLB: Easy there, Torin! We've got enough excitement going on tonight. We don't need you running down to the ring and getting involved!

TTT: HO! HO! No, no... Torin just a fan tonight.

SLB: A fan? Who in the AWA are you a fan of?

[Torin lifts a hand, rubbing his massive chin.]

TTT: Hmmm. Torin has known Lynches many years... big fan.

SLB: Uh huh. Who else?

[Torin seems to be thinking and then snaps his fingers.]

TTT: AH! Martinez... young Martinez.

SLB: You like the World Champion?

TTT: Yes, yes. He not big like Torin here...

[Torin gestures up and down to indicate his whole body.]

TTT: ...but here, yes.

[He pats his heart again.]

SLB: I think Ryan Martinez will be very happy to hear that. Torin, it was a great pleasure having you here and we can't wait to see-

[Suddenly, a loud, obnoxious voice calls out from off-camera.]

"Blackwell, you fat-headed toad, don't you dare wrap up yet!"

SLB: I know that voi...

[Blackwell turns, his eyes going wide.]

SLB: BRYSON PAGE?!

[Bryson Page walks into view - a familiar face to diehard fans - but to those unfamiliar fans, he walks with a swagger of someone twice his size... which is good since he's under six foot and a hair over 200 pounds. He would never win a bodybuilding contest - slender as a rail. But he's got a toughness about him. If you can get past the smirk that makes you want to punch him in the mouth repeatedly, you can tell he probably is good in a fight. His brown hair is cut in a bowl style, mussed up as he walks in. His most notable feature is a pretty nasty scar running from his left eye to his ear. He's wearing a plain white t-shirt and a dark red and blue Scottish kilt.]

BP: "BRYSON PAGE?! BRYSON PAGE?!"

[Page does a high-pitched imitation of Blackwell, drawing the interviewer's instant irritation.]

BP: Of course it's me, you noodle-headed jackanape... who else would it be? Blackwell, you stand there and hold the mic and don't do anything dangerous like talking now, you hear me? They said it's the biggest show of the year! They said it's SuperClash! They said if you're anyone in this business you'll be there!

You know something, Blackwell... Bryson Page isn't anyone in this business... Bryson Page is EVERYONE in this business.

But I had no invitation - no, no, no...

[Page is facing the camera now, like no one else is even there. Like there's not a giant standing next to him.]

BP: I had no gilded invite with gold lettering done by one of them fancy writing dames. You know who had one, Blackwell?

[Blackwell lifts the mic to respond but Page places a finger over his lips.]

BP: No, no... don't strain yourself. I'll tell you who got one. Alex Martinez! He got one! He got one to sit out there with a girl half his age who used to hang out with Barney so I can understand why she's dating Martinez now.

[Page throws his arms up like a T-Rex, bouncing around with a silly cartoon style accent.]

BP: "I love you, you love me..." They got an invite... you know who else did? Blackjack Lynch. Blackjack Lynch got an invite and I was so surprised because the last time they rolled a dead body out for a bunch of people to stand around, Stalin said thank you very much!

[Page looks at Blackwell whose jaw has dropped.]

BP: Catching flies? Speak, Blackwell... speak... good boy.

SLB: Blackjack Lynch isn't dead!

BP: No? Are you sure? Then what's that smell in the building tonight...

[Page throws a glance at Torin who is silently staring at him. Page leans closer, taking a sniff. Under his breath, he remarks as he turns away...]

BP: Smells like a half box of wine and a case of rotten Brie.

[He turns back towards Torin.]

BP: Fee fi fo fum, I smell the booze on the breath of a Frenchman! Tell me something, Mr. Titan... you got invited to SuperClash, didjanot?

[Torin nods.]

BP: Uh huh. And I think I heard you say you got a contract here for the A-Dubba-A... didjanot?

[Torin nods.]

BP: Uh huh. And Blackwell, I assume they pay you to stand there and look ridiculous?

[Blackwell glares without responding.]

BP: Uh huh. So, the way that I look at it... the only one who isn't getting paid right now to tell these people who's who and what's what and where's where is yours truly, does that sound about right?

[Blackwell and Torin nod together.]

BP: Ahh, the sounds of silence. Well, I'll tell ya somethin' right now, dumb and dumber, that's gonna change! You get me Landon O'Neill, Jim Watskin, Karl O'Connor... O'Connor, O'Neill... whole lot of Irishmen around this place, eh? But that's okay... that's okay! You tell them or whoever else they've put in charge of this joint this week and you tell them that I just saved their job. Because instead of putting Hannibal Carver out there tonight and hoping he draws more fans than his blood alcohol content number... instead of putting Ryan Martinez out there and hoping the soccer moms don't switch over to Downton Abbey on their iPads... they can send me out there to save the day.

"The Savior" Bryson Page...

[He winks at the camera.]

BP: I like the sound of that. Blackwell, it was your pleasure. Titan, don't let Lou here challenge you to a drinking contest... he cheats.

[Page stalks out of view, leaving a shocked Blackwell behind.]

SLB: Back to you, Gordon and Bucky...

[Under his breath, Blackwell tells Torin..]

SLB: I do not cheat!

[...as we fade back to the shot of the Minute Maid Park crowd.]

GM: Poor Lou. What a night it's been for all of us here...

BW: Gordo, your level of excitement is lacking.

GM: For what? I'm very excited to see Torin The Titan in an AWA ring at long last. That man has been a major star in Japan and Europe for years but to finally have him coming to the States EXCLUSIVELY for the AWA is a major coup.

BW: Major coup?! Bryson Page is in the building and he's willing to SAVE US from this Martinez/Carver match!

GM: Only Bryson Page would think that's something we need saved from. I highly doubt he'll find anyone willing to accept that offer. But speaking of offers that someone can't refuse, apparently Johnny Detson got an offer he couldn't refuse when AWA President Landon O'Neill made this match with Calisto Dufresne.

BW: That's right, Gordo. If Johnny wins, he's going to get another shot at either Carver or Martinez for the World Heavyweight Title!

GM: IF he wins. That's a big "if" considering the man who is standing across the ring from him, Calisto Dufresne. The Ladykiller has been a part of the AWA since Day One. He's one of the most decorated competitors in AWA history. He's been a

tag team champion, a National Champion, a Stampede Cup winner, and a World Champion! He's defended both the National and the World Title at this very event! And tonight, 45,000+ fans - for the first time, I might add - will be cheering on Calisto Dufresne as he tries to stop Johnny Detson from getting another shot at the title.

BW: Hey, I've been on the Calisto Dufresne bandwagon longer than anyone but I'm also going to tell you what you already know deep down in your heart, Gordo - nothing... and I mean NOTHING... is going to stand in the way of Johnny Detson getting another shot at that title and WINNING it this time! I guarantee that!

GM: Guarantee, huh? We're about to find out but before we go to the ring, let's go backstage and hear from both competitors!

[We cut backstage, where Calisto Dufresne is standing against a SuperClash backdrop, already clad in his wrestling attire. His long blond hair is pulled back into a tight pony tail framing his hawkish features. He looks unusually focused as he stares into the camera for long moments before finally beginning.]

CD: SuperClash. The biggest night on the calendar. The biggest names in our sport. Where careers are made. And tonight, where one comes to an end.

[Dufresne points a finger at the camera.]

CD: Johnny Detson, you've been trying your hand at this business since I was taking cheerleaders under the bleachers during the Clinton administration. Trying to accomplish this one thing. To finally make it up to the summit of this mountain. But you always seem to fall short. That cesspool in Phoenix that you were the king of doesn't count, either.

I've been doing this half as long and been twice as successful. Stampede Cup winner, tag team champion, National Champion, WORLD champion. The only belt you're familiar with is the one Percy Childe beat you with when you talked back.

[A snort of derision from the Ladykiller.]

CD: And why is it that you seem to fall just short of true success? Because you're impetuous. You're playing checkers and guys like me - the ones that actually make it to the top of the mountain? - we're playing grandmaster-level chess.

I've spent the past year trying to show you the error of your ways. To show you how real success is attained. But you just can't help yourself from making one tactical error after another; the biggest one being when you crossed Calisto Dufresne.

But last time pays for all.

I never wanted to do what I'm about to do to you, Johnny. But I'm going to. Because all I've ever gotten and all I have now... Well, you pay for what you get in this world. And I figure stopping you from getting anywhere near the World Title ought to make me square with the universe.

You pay for what you get and you own what you pay for... And sooner or later, what you own comes back home to you. SuperClash is home to me. I've been outside on the marquee for every single one of these things and don't see that stopping anytime soon.

And greatness, riches, championships, immortality... those are the things I finish paying for tonight and those are the things coming home to me when I put you out to pasture once and for all.

Enjoy your last ride, Johnny.

[With that, Dufresne storms off camera, leaving his words behind him as we fade to another part of the backstage area where Colt Patterson is standing by. Patterson's chest is bare and oiled up under a leopard print vest. Gold chains are hanging down to his navel as he smirks out from under a golden beret. To his right stands Johnny Detson. Detson is dressed to wrestle in his long gold tights and black boots. He is wearing a royal blue sweat jacket zipped up with a golden embroidered Fox logo above the left breast. His hood over his head hiding his face.]

CP: All I have to say is that it took you people long enough! It's the biggest night of the year and the show's halfway done before you put that camera on Colt Patterson and give the world a glimpse of what they came to see...

[Patterson strikes a bicep pose, winking at the camera.]

CP: But I ain't all they came to see, jack... because standing right here with me is the man of the hour, Johnny Detson, and Johnny, there's got to be a lot of thoughts going through your head right now as we all know what's on the line for you. And to get there you have to face what some may have considered an advisor - some even a friend - in Calisto Dufresne.

[Detson slides the hood off his head and shows a smirk plastered on his face.]

JD: Friend?

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: People like Calisto and myself know the downfall of friends. Heck, Supreme Wright just proved it earlier tonight.

[Again, Detson smirks.]

JD: But a former World Champion... former National Champion... former tag champion? Who wouldn't want that advising them in their quest to be World Champion. I remember Calisto Dufresne, I remember what he used to be.

CP: Used to be?

JD: Yeah, Colt. Used to be. There's a lot of formers in those accomplishments but still you'd be a fool not to listen to someone who's been there. But this Calisto Dufresne has never been there.

[Detson simply shakes his head.]

JD: Colt, when I allowed Calisto to stand by my side, I thought it was great. "The Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. The man who blinded City Jack, the man who broke Shane Taylor's arm... the man who crippled James Monosso to take the World title...

[Detson smiles for the briefest of moments before the look turns sour.]

JD: But Colt, I didn't get any of those people. I didn't get "The Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. No, I got Deadweight Dufresne hanging on my neck. He was desperate to remain relevant so he hooked his claws in the most relevant thing in this organization... The Standard, Fox's Favorite Son... future World Champion Johnny

Detson. And he made a lot of false promises to me all so he could bask in my Spotlight, a Spotlight I stole by knocking him out!

[Smirking, Detson continues.]

JD: It's been one let down after another. First, he saddles me with that hack Somers! Then he costs me in Japan. Then he cost me in Dallas. So I did what any person, especially the Ladykiller, would do. I cut ties and moved on. But that wasn't alright for Deadweight because he was going to become the thing he feared the most... irrelevant! So for a third time, for the final time, he cost me the World Heavyweight Championship.

[Detson frowns and holds up three fingers.]

JD: Three times, Calisto. THREE TIMES! The World Heavyweight Championship is around my waist right now if you hadn't been so dreadfully incompetent. I tried to settle it but you keep coming back and now you think you're going to cost me a fourth time?

[Shaking his head, Detson wags a finger.]

JD: I don't think so. You want to be cute and talk about what you've done here and what I was doing then? Why don't you talk about the here and now. Talk about William Craven... talk about Rick Marley... talk about...

[Detson gets a diabolical grin on his face.]

JD: Eric Preston.

[He chuckles without humor, arching an eyebrow at the camera.]

JD: You know what they have in common, Dufresne? They're all people who don't wrestle here anymore... and they're all people that I put out to pasture because that's what I do... I get the job done! But you? What have you done besides disappoint?

[Detson's face starts to get red as he points to the camera.]

JD: AND THEN YOU WANT TO WHAT? Mock me for selling out bingo halls?

[Detson shrugs nonchalantly and nods his head.]

JD: Sure did. Johnny Detson sells out every single place he walks into. Johnny Detson is an event! Johnny Detson is THE event! Bingo Halls, Armories, Arenas... Minute Maid Park...

[Detson trails off as he lets that set in.]

JD: I sell them all out! So I might be small time in your narrow mind but let me tell you something else I am...

[Detson smiles wide.]

JD: ...I'm the guy that used you for every ounce of effectiveness you had left in that body. I drained every ounce of knowledge you had in that head. I played you like a fiddle, and kept you relevant along the way. But not anymore.

[Detson nods and then turns to Colt.]

JD: And Colt, on the way back down to irrelevancy, I get to use Calisto Dufresne one more time. He gets to give me one more thing. The thing I deserve more than anyone else, a shot at the World Heavyweight Title! And after that shot, the reign of Johnny Detson begins and Calisto Dufresne... well, people will remember you...

[Detson glares at the camera.]

JD: ...as something from the past!

[Detson slides his hood back on and storms off towards the ring.]

CP: That's a man on a mission right there in my book. Now let's go back down to my buddy Phil Watson. The floor is yours, jack!

[Patterson strikes another pose, twisting to show off both biceps as we fade to Phil Watson in the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit... and if Johnny Detson wins, he will receive a future opportunity at the World Heavyweight Title!

[Boos pour down for that!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The camera pans over to the entrance area on Tal's Hill. The crowd murmurs in anticipation and suddenly ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" comes blaring through the stadium PA system. For perhaps the first time in history, many in the crowd release a raucous cheer at the sound of this song.]

GM: I never thought I'd see the day where the AWA faithful were excited to see this man, Bucky!

BW: This is so wrong. On so many levels.

[From the entryway emerges "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne, though not in his usual manner of entry. Dufresne sits atop a litter being carried by four shirtless men. He is clad in the garb of a Roman legionnaire, wearing a large piece of metal chest armor known as a lorica segmentata. In one hand Dufresne carries a centurion helmet with a large red plume and in the other he carries a double-edged gladiator sword with an intricately detailed handle.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne looks dressed for war!

BW: He's going to have one on his hands in a minute, daddy!

[Dufresne turns and points his sword at two of the giant posters featuring past SuperClash main events; SuperClash III where he defended the National Title against Supernova and SuperClash V where he defended the World Title against Dave Bryant. He turns towards the ring and points the sword in that direction and the men carrying the litter begin walking him towards the squared circle.]

GM: This is quite an entrance here tonight, Bucky.

BW: For whatever can be said for what's going wrong in Calisto Dufresne's head right now, nobody can deny that the man is a showman!

[As Dufresne is being carried down the aisle, Phil Watson continues.]

PW: From Avery Island, Louisiana... weighing in at 245 pounds... he is one of the most decorated competitors in AWA history... a former tag team champion... a former winner of the Stampede Cup tournament... a former National Champion... and a former WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

Ladies and gentlemen... he is the Ladykiller...

CAAAAAAAAAALIIIIIIIIISTOOOOOOOOO DUUUUUUFRESNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!

[Another cheer rings out as the litter finally reaches the ring, where it is set down alongside the apron. Dufresne walks directly ahead and climbs through the ropes, his face stoic. He turns back towards the entryway to await Johnny Detson and begins removing the Roman armor, revealing his wrestling garb underneath.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The lights around the stadium dim down as about six spotlights dance throughout the crowd.]

GM: The spotlights are swirling over this sold-out crowd here in Houston, Texas as the crowd waits for the arrival of the man that many believe should be in the Main Event tonight battling for the World Title.

BW: And I'm one of them!

GM: I know you are.

[Suddenly, the 20th Century Fox logo appears on the big screen as the drums kick in for the 20th Century Fox fanfare, blasting throughout the Park.

As the trumpets die down and the spotlights fade with it, we've got a brief moment of darkness before three bursts of pyro fly up from the stage into the Houston night sky to a shocked reaction.

Spotlights kick in again, this time lighting up the smoke near the stage as the familiar guitar licks leading into Led Zeppelin's rock classic "Kashmir" start to play to big jeers.]

PW: From Hollywood, California... weighing in at 248 pounds... he is a former World Champion in his own right as well as a former AWA World Television Champion...

JOHNNNNNNNNYYYYYYYYYYYY DEEEEEEEEEETSONNNNNNNNNNNNNN!

[The most hated man in the entire AWA walks through the smoke to a HUGE roar of jeers from the Houston crowd, standing atop the ramp in his hooded jacket.]

BW: It's not a title match, but it has the same feel to it because if Johnny Detson wins, he gets another World Title shot!

GM: That's right, Bucky. Johnny Detson has spent the better part of a year chasing that elusive title and I don't think he's ready to give it up any time soon.

[Detson stands right before the walkway and throws his hood back behind his head. He gives a quick glance to the crowd to show them his disgust before walking down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: Johnny Detson heading towards the ring where his former ally - his former advisor if you will - awaits him.

BW: Calisto Dufresne showing a lack of the composure we're so used to from him, pacing back and forth... you can tell how badly he wants to get his hands on Johnny Detson here tonight.

GM: Can you blame him after how Detson tossed him aside like a used piece of trash?

BW: I absolutely can not but if Dufresne fights with emotion - he WILL lose this match. He needs to outwrestle Johnny Detson. He needs to outsmart Johnny Detson. And if all else fails, he needs to outCHEAT Johnny Detson... all three things are something he's capable of doing in my estimation, Gordo.

[Upon reaching the ring, Detson steps through the ropes and throws his arms up in the air to the disgust of the crowd. Smirking, he begins to take off his jacket.]

GM: When you talk about motivation for a match like this, Bucky... what's going through the heads of these two competitors?

BW: It's plain and simple, Gordo. For Johnny Detson, there is NOTHING in this business more important than the AWA World Title and he's going to do whatever he has to to get another shot at it. For Calisto Dufresne, he walked through that entrance, looked up at those banners, and realized that two years ago, he was in the Main Event of SuperClash DEFENDING the World Title. For an entire year now, he sacrificed his own career for the betterment of Johnny Detson's. Now, that partnership failed to achieve their goals. Detson will blame Dufresne for that. Dufresne will blame Detson for it. You can blame whoever you want but that's what drives this one. Detson thinks Dufresne is standing between him and the World Title he desperately craves and Dufresne thinks Detson cost him a year of his career with nothing to show for it.

[The two rulebreakers are in the center of the ring, staring each other in the eye as the crowd buzzes with anticipation for this showdown.]

GM: Physically, these two are almost identical. Their histories are spotted with similarities - former World Champions, despised by the people, great technical wrestlers. It's gotta be like looking into a mirror right now...

[Dufresne and Detson trade a few words off-mic as referee Andy Dawson tries to keep them apart...

...but a shove from Detson sends Dufresne stepping back where he glares at Detson, stepping back in to deliver a shove of his own!]

GM: You can feel the tension in the air for this one. The referee's trying to keep them separated but he's not having much luck.

BW: You gotta keep 'em separated.

GM: He's trying, Bucky, but the tempers are running hot and-

[Detson has finally heard enough from Dufresne, reaching back and...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Detson slaps Dufresne!

[And the Ladykiller returns fire by lunging in, taking Detson right off his feet with a double leg takedown. The crowd cheers as Dawson signals for the bell to start the match!]

GM: Here we go! One fall, thirty minutes - a shot at the World Title for Johnny Detson on the line!

[Dufresne is raining down punches from the mount as the official tries to get him to open up his hand. The referee's count gets swiftly to four, causing Dufresne to pull back, glaring at him...]

...which is the window that Detson needs to flip Dufresne over onto his back, taking his chance to hammer down fists of his own!]

GM: And now it's Detson's turn to bring the thunder with those fisticuffs!

[Another four count follows before Detson gets up, backing off as Dufresne scrambles to get his feet under him...]

...and Detson lands a running boot to the ear that sends Dufresne spinning away, falling back into the ropes.]

GM: Nice shot there by Detson!

BW: That's the kind of blow that can really mess with your balance, hitting the ear like that.

[Moving in on Dufresne, Detson turns his back against the ropes, throwing looping blows to the ribcage that has the Ladykiller wincing.]

GM: Detson goes downstairs on the former World Champion and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big knife edge chop goes upstairs!

[Grabbing Dufresne by the arm, Detson goes to whip him across the ring only to get reversed, running towards the ropes himself.]

GM: Detson off the far side...

[Dufresne doubles up, looking for a backdrop but Detson pulls up, delivering a kick to the face, falling back into the ropes as Dufresne wobbles backwards, grabbing his most prized possession... his face.]

GM: Nice counter by Detson...

[With a shout, Detson comes charging across the ring, looking for a clothesline on Dufresne who ducks under, burying a mule kick into the midsection on Detson's rebound.]

GM: Dufresne avoids the clothesline... now to the ropes...

[The former AWA World Champion comes barreling across the ring, hitting the far ropes, rebounding back with a clothesline of his own...]

...but Detson ducks down, backdropping Dufresne over the top. However, Dufresne grabs the top rope, landing on the apron to avoid the hard fall. He reaches back over the top rope, grabbing Detson by the head...]

GM: What's he-?

[...and DROPS off the apron, snapping the back of Detson's neck down on the top rope!]

GM: OHH!

[Detson hits the mat down on all fours as Dufresne slides back in, hooks a three-quarter nelson, and tips Detson over into a pinning predicament.]

GM: One! Two! But that's all!

BW: That quick attempt at a pin just shows how badly Dufresne wants to win this. This isn't about punishing an opponent. It's not about hurting them. It's about winning the match because THAT'S the ultimate way to hurt them.

GM: Dufresne back to his feet... boot to the midsection as Detson tries to get to his...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Knife edge chop connects, sending Detson falling back to the corner...

[Dufresne hops up on the second rope, balling up his right fist and holding it aloft to a mixed reaction from the crowd.]

GM: A lot of fans cheering Calisto Dufresne tonight against Johnny Detson but there's a lot of fans who want no part of the Ladykiller considering his history here in the AWA.

BW: If Dufresne thinks just getting in Johnny Detson's face is going to make him a beloved fan favorite, he's badly mistaken. While I may like the things he's done in the past like taking out City Jack's eye... like helping in the WrestleRock beatdown... these fans don't.

[Dufresne starts throwing fists from the second rope, pounding down on Detson's skull. Enough fans count along to make it audible in Minute Maid Park.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIV-"

[But Detson ducks out from under his former ally's assault...

...and YANKS his legs out from under him, causing Dufresne to fall forward and down, smashing his chin on the top turnbuckle!]

GM: OHH! Hard fall down to the mat for Dufresne thanks to Johnny Detson!

[Down on his knees, Dufresne's face is pressed up against the second turnbuckle as Detson backs off, creating space...

...and then charges back in, kicking Dufresne in the back of the head, smashing his face into the second turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! And now Detson's dragging Dufresne out of the corner, flips him over, and right into a side press for a cover... gets one... he gets two... but that's it as Dufresne slides out the back door.

BW: And right back the other way, Johnny Detson doesn't care about hurting Dufresne. He wants the win. He wants another shot at Martinez or Carver and the World Title. Johnny told me before the show that he wants to be in the Main Event of SuperClash VIII defending the World Title. If he wins tonight to earn that title shot, that's a very real possibility.

[Detson pulls a dazed Dufresne off the mat by long blonde hair, burying a short knee into the midsection. He spins him around, elevating him and dropping him down on a knee with an atomic drop.]

GM: Big atomic drop by Detson... backs to the ropes... and a clothesline to the back of the neck takes Dufresne back down to the canvas!

[Detson stands over Dufresne, arms spread, gesturing to the jeering fans to get louder.]

GM: Johnny Detson - never one to shy away from controversy - is inviting the boos of these fans here in Houston.

BW: And you notice that both men have gone after the neck early on. Dufresne thinking about softening him up for the Wham, Bam, Thank You Ma'am DDT while Detson's gotta be thinking about the Wilde Driver which is the best signature hold in all of wrestling.

GM: Is that right?

BW: Well, it certainly has the best name.

GM: I see... and as Detson stalks a crawling Dufresne across the ring, looking for an opening, you have to wonder if a win for Dufresne here tonight would guarantee him a World Title opportunity as well.

BW: Maybe not guarantee but Johnny Detson has been the Number One Contender for a large chunk of the year so to defeat him on the biggest stage of the year... it would certainly put you in the picture. And look, we're not that far removed from Dufresne being the champ! It was only two years ago at this very event that he defended the title against Dave Bryant. It was only last year at this event when he came up just short to Detson in the Steal The Spotlight match. Dufresne is a few big wins from being right back in the title hunt in my estimation.

[Dufresne grabs the ropes, pulling himself back to his feet as Detson lands a left uppercut to the ribcage. He turns the Ladykiller around, facing the middle of the ring...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Another knife edge chop by Detson!

[Detson grabs the arm, whipping Dufresne across...

...and catching him with a hooking blow to the gut on the rebound, doubling up the Ladykiller. Detson slips in next to him, wrapping him up, and snapping him back with a side Russian legsweep!]

GM: Oh! Great execution on the legsweep, taking Dufresne down... and floats right into a lateral press.

[Again, a two count follows before Dufresne kicks out in time.]

GM: Two count only... and Detson doesn't like that, stomping Dufresne repeatedly...

[The series of stomps forces Dufresne under the bottom rope, causing him to fall off the apron to the floor. Detson stands on the rope, shouting down at the former World Champion.]

GM: Johnny Detson wasting some time here.

BW: Absolutely. He should get out there on the floor and put the boots to him out there.

[Detson hops down off the ropes, walking around the ring, making the "belt gesture" to jeers from the Houston crowd.]

GM: These fans letting Detson know that they have no desire to see him wearing that World Heavyweight Title around his waist.

[Detson steps out on the apron after a lap around the ring, taking aim as Calisto Dufresne pushes up off the floor..

...and Detson leaps off the apron, smashing a forearm down across the back of the neck, sending Dufresne back down to a knee.]

GM: Dufresne goes down hard again... and now they're out on the floor which can't be good news for- well, really either of them.

BW: Absolutely. Both these guys have a mean streak which makes them especially dangerous out on the floor. But with Detson in control right now, I'd say being on the floor makes it bad for Calisto Dufresne.

[Detson pulls Dufresne up by the hair, taunting the Ladykiller before SMASHING his face down into the ring apron.]

GM: Facefirst into the apron right there!

[Dufresne staggers away, leaning against the timekeeper's table as Detson pursues, grabbing the hair again...]

GM: Into the table this time! Look out, Phil Watson!

[The ring announcer and the timekeeper bail out, leaving the table as Detson smashes Dufresne's face into the wooden table a second time.]

BW: Detson's in total control on the floor but he's gotta keep his focus on the referee's count. If he gets counted out here - even if they BOTH get counted out - he'd lose his opportunity to win that World Title shot.

[Detson drags Dufresne off the table, pulling him back towards the ring.]

GM: Detson fires Dufresne under the ropes, putting him back inside the ring. He rolls in after him now.

[Climbing to his feet, Detson pursues Dufresne who is crawling across the ring, trying to create some distance.]

GM: Dufresne needs some time to recover but Detson doesn't want to give it to him, pulling Dufresne to his feet- ohh! Big right hand from Dufresne!

[Two more haymakers follow, staggering Detson as Dufresne tries to fight out from under him...

...when Detson slips a knee up into the midsection of Dufresne, leaving him gasping for air.]

GM: Dufresne was trying to get back on track but Detson cuts him off...

[Detson hooks a front facelock, slinging Dufresne's arm over his neck. He elevates the former World Champion, bringing him crashing down to the canvas with a vertical suplex!]

GM: Big suplex takes down the former World Champion! Detson again rolls into a cover - getting one... getting two... but Dufresne kicks out again.

[Detson grabs a handful of hair, blasting Dufresne between the eyes with a right hand before getting to his feet. He jumps up, stomping the sternum before walking away, doing a lap around the downed Dufresne.]

GM: Johnny Detson taking his time again... not rushing into anything...

[Detson takes aim, dropping his fist down between the eyes, leaving Dufresne down on the mat, kicking his legs.]

GM: Fistdrop... and Detson with a North-South cover...

[Detson gets another two count before Dufresne kicks out.]

GM: Detson continues to try and wear down the Ladykiller... keeps going to the well to try and take away the stamina...

[Dufresne rolls over to his hands and knees, trying to crawl away as Detson gets back to his feet, measuring him...

...and then LEAPS into the air, bringing his knee down on the small of the back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KNEEDROP DOWN ON THE BACK!

[Detson smirks as Dufresne reaches back, cradling his lower back in pain as Detson climbs back to his feet, walking up towards Dufresne's head...

...and leaps again, bringing his knee down on the back of the neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A second kneedrop! This one aimed for the neck! We talked earlier about both men wanting to target the neck - to soften it up for their respective finishing attacks. For Detson, the Wilde Driver... for Dufresne, the DDT.

[With Dufresne flat on his stomach, Detson straddles the back, sitting down on it as he clasps his hands together under the chin, yanking back on it.]

GM: Reverse chinlock applied by Detson.

BW: Look at the pressure on the neck. A simple hold but it's certainly effective, yanking back on the chin. Sitting on the back like this really allows for maximum torque on the neck.

[Detson can be heard shouting "Ask him, ref!" to which Andy Dawson obliges, kneeling down to check to see if Calisto Dufresne wants to submit.]

GM: The Ladykiller tells the referee no - he doesn't want to give up.

BW: It's worth a shot though. Calisto Dufresne gave up his World Title two years ago at SuperClash to Dave Bryant's Iron Crab so he's got a history of it. Johnny Detson, ever a student of the game, knows it too - you can be sure of that.

[Detson clenches his teeth, leaning back a little further, pulling the chin hard.]

GM: Detson slowing things down... allowing himself to catch his breath as well.

[Detson again asks for a check for submission but Dufresne shouts "NOOOOOO!"]

GM: Dufresne still hanging on as Detson tries to put a hurting on that neck... trying to make sure it's softened up when it comes time to put the Wilde Driver on him.

BW: The Wilde Driver doesn't usually need anyone to be softened up but can you imagine how effective it would be if they are?

GM: I certainly can. It'll be lights out for Calisto Dufresne and a quick ticket to a guaranteed World Title opportunity for Johnny Detson.

[Leaning back, Detson causes Dufresne to cry out in pain as Detson stretches out the neck...]

GM: Detson continues to apply pressure... continues to put Dufresne in a bad way... continues to try and isolate and punish the neck and... wait a second!

[The crowd slowly but surely - surprisingly perhaps - starts clapping in rhythm for Calisto Dufresne, encouraging him to escape the hold.]

GM: The fans... I can't believe this is about to come out of my mouth but... the fans are rallying behind Calisto Dufresne!

[Dufresne's eyes pop open upon hearing the cheers, his arms sliding underneath him.]

BW: Wait a second... is this actually WORKING for Dufresne?!

GM: I believe it is! Calisto Dufresne, empowered by the cheers of these fans in Houston, is starting to stir! He's starting to try and get out of this hold!

[Dufresne grits his teeth, pushing down on his arms, forcing himself up enough to get his knees under him as well.]

GM: Dufresne's up on all fours! He's powering out and Detson can't believe it!

[Johnny Detson looks back and forth at the cheering fans, shaking his head as Dufresne reaches back, hooking Detson's legs under his arms...

...and climbs to his feet, holding Detson on his back as the crowd ROARS their approval!]

GM: DUFRESNE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT DETSON UP AND-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

[The crowd ROARS as Dufresne falls back and Detson SLAMS down into the canvas!]

GM: OH YEAH! HE BREAKS THE HOLD!

[Dufresne lifts an arm towards the sky as Detson winces, arching his back in pain as he rolls to his chest, trying to crawl away from Dufresne.]

GM: Both men are down after that impactful counter by Calisto Dufresne, completely turning things around!

BW: Not yet it hasn't! Right now, it's bought him some time! It's bought him an opportunity to recover! But it hasn't turned anything down quite yet!

[Dufresne sits up on the mat, grabbing at the back of his neck as Detson crawls to the ropes.]

GM: You're right, Bucky... even with the big slam, it's Johnny Detson who appears to be on his way to a standing position first.

[Detson uses the ropes to haul himself to his feet, leaning against them as Dufresne rolls to a knee.]

GM: Both men on their way to their feet...

[Detson comes off the ropes, staggering across towards a kneeling Dufresne who buries a right hand into the midsection!]

GM: Dufresne goes downstairs!

[Dufresne gets up, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: The Ladykiller hooks him!

[...but Detson charges him back, slamming him backfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Incredible scouting by Johnny Detson right there! He felt the DDT coming and he got out of it!

[Detson grabs Dufresne by the head, pulling it down...

...and SMASHING a European uppercut up under the chin of Dufresne!]

GM: Oh!

BW: He'll need to check his teeth after that one.

GM: A second uppercut by Detson... grabs the arm...

[An Irish whip sends Dufresne across the ring where he CRASHES into the far turnbuckles, flying into them and then slumping down to a seated position in the corner, leaning against it.]

GM: Wow!

BW: The ring shook on that one!

GM: And Johnny Detson's got Dufresne in some serious trouble right about now... wait a second...

[The crowd jeers as our camera cuts to reveal a very clear shot of Calisto Dufresne untying the top turnbuckle pad, chucking it aside to reveal the steel buckle.]

GM: Johnny Detson just took off the turnbuckle pad! He's exposed that solid steel piece that helps hold the ropes up!

BW: Equipment failure! He's just trying to help the ring crew by taking off that faulty padding!

GM: I don't think so... and now he's heading across the ring. Dufresne's trying to get up off the mat...

[Detson pulls him the rest of the way up, grabbing Dufresne by the arm...]

GM: Another whip...

[And Dufresne's back SLAMS into the steel buckle, causing him to cry out before falling forward, landing facefirst down on the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! His back slammed into that metal piece and that's gotta do some serious damage to the Ladykiller! We're over ten minutes into this battle and Dufresne's in a bad, bad way after hitting the buckle like that, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. His back hit the steel and that'll send a jolt down your spine.

[Detson is all smiles as he struts across the ring, looking down at Dufresne who is trying to push up off the mat...

...and a stiff soccer kick to the ribs flips Dufresne over, sending him rolling under the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: Dufresne knocked to the floor... and Detson's going out after him...

[Detson drops to the floor, immediately putting the boots into the ribcage of Dufresne, the crowd jeering as he does. He leans down, dragging him off the mats by the hair...]

GM: Detson hauls him up to his feet...

[He grabs Dufresne by the arm, taking aim at the barricade...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DUFRESNE SENDS HIM INTO THE STEEL!

[And yes, there's a notable positive crowd reaction at that.]

GM: And THAT might turn things around for the Ladykiller!

[Dufresne slumps to a knee, grabbing at his back as Detson leans against the railing, arms draped over the top of the steel. After a few moments and deep breaths, Dufresne climbs to his feet, stalking forward...]

GM: Big boot to the midsection by Dufresne,,, dragging Detson off the steel...

[And this time, it's Detson who has his face slammed down into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Dufresne BOUNCES his opponent's head off the apron!

[Detson staggers away, trying to create some distance but Dufresne follows behind him, grabbing him by the hair...]

GM: And DOWN into the apron a second time!

[Detson flops up onto the apron, rolling under the ropes as Dufresne climbs up on the apron, many fans cheering as he ducks through the ropes in pursuit.]

GM: Dufresne's coming for him...

[Backing across the ring, the Southern California native ends up in the corner, hands raised as he begs for mercy... but Calisto Dufresne is not about to show him any, reaching back and hammering down with a right hand!]

GM: Big right hands by Dufresne, over and over, pounding him down into the mat!

[Pulling Detson up by the hair, Dufresne winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: You could hear that one down at the Astrodome, fans!

[A few more chops connect, referee Andy Dawson calling for the break as Dufresne grabs the arm...]

GM: Irish whip!

[...and this time, it's Detson who goes steaming towards the corner with the exposed metal buckle. The force of the whip causes Detson to flip forward, somersaulting into the steel!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Detson hits the mat, grabbing at his back, crawling away from the corner as Dufresne stomps out of the corner, looking to pour it on.]

GM: We're closing in on the halfway point of this one as Calisto Dufresne is looking to finish off Johnny Detson and Johnny Detson is looking for the exit!

[Dufresne grabs Detson by the arms, dragging him to the middle of the ring...]

GM: Dufresne pulls him to the middle...

[He leans down, grabbing a leg...

...but a desperate Detson lifts the other leg, kicking Dufresne sharply in the face!]

GM: Oh! He caught him! I don't know what Dufresne was looking for but Detson caught him!

[Planting his foot on the chest, Detson shoves Dufresne backwards, sending him falling into the ropes. Detson scoots forward, sliding into position for a monkey flip with his legs raised in the air...]

GM: Detson sets and-

[But Dufresne pulls up, grabbing the legs under his arms. He shakes his head at Detson who is pleading to be let go...

...and then flips him over onto his stomach in a Boston Crab!]

GM: BOSTON CRAB! BOSTON CRAB LOCKED IN!

BW: Wow! Calisto Dufresne locks him in the very hold that forced Dufresne to submit... to give up his World Title at SuperClash V two years ago in Dallas!

[Detson cries out, clawing at the canvas as Dufresne nods his head, leaning back and putting pressure on the neck, back, and legs of his former ally!]

GM: Dufresne's got it locked on! Detson's trying to get free!

[Referee Andy Dawson drops to a knee, checking on Detson as Dufresne tries to wrench a submission out of him...]

GM: When you see this locked in, you have to wonder if Calisto Dufresne has done some work with it. Did he give up his title two years ago and then decide he was going to master this hold so it would never happen again? Is this Calisto Dufresne trying to conquer the ghosts of SuperClash past?!

[The Ladykiller leans back, shouting "ASK HIM!" Dawson obliges but Detson screams "NO!" while pulling at his own hair.]

GM: Johnny Detson's in serious trouble here, fighting this hold but right now, there's no sign of an escape for him! If he can't get out of this hold, Calisto Dufresne is going to force him to give up his shot at the World Heavyweight Title!

[Detson screams in agony as he digs his fingers into the canvas, trying to drag himself across the ring towards the ropes.]

GM: Detson's making his move! Detson's trying to get across the ring and get to those ropes!

[Detson continues to belly crawl across the ring, using his arm strength to drag himself on the canvas, getting closer to the ropes but still out of reach.]

GM: Detson can't quite get there! He's trying but Dufresne's hanging on, wrenching the back... putting so much pressure on it with this submission hold!

BW: Detson just needs to hang on long enough to get to the ropes!

GM: But can he do that? Can he manage to do that?

[The fans are roaring now with encouragement for Calisto Dufresne, trying to urge him into forcing Detson to submit as Detson tries to get himself just a little bit closer...]

BW: He's almost there!

GM: Almost doesn't count! He can't get to the ropes... he can't break the hold!

[And with one last scoot and stretch, Detson reaches out...

...and wraps his fingers around the bottom rope!]

GM: He made it!

[The referee starts a five count, ordering Dufresne to break the hold!]

BW: Break the hold!

GM: The referee is counting! Dufresne better be paying attention because if he reaches five, the match is over!

[The referee's count reaches four and change when Dufresne lets go, raising his arms.]

BW: Of course he waited til four and a half. Who could expect anything else from the Ladykiller?

GM: Johnny Detson escapes the hold but was the damage already done?

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

[Detson rolls to his hip, holding his lower back as Dufresne walks around the ring, considering his options.]

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit. Fifteen minutes remaining for Calisto Dufresne and Johnny Detson who are battling over a future World Title shot for Johnny Detson!

[The Hollywood native uses the ropes to drag himself closer, leaning against them as Dufresne moves back towards him...

...and leans down, grabbing the feet!]

GM: Uh oh!

[Detson is begging off, shaking his head, grabbing the middle rope with both hands...

...and Dufresne lifts him by the legs, giving a yank that sends Detson flying into the air and crashing down on his back again!]

GM: Dufresne pulls him away from the ropes... and he's going for it again!

[But as Dufresne leans over to get a grip on the thighs, Detson responds by raking his fingers across the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! Detson goes to the eyes!

[Detson scrambles up off the canvas, yanking Dufresne into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second!

[...but Dufresne yanks the legs out from under Detson, countering the Wilde Driver by flipping into a double leg cradle!]

GM: CRADLE!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WOW! DUFRESNE ALMOST GOT HIM RIGHT THERE!

[With the cradle broken, both men try to scramble to their feet, each looking to get there first.]

GM: Dufresne's up first... goes downstairs with the boot!

[Dufresne pulls Detson into a front facelock - a surge of excitement rippling through the crowd in anticipation... but again, Detson charges backwards, trying to drive him into the corner. However, Dufresne spins at the last moment, shoving Detson back into the corner...]

GM: Oh! Nice standing switch... right hand... another... another...

[The crowd gets louder as Dufresne rains down blows on Detson, hammering down over and over and over...]

GM: Dufresne's trying to beat him into the mat!

[The referee steps in, warning the Ladykiller...]

GM: The referee's telling him to back off but Dufresne's not listening!

[The crowd is roaring as Dufresne pounds Detson repeatedly with a closed right hand...]

...until a desperate Andy Dawson reaches in, hooking the arm to prevent another blow!]

GM: The ref hooks the arm and-

[Detson pushes out of the corner, swinging his knee up into the groin!]

GM: OH! THAT WAS A LOW BLOW!

BW: Ref didn't see it!

GM: _I_ SAW IT!

[Dufresne crumples over, grabbing his groin as Detson steps into a standing headscissors, hooking one arm... hooking the other...]

...and leaps up, DRIVING Dufresne's face into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WILDE DRIVER!

[Detson flips Dufresne to his back, diving across his chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! Oh, come on!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: DETSON WINS! DETSON WINS! DETSON-

GM: Oh, would you knock it off!

BW: Testy, testy, Gordo.

GM: It's quite obvious that Johnny Detson won but what was also obvious is that he used a low blow to do it!

BW: The referee didn't see it so that means it didn't happen! But what did happen is Johnny Detson scored the one-two-three in the middle of the ring which means he's got a World Title shot - a guaranteed shot at either Martinez or Carver - in his

back pocket to use at some point down the road. This man WILL be the World Champion in 2016 - I guarantee it, Gordo!

[Detson is on his feet now, hand being raised by the referee as he grins broadly.]

GM: Boy, he sure is happy with himself.

BW: Of course he is! He's one win away from being the World Champion! And now the opportunity to get that win could come at any time. Johnny Detson's in position to be the kingpin of the AWA and you can't stand the idea of that!

GM: Ryan Martinez has held that title for a year with pride and dignity. Hannibal Carver - I might not agree with all of his actions but I can respect him as a competitor and know he'd be a fine World Champion as well... but this guy?!

BW: You can love it or you can hate it, Gordo... but you might want to get used to the idea of Johnny Detson, AWA World Champion! Haha!

GM: Oh, brother... let's get out of here. Fans, we're going backstage where we're going to hear from World Tag Team Champions Violence Unlimited and their challengers in this rematch from a year ago, Air Strike!

[The scene fades into an extreme close-up of Jackson Haynes' ugly mug staring you in the face. The man from Moscow, Tennessee, is wearing his tri-cornered floppy cowboy hat and his face is a gritty, unshaven mess. He speaks in a low tone, oddly calm for his usually volatile self.]

JH: Ya' would think having these titles 'round our waists would mean a damn thing. Ya' would think pinnin'em clean as a sheet in the middle of the ring in Japan would've told ya' all ya' needed to know...

[His bloodshot eyes open wide and he grits his teeth, his voice growing with intensity.]

JH: But I've been hearin' it for 'bout a year now...

"Which is the best tag team in the world? Air Strike...

...or Violence Unlimited?"

[He's getting more worked up by the second.]

JH: The fact that it's even a question...the fact that there's even a shred of doubt? That burns me up inside like nothing's ever had! Has the whole dang world gone loco!?!]

[Haynes backs up, whipping his hat off and tossing it down onto the ground in frustration before looking back up with the same crazed, wide-eyed look as before.]

JH: I can't stand it, Danny...I JUST CAN'T! IT'S THE STUPIDEST DAMN THING I'VE HEARD IN MY LIFE!

[We see Danny Morton, dressed in his trademark red boxer's robe and wearing his half of the AWA World Tag Team titles around his waist, putting his hands up, trying to calm Haynes down.]

DM: Woah there, Jack! Settle down! 'Cause tonight's a night that's been one year in the making! Tonight, we settle all scores! Tonight?

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT AIR STRIKE GETS WIPED OFF THE FACE OF THE FREAKIN' PLANET!!!

[Morton slaps his face repeatedly, trying to fire himself up.]

DM: AHHHHH!!!

[He shoves Haynes hard in the chest.]

DM: Tonight we're gonna' fight'em, Jack! We're gonna' smash'em! We're gonna' pound'em! We're gonna' beat'em 'til there's no more questions!

AND JUST ONE SIMPLE ANSWER!!!

[He turns to the camera, holding up one finger.]

DM: The greatest tag team in the world?

[And then he turns the finger to point towards his chest.]

DM: You're looking right at'em!

JH: 'Yer damn right 'bout that, Danny!

[Haynes grabs Morton by the shoulder, swinging him around to face him.]

JH: How many years have we been rulin' the world of tag team wrasslin', Danny?

DM: About twice as long as Cody Mertz has been able to grow that peach fuzz he calls facial hair!

JH: How many teams have tried to take the crown as greatest tag team in the world away from us and failed, Danny?

DM: Too many to count!

JH: And Air Strike ain't gonna' be any different! Tonight, we rectify the mistake from one year ago! Tonight, we show the world just how far and wide the distance 'tween the BEST tag team in the world and...

...Air Strike really is.

[Grabbing his hat off the ground, Haynes dusts it off and smashes it back down atop his head.]

JH: I remember last year, Cody Mertz came out here full of fire, piss and vinegar...he was shoutin' it to the world that this was...

[Haynes makes air quotes and mocks Mertz by speaking in a whiny, sing-songy voice.]

JH: "OUR ring."

[An unsettling smile forms on Hayne's face.]

JH: Maybe so, boy...maybe so. Ya' actually pinned Danny's shoulders to that mat. Biggest shock of my life right next to the time Blackjack Lynch cut me a check that wasn't post-dated! On that Thanksgivin' night, the ring most certainly did belong to you, Air Strike. It was in fact, YOUR ring.

[He chuckles.]

JH: But I want you to know something, Mertz.

[Haynes points to the AWA World Tag Team title around his waist and then to the one around Morton's.]

JH: These are OUR titles.

[He spreads his arms out wide.]

JH: This is OUR world.

And the only way you're steppin' outta' Houston as the greatest tag team in all of professional wrasslin'?

[Morton sticks his face in front of Haynes.]

DM: Is over OUR dead bodies!

[Haynes nods approvingly.]

JH: We'll see ya' in "your" ring, boys.

[Fade out from the live shot to footage marked "PREVIOUSLY RECORDED." That particular piece of footage opens in the locker room area where the two members of Air Strike are getting ready for the match later tonight. We see Cody Mertz putting one of his boots on as Michael Aarons is sitting on a bench wrapping tape around his wrist.]

MA: The time for talk is over. We could go out there and finds Stegs, have him ask all the important questions.

[Aarons shakes his head.]

MA: No need. We know all the questions, more importantly we know all the answers. It's time once and for all to shut up and show up. Danny, Jackson we have us a bit of a problem. Each team thinks they're better than the other.

[Aarons laughs.]

MA: Lucky for us we have the perfect place to prove the other wrong.

[Mertz walks over and places a hand on the shoulder of Aarons.]

CM: It's just one big 360 with the four of us. We just keep spinning. It seems like yesterday we were in Madison Square Garden wrestling to be Dual Champions of two federations. Chasing you through Japan, getting attacked from behind, and trying to prove just who the best is.

[Mertz shrugs.]

CM: Stampede Cup champions versus the AWA World Tag Team Champions, one more time to see who the very best in the World is. Maybe this time, this final time, you'll stop looking past us and start looking at us.

MA: Because you see Danny and Jackson, you're big, you're bad, you've thrown us from pillar to post and you have those shiny gold belts. But we keep coming.

[Aarons taps his heart.]

MA: You've taken advantage of us at almost every single turn, stole a match, stole our title shots, stole OUR belts, but yet we keep coming.

{Aarons taps his heart again.}

MA: Every person in the wrestling world can call us crazy and think we're stupid for climbing in the ring with you not just once but three times, but we'll keep coming.

[Aarons taps his heart again.]

MA: This is what we do. This is what we love. So no matter what, if it comes down to proving who's the best we'll keep coming.

[Aarons stands and exchanges a fist bump with his partner.]

MA: Because we are the high-flying...

[Mertz jumps in.]

CM: ...we are the death defying...

MA: ...we are the tag team title reacquiring...

CM: ...never dying...

MA: ...Teenage Dream Team... we are Air Strike. And we say those two words mean the best in professional wrestling. It's time to shut up and show up. Danny? Jackson? See you out there!

[We fade from the pre-recorded footage to a panning shot of the capacity crowd jammed into Minute Maid Park. A bell sounds before Phil Watson begins to speak.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and it is for the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM TITLES!

[Big cheer!]

PW: And now... the special guest referee...

[Watson goes quiet, letting the pregnant pause cause the crowd to buzz with anticipation...

...and then the sounds of Chet Atkins' "Classical Gas" fills the air to a HUGE CHEER from the AWA faithful!]

PW: CITY JACK!

[One-half of the first AWA National Tag Team Champions comes striding into view, saluting the cheering fans with a big grin on his face. He does a little bow before he starts walking down the aisle in a black and white striped t-shirt that clings to his ample belly.]

GM: City Jack is the special guest referee for this one! How about that, Bucky?

BW: He looks too fat to even get down to count!

GM: BUCKY!

BW: Plus, he's only got one eye. You know how easy it is to cheat a one-eyed man?!

GM: I'm not surprised to learn that you do.

[City Jack climbs in, again giving the fans a little wave as his music fades and Phil Watson takes over again.]

PW: Introducing first... they are the challengers... at a total combined weight of 420 pounds... they are former AWA World Tag Team Champions... former Global Tag Crown Champions... the very first Double Crown Champions... and the 2015 Stampede Cup Champions...

MICHAEL AARONS... CODY MERTZ...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAIIIIIIIRRRRRRR STRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIKE!

[The opening to Macklemore and Ryan Lewis' pop hit "Can't Hold Us" starts up over the PA system to a DEAFENING ROAR from the AWA Faithful. The fans are chanting and yelling for the most popular tag team in the entire American Wrestling Alliance...

...but with the squealing of the music and the flickering of the lights to black, the crowd begins to buzz in confusion.]

GM: I don't... are we still on? Fans, it appears as though we may be having some kind of technical difficulties. Bear with us as we-

[But Myers is cut off by a single wide spotlight shining down on the ring, cutting through the darkness to illuminate it. There's a momentary pause before the big screen lights up showing what appears to be a live aerial view of the darkened arena with the single light shining. The crowd cheers in recognition as the sounds of radio communication are heard.

Just as suddenly as the image of the stadium appeared, it begins to pull back, making the ring further and further away...

Soon, the arena is nothing but a small dot on the screen...

Soon, the entire state of Texan can be seen... then the United States... then North America... then the Western Hemisphere... And then?

Darkness.

Space. The shot slowly turns towards the black abyss of space.

The camera slowly pans towards a shot of a moon.

But that's no moon, that's a space station.

The International Space Station to be exact.

The shot moves closer and closer and soon we are inside where a Caucasian male in a blue NASA jump suit is smiling at the camera floating upside down.]

GM: Oh my! That's Scott Kelly! He's been at the International Space Station since March of this year. He will be the first astronaut to spend a year in space!

[Kelly continues to smile as he spins himself upright.]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[Red spotlights then hit the crowd, where the crowd once then ROARS with boos when they first see Danny Morton, in his trademark red boxer's robe, standing amongst the people wearing a Japanese Daikjin (great devil god) Noh mask. He raises his tag team title belt high into the air as the camera cuts to the opposite side of the arena, where Jackson Haynes is, also wearing a Daikjin Noh mask. He's dressed in a leather duster, Confederate flag-style wrestling trunks and in his right hand, he carries his infamous bull rope.

The house lights return as Morton and Haynes proceed to make their way through the sea of humanity and towards the ring. Morton, pushing and shoving his way through, while Haynes SWINGS his bull rope, causing the fans to scatter away from him in fear. In fact, he begins to chase after sections of the crowd with his bull rope, causing widespread hysteria!]

GM: Jackson Haynes is a madman! He's going after the fans!

BW: He's been known to do this in Japan, Gordo...but I bet the fans here ain't ever seen nothing like this!

GM: Thank goodness for security!

[Policemen and AWA officials block Haynes' way, ordering him to make his way towards the ring. Haynes threatens to backhand each and every last one of them, but after much arguing and shouts of "COME ON, JACK!" from Morton, Haynes finally makes his way towards the ring. He steps over the guardrail, but quickly turns around and WHIPS his bull rope against the railing, startling the fans in the front row. He cackles, before making his way to the ring.]

GM: When you look back on the history of these two teams, it only seems fitting that this - perhaps their final encounter - will take place here at SuperClash. Their first meeting took place one year ago in Madison Square Garden - the title vs title match. Air Strike won the titles that night but Morton and Haynes left with the gold. After months of struggling to get them back, Air Strike walked into the Tokyo Dome in the summer for another encounter... and this time, Violence Unlimited won despite a controversial referee's decision, setting the stage for this - one more time - one of the most dominant and successful teams in AWA history taking on one of the most popular duos in all the world. This is going to be something else.

[In the ring, both teams have huddled up in their respective corners, going over some final strategy talks.]

GM: Special guest referee City Jack in there, telling them they need to put one man in and one man out in this tag team battle - a battle to see just who is the best team in the world today. And if anyone knows anything about tag team wrestling, it's City Jack who was one-half of the first National Tag Team Champions.

[Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz share a double high five as Aarons steps out to the apron.]

GM: Cody Mertz starting things off for Air Strike as he often does... as he did one year ago in New York City when Air Strike became the very first Double Crown Champions.

BW: They may've won the battle that night but they lost the war.

GM: Perhaps. Or perhaps this is the final battle right here tonight, Bucky.

[On the other side of the ring, Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes exchange fierce forearm clashes before Haynes steps out.]

GM: And this looks very familiar - the same scene as a year ago when Mertz and Morton started it off.

[Danny Morton smirks at the smaller Mertz as he strides out to the center of the ring, meeting Mertz there. The two men stare each other down for a moment, Morton talking trash to Mertz off-mic as City Jack tries to keep 'em separated.]

GM: We've got ourselves a staredown in the center of the ring and-

[Morton reaches out, piefacing Mertz, shoving him a few feet backwards to jeers from the crowd. Mertz shouts at Morton, fists balled up but City Jack cuts him off, ordering him to step back.]

GM: These two teams do NOT get along, Bucky.

BW: Not at all. A whole lot of bad blood between the two of them... which is a little bit unusual for Violence Unlimited. Morton and Haynes are in it for money, glory, and gold. You look back to Japan and their wars with the War Pigs, the Shadow Star Legion, Team SAMURAI... even the super-team of Taguchi and Kitzukawa... VU is going to fight them hard but they also respect them. Air Strike is a different story.

GM: City Jack in the center... and with all this bad blood, you might need someone like City Jack to keep this under control. And here we go!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The referee bails out as Morton stomps across the ring. Mertz dances to the side, catching Morton with a leg kick to the outside of the knee.]

GM: Leg kick by the challenger...

[Morton winces, lifting his leg to shake it out before coming in again. Mertz again lands the leg kick, dancing away from Morton's reach.]

GM: Cody Mertz targeting the leg early, going after the knee...

[Mertz stands near the neutral corner as Morton flexes his leg again. Haynes shouts at him from the apron. The Oklahoman gives a nod, edging forward towards Mertz.]

GM: Morton's trying to cut off Mertz... trying to get him trapped in the corner...

[Mertz makes a lunge, faking a collar and elbow before dropping down to all fours, crawling between the legs of Morton who JUST misses a desperate grab at a foot. Mertz pops up behind him, landing a leg kick to each limb and then a standing dropkick between the shoulderblades that sends Morton flying chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: Wow! Look at the speed of Cody Mertz! The quickness!

[Mertz grabs the stunned Morton out of the corner, pulling him into a side headlock.]

GM: Side headlock applied by Mertz, walking Morton out to the center of the ring.

BW: That might be a mistake, Gordo. The speed game was working and he abandoned it to get within reach of Morton.

[Morton reaches up, grabbing the hands of Cody Mertz that are holding the headlock...

...and just rips them apart, sending Mertz scampering away as Morton glares at him!]

GM: Whooooa. Danny Morton showing Cody Mertz that if "you've got the speed, I've got the power."

BW: Absolutely. Danny Morton, as we've said many times, is arguably the strongest man in the entire AWA. Stronger than Hercules Hammonds. Stronger than the Gladiator. Stronger than KING Oni.

GM: Morton has power running through his entire body... and into a collar and elb-

[But again, Mertz ducks the tieup, sliding behind Morton, hooking a rear waistlock.]

GM: Waistlock applied by Mertz... Morton looking for an escape...

[A back elbow attempt fails before Morton leans over, looking to pick a leg.]

GM: Couldn't get the elbow. Couldn't get the leg. Cody Mertz hanging on for dear life like a cowboy on the back of a bucking bull.

[Morton reaches down, grabbing the wrists of Cody Mertz...

...and just YANKS the hands apart, turning slowly to smirk at a surprised Mertz.]

GM: Another show of power by Morton... and he sure seems proud of himself!

[Mertz shakes his head, looking over to Michael Aarons who shouts something to his partner. The high flyer nods, wiggling his fingers as he sizes up Morton.]

GM: Cody Mertz looking for another plan of attack.

BW: He needs to go back to the speed, the quickness, the aerial stuff that keeps Morton off-balance. Morton can out muscle him. He can outfight him. He probably can't outrun him though!

GM: Definitely not...

[Mertz suddenly rushes towards Morton, ducking a clothesline attempt, hitting the far ropes...]

GM: Mertz off the far side...

[He leaps up to the second rope, jumping off towards Morton, grabbing him by the arm...

...and using that arm to drag Morton down to the mat!]

GM: Whoa! Springboard armdrag!

[Mertz pops back up, running again, leaping up to the neutral corner's second rope. He walks down the rope a few feet before leaping off, snaring Morton by the arm again...]

GM: Another armdrag off the ropes!

BW: Cody Mertz grew up in El Paso, Texas. His first training school for wrestling was in the world of lucha libre and we're DEFINITELY seeing that right now. Danny Morton wasn't ready for this!

[Mertz rushes at Morton, leaping up, snaring his legs around the head...

...and spins around and around and around...]

BW: SATELLITE HEADSCISSORS!!

[And as Mertz spins out of it, he snaps Morton over and down to the canvas, sending him sliding out of the ring to the floor. He angrily slams his hands down on the apron, shouting up at Mertz who has dropped to a knee, watching Morton as the crowd cheers.]

GM: The lucha libre style pays dividends right there for Cody Mertz... and he's not done!

[Mertz suddenly breaks into a sprint, hitting the far ropes...

...but Morton bails out, leaving an empty space where he stood.]

GM: Morton moves!

[But that works out okay for Mertz as he approaches the ropes, leaping into the air, grabbing the top and swinging his legs and body between the ropes and back inside the ring. He turns, pointing and winking at Morton who shouts at him...

...and then slides back under the ropes, coming to his feet.]

GM: Morton's hot under the collar!

[Morton throws a right hand but Mertz ducks it. A left follows and Mertz ducks that one too. Mertz throws himself forward, slamming his shoulder into the chest of Morton, sending him back a couple steps.]

GM: Mertz creates some space with that shoulder bump - one of the signature stylings of lucha libre!

[Mertz rushes back to the ropes, leaping up to the second, springing back, twisting around...

...and takes the surprised Morton right off his feet with a crossbody!]

GM: Mertz takes him down! Quick one count but Morton powers right out!

[Mertz scrambles back to his feet, throwing a hard kick to the chest as Morton gets to a knee.]

GM: Ohh! That kick finds the mark!

[Mertz backs off, hitting the ropes again...]

GM: Mertz off the ropes and- shotgun dropkick! Right to the face!

[The low dropkick sends Morton down to the mat where he rolls out to the floor again. The crowd is roaring for Mertz as he climbs to his feet. Morton grabs his jaw as he stalks around the ringside area...

...and kicks the barricade, causing it to shift back and startle the ringside fans. Morton pauses to shout at them as Mertz races to the ropes at the encouragement of his partner...]

GM: Where is Mertz going now?! Mertz off the ropes, charging back hard...

[The crowd gasps as Mertz leaps to the top rope...

...and SPRINGS OFF with a plancha onto a stunned Danny Morton, wiping the Oklahoman out!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: SPRINGBOARD PLANCHA TO THE FLOOR!

GM: MERTZ WIPES OUT MORTON! INCREDIBLE!

[Mertz climbs to his feet, pumping both fists with excitement before he leans down, dragging Morton up, shoving him under the ropes back inside the ring. Mertz scrambles up on the apron, giving a shout as he slingshots over the top...

...and DROPS an elbow down into the heart, scrambling into a cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Morton easily powers out again, throwing Mertz off him.]

GM: Big kickout with authority... but Danny Morton is COMPLETELY off his game at this point in the contest, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Mertz came out with a gameplan and Morton didn't see it coming!

GM: The lucha libre style of Cody Mertz threw off Danny Morton who was used to a more traditional high flying attack from Mertz...

[Mertz scrambles back up, grabbing a rising Morton in a front facelock.]

GM: Morton cut off before he can get to the corner where his partner awaits him...

BW: Oh really?

[The crowd buzzes as Morton simply lifts Mertz off the mat over his shoulder, striding across the ring where he shoves him back into the buckles, reaching out to slap his partner's hand.]

GM: Morton makes the tag to Jackson Haynes. His power was too much for Mertz to hold back as Haynes steps in... ohh! Big boot up into the ribs of Cody Mertz.

[Haynes sneers as he lives up to his nickname and hammers a forearm down across the kidneys, putting Mertz down on all fours.]

GM: Haynes brings such incredible impact with every blow he lands. He truly is The Hammer.

[Haynes pulls Mertz up, shoving him back against the ropes, winding back his right arm for a blow across the sternum...

...but Mertz ducks under, sliding out of Haynes' grip as he misses a big shot, throwing his weight towards the ropes. Mertz slides out, leaping up to the second rope, grabbing Haynes' arm...]

GM: Another springing armdrag off the ropes! Incredible!

[With Haynes down on the mat, Mertz turns toward his corner where Michael Aarons has his hand outstretched. Mertz reaches out his own hand, heading across the ring...

...but Haynes hooks him by the tights from behind, pulling him back into a devastating short forearm to the kidneys!]

GM: Ohh! Haynes goes downstairs!

[Haynes pulls Mertz into a side waistlock...]

GM: Belly to back- NO! MERTZ OVER THE TOP!

[Haynes rushes forward, putting his shoulder into Mertz' midsection, driving him back into the Air Strike corner. He slams his shoulder into the gut twice...

...and then straightens up to SMASH a right hand into the jaw of Michael Aarons, sending him down off the apron!]

GM: Aarons gets knocked to the floor!

BW: Hah! I love it!

[Haynes sneers at Aarons as he pulls Mertz out of the corner to the middle of the ropes, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whip...

[Haynes ducks down for a backdrop as Mertz rebounds, leapfrogging over the top...

...and Aarons slaps his shoulder.]

GM: Blind tag!

[Mertz hangs on to the ropes as Aarons rushes in, getting right up in the face of Jackson Haynes.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Aarons is hot, Gordo!

GM: He certainly is! I wouldn't advise this!

[Aarons is shouting at Haynes who smirks at the smaller man...

...and then SLAMS his skull into the mouth of Aarons, sending him staggering and spinning away, dropping to a knee.]

GM: Good grief! He headbutted him right in the mouth!

[Aarons is grabbing at his mouth as City Jack reprimands Haynes. Haynes raises his hands, pleading his innocence but glaring at the official as Aarons gets back up, turning to face Haynes with a trickle of blood escaping his mouth...

...and then SPITS at the Hammer!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With a wad of blood sitting on his cheek, Haynes slowly wipes it off with the back of his hand, looking at it...

...and then rushes forward, ducking down to drive Aarons back into the neutral corner!]

GM: HAYNES SHOVES HIM BACK TO THE CORNER!

[A furious Haynes throws a brutal forearm to the cheekbone... and another... and another. He swings a knee up into the body before a left-handed uppercut snaps his head back up. Haynes grabs a handful of hair, smashing his head into the eyesocket... and again... and again... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Good grief! Get him off the man, City Jack!

[Jack is trying to not get physically involved, counting as Haynes is overwhelming Aarons in the corner, battering him with stiff strikes and headbutts, leaving him clinging to the top rope to stay on his feet. Still holding the hair, Haynes turns, running across the ring...

...and LAUNCHES Aarons over the top rope, sending him flying several feet from the ring before CRASHING down on the floor!]

GM: GOOD LORD ALMIGHTY! ALL THE WAY OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR! RIGHT DOWN ON THE THINLY-PADDED INFIELD DIRT!

BW: And the fact that ain't concrete tonight may be the ONLY thing that saved Michael Aarons right there!

GM: You're absolutely right about that. Jackson Haynes went CRAZY there, Bucky!

BW: I think we can say that Jackson Haynes has officially lost his temper here in Houston!

GM: Of course, the great state of Texas and Jackson Haynes are no strangers to one another considering his time spent in Blackjack Lynch's PCW promotion but Haynes' Texas ties sure don't seem to be making him any more popular here tonight at SuperClash.

[The fired-up Haynes bails from the ring, dragging Michael Aarons off the floor by the hair, gets a running start...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS Aarons into the air, sending him crashing into the steel railing!]

GM: GOODNESS!

BW: That hothead Michael Aarons is regretting setting off Jackson Haynes' short fuse right about now!

GM: That's for certain.

[Aarons writhes in pain on the floor as Haynes leans over the railing, exchanging words with a pair of young ladies near the front in Air Strike t-shirts.]

GM: Oh, come on... there's no need for that.

BW: You feel free to go defend their honor, Gordo.

[Haynes pulls away, dragging Aarons back to his feet and hurling him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Haynes puts Michael Aarons back in... rolling himself back in as well...

[Haynes climbs to his feet, looking out at the crowd as Aarons starts to crawl across the ring.]

GM: Michael Aarons knows he's in trouble and knows he needs to make a tag.

BW: Haynes ain't about to let that happen.

[Shaking his head, Haynes pulls Aarons up by the back of the tights, tugging him into a side waistlock...]

GM: Haynes pulls him in and lifts him up!

[...and DROPS Aarons down on the back of his head!]

GM: Waistlock suplex... folds Aarons in half...

[Haynes twists around into a lateral press.]

GM: Haynes gets one! He gets two!

[But Aarons lifts the shoulder up, breaking the pin.]

GM: Two count only there as Jackson Haynes tries to end it early... ohh! Big right hand down between the eyes! And another!

[City Jack warns Haynes against the closed fists as the big man from Moscow, Tennessee gets back to his feet, stalking away.]

GM: Aarons is down on the mat off the suplex... and-

[Haynes reaches out, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: Quick tag made to Danny Morton.

[Morton steps in, joining his partner as Haynes lifts Aarons up, pushing him back into the ropes...]

GM: Double Irish whip... and a double shoulder tackle! Down goes Aarons!

[Morton and Haynes trade a high five as the Hammer exits the ring, stepping to the apron as Morton circles the downed Aarons, shouting at Cody Mertz who returns verbal fire from the ring apron.]

GM: Some hostile words being exchanged between Morton and Mertz... this one continues to show some hot tempers on display.

[Morton leans down, hauling Aarons off the mat by the hair...]

GM: Morton flings Aarons back into the corner... look out here!

[The American Murder Machine approaches the corner, taking aim...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[The knife edge chop across the chest leaves Aarons reeling before a hooking right hand follows it, snapping his head to the side.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[Another hook.]

GM: Morton dominating Michael Aarons in the corner with a series of chops and punches, lighting up Aarons who is barely able to stay on his feet at this point of the contest.

[The referee orders Morton to back off. Professor Pain obliges, hands raised as he does so...]

...and then steps in, hooking the staggered Aarons around the body in a bearhug-type hold...]

GM: OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY!

[Aarons sails halfway across the ring, bouncing off the canvas as Morton gets back up, nodding his head at the jeering crowd.]

GM: From one neutral corner almost to the other as Danny Morton shows off that power again.

[Morton gives the crowd the ol' thumb throat slash thumbs down gesture before turning back towards Aarons who is trying to get back up off the mat. He turns Aarons around who throws a right hand, bouncing it off the jaw of Morton!]

GM: Big right hand!

[But Morton shakes it off, sticking out his tongue and roaring before he grabs the bodylock a second time...]

GM: Morton hooks him again!

[Professor Pain LAUNCHES Aarons overhead again, sending him bouncing off the canvas!]

GM: A second overhead belly-to-belly and Michael Aarons got tossed like a ragdoll!

BW: Bounced off the mat like one too, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely.

[Morton again walks arrogantly around the ring, shouting “GET UP!” at Aarons as he circles his downed opponent.]

GM: Look at this. Danny Morton not even bothering to try to take advantage of the situation... just waiting for Aarons to get to his feet of his own accord and take up the fight.

[Danny Morton again shouts for Aarons to get up as the dazed Air Strike member grabs the ropes, trying to drag himself to his feet as Morton lies in wait. Cody

Mertz is shouting for his partner to get to him and make the tag but Aarons has no chance as he gets up, getting run down with a Morton clothesline that lifts Aarons' feet off the mat before he settles back down.]

GM: Running clothesline by Morton! We're ten minutes into this one and right now, Violence Unlimited is in complete control.

BW: It's a sixty minute time limit in this one but I don't think Morton and Haynes are going to need that long, Gordo.

GM: That remains to be seen. There's still a lot of fight in Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz as Morton pulls him out of the corner, scooping him up...

[Morton easily holds the 225 pound Aarons across his chest, back to the buckles...
...and then takes two steps out, dropping down in a backbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Backbreaker by the American Murder Machine!

[Morton stands right back up, still holding Aarons before he takes another two steps, dropping down a second time!]

GM: Back-to-back backbreakers by Danny Morton!

BW: Showing off that power again by holding Aarons up there... not letting him go. He's gonna do it again, Gordo!

[The American Murder Machine does exactly that, rising up, stepping forward a few more steps, and dropping Aarons' spinefirst across the knee for a third time!]

GM: That makes three! Michael Aarons has been absolutely overwhelmed since he got into the ring, fans! He hasn't been able to get on track at all.

BW: That's because Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes knocked him off track and have kept him off track!

[Morton lifts Aarons again, turning to face the hard camera. With a slight exertion, he presses him up... all the way up...]

GM: Gorilla press! Morton shoves Aarons towards the Texas night sky!

[Morton turns, showing off his full arm extension as he keeps Aarons elevated, making sure one and all have seen it before he swings him down...

...and Aarons somehow counters into an inside cradle, dragging Morton down to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MORTON KICKS OUT! MORTON KICKS OUT!

BW: Whew. That was a close one!

[And as Morton gets up, an angry expression on his face, he leaps up to drop an elbow down into the small of Aarons' back just as Aarons had turned towards the corner where Cody Mertz is waiting with his hand outstretched. Morton gets up off the mat...

...and rushes the corner, throwing a forearm to the jaw of Mertz, knocking him to the floor as the crowd jeers!]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for that!

BW: He's sending Cody Mertz a message. Try that lucha garbage again and you'll be counting your teeth on the floor!

GM: Morton immediately cutting off any attempt at the tag, not wanting to allow Aarons to make the exchange.

[Morton climbs to his feet, glaring down at Aarons as he walks to the corner, slapping the hand of Jackson Haynes.]

GM: Another tag, bringing the Hammer back into the fray...

[Haynes walks around Aarons, getting some speed before running to the ropes, rebounding back, and leaping into the air with an impactful legdrop! He rolls from the legdrop into the lateral press, nodding his head on the count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Aarons again tiredly lifts his shoulder, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Another two count there on Michael Aarons who is starting to run low on steam by my estimation.

[Haynes shakes his head as he pulls Aarons up by the hair, dragging him right into a front facelock...]

GM: Haynes locks him up... ohh! Big knee up into the chest... and another!

[Haynes smirks as he shifts his position, throwing another knee, this one landing right in the middle of Aarons' face!]

GM: Ohh! Right to the nose!

[Shifting his stance, Haynes flips Aarons over into a seated position with a snap mare before unleashing a DEVASTATING swinging crossface forearm across the cheekbone!]

GM: Good grief!

[Haynes sits Aarons back up, dashing to the ropes that the Air Strike member is facing. He rebounds back, running fast...

...and DRIVES a boot into the face of the seated Aarons, knocking him flat!]

GM: AND DOWN GOES AARONS AGAIN!

[Haynes throws himself into a lateral press, shouting "COUNT HIM, REF!" to City Jack who drops down to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd roars as Aarons again lifts his shoulder off the canvas.]

GM: Two count after two count scored on Michael Aarons but the kid from Carson City, Nevada refuses to stay down for that ultimate three count that would make

sure that fans around the world recognized Violence Unlimited as the best tag team in the world.

BW: It's just a matter of time now. Aarons thought he could play a man's game but he's just a little boy at heart and VU is serving him - and the world - a cold taste of reality.

[A cut to the crowd shows a young boy in an Air Strike t-shirt shouting "COME ON, MICHAEL!" as the fans around him echo his cry.]

GM: The fans in Houston are behind him, cheering him on!

[The surge of cheering seems to agitate Jackson Haynes who pulls Aarons up, measuring him with a handful of hair, and BLASTS him with a left hand between the eyes, sending Aarons falling back into the neutral corner.]

GM: Aarons falls back to the corner courtesy of that haymaker...

[Haynes grabs him by the arm, hurling him from corner to corner as he charges in after him...]

GM: BIG CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!

[The blow lifts Aarons off his feet, nearly taking him over the top rope before Haynes pulls him back down, grabbing the arm again...]

GM: He's going for it again!

[But this time, as Aarons approaches the corner, he leaps up to the second rope and then instantly springs up to the top...]

BW: What the-?!

[...and uncorks a breathtaking moonsault onto the charging Jackson Haynes, taking him down with a leg cradle!]

GM: MOONSAULT!

[The special guest referee City Jack dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Haynes kicks out with power, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT IN TIME!

[The crowd is still buzzing on the nearfall as Aarons pushes up to all fours, starting the crawl the relatively short distance across the ring to where Cody Mertz is waiting for him!]

GM: Aarons is crawling! Mertz is waiting!

[Jackson Haynes sits up on the mat, trying to scramble to his feet...]

GM: Haynes is trying to get up... trying to get there to cut off the tag!

[The Hammer climbs to his feet, starting across the ring where Aarons is getting close, the roaring crowd cheering him on!]

GM: Aarons is getting close! Haynes coming for him though!

[But Jackson Haynes instead passes up Aarons, opting to take another swing at Cody Mertz...

...who falls back, grabbing the top rope, and swings a leg up to catch Haynes right between the eyes with a kick!]

GM: OHHH!

[Haynes staggers backwards, taking a swing at the air as he wobbles halfway across the ring. He falls down to his knees, twisting around towards his corner with his arm outstretched...]

GM: Haynes looking for the tag as well!

[The Hammer makes it, bringing in Danny Morton...]

GM: In comes Morton and-

[HUGE CHEER!]

GM: IN COMES MERTZ!

[Mertz uses the ropes to slingshot himself forward, connecting with a solid forearm smash to the jaw of the incoming Morton, stunning Professor Pain. Mertz seizes the moment to scamper up the ropes, leaping right off onto the shoulders of Morton, and SNAPPING him over to the canvas with a rana!]

GM: Flying headscissors off the top by Cody Mertz sends Danny Morton flying!

[Mertz pops back up, catching a rising Jackson Haynes with a running dropkick that sends him flying over the ropes and down to the floor below!]

GM: HAYNES GOES OVER THE TOP!

[Spinning around, Mertz charges back the other way, throwing himself into an impactful dropkick to the jaw in the corner!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MERTZ GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Mertz swings Morton out of the corner, sending him stumbling out to the center of the ring. The Air Strike member dashes to the ropes, rebounding off with a dropkick to the knee!]

GM: Ohh! Mertz goes downstairs! Two feet right to the kneecap!

[The blow drops Morton down to a knee, wincing in pain as Mertz scrambles up, charging to the ropes again...]

GM: Mertz bounces off...

[But Morton comes off his knee, lifting the rebounding Mertz up, slinging him over a shoulder...]

GM: POWERSLAM!

[...but Mertz keeps on going, ending up behind Morton where he dashes back to the ropes, bouncing back...]

GM: OHH! He clipped him! He clipped the back of Morton's knee!

[But Morton doesn't fall, instead stumbling forward, grabbing at his leg as Mertz gets back up...

...and finds his tag team partner battered and weary but ready to help!]

GM: Together!

[A double kneeclip to the back of the legs takes Morton off his feet, putting him down on his knees on the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! That one takes 'im down!

[With Morton down, the duo grabs his feet, yanking them out from under him, putting him facefirst on the mat...

...and then lift the legs off the mat...]

BW: NO!

[They SLAM his knees down into the mat in tandem!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

[Morton cries out, rolling to his back, writhing back and forth in pain as City Jack steps in, forcing Michael Aarons out to the apron as Mertz grabs the left leg, twisting it in between his...

...and jumping up into the air, driving the leg down to the canvas under his weight!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Mertz is going after the legs!

GM: They both are!

BW: Illegally!

GM: Well... yes!

BW: And you're okay with that?!

GM: I wouldn't say "okay" but I certainly can understand the need to-

BW: Oh, don't even start with that garbage, Myers!

[Mertz grabs the leg, dragging Morton across the ring...]

GM: Mertz pulls him back to Air Strike's corner... still holding the leg...

[Mertz stomps the knee a couple of times before leaping up on the second rope, giving a shout to the cheering fans...]

...and then leaps into the air, dropping his 195 pounds down on the leg with a senton splash!]

GM: BACKSPLASH ON THE KNEE!

[Morton winces in pain, grabbing at his leg as Mertz gets back up, diving into a lateral press, hooking the other leg but only getting a two count before Morton powers out.]

GM: Two count only there as Morton gets out in time... but as Mertz and Aarons go to work on chopping down the mighty oak, you have to wonder how much of an effect these attacks on the knees are having on Morton.

[Mertz climbs off the mat, checking on his partner who gives him a nod.]

GM: Mertz makes the tag... in comes Michael Aarons without much time on the apron, I might add. Did he need more recovery time, Bucky?

BW: I would've tried to give him more but I saw that nod. He told Mertz he could go.

[Mertz and Aarons each grab a foot...

...and YANK the legs apart in an old fashioned wishbone!]

GM: Ohh! That'll stretch out your hamstrings... your quads... your groin muscles...

[Aarons waits until Mertz is out on the apron and then slaps his hand.]

GM: Quick tag right there. Look at this...

[Aarons pins the left ankle down to the mat as Mertz grabs the top rope, slingshotting over it...

...and goes right down on the leg again!]

GM: SOMERSAULT BACKSPLASH DOWN ON THE KNEE!

[Aarons rolls out to the floor as Mertz grabs the leg, giving it a yank.]

GM: City Jack's making sure there's only one member of Air Strike in there at a time as Cody Mertz grabs the leg, pulling Morton away from the corner...

[Getting towards the middle, Mertz leaps into a somersault, hanging onto the leg and violently stretching out the hamstring, leaving Morton flailing about on the canvas, grabbing at his left leg.]

GM: Mertz stretches out the leg something fierce right there!

BW: And this is DEFINITELY not the gameplan that VU was expecting to face. Air Strike isn't living up to their name right now, fighting a ground game against Danny Morton as he tries to take out the leg.

[Mertz trades some words with Jackson Haynes before turning back, pulling Morton up off the mat, shoving him back into the corner where he slaps the hand of Michael Aarons.]

GM: Tag is made to Aarons. Air Strike working well together right now.

[Mertz slams a shoulder into the midsection, spinning out as Aarons does the same with a bit more speed behind him as he ran from mid-ring. Each man grabs an arm, pulling Morton from the corner...

...and then THROWING him back into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Air Strike taking a page out of the book of the Lights Out Express, the former tag champions, right there!

[Mertz steps out as Aarons lands a forearm uppercut and then tags him back in.]

GM: Quick tags, keeping the fresh man in... and giving Michael Aarons a bit more time to rest since he's barely doing any offense on his own.

[This time, the duo pulls Morton out to the middle of the ring, using a double whip to send him crashing back into Air Strike's corner. Mertz rushes in, leaping to the second rope to snap off a kick to the back of the head!]

GM: OHHH!

[Mertz ducks out of the way as Aarons rushes in, leaping up to land a flying knee to the jaw that snaps Morton's head back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[They both grab Morton by the back of the head, rushing out of the corner, leaping into the air...

...and DRIVE his face into the canvas to a big cheer!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Aarons rolls out! Mertz with the cover!

[City Jack is moving a little slower, size and age taking their toll as he goes to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Morton's shoulder comes flying off the mat, breaking up the pin!]

GM: NO! SO CLOSE BUT NOT ENOUGH!

[From the apron, Michael Aarons shouts at City Jack, slapping his hands together three times.]

GM: Aarons doesn't like the speed of the count and now HE'S trading words with City Jack.

BW: Boy, this special guest referee thing was a GREAT idea, huh? No wonder the suits showed O'Neill his walking papers!

GM: He's still the President of this company, Bucky!

BW: Sure he is. PR spin at its finest. I know where the power lies.

[Cody Mertz climbs to his feet, pulling Danny Morton with him, dragging him out to the center of the ring...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[The hobbled Morton sends Mertz across the ring, bouncing off the ropes where he runs back...

...and gets lifted straight up overhead in a gorilla press!]

GM: PRESS! HE'S GOT HIM UP HIGH AND-

[Seizing a chance, Michael Aarons slides in, runs quick and hard, dropping into a roll...]

GM: AARONS!

[...and takes out Morton's legs, bringing him down to the mat with Mertz crashing down on top of him!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Aarons gets reprimanded by City Jack who forces him to exit before he'll make a count...

...which allows Jackson Haynes to step in, charging across the ring, pulling Mertz off of his partner...]

GM: Wait a second!

[Haynes HURLS Mertz over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the floor!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

[The crowd is ROARING their disapproval as City Jack turns around, spotting Jackson Haynes looking over the ropes down at Cody Mertz. Jack grabs Haynes by the shoulder, swinging him around to a big cheer!]

GM: Uh oh! This might go South in a hurry!

BW: Deep South with this one-eyed goof City Jack involved.

[Jack and Haynes are trading words inside the ring as Jack accuses Haynes of throwing Mertz to the floor. Haynes doesn't deny it, instead making a dismissive gesture in Jack's direction and exiting the far side of the ring, dropping down to the floor.]

GM: I think he's going after Cody Mertz out on the floor!

BW: Haynes is really going to finish him off now!

[Out on the floor, Haynes circles the ringpost, moving towards the downed Mertz...

...but finds himself cut off by City Jack to a BIG CHEER!]

GM: Oh yeah! Haynes hits a road block!

BW: He can't do that!

GM: You want to go tell him that!

[Jack gets up in Haynes' face, sticking a finger into his chest.]

GM: This may be breaking down! City Jack's not happy!

BW: Neither is Jackson Haynes!

[The two are trading angry words out on the floor, Jack positioned between Haynes and Cody Mertz who is dragging himself to his feet using the ring apron. He pulls himself under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Mertz back in... climbing to his feet...

[Hanging onto the ropes, Mertz leaps up, swinging his legs under the middle rope and DRIVING his feet into the face of Haynes!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! Haynes may need to check his dental work after that shot!

BW: We've just passed the twenty minute mark, Gordo, and these two teams are still pushing each other to insane limits!

[Mertz breaks into a run, hitting the far ropes, rebounding back into a baseball slide aimed at Jackson Haynes who switches his stance, catching the legs coming towards him...]

GM: Oh! Haynes with the counter and-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS with dismay as Haynes swings Mertz from his spot on the apron towards the steel steps, sending his head bouncing off the metal staircase!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

BW: Mertz is out! He's out cold!

GM: He very well could be as Jackson Haynes illegally- yeah!

[The crowd roars again as City Jack drops to the floor. This time, he angrily shoves Haynes back, a fist balled up as he approaches.]

GM: Hey now! He's not allowed to put his hands on a competitor!

BW: Tell that to Shadoe Rage.

[Jack shouts at Haynes, ordering him back up onto the apron. He kneels down, checking on Cody Mertz as Haynes backs off, walking around the ringpost...

...and then rolls back into the ring, striding across and grabbing Danny Morton by the arm, pulling him back to the VU corner as the crowd jeers loudly!]

GM: Haynes pulls Morton to the corner and-

[A sharp whistle draws City Jack's gaze into the ring where Haynes reaches over the top rope, tagging himself in...

...and with a wicked grin, he drops back down to the floor, marching around the ringpost.]

GM: Wait, wait, wait! He can't do this!

BW: He's the legal man! He certainly can!

[Haynes shoves past City Jack, pulling Mertz up by the hair...]

GM: NO!

[...and SLAMS his skull into the steel ringpost! City Jack again loses it on Haynes, shoving him backwards, sticking a finger in his face!]

GM: City Jack's all over Jackson Haynes! He's screaming at Haynes for that!

[Haynes backs off, shaking his head as Jack continues to yell at him.]

GM: Haynes pleading his case... and he's moving in on him again!

[Haynes shoves Jack aside again, pulling Mertz to his knees...

...and the audible gasp ripples throughout Minute Maid Park as Mertz' head has been split wide open!]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: Whew... that's a nasty one.

[Haynes nods approvingly before slamming a closed fist down on the cut again and again, rifling the blows in and making the cut worse as crimson flows down over the face of the young competitor.]

GM: Haynes has got Mertz bleeding profusely out on the floor... ohh! Elbow down into the cut! And again!

[With the crowd already going nuts, Haynes leans over and sinks his teeth into the torn flesh!]

GM: He's biting him! He's biting Cody Mertz right out here in front of us!

BW: I wouldn't do that if I were him.

GM: I'm surprised to hear that. I thought you were open to any type of cheating to win a match.

BW: Oh, I am. But I've seen the girls waiting for Mertz after the matches so I wouldn't do that if I were Haynes.

[As the bloodied Mertz screams in pain, Haynes shoves him aside, rolling back under the ropes and ignoring City Jack's cries.]

GM: Haynes is back in and... he's telling Jack to count.

BW: That surprises me a little. Not that he'd want the win but I was under the impression that Violence Unlimited wanted to prove without a shadow of a doubt that they are the best tag team in the world and I'm not sure a countout win gets you that, Gordo.

GM: I have to agree with that. But perhaps Haynes has had enough of these two and just wants this over and done with.

[Haynes paces around the ring, his eyes on that side of the squared circle as City Jack climbs up on the steel steps, counting loudly and clearly for all the competitors and the fans to hear...]

GM: City Jack's starting that ten count. If Mertz gets counted out, Violence Unlimited will retain the World Tag Team Titles and quite frankly, I'm not sure Mertz and Aarons get another title shot anytime soon.

BW: Absolutely not. Failure is not an option for Air Strike. They've got a million dollars in the bank and a nice trophy but if they fail to regain the tag titles tonight, 2015 might be considered a bust for them.

GM: I don't know if I'd go that far but... as the count reaches four and Michael Aarons shouts at his partner to get in the ring, you have to be concerned if you're a fan of Air Strike.

[Reaching a hand up, Cody Mertz grabs the ring apron, pulling hard as the count goes to five... then six...]

GM: Mertz trying desperately to get back inside that ring but I don't know if he'll make it in time...

[And then we learn Haynes' true intention as he walks across the ring, reaching over the top and pulling Mertz up on the apron, looping his arms over the top rope...]

GM: What in the world?

[With Mertz facing the announce desk, Haynes opens fire with clubbing forearms across the chest, landing blow after blow, leaving rapidly growing red welts on the sternum of the fan favorite...]

GM: Haynes is beating the tar out of him right here in front of us! Right up there in front of us here at ringside and... now what's he doing?!

[Haynes breaks into a charge, hitting the far ropes, rebounding back with a bellow...]

...and **THROWS HIMSELF** at the back of Mertz, sending the much-smaller man flying through the air...

Soaring through the air...]

BW: LOOK OUT!

[...and **CRASHING** down chestfirst onto the announce table, sending papers, water bottles, television monitors, and our announcers scattering!]

GM: OH MY STARS! Can... can anyone hear me?!

BW: I gotcha, Gordo... we're still on, I think... no thanks to that bum, Cody Mertz!

GM: Cody Mer... it was Jackson Haynes! He knocked Mertz out onto our table! The table is intact but I don't know about the body of Cody Mertz who **SLAMMED** down chestfirst on top of the table.

[Mertz rolls to the side, wincing as he grabs at his sternum, breathing hard.]

GM: Cody Mertz... that could break ribs... maybe crack a sternum...

[Mertz is obviously in some significant pain as City Jack again comes to check on him, grabbing the young man's hand and asking if he's okay to continue.]

GM: I'm not sure... Cody Mertz appears to be in some bad shape, Bucky.

BW: He does. That table is pretty solid, Gordo... otherwise he might've gone right through it like Supreme Wright did last year at SuperClash!

GM: Wait a... what the HELL is Haynes doing out here?!

[City Jack again gets up in Haynes' face, getting shoved aside for his efforts as Haynes climbs up ON TOP of the table, dragging Mertz up there with him!]

GM: What's he doing?!

BW: Get down from there!

GM: Haynes is up on the table... he's got Cody Mertz!

BW: He's REALLY going to finish him off now, Gordo!

GM: City Jack, the special guest referee, is down on the floor begging him not to do this... absolutely PLEADING with him not to do it!

[Haynes stands tall, looking out at the jeering crowd who are buzzing with concern over their bloodied fan favorite...

...who gets pulled from his knees into a standing headscissors!]

GM: Oh my god... oh my god, Bucky... get back... get out of the way.

BW: You ain't gotta tell me twice, Gordo!

GM: Jackson Haynes is up on our announce table, setting up for a powerbomb ON the table!

BW: Not ON it... THROUGH it, daddy!

GM: You may be right as Haynes reaches down, hooking his arms around the torso of Cody Mertz...

[Haynes goes for the lift but Mertz grips the legs tightly, staying down on the table. Haynes tries to lift again but has no luck.]

GM: He can't get him up!

BW: Well, there's a minor miracle. Someone up there might like us after all!

[Haynes tries for the lift a third time...

...but this time, he ends up being flipped through the air with a backdrop counter!]

GM: BACKDROP!

[The backdrop sends Haynes CRASHING down on the solid wooden table, not giving as he slams down upon it!]

GM: MERTZ WITH THE COUNTER! MERTZ SAVED HIS SKIN RIGHT THERE!

[Still breathing hard, Mertz turns, grabbing Haynes by the hair, smashing his fist down between the eyes repeatedly!]

GM: Mertz opens fire! Cody Mertz is bloodied... he's beaten... but he is NOT broken!

[Mertz slips off the table, dragging Haynes with him, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. The badly-bloodied Mertz climbs up on the apron, throwing his blood-soaked hair back to clear his vision as he grabs the top rope...]

GM: Mertz looking to finish him off!

[Taking several deep breaths, Mertz sets his feet as Haynes struggles to get up off the mat...]

GM: Haynes starting to rise and-

[Mertz leaps into the air, springing off the top rope...]

GM: SPRINGBOARD!

[He lands on the shoulders of Haynes, attempting to take him over with a hurricanrana...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[...but Haynes counters, DRIVING him down to the canvas with a powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERBOMB! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[Folding up the legs, Haynes leans over him in a jacknife cradle as City Jack slides back in to count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AARONS MAKES THE SAVE! MICHAEL AARONS WITH DIVING SAVE TO KEEP HIS PARTNER ALIVE!

[Haynes gets back up as City Jack forces Michael Aarons back to his corner, pulling Mertz up... and right back into position for a powerbomb!]

GM: Haynes is going for it again!

BW: He's REALLY going to finish him off now!

[The Hammer powers the bloodied Mertz up into the air...]

...but Mertz flips out, landing on his feet in front of Haynes to a cheer! Haynes responds by kicking Mertz in the gut, pulling him back into standing headscissor position...]

GM: He's going for it again!

[Haynes lifts Mertz into the air again, ready to drive him down...]

GM: POWERBOM-

[...but Mertz counters again, this time falling backwards and SNAPPING Haynes over into a rana, tightly hooking both legs!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[Another diving save goes down... only this time, it's Danny Morton doing it!]

GM: MORTON MAKES THE SAVE!

[The crowd is ROARING now as Michael Aarons storms the ring, landing haymaker after haymaker on Morton, backing him up against the ropes!]

GM: City Jack is losing control of this one! He's trying to get Morton out! Trying to get Aarons out!

[But both Haynes and Morton quiet the crowd with a pair of short forearms to the jaw, knocking Air Strike down to their knees. Morton and Haynes have their backs up against the ropes...

...as they pull both men into standing headscissors!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Oh my god...

[They hoist Mertz and Aarons into the air - Haynes holding Mertz while Morton holds Aarons - both up in powerbomb position...]

GM: They've got 'em both up! We've seen something similar from these two before!

BW: But this time, they're not facing each other... this time, they're facing the...

GM: The floor?!

[Suddenly, Haynes and Morton go walking across the ring, looking to powerbomb their victims over the top rope and down to the floor below!]

GM: No, no, no!

[But as they get near the ropes, Aarons and Mertz lean back, hooking the ropes with their arms...]

GM: COUNTER!

[...and drag Morton and Haynes over the top rope, dumping them out to the floor with a pair of desperation ranas!]

GM: OH MY! AIR STRIKE SAVES THEIR SKIN RIGHT THERE AND-

[The bloodied Mertz cracks a smile, pausing to trade a fistbump with his partner...

...before they both grab the top rope, slingshotting over the top with dual pescados to the floor onto Morton and Haynes to another big reaction!]

GM: BIG DIVE TO THE FLOOR! THEY TOOK THE CHAMPIONS DOWN!

[With their opponents down, Air Strike turns to play to the crowd, earning big cheers from the AWA faithful. Mertz signals Aarons and the duo pulls Haynes up, shoving him back in...]

GM: The legal man, Jackson Haynes is put back in by Air Strike...

[Aarons moves quickly outside the ring, climbing up in the Air Strike corner as Mertz walks across the ring, tagging his partner's hand...]

...and then drops to a knee, pointing up top as Aarons climbs the ropes!]

GM: He's going for High In The Sky - the flying elbow off the top!

[Aarons steps to the second rope...

...but before he can get to the top, Danny Morton comes rushing across the ring on his bum wheel, shoving Mertz through the ropes to the floor as he steps up to the second rope with his good leg, wrapping his arms around Aarons' torso!]

GM: OH MY...

[Morton pops his hips, HURLING Aarons over his head and off the top rope with a devastating belly-to-belly superplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AARONS HITS THE MAT HARD!

BW: How did Morton do that on the bad leg?!

GM: Guts! Determination! Intensity! A refusal to lose!

[Mertz slides back in, looking to get his hands on Danny Morton but City Jack cuts him off, holding him back...

...and allows Morton to roll his partner out of the ring, slapping his hands together.]

GM: Wait a second! That wasn't a tag!

BW: I heard one!

GM: That was... you did not! That was Morton trying to pull one over on City Jack!

[Morton pulls Michael Aarons off the mat, yanking him straight into a full nelson...]

GM: FULL NELSON!

[The American Murder Machine attempts to live up to that moniker, leaning back and DUMPING Aarons down on the back of his head and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: DRAGON SUPLEX... AND HE AIN'T DONE, DADDY!

GM: Right from the full nelson suplex to the waistlock... going for that German as City Jack turns around!

[Jack looks puzzled to see Morton in the ring but before he can react, Morton is lifting Aarons up for the German Suplex...

...but Aarons blocks it, hooking his legs around Morton's thighs, tucking his head and rolling through into a cradle!]

GM: WE'VE SEEN THIS BEFORE!

[Jack dives to the mat, ready to count the same pinfall off the same move that won the titles a year ago for Air Strike!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: NO, NO, NO! MORTON KICKED OUT!

GM: ANOTHER CLOSE NEARFALL RIGHT THERE!

"THIRTY MINUTES GONE BY! THIRTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We're halfway to the time limit!

BW: They ain't gonna make the hour, Gordo!

GM: I would imagine not but with these two teams, who in the heck knows for sure! Michael Aarons tried to repeat what he did a year ago. He tried to win the titles by countering that German with the very same thing he did a year ago!

[Morton climbs to his feet, shaking his head at the slow-to-recover Aarons...]

"NOT THIS TIME, PUNK!"

[...and snares the waistlock again, lifting Aarons into the air, dumping him down with a bridging German Suplex!]

GM: And this is how VU won at Rising Sun Showdown!

[Jack drops down to count again.]

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

[But just before three, Morton's knee gives out, forcing him to go to a one-legged bridge and collapsing down to the mat shortly after that.]

GM: NO, NO! AARONS IS OUT THIS TIME!

BW: The knee couldn't hold! Air Strike saved their own skin by working on that knee earlier in the match, Gordo!

GM: They certainly did... and as Morton pulls- ohh! Hard knee lift to the head of Aarons!

BW: It's almost like he wanted to prove that the knee was okay.

[Grabbing Aarons by the arm, Morton whips him towards the corner where Aarons again leaps to the second rope... springing quickly to the top... springing into a backflip...]

GM: MOONSAULT!

[...and getting snatched out of the sky by Danny Morton, landing on his shoulder, and getting DRIVEN down to the canvas in a thunderous powerslam!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEE-

[Cody Mertz is on his way through the ropes JUST as Aarons kicks out, breaking the pin to the relief of 45,000+ fans jammed into Minute Maid Park and millions more around the world!]

GM: AARONS KICKS OUT! AARONS JUST BARELY GOT OUT AGAIN!

[Morton slams a fist into the canvas, pointing an accusing finger at City Jack who holds up two in response. Professor Pain rifles a few words in his direction as he climbs off the mat, looking down at Aarons who is trying to crawl to his corner where Cody Mertz awaits. Morton sneers, shaking his head as he reaches down with one hand, pulling Aarons up with a handful of tights...

...and right into the side waistlock!]

GM: He's got him hooked! He's looking for the Backdrop Driver!

[But as he attempts the match-ending move, Morton's knee gives way again, allowing Aarons to over-rotate, flipping out of the hold to his feet, spinning...

...and makes a LUNGING tag to bring Cody Mertz back in!]

GM: TAG!

[The bloodied Cody Mertz is in the ring in a flash, joining his partner in a series of forearm smashes to the jaw, backing Morton up where they whip him a short distance into the turnbuckles. He hits chestfirst, stumbling backwards as they run to the corner, hopping up to the middle rope...

...and leap off, scoring with a double back elbow off the second rope, dropping Morton down to the canvas to big cheers!]

GM: Oh my! Down goes Morton off the elbows... and Air Strike's looking to finish him!

[City Jack protests but Michael Aarons ignores him, lifting Morton up with the aid of his partner, setting him down on the top turnbuckle. Aarons drops down to all fours as Mertz walks across, wiping the blood from his eyes.]

GM: Mertz from corner to corner... off the back!

[He leaps into the air, snaring Morton's head between his legs for Air Mertz...

...until Morton stands up, still holding Mertz!]

GM: OH MY GOD!

[Morton LEAPS off the second rope, sitting out with a thunderous superbomb on Mertz as the referee forces Aarons out of the ring!]

GM: SUPERBOMB! SUPERBOMB!

BW: WHERE IS THAT FAT GOOF CITY JACK?!

[City Jack is forcing Michael Aarons from the ring. He turns, spots the pin and an angry Danny Morton and rushes across, dropping down to his knees...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEE-

[And another DIVING save by Michael Aarons breaks it up JUST in time!]

GM: AARONS SAVES THE MATCH AGAIN!

[But as Aarons gets up, he finds Jackson Haynes waiting for him, hammering him back into the corner...]

GM: Haynes is all over Aarons... and now Morton's on his feet as well!

[Morton grabs Mertz off the floor, swings him around by the hair...

...and HURLS his bloodied carcass through the ropes to the floor.]

[A stiff boot to the chest sends Mertz through the ropes out to the floor as well but Haynes doesn't follow him as a furious Morton steps out to the apron, dropping out after Mertz, shouting for Haynes to follow him..]

GM: I'm losing track here... I believe the legal men are still Michael- no, check that. It's Cody Mertz and Danny Morton, right?

BW: No, you idiot! It's Aarons and Morton! Get it right!

GM: I'm not sure that's right... fans, I'm sorry but things are breaking down here in Houston as Morton and Mertz are on the floor and... oh my, what is he doing?!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Morton lifts Mertz off the floor, hoisting him up into electric chair position as Haynes steps out on the apron...]

GM: What the... what in the world...?!

[Haynes rushes down the apron, leaping into the air, and CONNECTS with a bone-rattling lariat that knocks Mertz off of Morton's shoulders, sending him flipping through the air where he CRASHES chestfirst to the floor as the crowd groans at the impact!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: MERTZ IS DONE! MERTZ IS DONE!

GM: Haynes may be done too! He landed HARD on the floor and he's holding onto that right shoulder! He may have done some damage of his own in taking Cody Mertz out of the match!

[Morton takes a quick glance at his partner who gives one order - "Finish it!" Professor Pain nods, rolling back under the ropes where Michael Aarons is JUST starting to get back into the ring.]

GM: Mertz is down. Haynes is down. It's Michael Aarons and Danny Morton remaining with the World Tag Team Titles on the line!

[Morton is on his feet as Aarons gets in. He promptly pulls Aarons off the mat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Aarons steps back, creating just enough space to snap off a picture perfect superkick up under the chin!]

GM: OH MY!

[The savate kick puts Morton down on the mat.]

GM: Danny Morton's lights might've just gotten turned out by Michael Aarons!

[Aarons looks around, almost in shock that that worked. He cracks a grin, walking to the corner, stepping out to the apron. He steps up to the second rope, nodding to the cheering crowd... then to the top rope...]

GM: AARONS IS UP TOP! MORTON IS DOWN!

[Aarons lifts his arms, throwing his head back, taking in the moment...

...and HURLS himself off the top, sailing through the air, and BURYING the point of his elbow into the heart of one-half of the World Tag Team Champions!]

GM: ELBOW! ELBOW!

[Aarons rolls into a lateral press, nodding along with the count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

[Aarons rolls off to his knees, leaning over with his head on the mat as the bell sounds and the Houston crowd goes NUTS!]

GM: THEY DID IT! AIR STRIKE HAS DONE IT! AIR STRIKE HAS REGAINED THE AWA WORLD TAG TEAM TITLES!

[Aarons rolls to a seated position, looking up at the referee with a grin on his face as City Jack lifts Aarons' hand, pointing to him as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here are your winners... annnnnnd NEEEEEEEEEW AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAIIRRRRRRRRRR STRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIKE!

[Aarons nods his head, allowing Jack to help him up to his feet as the former National Tag Team Champion hands one of the World Tag Team Title belts to Aarons who promptly shoves it skyward to a big cheer...

...and then starts looking around for his partner.]

GM: Uh oh. In the excitement of the moment, Michael Aarons momentarily forgot about his partner and...

[Aarons rolls out to the floor, dropping to his knees next to Cody Mertz who is still down on the floor, clutching his chest.]

GM: ...Cody Mertz appears to be seriously hurt, fans.

[City Jack joins Aarons on the floor, still holding the other title belt. Mertz catches a glimpse of it, a grin crossing his face as Jack hands him the belt. Mertz clutches it to his chest to a HUGE reaction from the Houston crowd!]

GM: That's all yours, Cody Mertz! You ARE one-half of the World Tag Team Champions once again... and boy, do you ever deserve it!

[Mertz gestures to his partner and City Jack who - together - help a wincing Mertz up to his feet as the fans somehow get even louder. Aarons grins at the reaction, embracing his partner.]

GM: Air Strike has proven - beyond all doubt - that they are the best tag team in the world! Haynes and Morton put up one hell of a fight but in the end, Michael Aarons came off the top with that elbow and... wow.

[With the aid of his partner and City Jack, Cody Mertz starts walking back up the ramp, holding the title up over his head to the roars of the SuperClash crowd!]

GM: We've got a new World Television Champion! We've got new World Tag Team Champions! And somewhere back in that locker room, Hannibal Carver's gotta be wondering if tonight is the night... will we have a new World Heavyweight Champion before this night is over?

BW: I wouldn't bet against it, Gordo!

GM: Fans, the fans here in Minute Maid Park are having a good time here tonight but many of them have been having a good time here in Houston all week long as part of all the AWA activities around town including AWA All Access - a three day spectacular meant just for them - the fans! Let's take a look at some of the highlights from All Access!

[Fade to an exterior shot of the George R. Brown Convention Center. A sign out front advertises "AWA ALL ACCESS THIS WEEKEND!" as fans walk past the camera in their favorite AWA stars' t-shirts, shouting into the lens as they file into the building.]

Cut inside to a shot from an elevated position, panning over the large exhibit hall. In our quick glimpse, you might have spotted an AWA ring set up in the middle, surrounding by barricades. Inside the ring, there's a match in progress with fans all around. You might also see rows upon rows of booths... a merchandise area... an area showing AWA history... and much, much more.

A voiceover begins.]

"AWA fans by the thousands poured into the George R. Brown Convention Center over the past few days to celebrate being a part of the AWA faithful."

[Cut again, this time showing a line of people - mostly females - snaking through the exhibit hall towards a table with a large AWA backdrop behind it. As our camera gets to the front, we see a smiling Travis Lynch signing autographs for two teenage girls.]

Another cut shows Travis posing for a picture, getting a kiss on the cheek from both girls as jealous women look on from the line.]

"All the stars of the AWA were out in force, making time in their busy schedules to sign a few autographs..."

[We cut again, showing The Gladiator standing in full ring gear, muscular arms raised over his head as he stands in front of a painted Roman Colosseum backdrop. Two pre-teen boys stand on either side, arms raised in a mirrored pose as their mother takes photos.]

"...pose for some pictures..."

[Juan Vasquez is down on a knee, smiling as he balls up his right hand, miming throwing the Right Cross. A little girl blushes as she winds up her right hand, throwing the punch at Vasquez who drops to his back, motionless.]

"...and show the fans of the AWA how much they mean to them."

[As the last line rings out, we see Supernova showing a group of young fans how to apply his signature facepaint.

We cut again, this time showing Rex Summers standing at a booth that has a large sign that reads "DATE WITH A SUMMERS SWEETHEART CONTEST!" Summers appears, mic in front of him.]

RS: We're here tonight raising money for a good cause - the American Heart Association. You know "Sexy Remy" has left a trail of broken hearts all across this nation so it seemed fitting that I do a little something to help fix them.

[Cut to a shot showing several Summers Sweethearts in formal wear, smiling and blowing kisses at the cameras.]

RS: As all these hardup Houston hobos stroll through here with their unlucky women on their arms, they drop a few bucks in a jaw and hope to win the night of their lives.

[Summers smiles a sleazy grin as we cut again, this time ending up with Jackie Bourassa holding up t-shirts to the Summers Sweethearts along with a garden hose as security nudges him out of view.]

"But All Access wasn't the only place in Houston where the AWA was this week. We had Jack Lynch down at the local library..."

[Cut to that shot as Jack Lynch sits down, his daughter on his lap, as he reads from a children's book to a group of assembled kids.]

"...helping out in the AWA's "Read For Ringside" initiative."

[And then to Ryan Martinez kneeling down for a hug with a young girl.]

"And AWA World Champion Ryan Martinez was granting wishes all over the city for the Give A Dream Foundation."

[Cut to Martinez in front of a mic, title belt over his shoulder.]

RM: I love being the World Champion more than anything else... except for this. Seeing the looks on these kids' faces, knowing what they're going through...

[Martinez shakes his head.]

RM: There's just nothing like it.

[Cut back to the Convention Center where we now see Allen Allen throwing wild haymakers at Mr. Sadisuto.]

"And of course, it wouldn't be the AWA if we didn't give 'em a little bit of action as well!"

[Allen drops Sadisuto with a dropkick.]

"They came from all over the world!"

[We cut back outside the building to a group of cheering fans with a twenty-something standing in front of them in a "IRON COWBOY" t-shirt.]

"I came all the way from Germany for this!"

[Cut to two soccer moms in matching "WHITE KNIGHT" tees.]

"Australia!"

[A group of men in AWA football jerseys.]

"BARCELONA!"

[A young boy and girl in their fathers' arms.]

"Brazil!"

[And then to a group all wearing "Texas Born, Texas Bred..." t-shirts. The voiceover returns.]

"And maybe some from not so far..."

[One of the Texans gets their closeup.]

"We've been fans of the Lynch family since the day we were born! We wouldn't miss this for the world! Travis is gonna keep the title! And Supreme Wright is going down! TEAM SUPREME IS GOIN' DOWN! YEAAAAAAAHH!"

[Cut back inside to the elevated shot of the exhibit hall.]

"Great fans. Great action. Great fun. It's SuperClash week here in Houston and the AWA wants to thank all of the fans from around the world who joined us at All Access and everywhere else we were all week long!"

[Closeup of Jordan Ohara standing on a chair, doing air guitar as a group of fans waiting for autographs do the same.]

"But of course, it also wouldn't be the AWA without a little controversy."

[Cut to Calisto Dufresne signing an autograph when he suddenly looks up, a confused look on his face. He rises out of his seat, pointing off-camera. The camera pans to show Kerry Kendrick in the line of autograph-seekers, screaming at Dufresne from afar.]

"It's action! It's excitement!"

[Back to a group of fans, all trying to get to the front and be seen on camera.]

"It's the AWA!"

[And we fade from that back to a shot of Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde sitting at ringside, the crowd still buzzing over the title change.]

GM: On behalf of all of us here involved with the AWA, we want to thank all the great fans - from both near and far - who came to Houston to spend this phenomenal week with us. Between All Access, the CCW show, all the charity events, and of course, here tonight... it's been one heck of a week, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. I've never been a big fan of Texas for obvious reasons but all the people here this week made it feel like home... if I lived in a single wide trailer with a sewage problem.

GM: You're unbelievable. And speaking of unbelievable, what about that tag team title match we just saw?

BW: Incredible match. Air Strike regains the titles but watching Cody Mertz try to get up and get down the aisle after the match makes me wonder what the price is to hold those titles. He looked like he was still hurting... so did Jackson Haynes for that matter. You've gotta imagine both those guys are going to be spending some time in the trainer's room after that one.

GM: You better believe it... and speaking of spending time in the trainer's room, that may be EXACTLY what happens to one or both of the competitors in our next match when it's all said and done because it's time for the Towel Match! We caught up with both men involved in this match... let's get some pre-match thoughts!

[Backstage, Mark Stegglet stands with Jack Lynch. The King of Cowboys is dressed, as he always is, in black from head to toe. His head is uncovered at the moment, as he holds his black Stetson hat in his right hand, which hangs loosely at his side.]

MS: It is a war that has raged for almost a year. A war with many casualties. And the latest casualty is one of the most beloved men in our sport and the friend and tag team partner of the man who's joining me now. Jack Lynch, the loss of Bobby O'Connor, and the cowardly way that Supreme Wright took him out has got to be weighing heavily on your mind as you prepare to face the former World Champion tonight.

JL: Supreme Wright...

[Lynch exhales slowly.]

JL: First ya tried to take my arm.

[His voice is low, filled with conviction.]

JL: Then ya sent your flunky to take my hat.

[Lynch glances down at his hat, and then back at the camera.]

JL: Then ya took my brother.

[Redness comes to the Iron Cowboy's face.]

JL: And ya just took the man that's as much my brother as my own blood is.

[Limbs tremble with a mixture of rage and grief.]

JL: And tonight, you're lookin' to make it a clean sweep. You're comin' for all that's left. My pride, my career.

And you're lookin' to make my wife the reason why I lose to ya.

[Another exhale, as Lynch's face reddens further.]

JL: So Mark, I'd say that "weighin' heavily" ain't the half of it.

MS: I have to ask, Mr. Lynch, have you heard any prognosis on Bobby's condition?

[Lynch shakes his head, a haunted look coming into his eyes.]

JL: I'll be honest Mark, the only thing I've been told is that it ain't lookin' good. Bobby, he's gonna be out a good long while. But I don't need no crystal ball to be certain about one thing.

Bobby O'Connor ain't finished with wrestlin'.

He's got a hard road ahead of him, and it's gonna take him a long time before he's back to where he needs to be. But he'll get there, you mark my words. We ain't seen the last of Bobby O'Connor.

MS: Given the recent turmoil between you two...

JL: Lemme cut ya off right there Mark. It ain't no secret that Bobby and I have been on different pages for the last month or so. But like I said, I consider Bobby my brother, and I love Bobby the way I love Jimmy, Trav, Ma...

[Lynch pauses, his voice hitching as he almost names his younger brother, the one corrupted by Supreme Wright. He shakes his head and looks away for a moment, and it is only after a long and pregnant pause that he can look at the camera again.]

JL: Like I love my brothers.

And between me and my brothers, we got us a pact. We stand together, and if one of us gets in trouble, then the rest of don't stop until whatever fool that crossed us has been taken out. And if that means marchin' to the fiery gates of hell? Well then, so bet it.

And tonight, I'm headin' straight into hell.

MS: Indeed you are. You are a veteran of dog collar matches, strap matches, chain matches, cage matches. We saw you defeat Demetrius Lake last year in one of the most brutal Texas Death Matches in professional wrestling history. But tonight's Towel Match might be the most dangerous match you've ever been in.

JL: Ain't no "might be" about it, Mark. There's no man on God's green who knows more ways to twist a man's body than Supreme Wright. There's no one walkin' around whose got more in his arsenal than he does. Supreme Wright is a dangerous man.

MS: And Supreme Wright has designated your wife, Tammy Kay as the person who will hold the towel for you. No doubt he's banking on your wife being unable to take the sight of you being twisted into knots.

[Lynch nods, his left hand clenching into a fist.]

JL: Yeah, Supreme Wright has always got a plan. He thinks he's got this all figured out. Every move he's made has been carefully thought out, and he's sittin' pretty right now, thinkin' he's got this all sewn up. Well, Mr. Wright, I got news for ya:

You're wrong.

You're bettin' on weakness that don't exist. Tammy Kay Lynch ain't no shrinkin' violet. That woman has seen me come home from dozens of fights, and she ain't never flinched at the sight of me covered in blood. Tammy Kay knows exactly what this means to me. Ya think that she's gonna give up when you put me in some hold? This is the woman who spends every Saturday takin' Henrietta Lynch out shoppin', and has had to spend weeks now consolin' a woman she calls "mama."

This is a woman whose had to watch her husband's life and career be pulled apart by you. This is a woman who won't see Bobby in church on Sunday mornin' or have him join us for Sunday brunch for a long time.

Ya think she's gonna surrender after all you've done?

You're wrong.

And ya know somethin' Wright? You've been wrong all along.

[Lynch scoffs slightly, as a twinkle comes to his dark eyes.]

JL: And ya know somethin'? I've been wrong too.

Because I've thought that I was all alone. That I was fightin' this war by myself. And up until I looked up into the tear filled eyes of the fans and watched them mouth their prayers for Bobby, I thought I was fightin' a war without no backup.

But I was wrong.

[Lynch's head lifts, as he looks skyward for a moment, before once more turning to face the camera.]

JL: There's forty five thousand people who've come from all over the world fillin' them seats tonight. Forty five thousand people, and every single one of 'em is gonna be howlin' for your blood.

Forty five thousand, Wright.

Math ain't never been my strong suit, but by my count, that's ninety thousand shoulders I'll be standin' on tonight.

And among those forty five thousand are the people who know me better than anyone else in the world. At ringside will be Tammy Kay, the woman I love. The woman who has stood by me through thick and thin. And in that front row, you're gonna find Blackjack Lynch, the toughest man alive and the man that made me the man I am today. And next to him will be Henrietta Lynch, the greatest mother who ever lived. And with them are the rest of my brothers and sisters... Jimmy and Trav...

[Lynch's words trail off for a moment.]

JL: Every day is a struggle for Jimmy, but Jimmy walked into Minute Maid Park under his own power this afternoon, and that ain't nothin' short of a miracle. And speakin' of miracles?

How about Trav beatin' Juan tonight? Wasn't that a hell of a thing?

[Lynch's smile is filled with pride as he thinks on his brother's earlier victory.]

JL: That's my team, Supreme.

Forty five thousand people who, no matter where they were born, are Texan tonight. Forty five thousand men, women and children united behind me, carryin' me on their backs. And that ain't countin' the million people all around this world, gathered in front of their tv sets or sittin' in bars, screamin' and willin' me to keep going.

Alone? You couldn't be more wrong.

MS: But it will be you and Supreme Wright, all alone in the ring. And as you alluded to, Supreme Wright knows hundreds of ways to lock a man a hold and make him beg for release.

[Lynch nods.]

JL: You're right, Mark. Supreme Wright has himself a whole arsenal in his back pocket. He's got more moves than they've got names for. And this cowboy? Well, there's only one bullet I got in my chamber.

But it's a hell of a bullet.

[Lynch lifts his hand, and his fingers curl forward, as he makes the sign of the Iron Claw.]

JL: This what took ya out before, Wright. This hand right here? It put ya in a wheelchair for months. It ain't fancy, it ain't pretty.

But it gets the job done.

Ya wanted me at my best, isn't that right? Ya wanted to see what I got when I'm dedicated. Ya wanted to see what Jack Lynch goin' at 100 is like.

It's a cliché, but its true. A man best be careful makin' wishes, 'cuz they just come true.

You're gettin' what ya want, Wright. You're gettin' me at my best. I'm comin' straight ahead at a thousand miles an hour, and aimin' for that spot right between them beady eyes of yours.

The time has come to settle all scores and close all accounts. You've spent a year runnin' up a hell of a tab, and now, that debt is comin' outta your hide.

And as it all comes crashin' down around ya, as you're screamin' in pain, I want ya to remember, that this is exactly what ya wanted Wright. You came at me. You waged this war, and you set the terms for its end.

And brother...

[Lynch's right hand lifts, and he places the Stetson on his head.]

JL: This is the end of the line.

[And with those words, the King of Cowboys exits.]

MS: And there you have it, Jack Lynch is ready for war. And that is exactly what we will witness tonight. Now with the other combatant in that war... let's go over to Sweet Lou!

[We fade into a shot of "Sweet" Lou Blackwell backstage, where a HUGE roar of boos from inside Minute Maid Park can be heard once they see his guest... Supreme Wright.]

SLB: Supreme Wright, in just a few moments, you'll be stepping into the ring with Jack Lynch, but I... I... I just don't even know what to say! What you did earlier tonight to Bobby O'Connor was one of the most heinous things I've ever seen occur inside a wrestling ring! What do you have to say for yourself!?

[Wright just kind of shrugs.]

SW: I expected everyone wanted to hear me answer for what I did. And I'm sure the first question on every's mind is...

"Why?"

[Supreme chuckles.]

SW: I don't understand the confusion. I don't understand the disbelief. I could've sworn i made myself perfectly clear why I did what I did when I was out there inside MY ring. I broke Mr. O' Connor's arm simply because...

...it had to be done.

[Lou stares at Wright in disbelief.]

SLB: It HAD to be done!? Am I hearing you correctly? If anything, you made sure to eliminate Bobby O'Connor to remove a World Title contender standing in your way!

[Wright doesn't so much as flinch at Blackwell's accusations. He almost looks bored.]

SW: It didn't matter to me if Mr. O'Connor was next in line to getting a shot at MY World title. What I did to him was a necessary step in getting what I wanted.

Jack Lynch... at his best.

[Lou seems disturbed by Wright's words.]

SLB: "Jack Lynch as his best"? What the-... you've got to be kidding me!

SW: A fearsome enemy capable of pushing me to heights of greatness I couldn't even begin to dream about? Competition so fierce that one wrong move could very well bring about the end of my career?

[A genuine, honest to god SMILE forms on Wright's face at the thought.]

SW: I get the chills just thinking about it, Mr. Blackwell.

SLB: You've tormented Jack Lynch for nearly a year! You've torn his family apart! Tried to cripple him! Injured his loved ones and you're out here talking about making him into better competition for you!? Are you even listening to yourself? You're insane!

[Wright shakes his head.]

SW: I respectfully disagree with that assessment, Mr. Blackwell. I'm perfectly reasonable in my actions. I want my revenge. I want my retribution. I want to make Jack Lynch suffer for trying to cripple me with the Iron Claw.

But I will do it... on my own terms.

[Supreme's voice takes a harsh, almost angry tone at the end of that sentence.]

SW: I said it once a long time ago, but just what makes a REAL champion? What makes a great man, a legend? A legend... immortal?

Adversity.

And you better believe, I've put Jack Lynch through some adversity... but he WILL be stronger for it.

[Blackwell just shakes his head.]

SLB: Do you even begin to understand what you've done? It's sick. It's demented. It's you trying to turn a good, honest, decent man into a monster!

SW: No, Mr. Blackwell. Jack Lynch is most certainly NOT a monster. If anything, he was my student. And as I've thrown obstacle after obstacle in his way, he's found the will and resolve to rise above it and persevere. I've molded him from the unrefined trash he was into a CHAMPION.

In a word, I've made him into... ME.

[Supreme leans forward, drawing his face up close to Blackwell's.]

SW: And THAT, Mr. Blackwell... is something more dangerous than ANY monster.

[Lou tries his best not to be intimidated by Wright's tactics, but he's clearly affected.]

SW: I will face that very same Jack Lynch inside the ring. And I will conquer him.

And I will BREAK him.

And in front of God, country and The Lynch Clan, I will make his very own wife throw in the towel and quit FOR him.

[Wright nods his head, smirking at the thought of it.]

SW: Tonight, the legend of the King of Cowboys will die inside MY ring...

...so the legend of Supreme Wright can live.

[Wright then turns silent, glaring HARD at Lou for an uncomfortably long five seconds, before finally breaking his stare and walking away. Fade out.]

We fade back to a panning shot of the Minute Maid Park crowd, tired but still loving every second of what they're seeing. The shot dissolves into Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: ...

[Bucky looks at his colleague.]

GM: There are few moments as a broadcaster where you're absolutely speechless but... well... Bucky, is there really anything to add to what those two men just said?

[Bucky chuckles.]

BW: I guess not, Gordo. This right here is as personal as it gets and with the stipulations in place, I won't be surprised if one of these men - or both of 'em for that matter - take a trip in a meat wagon to the hospital tonight.

GM: Nor would I.

[Gordon pauses, shrugging.]

GM: They've said it all. For the past year... all the attacks... all the matches... all the violence... all the mindgames... and of course, right here tonight in their

words... they've said it all. And now it's time for Phil Watson to say it all. Phil, take it away!

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

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, before our next match begins, please welcome our special guests down here at ringside...

[Watson gestures as the camera cuts to the front row, where a section of chairs has been cordoned off by velvet ropes. There are eight people total sitting on those chairs, and the occupants receive an enormous round of applause from the audience.]

PW: ...The Lynch Family!

[The members of the Family Lynch seem to be seated from youngest to oldest. Sitting on the far right hand side is the youngest of the children, a boy of about twelve. He has curly black hair and is all smiles as he waves at the camera.]

PW: Diego Lynch!

[A pop for the youngest child. Next to him are a pair of identical twins, who look to be about fourteen or fifteen. One of the twins is underdressed for the occasion, wearing a t-shirt and jeans, and has the sullen look common to boys of his age.]

PW: Elias Lynch!

[And as Elias tries to look too cool to be there, next to him is his twin, who is well dressed, and all smiles.]

PW: Jeremiah Lynch!

[Both twins are greeted with enthusiastic applause, despite Elias' sullen demeanor. Next to them is a young blonde girl, about eighteen or nineteen years of age. She is wearing a slightly too revealing little black dress. Eagle eyed AWA fans will recognize her as a part of the CCW backstage interview team.]

PW: Theresa Lynch!

[As she waves to the crowd and then blows a kiss to the crowd, the cheers of the young male demographic get louder. Next to Theresa is another sister. Dark haired, and dressed in a much more conservative fashion, she offers a smile to the crowd, though seems a bit less comfortable around the camera than her younger sister.]

PW: Samantha Lynch!

[And then the camera pauses on the next member of the family, as the crowd falls into a reverent silence.]

PW: And now, it is my great honor and privilege to reintroduce one half of the former National Tag Team champions, a winner of the Stampede Cup...

JAMES LYNCH!!!

[The Texas faithful lose it, erupting in an ear-splitting ovation that lasts a long, long time. With the aid of his sister and father, James, who is wearing a black suit with a blue tie, slowly stands. When he is on his feet, James, with the aid of a cane, raises his right hand and waves to the crowd, a tear running down his cheek. Tears shared by his parents, and by every single fan in attendance.]

GM: What an inspirational figure he is, Bucky!

BW: All them Stenches inspire in me is nausea!

GM: Bucky!

[As James settles down into his chair, the camera pans to the next member of the family, the legendary matriarch. A heavy set woman, attired in a dress that looks like what someone would wear to church, the dark haired woman is all smiles as she looks out over her family, beaming with pride.]

PW: Henrietta Ortiz Lynch!!!

[Once more, the love pours out of the Texas fans, as Henrietta gives a wave to the crowd. And then the camera settles on the last member. A man who, despite being in his early fifties, still looks to be in tremendous shape. Six and a half feet tall, with a barrel chest and huge, gnarled and knotted fists, he wears a plaid button down shirt and a pair of blue jeans. His hair has gone grey, but is still thick, and he too stands, soaking in the love of the fans he's spent a lifetime fighting in front of.]

PW: He needs no introduction. He is the living legend of Texas wrestling...

BLACKJACK LYNCH!!!

[Blackjack milks the moment, drinking in the applause of the audience.]

BW: You know Gordo, I'm doin' the math, and there's two people missing!

GM: If you mean Travis Lynch, I understand he is still in the back. No doubt recovering from the absolute war he had earlier in the show.

BW: Well yeah, there's Scumbag #1, but also the only Lynch worth a damn. I'm talking about my favorite Lynch... Matt. Hey Blackjack, where's junior at?

GM: You know as well as I do that Matt, and I hate to say this, but Matt Lance, isn't going to be in his family's corner tonight.

BW: Like I said. Smart kid!

GM: I'm not going to justify that with a comment. Let's go back to Phil Watson before you say another asinine thing!

[Cut back to the ring to a grinning Phil Watson.]

PW: The following contest is the TOWEL MATCH!

[The crowd is rabid for the match, as evidenced by their cheers.]

PW: There will be no countouts... no disqualifications... no pinfalls or submissions. Each participant has a designated second and the match can only end when one of those seconds throws in the towel to give up.

Coming to the ring now...

["Somethin' Bad" by Miranda Lambert, featuring Carrie Underwood, blares over the loudspeakers.]

PW: And accompanied to the ring by the current AWA National Heavyweight champion, Travis Lynch. She is a former Miss Texas. Here is...

TAMARA KAY LYNCH!!

[Out first is the National Heavyweight Champion. Travis Lynch is in his "civilian" clothes – his super smedium t-shirt and jeans, with the National Heavyweight Title around his waist. At his side is Tammy Kay Lynch, all smiles and waves, as befits her pageant roots. Tammy Kay is in her late twenties, and has a head of fiery red hair, done up in big Texas style. She wears a red sequined dress. She and her brother in law walk all the way around the ring, before stopping in front of the family. With a high degree of solemnity, Blackjack Lynch hands over a white towel to Tammy Kay, as Travis moves to step over the guardrail and take a seat with his family. Tammy Kay moves to stand outside, near the corner, as all eyes go to Phil Watson again.]

PW: And now, introducing first...

[As Watson speaks, the house lights go black, and Minute Maid Park is bathed in swirling red, white and blue lasers.]

PW: Hailing from Dallas, Texas...

[The lasers cease their movements, but Minute Maid Park remains dark, save for a single white spotlight over the entrance area. The spotlight sputters, and the light projected morphs from a circle of white light to the shape of a white star.

The Lone Star of Texas.

As it does, Bon Jovi's "Wanted Dead or Alive" begins to play over the loudspeakers.]

PW: He is known as the Iron Cowboy...

[And there, in the center of the white star, is a tall, lanky figure. He wears a long, black leather duster. In his right hand, which is itself covered by a black glove, is his black Stetson hat. The long man stands, his head bent forward, wet brown hair hanging over his eyes.]

PW: Weighing in tonight at two hundred and sixty five pounds. He is the King of Cowboys...

[And as the song kicks into gear, that hat is lifted, placed on top of his head, and his head is lifted, while the crowd roars its approval.]

PW: Here is...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!!!

[The star spotlight follows Lynch to the ring, and follows him to Tammy Kay. As the spotlight settles on the cowboy and the beauty queen, Jack pulls his wife forward, and as the crowd roars its approval, the pair kiss. The lights go black again, and Jon Bon Jovi's voice can be heard loud and clear.]

#I've been everywhere
And still I'm standin' tall

[The star spotlight is in the center of the ring as is Jack Lynch.]

#I've seen a million faces

[The lights start to come up, as Lynch raises his gloved hand in the air.]

#And I've rocked them all!

[With the lights fully upon him, Lynch's fingers curl forward, making the sign of the Iron Claw, to the overwhelming love and adulation of the crowd as the music fades and Phil Watson continues...]

PW: And his opponent...

[The crowd INSTANTLY launches into deafening boos. Jack Lynch, free of his entrance attire, begins pacing back and forth across the ring like a caged animal waiting for dinner.]

GM: After some of the entrances we've seen tonight, you have to wonder what Supreme Wright has in store for us. It was last year when he had one of the most spectacular entrances anyone has EVER seen.

BW: He had KANYE WEST out there performing! That's about as huge as it gets! I don't even wanna know how much money they blew on his entrance this year!

[And with that said, take it away, Phil!]

PW: Coming to the ring now, weighing in at two hundred and twenty-five pounds...he is a former two-time AWA World heavyweight champion...hailing from Sherwood Forest, Baton Rouge, Louisiana....here is...

SUPREME WRIIIIIIIIIGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHTTTTTTTT!!!!

[There's no fireworks or pyro or lasers. There's no pageantry. There's not even Kanye West. Instead, there are only the MASSIVE, OVERWHELMING boos of more than 45,000 fans at the sight of Supreme Wright emerging onto the stage, flanked by the massive Cain Jackson, a towel-wielding Matt Lance, and a few members of Team Supreme. Wright isn't dressed in anything fancy, just the same black tracksuit with gold trim he was seen wearing earlier in the night. His eyes are focused squarely on HIS ring as he makes his way down the aisle, not so much as even acknowledging the crowd, who continues to scream and shout their outrage and hatred towards the man many consider the greatest wrestler on the face of the planet.]

GM: And after all the hype and pageantry of last year's entrance... this year, we get Supreme Wright. Simple. Focused. Determined.

[The group approaches the ring. Matt Lance looking around at the hate-filled fans with a smirk, waving the towel over his head as Cain Jackson looks up at Jack Lynch inside the ring.]

GM: And perhaps this is telling, Bucky. On this night, Supreme Wright has no desire to let his entrance be the most-talked about thing. On this night, he wants the focus on his actions inside that ring.

BW: Which, quite frankly, should scare Jack Stench to death.

[The two-time former AWA World Champion draws near to the ring, looking up at the Iron Cowboy...

...and cracks a grin, sending Lynch into a frenzy as he comes through the ropes, jumping off the apron, throwing himself into a crossbody that knocks Wright off his feet to a HUUUUUUGE ROAR!]

GM: LYNCH TAKES HIM DOWN!!

[The crowd is screaming their heads off as Lynch pours on the haymakers, pummeling Wright with an unfocused barrage of rights and lefts!]

GM: There is no precision in this attack - just sheer violence!

[After a few more blows land, Cain Jackson grabs Lynch by the hair, pulling him off the leader of Team Supreme...

...and gets CLOCKED with a right hand for his efforts, sending him staggering backwards. Lynch grabs him by the arm...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Lynch whip sends Cain Jackson SLAMMING backfirst into the ringside barricade, arms draped over it to stay on his feet as Lynch turns his attention back to the rising Supreme Wright...]

GM: The Texan is hot under the collar! He was already but after what happened with his good friend, Bobby O'Connor, earlier tonight, he's even more fired up!

[Lynch grabs Wright on his way up, throwing a knee into the midsection, sending him falling back into the barricade right by the ramp. The Texan grabs him by the head, dragging him towards the ring where he rolls him under the ropes. Lynch starts to climb in after him...

...but finds someone hooking a towel around his throat, dragging him back down!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: No disqualification!

[Lynch wiggles free, spinning around with the hope of decking his attacker...

...but pulls up when he finds it's his younger brother, Matt, with the towel in hand.]

GM: Matt Lynch was the-

BW: Lance! Lance!

GM: Whatever! Matt Lance attacked his brother in the early moments of this one and look at Jack Lynch... Jack Lynch can't believe it! Jack Lynch turned around, ready to drive his fist through someone's face but he finds his own flesh and blood looking at him.

[Lance scampers off to the corner, smirking as Jack Lynch shakes his head, rolling into the ring where Supreme Wright is on his feet, coming towards him.]

GM: Wright moving in... ohh! Lynch with the right hand to the gut! And another!

[Lynch battles to his feet, throwing big looping haymakers at the skull of Wright, backing him up against the turnbuckles as the crowd roars their approval. A well-placed uppercut causes Wright to spit a wad of saliva into the air as Lynch grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi-

[But Wright pulls up short, yanking Lynch's arm to pull him into a Muay Thai clinch.]

GM: Wright with the counter... big knee to the body... another... another!

[Lynch falls back into the corner, trying to lower his arms to defend himself as Wright continues to bring the thunder, slamming his knee up into the ribcage of the King of the Cowboys!]

GM: Supreme Wright going to town on Jack Lynch's midsection with those kneestrikes, Bucky...

BW: Both sides of the body too as he alternates back and forth between his legs, attacking the right side of the ribcage then the left. And those knees are Brian James-worthy, really cracking the torso of Jack Lynch!

GM: That counter came easy for Wright... and you have to wonder if he was ready for that early onslaught.

BW: Of course he was. You think a master strategist like Supreme Wright didn't know ahead of time that his words and actions would drive Lynch over the edge? The comments about Lynch's daughter? The attack on O'Connor? This is all Supreme Wright playing the human game of chess against a nitwit who has trouble playing checkers!

GM: Don't say that too loud. That so-called "nitwit" has his entire family out here at ringside.

BW: Not quite, Gordo.

[Wright continues to pour on the knees, ignoring the referee's cries to break off the attack in the corner considering there are no disqualifications.]

GM: What do you mean by that?

BW: There's no sign of Lynch's daughter - little Jamie Christina.

GM: You seem surprised by that. After the vile comments made by Supreme Wright - mind games or not - there was no chance that Jack Lynch was going to risk his daughter's safety at the whim of a madman.

[Wright steps back, shedding the tracksuit he wore to the ring. He tosses it aside, revealing a basic black singlet underneath.]

GM: Supreme Wright getting back to his roots with that wrestler's singlet there. No flash for him this year. He's going back to basics.

BW: And that's very bad news for Jack Lynch because there's no one better at the world of technical wrestling than Supreme Wright.

[The former World Champion advances back in on the cornered Lynch who throws a wild right hand that Wright easily ducks, swinging his knee up into the right ribcage again. Lynch winches as Wright secures the Thai clinch a second time, swinging his right leg up into the left ribcage... and goes back to work with the heavy knees, breaking down the body of the Iron Cowboy.]

GM: Knee after knee, laying in the heavy artillery on Jack Lynch who seems completely overwhelmed by this sudden and ferocious attack on the part of the former World Champion...

[With Lynch absolutely reeling, Wright drops back a half step and BLASTS the Texan with a HUGE European uppercut that literally lifts Lynch off his feet, knocking him

flat on his back on the canvas. Wright stands over him, staring down at his stunned foe.]

GM: Wow!

BW: Supreme Wright is coming into this match more dangerous than we've ever seen him, Gordo. You know his training is top notch so his conditioning and strength is second to none... but when you talk about mentally... he's broken Jack Lynch. He broke him when he brought out Matt Lance. He broke him when he got his wife and daughter involved in this war... this World War Lynch. And he broke him again tonight when he snapped Bobby O'Connor arm like a dry twig. We were looking for a tough fight but right now, this might be a walk in the park for the former World Champion.

GM: I highly doubt that... and even if it was, he can't pin Jack Lynch. He can't make him submit. He's gotta make Jack Lynch's wife, Tammy Kay, throw in that towel.

[Wright turns away from the downed Lynch, walking over to the ropes where Tammy Kay is standing. He steps a foot on the bottom rope, gesturing to the downed Jack, inviting her to throw in the towel early.]

GM: There's no chance that Tammy Kay will throw that towel in right now and Supreme Wright knows that as well. He's just trying to get in her head!

[The leader of Team Supreme turns away from Lynch's bride, walking across the ring where Lynch is kneeling on the canvas. A well-placed knee to the ear knocks him back down to the mat to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Wright using those knees to lethal effectiveness in the early moments of this one - which also has no time limit I should mention.

BW: You mean Wright could punish him for hours? Days?

GM: Theoretically, yes.

BW: Christmas has come early, daddy!

[Wright leans down, grabbing Lynch's leg and dragging him out towards the center of the ring...

...but Lynch pulls his other leg back, throwing an upkick to the chin of Wright, sending him staggering away to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Lynch caught him good right there!

[Climbing off the mat, Lynch winds up, connecting with a solid haymaker to the jaw, knocking Wright down to the mat. He pursues him, pulling him up and pushing him back against the ropes...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed again!

[Wright pulls up short, slamming on the brakes. Still holding Lynch's arm, Wright steps over the arm with his right leg... then his left, reaching back and using a snapmare to take Lynch down to a seated position where Wright - still holding the arm, yanks it back into an armbar as he jams his knee into the shoulderblade.]

GM: Right into an armbar!

[Lynch cries out, kicking at the canvas with his heels as Wright yanks back on the limb a second time...

...and then slips to the side, using the armbar to take Lynch down to the canvas on his back, pinning the arm to the canvas as he pushes off the mat, driving a knee down into the bicep.]

GM: Oh!

[Wright grinds his kneecap back and forth on the bicep, causing Lynch to cry out in pain. Swiftly, he spins out to his feet, yanking the arm to bring Lynch back into a seated position where he delivers a roundhouse kick to the shoulder!]

GM: OH! Right to the shoulder!

BW: And that's not any shoulder, Gordo. That's the shoulder that he and Cain Jackson injured months ago!

[He delivers a second kick to the shoulder, causing Lynch to grab it with his left hand. Wright pulls the arm again, dragging Lynch up to his feet where Wright twists around, his back to his rival's...

...and YANKS down on the arm, bending the elbow across his shoulder, causing the crowd to groan with sympathy for the Iron Cowboy.

A quick cut shows Tammy Kay cringe at the sight of the maneuver, twisting her head away as Blackjack shouts to her from behind, "He's fine, Tammy! You stay strong!" She gives her father-in-law a nod as Wright throws a glance in the elder Lynch's direction.]

GM: Tammy Kay Lynch being forced to watch this from ringside is terrible, Bucky. I know you support Supreme Wright but even you can't support that.

BW: Oh no? Wright's trying to win a match. And in this match, you gotta make the other guy's second quit... and who better to make quit than a man's wife?! It's the smart strategy and if Lynch didn't want to do it, he would've backed out of the match.

GM: Jack Lynch - none of the Lynches - are backing out of any fight!

BW: I know that, you know that, and Supreme Wright knows that... which means that Jack Lynch has made his bed and now he's gotta lie in it.

[With Lynch down on the mat after the armbreaker over the shoulder, Wright watches as the Texan crawls across the ring towards the ropes. The former World Champion steps into a straddle, grabbing the right arm and pulling it back into another armbar as he stares into the eyes of Tammy Kay Lynch.]

GM: Look at him! Look at Wright taunting the man's wife!

BW: She can end it at any time she wants, Gordo!

[Tammy Kay watches through the ropes as her husband cries out in pain when Wright applies more pressure to the arm. She looks down at the towel in her hand as Lynch screams, "NO! DON'T DO IT, TAMMY!" She grimaces as Wright cuts him off by cranking on the arm again, sending another scream of pain into the air.]

GM: Supreme Wright is loving this! He's sick, Bucky! Sick and twisted!

BW: He's a fighting machine who believes that nothing matters more than the thrill of victory... the feel of combat. In combat, everyone is fair game and Jack Lynch oughta know that by now.

GM: Remember, fans... this whole thing started with Supreme Wright determined to eliminate Ryan Martinez' support system... his family if you will. Jack Lynch was the first one on that list... but Lynch proved to be harder to eliminate than Wright thought. Almost a year later, these two are still at war.

[Wright spins out of the armbar, holding the arm as Lynch kneels on the canvas...

...and swings his foot up into Lynch's face!]

GM: Oh!

[He lands another short kick... and another... and another, repeatedly driving his foot up into the face of the Texan as the crowd jeers the attack.]

GM: Lynch is down... Wright is absolutely dominating Jack Lynch at this point of the matchup and to be honest, I did not think I'd be saying that.

[Wright lets go of the arm, watching as Lynch slumps down, his face pressed against the mat as he kneels on the canvas.]

GM: Wright again inviting Tammy Kay to throw in that towel but she's refusing!

[A defiant Tammy Kay shakes her head, holding the towel down at her side. Wright nods as the crowd cheers, grabbing the right arm, hauling his rival up to his feet, locking eyes with Lynch's wife...

...and executes a lightning-fast armwringer, yanking down on the arm hard enough to cause Lynch to slam facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: OHH!

[Tucking the right arm under his armpit, Wright kneels down on the shoulderblade, pulling the arm against the grain as Lynch digs his fingers into the canvas, trying to find an exit.]

GM: Tremendous pressure being put on the elbow, wrist, and shoulder as Wright tries to punish that arm that he injured so many months ago.

BW: An injury that put Lynch on the shelf when it happened.

GM: Absolutely... and after what we saw earlier tonight, I'd be remiss if I didn't mention the thought running through my head that Supreme Wright is considering breaking Lynch's arm just like he did to Bobby O'Connor.

BW: Ohh, this keeps getting better all the time.

[Tammy Kay shakes her head defiantly, gripping the towel in white-knuckled hands as Wright spins out of the armbar, swinging his foot up to kick the bicep... and again... and again...]

GM: Wright kicking the arm - a simple attack but very effective.

[The barrage of kicks leaves Lynch down on his stomach, his arm cradled underneath him as Wright walks around the ring, drawing jeers from the partisan crowd stuffed into Minute Maid Park.]

GM: Supreme Wright is in complete control and he's loving every minute of it.

[Turning back towards Lynch, Wright grabs him by the hair, hauling him up to his feet. He grabs the arm, twisting it around again...]

GM: Armwringer applied again... putting on the pressure...

[But as Wright goes to twist it a second time, Lynch drops into a front roll, flipping away from the pressure, coming back to his feet, jerking his arm free and executing a standing dropkick that sends Wright sailing through the air and down to the mat to a big cheer!]

BW: What in the-?!

GM: Travis! That was one of Travis Lynch's signature counters! It looks like big brother took a lesson from little brother in preparation for this match!

[Cut to the floor where Travis Lynch grins, clapping in support of his big brother as Supreme Wright rolls out to the floor, glaring up at Lynch.]

GM: And you better believe that Supreme Wright who believes he can outwrestle anyone on the planet is NOT happy about that turn of events.

[Lynch climbs off the mat, holding his right shoulder as Wright stands on the floor, hands on his hips.]

GM: You want to talk about mindgames? That was a mind game! That was Jack Lynch showing that when push comes to shove, he can play Wright's game as well.

BW: Pure luck. Try it again and he'll snap that arm right off, Stench.

GM: Lynch waving Wright back into the ring...

[Wright walks around the ring, pausing in his corner to drape an arm over the shoulders of Matt Lance. The former World Champion gestures into the ring as the crowd jeers this act.]

GM: Jack Lynch, already in pain, is being forced to stand in there and look at his own brother be against him. Again, this is Wright trying to dig into the mind of Jack Lynch.

BW: Hope he brought a sand shovel 'cause there ain't much there.

[Lynch steps towards the corner as Wright takes a step back, shaking his head.]

GM: Wright giving a few words to Matt Lyn- Lance...

BW: Is it really so hard to call the man by his name?

GM: By some name that Supreme Wright gave him instead of his family name? Yes. Yes it is.

[The crowd is really getting on Wright's case now for stalling. He spins away from the ring, turning to glare at them...]

...which is Jack Lynch's cue to dash across the ring, dropping into a baseball slide that sends both cowboy boots right between the shoulderblades, causing Wright to fly forwards and slump down to all fours on the floor. Lynch winces as he rolls under the ropes to continue the attack.]

GM: Jack Lynch strikes with the baseball slide and now he's looking to continue the fight out on the floor!

[Lynch uses his left arm to pull Wright up by the head, take aim...

...and BASH his head down into the ringside barricade!]

GM: OHH!

[Wright staggers away, stumbling alongside the railing as Lynch pursues him.]

GM: They're coming over here by us...

BW: I've had enough of that! Can't we get our desk relocated?!

[Lynch grabs Wright by the head again, smashing his face down into the ringside table!]

GM: Ohhh! Off the table this time!

[Wright stays slumped over on the table as Lynch grabs the back of the head, lifting him up...

...and SLAMMING his face down again!]

GM: A third time Wright's face hits something solid!

BW: And this is Jack Lynch at HIS best. Not wrestling. Not in the ring. But brawling like a common thug out on the floor!

[Flipping Wright onto his back, Lynch kneels in a straddle on top of the table, drawing back his left hand and firing it into the face of Wright over and over again with the Texas crowd cheering him on!]

GM: The Iron Cowboy is showing Supreme Wright how they do things down here in the Lone Star State, taking the fight to perhaps the greatest mat wrestler in the world!

[Climbing to his feet, Lynch pulls Wright with him, turning around...

...and HURLS him off the table, sending him flying through the air where he crashes chestfirst down on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And he may be a fighter, Bucky... but by God, he's one of the toughest fighters I've ever seen!

[Lynch stands atop the table, looking down at Wright for a few moments as the crowd continues to cheer him on. He throws a glance over to his wife, giving her a nod as he backs up, kicking a television monitor out of his way...]

BW: There goes my monitor. Jerk.

GM: Jack Lynch is setting up for something! Clearing the runway!

[And as Wright slowly drags himself to his feet, Lynch comes tearing down the table with a three-step run, leaping into the air, soaring through the sky...

...and FLATTENS Wright with a flying left-handed clothesline that sends the crowd into a frenzy!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: FLYING CLOTHESLINE OFF OUR TABLE!! OH MY!!

[Lynch is down for several moments alongside his rival, breathing heavily as he tries to suck down the pain shooting through his right arm. The fans are roaring for the King of the Cowboys, encouraging him to get back on his feet and keep up the fight.]

GM: Jack Lynch is down! Supreme Wright is down! These two rivals are beating each other into the ground here in Minute Maid Park but remember, only Tammy Kay Lynch and Matt Lance can end it!

[Speak of the Devil, Matt Lance is creeping around the ringpost, taking a look at the downed competitors.]

GM: Watch out for Matt Lance there. I bet he’s not above trying to get involved again.

[Slowly, Jack Lynch gets to a knee, grabbing his right shoulder as he does. He throws a glance at his younger brother, forcing Matt to back off, towel still gripped in hand. Lynch drags Wright off the mat, rolling him back inside the ring.]

GM: Lynch puts Wright back in... pulling himself back up on the apron as well...

[Matt Lance again comes rushing forward, ready to attack his brother...

...but his brother pivots, ready to defend himself!]

GM: Oho! Not so fast, Mr. Lance!

[Matt Lance backs off again, hands raised...

...but Lynch is distracted and that was the point as Supreme Wright reaches over the ropes, grabbing Lynch’s right arm...]

GM: What’s he-?!

[Wright drops down to the mat, snapping the arm down over the top rope!]

GM: OHHH!

[Hanging onto the arm, Wright rolls back up, unleashing a series of hard kicks to the tricep. He pulls the arm, dragging Lynch into a front facelock...]

GM: Wright’s gonna bring him in the hard way!

[The former World Champion elevates Lynch off the apron, bringing his 265 pound frame crashing down on the canvas. Wright floats over to where he’d usually apply a lateral press but holds down the torso, swinging his left knee up into the ribcage, driving it home a half dozen times...]

GM: KNEES TO THE BODY AGAIN!

[As Wright pulls off, climbing to his feet, Lynch rolls to his hip, covering up the attacked ribs.]

BW: Jack Lynch is getting physically dissected by Supreme Wright. First it was the ribs... then the arm... now back to the ribs. He can barely stand. He can barely breathe. He can barely lift that right arm. He's a mess and Supreme Wright is showing the world right now that HE is the alpha male in the American Wrestling Alliance!

[Wright lashes out with a soccer kick to the midsection punctuated by a sharp "GET UP!"]

GM: Wright's not done with him either, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not. Jack Lynch has been a thorn in his side all year long and Wright's about to pluck him out and burn him up. And he's not even asking Tammy Kay if she wants to throw in the towel during all this.

GM: Tammy Kay looking on... obvious concern on her face as- ohh! Another kick to the body!

[Tammy Kay cringes away again as Blackjack Lynch rises, waving her over. He puts his hands on her shoulders, speaking to her as she nods.]

GM: Blackjack Lynch trying to comfort his eldest son's wife... trying to convince her to keep that towel in her hand.

[Wright kicks Lynch again in the body, locking eyes with Blackjack Lynch who steels his jaw, staring at the grandson of one of his former rivals.]

GM: Supreme Wright locked in a staredown with Blackjack.

BW: Oh, I'd love to see him do something of this to the old man.

GM: I'm sure he'd be happy to oblige.

[Wright approaches the ropes, staring down at the Lynch Family.]

"LOOK AT HIM!"

[The eyes of the family are on the eldest brother, pushing to get off the mat, fighting through the pain. As he gets to a knee, a sharp-eyed viewer would notice a trickle of blood coming from the corner of his mouth...]

GM: Lynch bleeding from-

[Wright suddenly does a quick spin, BURYING a spinning back kick into the mouth of Jack Lynch, knocking him back down to the mat as the crowd groans in sympathy.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lynch flops over onto his back, rolling quickly to his side again as Wright stands over him, staring down at his rival.]

GM: Wright's showing no mercy here tonight, fans.

BW: Would you expect him to? You're talking about a guy who dislocated Wright's kneecap and put him on the shelf for months! Wright will stop at nothing to-

GM: Whoa, whoa, whoa! You're also talking about a guy who injured Jack Lynch's arm and shoulder and put HIM out for months! They've traded serious injuries during this war, Bucky... this isn't a one-way street!

BW: I'm just saying that Wright knows how to hold a grudge. Hell, I think he STILL hasn't gotten over Dave Bryant beating him and that's been two years! He's going to stop at nothing to hurt Jack Lynch and hurt him badly here tonight, daddy.

[Wright leans over...

...and Lynch reaches up, hooking his right hand on the skull of Wright!]

GM: CLAW! CLAW!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of the Iron Claw being locked in. The Lynch family legacy digs into the skull of the former World Champion as Matt Lance jumps up and down, screaming at his teacher to escape...

...which he swiftly does, pushing the weakened hand away, locking his fingers with Lynch's...]

GM: He breaks out of the hold easily and-

[He TWISTS his hand to the side, snapping Lynch's wrist in the wrong direction viciously and violently!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[An irate Wright shoves the hand down to the mat, using his right boot to pin the twisted wrist to the mat...]

GM: He's got the hand pinned down... at the mercy of Wright...

[Wright lifts his left leg...

...and STOMPS the fingers of Jack Lynch!]

GM: AHHH!

[He lifts his leg, stomping again... and again. The crowd groans with every stomp as Lynch cries out in pain. Tammy Kay steps forward, raising the towel in her hand as Blackjack Lynch screams at her to put it down.]

GM: Tammy Kay might throw it! She's got the towel and-

BW: Blackjack's trying to talk her out of it. He's willing to let his own son be a cripple who can't use his hand just to avoid his family losing in front of these idiot Texas fans! What kind of a father is that?!

GM: The kind who knows what his son would want and Jack Lynch would NOT want her to throw in that towel!

[Wright kneels down on the elbow joint, pulling the wrist towards him, looking out at Tammy Kay who has lowered the towel...

...and then lifts the hand, yanking off Lynch's trademark black glove, throwing it at her!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Despicable!

[He grabs the fingers of Lynch, holding them in his steel grip as he stares at Tammy Kay...

...and then bends them back, causing Lynch to wail in pain, stomping his boots into the canvas as the crowd groans!]

GM: AHHH! He's trying to break his fingers! He's trying to break his fingers!

[Tammy Kay lifts her arm again, pulling the towel back...

...but her husband's screams of "NOOOOOO!" cut her off. She angrily slams the towel down on the apron, staring defiantly at Supreme Wright who breaks off the attack, looking down at her.]

GM: Tammy Kay again came close to giving up the match for her husband but his shout convinced her otherwise!

[Wright looks at his rival's wife, hands on his hips.]

GM: I think Supreme Wright might be starting to wonder what it's going to take to get Tammy Kay to throw in that towel. What does it take to make a man's wife give up the match for him?

[He turns back towards Lynch who has climbed back to a knee, his right hand held at his side...

...and hooks another Muay Thai clinch, swinging the Texan around so that Wright can stare into the eyes of Tammy Kay Lynch.]

GM: KNEESTRIKE!

[The knee lands right between the eyes as Wright pulls Lynch's head down into it. He does it again... and again... and again. Tammy Kay cries out her husband's name as Wright tries to beat him into her submission.]

"QUIT!"

[He slams the knee into his forehead again...]

"QUIT!"

[...and again...]

"QUIT!"

[...and again. But Tammy Kay holds her ground, tears glistening in the corner of her eyes as Wright pulls Lynch up to a standing position, using the clinch to throw him bodily into the corner. He advances on his rival, hooking the clinch again...]

GM: Knee to the ribs!

[Wright goes back to work on the ribs, landing knee after knee after knee into alternating sides of the Texan's ribcage, sending jolts of pain through his entire body...

...and then steps back, uncorking a STUNNING spinning backfist that snaps Lynch's head to the side before he slumps down to the mat, his head dangling over the ropes.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD! WHAT A BACKFIST!

BW: He nearly knocked his head into daddy's lap!

[Speaking of daddy, we cut to ringside where Blackjack Lynch has put his arm around his wife's shoulders, Henrietta dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief as Supreme Wright gestures to Matt Lance who scampers around the ring, returning with a house mic that he gives through the ropes. Wright takes the mic, turning to face Tammy Kay, tears streaking down her face...]

SW: Throw in the towel, Mrs. Lynch.

[Tammy shakes her head, her eyes locked on her husband who is down in the corner, blood coming from a wound opened up on the side of his eyesocket.]

SW: Your husband isn't the championship caliber wrestler I thought he was, after all.

[Wright gestures to the downed and bleeding Texan.]

SW: He's worthless, just like I knew he was.

[Wright nods.]

SW: Worthless as a friend.

[The crowd jeers the comment, obviously meant to reference what happened to Bobby O'Connor earlier in the night.]

SW: Worthless as a brother.

[Wright smirks as he gestures towards James Lynch who is on his feet, using the cane for support as he glares at the former World Champion.]

SW: Worthless as a husband.

[Wright kneels down, staring right through the ropes at Tammy Kay who is beside herself now, tears pouring from her eyes.]

SW: Worthless as a father.

[The crowd reacts again, stunned by the verbal low blow...

Or...?]

SW: Worthless as a wrestl-

[Suddenly, Wright is cut off by an angered scream...]

"YOU'RE WRONG!!"

[A DEAFENING ROAR rips through Minute Maid Park as Jack Lynch, bloodied but not broken...

...has risen to his feet!]

GM: HE'S UP! JACK LYNCH, STRONG AS THE GREAT STATE OF TEXAS, IS UP!

[Supreme Wright rises to his feet, shaking his head in disbelief...

...and then rushes forward, looking to catch the Texas by surprise but Lynch leans back, driving his cowboy boot up into the jaw of the former World Champion!]

GM: OHH! BOOTS UP!

[With Wright stumbling backwards, Lynch drops down into a three point stance, pressing his left hand into the canvas...

...and comes barreling out of the corner, making a dive, and SLAMMING his shoulder into the front of Wright's right knee, flipping him over and down to the canvas!]

GM: OHH! CHOP BLOCK BY THE IRON COWBOY!

[Lynch backs into the opposite corner, ducking down into three point stance again...]

GM: He's gonna do it again!

[The Texan is shaking with intensity, ready to strike as Wright slowly regains his feet...

...and Lynch surges forward again, driving his shoulder into the front of Wright's knee, flipping him over and down to the canvas to a HUGE REACTION! Tammy Kay jumps for joy on the floor, shouting at her husband to "GET HIM, JACKIE!"]

GM: Jack Lynch has rallied from what appeared to be the jaws of defeat to put Supreme Wright down... and Wright's hanging onto that knee! That kneecap that was dislocated at the hands of Jack Lynch so many months ago!

[Grabbing Wright by the leg, Lynch does a spinning toehold, reaching down for the other leg...

...and falls back into a figure four leglock to an enormous reaction from the Texas faithful!]

GM: FIGURE FOUR! LOCKED ON IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

[Lynch rocks back, wrenching the trapped leg of Supreme Wright who screams out in pain as Matt Lance grabs the middle rope, shouting into the ring at his mentor and teacher who is in incredible pain.]

GM: And now it's Matt Lance who has to think long and hard about what to do! Does he do what Supreme Wright does NOT want him to do under any circumstances? Does he throw in the towel to save Wright from the figure four? And if he does, what happens to him at the hands of the leader of Team Supreme?

[Lance looks at the towel, looking into the ring where his teacher is screaming in pain. Jack Lynch rolls to the side, looking at his younger brother...]

"THROW IT!"

[But Lance defiantly shakes his head, tucking the towel into the front of his tights and throwing a dismissive gesture in at Lynch...

...who rocks back, cranking the hold tighter!]

BW: He's trying to break Wright's leg, Gordo!

GM: Wright's been trying to break his arm all match!

BW: So, "he did it first" is a good excuse for you?!

GM: In this case, yes!

[Lynch rolls to his hip again as Wright cries out, glaring at Matt Lance.]

"DO IT, MATT!"

[Lance shakes his head, actually turning his back on the ring.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Matt Lance is the perfect choice to hold that towel for Supreme Wright. Not only is he terrified to disobey Wright... and rightfully so. But he also wants nothing more than to see his older brother suffer here tonight. He'd rather eat that towel than throw it in so Jack Lynch can win!

[A disgusted Lynch breaks the figure four, climbing to his feet. He looks out at his brother who still has his back to the ring, trading words with Samantha Lynch out at ringside who uses the phrase "ungrateful brat!" in her brother's direction as Jack approaches the ropes...]

BW: Turn around, kid!

[...and leans through the ropes, slapping Matt in the back of the head lightly. An upset Matt wheels around, shouting angrily at Jack who points to the downed Supreme, questioning Matt Lance who sticks the towel in his mouth, biting down on it.]

BW: Told you.

[Lynch steps out to the apron, shouting at his brother some more...

...when suddenly Cain Jackson inserts himself into the mix, standing next to Matt Lance and shouting at Jack Lynch who informs him in no uncertain terms to "get the hell out of this, Jackson!"

GM: Jack Lynch is out on the apron, arguing with members of Team Supreme and-

BW: Wright's on his feet!

[Hobbling across the ring, Wright looks to do some damage from behind, winding up his right arm...]

GM: Elb- blocked!

[Lynch blocks the elbow strike with his left arm before swinging his head down, headbutt the bridge of Wright's nose. With blood flowing down his cheek, Lynch hooks a front facelock on Wright...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: No!

[...and with a grimace and a scream of pain, Lynch lifts Wright into the air, dumping him down on the barely-padded outfield grass with a suplex to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPREME WRIGHT GETS TAKEN UP, OVER, AND DOWN ON THE GRASS WITH THAT SUPLEX!

BW: Right down on his back! Wright's back might be broken after that!

GM: We talked about the possibility of one or both of these men ending their night taking an ambulance ride to the hospital and this is what we were talking about, fans! Jack Lynch with the devastating suplex out to the floor and Wright's back goes slamming down into the grass!

[Matt Lance's eyes go wide as he kneels down next to Wright, shouting at his teacher, begging him to get up as Jack Lynch stands on the apron, blood streaming down the side of his face as he smirks at the downed Wright and his attending members of Team Supreme.]

GM: This one might be over right here! Matt Lance might not have a choice but to throw in that towel!

BW: Wright's not moving, Gordo.

GM: He certainly isn't. He hasn't moved a muscle - hasn't budged an inch since he got dropped down on the ground with that suplex off the apron by Jack Lynch!

[The Iron Cowboy watches for a few more moments before climbing down off the apron, grabbing at his right shoulder as he walks towards his downed opponent. Matt Lance gets up, shouting angrily at his big brother as Lynch drags Wright up with the left hand, hurling him under the ropes inside the ring...]

GM: Lynch tosses him back in... showing absolutely no concern as to whether or not Wright is fit to continue! Referee Davis Warren is right there, trying to see if Wright can go on but Lynch doesn't want to hear it.

[Wright crawls across the mat, dragging himself with his arms as Lynch rolls in after him, getting to his feet. As Lynch gets there, he finds Wright leaning against the buckles, his face covering in pain.]

GM: Wright down in the corner... Jack Lynch coming for him...

[Grabbing the top rope to steady himself, Lynch STOMPS down on the face of Wright... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Stomps in the corner! Stomping the proverbial mudhole in Supreme Wright!

[The crowd is roaring as Lynch continues to rain down stomp after stomp after stomp to the head...]

GM: The referee can't do anything about it! Lynch trying to stomp Wright straight to hell!

[Matt Lance circles the ringpost, towel in hand as he looks up at his big brother who stomps again and again, trying to force him to give up.]

GM: Matt Lance is right there, watching Wright get stomped into oblivion but he's hanging on to that towel! Lance is refusing to throw it in!

[Lynch grimaces, breathing heavily as he looks down at his younger brother. After several deep breaths, he hauls Wright to his feet, executing a one-armed Irish whip, sending Wright across the ring where he lightly hits the buckles.]

GM: Not much power behind that whip but he got him where he wanted him.

[With a shout, Lynch raises across the ring, leaping up into the air to deliver a jumping high knee...]

...but Wright ducks under it, maneuvering Lynch up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry as the crowd goes NUTS with anticipation!]

GM: WRIGHT WITH THE COUNTER AND-

[Stepping out of the corner, Wright shoves Lynch up and over his head, dropping back and swinging his legs up...]

GM: -FAT TUESDAY!

[Lynch bounces off the knees of Wright, rolling to his back and clutching his ribs in pain as Wright grabs at his own knee, rolling back and forth, wincing in pain as both Matt Lance and Tammy Kay Lynch take a step closer to the ring, eyeing their respective charges.]

GM: Wright with the magnificent counter, doing major damage to the already-hurting ribs of Jack Lynch... but what did he do to his own knee in the process?

[Wright rolls to his hip, waving an arm at Lynch.]

GM: Wright's telling Tammy Kay to throw in the towel!

[Tammy again shakes her head as Wright slams a fist into the canvas.]

GM: Frustration starting to rear its head in Supreme Wright.

BW: If this was a regular match, Fat Tuesday might've been enough for a three count.

GM: It has been many times in the past. But tonight, it's not enough to get a three count. It's not enough to get a submission. You've got to get someone else to be willing to give up for them.

BW: Wright's getting up... and he's going to do it again!

[Wright, hobbling on one leg, leans down to drag Lynch off the mat, ducking under into a fireman's carry...]

GM: He's got Lynch up again!

[...and pushes him up and over, dropping back into a second Fat Tuesday!]

GM: FAT TUESDAY AGAIN!

[Lynch cries out, cradling his ribcage as Wright sits up, grabbing at his knee.]

GM: Supreme Wright showing his willingness to hurt himself if it means hurting Jack Lynch more!

BW: Those ribs have gotta be all sorts of busted up, Gordo!

GM: He very well could have cracked or broken ribs to go along with whatever damage Wright has done to his arm... his shoulder... his wrist... his hand... you name it.

[Wright grabs Lynch by the hair, hauling him over towards the ropes. He throws his torso over the middle rope, making Tammy Kay look right into her husband's eyes again.]

"GIVE UP!"

[Wright plants his shin on the back of Lynch's head, forcing his face forward as Tammy Kay silently shakes her head.]

"QUIT!"

[He pushes harder as Lynch cries out. Tammy Kay, again with tears running down her cheeks, begs her husband to let he end it. An anguished and weary "No... no, don't" escapes his lips before Wright steps back, kicking him in the ribs again. Lynch flops over onto his hip, looking under the ropes at his teary-eyed wife who reaches out to touch her husband, holding his left hand...]

GM: Tammy Kay is being put through an emotional wringer out here tonight and-

[...just for a moment before Wright kicks Lynch in the ribs again.]

GM: Ohh!

[Wright soccer kicks the ribs, forcing Lynch to roll out to the middle of the ring. He shouts at his foe to "get up!"]

GM: Wright demanding Lynch get off the mat!

[Wright kicks him again, shouting as he does.]

GM: Supreme Wright is losing his cool! Screaming at Lynch to get up!

[Wright grabs Lynch by the hair, pulling him from all fours to his knees. He stares down into the eyes of the Iron Cowboy, lifting his arm back...

...and SLAMS it down in a 12 to 6 elbow down across the eyebrow!]

GM: OHH!

[...and again!]

GM: OHHH!

[...and again! The repeated elbowstrikes have Lynch helpless as Wright grabs the right arm with his right arm, dragging the Texas down to the canvas, using his legs to scissor the left arm!]

GM: What's he...?!

[And with the arms trapped, Wright swings his left elbow down into the temple over and over again...]

GM: The arms are trapped and Wright's going to down with those elbows!

[Tammy Kay throws herself forward, screaming at her husband as Wright pummels him with vicious elbowstrikes to the head!]

GM: Wright's trying to batter Lynch into unconsciousness!

[With his wife screaming and nearing the need to throw in the towel...

With one arm completely battered and useless...

With the other trapped between Wright's legs...]

GM: Lynch is in trouble! Tammy Kay may have to throw in the towel! Tammy Kay may have to throw in the towel!

[Sensing the end is near, Lynch plants his feet on the canvas under him...

...and pushes off, getting enough force behind his long legs to flip Wright over onto his stomach, jerking his arms free as he folds up Wright's legs in a "4" position, Wright's right ankle behind his left knee, the left leg folded over towards his back...]

GM: WAIT A SECOND!

[...and Lynch stands up for a moment, applying the hold that many called an inverted Texas Cloverleaf or a Gorilla Clutch hold.

But a hold that Supreme Wright knows as The Supremacy.]

GM: SUPREMACY! SUPREMACY! SUPREMACY!

BW: HE'S GOT WRIGHT IN HIS OWN HOLD!!

[Wright cries out in pain as Lynch puts pressure on the leg and the back as Lynch hangs on for dear life. Matt Lance slides around the corner, getting himself in Supreme Wright's eyeline to make sure Wright doesn't want him to throw in the towel...

...and then Lynch drops back, wrapping his long legs around Wright in a bodyscissors to a HUGE reaction!]

GM: AND NOW HE'S _REALLY_ GOT IT LOCKED IN!!

[It doesn't take long for Wright to spin out of one of his own signature holds, rolling right under the ropes to the floor next to Matt Lance. Lance grabs Wright, helping him up off a knee...

...and Wright shoves him angrily away!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: Supreme Wright can't believe it! Not only did Jack Lynch just counter one of his own holds - but he countered it into one of WRIGHT'S signature holds!

GM: He's lost it! He's out on the floor screaming at Matt Lance... at Cain Jackson... at-

BW: Of course he is! Don't you get it, Myers?! Never in Supreme Wright's life did he imagine that ANYONE would be able to outwrestle him on the mat... especially a brawling thug like Jack Lynch!

[Wright starts walking around the ring, visibly limping as Jack Lynch, bloodied and battered, climbs to his feet, waving Wright back into the ring.]

GM: If you're right, Bucky, Jack Lynch just got DEEP into the head of Supreme Wright!

[The former World Champion ends up over by the Lynches, getting an earful as he walks by. He turns, glaring at all of them, pointing a threatening finger right down the line...

...and as he turns...]

GM: LYNCH OFF THE APRON!

[The Iron Cowboy comes sailing off the apron, connecting with a flying kneestrike that levels Wright, knocking him down to the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Lynch rolls off, leaning back against the ring apron as Wright lies flat on his back on the floor. Matt Lance appears next to him, shouting for Wright to get to his feet.]

GM: Supreme Wright lost his cool! He lost his focus! And he let Jack Lynch catch him by surprise!

[The Texan climbs to his feet, looking out over his family who are cheering him on... and then beyond them to the 45,000+ fans cheering just as loud - his extended family on this night - and raises his right hand, trying to twist his fingers into the Claw position...

...but just as quickly, he lowers his hand, swinging his hand in pain. Taking a deep breath, he pulls Wright off the floor, rocketing him under the ropes with his left hand.]

GM: Lynch sends him back in... rolling in after him...

[Lynch climbs to his feet, wiping the blood from his eyebrow that Wright split open using the elbowstrikes. He takes his hand, rubbing it over his chest, leaving a bloody streak as he approaches Wright, pulling him off the mat...

...and BLASTS him with a left hand, sending Wright falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Big left hand sends Wright to the corner... and Lynch is coming for him!

[Grabbing the top rope for balance, Lynch starts throwing big boots to the midsection, landing kick after kick to the ribcage before grabbing the arm, whipping him across the ring where he hits the buckles, wobbling out...]

GM: Lynch sets... BIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP!

[Wright rolls to his hip, cradling his lower back as Lynch stalks him, nodding his head at the cheering crowd.]

GM: The Iron Cowboy, looking to find a way to finish him off! Looking to find a way to force Matt Lance to throw in that towel!

[With the former World Champion down on the mat, Lynch hauls him back to his feet, backing him into the corner...]

GM: Lynch moving him to the buckles...

[He lays in a few hard left hands, leaving Wright reeling against the corner buckles as Lynch steps through the ropes...]

GM: Wait a second!

[The crowd begins buzzing as Lynch starts to climb the turnbuckles on the outside, keeping his left hand on the head of Wright, holding him in position.]

GM: Wright's in the corner and Lynch is climbing!

BW: He may be setting up for that Calf Branding, Gordo!

[Lynch gets a foot on the top rope, sliding his shin up against the back of Wright's head...]

GM: He's only got one good hand so he's having some trouble getting into position for it... trying to pull him where he needs him but-

[Having taken too long, Wright slaps the hand away, spinning in one motion to DRILL Lynch in the temple with an elbowstrike!]

GM: OHHH!

[Grabbing Lynch by the hair, Wright hauls him down, throwing him back into corner. His face has twisted into something unfamiliar to AWA fans. Rage. Pure rage.]

GM: Wright's got him in the corner and-

[Suddenly, Wright bursts into action...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A big knife edge chop bounces off the chest of Lynch, followed immediately by a forearm strike to the temple.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Four chops have Lynch reeling before Wright hooks him by the blood-soaked hair, delivering a half dozen elbowstrikes to the side of the head, drawing more blood from the wound by the eyesocket...]

...and then grabbing the top rope, laying in kneestrikes to the ribs of the Iron Cowboy!]

GM: A barrage of strikes from Supreme Wright, beating Lynch into the corner!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The chops are leaving red welts on the chest of the dazed Lynch as Wright pivots his feet, swinging the knee up into the body again, landing three knees to the ribs before using his elbow to smash the eyebrow of Lynch as he slides down to a knee, getting pounded by the former World Champion who seems to be getting angrier and more aggressive with each and every blow...]

GM: He's pounding Lynch down!

[An elbowstrike to the temple.

A knee to the sternum.

A pair of chops to the kneeling Iron Cowboy.

He grabs a left hand full of hair, swinging his right elbow down... up... down... up... down... up... down... up...]

GM: My god!

[Tammy Kay is SCREAMING from out at ringside!]

BW: If the referee could, he'd have to stop this thing!

GM: Nobody can stop it but Tammy Kay Lynch and Matt Lance!

[Fury spilling all over the place, Wright rears back again, ready to deliver a final blow...

...and then pulls up short!]

GM: Whoa!

[Wright freezes, slowly turning to look at his hand...

...which is clenched into a fist.]

GM: My stars... we've... Bucky, we've never seen Supreme Wright throw a punch before!

BW: Elbows, forearms, spinning backfists... but never a punch!

GM: He stopped himself before he did it but-

[The moment's hesitation is enough for Lynch to duck down, sweeping the legs of Wright into a double leg takedown. Lynch flings himself into the mount, slamming his left hand down into the skull over and over!]

GM: Lynch has got him down! Wright was thrown off by trying to throw the punch and Lynch is making him pay for it!

[A dozen or more fists bounce off the skull of the former World Champion, sloppily thrown with the off hand but effective nonetheless. Lynch gets up, letting loose a roar that the crowd echoes as he looks around the ring, spotting Matt Lance gripping the towel in his hand.]

BW: The fists are flying but Stench ain't won nothin' unless he can get Matt Lance to throw in that towel... and I'm not sure he can make him do it, Gordo.

[Lynch leans down, dragging Wright off the mat, steadying him in the middle of the ring...

...and then breaks into a dash, hitting the ropes, and throwing a left-handed lariat that knocks the former World Champion off his feet!]

GM: Big lariat! Not the usual impact we see out of the right-handed one but it definitely did a number on Wright!

BW: But did it do enough?

[The Iron Cowboy turns, staring at Matt Lance who defiantly shakes his head. Lynch grimaces, reaching down to pull Wright off the mat again, flinging him with one arm into the corner...

...and then charges in after him, cracking Wright up under the chin with a flying knee!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Knee to the jaw!

[Wright’s eyes start to roll back in his head as Lynch turns, hooking a side headlock with his left arm, pointing his injured right arm at Matt Lance who pauses, looking at the towel...

...and shakes his head!]

BW: Lance says no!

[And Lynch runs out of the corner, leaping into the air...

...and DRIVES Wright facefirst into the canvas with a running bulldog!]

GM: BULLDOG HEADLOCK!

[The crowd is roaring as Lynch sits on the mat, staring at his younger brother who has one hand on the middle rope, the other gripping the towel pulled back over his head...]

GM: He’s gonna do it! He’s gonna throw in the towel!

[...but Lance pulls it down, shaking his head, turning away from the ring. An agitated Jack Lynch climbs to his feet, looking back and forth...

...when a whistle catches his attention.]

GM: Jack Lynch is-

[Lynch turns towards the whistle...

...and spots his brother, James, standing on his feet, cane in hand. The crowd ROARS!]

GM: Oh my!

[Jack gives a nod to his brother - the man he once held AWA championship gold alongside - who flings the wooden cane into the air, sending it soaring over the ropes where Jack snatches it out of the sky. The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Jack wielding the cane...

...and then erupts again at the sight of Matt Lance screaming at the ring, slamming his hands down on the ring apron!]

GM: Matt Lance is beside himself! Matt Lance doesn’t want to see Jack Lynch with that wooden cane but that’s what he’s seeing! That’s what he’s seeing and-

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd roars as Lynch slams the wooden cane down on the kneecap of Supreme Wright! Matt Lance kicks the apron, screaming at his elder brother who raises the cane again...]

GM: Jack Lynch is giving Matt Lance his chance... giving him his opportunity to throw in the towel...

[Lance looks at the towel... then at Jack Lynch, cane held over his head...]

GM: Come on, kid.

[...and then shakes his head, pulling the towel down. Jack actually smiles at his brother's action and then SLAMS the cane down on the kneecap again.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN! THE CANE DOWN ACROSS THE KNEE AGAIN!

[Wright howls in pain, rolling back and forth on the canvas as Lynch grips the cane in his hand, looking out at his brother. Cain Jackson walks up to Matt Lance, putting an arm around him, pointing into the ring... but Lance shrugs Jackson's arm off him, shoving him back to a big "ohhhh!" from the assembled 45,000+ fans in Minute Maid Park...]

"HE GAVE THE TOWEL TO ME! IT'S MY CALL, NOT YOURS!"

GM: A little bit of dissension in the ranks of Team Supreme, Bucky.

BW: Matt Lance is taking this responsibility tonight VERY seriously. It means a lot to his future in Team Supreme. It means a lot to the relationship between he and his family. If that towel's flying in tonight, it may have to be dragged out of his cold, dead hands, Gordo!

[Lance stomps away from a fuming Cain Jackson who stares after him. Jack Lynch walks around the ring, shouting to his brother as Supreme Wright pushes up off the mat, ending up on his knees...]

GM: Jack Lynch trying to convince his brother to throw in the towel... but he's having the same luck that Cain Jackson had.

[Lynch turns around, sees Wright on his knees...

...and cracks a grin as the crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: Are you...?

BW: NO!

[The Texan points the cane at Matt Lance... and then at Supreme Wright.]

GM: Lynch is giving him another chance but Lance says-

BW: NOOOO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as the cane cracks in half, the upper half flying into the air and out of the ring as Wright slumps back down to the canvas, his eyes fluttering as he drops.]

GM: HE BROKE THE CANE! JACK LYNCH BROKE THE CANE OVER SUPREME WRIGHT'S HEAD!

[Still holding half the broken cane, Lynch turns towards Matt Lance who is pacing on the floor, breathing hard, wiping his own head with the towel clutched in his nervous hands...]

GM: Supreme Wright got a wooden cane cracked over his head and went down like someone had hit the lights!

[Lynch looks out to the floor, waiting to see what his brother will do...]

GM: Matt Lance has GOT to throw in the towel now! He's GOT to!

[Or does he? Lance simply shakes his head, still pacing back and forth. Shaking his head just like his brother, Lynch pulls Wright into a kneeling position on the mat...

...and slowly raises the broken wooden cane over his head!]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: He's not!

GM: Oh, I think he is! I think he is, Bucky!

[Lynch turns the cane around, pointing the splintered end down, locking eyes with Matt Lance who scrambles up on the ring apron, kneeling on it as the Iron Cowboy speaks to his brother...]

"Do it, Matt. End this."

GM: Matt Lance has this match in his hands! Matt Lance needs to make a decision!

[Lynch holds the jagged cane just above the forehead of Supreme Wright.]

GM: Lynch has got the cane! Lance has got the towel! It's a showdown! Who's going to blink first?!

[Matt Lance stares down at the towel...

...and then up at his brother, slowly shaking his head. The crowd buzzes with concern as Lynch bites his bottom lip...]

GM: Oh my... oh my stars...

[...and DRIVES the jagged end of the cane into the forehead of Supreme Wright, ripping his skin open as he digs the cane back and forth, driving the splintered wood into the flesh!]

GM: AHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Blood begins to pour from the wound on Wright's head as Lynch digs it deeper, pushing the cane into the wound as Matt Lance screams.]

GM: WRIGHT'S SCREAMING IN PAIN! WRIGHT'S IN TROUBLE!

[Lance pulls back his arm, towel in hand...]

GM: He's gonna do it! Lance is gonna do it!

[But Supreme Wright locks eyes with his student and informs him of his desire with one word - screamed in pain, anguish, and in the ultimate show of defiance.]

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[The scream stops Lance cold...

...and as he stares at his bloodied teacher, he drops down off the apron. The crowd roars with surprise at the action... and then roars again as a stunned Jack Lynch lets go of Supreme Wright, letting him slump down to the mat. Lynch tosses the broken cane aside, shaking his head.]

GM: My stars, what more can he do, Bucky? What more can Jack Lynch do to get his brother to throw in that towel and end this match?!

BW: Gordo, we joked about this match going for hours or days but... we're over forty minutes and I'm not sure ANYTHING is going to get Matt Lance to end this! Incredible!

[A bloodied and stunned Jack Lynch looks down at his younger brother who is now sneering back at him, defiantly shaking his head, flinging the towel over his shoulder...

...and Lynch pulls Wright off the mat, showing the degree of the cut on his forehead to the crowd who gasps in response...]

GM: Lynch pulls Wright up and-

[A desperate Wright swings a knee up into the ribs of Lynch, hitting the ribcage he worked over so hard early in the match...]

GM: OH!

[...and with a handful of trunks, Wright pivots...]

GM: WATCH OUT!

[...and HURLS Jack Lynch through the ropes, sending him sailing directly onto a stunned Tammy Kay!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The air comes out of Minute Maid Park as referee Davis Warren rushes to ringside, dropping to a knee next to Tammy Kay as Jack Lynch rolls to the side, unaware of what just happened. The Lynch Family is instantly on their feet, pointing and screaming at Supreme Wright who drops to a knee, blood dripping from his head onto the canvas.]

GM: HE DID THAT ON PURPOSE!

BW: What?!

GM: Supreme Wright took out the man's wife INTENTIONALLY!

BW: Prove it! That was a desperation move and he had NO idea where he was, where Lynch was, and definitely where that beauty school dropout, Tammy Kay was!

[Wright drops to his back, rolling out of the ring. He throws a glance down at Tammy Kay who is motionless after having a 265 pounder thrown down on top of her. The referee is up, making a "X" with his arms, summoning medical help from the locker room as Wright drags Lynch off the floor...

...and then ROCKETS him skullfirst into the barricade in front of the Lynch Family!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHH! LYNCH'S HEAD AND NECK HIT THE STEEL AT A SICKENING VELOCITY!

[Wright stands defiant in front of the Lynch Family, absorbing the abuse of all of them as he stares them each in the eye, pointing to the motionless Jack Lynch, blood pouring off him.]

GM: Supreme Wright is going to start a riot here in Houston, Texas!

[Wright turns slightly as medical personnel - including Dr. Bob Ponavitch - rush into view, kneeling down to tend to Tammy Kay.]

GM: Tammy Kay Lynch is out cold... unconscious from that... you call it an accident, I call it intentional.

[With his daughter-in-law down on the ground, Blackjack Lynch steps out from behind the railing, his wife trailing behind him to check on her.]

GM: Blackjack's out here... Henrietta as well. Both have a look of concern on their face for their son as well as their daughter-in-law... and Henrietta's got a few words for Supreme Wright!

BW: I'd tell Blackjack to get her back in her place - barefoot and pregnant... but Lord knows we don't want any more Lynches!

[The fiery matriarch of the Lynch clan is firing off words towards what appears to be an amused Supreme Wright who makes a dismissive gesture in her direction, stepping forward towards the downed Tammy Kay...]

GM: You stay away from her!

[Wright leans down, picking up the towel that she dropped...

...and then tosses it to Blackjack who snatches it out of the air.]

GM: What the...?!

BW: It's your decision now, old man!

GM: The medical team is taking Tammy Kay out of here... taking her back to the locker room to receive medical help but since the match continues... I suppose you're right, Bucky. Blackjack Lynch, Jack Lynch's legendary father, has taken the towel...

BW: Henrietta's got it too. Maybe she can wipe some of those deluxe nachos off her chins now!

GM: BUCKY!

[Wright pulls a limp Jack Lynch off the ringside mats, tossing him under the ropes into the ring. He winces as he pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes into the ring. He turns, pointing to Lynch's bloodied and prone form, shouting at Blackjack Lynch who stands stoic, gripping the towel in his hand as Henrietta stands by his side.]

GM: Jack Lynch is in a bad way after hitting his head on that barricade...

[Wright pulls the bloodied Lynch to his knees, winding up his right arm...]

GM: ELBOW TO THE HEAD!

BW: A 12 to 6 elbow - illegal in Mixed Martial Arts but legal here in the AWA!

GM: Another devastating elbow! And another!

[A half dozen elbows land, Lynch on Dream Street as Wright walks away from him, leaving him bloodied and dazed on his knees. Wright looks at Blackjack Lynch, crouching low to stare into his eyes...]

"Do it, old man. Save your son."

[Blackjack Lynch refuses...

...just what Supreme Wright was hoping for!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK TO THE KNEELING LYNCH!

BW: Hah! The very same move that Dave Bryant used on Supreme Wright! If that's not a message, I don't know what is, Gordo!

GM: A message... who the heck is sending messages at a time like this?!

[Wright turns back to Blackjack who is holding the towel in his hand, shaking his head as he looks down. Henrietta has a hand on Blackjack's shoulder, imploring him to reconsider as Wright backs off, watching as Jack Lynch lies motionless on the mat.]

GM: Blackjack's not throwing it in! And look at Matt Lance!

[Creeping around the corner, Matt Lance starts screaming at his mother and father.]

"THROW IT IN, OLD MAN! YOUR FAVORITE SON IS BLEEDING OUT! HAHHAHA!"

[The maniacal laugh seems to stir something in Blackjack Lynch who turns his head, glaring at his younger son who is still laughing...

...when inside the ring, Wright pulls Lynch up to a knee, his head hanging over...]

GM: He can't even stand, fans! Jack Lynch is out!

[Wright looks out at Blackjack, giving him another chance...

...and then rushes forward, SLAMMING his knee up into the jaw, snapping Lynch's head back and dumping him motionless on the canvas! Henrietta Ortiz Lynch lets out a wail, covering up her face with his arms at the blow!]

GM: That was... my god...

BW: Eric Preston's Dream Machine! Supreme Wright is sending all sorts of messages now!

GM: A violent kneestrike to the head... Wright's got Lynch exactly where he's been wanting him for an entire year. He wants to eliminate Lynch like he did to O'Connor earlier tonight. He wants to clear the path to Ryan Martinez and the World Heavyweight Title!

BW: If he beats Lynch... if he makes Blackjack throw in that towel... he'll have done it! There will be NO ONE who can stop him!

[Wright turns to Blackjack again, gesturing towards his motionless son.]

GM: Blackjack Lynch may not have a choice, fans. I know he loves his son. I know he wants to give him every chance to win this thing in front of all his fans here in Texas but how much more can he stand? How much longer can this go on?

[Cut to Henrietta, pawing at the arm of Blackjack Lynch.]

BW: She's asking him to do it, Gordo! The old cow is BEGGING him to do it! This is GLORIOUS!

GM: Shut your mouth, Buckthorn Wilde!

[Blackjack Lynch looks long and hard at the towel, raising it in front of his eyes as Matt Lance's voice can be heard off-camera.]

"DO IT! DOOOOOO IIIIIIIIT! PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY, OLD MAN!"

[The shout seems to steel Blackjack's resolve again, looking up at Wright and shaking his head to a mixed reaction as even the fans in Houston are starting to grow concerned for the future of Jack Lynch.]

GM: Blackjack Lynch refusing to give in! Refusing to throw in the towel!

BW: That stubborn son of a-

GM: BUCKY!

[A furious Wright spins back to Jack Lynch, pulling his bloodied and motionless form off the mat...

...and yanking him into a front facelock. The crowd buzzes in recognition as Blackjack steps forward, wrapping his hand around the middle rope...]

GM: Blackjack knows what's coming! The whole world knows what's coming!

BW: The ultimate message!

[Wright stares at the elder Lynch... but this time, he doesn't even give him a chance to act, lifting Jack Lynch up into the air...]

GM: NO!

[...and DROPS him skullfirst to the canvas with the "ultimate message!"]

BW: BRAAAAAAAAAAINBUSSSSSTAAAAAAAHAH!

[Wright spins over, kneeling next to Lynch's head. He grabs him by the bloody hair, lifting his head off the mat...]

...and then letting it fall limply to the canvas with a smirk. Matt Lance is beside himself, jumping up and down, shrieking with adulation for his mentor!]

"YEAAAAAAAAAH! YEAAAAAAAAAH! YEAAAAAAAAAAH! HE'S DONE! HE'S FINISHED!"

[Blackjack Lynch winces at his son's lack of motion as a sobbing Henrietta begs her husband to throw in the towel to end it...]

GM: Henrietta is begging him! Pleading with him to end this match!

[...but Wright moves quickly, not happy that the match isn't over.]

GM: Supreme Wright isn't even giving a chance for someone to throw in the towel! He's just moving from move to move and... what's this now?!

[Muscling the barely-conscious Lynch over onto his side, Wright slips his left arm behind Lynch's neck, leaning down, pressing his torso into the upper back of Jack Lynch, forcing his head and neck downwards towards his chest.]

BW: IT'S THE SUGAR HOLD!

[The crowd ROARS in reaction to Wright applying it...]

...and the Lynch Family at ringside is on their feet, screaming at the ring.]

GM: The Sugar Hold?!

BW: Oh hell yes! The trademark hold of Roosevelt Wright and you better believe that Blackjack Lynch has been in this very hold enough times to know exactly how much it hurts!

[The pain shooting through his body seems to revive Jack Lynch who is suddenly screaming in pain!]

BW: Oh, Grandpa Roosevelt must be so proud!

GM: This is one of the oldest submission holds on record - the kind of thing that wrestlers who would get called "hookers" back in the day would use to force a submission. It's not something we see very much of anymore as the sport has evolved from a strictly submission style game.

BW: That doesn't make it any less effective! Lynch ain't getting out of this unless Blackjack throws in that towel and-

[Blackjack is screaming at his son, advising him of ways to try and get out...]

...and then Matt Lance swings around the corner again, shouting to his father.]

"THROW IN THE TOWEL, POPS!"

[The camera pivots to Lance who grabs it and shouts into it...]

"THIS COULD BE YOU SOMEDAY, JAMIE!"

GM: OH! Get the camera off that piece of human garbage! That piece of filth! Threatening a child... his own flesh and blood no less... absolutely disgusting!

[With Jack Lynch starting to black out, Wright suddenly breaks the hold, climbing to his feet. He looks out at the jeering crowd - the deafeningly loud jeering crowd - and gives the slightest of bows.]

GM: Supreme Wright acknowledging the crowd... a little out of the ordinary for him but we've seen the lengths he's gone to tonight. We've seen what this war with Jack Lynch has driven him to!

[Wright pulls Lynch's bloodied and barely-moving form off the mat...

...and HURLS him through the ropes, sending him crashing in a heap right at the feet of Blackjack and Henrietta Lynch. Henrietta pushes past her husband, kneeling down to check on her son as a smirking Supreme Wright approaches the ropes, ducking through it. He gingerly - on his bad knee - lowers himself to the floor, walking over to where Blackjack Lynch pulls his wife back up, standing in front of her.]

GM: Uh oh. We've got ourselves a little standoff there as Blackjack is trying to keep Supreme Wright away from his wife.

BW: Oh, like he'd really hurt that old sow.

GM: BUCKY! And considering what Supreme Wright has done here tonight - what he's threatened to do as of late - I don't know that I put absolutely ANYTHING past him.

[Wright steps over to the Lynch Family behind the barricade, gesturing to Jack Lynch. There are words exchanged with several members of the family as Wright slowly works his way down it...

...and then snatches young Theresa Lynch by the hand! The crowd gasps as Wright pulls her hand towards him, planting a kiss on it!]

GM: WHAT THE-?! THAT SCUMBAG!

[Theresa recoils in shock and horror...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and responds the only way she can!]

GM: OH! SHE SLAPPED HIM! SHE SLAPPED-

[Theresa goes for a second slap but this time, Wright grabs the wrist of the young lady, blocking the slap. Theresa tries to pull her arm away but Wright hangs on to it...

...which brings James Lynch awkwardly over the railing, DRILLING Wright with a right hand between the eyes to a HUUUUUUUUGE ROAR from the crowd!]

GM: OH MY STARS! JAMES LYNCH WITH THE RIGHT HAND!

[Cain Jackson is quickly on the scene, grabbing James Lynch by the hair, yanking him away from Wright who backpedals away from the chaotic scene as Travis Lynch comes over the railing... and then the younger brothers to boot!]

GM: WE'VE GOT CHAOS ON THE FLOOR!

[Team Supreme members rush into the fray, getting tangled up with the fighting members of the Lynch family who are shoving and pushing... and in Travis' case, throwing big left hands at Cain Jackson before ramming him into the ringpost!]

GM: We've got a fight on the floor and-

[Bailing out, Wright retrieves Jack Lynch, rolling him under the ropes into the ring. He throws a glance over his shoulder where Blackjack Lynch SLAMS the heads of two Team Supreme members together, leaving them laying. Travis continues to fight, driving more Team Supreme members up the aisle as Wright grabs Jack by the arm...]

BW: CROSSFACE!

GM: He's going for the Cobra Clutch Crossface, trapping the right arm and-

[With the right arm trapped and an inescapable hold about to be locked in, Jack Lynch only has one option left...]

GM: CLAW!

[...and the crowd EXPLODES into cheers as Jack Lynch hooks the left-handed Iron Claw on Supreme Wright!]

GM: HE'S GOT THE CLAW LOCKED IN!

[Matt Lance leaps into the air, slamming the towel down on the ropes, screaming at his mentor to try and get out of it...

...and Wright does just that, landing a short knee to the injured ribs!]

GM: Ohh! Wright caught him... and he lifts him up! He's going for another Fat Tuesday!

[But as Lynch is walked out to the center of the ring, he's using one leg to push the other foot...]

GM: What is Lynch doing? Jack Lynch trying to wriggle free!

[And he does, landing behind Supreme Wright...

...where the cowboy boot he managed to get off his foot just now is waiting for him. He comes up swinging...]

GM: BOOM! BOOT ACROSS THE HEAD!

[The blow sends Wright staggering back, bouncing off the ropes...]

GM: BOOM! LYNCH LANDS ANOTHER SHOT WITH THE BOOT!

[The second blow sends Wright spinning away, falling chestfirst into the corner. Lynch, boot in hand, approaches, spinning Wright around and stepping up to the second rope, holding his boot high to a big reaction from the fans who count along as he swings the boot down into the head!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

[The camera cuts to Matt Lance who looks stunned, head buried in his hands as Lynch continues to pummel his teacher off-camera.]

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

[Cut over to Blackjack Lynch who has a big grin on his face, nodding with each blow his eldest son lands.]

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

[And then back to Jack as he lands the tenth and final blow, leaving Wright with his arms draped over the top rope, blood pouring from his skull as he tries to stay vertical.]

"TEN!"

[The crowd is still roaring as Jack hurls his boot aside, standing with just one foot covered as he holds up his left hand...]

GM: He's calling for the Claw! He's calling for that left-handed Claw!

[Nodding to the crowd, Jack Lynch marches towards the corner, looking to finally finish off his rival and end this war...]

GM: The King of the Cowboys moving in, looking to finish off-

[But as he gets in range, Supreme Wright LEAPS into the air, throwing a kneestrike into the nose of the incoming Lynch!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHERE THE HELL DID THAT COME FROM!?

BW: Supreme Wright REFUSES to stay down! REFUSES to quit! REFUSES to die!

[A jubilant Matt Lance can be heard as Wright grabs the arm, flinging Lynch into the corner, charging in...]

GM: LEAPING KNEE IN THE CORNER!

[He backs off, charging back in...]

GM: ANOTHER ONE!

[He backs off, wincing as he shakes out his leg this time...]

GM: The knee's giving him trouble but-

[The crowd GROANS as Wright rushes in, landing another running high knee!]

GM: LYNCH IS OUT ON HIS FEET! LYNCH CAN BARELY STAND!

[Matt Lance races around the corner, getting right up in his father's face, pointing into the ring where Supreme lands another running high knee!]

"ARE YOU EVEN WATCHING THIS, OLD MAN?! ARE YOU WATCHING WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOUR FAVORITE?! ARE YOU EVEN SEEING WHAT HE'S DOING TO HIM?!"

[Blackjack literally turns the other cheek, turning away from his petulant child...

...who turns his focus on Henrietta.]

"WATCH, MOM! WATCH WHAT MR. WRIGHT IS DOING! WATCH WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOUR PRIDE AND JOY!"

[Henrietta Ortiz Lynch, full of pride, sinks to her knees in tears as her son tears into her verbally...

...until a large hand swings Matt Lance around by the shoulder...

...and then wraps around his head to one of the biggest reactions of the night!]

GM: CLAW! CLAW!

BW: CHILD ABUSE!

GM: BLACKJACK'S GOT THE CLAW ON HIS OWN SON!

[Supreme Wright turns towards the cries of pain from Matt Lance. He seems about to do something...

...and then changes his mind, taking aim once more at Jack Lynch...]

GM: BLACKJACK'S GOING TO SQUEEZE SOME RESPECT INTO THAT KID'S BRATTY LITTLE HEAD!

[Blackjack gives a big shove, sending Matt Lance staggering away, grabbing his head in pain as Wright rushes in, determined to knock Jack Lynch into the middle of Concussion City...]

GM: RUNNING KNEE!!!

[...but this time, Jack Lynch uses his grip on the top rope to pull himself clear, causing Wright to SLAM his knee violently into the turnbuckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Wright drops back, hobbling back out towards the middle of the ring where Jack Lynch is waiting...

...and leaps into the air, throwing himself at the bloodied Wright!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS! FIERRO PRESS!

[Lynch winds up, throwing his damaged right hand into the skull!]

GM: OHH! RIGHT HAND!

[He winces, winding up and throwing it again!]

GM: ANOTHER ONE!

[The pride of Texas climbs to his feet, lifting his right hand into the air...

...and then leans over, lifting Wright's leg off the canvas!]

GM: OH MY STARS! LYNCH IS THREATENING THE CLAW ON THE KNEE!

BW: That dislocated the kneecap the last time he did this!

GM: It certainly did! If he locks it in again, Supreme Wright might be looking at another extended stay on the disabled list... or worse!

[Wright is fighting it, trying to twist out of Lynch's grip but the Iron Cowboy has the ankle trapped under his armpit, refusing to let go, shaking his head...]

GM: Lynch has got him hooked! If he puts on that Claw, it's over!

[Jack Lynch twists around, staring right at Matt Lance who is back on his feet, towel in hand. He's shaking his head, screaming at his big brother.]

GM: Jack Lynch is telling his brother to throw in the towel! He says he won't do it if Matt throws in the towel!

[Matt Lance jumps up on the apron, screaming at his brother, defiantly shaking his head, refusing to give it up...

...and then Jack Lynch blows the stars out of the Texas night sky by locking his injured fingers around the kneecap of his rival who instantly SCREAMS in agonizing pain!]

GM: OH MY STARS! HE LOCKS IT ON! HE LOCKS IT ON!

[Wright's screaming in agony, clawing at the canvas as Matt Lance shakes his head, begging Wright to find a way to escape the hold...]

GM: Matt Lance is risking Supreme Wright being injured - being crippled!

[Supreme Wright twists his body back and forth, screaming and shouting, wincing in pain. He leans back, locking eyes with Matt Lance who is pleading with him to escape...]

GM: Supreme Wright's gotta decide! What's more important? The match or his career!

[Wright buries his head in his hands...

...and when he emerges, he has made his choice.]

"THROW IT! THROW THE DAMN TOWEL!"

[The crowd ROARS in disbelief at Wright's shouted instructions!]

GM: HE TOLD HIM TO THROW IT! HE TOLD LANCE TO THROW IT!

[A disbelieving Matt Lance looks into the ring at Wright who continues to scream, begging him to throw in the towel!]

GM: Come on! He told you to do it! Save the man's career, kid! Save it!

[But Matt Lance looks at the towel, staring at it...

He looks up at Jack Lynch who also shouts "THROW IT!"

...and then turns his back on the scene, refusing to watch.]

GM: He won't do it! Lance is refusing to-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG BOOT! BIG BOOT!

[Cain Jackson, who had seen enough, delivered the Big Boot on a surprised Matt Lance, knocking him completely unconscious...

...and then picks up the towel...]

GM: Do it.

[...and hurls it over the ropes, sending it down onto the blood-stained canvas where Davis Warren spots it and instantly signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Mercifully, Jack Lynch immediately lets go of the Iron Claw, allowing Wright's leg to fall to the mat. Lynch slumps to his knees right after the bell, leaning over with his bloody head pressed into the canvas.]

GM: Wow. What a war!

BW: The son of a bitch did it. Incredible.

[Within moments, the ring floods with the rest of the Lynch family - siblings and parents all rushing to the side of Jack Lynch, helping him up off the canvas. The Texas crowd is roaring for their hero as he tiredly raises his arm - his left arm notably as his right hangs at his side.]

GM: Jack Lynch now, his family joining him... this is their triumph too after the things that Supreme Wright has said and done to them over the past year. The big Texan standing tall...

[Henrietta and Blackjack make their way through the pile, embracing their son to a big reaction as the siblings all form a half circle, applauding their brother's efforts in this war. In the background, Cain Jackson drags Supreme Wright from the ring, setting him down on the floor.]

GM: Supreme Wright gave it everything he had but in the end, it wasn't enough.

BW: He's got nothing to be ashamed of though, Gordo.

GM: Well, he's got PLENTY to be ashamed of... but his effort tonight certainly isn't part of it.

[Jack looks around, suddenly a little confused. We can hear him on-mic say, "Where's Tammy?" His father puts a hand on his shoulder, letting him know what happened. The Iron Cowboy suddenly grabs his hair, shocked at the news before he drops to the mat, rolling out of the ring.]

GM: Jack Lynch just learned about his wife being hurt... and you can see - as expected - he's making his way back up the aisle towards the locker room to check

on her condition. The fans are cheering... they love him so much... but right now, he can't even take a moment to soak in this moment.

BW: His tag team partner's arm broken. His brother laid out at ringside. His wife laid out in the back. You have to wonder, Gordo.

GM: What's that?

BW: Was it all worth it?

GM: A fine question... but a question, I think, for another day. Fans, we have witnessed one of the most epic battles in the history of this promotion... something we've come to expect whenever SuperClash is on the marquee. Again, we want to thank the great state of Houston for being our hosts here tonight and this past week... but as Jack Lynch walks out triumphant...

[Lynch pauses just before vanishing from view, turning to the fans. He lightly taps his right hand on his heart, pointing to the fans with a "thank you" and then walks out of sight.]

GM: ...it's time to find where SuperClash VIII will be next year!

[Fade from the still-buzzing Minute Maid Park crowd to a glowing globe, circling around and around until it comes to a stop with a star marking Houston, Texas. A voiceover begins.]

"2015 has been one of the most significant years on record for the AWA. A new network partner in Fox Sports X. The first year as a global powerhouse. Major events in Atlanta, Hawaii, and our return to Tokyo. Plus, a sell-out crowd in Houston, shattering all AWA records for SuperClash.

But as great as 2015 has been...

...we're just getting started!"

[The graphic that says 2015 drops out of view to be replaced by one that says "2016" as the electronic sounds of Daft Punk's "Around The World" begins to play. The globe starts spinning again, surrounded by twirling stars.]

"March 12th, 2016... the American Wrestling Alliance heads into Los Angeles, California for one final show at the L.A. Sports Arena before it gets torn down... and this is no ordinary night as the AWA celebrates its' Eighth Anniversary in the City of Angels!"

[A star lands on Los Angeles, spinning a few times before coming to a halt.]

"From there, it's time for the annual event known as Memorial Day Mayhem... and for the very first time, this spectacular will take place in Seattle, Washington at the KeyArena!"

[Seattle gets its' own star on the map.]

"The AWA invades the Great White North in the month of June for our first tour of Canada!"

[The entire country of Canada glows as stars get dropped in several cities.]

"On 4th of July weekend, the AWA is coming to Boston for the very first time and we're bringing a brand new major event with us. In years gone by, the AWA has hosted the Stampede Cup - a tournament to discover the best tag team in the

world but in 2016, the AWA will invite the world's finest to Beantown for The Battle of Boston - a tournament to discover the best singles competitor on the planet! Get ready for that one because it'll be a huge weekend in Boston!"

[Boston gets a spinning star.]

"And from there, get ready Europe because you've asked for it... you've wanted it... and now you've got it! The AWA's European Invasion is coming in the summer of 2016 with major events scheduled throughout the continent!"

[We shoot across Europe, dropping stars in several cities along the way before the globe spins back around, dropping one in Texas.]

"Dallas, Texas... we're coming home on Labor Day for another edition of Homecoming as we kick off the road to SuperClash VIII!"

[A giant star appears, spinning rapidly.]

"Speaking of which, for months, we've counted down the cities, taking one away at a time until there was only two cities left. Toronto..."

[The star covers Toronto, spinning all the while.]

"...and New Orleans.

And tonight, we can make it official.

On Thanksgiving Night 2016, the AWA will be bringing the spectacular known as SuperClash VIII to..."

[The star splashes down on the selected city, covering the whole screen for a moment.]

"...the SuperDome in New Orleans!"

[Cut to a scenic aerial shot of the SuperDome.]



"The Mercedes-Benz Superdome where we anticipate a crowd of over 70,000 screaming AWA fans will be on hand for the biggest night of the year!"

[We cut back to the globe, spinning with the stars sprinkled across it.]

"The AWA is the hottest show on Earth so don't miss it when it comes to your town!"

[Fade through black...

...and back up on Otto Verhoeven, "the Butcher", already wearing his ring attire and leaning against a concrete wall. Methodically, he wraps tape around his wrist.]

OV: Legends Royale...

[He does not even look up from his task. His voice is deep and hoarse, as in the past.]

OV: What is a legend, anyways?

[He sneers.]

OV: A shadow of times past, a fairy tale that still echoes with us. It may be larger than life, it may be hazy on the details, skipping events, messing up the order.

OV: Tonight, I face a ring filled with ... legends. Some may be frail shadows falling apart everyday in body and recognition. Others still cling more to the reality. They dig their claws into the Zeitgeist, like tonight, and hold on and on and on ...

[Finally, he raises his head. Otto's face, his rigid stance, betray how tense the German juggernaut is.]

OV: Me? Of course I am different, ja. I am not here for fame or recognition or money. Tonight, I just want to harm people.

You see, a few months ago, James' son hurt me. More than anyone in a decade. He absorbed my blows, he struck back worse and left me laying.

So, while I still lingered in this rotting country, I accepted the Syndicate's offer to have another fight. Because right, I just need to get out there and...

[He makes a grasping motion with his right hand, clenching a fist so tightly it seems to shake.]

OV: You know. Look into my eyes and you know.

There is no victory out there, no redemption. There is one more night of the Butcher ... in the Slaughterhouse.

[Scowling, he begins to wrap his hand again. CUT!

Fade in to the inside of one of the backstage locker rooms. Typical locker room setting, except for a rhythmic "SHHHHH!" that makes it sound like we're in the presence of the world's angriest librarian. The camera pans around a bit, and eventually, we see Casey James doing squats. He's dressed in cutoff shorts that are cut way too high with knee length orange socks and a tattered t-shirt bearing the logo of a metal band that hasn't been active for decades. He's got some manner of contraption in his mouth, which makes the "SHHHH!" sound at the bottom of each squat. Over his shirt, he's wearing a sort of strapped vest with something hanging off the back, hitting the floor each time he bends his knees. His arms and legs are nearly covered in bright colored athletic tape.

Without warning, Tiger Claw opens the door and walks into the room. He's dressed in a pair of black baggy shorts and a custom black and red Claw Academy instructor's hoodie - one of the ones that aren't sold on the website. The moment he sees Casey, he stops in his tracks and stares...]

TC: What... the hell... are you doing?

CJ: AHN-HURAN CUNNISHUN, WUNNY!

TC: What.

[Casey removes the contraption from his mouth]

CJ: Endurance conditioning, buddy! All the better to kick your ass with!

TC: How do you not know how to talk with a mouthguard in by this point?

CJ: Well, I guess some of us are just not wimps so we don't use mouthguards, Claw. Besides, this isn't a mouthguard.

TC: No, I know what it is. I saw Bas Rutten hawking one of these O2 trainers a year or two ago. Why are you using one?

CJ: Well, fitness has changed, Claw. There are new technologies coming out all the time.

TC: And over half of them are garbage. That included.

CJ: Whatever, dude... This stuff is giving me the edge.

TC: Including... Is that a parachute on your back?

CJ: Damn right! It provides more wind resistance!

TC: When you're running. You're doing squats. In completely squat-inappropriate shorts, I might add. Seriously, have some shame.

[Casey no-sells the last comment, as if the concept of shame just doesn't compute and is discarded.]

CJ: Well, I like the parachute because it's almost like a cape. It makes me feel like a super hero.

TC: [Raises an eyebrow] Planning another face run?

CJ: _Another_ face run? What the hell are you talking about?

[Claw wisely accepts the holes in Casey's memory by closing his eyes and taking a deep breath in through the nose, and out through the mouth.]

CJ: Besides, I'm probably going to be hitting a tire with a hammer in a minute.

TC: That's not endurance training. And the parachute doesn't work there either. Basically, you're just dressed like an idiot.

CJ: It's Crossfit, baby! Did you know that working out totally changed while we were gone? Like, guys used to just lift things until they were huge, but now they stop lifting just before it makes them look healthy. And everyone dresses like malnourished, slutty cheerleaders. It's awesome.

TC: Is it? Is it really?

CJ: Okay, maybe not, but it's different. And none of them know how to lift properly, so when I do it, they think I'm a god. Besides, I can't just use the same training methods you taught me, can I? How would I be able to kick your ass then?

TC: You probably shouldn't be so focused on beating me tonight as a goal.

CJ: Spoken just like a nay-sayer. You know what I do when I hear talk like that?

TC: Find a heavy handed quote Photoshopped over a sunset and post it to social media?

CJ: I... Actually, yeah, that's totally what they tell us to do in Crossfit.

TC: I'm aware. Casey, do you even know how endurance training works?

CJ: [Thinks for a moment.] No. No, I don't.

[Claw, stunned by Casey's honest ignorance, just stares. Casey shrugs.]

CJ: I never really did it in the past. I was young. And a power guy. I never really needed endurance. But our match two weeks ago... I thought I was going to collapse. I had to do something, otherwise I'm gonna get shellacked in the match tonight...

TC: You're supposed to lay off the endurance training the closer you are to the match. What you're doing now is just making you tired.

CJ: Maybe with your old ways, Claw. This is the new way of getting in shape. Start suddenly at full intensity, push through the pain and keep doing it until you pass out!

TC: That's idiotic. Pain is an indicator that you're about to be injured. And someone in your... advanced stages of decrepitude should start any regimen slowly.

CJ: Say what you will, you old dinosaur. You'll see later when we get to the ring. I've never felt better! Well, except for when I puked in the trash can over there, but now I'm feeling great!

TC: So that's what that smell is. Listen, Casey, you should probably just stick to what you're good at. You never needed endurance training in the past because you enjoy beating on people so much you never noticed you were tired. That's the method that works for you. Stick with it.

CJ: There is no way I'm taking advice from an opponent, dude. I know you're just saying this because you want to win tonight. And you're probably a little bit jealous because you didn't think of this stuff. Besides, this is a great look, huh?

[Casey gestures to his wardrobe in all its... what's the opposite of glory?]

TC: Are... are you serious?

CJ: [Looks around] Okay, no, Claw, but this is what the kids are into these days. I want to stay relevant, you know?

TC: I'd say the price is too high. Stick with training methods that are centuries old, Casey. They're still around for a reason. And learn how to apply athletic tape, would you? You look like a failed mid-90s X-Men villain.

CJ: Wait... You could be on to something. With the tape and the cape? I could do a whole Weapon X gimmick. I'm Casey James... AND I'M A MACHINE! Hey?

TC: [Staring at Casey for a moment] No.

CJ: Dammit.

TC: If you have to, keep thinking of new gimmicks you'll never use. This other stuff... [Claw shakes his head] Just try and make it to the match tonight without injuring yourself.

CJ: Injuries are weakness leaving the body, you know...

TC: Casey, if I ever hear you say something that ridiculous again, I will give you one of the soundest beatings you've ever experienced in your life.

CJ: [Snorts] Yeah, like you cou...

TC: I can, Casey, and you know it. I'll top the Dojo match if need be.

[Casey stops smirking for a moment and winces as the memories of that match slowly come back.]

CJ: Whatever, man. You talk a big game now, but we'll see when we get in that ring.

TC: Fine... Just... A warrior is not made with things and gadgets, Casey. Anyone who says so is just trying to take your money from you. Try and remember that. And try not to make yourself throw up again.

[Claw heads out the door, leaving Casey to stand there and think for a moment. He looks down at his ridiculous workout gear... The shorts, the socks, the tape, all of it... And shakes his head a bit. He looks up again at a nearby locker, and while he maintains a calm look on his face, his right hand strikes out lightning fast with the familiar Blackheart Punch. The strike caves the locker door in around his fist before it falls off its hinges and rattles to the floor. Surveying the damage, Casey raises an eyebrow and nods his head. He looks down at his gear again. Suddenly, something dawns on him.]

CJ: Holy crap, I look like a jackass.

[Casey turns to where a gym bag is sitting on a bench and begins rummaging through it...]

CJ: Screw this stuff... Time to bring out a bit of the old school tonight...

[Casey smirks as he goes through the bag. Fade back out to ringside to a chuckling Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: God bless those guys. It's been great having Casey James and Tiger Claw around for the past couple of months and this is one, fans, that I have personally been looking forward to.

BW: The Legends Royale! And right before the Main Event too! It's like those mozzarella sticks you get at Denny's right before dinner comes.

GM: Are... are you calling the Syndicate "mozzarella sticks?"

[Bucky's eyes go wide.]

BW: Not... exactly.

[Gordon chuckles again.]

GM: This is our chance to see some old friends, some familiar faces, and maybe even a few folks we haven't seen in a while. We know some of the names in tonight's matchup but some of them are... well, you'll just have to wait and see for yourself. Phil Watson, the floor is yours, old friend.

[Fade up to the ring where Phil Watson is ready to go.]

PW: The following contest is the LEGENDS ROYALE!

[Big cheer!]

PW: The rules of the match are as follows. Each of our twenty competitors drew a number moments ago to determine their order of entry. In just a few moments, Numbers One and Two will enter the ring. Every 60 seconds after that, the next competitor will join the fray. The only way to be eliminated is to go OVER the top rope and have both feet touch the floor. The last man standing will be the winner!

[Another cheer!]

PW: And now... the competitor who drew #1...

[And as the sounds of "Legend (Lethal Dose Remix)" by House of Pain kicks in over the Minute Maid Park PA system, the crowd loses their collective minds!]

GM: Well, that's one way to get the party started!

[After a few moments, "Blackheart" Casey James strides out on the entrance platform. He shouts to the cheering fans, smashing a heavily taped fist into his shirt-covered chest.

He's wearing jeans and black boots and... hmm? Oh, the shirt?

"I did Crossfit and all I got was this torn meniscus."

Casey jerks a thumb at his shirt, grinning like a madman as he heads down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: For those of you who were a fan of the business back in the late 90s, could you ever have imagined Casey James getting this kind of reaction?

BW: Nostalgia heals all wounds.

GM: I suppose you're right about that.

[James grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron. He spins, pointing to the fans and the hard came before ducking through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Casey James had some issues with his cardio conditioning in that six man tag two weeks ago... and as we saw, he's been working on it since then. But you'd have to imagine coming in to this match first can't be likely to do him any favors.

[The Blackheart settles in, leaning against the ropes, waving his taped hands towards the entryway as his music fades...]

PW: And now... the man who drew #2...

[The crowd is buzzing with anticipation. Waiting... waiting... waiting...]

GM: Who's it gonna be?

[The familiar synthesized bells of "A New Game", composed by NFL Films' Tom Hedden, echo out over the arena in the distinctive 15/8 time signature. The fans ERUPT in jeers as this heralds the oncoming of "First String" Frankie Farelli, who strolls on through the entrance curtain with an arrogant swagger. At his side is his head cheerleader, Chastity Chamberlain.]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: OH YEAH!

GM: Wait a second! This is a LEGENDS Royale... what the heck is Farelli doing here?!

BW: How dare you, Gordo! How dare you imply that Frankie Farelli is anything less than a living legend!

GM: In his own mind perhaps... but he hasn't accomplished ANYTHING in the world of pro wrestling to be considered a legend!

BW: Maybe it's a football Legends Royale.

[Farelli walks to the ring with an unhurried gait, pointing and mocking the fans as he goes by. Frankie Farelli is a broadshouldered man with short blonde hair and gleaming white teeth. He's wearing a blue New England Patriots Starter jacket, blue trunks with red and silvery-white trim (with a small silvery-white number 73 in the upper right corner), white boots with the New England Patriots logo on the side, blue knee and elbow pads, white forearm pads (including a "quarterback pad" with a Velcro playlist on his left forearm) and finger tape. Most prominently, he frequently holds up his single 2004 Super Bowl ring to show the fans why he believes himself to be better than them. He has put it on his middle finger for some odd reason...

Chamberlain is wearing the blue, silvery-white, and red cheerleader outfit of a Patriots cheerleader. The buxom blonde is waving her pom-poms, trying to get the fans cheering and seemingly oblivious to the fact that they aren't. She bounces around on the balls of her feet, occasionally doing a high leg kick or jump as part of her cheer routine.

Eventually, the duo reach the ringside area. Farelli waits for Chastity to hop onto the apron and hold the ropes open before he enters the ring. Chamberlain then neatly jumps in over the top rope, and bounds all over the ring waving her pom-poms and leading cheers that are actually boos. The cocky Farelli walks over to Phil Watson, takes his cue card out of his hand, and produces a new cue card from his jacket pocket which he gives to the ring announcer to read. The music dies down and an unhappy Watson proceeds to work off of his new material as Frankie stands menacingly by.]

PW: *ahem* Introducing first... the head cheerleader, Chastity Chamberlain!

[She does a Barani flip as her name is introduced, landing in a split as the male demographic cheers her.]

PW: She represents... from Long Island, New York... weighing in at two-hun...

[Farelli interrupts by pointing at the card and intoning "READ IT ALL."]

PW: ...weighing in at a slim, trim, cut, ripped, stacked, powerpacked, unstoppable two-hundred and eighty-one and one-quarter pounds...

He is an NCAA National Football Champion and All-American. He is a Super Bowl Champion and Pro Bowler. He is the only true athlete in the sport of wrestling today, and you are all lucky that he has come here to prove it once again...

...he is the King Of Combat, the Master Of Mayhem, the Unstoppable Force And The Immovable Object, the Beast Of The East, the Baddest Man In The Building, he is...

[Phil shoots a withering glance at Farelli, as if to say "really?" Farelli waves him on.]

PW: ...accepting applications for his cheerleader squad.

[Chastity nods to verify that this is true. She shouts out "I need lackeys!"]

PW: He is my personal favorite wrestler... *sigh*... here is "FIRST STRING" FRANKIE FARELLI!

[Farelli steps to the corner and raises his Super Bowl ring in the air as the fans boo and Chastity jumps around like a loon.]

GM: I... I can't even believe this is happening. Casey James looks like... well...

[We cut to the corner where James has leaned his head against the turnbuckle and appears to be sleeping.]

BW: Hey! He can't do that!

GM: You want to tell him that.

[As the Head Cheerleader exits the ring, Farelli glares across the ring at Casey James. Farelli's hands are on his hips, staring in disbelief.]

GM: Frankie Farelli can't believe it! Casey James was taking a nap during his entrance!

BW: All that pre-match workout, I guess.

GM: I suppose so.

[Farelli marches across the ring, grabbing Casey James by the arm, swinging him around...

...where the Blackheart lashes out with a right hand, driving his fist into the chest of Farelli, sending him crashing down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH! BLACKHEART PUNCH!

[A sleepy James rubs his eyes a few times, stifling a yawn...

...and then looks down at the unconscious Farelli at his feet. He looks out at Phil Watson who nods. James looks out at the cheering crowd, giving a shrug as he leans down to pull Farelli off the mat...]

GM: He pulls him up and-

[...and HURLS him over the top rope, sending him bouncing down to the floor as the crowd ERUPTS again!]

GM: FARELLI'S GONE! JUST LIKE THAT!

[James grins at the crowd's reaction, cupping a hand to his ear and waving for them to get louder. He backs off, dropping down to the mat, doing a few pushups before climbing back to his feet. With Chastity Chamberlain going nuts on the floor, James gives her a wink, blowing a kiss...]

BW: Did he just tell Chastity to call him?!

GM: I believe he did, Bucky. The Blackheart might be looking to win more than just the prize money here tonight!

[But as a countdown starts in the crowd, James gets a serious look on his face, turning towards the entryway, waving his hands again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The crowd cheers as "Superficial" by Boiler Room plays over the PA system. Stephens jogs out, saluting the fans in a pair of purple and black wrestling trunks. He jogs down the aisle, sliding under the ropes.]

GM: Tommy Stephens draws #3... ducks the clothesline...

[Reaching the ropes, Stephens jumps to the second rope, springing back off to snare James in a front facelock, twisting around...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: SPINNING DDT!

BW: He calls that the Big Clatter!

[Stephens pops back up, looking out at the cheering crowd as he dashes to the ropes, rebounding back...]

...and LEAPS into the air, dropping backfirst across the heaving chest of the Blackheart!]

GM: OHH! SHADES OF... well, shades of HIM!

[Stephens grins at the crowd's reaction for the most recognizable senton in the business. He nods, going to pull Casey James off the canvas. Lifting nearly 300 pounds isn't easy for him, pushing and pulling to get him up...]

...and James responds with a stiff headbutt right to the bridge of the nose, causing Stephens to stagger away from him!]

GM: Ohh! James caught him good right there!

[Stephens grabs the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as James rushes towards him...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[...but Stephens drops down, pulling the top rope with him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JAMES IS- NO! NO! HE HANGS ON!

[The Blackheart clings to the ropes, staying on the apron just barely saving himself from elimination. Stephens quickly moves to try and finish the elimination, hammering away at the stunned James who hangs on for dear life.]

GM: Tommy Stephens is trying to eliminate the Blackheart! And what a shocking moment that would be if it happens!

[Stephens backs off, taking aim with a superkick as the countdown begins!]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

[Tommy Stephens uncorks the superkick but James sidesteps, catching him with a looping left hand as he throws it.]

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

[James steps back through the ropes, booting Stephens in the midsection, pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[...and as all eyes turn towards the entrance, James abandons his powerbomb attempt, using a double axehandle to put Stephens down on the mat, turning to face his newest threat...]

GM: MISTER HONEYDEW!

[The masked man known to his friends as "Da Dew" comes charging down the aisle, wearing his hooked boots and walking with... purpose? Intensity? He slides headfirst under the bottom rope, walking towards James and sticking a finger in his chest. The Blackheart looks stunned by this little man's actions.]

GM: Oh brother.

[Honeydew is silently shaking his finger at James, poking him in the chest again, giving a thumbs down.]

GM: Uh oh! Honeydew with the thumbs down and-

[James smirks at Honeydew, responding by piefac- no, that's not right. Piemasking? Is that a word? He piemasks Honeydew away, sending him falling several steps back...

...and then starts laying in the trash talk, pointing to himself, shouting at Honeydew who gets up, hands on his hips, looking out at the crowd who know exactly what's coming even if Casey James seems to have no earthly idea...]

GM: Casey, I wouldn't-

[Honeydew surges forward, swinging his hooked boot up into the groin of James, making his eyes go wide as he sinks down to his knees on the canvas as the crowd ROARS!]

GM: DEW POINT! DEW POINT!

[Mister Honeydew spins away from Casey James, giving a big thumbs up to one side of the stadium... then to the next... then to the third... and finally to the last, his thumb raising higher as the crowd gets louder.]

BW: What a weird time the 90s were. I'm glad I'm here with you, Gordo.

GM: Wow, what a nice thing to say.

BW: Ain't life grand?

GM: I'm sorry.

BW: Sorry. It just came to me. Nostalgia's washing over me. Pretty soon I'm going to put on a Millil Vanilli record or start watching Saved By The Bell or something.

GM: It's the "or something" that concerns me.

BW: Don't worry. No ferrets, blimps, or Meatman Challenges from this guy right here.

[Tommy Stephens comes off the ropes, gesturing to Honeydew to give him an assist with throwing Casey James over the top. The masked man obliges, moving to help as the countdown starts...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

[Honeydew and Stephens are arguing over who is going to grab James by the arm and who is grabbing a leg.]

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

[They've paused in their elimination efforts to shout at each other. Well, Stephens is shouting. Honeydew is gesticulating wildly.]

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[And both men turn towards the entrance as James lies on the mat, still grabbing his groin...

...and the crowd goes NUTS at the sound of the theme to "Halloween."]

GM: Oh my stars! The Butcher has arrived at SuperClash!

BW: Number five! We're a quarter of the way there!

[The German Juggernaut... the Teutonic Terror... the Butcher... call him what you will but Otto Verhoeven looks fired up as he heads down the aisle towards the ring. He climbs the ringsteps, stepping through the ropes where Tommy Stephens and Mister Honeydew are encouraging each other to attack him.

Neither does in time as Verhoeven straightens up, sneering at them both...

...and grabbing both men by the throat!]

GM: UH OH! VERHOEVEN'S GOT 'EM!

[The big man turns, making sure that everyone in Minute Maid Park can see the fine mess that Tommy Stephens and Mister Honeydew have gotten themselves into...

...and then hoists them into the air, holding them high, and DRIVING them down with a thunderous double chokeslam!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOUBLE CHOKESLAM! THE BUTCHER SENDS 'EM BOTH STRAIGHT TO HELL!

[Verhoeven pumps a fist, turning away from the downed competitors towards Casey James...

...and grabs him by the hair, hauling him to his feet. He looks into the eyes of the Blackheart, still reeling from the low blow delivered by Mister Honeydew...]

GM: Verhoeven's saying something to him... what could he possibly be saying to him?

BW: How did your bastard son turn out so well while mine washed out twice?

GM: Bucky!

[Verhoeven grabs James by the throat, gesturing to the crowd...]

GM: He's calling for the SlaughterSlam! If he hits this, Casey James' night is over!

BW: Just ask Chris Blue!

[But while Verhoeven is playing to the crowd, the countdown begins again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

[James takes a swing at the arm of Verhoeven, trying to break his grip.]

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

[The Blackheart digs his fingers into the eyes, causing the Butcher to blindly stagger away from him.]

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[And as the buzzer sounds, the PA system lights up with the sounds of "Moonlight Sonata.]

GM: What?!

BW: Ron Houston!

[The second man to wear the AWA National Title strides through the curtain, a t-shirt over what appears to be a growing midsection. He throws a hand up in the air, Hook 'Em Horns extended for a cheap pop.]

BW: Hey! And he's armed!

GM: Ugh.

BW: Get it. He's armed. Cause he always has trouble with-

GM: I get it, I get it.

[Houston jogs down the aisle, rolling under the ropes into the ring. He comes up swinging, throwing a looping right hand into the jaw of the Blackheart who responds with one of his own.]

GM: And we've got a slugfest in the middle of the ring! Houston and James! Houston and James!

[The two powerhouse brawlers are tearing into one another in the center of the ring, the crowd roaring for the AWA legend and the Hall of Famer trading blows!]

GM: These two big bad brawlers are taking each other's head off in the middle of the ring with those blows and-

[Back into the fray, Otto Verhoeven steps up to the plate...

...and goozles both men around the throat!]

GM: VERHOEVEN'S GOT 'EM BOTH!

BW: He's gonna chokeslam them again!

[Verhoeven pushes them back, holding them by the throats...

...when James and Houston both reach up, grabbing the German's wrists!]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second!

[The crowd ROARS as Houston and James work in tandem to push Verhoeven's hands away from their throats...

...and Houston lashes out, bouncing his fist off the chest of Verhoeven with a heart punch!]

GM: PULSE KILLER!

[James looks at Houston, arching an eyebrow as Verhoeven falls back against the ropes. The Blackheart spits on his fist, rearing back...

...and delivers a Blackheart Punch that causes Verhoeven to flip backwards over the top rope, falling down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE GERMAN'S GONE! VERHOEVEN IS GONE!

[James turns defiantly to Houston who decides to smash him with a right hand to the jaw before the Blackheart can trash talk him again...

...and the countdown begins.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

[James bounces a right hand off Houston's jaw, knocking him a few steps backwards.]

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

[The Blackheart goes to grab Houston by the hair but the former National Champion ducks down, lifting James up onto his shoulders...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[...and as the buzzer sounds, Houston spins James through the air, dropping him facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: FADE TO BLACK!

[The crowd roars when James hits the canvas...

...and then roars again as "The Fighting Side Of Me" by Merle Haggard starts up!]

GM: TIN CAN RUST IS THE SEVENTH MAN IN!

[Rust jogs down the ramp towards the ring, focused on the action and ignoring the cheering crowd. He rolls under the ropes, coming to his feet swinging at anything that moves. A right hand drops an incoming Tommy Stephens... another puts Mister Honeydew down on the mat...

...and then he ducks down, barreling Ron Houston back into the corner where he starts lacing right hands into the skull!]

GM: Rust is all over Ron Houston!

BW: I feel like it's 2008 all over again, daddy!

[Rust grabs Houston by the hair, pulling him from the corner...]

GM: Rust is going to toss Houston!

[But as they get near the ropes, Houston grabs them, wrapping an arm around them to stay inside the ring. Rust hammers a forearm across the back of his head, trying to break his grip...]

GM: Casey James is down on the mat after getting hit with the Fade To Black... and look at Stephens and Honeydew, trying to get him back on his feet again.

[Near the ropes, Stephens and Da Dew are doing exactly that, dragging James to his knees...

...where he ducks under, sliding an arm up between the legs of both men!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[James straightens up suddenly, double backdropping BOTH men over the top and down to the floor!]

GM: JAMES TOSSES 'EM BOTH!

[He slumps back down to his knees, breathing heavily...]

GM: Wow! The Blackheart showing that power and resilience he was known for in the early days of his career!

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

[James pushes up to his feet, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs as he looks out towards the entrance.]

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

[He throws a glance over to Tin Can Rust and Ron Houston who are still trading haymakers.]

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[And at the buzzer comes a familiar musical note that sends the AWA faithful into a frenzy!]

#DA-DUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUH#

[And you're not down with that, we've got two words for ya...]

"KICK IT!"

[The crowd ROARS as Chris O'Brien of the Fraternity Boys comes down the aisle...

...and he's not coming alone!]

GM: Chris O'Brien is heading for the ring and... oh my stars!

[Many in the crowd get louder as O'Brien is seen dragging a beer keg behind him with "MOOSELIPS" stickers all over it. Casey James smirks at the arrival, waving O'Brien forward. Muscling it up on his shoulder, O'Brien gets a running start and HURLS it over the top rope, watching it bounce off the canvas.]

GM: Look out!

[Still on the floor as the Beastie Boys' "Fight For Your Right" blasts over the PA system, O'Brien leans over the railing, slapping hands and asking fans for their seats. He hurls a steel chair over his head blindly towards the ring, sending it bouncing off the canvas as well.]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: This guy's a lunatic! And HE'S in the Hall of Fame?!

[O'Brien grabs a second, tossing it over his head...]

GM: Chairs are flying! Beer kegs are flying!

[We cut to a raucous section of the crowd rocking out to the music, beer overflowing from plastic cups as they imbibe!]

GM: GREECE IS IN THE HOUSE!

BW: What?! What the heck are you talking about, Gordo?!

[O'Brien looks into the ring where Casey James is standing, leaning against the ropes, waiting expectantly...

...and then he pulls up the ring apron, looking underneath.]

GM: What in the world is he looking for under there?

BW: Who knows. We've seen some dangerous things come from under the ring in the-

[O'Brien pulls his weapon of choice into view...]

GM/BW: RED SOLO CUPS?!

[O'Brien holds the plastic cups to a pretty big reaction.]

BW: What is wrong with these people?

[He chucks them over the top into the ring, rolling in after them. Casey James starts towards him, fists raised...

...but pulls up as O'Brien holds up a hand, stopping him in his tracks.]

GM: Now what?

[O'Brien picks up one chair, opening it up. He picks up the other, opening it up and setting it down across from the first...

...and then he slams the keg down between the two chairs. He looks at James, pointing at him...]

"YOU!"

[...and jerks a thumb at himself.]

"ME!"

[O'Brien lifts the package of red cups.]

"DRINKING CONTEST!"

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: I have no idea what we're witnessing here.

[James nods his head, taking a seat as O'Brien does the same across from him, grabbing a cup and handing it to the Blackheart. He grabs one of his own, grabbing the nozzle from the keg and pouring an overflowing beer for each of them...

...and they clash their cups together, downing their beers in tandem as many in the crowd - especially Greece - start chanting.]

"CHUG! CHUG! CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!"

GM: Fans, I don't quite know what to say.

BW: Are we still considered a family show?

GM: After this night, who knows?

[After finishing the beer first, O'Brien throws his cup aside, hauls back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and overhand chops James across the chest!]

GM: Good grief!

[James winces, rubbing his chest. O'Brien lifts a finger and explains the rules.]

"You finish the beer first. You get to deliver your best shot sitting in that chair."

[The Blackheart grimaces, nodding, and then gestures at the cups again.]

BW: Fill `em up!

[James and O'Brien quickly get their second beer...

...and throw `em back!]

GM: Who can finish first?!

[James finishes...

...an instant after O'Brien does. The sound mutes for a second.]

GM: Language, Mr. Blackheart!

[O'Brien giggles...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHH!

[James curls up, grabbing his chest in pain as O'Brien blows on his hand.]

GM: Man, that had to sting.

BW: Aren't we well past a minute at this point?

GM: Maybe the timekeeper fell asleep.

BW: Or he's drinking too.

[O'Brien holds up the next round of cups, handing one to James...

...when Tin Can Rust stomps across the ring into view, having left Ron Houston down on the mat holding his ear.]

GM: Rust coming in now...

[And he looks annoyed. Chris O'Brien looks up with a "Hey, man!" and offers up his beer...

...that Rust slaps away, sending it flying...]

GM: Uh oh.

[All over Casey James' face.]

BW: Cleanup on Aisle 2!

[The Blackheart climbs to his feet, beer dripping off him as he stares down Tin Can Rust who steps up to him, staring him dead in the eyes.]

GM: Tin Can Rust does not fear Casey James! Tin Can Rust will fight him!

[With Rust's back to him, Chris O'Brien scampers to his feet, lifting a beer into the air...]

GM: O'Brien... he's drinking again!

[...and as he tosses the beer aside, he picks up the steel chair off the mat, takes aim...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The blow sends Rust pitching forward towards James who grabs him by the back of the head and RIFLES him over the top rope to the floor!]

BW: Never interrupt a man’s drinking contest!

[James turns back towards O’Brien who staggers a bit, giving him a tipsy high-five. James leans over, filling two more cups, handing one to O’Brien and taking one for himself...]

GM: I can’t believe it. Casey James is actually making friends with someone not named Tiger Claw or Brian Lau!

BW: All it took was a little bit... okay, quite a bit of alcohol...

[James throws the cup back, loading up his mouth as O’Brien does the same, turning to the fans. After chugging his latest beer, O’Brien throws the cup to the fans, turning back to his newfound friend...]

GM: Cheers!

[...but the Blackheart spews his beer into the eyes of O’Brien, sending him staggering away. The crowd roars as James grabs his throat, striking a “martial artist” stance. O’Brien staggers in a circle until James flashes a double middle finger at him, booting him in the gut...]

BW: DON’T TRUST NOBODY!

[...and hooks O’Brien around the head and neck, dropping down to the mat and jamming O’Brien’s jaw into James’ shoulder. O’Brien pops back up, spewing beer into the air as he staggers backwards towards the ropes...]

GM: O’Brien’s dazed and... JAMES TAKES HIM OVER THE TOP WITH A CLOTHESLINE!!

[James leans over the ropes, taunting O’Brien who falls to the floor..

...when finally... FINALLY... the countdown starts again.]

BW: Oh, I’m glad someone woke up the timekeeper.

“TEN!”
“NINE!”
“EIGHT!”
“SEVEN!”

[James slumps down against the ropes, looking out to the announce table.]

“That was really just a minute?!”

[The countdown continues.]

“SIX!”
“FIVE!”
“FOUR!”

"THREE!"

[James is breathing heavily, sucking wind as he looks up at the lights.]

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The Minute Maid Park crowd ERUPTS as "Ten Ton Hammer" by Machine Head kicks in!]

GM: UH OH! TIGER CLAW HAS ARRIVED!

[Tiger Claw emerges from the entryway, soaking up the massive cheers...

...dragging a small man holding a stopwatch in his hand. Claw turns to him...]

"You may go now."

GM: Hey!

BW: That's the timekeeper! Claw had him!

[Smirking at his friend sucking wind in the ring, Tiger Claw starts the long walk towards the squared circle...]

GM: Tiger Claw made that section of the match go long so that Casey James would have to be in the ring longer! He's testing his friend's stamina.

[The Blackheart is cursing like a madman as he realizes that, getting repeatedly muted. He climbs off the mat, flashing middle fingers at Claw as he approaches. The most dangerous man in the history of the business steps up on the apron, ducking through the ropes as James rushes at him, getting up in his face.]

GM: Uh oh! The Syndicate is going to explode right here at SuperClash!

[With Casey James and Tiger Claw squaring off in the center of the ring, staring nose to nose... eye to eye... you can see fans all over Minute Maid Park rising out of their seats, arching their necks to see this colossal clash between two of the all-time greats in the history of our sport...

...and Ron Houston.]

BW: What... in the... holy...

[Ron Houston, back on his feet, walks over to the duo, shoving them apart. He sticks an angry finger in the chest of Casey James... then one in Tiger Claw's.]

GM: Ron Houston is hot under the collar that these two forgot about him but...

BW: But most of us forgot about him years ago!

GM: BUCKY! I swear, did O'Brien pour you a cup or two also?!

BW: I cannot tell a lie... yes.

[As our announcers discover their ability to handle their alcohol, Ron Houston continues to bark at both men. Claw looks past Houston, arching an eyebrow at Casey James in question.]

GM: This can't end well.

[Claw extends a hand to James who shakes his head, offering the same gesture in return. Ron Houston looks puzzled, turning to James and shoving him backwards, drawing an "OHHH!" from the crowd. James grins, pointing behind him. The fired-up Houston turns...]

GM: SHIN KICK!

[...and gets his lights turned out with a shin kick flying from Tiger Claw, bouncing off his temple!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Houston goes down like a rock as a giggling Casey James falls to his butt on the mat, laughing uncontrollably. Claw looks down at him, shaking his head with disdain...]

...and scoops Houston off the mat, chucking him over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Houston's gone!

[But as Claw turns around, Casey James comes flying at him with a drunken clothesline that Claw ducks under. He doesn't even look as he throws a hooking back kick that catches James in the midsection. Spinning around, he throws a series of lightning-quick palm strikes to the gut, backing James up...]

...and uncorks a leaping rising palm strike to the chin, snapping the Blackheart's head back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Claw turns Casey around, tipping his upper body over the top rope, leaning down to grab a leg...]

...as the countdown starts up.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

[Struggling to get James' weight over the ropes, Claw delivers a sharp knee to the ribcage, leaving his friend down on the mat as he backs off, waiting to see who will be the next one down the aisle.]

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

[Claw is pacing back and forth, tense with anticipation.]

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[And as the theme to High Plains Drifter kicks in over the Minute Maid Park PA system, the crowd AGAIN loses their minds!]

GM: BRODY THUNDER! THE LONE WOLF IS NUMBER TEN!

[Thunder walks out onto the stage, grinning with his teeth clenched around a lit chewed-up cigar. He nods towards the ring where Tiger Claw has crouched over, waving him forward. Thunder gives a wink towards his former friend and ally, dropping the cigar on the stage and grinding it out with his boot...

...before marching down the aisle towards the ring. You can see fans literally jumping up and down with excitement as the man who was once the greatest wrestler in the world heads towards the squared circle where the man widely considered the most dangerous wrestler in the world awaits him.]

GM: Thunder rolls into the ring and... what a moment this is, Bucky!

[The fans are roaring, electrified by the moment. Flashbulbs fire all over the stadium as the two men close the gap, getting closer and closer as they trade words off-mic...

...and then surge towards each other. Thunder strikes first, landing a haymaker to the jaw of Claw who responds with a forearm strike to the ear!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands!

[Thunder lands three punches to every one of Claw's for several seconds, leaving Claw reeling as Thunder grabs him by the arm, ready to whip him across the ring...

...but Claw pulls on the arm, wrapping Thunder up in what resembles a loose version of a cobra clutch.]

GM: Claw hooks the sleeper and-

[But Claw isn't looking to knock out Thunder...

...at least, not like that.

He uses the grip on the arm to swing Thunder out from him before pulling him back as if going for a short-arm clothesline...

...but this one ends in a high kick that knocks Thunder on his butt!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wow!

[Claw steps back and then moves in, stomping... stomping... stomping and missing as Thunder tries to evade the attack, rolling right under the ropes to the floor. A final missed stomp puts Claw's foot on the mat...

...which allows Thunder to grab the ankle, yanking Claw's foot out from under him and pulling him out to the floor.]

GM: Uh oh! They're out on the floor now!

[Thunder grabs Claw by the back of the head, SMASHING his face into the ring apron!]

GM: Claw got too aggressive and Thunder took advantage of it.

[Walking behind Claw as he staggers away, Thunder grabs him again, smashing him into the ring apron a second time as the countdown starts...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

[Thunder shoves Claw under the ropes inside the ring.]

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

[With them both back in, Thunder hangs on to the top rope, stomping his former friend and ally into the canvas...]

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[As the battle rages on, suddenly the lights drop to blackness.

The crowd lets out an excited pop, unsure of what's happening. Presumably, chaos reigns in the ring, as the remaining combatants battle in the darkness.

A lone silver spotlight shifts to the entranceway.

A voice, one that hasn't been heard in a wrestling ring for many a year, comes over the loudspeaker. It's unfamiliar to most of the fans, but there's a pop among the diehard few as they remember it.]

?: You know, I don't really expect a lot of social invitations from the likes of Tiger Claw or Casey James, but when I heard about this Legends Royale, I thought I might get a call.

But the days, the weeks went by, and still nothing.

A few weeks ago, I was watching the All-Star Showdown on FOX, and I saw my old friend Brody Thunder show up for one more kick at the can.

[A huge pop rises in the air for the legendary Brody Thunder.]

?: At that exact moment I thought to myself, "I can't miss this little reunion for the world. I can't believe they didn't call. "

If Tiger Claw and Casey James were looking to get each other's enemies in this match, well surely it would make sense to kill two birds with one stone, 'cause I haven't had a good thing to say about those two since 1998.

[Big pop for the fans who are starting to figure out who it might be.]

?: Those two have been trying to erase my name from their memories, hell, from everyone's memories, ever since I last set foot in the squared circle.

You two -- are the reason I _lost_my_smile._

[For anyone that hasn't figured it out, those three words give a darn good clue.]

?: And Brody... Brody. If you think I haven't forgotten you... The man I took to the main event in every promotion in the country when this business made us millions... Well, you've got another thing coming, pal.

I've been waiting almost 18 years to see your face again, and admire my handiwork one more time. A knee for an eye, Brody. A knee for an eye.

[Huge heel pop as anyone that was still wondering realizes who it is.]

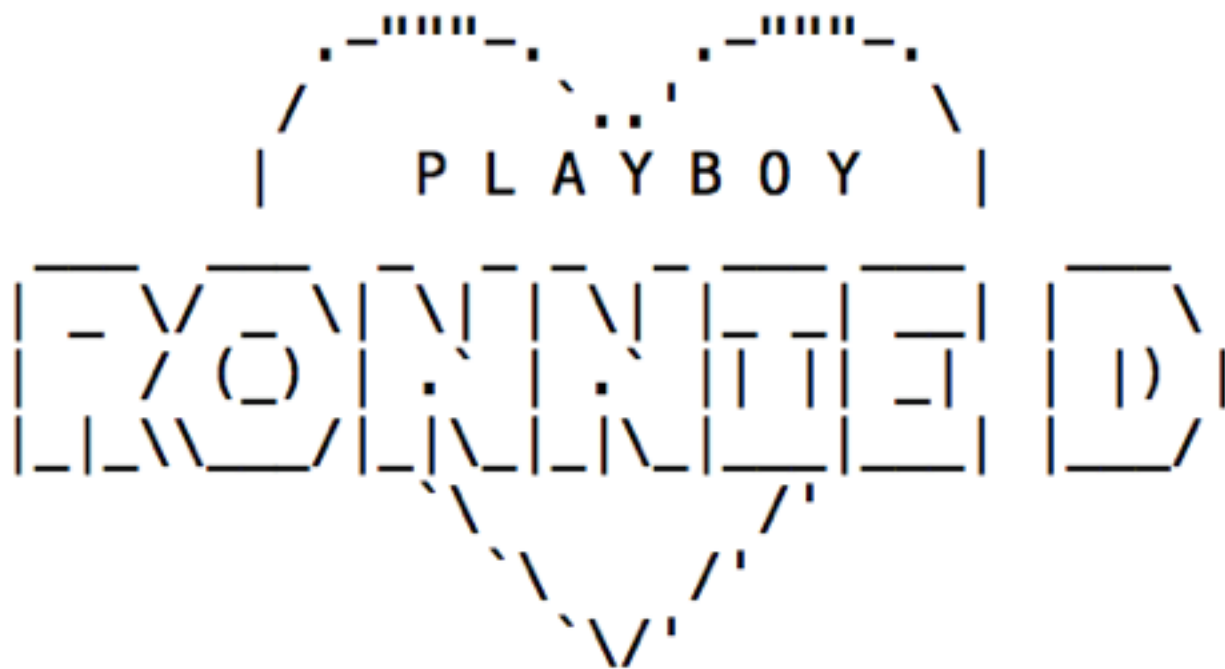
?: So when I realized my invitation wasn't coming, I took it upon myself to call Landon O'Neill and invite myself, and as any of you who know who I am could safely assume, he jumped at the chance to have me back, because if there's one thing lacking in this business...

It's an Icon.

It's a Main Event.

It's me...

[His last words, pronouncing his name slowly and with authority, are drowned out by a chorus of boos as the big screen flashes to life.]



[No music, no light show. Nothing else necessary.]

The curtains part as the boos rain down, and out walks the man himself.

His once-long hair is thinning, some of the brown strands tinged with grey. His hairline has receded, and he's added a slight bit more weight, but the man that stands at the head of the aisle, soaking up the boos, is undoubtedly the man that last electrified the world of pro wrestling almost 18 years ago.

Wearing black jeans, black cowboy boots, and a black IIWF Forever commemorative t-shirt, he looks out at the crowd as the lights come up.

The action in the ring has stopped, as Claw, James and Thunder look on incredulously. James steps up to the ropes and leans on the middle rope while stretching the top rope, opening the ropes and making a gesture to welcome the "Playboy" into the ring., while yelling down the aisle at him. D raises the mic again.]

RD: You thought you were rid of me. You thought you'd chased me out of town. But now... I'm back. And I'm glad to see all my friends are still here, waiting for me to show them how it's done... One. More. Time. I just can't decide which one of you to wrap my arms around first.

I'm here for one reason, and one reason only -- to see my old pals, and let them know just how much I've missed them. So get ready to learn how to end a show, boys, we got ourselves a _real_ main event now.

[And with that, Ronnie D drops the mic and sprints to the ring...

...and as he does, he finds himself getting the ever-loving crap stomped out of him by all three men to one of the loudest cheers of the night!]

GM: Well, I never thought I'd get to make this call but...

BW: You do you, Gordon Myers.

GM: THE SYNDICATE IS STOMPING THE HELL OUT OF "PLAYBOY" RONNIE D!

[The crowd is roaring as Thunder, Claw, and James put the boots to the man who once hailed as the most hated man in professional wrestling!]

GM: The feelings between these four men are well-established! Of course, no one will forget the epic trilogy of matches between Brody Thunder and Ronnie D back in the day...

BW: Forget that... I won't forget the backstage shenanigans that led to Ronnie D running like a whapped dog from the EMWC - thanks to Tiger Claw and Casey James among others!

GM: Love him or hate him... and most certainly fall in the latter category... Ronnie D certainly did have an impact during his short time in the sport of professional wrestling!

[Casey James' sharp call of "GET HIM UP!" is heard as Claw and Thunder drag a struggling Ronnie D to his feet, holding him by the arms between them as the countdown starts...]

GM: Oh my stars! They've got him! They've got him!

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

[James lightly slaps D in the face, smiling...]

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"I've been waiting a long time to do this, you piece of sh-"

[The sound cuts out for a moment as James draws back his taped right hand. Ronnie D cringes, twisting away, preparing for the impact...]

“ONE!”

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[And JUST before Casey James unleashes a Blackheart Punch, music kicks in that makes him freeze in his tracks with a “Oh, BLEEP!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[The crowd ERUPTS again - this time in a positive fashion as Living Colour’s rock anthem “Cult Of Personality” rings out over the PA system.

James steps away from Claw and Thunder holding D, looking down the aisle...

...as “Real Deal” Luke Steele walks out on the stage to a big cheer. Steele grins, waving his arms to hype up the crowd even more. He takes a spot on the ramp, holding up one finger and then pointing off-stage...]

BW: What the...?

[The crowd ROARS again as “Wild Thing” Kevin Slater walks into view. Slater’s dressed in street clothes but looks overjoyed to be there, a pep in his step as he joins his friend on the ramp, patting Steele on the shoulder...

...and they both point off stage.]

BW: You’ve gotta be kidding me!

[Minute Maid Park’s fans continue to scream as a third man joins the other two on the stage - a blue and white diamond painted over his eye.]

GM: CHRIS MYERS! THE DIAMONDBACK IS HERE! IN THE AWA FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME!

[An excited Myers happily exchanges high fives with Slater and Steele and the trio starts the long walk down the ramp...

...before Slater pulls in front of his friends, shaking his head as he puts a hand on both of their chests!]

GM: Are you...?

[Myers snaps his fingers, turning to point to the entryway one more time...

...where “The Outlaw” Bobby Taylor emerges, dressed in blue jeans with a “THE BOSS” t-shirt with the sleeves cut off. Taylor is sporting his black Stetson as he joins his friends, pausing to high five all of them as the crowd goes NUTS at the reunion of one of the most popular factions of all time. Taylor pulls off the hat, tossing it aside...]

GM: HERE THEY COME!

BW: ALL AT ONCE?! THEY CAN’T DO THAT!

GM: OH YEAH?! In case you can’t read his shirt, Bucky, that’s THE BOSS! And I’m pretty sure that means he can do whatever the heck he wants to do!

[Claw and Thunder toss Ronnie D aside, turning their attention towards the new threat as Slater peels away from the group, cheering as Taylor, Steele, and Myers slide under the ropes into the ring, coming to their feet to brawl with the Syndicate one more time as the crowd EXPLODES into cheers!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[Slater, still nursing an injury from a year ago, cheers his friends on as Bobby Taylor trades haymakers with Brody Thunder, Casey James with Chris Myers, and Tiger Claw with Luke Steele!]

BW: IF YOU'RE GONNA PARTY, PARTY LIKE IT'S 1998, DADDY!

[The crowd is on their feet, cheering wildly as Luke Steele catches Claw with a flurry of right hands, sending him back to the corner as Myers and Taylor do the same with their brawling partners...]

GM: All three men back in the corner...

[Steele gives a shout and suddenly, the three Syndicate members are being whipped out towards the middle of the ring, crashing together and falling to the canvas as the crowd cheers again!]

GM: Oh yeah! The Cult of Personality has arrived and they've completely changed the complexion of this match!

BW: Do we have to wait three minutes for the next entry now?!

GM: I have no idea!

[Taylor pulls Casey James off the mat, throwing him back into the corner where Chris Myers rushes in, landing a big clothesline as Taylor runs across the ring, hitting a clothesline on Tiger Claw. Luke Steele finishes it off with a clothesline on Brody Thunder to big cheers!]

GM: The Cult of Personality has come in fresh and they're taking the fight to the Syndicate right here at SuperClash VII!

[With the Syndicate dazed in their respective corners, Taylor, Myers, and Steele walk back out to the middle...

...where "Playboy" Ronnie D is standing, offering high fives and congratulations to the three men as the countdown starts.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

[D claps Taylor on the shoulder with an "OUTLAAAAW, BUDDY!" that gets an icy stare in response.]

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

[The Playboy moves on to Steele, patting him on the arm. "YOU'RE STILL THE REAL DEAL TO ME!" Steele glares at D as he moves down the line.]

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

[D, a little nervous now, walks up to Myers. "D-Back! Buddy! Pal! Remember who helped make you famous!" Myers smirks in response...

...and then DROPS him with a right hand to a big cheer!]

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[All eyes in Minute Maid Park tear themselves away from watching the Cult of Personality take their turn to put the boots to Ronnie D to look over to the entrance where...]

GM: Oh. My. Stars.

[...history is repeating itself as a DeLorean pulls into view.]

GM: Is it?! Could it be?!

[The "wing" doors open up, steam and smoke escaping from the interior...

...and the Minute Maid Park crowd ROARS at the sight of everyone's favorite time-traveling nutjobs.]

GM: It is! IT'S THE RAVE!

BW: BACK... FROM THE FUTURE! Hey, am I still a Senator?

[Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG climb atop the car, looking through what appears to be a pair of binoculars that have been bedazzled to death towards the ring. After a moment, Jerby Jezz lowers them...

...and gives Shizz Dawg OG a high five that they intentionally miss, grabbing each other by the elbow before going into a shimmy.]

GM: I don't...

[They jump off the car roof, running down the aisle towards the ring at top speed. They slide headfirst under the bottom rope, looking around in disbelief...]

BW: Gordo... these...

GM: What?

BW: These lunatics think they traveled back in time.

[Jerby Jezz is beside himself, jumping in the air and kicking out his legs as he rushes over to Casey James, forcibly shaking his elbow.]

GM: Heheh... I think you're right.

[Shizz Dawg OG is eyeing Luke Steele up and down before giving a thumbs to the side.]

BW: Well, Shizz Dawg thinks Steele is the real deal.

[Jerby Jezz suddenly spots Ronnie D on the canvas and throws a hand in front of his face, letting loose a hissing noise.]

GM: What in the world...?

[Jezz approaches Shizz Dawg, gesturing towards the rising Playboy since everyone has stopped to watch these two lunatics. Shizz Dawg OG makes the same gesture, complete with the hissing.]

GM: I think...

[Jezz reaches into a pocket, pulling out a scroll of paper. He unrolls it, showing it to a questioning Chris Myers. Myers arches an eyebrow as Jezz turns it towards the camera revealing Ronnie D's photo circa 1997 with the words "DEAD OR ALIVE - TIME CRIMINAL" written above and below it.]

GM: Jerby Jezz is saying something to Chris Myers... but the Diamondback looks clueless.

BW: Nothing new there.

GM: I think... if I understand this right... Jerby Jezz says Ronnie D is WANTED for manipulating time!

BW: That would... make a lot of sense.

[Chris Myers is trying to converse with The Rave... lord knows why... as Ronnie D slides up to his feet. Casey James comes rushing out of the corner, fist drawn back...

...and D grabs Shizz Dawg OG, pulling him into a human shield as James SLAMS his fist into his chest!]

GM: OHH! BLACKHEART PUNCH ON SHIZZ DAWG!

[Chris Myers grabs Ronnie D from behind by the hair, pulling him back as Jerby Jezz runs to the ropes, throwing himself into the middle one, springing back towards D and Myers...

...and leaps into the air with a corkscrewing crossbody designed to take D over the top rope. But ever the wily veteran, D drops down, pulling the ropes with him and Jezz crashes and burns on the floor!]

GM: OHHH!

[Myers pulls D up, cracking him with a right hand that sends him spiraling towards Brody Thunder who drops him with a standing clothesline!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Heheh... the Cult of Personality AND The Syndicate are lining up to take their shot at Ronnie D!

[With D down on the mat, Luke Steele steps out to the apron, scaling the ropes...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[The Real Deal steps to the top rope, looking down at the prone Playboy...

...and leaps from the top, flipping backwards while sailing forwards!]

GM: REAL STEELE PRESS!

[Steele bounces off of D, clutching his ribcage in pain...

...when Tiger Claw rushes at him, throwing himself into a flying knee that takes Steele over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH!

[Claw turns towards Taylor and Myers, shrugging his shoulders...]

BW: DOUBLE CROSS!

[...and with Claw's back turned, Casey James grabs Claw by the tights, spinning him around and HURLING him over the top rope!]

BW: TRIPLE CROSS!

GM: I don't think that's how that works.

[But Claw hangs on, grabbing the ropes and managing to stay on the apron as the countdown starts again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

[With Claw hanging on for dear life, Casey James is pounding away at him as Chris Myers holds Ronnie D's arms back, allowing Brody Thunder and Bobby Taylor to take turns throwing haymakers to the midsection...]

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

[James peels away from Claw for a moment, scooping Shizz Dawg OG's barely-moving form off the mat, lifting him up...]

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

[...pressing him over his head as he runs at Claw!]

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

[And HURLS Shizz Dawg at Claw who simply steps back, watching as The Rave member sails past him, bouncing off the floor to groans from the AWA faithful. Claw shakes his head at James who looks puzzled why that didn't work...]

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The crowd reacts to the seven footer coming through the curtain but a lot of them are jeering the man who helped take James Lynch out of wrestling.]

GM: Robert Donovan is... what number is he?

BW: Who the hell knows anymore? James and Claw broke all the rules for this one... well, them and everyone else.

GM: They WERE allowed to curate it. Maybe they curated the rules too.

[Donovan stomps down the aisle towards the ring...

...and while Tiger Claw steps back through the ropes, there's a wild skirmish around ringside as someone comes over the railing, grabbing Claw by the leg!]

GM: What the...?

BW: Some fan just jumped the railing! Security is all over him!

[Our camera stays on the fracas for a moment, long enough for sharp-eyed viewers to recognize the person grabbing Claw's leg a moment before Claw throws a palm strike RIGHT at the bridge of the nose, sending the person down to the floor.]

GM: That... that wasn't a fan, Bucky. That was... what's that kid's name? From the Combat Corner?

BW: I don't...

GM: Dylan Harvey! The kid - the trainee who was in the car accident recently! What the heck is he doing here?

BW: Getting his tail kicked by Tiger Claw and security.

GM: But I mean... he's not medically cleared to train again yet. He...

[Fighting against security, Harvey flings something towards the ring. Claw flinches, thinking he's having something thrown at him...

...and then turns towards the object. His eyes flicker with recognition before he scoops it up, tucking it into the back waistband of his trunks as he turns to watch Harvey be dragged out by security.]

GM: Dylan Harvey's being pulled out of here... he may have just flushed his potential career down the toilet, Bucky.

BW: Kid didn't have the size to compete here anyways, Gordo.

[Claw ducks back into the ring, sitting back against the ropes and watching as Chris Myers trades fisticuffs with Brody Thunder in one corner. Bobby Taylor and Casey James have Ronnie D pushed back against the ropes, taking turns kicking him in the gut. Robert Donovan steps over the ropes, finally able to get past the mass of security. Claw sits back, smiling at the chaos unfolding in front of him.]

GM: Donovan's finally in there and-

[The seven footer reaches out, grabbing Casey James by the throat, pulling him away from the ropes and out to the center of the ring...]

GM: Donovan's got Casey by the throat!

[Bobby Taylor drops Ronnie D with an uppercut, turning to face the new threat...

...and sees his long-time tag team partner pulling his long-time rival out to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Taylor's going to help Donovan and-

[Taylor pulls Donovan's hand off of Casey James' throat.]

GM: What the...?

[Off-mic, Taylor and Donovan speak, Casey James standing nearby rubbing his throat...]

GM: I have no idea what's going on here.

[A moment passes and Donovan gives reluctant nod. Taylor looks at James who nods as well...]

...and suddenly, the three men turn, standing side-by-side in unity.]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: IT'S THE JAMES GANG... OG EDITION!

GM: OG... what?!

[Chris Myers walks over to Bobby Taylor, looking at his former stablemate, shaking his head. He points to James... then to Donovan, questioning what's going on...]

...and gets a right hand across the jaw from Donovan in response!]

GM: OHH!

[Donovan grabs Myers, shoving him at Casey James who runs him down with a clothesline...]

...which leaves Bobby Taylor to pull Myers off the mat by the hair, looking his former friend in the eye...]

GM: NO!

[And the Outlaw of Professional Wrestling HURLS Myers over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: MYERS IS GONE!

[Taylor turns back to James and Donovan...]

...and again, the three men turn, staring across the ring at Tiger Claw and Brody Thunder who are standing together.

In the middle of it all?

"Playboy" Ronnie D. That poor son of a bitch.

But as the two groups start to move together, trapping him in the midst, the countdown starts again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

[D throws his hands up, calling for a truce, pointing towards the entryway.]

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

[James puts a hand in front of Taylor, holding him back as the countdown gets closer.]

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[And as the sounds of "Ecstasy Of Gold" erupts over the PA System, the crowd goes nuts again!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: IT'S... IT'S THE OTHER BOSS!

[A smirking Todd Michaelson walks through the curtain into view, nodding his head at the roaring crowd. Inside the ring, Taylor angrily kicks the bottom rope, shouting "WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?!" as Michaelson strides down the aisle towards the ring...]

GM: Wait a second! Are we going to see...?!]

BW: WHEN BOSSES COLLIDE!

[Michaelson slides under the bottom rope...

...and hell breaks loose again as for one moment, Todd Michaelson is part of the Syndicate as he stands alongside Tiger Claw and Brody Thunder, trading bombs with Bobby Taylor, Robert Donovan, and Casey James.]

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS HERE IN THE LEGENDS ROYALE!
DONOVAN AND THUNDER! JAMES AND CLAW! TAYLOR AND MICHAELSON!

[And in the midst of it all, "Playboy" Ronnie D makes a lunge for it, diving through the ropes to the floor, watching as six of the toughest men in the sport beat the hell out of each other.]

GM: Michaelson and Taylor are trading BOMBS in there!

BW: Maybe a little inter-office politics getting physical right about now.

[The former EMWC World Champion unloads on the Outlaw, forcing him back against the ropes with a series of stiff forearm shots...

...and then clears out as Brody Thunder charges in, trying to take Taylor over the top rope with a clothesline but Taylor hangs on, clinging to the ropes. Thunder and Michaelson pull him up, taking turns hammering away at Taylor as he tries to hang on.]

GM: Casey James hurls Claw into the corner!

[Charging across the ring, the Blackheart looks to save the Outlaw from possible elimination. He hammers a forearm down into the back of Michaelson, flinging him aside. He headbutts Thunder, knocking him to a knee.]

GM: James clearing house, trying to help his ally...

[Taylor looks at Casey James... who returns the gaze, a grin crossing his face.
Taylor shakes his head...

...but the Blackheart has struck, burying the fist into the chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Taylor falls to the floor as Casey James claims another victim!]

GM: Taylor's gone! Bobby Taylor's eliminated!

BW: DOUBLE CROSS!

[And with James shaking his head at Taylor, wagging a finger...

...Robert Donovan comes rushing across the ring, flipping James over the ropes
where he lands on the apron!]

BW: TRIPLE CROSS!

GM: Bucky, that's not even-

BW: TRIPLE CROSS!

[Donovan backs off, measuring the turncoat for a big boot...

...when Tiger Claw steps out of the corner, leaping up onto the seven footer's back!]

GM: CHOKE! CLAW HOOKS THE KATA HA JIME!

[Donovan shakes the attacker on his back from side to side, trying to shake him
free but Claw hangs on tight, hooking his legs around the torso, trying to rob all the
blood from Donovan's brain as the countdown begins...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

[Claw hangs on as Donovan SLAMS him back into the buckles!]

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

[The seven footer falls back into the corner a second time, shaking Claw from head
to toe to no avail!]

GM: DONOVAN'S FADING!

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The sounds of Danzig's "Brand New God" over the PA system brings the crowd to
their feet once again!]

GM: DEVON CASE! DEVON CASE IS THE NEXT MAN IN!

[Case breaks the land-speed record flying down the aisle, diving headfirst under the ropes into the ring...

...and rushes into the corner, lighting up a stunned Brody Thunder with a Yakuza Kick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Case pivots, turning towards Casey James, rushing at him. James throws a right hand that Case ducks under, slamming on the breaks, booting James in the back of the knee and DRIVING him down on the back of his head!]

GM: THE STRIP! GOOD GRIEF!

[Case pops up, giving a shout to the crowd... and then rushes across the ring where a fading Donovan has Claw pinned against the buckles. Case jumps to the second rope, snapping off a kick to the back of Claw's head!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Claw slumps down off the back of Donovan who groggily turns...

...and embraces his former World Tag Team Champion partner! Big cheer!]

GM: Case and Donovan are reunited and Tiger Claw took the brunt of it! Fans, we're being told we've only got one person left in this Legends Royale.

BW: And hold on to your butts 'cause you're gonna like this one, Gordo.

GM: You know who it is?

BW: I know everything, daddy.

[Striding out of the corner, Case looks around the ring...

...and locks eyes with Todd Michaelson who rises off the mat. The crowd buzzes with anticipation!]

GM: And these two men are no strangers to one another!

BW: The Golden God... that nickname came from Todd Michaelson!

GM: Michaelson and Case have been friends for many years but they've had some rough patches along the way and... well, are we in the midst of one of those rough patches? We're about to find out!

[Michaelson walks out of the corner, staring at Devon Case...]

GM: The moment of truth...

[And the crowd cheers as Michaelson and Case fall together in an embrace.]

GM: Alright! Friendships are hard to keep in this business but these two have managed to-

[Michaelson suddenly throws Case to the side, arms coming up to defend himself as Tiger Claw comes rushing at him. Claw throws a pair of hooking blows to the head that Michaelson manages to block before a front push kick up the middle sends him flying backwards into the buckles, his head snapping back on impact.]

GM: OH! The Boss hits the corner!

[Claw spins as Case approaches from the blind side, ducking under a Case haymaker and swinging a knee up into the midsection in one motion. He hooks his arm up around Case's neck, using leverage to flip him over onto his back. Claw swings his leg up, attempting a hard heel kick to the sternum but Case rolls out of the way, hooking the ankle as he does. Case swings his left leg up, catching Claw in the back, sending him falling forwards into the ropes, getting tripped up as he does.]

GM: Whoa!

[Case kips up off the mat, landing on his feet where he throws a backfist to the mush of Claw, knocking him back into the ropes where Case grabs an arm...]

GM: Irish whi-

[A Yakuza attempt whiffs as Claw does a front roll underneath it, coming to his feet as Case slams on the brakes, coming back the other way where Claw ducks down, going for a spinning back legsweep that Case jumps over, throwing a knee into the temple of Claw!]

GM: These two are a blur of motion!

[Case grabs Claw, pulling him off the mat...

...and Casey James runs them both down with a double clothesline to a HUGE ROAR!]

GM: OHHH MY!

[The Blackheart pulls Case off the mat, scooping him up in his arms...

...but a running big boot from Donovan catches James flush, knocking him down to the mat where Case rolls out of his clutches as the countdown starts again]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

[Donovan and Case are putting the boots to the Blackheart as the time ticks away towards the final combatant's entry.]

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

[Brody Thunder pulls Case off of James, using an overhead elbow to put him down on his knees before he smashes Donovan between the eyes with a clubbing forearm smash.]

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[For the final time in the Legends Royale, the buzzer sounds...

...and the crowd EXPLODES at the sounds of "Super Bon Bon" by Soul Coughing!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: I told you you'd like this one!

[The curtain parts as the very first AWA National Champion and current CCW color commentator, Marcus Broussard, walks out on stage. He's moving a little gingerly thanks to the attack from the Dogs of War we saw earlier but he's moving... and he's moving towards the ring!]

GM: Marcus Broussard is the final entry in the 2015 Legends Royale!

BW: I talked to him about it earlier and asked him if he was sure he wanted to compete after what happened earlier this week with the Dogs. He said he wouldn't miss it for the world.

GM: But he's barred from competing in the AWA!

BW: Casey James and Tiger Claw made the rules... Marcus Broussard is IN!

GM: And with that, the final seven competitors in the match are in the ring - Casey James, Tiger Claw, Brody Thunder, Rob Donovan, Todd Michaelson, Devon Case, and Marcus Broussard! One of these seven men will be the winner of the 2015 Legends Royale!

[Broussard marches down to the ring...

...but doesn't get in, walking around to the far side...]

GM: What's he...?

[The crowd ROARS as Broussard grabs someone, lifting them into view by the hair.]

GM: What the-?! That's Ronnie D! "Playboy" Ronnie D was trying to hide down there and-

BW: He hadn't been eliminated, Gordo!

GM: He was trying to steal this thing!

[A fired up Broussard rockets D under the ropes into the ring where Brody Thunder pulls him to his feet, dragging him right into a front facelock. The crowd roars with anticipation as the Lone Wolf sets his feet, lifting the Playboy into the air...]

GM: CATTLE BUSTER!

[...and DRIVES him skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: OH MY! THE CATTLE BUSTER DDT CLAIMS ANOTHER VICTIM!

[Broussard pumps a fist as he steps up on the apron, ducking through the ropes and making a beeline for Todd Michaelson, pulling his friend to his feet, shaking some life into him...

...and then takes the measure of the ring where Casey James, Tiger Claw, and Brody Thunder are standing in a group. Rob Donovan and Devon Case are standing together on the other side, looking down at a motionless Ronnie D.]

GM: There it is! The final eight!

[A weary James, sucking wind badly, steps before his group, turning to look back at them...]

“On my mark... UNLEASH HELL!”

[Claw and Thunder look at each other incredulously...

...but when James charges with a battle cry, his allies follow suit, sprinting across the ring into another brawl!]

GM: Donovan and James! Claw and Case! Thunder, Broussard, and Michaelson!

[The latter trio quickly move to a corner where Thunder is trapped as Broussard and Michaelson take turns laying in heavy European uppercuts, almost having a contest to see who can do more damage on the Lone Wolf.

Robert Donovan and Casey James repeat a scene that fans have seen in and out of rings from Los Angeles to South Laredo. Their heavy bombs shake each other from head to toe as they try to punch each other into unconsciousness.

Tiger Claw and Devon Case pick up where they left off moments ago, trading and avoiding strikes at a blinding pace.]

GM: What a moment this is! The crowd on their feet!

[But with his enemies distracted, “Playboy” Ronnie D has rolled to the floor again, trying to recover from the Cattle Buster DDT.

A series of stiff jabs backs Case out to the center of the ring where Claw goes for a roundhouse kick aimed at the head but Case ducks it, using his arm to sweep out the other leg, putting Claw down on his back on the mat.]

GM: Case with the legsweep!

[Getting to his feet, the Golden God strikes a pose...]

GM: You’ve gotta be kidding me!

[Case bounces a couple of times, getting some spring in his step...]

GM: STANDING 450!

[The crowd ROARS for the incredible show of athleticism as Case pops up, clutching his ribs...

...which gets him a boot in the gut from Casey James who pulls him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: Casey’s got him set! HE LIFTS!

[But in mid-lift, Casey’s energy gives out, allowing Case to drop down to the mat in front of him where he instantly pops back up, catching the Blackheart on the chin with a leaping kneestrike!]

GM: Case caught him with the knee!

[He dashes to the ropes, coming back with a shout...]

BW: YAAAAKUUUUZAAAAA!

[But as James drops down, Tiger Claw comes out of nowhere, lashing out with a high kick that catches Case FLUSH on the jaw, knocking him down to the canvas!]

GM: HE'S DOWN! CASE IS DOWN!

[Claw pulls the man who retired him up by the hair, looks him in the eye...

...and then tosses him over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Case is gone! We're down to seven!

[Claw steps over to his weary tag team partner and best friend, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Casey James can't even stand and Tiger Claw is going to take advantage of it. He pulls him up and-

[Claw lightly taps Casey on the face, shaking his head with a smirk...

...and then grabs him by the wrist as the duo runs across the ring, catching Rob Donovan in the chest with a double clothesline that takes him over the top and down to the floor!]

GM: DONOVAN'S GONE TOO!

BW: We're down to six, daddy!

GM: James, Claw, Thunder, Michaelson, Broussard, and "Playboy" Ronnie D are the final six competitors remaining in this Legends Royale!

[Thunder remains in the corner, trying to fight out from under the Broussard and Michaelson doubleteam. Tiger Claw gestures towards the corner, heading over to help the Lone Wolf...

...when suddenly, "Playboy" Ronnie D slides into the ring, steel chair in hand!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHH! RONNIE D HITS THE BLACKHEART FROM BEHIND WITH THE CHAIR!

[James crumples to his knees as D cackles loudly. Tiger Claw turns around, glaring at Ronnie D who lifts the chair again, shouting at him...]

"BRING IT, MOTHER-"

[Thank heavens for the censor catching that one but the "OHHHHH!" from the crowd tells the story as Claw glares at D, rolling his neck back and forth. With a shout, D runs forward, chair in front of him...

...and Tiger Claw leaps up, using a bicycle kick to DRIVE the chair back into D's face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Well, I guess we know where Brian James gets it.

GM: I suppose we do.

[Claw winces, shaking out his foot for a moment as D lies motionless on the canvas for a moment, the chair having bounced off his face. Claw gestures, calling him to his feet...]

GM: Claw wants him up! Tiger Claw is not done with the man who has been a thorn in his side since the late 90s! He wants one chance... one shot to end this rivalry once and for all!

[Claw kicks the chair aside, grabbing D by the hair, dragging him to his feet...

...where a desperate Ronnie D frantically rakes the eyes of Claw!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: No rules in this one!

[D scampers away, falling to a knee as he leans over, trying to grab the discarded chair...

...and then freezes in his tracks as Claw SLAMS a foot down on the chair, pinning it to the canvas.]

GM: Uh oh.

[Ronnie D looks up at Claw, icy rage running over him as he raises his arms into a fighting stance. D shakes his head, pushing backwards, scooting into the corner on his butt. He raises his hands, begging off as he pulls himself to his feet...

...which is when Tiger Claw raises the stakes.]

GM: What's he...?

BW: He's going into his waistband... going for- oh, he's grabbing whatever that was that Dylan Harvey tried to bring into the ring! He's-

GM: Oh my god!

[The crowd ROARS as Tiger Claw, already the most dangerous man in the history of the sport, levels up...

...and pulls a pearl-handled straight razor into view, looking dead in the eyes of Ronnie D.]

GM: Wait a second now... wait a second...

BW: He can't do this, Gordo!

GM: I know that, you know that... does HE?!

BW: Does he care is a better question!

[Claw runs a hand over the razor, smiling as he does, perhaps thinking of days gone by... perhaps thinking of how much of Ronnie D's blood he could spill on this sacred ground - the professional wrestling ring.]

GM: Somebody's gotta stop this! Somebody's gotta-

[And it's Ronnie D who decides to stop it, climbing over the ropes, dropping down on the apron...]

BW: He's gonna eliminate himself! Smart move!

[But Claw has other ideas, tossing the blade aside and reaching out...]

GM: CHOKE! CLAW'S GOT THE CHOKE ON HIM!

[Ronnie D fights it, arms pumping in the air as Tiger Claw tries to rob the life from him...

...and then drags him back over the ropes into the ring, sinking the hold in deep!]

GM: Tiger Claw's going to choke out Ronnie D! Oh, how good this must feel after all these years!

[D's arms get slower... and slower... and then finally drop. Claw hangs on for a few more seconds before climbing to his feet, looking out at the roaring crowd paying tribute to the conquering hero...

...and then retrieves the straight razor.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: D's helpless! He's out cold!

[The crowd seems in awe as Claw pulls D up by the hair, straight razor in hand. He stares down at him, seemingly considering what to do...

...and then slashes!]

GM: AHHHH!

[D slumps down to the mat unconscious once more as Claw holds his newest trophy in his hand...

...a nice chunk of "Playboy" Ronnie D's thinning hair. The crowd ERUPTS at the sight as Claw turns, showing it off to all sides of Minute Maid Park. A weary Casey James wobbles into view, patting Claw on the back with a "nice job" and a smile.]

GM: Casey James seems happy with it...

[The smile turns to cold-blooded rage.]

"My turn."

[The Blackheart steps forward, pulling the unconscious D off the mat, holding him by his cut hair, staring down in his eyes...]

"I don't know if I have the power to do this anymore but... you're fired."

[...and promptly BLASTS D with a Blackheart Punch sending him spinning away, falling...]

GM: Oh god.

[...right into the arms of Brody Thunder who has managed to put both Michaelson and Broussard down on the mat. Thunder catches D, shaking his head...]

"Nah, not like that..."

[And with a big lift, Thunder gets D up in scoop slam position...

...and then rushes across the ring, tossing him over the ropes and down to the floor below!]

GM: OHHHH! THE PLAYBOY IS GONE!

BW: Good riddance!

GM: The Syndicate has eliminated Ronnie D from this Legends Royale which means we're down to five!

[Casey James gives Thunder a high five for the elimination...

...and then BLASTS him with a Blackheart Punch!]

BW: DON'T TRUST NOBODY!

[James looks at Claw who shrugs. The Blackheart invites his friend to help him pick Thunder off the mat...]

"Sorry, pal."

[...and together, James and Claw HURL Brody Thunder over the top rope, eliminating him from the match.]

GM: We're down to four!

[And on cue, James grabs Claw from behind...]

BW: DOUBLE CROSS!

[...but Claw turns it around, switching into control as he tries to get James over the top!]

GM: REVERSED!

BW: TRIPLE CROSS!

GM: Bucky, it doesn't work-

BW: TRIPLE CROSS!

[James goes to the eyes, using his boot to push the blinded Claw back out to the center of the ring, winding up his right hand...]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH!

[...but Claw is ready for it, checking and deflecting it with his left hand so that punch sails over his shoulder. He twists into it, swinging his right hand up and over the arm to trap it under his armpit with the arm folded back. With his free left arm, Claw wraps it around the throat in a hybrid Americana/Kata Ha Jime.]

GM: OH MY! OH MY!

BW: Where the heck did that come from?!

[Claw's got Casey James trapped in the hold, his own friend screaming in pain and getting the blood flow to the brain cut off...]

...which is when Todd Michaelson gets up, spotting the chair on the ground.]

GM: Uh oh.

[One of the AWA's owners picks up the chair, shrugs to the buzzing crowd...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK OF TIGER CLAW!

[Michaelson throws the chair down on the mat, grabbing Claw by the arm, spinning him around into a boot to the midsection...]

GM: Michaelson goes downstairs!

[And with the Minute Maid Park crowd roaring over what's coming next, Michaelson pulls him into a standing headscissors. He hooks one arm... then the other...]

GM: HE LIFTS!

[...and sits out in a Billion Dollar Bomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Michaelson scrambles to his feet, pumping his fists...]

...when Casey James comes storming towards him, arm extended!]

GM: BLACK MASS!

[The clothesline connects, flipping Michaelson inside out and dumping him down on the mat. James, physically exhausted, leans against the ropes, looking down at Michaelson...]

"HE TOLD YOU... DON'T... CALL... HIM... STEGGY! GOD!"

BW: Heheheh.

GM: The Blackheart getting a little payback for Jon Stegglet?

[James is clinging to the ropes when a rising Marcus Broussard comes up behind him, hooking him in a waistlock...]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

[The Blackheart's eyes go wide, hanging onto the ropes for dear life. The San Jose Shark tries to lift once... twice... but James cracks a grin as he's too strong for Broussard.]

GM: He can't get him up!

[Broussard drops to his knees, swinging his arm up into the groin!]

GM: UPPERCUT DOWNSTAIRS!

[And with a smirk, the San Jose Shark hooks him around the torso again, clenches his teeth...

...and LIFTS the bigger competitor into the air, TOSSING him down on the back of his head and neck to a HUGE CHEER from the SuperClash crowd!]

GM: GERMAN! HE FOLDS THE BLACKHEART IN HALF!

[Broussard quickly gets up, looking around the ring...

...and finds that he's the only man standing to a HUGE OVATION from the partisan AWA crowd.]

BW: You've gotta love a moment like that, Gordo.

GM: What's that?

BW: You've got two Hall of Famers in the ring. You've got a guy who made his name as one of the best color commentators of all time and as a World Champion in arguably the greatest promotion of all time.

GM: And?

BW: And then there's Marcus Broussard who had cups of coffee elsewhere but he made his name here. He made his name as the first man to wear gold in the American Wrestling Alliance. When you look at the people whose backs this company is built on, he's at the top of that list with Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez and City Jack and so many others. But he's OUR guy. He's OUR hero. And despite being in there with Hall of Famers, the AWA fans are letting him know that they've got HIS back on this night.

GM: Very well said, my friend.

[Broussard moves over, grabbing the smallest man still in the match - Tiger Claw - and pulling him to his feet, hoping to eliminate him...

...but Claw catches him with a palm strike to the sternum on the way up. The San Jose Shark falls back, coughing and gasping for air as Claw follows up with a side kick to the midsection, doubling him up.]

GM: And again, the ever-dangerous striking of Tiger Claw puts someone in a bad way.

[Claw hooks his hands behind the head of Marcus Broussard, applying his trademark Muay Thai clinch.]

BW: MOY TIE CLINCH APPLIED!

GM: Huh?

[Claw pulls Broussard's head down, swinging his right knee up into the head... then the left... then the right. Broussard stumbles backwards but Claw maintains control, landing knee to the head after knee to the head before he uses the clinch to throw the first AWA National Champion back into the corner.]

GM: Claw tosses him to the corner...

[And with Broussard in the corner, Claw erupts in a series of stiff punches, landing jabs and hooks to the jaw. A stunning left elbowstrike to the temple causes Broussard's knees to buckle before Claw switches to knees to the body, throwing

them right up the middle, painting a bullseye on the sternum with the crowd ROARING for the barrage!]

GM: CLAW'S ALL OVER THE SHARK!

[After a few more knees connect, Claw spins out of the corner, marching across the ring...

...and then charges back in, leaping up and SNAPPING Broussard's head back with a leaping kneestrike!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Claw grabs Broussard by the hair, pulling him away from the ropes where the Shark stumbles to a knee. Claw tries to pull him back up but Broussard is too hurt and can't get to his feet.]

GM: Claw can't even get him up after that showcase of striking skill!

[He backs off, takes aim...

...and uncorks a roundhouse aimed at the skull of Broussard who suddenly is rising off the mat, catching the leg under his arm...]

GM: DRAGON SCREW!

[Broussard rips and tears at the leg, twisting it as he throws Claw down to the canvas. Hanging onto the leg, he pulls Claw up, executing the dragon screw a second time!]

GM: We're in the middle of a battle royal and Marcus Broussard is showcasing the technical skill that made him the first man to wear AWA gold!

[Back on his feet, Broussard watches as Claw drags himself to the ropes, using them to pull himself up...

...and the San Jose Shark kicks the back of the leg, causing it to fly out from under Claw as he lands on the back of his head on the mat!]

GM: OHH!

[Broussard grabs Claw by the leg, dragging him out to the middle of the ring...

...and hooks the ankle, dropping down into a heel hook as the crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: SO CAL CLUTCH! SO CAL CLUTCH!

[Claw cries out, digging at the canvas as Broussard stretches the foot!]

GM: There's no submissions in here but Broussard might be making Tiger Claw wish that there were!

BW: I doubt it. Tiger Claw refused to submit when Simon Ezra was going to light him on FIRE, Gordo.

GM: Nevertheless, he's screaming in pain and-

[Crawling across the ring, Casey James throws himself on top of Broussard with a clubbing forearm, breaking the hold.]

GM: Wow!

[And with all four men down on the mat, the Minute Maid Park crowd rises to their feet, giving a standing ovation for these legends of the ring.]

GM: What a moment! These men who've given their lives to the sport of professional wrestling and its fans are feeling the love here tonight in Houston, Bucky!

BW: Hey, Gordo... I've seen the prize check for this match. It ain't worth what these guys are putting themselves through.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Perhaps not but pride is what drives these men! The thrill of combat! The desire to prove that on any given night, they are the best thing going inside that squared circle whether they're competing for the World Title or just trying to show the world that they - indeed- still got it!

[Casey James stays on his knees, hammering a forearm down into Broussard once... twice... three times...

...but on the fourth, Broussard shifts his position, catching the arm on the way down!]

GM: FUJIWARA ARMBAR!

[James cries out, clawing at the canvas in pain as a determined San Jose Shark decides he's going to break a Hall of Famer's arm on this night!]

GM: At one point, this match seemed destined to break down into chuckles and ha-ha but not anymore! Marcus Broussard, Tiger Claw, Casey James, and Todd Michaelson - they've come to fight, Bucky!

[But as Broussard tries to yank James' arm out of place, Tiger Claw rolls to the side, swinging his foot up and catching Broussard between the eyes with it, breaking the submission hold!]

GM: And Claw saves Casey!

BW: It's only fitting, Gordo.

[With three men down, Todd Michaelson swoops in, looking for the kill. He pulls Casey James off the mat, grabbing a handful of hair...]

GM: FOREARM! ANOTHER!

[The former World Champion is laying them in, rocking the exhausted Blackheart with every blow, sending him staggering back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: James looks like he's out on his feet, fans!

[Michaelson stays on the attack, continuing to throw devastating forearm strikes to the jaw of James who loops his arms over the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as the former color commentator goes to town on him.]

GM: One shot after another, shaking the Blackheart's dental work!

[After a half dozen blows land and James is on Dream Street, Michaelson gives a shout, spinning away and waving to the fans, getting them roaring for him again. He turns to move back in...

...when James steps out, grabs him under the armpits, and HURLS him back into the buckles!]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: The Blackheart's not done yet!

[James hauls off and opens fire, rifling blows into the midsection of Michaelson... one after another, left after right after left...

...and then moves upstairs, throwing looping blows to the head!]

GM: James might be using his last bit of energy to try to knock the Boss into the middle of the next week!

[James backs off, giving a shout, spitting on his taped right hand...]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH!

[...but the San Jose Shark saves his mentor, grabbing James by the arm, spinning him around...]

GM: MARCUS HOOKS HIM!

[...and takes him down, popping his hips, twisting his torso, and executing a picture perfect belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: Oh my! The signature move of Marcus Broussard and-

[Broussard grabs Michaelson, pointing to the downed Blackheart...]

GM: Michaelson and Broussard are working together, trying to eliminate the Blackheart who was the first man in the match to begin with!

[Each man takes turn throwing knife-edge chops on James after pulling him off the mat, backing him across the ring. Broussard grabs a handful of hair, landing three big forearms to the ear before Michaelson does the same.]

GM: They've got James on the ropes... grabbing the arms...

[A double whip sends James across the ring as Broussard and Michaelson clasp each other's hands...]

GM: Double clothesli-

[But a stampeding Casey James lifts his arms, letting loose a shout as he runs THROUGH the clothesline attempt, knocking the arms away. The Blackheart hits the far ropes, rebounding back towards an off-balance Michaelson and Broussard...

...and throws up his arms, catching them with a double clothesline of his own, hanging on as he drags them across the ring towards the other ropes!]

GM: BLACK MASS AND-

[The crowd ROARS as James drags both men into the ropes, shoving them both over the top...]

GM: THEY'RE GONE! THEY'RE GON-

BW: NO, NO! BROUSSARD HANGS ON!

[One of the AWA's owners, Todd Michaelson, falls all the way to the floor, hitting the thin pads at ringside...

...but the first AWA National Champion hangs on to the ropes, leaving Marcus Broussard on the verge of elimination but still in the fight.]

GM: You're right, Bucky! Broussard's still in! Broussard's still in!

BW: We're down to three!

[An exhausted Casey James approaches Broussard, landing a big haymaker on the jaw, trying to knock him off his perch...

...and at a shout from his friend, he bails out as Tiger Claw comes rushing past, leaping up with a kneestrike...]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! BROUSSARD AVOIDS IT AND-

[Claw suddenly finds himself tangled up in the ropes...

...and locks eyes with Casey James who smiles.]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me...

[James shrugs, looking to the crowd as Claw tries to get his leg free from the ropes...

...and then delivers a two-handed shove, sending Claw down off the ropes and down to the floor to the groans of the crowd!]

GM: CLAW'S GONE! TIGER CLAW IS ELIMINATED!

BW: DOUBLE CROSS!

GM: Well... yes, actually. For once, you're-

BW: DOUBLE CROSS!

[Casey James drops to his knees, throwing his arms in the air, pumping them up and down like he's won.]

GM: Uhhh, Casey?

BW: Does he know he didn't win the match?

GM: Well, he eliminated Tiger Claw... so maybe that's just as good to him?

[James jumps up, high-stepping... well, as well as one could highstep considering their lack of cardio and the amount of time they've spent in the ring. He thrusts his arms into the air again, turning back towards the ropes...

...and Marcus Broussard reaches over the top rope, hooking his arms around James' torso again!]

GM: WAIT! BROUSSARD GOT HIM! BROUSSARD GOT HIM!

BW: James was going to try and toss him to the floor but the San Jose Shark strikes first!

[A frantic James slams his arms together on the ears of Broussard... again, as hard as one can slam their arms considering sheer exhaustion.]

GM: James is trying to break free but he might not have enough left! I think he burned up his last bit of energy eliminating Tiger Claw from the match!

[Broussard struggles and strains, trying to pull James over the ropes in the bodylock...]

GM: The San Jose Shark just needs a little bit more to pull him over the top... he's trying, Bucky!

BW: The fans are behind him! They're on their feet cheering for their AWA original!

[Broussard's teeth are clinched, the very picture of determination as he pulls... and pulls... and pulls...]

GM: Broussard's got him leaning... James is fighting with all he's got left!

[A headbutt between the eyes slows Broussard... but does not stop him. Punches to the ears don't seem to be doing enough damage...]

GM: Come on, kid...

[And with one final surge of strength, Broussard twists his body enough to pull James over the ropes, throwing him to the floor in the ugliest belly-to-belly that the San Jose Shark has ever thrown!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: BROUSSARD WINS! BROUSSARD WINS! BROUSSARD WINS!

[The San Jose Shark slumps down to a knee on the apron, arm looped over the middle rope to save himself from falling the floor. The crowd ERUPTS into cheers at the sound of the bell as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... your winner of the LEGENDS ROYAAAAAALE...

MARRRRRRRRRCUSSSSSSS BROUUUUUUSSAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRD!

[Broussard rises off the knee, a big grin on his face at the reaction of the Houston faithful. He ducks back through the ropes into the ring, walking to the center where the official raises his hand.]

GM: Oh yeah! The San Jose Shark walks into a ring filled with Hall of Famers and people who made their name in the EMWC... in the Double Eye... in South Laredo... and he comes out on top! Marcus Broussard steps into an AWA ring for perhaps the final time... and he walks away the winner!

BW: I would say there's no "probably" about it, Gordo. We both know the amount and degree of injuries that the Shark is dealing with. He's been one of my closest friends - off and on depending if he was sucking up to these idiot fans - over the years and I can tell you that tonight was almost certainly the final night we'll see the Shark in any pro wrestling ring.

GM: It's been an incredible night of action here in Houston... perhaps the greatest in AWA history... and yet this is just one more amazing moment to add to it, Bucky.

[Broussard mounts the second rope, raising both arms to an even bigger reaction, a huge smile on his face as "Super Bon Bon" blares throughout Minute Maid Park.]

BW: There's only one thing left to say in a moment like this, Gordo.

GM: What's that, Bucky?

BW: WE GOIN' SIZZLAH!

[Gordon chuckles as we fade from the triumphant Broussard in the ring...

...back to the locker room area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing by.]

SLB: A monumental night of action here in Houston and we've still got one more match to come - the reason they're all here tonight, the World Title Main Event pitting the champion Ryan Martinez against his top challenger Hannibal Carver in a match well over a year in the making. For months upon months, the fans have wondered "what if" when it comes to these two clashing and after a couple of near misses, tonight it will finally happen... and it just might happen for the final time as well because the proverbial sword of Damocles is hanging over the head of Hannibal Carver. We all heard the news earlier this week... if Carver loses tonight, he's gone! He's fired! AWA President Landon O'Neill is taking a stand and saying that after Carver's assault on him two weeks ago, the only way he keeps his job is if he's the World Champion.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: It's a heavy burden to carry but if Carver needed any more motivation to walk out of Houston as the World Champion, he's certainly got it after that decree. And we've got some breaking news that just might shed some light on this situation. I can't tell you about it here but if you call the hotline - the final night of the hotline's existence - or check out my new app available on the Apple App Store or the Google Play store - you can get all the details.

[A deep breath.]

SLB: I have tried throughout the night to get Hannibal Carver to appear with me on camera. He has refused, deep in preparation. However, about an hour ago, he allowed one cameraman to come to the bowels of the building where he's getting ready to challenge for the World Title. Let's take a look at what might be the final AWA words of Hannibal Carver!

[We slowly fade from the interviewer to what appears to be a large underground parking area. There's a beat-up steel barrel in the middle of our shot with a fire burning within. It's a pretty hot fire judging by the height of the flames. The voice of tonight's challenger, Hannibal Carver, rings out.]

HC: Blackwell wanted to interview me tonight but I don't need him here to ask his stupid little questions 'cause I know exactly what he'd be asking me right about now.

[Carver's voice changes in tone, taking on a serious, stiff sound.]

HC: "The world wants to know, Hannibal Carver, where on Earth have yeh been over the past two weeks?"

[His voice switches back.]

HC: Let me tell yeh somethin', Blackwell... it ain't easy being on top of this sport. Never really been through that before. Yeah, I've been on top of this promotion or that promotion but I've never really been "the guy." Make no mistake though, if you run this joint, you're the guy... and O'Neill, you spray-tanned jackass... you ain't in charge of this place. The champ is.

Bein' in Houston this week with a schedule like...

[Carver's voice changes again, this time to a pretty good imitation of Landon O'Neill.]

HC: "Go do this TV show, pal. Go sign autographs for these sick kids. Wake up early to be on this radio station."

It can wear on yeh... and for once, I see Martinez in a different light.

Yeh done this stuff for a year, kid... my hat's off to yeh.

A week of being around this reporter and that reporter... being on this radio show or that morning TV show... being at this press conference or that press conference, one thing became real clear...

Yeh reporters really suck at askin' questions.

[Carver chuckles off-camera.]

HC: Sittin' through hours of "Do yeh think yer training can match the World Champion's?"... "Do yeh prefer boxers or briefs?"... "Where did yeh get your start in this business?"... "Why a can opener?"... I was ready to let Martinez keep that title and get the hell out of town.

But one reporter... one lone wolf... asked the question that's been stuck in my head all week...

"After everything yeh've been through with Ryan Martinez, how did it start... and how will it end?"

[Carver whistles.]

HC: Damn.

[The challenger walks into view, standing near the fire.]

HC: Yeh know those people who say that they've been fightin' with someone so long, they can't even remember how it started? That ain't me. I remember it clear as day, kid.

Some people might think I've had it out for yeh since yeh started runnin' yer damn mouth about bein' the White Knight. About bein' something better than the rest of us.

Yeh think yer better than Wright cause yeh ain't an obsessive jackass who threatens kids... and hell, maybe yeh are. Yeh think yer better than Detson cause yeh ain't a yellow-backed spineless smear on the underbelly of life... and hell, maybe yeh are.

Yeh think that yer better than me... 'cause yeh won't swing a chair to win a match. Cause yeh won't do what it takes... whatever it takes... to win a match. Yeh won't

crack a skull to end a war. Yeh won't bleed someone dry that's been makin' yer life hell for months... years.

Yeh think that makes yeh better than me... 'cause I WILL do all those things and more... just like yer old man would.

[Carver chuckles.]

HC: And that's what I don't get about yeh, kid. Yeh were raised at the knee of one of the toughest, meanest, most violent sons of bitches to ever lace a pair of boots. We're talkin' about a guy who made his name in the land of Extreme where steel chairs were headlocks and barbed wire was just another thing yeh keep under the ring 'cause there was a good chance someone would want to use it before the night was over.

I saw yer old man put people through tables of peace... I saw him throw people off balconies... I saw him with barbed wire and broken glass and thumbtacks. Hell, he made ME look like a damn sissy at times.

But yeh? He made yeh look like his daughter.

[Carver smirks, the corners of his mouth just barely turning up.]

HC: But yeh want to be yer own man. Yeh don't want to follow in his footsteps... and I respect that. Yeh don't want to do what he did in the ring... and I respect that too.

But at least be a man like he was.

[The challenger shakes his head.]

HC: Not to keep all of yeh in suspense but how it started was Ryan Martinez lettin' OUR friend Eric Preston have his damned skull caved in by that piece of crap Detson and not doin' a damn thing about it. He was yer friend before he was mine, kid... but that kid meant a lot to me. And yeh let him get taken out... and what's worse, yeh weren't willing to do what was necessary to make Detson pay for it.

That right there. That's the difference between us. It ain't chairs and barbed wire and can openers.

It's bein' willing to do what needs to be done.

Johnny Detson needed to pay for what happened. He needed to hurt. He needed to bleed. And he needed to spend the rest of his damned days praying for the angel of mercy to take him because he was in so much pain.

But yeh wouldn't do it. And yeh wouldn't let anyone else do it either.

[Carver stares through the flames at the camera.]

HC: Yer weak, kid. Yer not the man yer father was. And yer not the man that I am.

That's where it started... but where does it end? I told that reporter I'd answer him tonight...

[The Boston Brawler runs a hand through his hair.]

HC: It ends here. Tonight. Landon O'Neill has made sure of that. If I lose, I'm gone. Fired. The AWA career of Hannibal Carver will be ended by a white-toothed bastard with a grudge.

Yeh know... I was never supposed to get this far. It was the office takin' a big swing at a looping curveball. "Sure, yeh can be in the World Title tournament but that's it... for now. And none of that garbage wrestling garbage."

If yeh took a poll that day how long I'd last, not a soul thought I'd still be here.

And not a soul EVER thought I'd be HERE!

[Carver spreads his arms.]

HC: On the verge of making history. On the verge of making the name Hannibal Carver live forever on the tongues of the fans, the critics, the boys. If I put my name in the history books as an AWA World Champion, they'll never forget me.

But if I lose... and I get fired... and I slink off into the shadows with my tail between my legs... well, then I just might fall into the long list of guys who said they were gonna do something here but couldn't get the job done.

[Carver chuckles.]

HC: They say it's a lot of pressure - fighting for yer entire world... yer legacy.

I say it's made me angrier than ever, kid. It's made me realize that I've got my back against a wall and the only way out is to fight with everything I've got.

None of that "garbage wrestling garbage" though. Dane might've gotten that out of me but you won't. I made that promise a long time ago... to Bobby... to Eric.

[A shake of the head.]

HC: A lot of people had to fall to get us here, kid. Maybe not because of us... but we damn sure didn't do anything about it. I sat here and watched Wright break Bobby's arm just like you did and neither of us did a damn thing about it. Neither of us went running out there to save the day like a conquering hero.

We let Jack do it, sure, but we watched from afar.

And now we'll clench our fists, grit our teeth, and tell Wright that if we ever see him again, we'll rain down the kind of hellfire he thought he'd only experience when his grandpappy got his hands on him.

But when Bobby needed us... we weren't there. Just like when Eric needed us, we weren't there.

Too much has been sacrificed to get here and let it end with anything less than all we got.

[Carver closes his eyes.]

HC: And that's the answer, kid. That's how it ends.

With all we got. We're gonna go out there and do everything our body will let us do... and maybe more. We're going to throw punches. You're gonna do yer silly little slaps and chops. I'm gonna try and bust your head open with anything not nailed down out there.

At times, it'll look like a wrestling match... at times, it'll be a fight... and yeh better believe, at the end, it'll look like a war.

But the thing that gets me, kid, is... I can't tell the people how it'll end.

[Another laugh.]

HC: A long time ago, during one of my suspensions, the suits made me go see a shrink... a sports shrink if that makes any sense. And that guy taught me that when goin' out for a fight, I should picture how it'll end in my head... and that'll help make it true.

I laughed at him, called him a jackass, and walked out.

But every once in a while, I thought about what he said and I tried it. I tried it in Tokyo against Dane and a few other times and damned if it didn't work in some way.

But tonight... I've tried... I've tried and I've tried with my eyes closed, staring at nothing... looking to see how it ends...

Is it a Blackout that pops the crowd and puts me in a different tax bracket? Giving O'Neill a permanent ulcer and putting my legacy into a whole other world?

Or is it a Brainbuster that leaves me flat on the back with O'Neill laughing his ass off, screaming "YOU'RE FIRED!" like a ego-maniacal old man?

I just don't know.

[Carver leans down, picking up a duffel bag...]

HC: I can't see how the match itself ends. But I can see something. I've been told alcoholics call it a "moment of clarity" but I don't know nothin' about that.

I walked into the AWA one man. Scarred. Damaged. Broken.

And slowly but surely, this place has changed me.

I don't miss the barbed wire anymore. I don't wake up in the middle of the night with a bitter taste in my mouth - the adrenaline over the thought of using a can opener on some punk kid who got fifty bucks to wrestle me.

Eric changed me.

Bobby changed me.

The fans changed me.

And in some way, kid... I guess you changed me too.

[Carver reaches into the duffel bag, pulling out a strand of barbed wire, dropping it into the barrel of flames.]

HC: No more hardcore.

[He reaches in again, pulling out a staplegun, dropping it in as well.]

HC: No more extreme.

[A handful of thumbtacks, causing a wince as he tosses them in, shaking his hand that now has some stuck in his skin.]

HC: No more ultraviolence.

[And finally, the can opener. He looks at it, staring at it for several moments with a loving look in his eye...

...and then drops it in the flames.]

HC: No more garbage. I made a promise... and I'm going to keep it.

So, while I can't tell you how this one ends, reporter...

[He suddenly kicks over the barrel, causing some flames to trickle out onto the ground in front of him.]

HC: I can tell you that Hannibal Carver will walk through the flames...

[He does exactly that, stepping through the fire.]

HC: ...and come out the other side as the man he was always meant to be.

[Carver pauses, looking over his shoulder, staring down at the can opener. He stays there for a bit too long and as he raises his hand towards it, he freezes again...

...and we fade through black to backstage where Mark Stegglet stands with the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez. The AWA's White Knight has the World Heavyweight title slung over his shoulder, and he looks straight ahead into the camera, a look of fierce and intense determination on his face.]

MS: They say heavy is the head that wears the crown. Well, there is no crown more radiant, no prize grander than the AWA World Heavyweight Title. And tonight, with all that has transpired, there may be no head heavier than the man who wears that title so proudly. Champ?

[Martinez lowers his head for a moment, exhaling slowly.]

RM: You're right, Mark. After what happened to Bobby, no, after what Supreme Wright DID to Bobby O'Connor, this isn't an easy night for me.

MS: It's an uncomfortable question, but it has to be asked. Bobby O'Connor is your best friend, and yet, tonight, you were not there to save him. Where were you?

[Martinez raises his head slowly, shaking it in lament.]

RM: First off, there's no excuse. I let Bobby down. I know I did.

But the truth is, Mark, from the time I woke up this morning, I've done my best to be unavailable. To get ready for what's to come, I had to make sure I wasn't interrupted. I've been down in the basement, getting myself ready, mentally and physically, for what's to come.

So by the time I heard, it was almost too late.

But here's something else, Mark. When they got me, I came running to the monitor, and Jack was already out there. And I... well, I hesitated.

Because the truth is, I never thought Wright would do it.

I thought that there was still some humanity left in Wright. I thought he would pull himself back from the edge. I never thought that would happen. And now... now I see just how wrong I was.

And I know that this is all my fault.

The good man that was once called the Sin City Saint is completely gone now. All that remains is a villain, twisted and evil. And mark my words, if there's even the smallest slice of Supreme Wright left after what Jack Lynch did to him.

Then it will be my mission to end Supreme Wright once and for all.

[Martinez' free hand runs through his hair, as he tries to shake away his regret.]

RM: But, as much as it pains me to say this, that's a matter for another day, Mark. Because tonight, there's only one thing I'm focused on.

There's only one fight I can fight here in Minute Maid Park.

[Regrets are set aside now as the champ begins to focus.]

MS: And what a match it is! A match eighteen months in the making. A match for the greatest prize in all of professional sports, but also a match where pride is on the line, and where, to hear some tell it, the very heart and soul of the AWA is on the line. The first, and very possibly, the only match we'll see between you and your opponent, Hannibal Carver. I could ask you questions, but I know that there's a lot on your mind. And so champ, unless I see the need to ask something, I'm going to give you the floor. Because nothing I can ask is going to match what I know is on your mind.

[Martinez nods his head as Stegglet takes a step to the side, holding the microphone up so that the White Knight can speak.]

RM: Thank you, Mark.

The truth is, now that it's almost time, there are so many things I could say. So many things that I could talk about. I could talk about all of the shortcuts you've taken, Carver. I could talk about all of the times you've run me down, insulted me, and tried to drag me down to your level.

I could talk about all of the things you've done Carver. About can openers and chairs and gloves covered in glass shards.

I've been trying to figure out what it all means. And what I've come up with is that everything between you and I comes down to this.

[Martinez taps his fingers against the gold faceplate of the title belt.]

RM: Supreme was right about one thing. In the end, everything comes down to this championship title. This belt isn't just twenty pounds of gold on a leather strap. It is so much more than that.

The truth is, just like Supreme Wright said, this title belt is everything.

This is what James Monosso broke his body to gain

This is what Calisto Dufresne sold his soul for.

This is what Supreme Wright lost his mind over.

This is what made Dave Bryant into a legend.

This is the sport of professional wrestling. Not the AWA. But the entire sport. This is the title that men have fought over, bled for, and sacrificed everything to attain. This is a century of blood, sweat, toil and tears. Of dreams and legends. This is Hamilton Graham, and this is Brody Thunder, and this is JW Hardin.

And this, Hannibal Carver... is Alex Martinez.

And there is no room on this belt, or in this sport for you, Hannibal Carver.

[The fire is in young Ryan's dark eyes now, as he begins to vibrate with intensity.]

RM: When I came to the AWA, it was with a single goal. To get to the top of this sport, and to do so without sacrificing my soul. I came to the AWA on a mission. To prove that a man could keep true to his conscience, could come in with a code of honor and achieve everything that he wanted, while still being able to live with himself.

I came to the AWA to start a revolution. And in my time, I've fought against grizzlies and hangmen. I went to war with Wise Men, and I stared into the dark eyes of the devil.

And you are the last battle in my revolution, Carver.

You are everything I've spent my life battling against. Everything that you represent is everything that I stand against. Because you are not the sport of pro-wrestling, Carver.

You're nothing more than a carnival geek whose time has come and gone.

And make no mistake about it. In this sport, you are a relic. A relic of a time when people lined up to watch two men strike each other with light tubes. I may not be the greatest technician in the world, but tell me something Carver, how much talent does it take to use a can opener on someone?

There was a time when people like you ruled wrestling. Because people like you had debased and degraded pro wrestling until it was no longer recognizable as a sport. People like you, Carver, dove headfirst into the gutter and wallowed in your own sickness.

But those days are long gone.

Tonight was the night that Jordan Ohara stepped into the spotlight. And though he did not win, Jordan Ohara showed the future of the AWA. He showed that a man can fight with dignity, honor and humility and earn the love and adulation of the crowd. And he didn't break a brick over a man's head or jump off a ladder to do it.

Tonight, Travis Lynch overcame Juan Vasquez, the undisputed legend of the AWA, and earned himself a place in the pantheon of all time greats. And he did it with grit and determination. He did it by the sweat of his own brow, and not with a two by four that had been set on fire.

You're the last of the so-called "hardcore" generation. The last remnant of a line of broken men with scarred psyches. I don't know how you survived this long, but I do know this -

Even if your job weren't on the line, you were never going to return to the AWA after tonight.

Because I'm fighting for the Jordan Oharas and Travis Lynches of the world. I'm fighting for an AWA that has no place for you. Landon O'Neill has vowed to fire you after you lose tonight. But this isn't as simple as whether you have a job or not.

This to prove to you that there's no place for you any longer.

This is the AWA World Heavyweight title. And I am the AWA World Heavyweight Champion. I won this title a year ago, and when I walk in to that ring, I want you to understand that you aren't facing some punk kid with a bit mouth. You're facing the World Heavyweight Champion.

And you are not taking this belt from me.

[Inhaling and then exhaling, Martinez extends his hand, pointing a finger at the camera.]

RM: Hannibal Carver, this the last gasp of your career. These are the last moments of your legacy. Like I said, you're the last battle I have to fight in my revolution. And I haven't come this far just to lose it all now.

Tonight, your time in the AWA, and your time in wrestling, comes to an end.

[The camera zooms in close on Martinez' face, especially his eyes, which show the strength of his resolve.]

RM: Count on it!

[The shot holds on his eyes... and holds... and holds...

...before slowly fading through black and back out into Minute Maid Park.

For the final time on this night, we get the aerial shot of the crowd - buzzing over what they've already seen on this evening but knowing there's still one thing left. The big attraction. The reason so many have traveled from distances short and far to be here. The reason they've given up vacations to Disney World and abroad to come to Houston. The reason they've chosen to be a part of history.

A spectacle so grand that only three words can truly describe it.

The Main Event.

Phil Watson, take us home.]

PW: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer!]

PW: It is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and it is for the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

Introducing first... the Special Guest Referee...

[The crowd rises, arching their necks towards the entryway, waiting to see who is going to emerge from the darkness...

...and that same crowd ERUPTS at a very familiar song as "They Reminisce Over You" starts to play over the PA system.]

GM: Oh my! Juan Vasquez is the Special Guest Referee!

[Sure enough, the former two-time National Champion and People's Hero walks into view, standing in the spotlight to a tremendous ovation. Vasquez grins, hands on his hips as he stands in a black and white t-shirt and tracksuit pants. He points to the cheering fans, clenching a fist and tapping his chest with it before he starts walking down the aisle to the ring.]

BW: Well, I suppose there's no better fit for the biggest Main Event in AWA history than arguably the biggest star in AWA history to be the man in the middle of it all, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. And remember, all these guest referees had to be approved by both competitors. Juan Vasquez has limited history with both of these men but there's no one I'd trust more to be impartial than the People's Hero.

BW: Vasquez teamed with Hannibal Carver last year at SuperClash against the Dogs of War...

GM: The same night he teamed with Ryan Martinez' legendary father. And of course, Juan Vasquez served as the guest referee of that tag team match recently pitting Detson and Dufresne against Martinez and Carver. Apparently his work in that one impressed the powers that be.

[Vasquez slaps a few hands on his way to the ring, rolling under the ropes and taking his feet to another big reaction as his music starts to fade.]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[The lights in Minute Maid Park suddenly drop to black, causing an "oooooh!" to ripple across the crowd.

After a few moments, sounds come from the PA system. First, it's the sounds of boots on concrete, walking down a hallway. The rustling of keys going into a metal lock. Something sliding open.

Now, two pairs of footsteps, one accompanied with the sounds of rustling metal chains dragging on concrete.

The footsteps are the only sounds until the creak of a wooden door, a buzzing crowd within the room. The footsteps continue for a moment before falling silent, leaving just the buzzing crowd.

A sharp voice calls out.]

"ORDER! I CALL FOR ORDER IN THE COURTROOM!"

[The buzzing crowd drops to silence.]

"Hannibal Carver, you have been charged with a laundry list of crimes that would make a God-fearing man's stomach turn. Assault and Battery. Aggravated assault. Assault with a deadly weapon. Drunk and disorderly conduct. Attempted manslaughter."

[The buzzing starts again only to be cut off by the sharp sound of a gavel in the darkness.]

"How do you plead?"

[The voice of Hannibal Carver rings out in response.]

"Guilty."

[The crowd breaks out into shouts aimed at Carver as the gavel sounds out again. Once... twice... three times.]

"Hannibal Carver, by the power and authority vested in me by the great state of Texas, I sentence you to the ultimate punishment..."

[A spotlight kicks in, illuminating a mockup of an electric chair sitting in the middle of the elevated stage. The crowd reacts with a mix of cheers and boos upon seeing it.

After a moment, Hannibal Carver, dressed in the bright orange jumpsuit of a convicted prisoner, is walked out onto the stage, being led by two uniformed police officers. Carver's hands and feet are cuffed and shackled as he's led to the chair, set down in it. His limbs are secured to the chair using leather straps as a third police officer lowers a helmet down over his head.]

"To the condemned... do you have any final words?"

[The crowd goes silent, listening as Carver speaks.]

"Get it over with."

[The voice of the judge from earlier rings out again.]

"May God have mercy on your soul."

[And the stadium is engulfed in the sounds of electrical current. Arcing blue electricity comes across the stage, lighting up Hannibal Carver who shakes and convulses in his seat. The scene lasts for about fifteen seconds before the building goes black again...

...and a wall of flames ERUPTS at the front of the stage, causing another "oooooh!" from the crowd. The spotlight returns, lighting up Hannibal Carver, standing in front of the chair, smoke coming from all around him.

The orange jumpsuit is gone, leaving him in his black hooded zip-up sweatshirt and plain black tights - gone is the barbed wire design around the waist. His black boots still say "CARVER"... but the brass knuckles design is gone from them as well.

Hannibal Carver lifts his head, looking through the flames...

...and walks right through them, stepping to the front of the stage as a mid-tempo bassline is heard over the PA, signaling the beginning of "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by Dropkick Murphys. A siren is heard as the fans get louder in anticipation of the South Boston Brawler.]

#GONNA BE A BLACKOUT#

[Just as the vocal hits, Carver pulls the hood of his black hooded sweatshirt off his head, raising his arms out wide and letting out a primal scream to a huge ovation.]

#CUZ MY TOWN IS BIG AND MY TOWN IS BRIGHT#

#MY TOWN CAN WORK AND MY TOWN CAN FIGHT#

[Carver tears the sweatshirt off, flinging it to the ground as he charges the long distance of the ramp to the ring. He circles the ring once, nodding his head and scowling before climbing up onto the ring apron. He climbs to the second rope, pumping his fists and shouting along with the next lyric.]

#GONNA BE A BLACKOUT - BLACKOUT TONIGHT#

GM: A big entrance for the challenger as he looks to defy President O'Neill's decree, win the World Title, and keep his job here tonight in Houston, Texas at SuperClash!

[Carver pauses as he drops off the ropes, shaking hands with the special guest referee as Vasquez gives him a "good luck." Carver nods, backing to the far ropes, looping his arms back over the top, leaning back and stretching as the music fades.]

PW: And his opponent... he is the AWA World Heavyweight Champion...

[The lights dim, and overhead, white and blue spotlights swirl in random patterns. From out of the entrance way and all the way down the ramp, dry ice produces a misty fog that begins to spread throughout Minute Maid Park.

As the lights continue to swirl, the sound of clanking metal fills the air, as a dozen knights, dressed in full, clanking plate armor, march in lockstep down the entrance ramp. The armored men move to surround the ring, and turn, facing the audience.

As one, the knights draw swords from scabbards at their hips, and then lift their shields, holding them in front of their chests. Those swords are lifted into the air, and the audience, taking the silent cue, lift their arms into the air.

As they do, the camera does a dramatic pull back, drinking in the sight of ninety thousand arms held aloft in the air.

Swords strike steel twice, and the audience, in unison, echoes the beat with a single clap. This repeats over and over again.]

"CLAP-CLAP"

"CLAP!"

"CLAP-CLAP"

"CLAP!"

"CLAP-CLAP"

"CLAP!"

"CLAP-CLAP"

"CLAP!"

"CLAP-CLAP"

"CLAP!"

[A voice is heard over the PA then, a familiar voice from a familiar movie. It is Viggo Mortensen, as Aragorn in Return of the King, delivering his famous speech at the Black Gate.]

"A day may come when the courage of men fails,
When we forsake our friends"

[In between each beat of the speech, the call and response clapping continues.]

"CLAP-CLAP"

"CLAP!"

"And break all bonds of fellowship,
But it is not this day."

"CLAP-CLAP"

"CLAP!"

"An hour of wolves and shattered shields,
When the age of men comes crashing down"

"CLAP-CLAP"

"CLAP!"

"But it is not this day!
This day we fight!!"

[Those words lead to an absolute explosion of fireworks, and Minute Maid Park erupts into an enthusiastic, overwhelming roar of approval. Swords fall into sheathes, and the knights stand at attention, as that roar falls into a reverent silence, the light tinkling of synth music can be heard.

The synth music builds in intensity, and then the drums kick in, the deep, bassy notes reverberating throughout the arena, as Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" blasts out over Minute Maid Park. The fans, 45,000 strong, begin to stomp their feet in unison to the drums. Reinforcing all of this is a flash of red and blue fireworks, their explosions timed to the beat of the drums. As the lyrics begin, the voice of Jared Leto is drowned out by the sound of 45,000 fans singing along.]

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

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

[A single spotlight shines over the entranceway, and there he stands – the man who won the World Title a year ago. The AWA's White Knight.

To another enthusiastic roar from the crowd, Ryan Martinez steps forward, fireworks once more erupting along either side of the entrance ramp, sparks illuminating the frame of the World Heavyweight Champion.

To the ring, Martinez wears a long, white and red, sleeveless ring jacket, one that extends all the way to his ankles. The midsection of the ring jacket is cut out, sized in such a way as to frame the AWA World Heavyweight Title, which is strapped securely around his waist. The twenty five year old champion is clean shaven, his dark hair cut short and slicked back. White gloves that extend from wrist to fingertips cover his hands, and before he enters the ring, he lifts his arms in the air, fingers splayed open, and hands locked together, to show the sword and shield logo done in gold and silver on the inside of his gloves.

Martinez enters the ring, trades a quick handshake with Juan Vasquez, and then moves to the center, his eyes set in hard determination as he stares at his opponent. Without ever taking his eyes off of Carver, Martinez removes his ring jacket. Unsurprisingly, white is the dominant color in the White Knight's ring gear.

On his right elbow is a long white elbow pad, which goes from just below his shoulder to the middle of his forearm. His long white ring pants have on the right leg t, a pair of silver swords imposed over a shield of gold, while on the left leg are the letters "RM" in red, and done in an ornate, stylized gothic style script. His boots are white with white laces, though the soles are a glossy black color.]

GM: Again... an incredible entrance for the champion.

BW: We've spared no expense... again.

[Gordon chuckles as Phil Watson steps to the center of the ring.]

PW: One fall. Sixty minute time limit. For the AWA... WORLD... HEAVYWEIGHT... CHAMPIONSHIP!

[HUUUUUGE CHEER!]

PW: IT IS YOUR MAAAAAAAAAAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING!

[HUUUUUUUUUUGER CHEER!]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... in the corner to my left... he is the challenger...

[A tremendous roar goes up for the challenger who keeps his eyes locked on his foe, not noticing or paying any attention to the cheers of the AWA faithful trying to root him on.]

PW: Fighting out of South Boston, Massachusetts...

[There's a noticeable roar from a section of the crowd. Our camera cuts to show a large section of fans blasting out their hometown support for the man who represents them on this night. We cut back to the ring where Watson continues.]

PW: He stands six foot three inches tall. He weighed in tonight at 260 pounds. He is the South Boston Brawler! He is one of the most dangerous fighters in the history of our sport! He is YOUR challenger...

HAAAAAANNNNNNNNIBAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAL
CAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRVERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

[There's another tremendous roar for the challenger as he slowly raises his taped right fist into the air, finally saluting the fans cheering him on. He lowers it, keeping his gaze on Martinez as Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Another huge cheer!]

PW: He stands in the corner to my right... fighting out of Los Angeles, California...

[Martinez sheds his coat, swinging his arms back and forth across his chest.]

PW: He stands six foot five inches tall. He weighed in tonight at 255 pounds. He is the AWA's White Knight! And one year ago, he vanquished the great Supreme Wright to become...

[Watson takes a deep breath.]

PW: THE CURRENT... REIGNING... DEFENDING... AWA HEAVYWEIGHT... CHAMPION... OF THE WOOOORRRRRRRRRRRLLLLLLLLLLLLL!

[Another tremendous roar from the crowd!]

PW: RYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN
MAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRTIIIIIIIIIIINEEEEEEEZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[Martinez raises his hand, also saluting his fans. He takes his eyes off Carver just long enough to remove the belt from his waist, and relinquish it to Juan Vasquez, who, doing his duty, shows the belt to Carver.

And then, the two combatants move forward, nose to nose. Neither man speaking, both of them glaring at each other, each ready to tear the other into bloody strips. But before the bell rings, the fans divide evenly, a familiar dueling chant emerging.]

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

BW: Now THAT'S electricity in the air, Gordo.

GM: You better believe it. SuperClash Main Event. World Title on the line. Juan Vasquez as the referee. The World Champion against the man he's been destined to face for almost a year and a half now. This is it, fans. This just might be the biggest Main Event in AWA history! And it starts...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: ...NOW!

[Carver makes a lunge at Martinez, fist drawn back and ready to fly...

...but Martinez is a blur of motion, ducking down, making a dive at the mid-section of Carver, twisting around him into a rear waistlock!]

GM: Waistlock!

[The World Champion doesn't waste a moment, popping his hips, lifting Carver into the air...

...and DUMPING him on the back of his head and neck with a released German Suplex barely five seconds into the match!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Martinez not wasting a single second! He's coming on strong!

GM: I don't think a single soul in Minute Maid Park - let alone Hannibal Carver - saw that one coming! These two have traded words... traded blows for months. I was certain we were going to see a slugfest the moment the bell rang.

BW: Maybe that's what Martinez was counting on too.

[Back on his feet, Martinez bounces from foot to foot, gesturing for Carver to get back up as well.]

GM: Martinez calling Carver back up...

BW: Look at him, Gordo. He snapped off that suplex and he's looking for more!

[Carver, holding the back of his head, struggles up to his feet, glaring at Martinez as he lumbers forward, swinging his right arm back again...

...and Martinez ducks down, slipping around into a rear waistlock again!]

GM: Again?!

[The AWA's White Knight pops his hips a second time, taking Carver up into the air, dropping him down on the back of his head and neck again!]

GM: GERMAN!

[Carver again grabs immediately at the back of his head and neck as Martinez gets right back up, moving around the ring swiftly.]

GM: Martinez is right back up... and again, calling for Carver to get up!

BW: And while many at home are wondering why Martinez doesn't stay on him, keep laying them in, sometimes this can be better, Gordo. First, he's making Carver get up under his own power... he's not pulling him up so Carver has to exert energy to get to his feet. And while he does, he's gotta think about what Martinez is doing to him so far. I like this a lot.

GM: Martinez seems fresh as a daisy. We know that Ryan Martinez has incredible stamina. We saw that a year ago against Supreme Wright. We saw it in the Iron Man match with Johnny Detson earlier this year. Martinez is up on his feet in a flash and he's ready to keep going.

[Martinez again bounces from foot to foot, shouting at Carver to get up...]

GM: This isn't the kind of match - the kind of fight that Hannibal Carver was looking for and nor it is what he expected if you ask me.

BW: Which just makes it even more brilliant by Martinez as much as it pains me to say that. Carver's looking for a fight. Carver's expecting a fight. And Martinez is showing him why it says "WRESTLING" on the marquee, daddy.

[Carver is slower to get up the second time, grabbing at his neck. He stumbles once, nearly losing his balance as Martinez waves him forward. The South Boston Brawler gets up, glaring at Martinez. He pauses, waving Martinez at him instead.]

GM: And this time, Carver's not going to make the same mistake. He's not going to charge in there a third time and get-

[But Martinez is game to change things up, rushing forward on Carver, feigning a tieup...

...and slips right behind him with ease, locking his hands around the waist.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[Martinez clenches his jaw, popping Carver up into the air, and DUMPING him down a third time with a German Suplex!]

BW: That's three, daddy! Maybe we oughta start a count!

GM: I don't think Martinez will need many more! Carver's down... and he's STAYING down after that one! Ryan Martinez has completely changed our expectations for this match... and the crowd is starting to get concerned for Hannibal Carver.

[Martinez is right back up, shouting again for his challenger to get off the mat as the fans start to rally behind him...]

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[The young World Champion looks around at the Minute Maid Park crowd, a bit of surprise on his face at their reaction. He quickly shakes it off though, bearing down as he walks around Carver's prone form, again calling for him to get to his feet.]

GM: Martinez wants more! He's not satisfied with three German Suplexes! He's not satisfied with taking Carver on a potential one way trip to Concussionville!

[Martinez is stalking Carver, pacing around the ring, energy coursing through his body as he looks for his next window of opportunity to strike.]

GM: Carver trying to get off the mat... he's dazed though, Bucky.

BW: Of course he's dazed. I've seen matches where one of those suplexes was enough to gain a three count. He's been hit with three of them and we're just a couple of minutes into this thing.

[Carver plants his fists on the mat, pushing himself to his knees, looking up at Martinez who stands in front of him, squatting as he waves for the South Boston Brawler to get up off the mat again...]

GM: Carver's trying to get up... trying to get to his feet...

BW: He's having a REAL tough time doing it though, Gordo. Carver's in serious trouble before the five minute mark of this match even happens.

[The challenger grunts, pushing himself to his feet, staring into the eyes of Martinez who starts towards him...

...but for some reason, the World Champion pulls to a stop as Carver lifts a hand.]

GM: What's he-

[Carver smirks at Martinez...

...and then SPITS right in his face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CARVER SPAT IN HIS EYE! RIGHT IN HIS EYE!

[Martinez recoils from the attack, reaching up to wipe his face with the back of his hand, absolutely fuming as he turns back towards Carver, staring his rival in the eye.]

GM: Martinez got spat on and-

[He rushes Carver, leaning over to put his shoulder into the midsection, bumrushing Carver back into the corner. He straightens up in a fury, throwing a barrage of rights and lefts to the ears, battering Carver against the turnbuckles. Special guest referee Juan Vasquez approaches the corner, calling for the break...

...but Martinez is having none of that, shifting his stance.]

GM: Here we go!

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

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

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] –"

[But Martinez suddenly has his arm grabbed by Hannibal Carver who swings Martinez back into the corner instead. Carver winds up the right arm, firing it into the temple of Martinez!]

GM: Forearm shot to the temple! And another! And another!

[The crowd is ROARING as Carver pounds Martinez' head with stiff forearm shots, causing the World Champion to grab the top rope, looking to stay on his feet. Carver switches to fists, grabbing Martinez by the hair...]

GM: Closed fists in the corner, pounding the World Champion between the eyes!

[Vasquez again steps in, calling for a break...

...which is the moment of distraction that Ryan Martinez needs to swing Carver back around, shoving him into the corner.]

GM: Switch by the champion and-

[This time, Martinez grabs Carver by the back of the head, laying into him with stiff forearm shots to the skull!]

BW: These two are trying to knock each other into the middle of next week!

GM: With every blow that Martinez throws, he gets closer to sending Hannibal Carver to the unemployment line! With every blow Carver throws, he gets closer to claiming that AWA World Heavyweight Title and showing Martinez that he was the better man all along!

[Vasquez shouts at Martinez again, ordering him to back off...]

GM: The Special Guest Referee is calling for the break and-

[Martinez angrily turns towards Vasquez, shouting at him to get back...

...which allows Carver to swing a knee up into the gut, doubling up Martinez. He grabs him by the hair, smashing his head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Carver smashes his head into the top!

[He keeps on going, driving it into the middle turnbuckle...]

GM: Right down the ladder...

[Down on his knees, Carver smashes Martinez' head into the bottom turnbuckle as well, putting him facefirst down on the mat. The South Boston Brawler climbs to his feet, wincing as he grabs at the back of his neck, stumbling away from the corner.]

GM: Carver puts Martinez down on the mat... but he's obviously still in quite a bit of pain, fans.

[Carver walks around the ring, taking a breather as he holds the back of his head. Juan Vasquez pursues him, warning against the corner attacks...

...and gets a shove for his efforts that sends an "OHHHH!" rippling through the crowd.]

GM: And right off the bat, Juan Vasquez has already had problems with both champion and challenger.

BW: The tensions are sky high in this one, Gordo. It's going to be incredibly difficult for ANY official to keep this under control... even Vasquez.

[Vasquez backs away from Carver, grimacing as the challenger turns to make his way back in on the champion who has pulled himself to a knee...

...and ERUPTS from that knee into a king-sized double leg takedown, lifting Carver into the air, walking three steps across the ring, leaping up and DRIVING him down into the canvas to a big cheer!]

GM: OH MY!

[Martinez smoothly transitions from takedown to mount, bringing the firepower from the top...]

GM: Martinez with the ground and pound style that you might see in the world of our friends at the Global Fighting Championship! The style of a Rufus Harris or an Ivan Petrov!

[Martinez pounds away, driving fists into the skull of the downed challenger...

...and then in a move straight out of Supreme Wright's playbook, Martinez grabs Carver's defending left arm by the wrist, twisting around, scissoring it, and falling back in a cross armbreaker attempt!]

GM: ARMBAR! ARMBAR OUT OF NOWHERE!

BW: Wow! Martinez went so smoothly from one attack to the next! It reminds me of another former World Champion!

GM: Martinez pulls back on the arm, trying to hyper-extend the elbow!

BW: Back to the wrestling for the champion, switching from the brawling in one swift stroke...

[Carver rolls to his side, locking his fingers to prevent the hold from behind applied. Martinez continues pulling back on the wrist, trying to lock the hold in but Carver slides a leg under him...]

GM: Carver's got the legs folded up, stacking Martinez onto his shoulders.

[Vasquez dives to the mat, counting twice before Martinez shifts his weight, lifting his shoulder off the mat...

...which is when Carver yanks his arm right out of the World Champion's grip, lunging forward, dropping down, and SMASHING his elbow into the temple of the champion!]

GM: OHHH! What a shot!

[The blow stuns the World Champion as Carver uses his knee to push Martinez' lower body down on the mat. He grabs the hair, pistoning his right hand repeatedly into the eyesocket of the champion!]

GM: Carver breaks out of the hold and goes right back to the fight!

[The big punches to the head have Martinez reeling as Carver pulls out, jumping up to his feet. He leaps up, driving a stomp down on the left shin.]

GM: He's going for the Boot Party!

[But as Carver leaps up again, Martinez rolls to the side, causing Carver to stomp empty canvas.]

GM: Martinez rolls clear!

[Carver leaps up again for another stomp...]

GM: Martinez rolls away again!

[This time, the World Champion ends up out on the floor as Carver lands near the ropes. The angry challenger ducks through the ropes, grabbing Martinez by the hair...

...but Martinez BLASTS Carver with a headbutt between the eyes, sending him falling back through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: OH!

BW: Good lord, I could HEAR that one, Gordo!

GM: I could too. That sickening sound of skull on skull and-

[Martinez reaches up to his head, falling to a knee...

...and as he gets up, we see a stream of blood coming from his forehead.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! Martinez just split his OWN head open with that headbutt!

[The World Champion rubs the back of his hand over his forehead, coming back with a crimson hand. He wipes at it a second time before pulling himself up on the

apron. Carver pushes back towards the ropes, BLASTING the now bleeding Martinez with a forearm shot to the temple!]

GM: Ohh! Carver caught him out on the apron!

[Carver hangs on to Martinez' hair, rifling in a second blow to the temple!]

GM: Carver's got him caught right there...

[He bends Martinez back over the ropes, giving himself a clear shot at the wound on the forehead...

...and SLAMS the point of his elbow down into the cut forehead!]

GM: Oh! Big elbow to the head! And another! And a third!

[The third one snaps Martinez back over the ropes, falling to a knee...

...and the crowd begins to buzz as Carver steps out onto the apron.]

GM: What in the world?!

BW: Carver's out on the apron with Martinez! He's-

[The crowd's buzzing grows even louder as Carver steps in front of Martinez, pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: WHAT'S HE TRYING TO DO?!

[Carver looks out on the crowd with a nod...

...and a chant slowly starts to grow - a very deep voiced chant as the women and children would really rather not participate in this one.]

"SKULL-PUMP!"

clapclapclap

"SKULL-PUMP!"

clapclapclap

"SKULL-PUMP!"

clapclapclap

"SKULL-PUMP!"

clapclapclap

GM: Many here in Houston are calling for the Skullpump! The crowd is split!

BW: Not as bad as Martinez' skull will be split if Carver hits this!

GM: Hannibal Carver's been having visions of this Skullpump ever since the last night we were at the Crockett Coliseum! Carver wants to hit that Skullpump - made famous by the great Steve "The Fury" Kowalski - and if he does, we're gonna have a new World Champion!

[Carver reaches down to hook the second arm...]

GM: Carver- BACKDROP!

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez sends Carver flying through the air, crashing down on top of the ring apron, his back JAMMING into the hardest part of the ring before he slumps off the apron to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACKDROP ON THE APRON! BACKDROP ON THE APRON!

[Carver rolls to a hip, reaching around to grab at his back as Martinez slumps down to a knee on the apron, blood dripping off his forehead onto the ring apron.]

GM: A devastating fall down onto the back by the challenger! His back took a tremendous shot right there on the apron - his spine slamming right down into it! After the German Suplexes to start the match and now this... this might be too much for the challenger to come back from.

BW: He's got to, Gordo. Somewhere through the alcohol haze, he's gotta realize that if he loses here tonight, he's gone! He's done! He's fired! President O'Neill says the only way he keeps his job is if he wins the World Title here tonight! If Carver can't get up... if Carver can't keep fighting... if Carver can't win the title, it's all over for him.

GM: Referee Juan Vasquez is over there... and he's starting a count on both of these competitors, fans.

BW: Well, at least he's doing his job... unlike Melissa Cannon earlier.

GM: She just chose to do her job in a different manner, Bucky.

BW: A wrong manner.

GM: That's a matter of opinion.

[Vasquez' count is up to three when Martinez falls through the ropes inside the ring. The special guest referee points to him, continuing his count on Hannibal Carver who hasn't budged from his spot on the floor.]

GM: Ten minutes into this battle and these guys look like they've gone forty already!

BW: No way this one goes the distance... no way this one gets even close! This is gonna be a war and they're bringing the fire early!

[Vasquez counts to five, leaning over to look at Carver as the fans cheer him on, trying to inspire him to get back into the ring to keep the fight going.]

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[The count is to seven as Carver finally sits up on the ringside mats, reaching up a hand to grab the ring apron...]

GM: Carver's trying to pull himself in!

[The challenger clenches his teeth, pulling hard to get to a knee at the count of eight...]

GM: We're up to eight! Hannibal Carver's title dreams - and his AWA career - are in some serious jeopardy here!

BW: Vasquez counts to nine!

[Martinez nods to the cheering crowd, backing across the ring, lifting a finger and shouting "ONE MORE!" to the crowd. Juan Vasquez stands in the middle, watching

as the World Champion backs into the buckles, takes a pair of deep breaths, and charges across again...]

GM: FROM COAST TO CO- OHHHHHHH!

[Martinez collapses backwards as Carver leans back, raising a boot that catches the World Champion under the chin!]

GM: CARVER CAUGHT HIM COMING IN!

[Carver moves quickly, hooking the three-quarter nelson again...]

GM: BLACKOUT!

[...but as he jumps into the air, Martinez hooks him around the waist, using his strength to keep Carver up into the air, rushing the few steps towards the ropes...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MY STARS! MARTINEZ THROWS HIM OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!

[Holding him in atomic drop position, Martinez HURLED him over the top rope, sending him flying through the air where he crashes backfirst down on the floor again. Martinez slumps forward, blood streaming down to cover his face as he leans over the top rope.]

GM: The World Champion’s sporting the crimson mask as he looks down at his challenger on the floor! Martinez with a big-time counter to the Blackout, sending Carver all the way down to the floor below! Incredible!

[Again, Juan Vasquez steps close to the ropes, leaning over to take a look at the challenger, starting a ten count.]

GM: The former two-time National Champion, starting his ten count on Hannibal Carver again...

BW: His back has taken two HARD shots outside the ring in a very short fashion. I don’t know if that was part of Martinez’ gameplan or if it’s some kind of a cosmic coincidence but it’s gotta be taking its toll on Hannibal Carver and his ability to beat the count and get back inside the ring.

[Vasquez’ count is already at three when Martinez pushes up off the ropes, wiping the blood from his eyes. He looks over at Vasquez, waving a hand at him.]

GM: What’s he...?

BW: Oh, that dumb kid! He’s telling Vasquez not to count him out!

GM: I think you’re right, Bucky! He’s telling Juan Vasquez that he doesn’t want to win in that fashion.

BW: That’s not up to him!

GM: You’re right, it’s up to Juan Vasquez!

BW: IT’S NOT UP TO HIM EITHER! That’s not how the wrestling rulebook works, Myers!

GM: You, of all people, are going to lecture us on how the rulebook works. I'd be surprised to learn that you owned a copy of that particular book, Buckthorn.

BW: I own one... it's a great thing to slide under the foot of my coffee table to keep it balanced out!

GM: That's what I thought.

[Vasquez and Martinez are having a conversation over the countout as Martinez ducks through the ropes to the apron, dropping down to the floor. He walks down the length of the apron, moving in on Carver who has barely moved at this point.]

GM: Martinez... did he manage to convince Vasquez?

BW: He might have. Vasquez isn't counting anymore.

GM: Vasquez is over talking to Phil Watson while Martinez is out on the floor.

[The voice of Phil Watson rings out over the PA.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, special guest referee Juan Vasquez has ruled that this match will have NO COUNTOUTS!

[BIG CHEER!]

BW: WHAT?! HE CAN'T DO THAT!

GM: You want to tell him that?!

[Vasquez grins, nodding at the reaction as Ryan Martinez pulls Hannibal Carver up off the floor by the arm, grabbing him by the back of the head...

...and SMASHES his face down on the ring apron!]

GM: OHH! Facefirst down into the apron!

[Carver stumbles away from Martinez who is in pursuit. They walk around the ringpost, nearing the timekeeper's table. The World Champion grabs Carver by the back of the head again...]

GM: HEADFIRST INTO THE TABLE!

BW: That hot temper of Martinez is rearing its head as he's turned a professional wrestling match into a fight... and it all leads back to that moment when Carver spat in his face!

GM: That one sure set off Martinez and he hasn't been able to regain a cool head since then in my estimation, Bucky.

[Martinez pulls Carver up by the head...

...and Carver lashes back with an elbow to the gut. A second one breaks Martinez' grip on his head.]

GM: OHH! And this time, it's Ryan Martinez' head smashing into the wooden table!

[Carver grabs the hair, pulling the bloodied face of Martinez close to his, shouting at close proximity...

...and SLAMS the head down into the table again... and again... and again, leaving a bloody streak on the table near the timekeeper bell!]

GM: Carver's got the bell! He's got the ring bell!

[Fire in his eyes, Carver flips Martinez over onto his back, taking aim as Martinez lies back on the table, raising it over his head...]

GM: Don't do it, Carver! Don't do it!

BW: He's gonna get disqualified!

[...and SWINGS the bell down into the skull of Martinez, smashing the steel down between the eyes!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cut to the ring where Vasquez buries his head in his arms. The crowd is jeering what just happened as the wild-eyed Carver stands over Martinez, steel bell gripped in his hands. He seems surprised by what he did, looking around at the fans.]

BW: That's it! He's disqualified! He's done! He's fired! Landon O'Neill is doing cartwheels somewhere backstage!

GM: I can't... it can't end like that, can it?

BW: It just did! Ring the bell, Vasquez!

[Vasquez lowers his arms, looking down at Hannibal Carver who is looking up at him. The special guest referee strides across the ring, looking down over the ropes at Carver... then at a prone Martinez, blood pouring from his wound...

...and then to Phil Watson, leaning over to talk to him.]

GM: What is he...?

[Watson's voice rings out again.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... special guest referee Juan Vasquez has ruled this match...

[Pregnant pause.]

PW: ...HAS NO DISQUALIFICATIONS!

[HUGE CHEER! Vasquez swings his arms apart, waving off any DQ as he points down to Carver who looks relieved, tossing the bell aside.]

GM: No DQ either! Vasquez says no countouts! No disqualifications!

BW: HE! CAN'T! DO THAT!

[Carver climbs up on the apron, kneeling on it as he grabs Martinez by his bloody hair, smashing a fist down between the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand... and another!

[The blood is streaming out of the head of Ryan Martinez, the cut now worse thanks to the ring bell to the skull. Phil Watson's voice rings out again.]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: Fifteen minutes gone out of the sixty minute time limit and like we said earlier, it looks like these two have been at it a half hour already! Carver's taking some horrific shots in this match. Ryan Martinez is bleeding profusely! This is a war just like Hannibal Carver said it would be!

[Carver lands a third blow... and a fourth blow... and a fifth blow before climbing to his feet on the apron. He nods to the cheering crowd, leaning down to drag Martinez to his feet...

...and then steps onto the table with him!]

GM: Wait a second! Wait one second, these two are up on the table! They're up on the timekeeper's table!

[Carver delivers a boot into the gut, doubling up the bloodied World Champion. The challenger steps forward, hooking the standing headscissors, twisting Martinez into position with Carver facing the ring. He leans down, hooking one arm...

...but the bloodied World Champion straightens up, backdropping Carver over the ropes from the table, sending him crashing down onto the canvas inside the ring!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A COUNTER!

[Martinez slumps down to a knee, trying to catch a breather out on the table as Carver lies flat on his back inside the ring.]

GM: The Skullpump was coming again but Martinez saw it coming and avoided it!

BW: And that was one heck of a backdrop over the top, putting Carver down on his back again. His back has gotta be in a whole lot of pain if you ask me, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. He's taken some very hard shots to the back in this match and as Ryan Martinez climbs to his feet, turning back to the ring... he's gotta start looking for a way to finish the challenger off.

BW: He hasn't even tried a pin yet, right?

GM: I don't think so. Carver tried for one pin but nothing from Martinez yet as he steps over to the apron... walking down it towards the corner...]

GM: The table actually shifted on that backdrop... moving away from the ring apron as Martinez walks down it...

[The bloodied World Champion looks inside the ring at the downed Carver...

...and steps up to the second rope, the crowd buzzing as he does.]

GM: Uh oh. Fans, Ryan Martinez seldom goes to the ropes. This is not his usual gameplan. This is not part of his usual arsenal.

BW: Sometimes in a match this big, you decide to drift a little out of the norm. Sometimes, you look for the big move the other guy hasn't seen yet.

GM: Martinez on the second rope, blood pouring off of him as he steps one foot up top...

[But his path to the top rope has taken too long, allowing Hannibal Carver to get to his feet, lumbering towards the corner where he leaps up, smashing a forearm into the temple of Ryan Martinez!]

GM: BIG FOREARM TO THE SKULL!

[Hanging onto a handful of bloodied hair, Carver winds up...]

GM: FOREARM! FOREARM! FOREARM!

[Martinez is dazed off the blows as Carver steps up to the second rope, still holding the hair, and FLINGS the World Champion backwards, sending him flying through the air where he CRASHES backfirst on the timekeeper's table which is now diagonal from the ring!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOWN GOES THE CHAMPION ON THE TABLE!!

[Carver leans over, gripping the top rope to keep his balance as the crowd continues to roar for the fall to the table. Many in the crowd are cheering the fall, rooting on the challenger as he gets closer to the World Heavyweight Title. Many are jeering the fall, feeling sympathy for Ryan Martinez as he desperately tries to cling to the World Title he's fought so hard for.]

GM: The crowd is still split! So many for Ryan! So many for Carver!

[And on cue...]

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[Carver looks out at the cheering crowd, nodding his head as he steps over the ropes out to the second rope, looking down at the prone Martinez who is laid out across the table. The South Boston Brawler spreads his arms wide, the crowd buzzing with anticipation...]

GM: What is he... he can't!

BW: He's gonna! Carver's ready! Carver's set!

[The challenger swandives off the middle rope, plummeting down towards the bloodied Martinez...]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[...and CRASHES down on the prone World Champion, a move that sends BOTH MEN through the wooden table at ringside!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Minute Maid Park crowd EXPLODES into a mixed reaction, leaping to their feet at the sight of the challenger putting the World Champion through the wooden table with the diving headbutt!]

GM: HOLY...

[The crowd is roaring for the timekeeper's table cracking in half, leaving Martinez and Carver laid out in the wreckage of it. Juan Vasquez slides out to the floor, checking on both men.]

GM: The referee, Juan Vasquez, making sure these two men can continue and quite frankly, I'm going to be surprised if EITHER of them can!

BW: Hannibal Carver just risked it all, diving down onto Martinez, putting him through the table at ringside! But that had to take a lot out of Carver as well! Both men down! Both men are hurt!

GM: Vasquez is talking to Carver... trying to get an idea if he can go on. We're closing in on the twenty minute mark of this match and... man oh man, what a battle! What a war! Blood... broken bodies... could this be the end right here? Juan Vasquez may have to stop this thing.

BW: I'd hate to be Vasquez to make a decision like that. After the incredible night we've had here in Houston, I'd hate to end it running for my life from the rioting crowd... and Martinez is here so, a riot could break out at any moment!

[After Vasquez checks on the World Champion, he rises to his feet, waving for the match to continue...]

GM: Vasquez says the match will go on, fans! The match will continue and by God, we want to see a winner! After eighteen months of words... of violence... of threats... of attacks... we want to see these two men battle it out until one man stands as the World Champion!

[Carver pushes up from the wreckage, revealing a nasty cut on his left arm. He takes a look at it, putting his hand over the wound as he tries to get up to his feet.]

GM: Carver's been lacerated on that arm...

[The South Boston Brawler leans against the apron, blood dripping off onto the canvas. He's sucking wind visibly.]

BW: Look at Carver, Gordo. You think he's still thinking beer and street fighting is the best way to train for a World Title match?!

GM: Carver's training techniques that we saw on Unfinished Business did leave a lot of people wondering if he'd be in the best of condition here tonight in Houston at SuperClash!

BW: Of course he's not! Martinez is setting up a training camp. He's working on his strength, his quickness, his stamina. He's bringing in sparring partners. He's

bringing in new trainers. He's eating right... training right... and Carver's chugging beers and telling war stories. If Carver loses this match because he runs out of steam, then he deserves to lose!

[Carver pushes off the apron, stumbling towards the downed Martinez, reaching down to grab him by his bloody hair, pulling him out of the table's splintered wreckage, revealing red streaks on his white tights as Carver hurls him under the ropes inside the ring.]

GM: The challenger puts him back in... Carver up on the apron, crawling through the ropes...

[The challenger crawls the few feet from the ropes, collapsing into a lateral press, not having the energy to grab for a leg as Juan Vasquez slides back in, ready to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The World Champion's right shoulder comes flopping off the canvas, just barely beating the count as many in the crowd cheer. Carver rolls off onto his chest, breathing heavily as Martinez does the same.]

GM: Both men down! Both men weary from battle!

[Vasquez scampers away, leaning in the corner as Carver plants his knuckles on the canvas, trying to push up to his feet...]

GM: Carver trying to get up... that arm is bleeding pretty heavily now...

[Carver pushes up to his knees, still breathing heavily as he tries to get up off the canvas. The South Boston Brawler climbs to his feet, leaning down to grab Martinez by his hair, dragging the bloody World Champion across the ring, pulling him up and flinging him into the corner...]

GM: Carver throws him into the corner...

[The weary challenger steps towards the corner, grabbing the top rope with one hand. He grabs Martinez' hair with the other, pulling his head back, staring into his blood-stung eyes...

...and then lets go, tearing into him with a knife edge chop!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big chop!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[He switches from chops to a chop/forearm combo, chopping one way and then clubbing him across the jaw with a forearm going back the other way.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[He abandons the chops, going straight at the World Champion with the forearms, landing blow after blow...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Carver batters the World Champion until Martinez slumps down the buckles, sitting on the mat and leaning back against the corner as Carver switches to stomps, driving the sole of his boot down into the face of the World Champion over and over and over and over...]

GM: HE'S STOMPIN' THE HECK OUT OF THE WORLD CHAMPION!

[Letting loose a roar, Carver keeps on stomping until Martinez ends up completely flattened out on the mat. The South Boston Brawler steps up to the second rope, shouting to the fans before leaping into the air and DRIVING two knees down into the chest of Martinez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BOSTON BEATDOWN!

[Getting to his feet, Carver drags Martinez away from the corner, applying a side press as he cradles the leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP JUST IN TIME!

[Phil Watson's voice rings out.]

"TWENTY MINUTES GONE BY! FORTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Forty minutes left in the time limit for this one...

BW: With that near fall there, Ryan Martinez has gotta be wondering if he's got FOUR minutes left in him, Gordo!

GM: Carver with that Boston Beatdown, pummeling the bloodied Martinez into Dream Land... but can he finish him? Can he find a way to put Martinez down for a three count and walk out of here with job intact and the World Heavyweight Title around his waist?!

[Carver is sitting on the canvas, looking over at Juan Vasquez who holds up two fingers. The Boston Brawler breathes heavily, staring down at the canvas for a moment before rolling over, climbing to his feet.]

GM: The challenger is up... and listen to these fans!

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[Carver nods at the chanting crowd, pulling Martinez off the canvas by his bloody hair. He scoops him up, slamming him down on the canvas.]

GM: Big slam right down on the mat...

[Carver grabs the top rope, stomping his foot a few times on the canvas...

...and then leaps up, stomping down on the left shin of Martinez!]

GM: Here comes the Boot Party!

[He leaps again, stomping Martinez near the hip.]

GM: Working his way around the body of the World Champion!

[Another leap and he lands on the left forearm.]

BW: Martinez rolled out of the way the first time but not this time!

[Another... right down on the right arm... and then the right hip... then the right shin...]

GM: One more!

[He leaps high into the air, stomping down on the temple of the World Champion!]

GM: BOOT PARTY AND ONLY THE WORLD CHAMP IS INVITED!

[Carver drops down, rolling into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But again, the World Champion lifts his shoulder off the canvas, breaking the three count!]

GM: No! He couldn't get him! He couldn't get him!

[An agitated Carver sits up on the canvas again, slamming his fist down into the mat as Vasquez holds up two fingers to the fans.]

GM: Carver's so close to the World Title, he can feel it in his hands! He can smell it! He can taste the gold! But he hasn't been able to do it yet... not yet, Bucky.

BW: He's gotta stay focused though, Gordo. If he loses his focus, Martinez can still come back and win this thing.

GM: The Boston Brawler, pulling himself to his feet now...

[Carver approaches the downed Martinez, dragging him to his feet again...

...and wraps his arms around the waist!]

GM: Waistlock!

[The challenger pops his hips, taking Martinez up, over, and DOWN on the back of his head and neck with a released German Suplex!]

GM: OH MY! CARVER RETURNING THE FAVOR FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE MATCH!

[An exhausted Carver flips over, throwing an arm across the chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP!

[Carver falls out of the pin attempt, rolling onto his back as Martinez stays down on his. Juan Vasquez holds both hands in the air, waving for the match to continue as the crowd roars...

...and soon, the crowd splits into supporting their favorites once more.]

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[With the chant continuing, the two competitors battle to get to their feet first.]

GM: Even after the German, Martinez might have more in the tank than Carver does. He might actually get to his feet first!

BW: I don't think so!

[The challenger actually beats the champion to his feet by a few seconds, moving in on Martinez...

...who buries a right hand to the midsection!]

GM: Martinez goes downstairs!

[Carver doubles up on the impact, staggering away as Martinez turns.]

GM: Carver got caught coming in and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big chop by the champion!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Another!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: ANOTHER!

[And one more for good measure sends Carver flying backwards, his arms draped over the top rope, desperately trying to stay on his feet as Martinez moves in, looking out at the crowd for a moment before he strikes...]

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

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

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

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

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

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

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

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

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

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

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

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

[With Carver dazed and Martinez weary, the World Champion grabs Carver by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner...]

GM: Carver hits the corner! Martinez back into the buckles!

[Breathing heavily, the World Champion gives a shout, barreling across the ring at top speed towards his rival... his challenger... the man who will stop at nothing to take the World Title from around his waist...]

GM: SPEAR IN THE CORNER!

[...but as Martinez leaps into the air for more impact, Carver grabs the top rope, pulling himself clear as Martinez flies between the ropes, JAMMING his shoulder into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MARTINEZ HITS THE POST! HE HITS THE STEEL RINGPOST!

BW: His shoulder, Gordo! It was the bad shoulder that hit the post!

GM: Ryan Martinez has seemingly had a bad shoulder since the day that his career started but honestly, I didn't think he needed to worry about it in this one. I thought Hannibal Carver wouldn't even TRY to go after that shoulder considering his style inside - and outside - that ring!

[The camera shot wheels around the ringpost, catching an anguished Martinez leaning against the steel. Hannibal Carver, leaning over the ropes, tries to catch his breath before turning back towards his opponent...]

GM: Carver moves to the corner, grabbing Martinez by the tights...

[Pulling on the blood-covered white tights, Carver drags Martinez out from the ringpost...

...and then wraps up Martinez in a crossfaced chickenwing!]

GM: CHICKEN WING!

BW: No, no, no! That's the Boston Strangler! Carver's digging deep in the arsenal to try and pry the World Title off Martinez' waist!

GM: Look at Carver! He's ripping and tearing at that shoulder, trying to pull Martinez' arm out of its socket!

BW: Martinez has gotta get out of this and he's gotta do it fast!

[He reaches out the other arm, trying to grab the ropes but Carver SMASHES his skull into the base of the World Champion's, stunning him enough to allow the challenger to drag Martinez out to the middle of the ring!]

GM: Back in the middle of the ring and now Ryan Martinez is REALLY in trouble!

[The bloodied World Champion cries out in pain as Carver tries to wrench the arm into submission...]

BW: Can you imagine Ryan Martinez giving up the World Title?!

GM: No. Not one bit. I think Carver might have to REMOVE that arm to make that happen!

BW: Hey, that could happen. Plus, he might not even have to submit. Earlier tonight, we saw Supernova win the World Television Title when Shadoc Rage passed out from the pain! That could happen right now!

GM: It certainly could. Martinez is fighting it, struggling to get out of it, looking to get to the ropes to escape...

BW: The proud World Champ's looking for the easy way out!

GM: His World Title is at stake! At this point, you take ANY way out, Bucky!

[Martinez shifts his weight, planting his feet and driving backwards, smashing Carver back into the buckles!]

GM: Into the corner...

[But Carver hangs on, shaking his head as he walks Martinez back out of the buckles...]

GM: He can't get out!

BW: This might be it, Gordo! Carver's got that hold sunk in deep and Martinez' shoulder is being ripped to shreds!

GM: Carver's hanging on for dear life, trying to get that- AGAIN TO THE CORNER!

[But Carver shakes his head, walking Martinez back out of the corner...

...but Martinez keeps walking, dragging Carver behind him as he lunges into the ropes, hanging on for dear life!]

GM: MARTINEZ GETS TO THE ROPES!

[Vasquez steps in, calling for a break...]

GM: Vasquez is telling Carver to break the hold and-

[Carver breaks the hold, BLASTING Martinez in the back of the head!]

GM: OHH! Big shot to the head!

[The South Boston Brawler hooks the chickenwing again...

...and then leans back, popping his hips, hurling Martinez over his head and DRIVING him down on the back of his head and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MILLENIUM SUPLEX! MILLENIUM SUPLEX!

[Carver flips over onto his knees, crawling across the ring towards Martinez who flipped over to his chest. The challenger leans over, using his head to roll the World Champion onto his back, lunging across him.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

GM: HE KICKED OUT! THE WORLD CHAMP KICKS OUT!

[Many in the crowd ROAR for the kickout but there's a smattering of boos as well from the Carver diehards!]

GM: Martinez, the World Champion, is showing the heart... the resilience... the fighting spirit that made him the champion to begin with! This is the man who defeated the Wise Men! This is the man who beat Supreme Wright! This is the man who retired Caleb Temple! And tonight, this may be the man who not only beats Hannibal Carver but sends him out of the AWA for good! This IS the AWA's White Knight.

BW: The White Knight looks pretty red to me! Blood streaming from his head. Blood in his hair. Blood in his tights. That big heart of his is pumping his life's

blood all over the place and Hannibal Carver is one... count it, one... big strike away from winning the World Title.

[Carver looks out at the crowd as the chant starts again.]

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[Carver pushes up off the canvas...

...and then leans down, slapping his open palms on the mat as he swings his right arm around a couple of times. He takes aim, waiting... measuring... watching as the World Champion rolls to his hands and knees, trying to push himself up off the canvas.]

GM: The champion's trying to get up but Carver's waiting for him.

BW: Not just waiting for him, he's shifting his position to make sure he's behind him!

[The World Champion rises, dazed... bloodied... barely able to stand...

...and Carver goes into a full spin, taking aim...]

GM: ELBOW!

[The Mind Eraser elbow BLASTS Martinez in the back of the head, sending him falling forwards facefirst to the canvas. Carver lifts the arm, showing off the elbow that delivered the blow as much of the crowd roars in response. He nods, dropping down to his knees, flipping Martinez over onto his back...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

[Vasquez suddenly pulls up, pointing at Martinez...]

GM: FOOT ON THE ROPES! FOOT ON THE ROPES!

BW: Carver got so caught up in the moment - so caught up in thinking he had the World Title won, that he didn't even notice where he was inside the ring, Gordo! He knocked him flat but he knocked him flat RIGHT by the ropes. That's how Martinez got out! That's how Martinez escaped! That's how Martinez saved the World Title!

[The exhausted Carver looks up at Vasquez, questioning the special guest referee who points out the foot that's still on the bottom rope. Carver slams BOTH fists down into the mat this time, climbing to his feet - a second wind blowing through his body as he angrily stomps the knee once... twice... three times before the foot comes off the rope.]

GM: Carver's up and he's hot! Hannibal Carver thought he had the World Title won with the Mind Eraser but Martinez just BARELY got out of it.

BW: Part of that has to be Carver mad at himself, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely... but he's also mad at Ryan Martinez, standing over him, laying the badmouth on him...

[Our audio goes mute for several moments as we see Carver talking trash to Martinez.]

GM: Our apologies for the language there, fans. Hopefully our censors caught all of those angry and inappropriate words coming out of the challenger.

[Leaning down, Carver grabs Martinez by a handful of bloody hair, dragging him up to his feet...]

GM: Carver's upset... he's frustrated... he's-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Carver slaps the World Champion across the face!

[His lips curled into a sneer, Carver lets a second one fly...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The second slap snaps Martinez' head back to the side, blood splattering the mat off his hair...]

...and as he turns back to face his challenger, the fire is in the eyes of the World Champion.]

BW: Oh... hell.

[Martinez bursts into motion, arms swinging faster than any man who has been through the punishment that he has should be able to throw them, raining down open-handed slaps on the ears and jaw of the challenger!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Carver's head is being snapped back and forth as the left and right handed slaps come flying at him, rocking him relentlessly...]

...and then Carver fires back with some of his own!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The four blows have Martinez reeling, falling back towards the ropes as Carver advances on him. The World Champion drops his hands, sticking out his jaw.]

GM: Martinez on the ropes...

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Martinez leans back into the ropes as he gets struck, bouncing back as Carver winds up again...]

GM: FOREARM!

[The White Knight falls back into the ropes on impact, waving for Carver to bring him more...]

GM: ANOTHER ONE!

[Martinez hits the ropes, bouncing off, side-stepping past the turnbuckles into the ropes as Carver has to pivot, winding up again...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The slaps snap Martinez' head back as he leans back into the ropes.]

BW: What's he doing?!

GM: He's using the rope a dope!

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Martinez is taking all the blows, leaning back into the ropes, letting the ropes absorb much of the force of the blows as an angry and irate Carver continues to throw, trying to knock the World Champion off his feet...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Carver switches back to forearms, throwing the left than the right...]

GM: FOREARM AFTER FOREARM! HE'S BATTERING MARTINEZ
BACK INTO THE ROPES AND-

[Carver's blows slow, drawing to almost a halt as he lands another...]

GM: Big shot!

[He's breathing heavily as he winds up again...]

GM: ANOTHER!

BW: Carver's running out of steam!

[He winds up again, pausing...]

...and that pause is all the AWA's White Knight needs as the World Champion
pushes off the ropes, arm pulled back!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The 1-2 connects solidly, causing Carver to stumble back three steps. Martinez
advances, arm drawn back again...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The blows are snapping Carver's head from side to side as he continues to stumble
tiredly backwards. Martinez lets off a roar, throwing a barrage of them...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The staggering slaps from the World Champion send Carver falling back into the
turnbuckles.]

GM: Carver in the corner! Martinez on the attack!

[Martinez somehow swings harder now...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The fourth one causes Carver's knees to buckle, sending him slumping down to a
knee as Martinez to swing his hand down at him.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The final blow causes Carver to fall to his rear, head falling back against the buckles with blood leaking from the corner of his mouth. Martinez turns away with a roar that many of the crowd echo!]

GM: MARTINEZ IS FIRED UP!

[The World Champion turns back to his challenger, yanking him up to his feet by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip... corner to corner!

[Carver SLAMS into the buckles, practically collapsing into them. Juan Vasquez moves towards the corner, asking Carver if he can continue...]

GM: Carver's out on his feet! The referee's checking on him!

[Martinez races across the ring, swinging his leg up...]

BW: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUUUZ-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY GOD!

[The crowd reacts in a similar fashion as a desperate Hannibal Carver grabs referee Juan Vasquez by the arm, YANKING him in as a shield...]

...and Ryan Martinez KICKS Juan Vasquez right in the back of the head, causing the referee to collapse in a heap on the canvas!]

GM: CARVER TRIED TO SAVE HIMSELF!

BW: Oh, he DID save himself! He just knocked out the referee in the process!

GM: Carver pulled Juan Vasquez in front of himself and caused Ryan Martinez to deliver the Yakuza Kick to the BACK of Vasquez' head, knocking him down... and yes, he just might have knocked him out as well!

[A distraught Ryan Martinez turns away from Carver, leaning over to shake Juan Vasquez.]

GM: Martinez checking on Vasquez, checking on the referee...

BW: CARVER!

[And as Martinez turns towards his challenger, Carver leaps into the air, hooking the three-quarter nelson...]

...and DRIVES Martinez' bloodied head into the canvas!]

GM: BLACKOUT!! BLACKOUT!!

[Carver flips the World Champion over onto his back, throwing an arm across his chest!]

GM: Carver makes the cover but...

BW: But Vasquez is out! Vasquez is unconscious!

GM: He's moving. Barely but he's moving. There's no way he can make the count.

BW: Carver's got him beat! He's got the three count!

GM: Maybe he does but without the official-

BW: Then get another one out here!

GM: Juan Vasquez is the referee of record! He's the special guest referee and he needs to be the one who makes the three count or calls for the submission!

[Carver angrily slaps the mat once... twice... three times. A smattering of cheers goes up.]

GM: Carver counting his own three count but that won't matter! Hannibal Carver is the one to blame for the referee being down and-

"THIRTY MINUTES GONE BY! THIRTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We're halfway through the time limit for this one and as Carver gets up to his knees...

[Carver throws a look over at Vasquez, shaking his head in disappointment. He looks down at Martinez, fury in the expression on his face. Rage. Hatred. Disgust. Suddenly, the challenger drops down to the mat, rolling underneath the ropes and out to the floor...]

GM: Carver's outside the ring... out on the floor..

[He pauses, looking out at the crowd...

...and then ducks down, digging under the ring.]

GM: What's he doing, Bucky?

BW: I have no idea.

GM: We've seen some dangerous things pulled out from under the ring here tonight but-

[Carver slowly emerges, the camera across the ring from him watching as he rises from hiding like a movie monster...

...and in his hand, a familiar metal object.]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: He's got the can opener!

[An almost lustful expression on his face, Carver rolls back under the ropes into the ring. The crowd is buzzing at what they're seeing. There are fans who cheer the appearance of the can opener - make no mistake - but they are the overwhelming minority.]

GM: Carver grabs Martinez by the hair, pulling him to his knees...

[Carver looks down at Martinez, staring into his eyes, holding the can opener inches from his forehead as an audible "NOOOOO!" can be heard from many in the crowd.]

GM: The fans are saying "no! The fans don't want to see this, Hannibal!

[The South Boston Brawler pauses, looking out at the fans as they continue to roar. Many are booing now. Probably the majority are booing. Many are cheering but pleading with their cheers, letting Hannibal Carver know that he is better than this... that he has moved beyond this... that he is no longer the thing that goes bump in the night.

He's not the bloodthirsty savage who children feared.

He is a man. He is a hero.]

GM: Don't do it, Hannibal!

[Carver's hand is shaking as he looks down at Martinez' blood-stung eyes, the skin-tearing metal just out of reach of his hated rival's flesh.]

GM: Come on...

[He looks up again, the crowd's reaction haunting him...

...and a clear chant breaks out, pleading with him for inaction.]

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[Carver closes his eyes, his ears hearing all he needs...

...and when his eyes open, he flings the can opener aside to one of the loudest ROARS of the night!]

GM: YEAH! ALRIGHT!

BW: Sucker!

[Shaking his head, Carver pulls the bloodied Martinez up, hooking a three-quarter nelson on him...]

GM: He's going for the Blackout again!

[Martinez delivers a desperate shove to the back, sending Carver falling forwards. He ducks down behind him, sliding his head between the legs, lifting Carver up into electric chair position...]

GM: HE'S GOT CARVER UP! HE'S GOT CARV-

[...and then suddenly pushes him forward, catching him on the way down in a waistlock, dropping backwards...]

GM: KNIGHT...

[...and DRIVING the back of Carver's head and neck into the canvas again with a German Suplex!]

GM: ...FALL!

[Martinez stays in the bridge, waiting as a dazed Juan Vasquez crawls back into the picture...]

GM: ONE!!!

[Vasquez is slow to raise his hand a second time, swinging it down...]

GM: TWO!!!

[He lifts the hand for a third time...

...but Carver's shoulder comes flying off the canvas!]

GM: KICKOUT! CARVER KICKS OUT!

[Martinez shakes his head as he gets up, looking at Juan Vasquez who slides into the corner on a knee, still trying to recover as he grabs at the back of his head. The World Champion pulls Carver up by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Carver hits the corner... MARTINEZ!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of the running Yakuza Kick snapping back the head of Hannibal Carver!]

GM: THE YAKUZA CONNECTS!

[Martinez drags Carver out of the corner, hooking the front facelock...]

GM: HE LIFTS! BRAINBUST-

[...but Carver spins out of the lift in the middle of it, snaring the three-quarter nelson on his way back down, DRIVING Martinez' head into the canvas with the Blackout!]

GM: BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT!

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of the devastating move - some cheering, some booing... all on their feet at the possibility of the title change!]

GM: CARVER WITH THE COVER!

[Still moving slowly, Vasquez drops down to count...]

GM: Come on, Juan! You gotta count!

[Vasquez raises a hand, slapping the mat...]

GM: ONE!!!

[He slowly raises his hand again, wincing...]

GM: TWO!!!

[He raises his hand a third time, pausing...]

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NOOOOO! KICKOUT! KICKOUT! KICKOUT!

[Vasquez falls backwards, holding up two fingers as Carver slumps to his back, absolutely exhausted. Martinez stays motionless on the canvas, having just barely twitched his shoulder off the canvas in time to break the three count.]

GM: Carver's hit the Blackout twice! The first time, the referee was out! The second time, the referee delivered a very slow count... not intentionally but Juan Vasquez is still trying to recover from that Yakuza to the back of the head and he couldn't give a good count!

BW: Carver could be the World Champion!

GM: But he was the one who caused the referee to be flattened to begin with!

BW: I know that!

[Carver rolls to his knees, staring at Vasquez who is still holding the back of his head. The challenger slowly climbs to his feet, looking out at the crowd who - once again... as they've been for the past eighteen months - are split.]

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[Carver gives them a nod, leaning down to pull the bloodied Martinez off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Carver's set!

BW: If the Blackout didn't do it, the Skullpump will!

GM: We may be about to find out! Carver reaches down, he grabs one arm!

[The crowd is roaring as Carver leans down, looking for the other arm...]

GM: He's going for the other arm and-

[Martinez grabs the arm, spinning out of the headscissors to a vertical position. A stunned Carver has his arm yanked hard as Martinez steps through, dropping Carver with the other arm!]

GM: SHORT-ARM CLOTHESLINE!

[Hanging onto the arm, Martinez hauls Carver back to his feet...]

GM: He pulls him back up!

[Martinez yanks the arm, stepping through into a second devastating clothesline, knocking Carver flat on his back...]

...and with the crowd roaring, Martinez drags a limp Carver back to his feet a third time. He holds him up, looking into his eyes...]

GM: Martinez has him up again...

[Ever defiant, the weary Carver SPITS, leaving a bloody wad of saliva on the cheek of Martinez...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Martinez shakes his head, giving the arm a yank as he steps through into the hardest clothesline of the three!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The World Champion grabs a barely-conscious Carver, dragging him to his feet, pulling him into a front facelock...]

GM: HE’S GOT HIM! MARTINEZ HOOKS IT!

[He slings the arm over his neck, looking as Juan Vasquez gets up...]

GM: MARTINEZ LIFTS!

[He lets Carver hang there for just a moment, thinking about what’s coming. The end of the match. The end of his title challenge. The end of his AWA career...]

...and DROPS him headfirst on the canvas!]

BW: BRAAAAAAIAINNNNNBUUUUUSSSSTAAAAAAHHHHHH!

[Martinez flips Carver over, hooking both legs, rolling into a back press as Juan Vasquez dives to the mat...]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: It’s over!

BW: Wow.

[Martinez lets go of Carver’s legs, letting them flop to the mat as the World Champion sits up, looking straight ahead at the roaring crowd - now mostly unified in their support of the AWA’s White Knight.]

GM: Hannibal Carver said it would look like a fight... that it would look like a war. And that's exactly what it was. A war. For eighteen months, fans all over the world wondered what would happen when Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver finally clashed... and now, it has happened. A super clash... at SuperClash!

[Carver is motionless on the canvas as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... your winner...

[Pause.]

PW: ...and STILL AWA... HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORRRRRRRRRRLD...

[Dramatic pause.]

PW: RYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAN MAAAAARRRRRRRRRTIIIIIIINEZZZZZ!

[Martinez smiles at the announcement, nodding his head at the earsplitting roar of support from the AWA faithful. Juan Vasquez steps forward, grabbing Martinez by the arm, helping him up to his feet.]

GM: The World Champion has been through another tremendous battle... maybe his toughest one yet... and yet he's standing tall.

BW: Hey, I gotta give him credit, Gordo. I didn't think he could do it. I thought Carver - with the added motivation of his AWA career on the line - was going to walk out of here with the World Title... but that didn't happen.

GM: It didn't... and you mentioned it right there but since he didn't do it, that means that we have just witnessed the final match for Hannibal Carver in the American Wrestling Alliance.

BW: He's fired!

GM: It's not right. It's not fair. But it's reality. Hannibal Carver gave us everything he had here tonight but in the end, Ryan Martinez had just a little bit more.

[Martinez slowly moves to the ropes, raising an arm to the cheering fans. He smiles at their reaction, turning to walk back across the ring to the other side, raising his arm to the other side.]

GM: Martinez paying tribute to these fans who've supported him since Day One here in the AWA... a great moment for him here in Minute Maid Park.

[Leaning against the ropes, Martinez watches as Juan Vasquez helps Hannibal Carver sit up on the mat. Carver swings an arm at Vasquez, brushing him off as he looks up at Martinez.]

GM: Carver's still down but the referee got him back up part ways.

[Carver grabs at his head, wincing as he looks up at Martinez who steps forward, looking down at his rival...]

BW: This might not be over, Gordo.

[The South Boston Brawler grimaces as he gets a knee under him, looking up at Martinez who holds his ground. Vasquez steps in again, trying to help Carver up and gets brushed off for it. Carver climbs to his feet, staring at Martinez...]

GM: These two have disliked one another for eighteen months. Perhaps they have't gotten it out of their systems so to speak after one fight.

BW: Well, I'm pretty tired but if they want to go again, I say ring the bell!

[...and then simply turns away, hobbling to the ropes, ducking through them and dropping to the floor. Some of the fans jeer in disappointment as Carver starts making his way back up the aisle towards the locker room. Martinez smiles as if he expected nothing less...]

GM: Hannibal Carver making his exit, walking back up the aisle...

[Martinez turns away, heading to the corner where he steps up on the second rope as "Vox Populi" starts up again. The camera on the floor shoots up at Martinez, showing him raising his arm, pointing to the cheering fans as bursts of pyro explode in the Houston sky behind him...]

GM: Wow! Fans, it's been an incredible night - a memorable night - a night that we'll never forget! We've seen new champions crowned! We've seen epic confrontations! We've seen wrestlers become champions... champions become legends... and we've even seen a few heroes along the way!

BW: And we know how much you're always looking for one of those, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. And as Ryan Martinez bids these fans good night here in Houston, it's my turn to do the same thing to all of you tremendous fans all over the world! It's Thanksgiving night - it's SuperClash night! The one night a year when the AWA can say "thank you" to all of our fans for all of your support all year long! Thank you all so very much! For Colt Patterson... for Sweet Lou Blackwell... for Mark Steggl-

[Martinez hops down off the middle rope, turning to go to the other side...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets BLASTED across the face with the World Title belt by Juan Vasquez!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: VASQUEZ HIT HIM WITH THE BELT!

GM: I SAW BUT... BUT... WHY?!

[Vasquez stands over Martinez, staring down at the World Champion with a gleeful grin on his face.]

GM: He looks almost... ecstatic about this!

[With Martinez motionless on the canvas, Vasquez looks long and hard at the AWA World Title, a gleam in his eye as the crowd buzzes with confusion.]

GM: The fans don't understand what's happening and neither do I! Juan Vasquez is... he's one of the pillars this place was built on! He's the People's Hero!

BW: Maybe not anymore, Gordo.

[Vasquez throws the belt down, bouncing it violently off the skull of Ryan Martinez with great disdain. Martinez raises his arms instinctually, trying to protect himself as Vasquez glares at him.]

GM: I don't get this at all.

BW: Neither do I but... I'm open to it!

GM: Are you... give me a break! This is horrible!

[Vasquez drops to a knee, grabbing the bloody hair of Ryan Martinez, driving his right hand into the forehead... again... and again... and again, the crowd's boos getting louder with every blow he lands on the head of the AWA's White Knight.]

GM: Vasquez is pounding Martinez into the canvas and-

[He leaps to his feet, shouting angrily at the jeering crowd, pointing at them... then pointing down at Martinez...

...and he pulls the destroyed Martinez off the mat...]

GM: No. Oh no.

[...and pulls him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Oh god, no.

[Vasquez looks out at the jeering crowd which is screaming, begging him to not to do what he's looking to do.]

GM: For the love of God, Juan... don't do this! You're better than this! You're-

BW: How do you like your hero now, Gordo?

GM: Damn it, Bucky! Don't even...

[Vasquez sneers at the jeering crowd, starting to reach down...

...when suddenly, a chant starts up.]

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[The camera cuts to the top of the stage where Hannibal Carver is standing, looking down the ramp at the ring. Juan Vasquez pauses, looking back and returning the gaze...]

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[Carver, still holding the back of his neck, looks around at the roaring crowd cheering him on... begging him to do something... anything...]

GM: Come on...

[Carver grimaces at the chanting crowd, staring at Vasquez who suddenly reaches down to grab Martinez around the torso...

...and with a loud "DAMN IT!", Carver starts stomping down the ramp to an EARSPLITTING reaction!]

GM: CARVER! CARVER'S COMING!

[Vasquez doesn't seem about to stop, trying to lift Martinez off the mat...

...but Carver comes charging down the aisle, diving headfirst under the bottom rope as Vasquez shoves Martinez aside!]

GM: CARVER! CARVER!

[The crowd ROARS as Vasquez and Carver clash in the middle of the ring, trading blows!]

GM: CARVER CAME TO SAVE MARTINEZ!

BW: And who the hell ever thought we'd end this night saying that?!

GM: Not me!

[Carver lands three blows before Vasquez answers with one of his own. The Boston Brawler gets the edge, backing Vasquez up a step...

...but as he comes back in, Vasquez catches him in the nose with a headbutt!]

GM: OH!

[Carver's hand shoots up to his nose, covering it as blood begins to pour from it!]

GM: I think Vasquez broke his-

[And with Carver trying to cover his nose, Vasquez UNLEASHES the Right Cross, snapping Carver's head to the side and putting him down on the mat!]

GM: VASQUEZ DROPS HIM! THE RIGHT CROSS!

[A furious Vasquez stomps Carver three times...

...and then turns back to Martinez, dragging him over towards the ropes. He grabs an arm, wrapping the ropes around it.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: He's tying Martinez up in the ropes!

GM: What?! Why?!

[After another moment, Martinez - barely moving - has been tied up in the ropes, facing the announce table.]

GM: What in the world is Juan Vasquez doing?!

[A furious Vasquez stomps Carver again...]

"THIS WAS MY MOMENT! NOT YOURS!"

[Another stomp.]

"NOW IT'S YOURS TOO!"

the wreckage of the announce table, a sick grin on his face. Vasquez looks up, locking eyes with the trapped Ryan Martinez who was forced to watch...

...and he winks at the bloodied World Champion who has ceased his efforts to get loose, just hanging from the ropes in disbelief.]

BW: Oh my... god.

[Carver is motionless on the floor when the cavalry arrives, shoving Vasquez away from him. Sweet Daddy Williams is instantly in Vasquez' face, shouting at his long-time friend. Travis Lynch is right behind him, being held back by Supernova who looks more shocked than just about anyone else.

Vasquez shoves Williams aside, hopping over the railing where a ringside fan gets right up in Vasquez' face, screaming angry words at him as he tears a "PEOPLE'S HERO" sign in half.

Juan Vasquez smiles...

...and we fade to black.

The scene is on black for several moments... long enough that some may have actually called it a night and changed the channel.

But then we slowly fade up from black on a grainy shot from around the corner of a building. Two guys dressed all in black are standing in front of a door. They appear to be armed.]

"Any idea what this is about?"

"Must be some kind of drill."

[The camera's shot creeps a little closer.]

"I don't think so. Were you down in Control earlier? That was a pretty frantic call they got."

"It's always a frantic call down there. We've got some real pieces of work staying here, you know."

"Our guests."

"Sure, our guests."

[Both men laugh as the camera gets closer. The camera suddenly jerks to the side, showing a large panel truck pulling into view, flanked on either side by two black Suburbans. They screech to a halt in front of the door as the two men raise their weapons. A man in a black suit gets out of the first Suburban, raising a hand.]

"Weapons down, gentlemen. We're friendly."

[The first "guard" shouts out.]

"How are we supposed to know that? Identify yourself."

[The man in the suit smiles.]

"No, I don't think so. But that buzzing in your ear is your supervisor telling you to get the hell out of my way and open the damn door."

[The guard grabs at his ear, nodding to his partner. They wheel to the side, moving to either side of the doorway where both press a thumb against a flat metal plate. A digital voice says "Authentication confirmed. Access granted." as the door slides open. A half dozen black armored guys resembling a SWAT team comes into view. The man in the suit looks at them.]

"Just six? That may not be enough."

[The SWAT team leader steps forward, raising the protective glass shield that covers his face.]

"My men are enough for any man."

[The man in the suit chuckles.]

"Ordinarily, I'd agree with you... but we'll find out, won't we?"

[He gestures them to the back of the truck where another half dozen men have poured out of the Suburbans to stand behind it. The truck's driver has a hand on the locking mechanism when a loud roar emerges from inside and the entire vehicle shakes. The man in the suit frowns.]

"The drugs wore off. This is bad."

[Another roar is heard as the vehicle rocks back and forth.]

"I highly recommend that-"

[The SWAT team leader steps forward.]

"We can handle it."

"I wouldn't-"

"I said, we can handle it."

[The man in the suit nods, backing up... a lot. The SWAT leader waves his men into position around the back door, all raising their weapons...

...and then signals to the driver who hits the locking switch and then bails out... fast.]

"Open it... slowly..."

[One of the SWAT members goes to open the door...

...when it suddenly swings open, catching him in the face and sending him flying through the air. Screams of concern followed by shouts from all around the truck are heard.]

"MY GOD, HE'S LOOSE!"

"TAKE HIM! TAKE HIM NOW!"

[Stepping forward, the five remaining SWAT members take aim...]

"DROP HIM!"

[From their weapons, something flies into the back of the truck...

...and then the sounds of pulsing electricity is heard, surging into their target! The suited guy shouts over the melee.]

"IT'S NOT ENOUGH!"

[Suddenly, another gigantic roar is heard and our camera shot from the distance clearly spots the form of KING Oni emerging from the back of the truck. He grabs two of the SWAT members, lifting them up and crashing them together, flinging their limp bodies aside.

He gets his hands on a few more, battering them and tossing their bodies...

...and then starts trudging off into the darkness, the others trying to pursue from a safe distance. Their panicked voices are heard until they disappear into the darkness, their voices fading with them. Our camera shot watches in silence for a few more moments...

...and then turns, facing the now-open door to the building.

It turns back to the shadows for a moment and then creeps towards the entrance, peeking into the hallway before walking through.

The individual manning the camera walks slowly... very slowly and cautiously, peeking around corners before proceeding. They walk up to what appears to be an elevator, gently pressing a downward arrow. The door slides open and the cameraman steps in. He turns again, looking at a keypad of possible floors.

A mumble of "here goes nothing" is heard as he hits the button for the lowest floor. The doors snap shut and the elevator begins descending very rapidly. The elevator is very large... almost like a cargo elevator. Big enough for... well, the likes of KING Oni.

With a beep, the elevator comes to a stop, the doors sliding open again. The cameraman takes a shot of a corridor, glass panels on both side divided by metal every ten feet or so. The shot moves forward very slowly... even more slowly this time...

Our cameraman walks towards the glass, eventually pressing up against it, trying to catch a glimpse of what - or who - is inside. A knock on the glass yields nothing as the camera shot keeps moving down the hallway, coming to rest on a digital panel in front of a doorway that reads "MUTEESA."

A whisper.]

"Muteesa?"

[The cameraman moves on, edging down the hallway to the next "room." He taps the glass again...

...and is started when a loud roar is followed by fists banging against the glass. The camera shot is shaky but it appears to be a familiar face beyond the glass.]

"Ebola Zaire? I don't... what is this place?"

The cameraman backs up as Ebola roars again, bumping his back against the glass behind him when a loud shriek is heard from behind. The camera shot rapidly spins, finding the unmistakable form of "Maniac" Morgan Dane pounding his fists into the glass.]

"HELP! HELP ME! GET ME OUT OF HERE!"

"Morgan...?"

[Dane's frantic pounding comes to a stop, staring through the glass...]

"Brother..."

[The cameraman raises his hand, pressing it against the glass where Morgan Dane returns the gesture.]

"Morgan, I'm... I'm going to get you out of here... somehow."

[A voice rings out from behind our cameraman.]

"Oh, Mister Dane... I don't think so."

[The camera spins fast, catching the slightest glimpse of what might be a recognizable face before a black bag covers him up, screaming and shouting, trying to free himself.]

The screen stays black for a while... a long while...

...and then comes back on the same grainy cell phone footage. The camera is sitting on a desk from the looks of things. A voice is heard from behind it.]

"What did he see?"

[A second voice replies.]

"Enough to know too much."

"Unfortunate. What do we do with him?"

"That's not up to me. We'll wait to see what he says."

"What about the footage?"

"Air it. On their show. Let them know what happens to people who meddle in our affairs."

"They'll know-"

"Nothing. They'll know nothing. And by the time they do, it'll be too late. Do it."

"As you command."

[Someone steps forward, snatching up the camera and stabbing a finger at it as we abruptly cut to black.]

Roll end credits.]