

# SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

OCTOBER 17TH, 2016  
BANCORPSOUTH ARENA  
TUPELO, MISSISSIPPI



[We start on a black screen as most shows do. We fade up into a royal blue screen with a glittering silver Fox Sports logo in the center of it. A fanfare plays in the background as a voiceover begins.]

"Home to the World Series. The GFC. The Daytona 500. The 2015 Women's World Cup. The US Open Championship."

[A quick clip from each sport flashes by during the voiceover.]

"The world's biggest events are on Fox Sports."

[The logo and fanfare fade...

...as a giant robot appears, holding up a different version of the Fox Sports logo with the audio bug...]

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

[The shot fades from the graphic 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."

[The logo fades as the sounds of "Monuments" by the Smashing Pumpkins begins to play. The synth and drumline leads the way as the screen fills with Bobby O'Connor sailing through the air, cracking Hamilton Graham with the Fear The Reaper followed by The Gladiator gorilla pressing a helpless foe into the sky.]

#I feel alright,  
I feel all right tonight.#

[Supernova comes tearing across the ring from corner-to-corner, flinging himself into the air and crushing someone with a Heat Wave splash turns into Aaron

Anderson throwing Cody Mertz up into the air for the pop-up European uppercut which Mertz counters into a title-winning hurracanrana on the way down.]

#And everywhere I go it's shining bright#

[Dave Bryant turns a helpless Larry Doyle over into an Iron Crab, causing him to squeal and flail about in pain becomes Johnny Detson dropping someone with the Wilde Driver.]

#Alright,  
Alright, all right#

[Demetrius Lake comes sailing off the top rope onto a prone opponent with the Big Cat Pounce switches to Juan Vasquez dropping a victim with the dreaded Right Cross becomes Shadoe Rage smashing his knee into Tony Sunn's skull.]

#Alright,  
Alright, all right#

[Hannibal Carver spewing beer into the camera lens turns into Jack Lynch wrapping his Iron Claw around a helpless opponent's skull which becomes the Dogs Of War sending Alex Martinez to the hospital with Pedro Perez' double stomp to the skull off the middle rope.]

#Alright,  
Alright, all right#

[Travis Lynch throws a discus punch that bounces off the skull of The Lost Boy becomes Brad Jacobs breaking Dave Bryant in half with a spear becomes Calisto Dufresne spiking a skull into the canvas with the Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am turns into Sultan Azam Sharif hooking in the Camel Clutch.]

#Alright,  
Alright, all right#

[The music increases in tempo as we got shot after shot - Brian James betraying TORA... Cain Jackson throwing the big boot... Hercules Hammonds delivering a backbreaker... Skywalker Jones sailing from coast to coast with a dropkick... KING Oni throwing Kevin Slater around like a ragdoll... Derrick Williams delivering the spinebuster... Dichotomy delivering the flying bulldog off the top... Callum Mahoney breaking his trophy over Sharif's head...]

#Alright,  
Alright, all right#

[And as we spin off into a rockin' guitar solo, we show Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright trading brutal head-rocking slaps for several moments...

...and then burst into white, showing a bloodied Ryan Martinez holding the World Title belt over his head! The shot holds for a moment before falling to the bottom, leaving behind a ground-level shot of fans pouring into the building underneath the marquee with the name of the building and the words "SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" in block black text as "Monuments" continues to play. The trademark voice of Gordon Myers interjects.]

GM: Wrestling fans around the world, we are LIVE right here on The X! We are LIVE right here in Tupelo, Mississippi at the BancorpSouth Arena! And we are LIVE for what promises to be another exciting night of American Wrestling Alliance action as we bring you SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING!

[Another cut brings us inside the building. It's your standard arena setup with rows upon rows of permanent seating mixed with the steel folding chairs that immediately surround the red, white, and blue roped ring. The black mats are down covering the floor and the black metal barricade is up to keep the fans at bay. Two tables can be seen at ringside from this elevated view.]

A quick cut takes to a floor level shot of the entranceway which is made up of a small entrance opening covered by black curtains and surrounded by LED lighting that is currently flashing a red and white pattern. There are lights to the left and right of the doorway along with lighting above it. Above the lighting is a decent-sized video screen that has the SNW On The X logo spiraling around it. As the camera pulls back a bit, we see an illuminated ten foot tall version of the AWA logo off to one side. On the other side is a small elevated platform that will serve as an interview "stage." The entranceway leads directly out to a black carpeted ten foot wide aisleway that will take the combatants to the ring.

Another cut gets us down to ringside where we find two members of our announce team. The Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing, Gordon Myers, is smiling. He sports a black sportscoat and matching slacks with a white dress shirt - very professional and very by-the-book for the senior play-by-play man in the industry... oh, I almost forgot. He's also wearing a white neckbrace.

By his side, as always, is the colorful Bucky Wilde. Wilde is about as different from his colleague as you can get, sporting a lime green sportscoat over a sunburst yellow shirt. He's opted for a bleached white bowtie on this night as he turns his back to the camera, jerking a thumb at "BIG BUCKS" flashing in twinkly lights across the back of his coat.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to another star-studded edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X featuring all the stars of the AWA galaxy. I'm Gordon Myers and by my side for the next two hours, as always, is the one and only Bucky Wilde.

BW: Gordo, did I hear you call this place the BancorpSouth Arena?

GM: Indeed you did, Bucky.

BW: You know, the names of these arenas and stadiums have gotten out of hand. Corporate sponsorship is ruining the legendary names of historic venues all over the country. Remember when we used to have great sounding names like Wrigley Field and no one cared what company wanted to get their name on it?

[Gordon stares at Bucky's complete lack of understanding of what he just said, shaking his head.]

GM: Well, we're off and running already, fans. We've got several featured matches here tonight as we head down the road to SuperClash including Ultra Commando 3 taking on Juan Vasquez with the winner receiving the next shot at Travis Lynch and the National Title.

BW: Vasquez had his shot and failed. It's time for some new blood to get their opportunity.

GM: Speaking of opportunities, we'll also see Shadoe Rage taking on two of his top contenders in a handicap match. If one of those contenders scores the win, they will get a shot at Rage and the World Television Title at SuperClash.

BW: That's right... but what if Rage wins?

GM: I... actually, I have no idea. We've also got tag team action - a match we've been talking about for several weeks as Cesar Hernandez and Caspian Abaran take on Rex Summers and Kerry Kendrick... or so we think. Two weeks ago, Summers and Kendrick colluded in an attempt to take Hernandez out of this match and... well, they may have been successful.

BW: There's no MAY about it, Gordo. According to my sources, they WERE successful and Abaran's going into this one all by himself.

GM: On that note, let's talk about Jack Lynch seemingly all alone going into this No Disqualification match with Cain Jackson.

BW: Lynch, in typical Lynch fashion, put himself over everyone else and even his own tag team partner got sick of him. We could be seeing the end of Jack Lynch here tonight.

GM: Well, one thing we know we'll be seeing the end of is the Stampede Cup tournament that comes to a conclusion later tonight when Air Strike meets Strictly Business in the Stampede Cup Finals!

BW: It's a million dollars, the big ol' cup, and the right to call yourselves the best tag team in the world... but it also is likely to be a date with destiny with Violence Unlimited who says they're the best team in the world no matter who wins the Cup.

GM: We've got all of that plus so much more so let's get right up to the ring to our own Phil Watson!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing in a black tuxedo.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, to my right, from Belmar, New Jersey, and weighing 230 pounds... PAULIE ITALIANO!

[Paulie jerks a thumb at his T-shirt, which reads "WATCH THE HAIR" and runs his fingers through it. He removes his sunglasses and T-shirt, grinning at the polite cheers he gets.]

PW: And his opponent...

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

PW: From Oakland, California... weighing in at 219 pounds... "THE ANARCHIST" MATT ROGERS!

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

GM: I suppose this is a case of "here we go again", Bucky, as last time out, Matt Rogers and Paulie Italiano were set to face one another, but that match was interrupted by Hannibal Carver, who laid out both wrestlers with a Blackout.

BW: And he gets rewarded with a World Title shot at SuperClash for it! How does that make any sense, Gordo?

GM: A World Title shot with certain conditions in place, Bucky. And just as importantly, a World Title shot that the champion himself wants to take place.

BW: Even after Carver drops you with a Blackout, you're still siding with him?

GM: Bucky, that was an accident and I'm not going to hold it against him.

BW: Well, I'll hold it against him for you!

[Rogers rolls underneath the ropes and walks right up to Phil Watson, taking the mic from him. Watson gives Rogers a look, but Rogers waves him off.]

MR: You take a seat, Watson, because I've got a few things to get off my chest!

[Watson shakes his head but departs the ring. Paulie holds his hands to the sides, as if he's wondering what's going on. Rogers turns to him.]

MR: I'll deal with you later! This is more important, anyway.

[More boos as Rogers paces about the ring.]

MR: Let's get one thing clear: I don't like Hannibal Carver. That being said, I didn't have a problem with the guy... until he decided to stick his nose where it didn't belong! I don't care about his lover's spat with Ryan Martinez, I don't care about how many times he'd had Landon O'Neill shake his finger at him and call him naughty, and I don't care about whatever secret relationship he has with Casanova!

But after what happened two weeks ago, you better believe I care about kicking Hannibal Carver's sorry rear end! In fact, I'm tempted to call out that son of a...

[Whatever word he was about to say, he stops, noticing somebody else coming down to the ring.]

GM: Wait a minute... what is Dave Cooper doing out here?

BW: You ought to know by now, Gordo. He's scouting for talent for The Lion's Den!

GM: It seems like more than that... Cooper is heading into the ring!

[Indeed, Dave Cooper has ducked between the ropes and walks up to Rogers, who takes up a defensive posture. Cooper smiles and motions to Rogers for the mic. He slowly hands it over.]

DC: Settle down, son, I'm not gonna hurt you. In fact, I see a lot of potential in you, and I can understand you being upset that somebody jumped into your match just so he could beg for attention for whatever crusade he thinks is important to him.

But you'd serve yourself a lot better if you didn't just spend your time talking about Carver. Spend your time showing you can get it done in this ring. Against that reject right there.

[He motions to Paulie, who throws up his hand, clearly not happy about the remark.]

DC: And that's the best way you can send a message to that Alcoholics Anonymous dropout. Or better yet... it's the best way you can prove yourself as a potential Lion's Den member.

That's right, son... I've got my eyes on you. Now show me what you got.

[Cooper takes the mic with him as he ducks between the ropes. Rogers has his hands on his hips, but slowly nods, and removes his jacket and tosses it aside. Cooper walks toward the timekeeper's table, grabs a chair and sits in it.]

GM: Is Dave Cooper seriously considering Matt Rogers for Lion's Den membership?

BW: I wouldn't get too far ahead of ourselves, Gordo. This may just be an audition, like the other guys Cooper has been watching.

GM: Regardless, Cooper's remarks definitely have Rogers focused.

[The bell rings and Rogers is quick to rush Paulie, hammering away on him in the corner with a series of chops.]

GM: And Rogers right on the attack! Paulie Italiano stunned!

BW: You weren't kidding that Rogers got focused, Gordo! Now look at those kicks!

[Rogers now fires off a series of kicks at Paulie, then takes him out of the corner with a hiptoss.]

GM: Rogers takes Italiano down! Now he's rushing him and- What the?!

[Rogers is coming across the ring towards the downed Italiano when someone slides headfirst under the bottom rope, pushing to their feet and BLASTS Rogers with a forearm shot across the bridge of the nose, sending him down to the canvas to jeers from the crowd!]

GM: That's... that's Johnny Detson!

BW: And he doesn't look too happy, Gordo!

[The Number One Contender to the World Title starts laying in stomps on Matt Rogers as the fans boo wildly - not caring for Rogers but DESPISING Johnny Detson.]

GM: Detson came out of nowhere... came charging down the aisle and he's broken up this match which has been thrown out for the second show in a row, fans!

BW: First, it was that lunatic Carver who broke it up... and now Johnny Detson letting out some frustration over that miscarriage of justice that went down two weeks ago when Carver vs Ryan Martinez was announced as the Main Event for SuperClash!

[Italiano is struggling to get up off the mat when Detson spins away from Rogers, grabbing him by the back of the hair. He grabs a handful of tights as well, swinging him around...]

GM: OH MY!! Detson just HURLED Italiano past the turnbuckles and straight into that steel post shoulderfirst!

[With Italiano draped over the ropes and Rogers still down on the mat, Detson drops to the canvas, rolling out to the floor where he snatches up the mic off the timekeeper's table...]

...and pauses, staring at Dave Cooper who was already standing there. Cooper's fists are clenched and at the ready in case Detson makes a move towards him.]

GM: Uh oh. Now this just got interesting!

[But Detson quickly spins away, rolling back into the ring to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Aha... I can see that Detson doesn't want any part of someone he didn't get the jump on!

BW: Quit trying to cause trouble, Gordo. Johnny's got no beef with the Professional!

GM: He didn't have any beef with Rogers or Italiano either as far as I know but he came out here and interrupted this match anyways! What possible reason could he have for-

BW: You know, I think we're going to find out.

[Detson raises the mic, about to speak...

...and then spots Rogers getting up off the mat. Detson promptly swings the mic down, smashing it between the eyes of Rogers, sending him falling back to the ropes where he bounces off towards the Number One Contender who catches him in the gut with a boot.]

GM: Detson goes downstairs and-

BW: WILDE DRIVER!

[The double underhook facedriver PLANTS Rogers' face into the canvas, leaving him motionless on the mat as Detson gets back to his feet, looking out at the jeering crowd with disgust on his face.]

GM: Johnny Detson has laid out Matt Rogers for no apparent reason at all and-

BW: Shh, he's got the mic.

[With the toe of his boot, Detson rolls Rogers under the ropes to the floor as he raises the mic, pointing his free hand in the direction of the crowd.]

JD: I am the victim of a conspiracy here, and I'm not going to take it anymore!

[Detson catches movement from the corner of his eye, spinning angrily towards it where Paulie Italiano is moving from the corner, grasping his shoulder.]

GM: Get out of there, kid!

[But Detson doesn't give him a chance, stomping across the ring, booting Italiano in the gut...]

GM: He hooks him!

[Detson leaps up, dropping to his knees and DRIVING the Jersey native facefirst into the canvas!]

BW: WILDE DRIVER!

[Unmoving, Italiano gets rolled out of the ring as well as Detson grabs the dropped mic, returning his gaze to the hostile crowd.]

JD: You like this?! You like the pointless destruction? You like unhinged lunatics getting what they want, however they want it?

[The crowd just continues to jeer anything Detson says.]

JD: SHUT UP! Because I don't like it! I am the Number One Contender to the AWA World Heavyweight title! I deserve a title match at SuperClash! But do I get my deserved match? No!

[Crowd lets out a huge mock cheer.]

JD: SHUT UP! No they give the match to Hannibal Carver! Hannibal Carver. Han nib-al Car-ver.

[Detson shakes his head as he paces around the ring.]

JD: Hannibal Carver has never beaten me, yet he jumps to the head of the line. Hannibal Carver is not the Number One Contender, yet he jumps to the head of the line. Hannibal Carver cost me the AWA World Heavyweight Championship... I would be the DEFENDING AWA World Heavyweight Champion at SuperClash if not for Hannibal Carver coming down to the ring, WHILE HE WAS SUSPENDED, and costing me the title... YOU know it and RYAN MARTINEZ knows it as well. He does all that, and yet he jumps to the head of the line.

[Detson's face continues to get a darker shade of red as he is visibly shaking with anger.]

JD: It's NOT right, it's NOT fair... I am being discriminated against and I'm here to say that it stops now!

[Detson runs his hand down his face.]

JD: But not with some stupid fan uprising and cute t-shirt... no, the AWA brass and the fans want Carver versus Martinez at SuperClash then fine...

[Detson smirks as the crowd cheers the anticipated match.]

JD: ...then I want in too!

BW: What's he saying?

GM: I think he's saying that he wants –

[But Myers is cut off as Detson continues to speak.]

JD: And for those that are too dense in the front office to know what I'm saying... I'm saying...

[Detson holds up two fingers.]

JD: ...AWA World Heavyweight Champion Ryan Martinez versus Hannibal Carver....  
[Detson smirks as he slowly raises a third finger.]

JD: ...versus Johnny Detson! IN A THREE... WAY... DANCE!

[The crowd ROARS with surprise at the bold challenge.]



GM: OH MY STARS! He can't be serious!

BW: Why not?! Sounds good to me! After all, he IS the Number One Contender.

GM: Yes, but the match has already been made and I don't think they're going to up and change it on the whims of Johnny Detson... especially to a match that we've never had in the AWA before! There has NEVER been a Three Way Dance in AWA history and if Johnny Detson thinks-

[Detson interrupts Gordon again.]

JD: And let's make one thing clear, I'm not asking... no, I'm DEMANDING that my Number One Contendership be honored and I be placed in the match I deserve to be in!

[The crowd begins to buzz as someone comes sprinting out of the back. Detson naively thinks it's for him.]

JD: That's right! And don't think for one second that I'm going to-

GM: CASANOVA!

BW: What is he doing here?

GM: He's getting a little retribution for the assault of friend Mickey Cherry!

[The plump Casanova slides into the ring, rushing Detson from behind...

...and sweeps his legs out from under him with a double leg tackle, earning cheers from the Tupelo crowd as Casanova begins hammering the downed Detson with lefts and rights from the mount!]

GM: DETSON'S GETTING BEAT DOWN AND HE'S TRYING TO COVER UP!

BW: This is wrong! Casanova has NO proof that Johnny Detson did anything to Mickey Cherry, Gordo!

GM: Mickey Cherry told him who did it two weeks ago!

BW: He was hit with a bottle over his head - what does he know?!

[Rolling out from under Casanova, Detson attempts to make a crawling exit from the ring...

...but Casanova hooks him by the back of the tights, shaking his head as he prevents Detson's escape!]

GM: IT'S A FULL MOON OVER TUPELO!

[The embarrassed Number One Contender scrambles off the mat, twisting away from Casanova's grip. His hind quarters are still on display as he takes a wild swing at Casanova who ducks it, swooping behind him to hook him around the waist...]

GM: Casanova lifts him up!

[He holds Detson up, his bare assets out for all to see...

...and DROPS him across the knee in an atomic drop!]

GM: OHH!

[Detson hobbles away, his cheeks on his face as red as the cheeks on his... oh, never mind. Casanova grabs him by the back of the hair...

...and HURLS him over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: DETSON TO THE FLOOR... AND THIS CROWD IS LOVING IT, SOLIDLY BEHIND CASANOVA IF YOU CAN BELIEVE IT!

BW: I believe it! These idiots love any reason for Detson to be discriminated against!

GM: Are you kidding me?! Johnny Detson yanking his tights back into place... heading up the aisle as quickly as he can. He wants NO part of Casanova after what he did all those weeks ago to Mickey Cherry! Casanova knows the truth now and he wants a piece of Johnny Detson!

BW: He just got it! Can't we declare peace? I call for a Table of Peace!

GM: Oh, brother.

BW: Hey, Casanova may have gotten his hands on Johnny Detson but that doesn't change a thing when it comes to Johnny getting himself into that Main Event at SuperClash! Johnny wants a Three Way Dance and I think they oughta give it to him!

[Detson staggers away at a fast pace as he grabs the back of his tights, pulling them up again as he glares back at the ring where Casanova is calling for the fight to continue.]

GM: That remains to be seen! Fans, as Johnny Detson heads out of here like a thief in the night, we're going to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could \_really\_ fight.

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

Kids: \*gasp\*

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

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoe Rage just kick down the front door to attack Brian James from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Skywalker Jones leaping down the staircase at Calisto Dufresne? And why are Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor beating up the mailman? Oh,

there's the Northern Lights turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Bobby O'Connor is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Rob Driscoll with a flying bodypress, Brad Jacobs is hiptossing Frankie Farelli across your family room, and Strictly Business and The Wilde Bunch are brawling across your driveway. Demetrius Lake has just grabbed a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Supernova, while Ryan Martinez is ramming Johnny Detson's head into the sink in the background, Buford P. Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Hannibal Carver tries to clothesline Callum Mahoney, who ducks... poor Hannibal hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then King ONI wanders by and stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

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

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

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

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

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

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

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

[Jack Lynch and Cain Jackson double-clothesline Cesar Hernandez in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

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

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

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

[Cut to a posed shot of Derrick Williams, Manny Imbrogno, Willie Hammer, and Casanova. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Cut to backstage, where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing, microphone in hand. Though Blackwell is trying his best to present a professional, detached façade, there's a hint of pleasure in his face that he can't keep hidden. And why? Because next to him is the James Gang's own consigliere, Brian Lau. Lau is, as usual, dressed to the nines, a custom made black and white suit, Italian leather shoes, designer sunglasses. But those sunglasses only barely conceal a pair of blackened eyes, and there's no hiding the rest of his swollen and bruised face, all remnants of the attack perpetrated by the Dogs of War.]

SLB: Brian Lau...

BL: Wipe that smirk off your face, Blackwell.

SLB: I assure you Mr. Lau, that I take no joy in your pain.

BL: That sounds as insincere as your hotline pitches Blackwell. But enough of this. I don't want to talk about what the Dogs of War did to me.

SLB: Very well then, what do you want to talk about?

BL: What I want to talk about is what's going to happen tonight. Tonight, Shadoo Rage is going to defend his World Television Title against two top contenders to that title.

And what I want to do, Lou Blackwell, is announce that the undefeated, unconquered, unstoppable Engine of Destruction, Brian James, the man who is, after all, the number one contender to said World Television Title, will be unleashed and will be challenging for that prestigious belt.

What I want to do, Lou Blackwell, is further announce that after Brian James has taken the World Television Title, his first title defense will be against Willie Hammer, who has spent a month now living off the reflected glory of his tainted "elimination" of Mr. James.

SLB: Whoa! That's quite an announcement!

BL: Don't get ahead of yourself, Blackwell! I said that is what I want to do.

But it is not what I am going to do.

[Lau exhales slowly, pulling off his sunglasses, as the camera focuses on his blackened eyes.]

BL: As I said, I don't want to talk about what the Dogs of War did to me. But, you must understand Blackwell, that my job isn't to do what I want. My job is to bend to the wishes of the man I represent.

And Brian James, the Engine of Destruction, a man undefeated in singles' competition for nearly a year, the number one contender to the AWA World Television Title, the man who tore TORA limb from limb, the man who battered The Butcher, the single greatest practitioner of the combat arts in professional wrestling today, has foregone his shot at Shadoe Rage's title tonight, and instead, he has demanded a match with one Wade Walker.

And Blackwell? When Brian James says he wants something, my only goal in life is to make sure that he gets exactly what he wants.

SLB: You are saying, Mr. Lau, that Brian James is so focused on revenge that he's willing to pass up what you yourself would term the opportunity of a lifetime, so that he can get his hands on Wade Walker?

BL: It is not my job to explain the mind of Brian James to lesser men, Blackwell, so do not ask me to do so. All you need to know is that this is what Brian James wants.

And let me make this perfectly clear, Blackwell, the only person Brian James wants tonight is Wade Walker, the man who has already stolen an opportunity at the World Television Title from Brian James.

Now we all know that Dogs hunt in packs.

SLB: Not to mention where Brian James goes, the rest of the James Gang is sure to follow.

BL: Don't interrupt your betters when they're talking, Blackwell!

As I said, there is no doubt that Wade Walker, a man who is clearly terrified of Brian James, will no doubt want to bring whatever meager backup Carpenter and Perez might provide. And this would of course, force the hand of Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, who would be obliged to offer aid to their friend and teammate Brian James.

And after the shameful display of Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver two weeks ago, the Championship Committee is afraid of another brawl breaking out.

But as I said, Blackwell, Brian James wants Wade Walker tonight, and it is my duty to ensure that Brian James gets what he wants.

And to that end, I have made arrangements with the Championship Committee. And that is why, if Wade Walker accepts Brian James' challenge, tonight's match will take place under Locked Door Rules!

SLB: And to remind the fans, that means that, if any man interferes in the match, they will be immediately and indefinitely suspended!

BL: That is correct, Blackwell.

Now Walker, I know that your proclivities lean in the direction of attacking one hundred and fifty pound men in parking lots. I know that you are disinclined to step into the ring with a six foot six, two hundred and ninety five pound Engine of Destruction.

But if you can find within yourself the intestinal fortitude, I advise that you accept this challenge. Because, as I said, Brian James will find a way to get what he wants.

And believe me, you'd rather fight Brian James in the ring than in a parking lot. After all, at least the EMT's will be right there at ringside, ready to take you away once Brian James is done with you.

SLB: And there you have it fans, a challenge made to Wade Walker. Will he accept? I am certain that we'll have that answer soon!

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from New York City... weighing in at 260 pounds... Enos Pride!

[A young muscular competitor lifts an arm to some cheers.

PW: And his opponent...

[The lights drop to black.

After a few chilling moments in the darkness, a set of bright orange and yellow come up... very, very slowly. The result is the look of a sunrise, casting a glow over the walkway. The camera is right by the lights so the vision is blinded for a moment...

...until darkness appears. Ennio Morricone's "Man With A Harmonica" begins to play as well, giving the whole scene quite the old Western feel.]

PW: His opponent hails from The Deadwoods... weighing in at 301 pounds...

THE HANNNNNNNNNNNNGMANNNNNNNNNN!

[As we cut to a long shot of the aisle, we see the tall drink of water known as The Hangman striding down it in an open brown leather full-length trench coat, faded and worn from time. His brown leather gloves are a perfect match. His face is barely visible with a brown Stetson pulled down over his eyes. Gripped in his right hand tightly? A noose, by God... a noose.

Trailing a few feet behind him is Virgil Rockwell, wearing an old-timey black suit. A silver pocket watch chain hangs into view. His eyes are locked on the ring, his face etched with focus as he runs a hand through his wild black beard.]

GM: A chill in the air here in Tupelo as the one and only Hangman makes his appearance alongside his manager, Virgil Rockwell.

[Upon reaching the ring, The Hangman and Virgil Rockwell climb the steps. The Hangman steps over the top rope with ease as Rockwell steps through the ropes, accepting the shrugged off trenchcoat. Underneath, we see a sweat and dirt-stained dress shirt that has seen better days along with a pair of brown slacks that are tucked right into a pair of black cowboy boots.

He's close to seven feet tall, lanky and lean but with some muscle tone on him. His skin has been blasted by the sun over the years, leaving it weathered and aged. Long strings of black hair with the beginnings of aging peeking through in streaks of grey hang down to his shoulders. His coarse facial hair comes in the form of a short beard and mustache.

The Hangman stares across at his opponent who seems to be looking for an exit as the big man reaches back slowly, hanging the noose over the ringpost with care. The other man steps from the ring as The Hangman stares out into the crowd, right at a pale young man holding up a sign that reads "THE HANGMAN IS REAL!"

GM: A young fan out there... he seems to be following The Hangman everywhere he goes, Bucky.

BW: That's dedication... or he's under some kind of a trance.

GM: A scary thought for sure.

[The referee signals for the bell and The Hangman tugs at his right glove, adjusting it in place as Enos Pride stares across the ring, slapping at his bulging biceps.]

BW: All those muscles require a lot of air, Gordo... and when you're hanging by a noose, there's not a breath of air to be had.

GM: Let's hope it doesn't go that far.

GM: Xavier Tate isn't making a move.

[As The Hangman slowly strides to the center of the ring, Pride comes marching from the corner, lunging into a collar and elbow lockup. The Hangman buckles under the tieup, allowing Pride to bully him back up against the ropes where the referee calls for a break...]

GM: Pride backs him down... big right!

[The Hangman blocks the blow, throwing a right of his own that staggers Pride... and a second one that puts him down to a knee.]

GM: Two big haymakers out of The Hangman... agh!

[The exclamation out of Gordon comes as the big man wraps his gloved hand around the throat, yanking him off the mat...

...and then grabs his throat with the other hand, hoisting Enos Pride up into the air!]

GM: Oh my! That's 260 pounds lifted high up in the air!

[The referee starts a five count, getting to four and change when The Hangman tosses Pride into the turnbuckles. He rushes forward, smashing a back elbow into the jaw...]

GM: Big elbow to the side of the head... and another!

[The Hangman backs off at the official's orders, moving towards the center of the ring.]

GM: Pride's dazed in the corner... and The Hangman's moving back in on him.

[Moving past the official, the man from the Deadwoods steps back, throws a right to the ribcage... then a left... then a right... then a left. He straightens up, uncorking with right hands to the skull as the referee complains...

...and then BLASTS Pride with a neck-snapping uppercut, lifting him off his feet and setting him down on the mat, leaning against the buckles!]

GM: The Hangman bringing the thunder with the rights and lefts, tearing into Enos Pride!

BW: That may have been Pride's best chance at hurting The Hangman, Gordo.

GM: Huh?

BW: He had to have bruised his knuckles on that.

[The Hangman steps out, absorbing a verbal pounding from the official before stepping back in, planting his boot on the throat of Pride, crushing the windpipe of Pride and robbing him of his oxygen.]

GM: The Hangman's choking him without regard for the official!

[The Hangman steps back at the count of four, tugging his right glove into place as Virgil Rockwell looks on with a sadistic smile. The Hand of Justice reaches down, dragging Pride off the mat by the arm...]

GM: Big whip sends him across... and he's coming after him!

[With Pride dazed in the corner, the Hangman CRUSHES into him with a running clothesline against the turnbuckles!]

GM: BIG CLOTHESLINE CONNECTS!

[As Pride stumbles forward, the Hangman lifts him up...

...and keeps on lifting, hoisting him over his head in a gorilla press without his arms fully extended...]

GM: The Hangman's got him up! 260 pounds up in the air..

[...and DROPPED throatfirst over the top rope!]

GM: Ohh! And down goes Pride, snapping his throat over the top rope!

[Pride collapses to the mat in a heap, grabbing his throat, kicking his legs as The Hangman stands over him, staring down.]

GM: The Hangman is just a force of nature in there, Bucky.

BW: I can't wait to see what happens when he gets his hands on guys like Hernandez or one of the Lynches. It's going to be a day worthy of poppin' champagne in the Wilde household.

[The Hangman reaches down, snaring Pride by the throat with a gloved hand again, dragging him up to his feet...]

GM: The Hangman pulls him up... oh! Pride lands a headbutt!

[The headbutt seems to stun the man from the Deadwoods, sending him stumbling backwards to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Enos Pride snuck in a shot there and he's got the Hangman reeling from it!

[Pride pursues the Hangman, landing a forearm shot to the jaw. He grabs the Hangman by the arm, backing him to the ropes...]

GM: Irish whip... Pride with the clothesli- no!

[The Hangman ducks the clothesline, hitting the far ropes...



...and takes flight, soaring through the air, and SMASHING his arm across the throat with a flying lariat!]

GM: WOW! Did you see that?!

BW: The guy's impressive, Gordo. How many guys that size can pull off something like that, huh? How many?

GM: Not very many and I think that might spell the beginning of the end for Enos Pride.

[With Pride down, The Hangman looks out to his manager who responds with a gleeful shout of "SEND HIM TO THE GALLOWS!" The Hangman nods in response before he turns to face the crowd, slowly lifting his own right hand and gripping his throat with it.]

GM: The Hangman calling for the end right here!

[He silently leans over, dragging Tate off the mat again, powering him right up into a torture rack...]

GM: The Hangman pulls him off the canvas, lifting him up across his shoulders...

[...and then spins him out, snapping him down with a high impact neckbreaker!]

GM: OHHHHH!

BW: And Enos Pride has met The Rope's End!

[The Hangman rolls into a kneeling pin, planting his palms on the chest and pressing his own torso up with his arms at full extension as he gets the easy three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

["Man With A Harmonica" begins to play again as The Hangman slowly rises off of his downed opponent as his cornerman enters the ring, a broad smile on his mustached face.]

GM: Another dominant victory for The Hangman and hopefully, that's all we're going to see, fans.

BW: Oh, I don't think so. Virgil Rockwell's in there and he's heading for that rope.

GM: Somebody needs to put a stop to this.

[He walks to the corner, lifting the noose from off the ringpost and walks over towards his charge who drops to a knee, looking up at the rope. Rockwell looks at the kneeling monster and shouts...]

"LET JUSTICE BE DONE OR THE HEAVENS WILL FALL!"

[...at which The Hangman rises to his feet, taking the noose from Rockwell.]

GM: I hope President O'Neill is watching this because something needs to be done about this!

[With the referee loudly protesting, the Hangman leans down, slipping the noose over the head of Pride so that the rope is around his neck...]

...and starts dragging him using the rope, choking him violently as he pulls him towards the edge of the ring. The Hangman steps through the ropes, dropping down to the floor where he reaches back under the ropes, grabbing Pride by the hair, yanking hard to pull him out onto the floor with a splat. He grabs the rope again.]

GM: This is absolutely despicable and-

BW: Don't look now, Gordo... I think Virgil Rockwell wants to talk to you again.

GM: This is not my favorite part of my job, fans, but...

[We hear a "CLUNK!" as Gordon puts down his headset, climbing to his feet as we cut to ringside where Virgil Rockwell, The Hangman, and a reluctant Enos Pride come into view. Rockwell looks quite dapper in a black suit, white dress shirt, thin black tie, and a matching hat. He looks every bit the extra from Tombstone. Behind Myers stands The Hangman, his noose still wrapped around his opponent's throat as he plants a boot on the chest to keep him down.]

GM: Mr. Rockwell, another impressive victory for your man, The Hangman... and you've gotta be looking ahead to Houston, Texas, for SuperClash to see if you can find a way to get your man on the show.

[Rockwell shakes his head.]

VR: That's where you're wrong, Mr. Myers. What does it mean to be a part of SuperClash? It means money. It means glory. It means spotlight. And none of that is of interest to the man who you just saw lay waste to the latest unfortunate soul that the Championship Committee put before him. He cares not a lick for such... mortal luxuries.

[Rockwell strokes his beard, nodding to Gordon Myers.]

GM: Are you saying that you - and The Hangman - don't care if you're a part of SuperClash?

VR: Pardon me, Mr. Myers... I may have misspoke. While it's true that the Hand of Justice cares not if he's in a sanctioned match at SuperClash... he WILL be in Houston, Texas.

GM: But if he's not going to compete, what is he going to be doing there?

VR: The same thing he does every place he goes, Mr. Myers. To serve the wishes of Lady Justice. And oh, I must say... when Lady Justice cast her eyes down upon the filth-covered streets of the AWA, she sees much work that needs to be done by her servant and myself.

GM: Such as?

VR: Mr. Myers, even a blind man can see the writing on the walls of this land. Two weeks ago, there was an opportunity for justice to be done to a man named Hannibal Carver. A drunk. A savage. A beast in great need of some shackles. The man entrusted to provide authority over this land... he was second-guessed for the sake of the chase of the almighty dollar and Carver was unleashed. He was not punished for his actions... no, rather he was rewarded with an opportunity at the greatest prize our sport has to offer.

Is this justice, Mr. Myers?

[Gordon starts to protest.]

GM: Now, you have to admit that Hannibal Carver was fined for-

[Rockwell interrupts.]

VR: Ah yes... more money. A fitting punishment for a people so obsessed with it. But tell me, Mr. Myers... as a victim of Hannibal Carver, did YOU see that money?

[Gordon pauses, shaking his head.]

VR: No? Not one red cent? Not one plug nickel?

[Rockwell chuckles.]

VR: Of course not. The money you speak of was filtered into the pockets of the true criminals - those most in need of the Hand of Justice. It was not distributed to you nor the others who Carver attacked - the VICTIMS, Mr. Myers.

I ask again... is this justice?

[Myers seems speechless.]

VR: It is not. So, I stand here before you with words of warning... to the Hannibal Carvers of the world... to the Ryan Martinezes... to the Jack Lynches... to them all. Justice... is coming.

[He turns, pointing to The Hangman.]

VR: And HE... is coming with it.

[Rockwell nods to the veteran play by play man.]

VR: Good day, Mr. Myers.

[As Rockwell, The Hangman, and poor Enos Pride make their exit up the aisle, we fade back to the backstage area where we find Colt Patterson in a horrible tie-dye t-shirt with the sleeves cut out. He's wearing a leopard print vest over it, showing off his muscular arms. He's also sporting a black beret with a diamond stud on the front of it.]

CP: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm sure you're feeling the temperature rise here in the Bancorp South Arena and I can assure you it's not because the air conditioning here is broken. It's because of my guest at this time... "Red Hot" Rex Summers!

[From the right of the interview area walks Rex Summers and the Summers Sweetheart. Rex is wearing a full length yellow robe with white sequins running down both lapels and in a zig zag formation across the front. The Summers Sweetheart is a lovely blonde wearing a dusty pink knit crop top and a pair of black pants which appear to be painted on.]

CP: As always it's a pleasure to stand next to the uncrowned WORLD Television Champion.

[Rex nods as he smirks at Colt.]

CP: And tonight, you may have a chance to once again earn a shot at that very championship belt as Shadoe Rage will be defending against two of the top contenders.

RS: You know Colt, these fans and yourself are not looking at one of the top contenders, you're looking at THE top contender.

CP: Well, unfortunately Rex, the powers that be don't seem to agree with you, my friend.

[A look of displeasure comes across the face of Rex.]

CP: They have both Brian James and Willie Hammer ranked above you in their latest contender rankings.

[A sound of derision comes forth from Rex as the Summers Sweetheart rolls her eyes.]

RS: Willie Hammer? Willie Hammer? The man who lost to Shadoe Rage clean in the center of the ring? The man who was kissing his lucky rabbit's foot that the Dogs of War didn't cripple him? Little Willie Hammer, who Rex Summers drove head first into the mat with the Heat Check? You're telling me that Willie Hammer is ranked above Rex Summers?

CP: I can't believe it either Rex, but that's what the rankings say.

[Rex looks towards the ceiling of the Bancorp South Arena for a long moment.]

RS: Colt, standing before you is the man who HAD the WORLD Television Championship belt won. The man who had Shadoe Rage thanking Cesar Hernandez for being a low down dirty cheat! As you said Colt, you're looking at the uncrowned WORLD Television Champion and when Shadoe Rage steps into the ring tonight to face his top contenders, the name Rex Summers better be the first one Phil Watson says.

[A very arrogant smile forms on the lips of Rex Summers.]

CP: I want to hear that too but before that will happen tonight, Rex, Kerry Kendrick and yourself are supposed to face Caspian Abaran and Cesar Hernandez in tag team action.

[A throaty chuckle can be heard coming from Rex Summers.]

RS: Colt, two weeks ago Cesar Hernandez learned a very important lesson. He learned what happens when you steal gold from the waist of Rex Summers.

CP: I've been hearing rumblings in the locker room that a lot of people aren't very happy with the lesson you taught him. They've been saying it's possible you seriously injured the man.

RS: Some lessons can painful, Colt. But let me guess... these rumblings are coming from a man with a title shot in his back pocket but the long shadow of Jack Lynch isn't letting him take advantage of it.

[Colt nods his head in agreement.]

CP: You know it, Rex.

RS: Well Colt, Bobby can keep rumbling all he wants, 'cause unlike him, "Red Hot" Rex Summers takes advantage of opportunities when they are presented. The opportunity to remind Cesar what happens when you cross Rex Summers was given and he was reminded. With any luck, it will be embedded into his mind now.

[Rex with another throaty chuckle as Colt tries to hide a slight smirk of amusement.]

RS: As for tonight, if Cesar is able to make his way to the ring to stand side by side with Caspian Abaran, you can be sure he will once again be counting the lights!

[The Summers Sweetheart smiles and nods as Rex once again begins to speak.]

RS: And Colt, if you happen to run into Shadoe Rage later on, let him know Rex Summers is coming for her and very soon she will be holding onto his waist very, very tightly.

[Rex Summers blows a kiss at the camera before exiting the interview area.]

CP: A lot on the mind of Rex Summers here tonight... but that tag team showdown is comin' up next. Don't you wander off - stick right here on The X, jack!

[Fade to black.

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

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

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

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

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

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

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

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

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

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

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

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

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

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

"And now their stories can be told."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[We fade back up to the interview stage where Mark Stegglet is standing dressed in his usual interviewer attire. Standing to his right is Paul Von Braun. PVB is wearing black dress slacks with gray pin stripes; a purple button-down shirt, black sports coat with a purple pocket square in the jacket breast pocket. Behind Paul stands Victor Von Braun. VVB is dressed in black dress slacks and fire-engine red button-down shirt with a black tie. Victor stands with his arms folded over his chest and a scowl on his face. Paul is all smiles. His body language conveys a relaxed position.]

MS: Thank you for joining us out here, Paul.

PVB: The pleasure is all mine, Mark.

MS: The past few weeks, you've commented about how the Von Braun family has been all but forgotten about in the AWA.

[Paul puts up a hand and shakes his head.]

PVB: Ya know? I feel I need to correct you here. Forgotten is a bad word to use. We're not forgotten. We're not respected. The sport of professional wrestling, including the AWA, does not respect the Von Braun name.

[Stegglet smiles and nods.]

MS: Fair enough, Paul. Would you say your feelings represent the feelings of the entire Von Braun family?

[Paul looks at Stegglet thoughtfully.]

PVB: Fair question, Mark. In fact, a very important question. How does the Von Braun family feel as a whole? I can tell you how the Von Brauns feel about watching their old patriarch being honored one moment and then being forced to leave the very profession which allowed him to provide for his family. It's like having your heart ripped out, Mark. Some big, evil bastard just puching through your chest and ripping out your heart and soul.

[PVB shakes his head.]

PVB: And it took awhile for us to accept that I was the new patriarch of the family, Mark. It just didn't feel right, but I took up this burden for the family. It's not a responsibility I take lightly either. Every decision I make. Every action I take. It all affects the family. At the end of it, we're family. We're family, Mark.

[There's an awkward silence before Stegglet speaks again.]

MS: You didn't really answer my question, Paul.

PVB: Yes, I did.

MS: So, as the patriarch, the family backs your every decision? They feel the same way? You speak for all of them?

[Paul Von Braun stares at Mark Stegglet for a moment. He then smiles and laughs.]

PVB: I mean... ah... why... why are you trying to cause dissension in the family, Mark?

[Stegglet is startled.]

MS: I'm not trying to cause dissens-

PVB: Then WHY ask THAT question, Mark!? If you're not trying to cause dissension, are you trying to paint the Von Braun family as a bunch of whiners?

[Stegglet isn't sure what to say.]

PVB: Or maybe you want to make sure the Von Brauns don't get the respect we deserve!?

[PVB's face gets redder.]

PVB: Maybe that's it. What's next? Are you going to insinuate we're name dropping Ryan Martinez in hopes of goading him into giving us a shot at the World Title!?

[Paul glares at Mark.]

MS: That's actually a valid question. Is that your end game?

[PVB looks incredulous. His face goes bright red as the veins in his face pop out, his nostrils flaring. Victor glares a hole through Mark.]

PVB: How dare you.

[Stegglet goes to speak, but is interrupted.]

PVB: Number one, we're Von Brauns. We're not crass enough to do something like that. Number two, we didn't just jump out of 1996. I've stood in your shoes. I rolled my eyes every time a rookie to the promotion started demanding shots they hadn't earned. Number three? How DARE you. How DARE you paint the Von Brauns as a bunch of philistines to pro-wrestling culture.

MS: Paul...

[Paul puts up his hand.]

PVB: We're done here. We won't be back until you can conduct yourself with the integrity, professionalism, and unbiased view I EXPECT from a reputable broadcast journalist.

[Paul and Victor turn and exit the interview stage to jeers from the Tupelo crowd.]

MS: Well, uh... an abrupt end to this interview, I suppose. Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[Crossfade from the interview platform down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing. Between them is the resident head physician for the AWA, Dr. Bob Ponavitch.]

GM: Thanks, Mark, and as you can all see, we've been joined here at ringside by Dr. Bob Ponavitch. Dr. Ponavitch, two weeks ago, we saw "Red Hot" Rex Summers drive Cesar Hernandez to the ground with a Heat Check DDT...



[Segue to clips of the same, at various angles and in slow-motion. Myers and Ponavitch talk underneath.]

GM: It has been discussed at length online - Hernandez' head impacting the ringside mats that cover up the concrete floor at ringside but those mats are not designed to absorb all the impact of a move like that. Now, I've been told that you've spent much of today evaluating Cesar Hernandez to determine if he can compete here tonight - I know from talking to him that he wants to but... what's your opinion?

[Ponavitch nods.]

Dr. P: Well, Gordon, while thankfully Mr. Hernandez shows no signs of concussion, he did sustain a compression to his shoulders, neck, and upper spine when he impacted the ground. While he will recover relatively quickly from an injury such as that, he is not ready to go just yet...

[Segue back to the backstage area.]

Dr. P: ...and as such, I cannot in good conscience clear Cesar Hernandez for competition tonight, especially when he is at risk of the same thing happening again.

GM: Thank you for your time, Dr. Ponavich.

Dr. P: My pleasure.

[As Dr. Ponavitch makes his exit, we can see Kerry Kendrick is already in the ring, and "Red Hot" Rex Summers has just reached ringside, his arm candy for the night holding the ropes open for him. Kendrick shouts something down at Myers off-mic.]

GM: Yes, yes... you two are big shots jumping a man from behind and putting him on the shelf!

BW: Hey, Hernandez had it comin', Gordo!

GM: No one has something like that dastardly attack coming... but the big story now is that there may be no match tonight. Dr. Ponavitch-

BW: The best doctor in the business since Kevorkian.

GM: Stop it... Rex Summers and Kerry Kendrick—these two jackals have been hounding Caspian Abaran and Cesar Hernandez for months on end, and now that it looks like they may get their comeuppance, Abaran and Hernandez may be forced to forfeit.

[Kendrick and "Red Hot" share a fist bump before Summers snatches the microphone from Phil Watson.]

RS: Cut the music!

[The fans in the Bancorp South Arena boo louder as the music stops and Rex Summers stands in the center of the ring with a smirk on his face.]

RS: Do you hear that, Sweetheart? Do you hear these Tupelo Twits right now?

[Not surprisingly, the boos find a way to become louder.]

RS: Can you hear the envy in their voices as they clamor for the attention you receive from Rex Summers?

[The Summers Sweetheart smiles gleefully as she runs her hands over the arm of Rex Summers.]

RS: Can you hear the desperation? Their begging and pleading for Rex Summers to take them away from the underachieving deadbeats they lie next to night after night after night.

[The boos somehow get louder again.]

RS: Now I want all you nasty, naive numbskulls to shut your mouths as I give the ladies a vision of a real man they will never forget!

[Rex drops the mic, and he begins to disrobe as the raven-haired arm candy stands behind him and takes the glittering garment, folding it neatly as the chiseled Summers flexes a little for the crowd. The response is mostly boos, but more than a few females in the audience clearly enjoy the show. The opening to "Nomad" by Santana starts to play over the PA.]

GM: Match or not, Caspian Abaran is coming out here anyway. He probably wants Kendrick and Summers to look him in the eye.

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

KK: WHOA WHOA WHOA!

[The music cuts and Abaran hops down from the buckle to glower at Kerry Kendrick, who now has the microphone.]

KK: Rex and me, we didn't sign up for a handicap match. Your partner wants to take the night off. I suggest that you follow your beloved mentor's advice, backflip back over the top rope, and take a siesta with him.

BW: He's got a good point, Gordo.

GM: He does not.

BW: Come on, think about it! Rex and Kerry want a fair match. They don't want to open themselves up to being accused of taking shortcuts.

GM: [dryly] They don't indeed.

[Abaran does not back down, but referee Davis Warren politely refuses to ring the bell, causing the crowd in the BancorpSouth Arena to break into jeers.]

GM: Caspian Abaran looks like he's willing to take this match on all by himself, Bucky!

BW: He's dumber than he looks... and I didn't think that was possible. That mask he used to wear wasn't just a symbol of his heritage... it was a public service, Gordo!

GM: Give me a break. Davis Warren doesn't look like he's going to allow Abaran to compete in a handicap match thought. He's telling him that he needs a partner but from what I understand, the medical ruling on Cesar Hernandez was a last minute decision so Abaran hasn't even had a chance to find one!

BW: Too bad, so sad. Looks like Kendrick and Rex are going to win this one by forfeit, Gordo.

GM: It's disappointing to me, to all these fans, and to Caspian Abaran but that may very well be the case.

BW: Summers and Kendrick are the most disappointed. They were going to shut these two up once and for all.

GM: Wait... what's this all about?

[The jeers grow even louder as Callum Mahoney, dressed to compete in a black singlet, with bright green bands down the side, and the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front, black knee pads and a pair of black laceless boots, appears at the top of the entrance ramp.]

BW: That's Callum Mahoney!

GM: I can see that... but why? What business does the Armbar Assassin have out here tonight?

[Mahoney ignores the boos, striding purposefully towards the ring where Kerry Kendrick is shouting over the ropes at him. Rex Summers points a finger at Mahoney who returns the gesture in kind as he pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Mahoney's shouting at Kendrick and Summers, warning them to stay back... I have no idea what's going on here, Bucky.

BW: Do you think Mahoney... nah, no way.

GM: What?

BW: I mean... could he be offering to team with Abaran?

GM: I can't imagine... even if Mahoney offered, would Abaran accept?

[Mahoney goes first to the official, pointing to Abaran and then to himself. A sprinkling of cheers is heard from the crowd.]

GM: I think he's... he IS telling the official that he'll team with Abaran! Can you believe that?

BW: Take the offer, Abaran! It's the best one you're gonna get!

[Summers and Kendrick are angrily shouting at the official who turns to Abaran. The luchador steps up into the face of Mahoney, speaking to him.]

GM: Abaran doesn't look convinced. He's trying to get an answer out of Callum Mahoney and he looks as confused as I feel right about now, fans. But will he accept?

BW: He either accepts or he forfeits. It's that simple.

GM: It is but knowing Mahoney's history and reputation as a tag partner, you have to be wary of-

[Kendrick, mic in hand, interrupts.]

KK: Look, I don't know what business you think you may have out here, but this is a private matter, Mahoney. Just give Abaran the chance to fight another day and—

[The fans EXPLODE as Mahoney pivots and PASTES Kendrick across the face with a right hand, knocking him backwards. Summers rushes forward to aid his partner but Abaran reacts faster, throwing a standing dropkick that knocks Summers off his feet to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Oh my! I think we've got our answer!

[Kendrick and Summers roll out to the floor, looking to regroup as Abaran pumps a fist inside the ring. Mahoney stalks around the ring, shouting at the rulebreakers to get back inside the squared circle.]

GM: An unusual turn of events here in Tupelo as Callum Mahoney-

BW: That no-good... What business does he have interjecting himself into this? This was supposed to be a forfeit! A forfeit!

GM: And the Armbar Assassin... I don't know what purpose he has in interceding in this match, but now he's dropped out on the floor looking to get a piece of these two loudmouth jackals.

[Mahoney circles outside the ring, chasing after the retreating team of Summers and Kendrick. Just as he gets them where he wants them...]

GM: Abaran is going to fly!

[The luchador builds up a head of steam, hurling himself over the ropes in a somersault!]

GM: A SCINTILLATING SOMERSAULT DIVE TO THE FLOOR! Oh my stars!

BW: This isn't even a sanctioned match! Why is the referee allowing this?!

[Abaran hops to his feet and pumps his fist in the air. He exchanges a few words with Mahoney, who tosses Kerry Kendrick into the ring; Abaran slides in after as Davis Warren waves to the timekeeper.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: There's your answer, Bucky. Referee Davis Warren making an impromptu match, apparently substituting Callum Mahoney in the place of the not-yet-cleared Cesar Hernandez.

BW: And again, Kendrick and Summers are getting screwed over by AWA management!

[Abaran and Kendrick get back to their feet at roughly the same time. The fiery rulebreaker rushes in...

...and gets taken up and over by an overhead armdrag by Abaran!]

GM: Mexican armdrag by Caspian Abaran!

[Abaran scrambles back up, waving Kendrick on as the loudmouth rushes at him...

...and Abaran takes him over the top again!]

GM: A second armdrag by Abaran!

[A third armdrag takes Kendrick down again before Abaran spins out into an armbar.]

GM: The armbar locked in by Abaran, finally able to get his hands on Kerry Kendrick after he was attacked by Kendrick some time ago, although these two have been dancing around each other for much of 2015 in the AWA and in CCW.

BW: What is Callum Mahoney thinking, though? Do you think he wants this Aztec knucklehead on his Steal the Spotlight squad? Is he trying to butter him up?

GM: Caspian Abaran has tremendous upside, Bucky, it wouldn't surprise me if Mahoney has his eye on him for Steal The Spotlight. It was two weeks ago when Callum Mahoney announced that he will be on one of the teams for Steal The Spotlight this year at SuperClash.

BW: Maybe Mahoney wants to fill his team with soup cans so he doesn't have to share the Spotlight.

GM: I highly doubt that. Kendrick shot off to the ropes, Abaran to the other side... crossbod- ohhh!

[The crowd jeers as Kendrick baseball slides underneath, sending Abaran crashing and burning down to the canvas.]

BW: Beautiful counter by Kendrick. He knew what was coming there and he was ready for it. Great job of scouting his enemy.

GM: And Kendrick shot to the ropes... Abaran looking for a crossbody... Nobody home!

[With Abaran down, Kendrick begins laying the boots to him, punctuated by a kick to the ribs. The referee warns him off as Abaran crawls to the ropes.]

GM: And Kendrick... It's been a few months since his last match in an AWA ring, coincidentally against that very man Caspian Abaran. He says he's had enough of mentors and he's doing things his own way. Front facelock...

[Kendrick wrenches Caspian Abaran overhead with malice.]

GM: Snap suplex; beautiful, crisp execution on it too.

BW: Yeah, where's your adulation for Kerry Kendrick's upside, Gordo?

GM: Kerry Kendrick does have tremendous upside as well, but it's his attitude that has been holding him back, not anyone in management.

BW: That's the sort of thing someone in a position of privilege would say. Check your privilege, Gordo.

[Kendrick drags Abaran over to his friendly corner and makes the tag to Summers.]

GM: Tag made and—oh, come on!

[Kendrick and Red Hot spend a few seconds taking turns stomping and kicking the trapped Abaran in the corner. The referee administers the count, and Kendrick retreats to the apron on '4.']

GM: And now “Red Hot” Rex Summers the legal man; when we last saw him, he caused the injury that led to Cesar Hernandez not being medically cleared for this contest; you can bet Abaran is looking for a measure of revenge against Summers as well here tonight.

[Summers grabs the arm, dragging Abaran out of the corner, whipping him across the ring.]

GM: Irish whip...

[“Red Hot” ducks down, setting for a backdrop, but the ultra-fast Abaran leaps over the top...]

GM: SUNSET FLIP!

BW: Hang on, Rex!

GM: Summers is off-balance as Abaran tries to pull him down!

[Summers staggers as Abaran tries to roll him to his back, but regains his balance, leans over, and punches Abaran.]

GM: And “Red Hot” Rex Summers avoiding a possible pinning combination there—Kendrick looked ready to make the save if Abaran had managed to get Summers down. Not sure if Abaran's partner would have done the same.

BW: We're not dealing in “ifs,” Gordo. This is pro wrestling. Abaran's the legal man, and Mahoney wants to see if he's got the guts he says he does.

GM: Summers takes Abaran down with a big gutwrench suplex... and Caspian Abaran has not been able to string much offense together after bursting out of the gate tonight.

BW: Kendrick and Summers prepared for this match. They're cutting off the ring like any top level tag team would. Can you imagine if these two decided to take aim at the tag titles? I don't know if they could beat Morton and Haynes but I'd pay top dollar to see that one.

GM: With Abaran down on the mat, Summers is looking for a Boston Crab, trying to keep the man from Montemorelos immobilized.

[As Summers turns it over, Callum Mahoney stomps into the ring and takes a few strides before the referee intercepts.]

GM: How about that? Mahoney WAS trying to save his partner!

BW: But he did it right in front of the official and got stopped cold... and look what that gives the other team the chance to do!

[With Davis Warren's back turned, Kerry Kendrick leaps in behind the ref's back, takes Caspian Abaran by the wrists, and extends him further while Summers maintains the Boston Crab. The fans try to get the ref's attention to no avail.]

GM: Turn around, referee!

[Callum Mahoney's protests become more bellicose, which only serves to keep the referee distracted. As he steps back to the ring apron, Kerry Kendrick slides back outside and Summers releases the hold. He wipes his brow and flicks the sweat onto Caspian Abaran.]

GM: Callum Mahoney doing his partner more harm than good there.

BW: Well, he probably wanted a look for himself that the hold was applied legally. Callum Mahoney is very fastidious about the proper application of submission holds.

GM: I'm sure... and Rex Summers is heading to the high rent district, climbing up those ropes to an area that is usually Caspian Abaran's spot.

BW: Summers is gonna show that punk that anything he can do, Rex can do better.

GM: We'll see about that as Summers tries to balance on the top turnbuckle...

[Summers waits for the opportune moment, just as Abaran stands up, and leaps off hands held high for a double axehandle...]

GM: Oh my! Abaran catches him right in the abdomen!

[...and Summers somersaults to the canvas, clutching his abdomen!]

BW: Poor Red Hot's six-pack abs are now a four-and-a-half pack!

[With Summers down and an open window, Abaran pushes back to his feet, walking on wobbly legs towards the friendly corner...]

GM: Abaran's trying to get the fresh man in for his squad...

[Abaran staggers towards Mahoney, arm outstretched...]

GM: Here comes the ta- HEY!

[Kerry Kendrick appears seemingly from nowhere and clips Abaran's knee, putting him back down on the mat!]

BW: Too slow, kid! Just tag Mahoney in and let him handle this! You're in over your head.

GM: They almost made the exchange and- here comes Mahoney again!

[Again, Callum Mahoney steps through the ropes and argues with the match official, who again turns his back to the action.]

GM: Mahoney's arguing with the official, telling him what Kendrick did and-

BW: And look at these two taking advantage of it!

[Kendrick and Summers quickly get on the same page, each taking an ankle of Caspian Abaran and savagely split him like a wishbone. Summers loudly claps his hands as he steps through the ropes to the apron.]

GM: Again, Callum Mahoney doing his partner more harm than good - he'd do well to keep his temper in check. Also, I have to note no legal tag was made there, but Davis Warren is letting it slide.

BW: Hey, he heard a tag.

GM: Yes but you're supposed to only call what you see... not what you hear. Nevertheless, Kendrick is the apparent legal man in the eyes of the official as he scoops Abaran up, slamming him down on the canvas.

[With Abaran at his feet, Kendrick shouts at the jeering fans, dropping a leaping leg across the chest before rolling into a lateral press.]

GM: Kendrick gets one... he gets two... no, two count only!

[Kendrick glares at the official and slaps his hands three times in succession. The referee just flatly shakes his head and holds up two fingers, refusing to be drawn in the argument.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick taking a moment to argue the speed of the count with the official, pulling Abaran off the mat now...

[With Abaran dazed, Kendrick wrests him into an abdominal stretch. Abaran yelps, but shakes his head when the official checks.]

GM: And now Kendrick hoping to wear Caspian Abaran down. A more methodical pace works against Caspian Abaran, keeping him grounded.

[Kendrick's free hand extends behind him, looking for Rex Summers' aid...

...and again Callum Mahoney steps through the ropes to intercede

...and again the referee blocks his entry.]

GM: And now Rex Summers is returning the favor! Referee, would you PLEASE turn around?!

[Rex Summers, naturally, is pulling back on Kerry Kendrick's free wrist to further torque the abdominal stretch.]

GM: Another illegal assist for the team of Summers and Kendrick!

BW: Gordo, you've gotta be impressed by the teamwork of two guys who are so new to one another.

GM: It's impressive, no doubt... but this barrage of illegal tactics has GOT to stop, Bucky!

[With impeccable timing, Summers releases just as Mahoney steps through the ropes to the apron.]

BW: There. He stopped.

GM: For now.

[The fans begin clapping, rallying behind Caspian Abaran who remains trapped in the abdominal stretch.]

GM: The Tupelo crowd getting behind Caspian Abaran, trying to cheer him on!



[Kendrick shakes his head, not wanting to hear it as Abaran starts to pump his free hand in the air.]

GM: Abaran perhaps getting a second wind as he tries to battle free... getting the energy flooding through him...

[Abaran becomes untangled from Kendrick, taking him down to the mat!]

GM: And Abaran... REVERSES WITH A HIPTOSS!

[With Kendrick down on the mat, Summers comes through the ropes, rushing into the ring...

...but Abaran is prepared, using Summers' own momentum against him to armdrag him down to the canvas!]

GM: ABARAN TAKES DOWN SUMMERS AS WELL!

BW: HE'S NOT THE LEGAL MAN!

[Coming back to his feet, Kendrick comes charging towards Abaran who ducks a clothesline attempt, rushing across the ring to hit the ropes. On the rebound, he leaps up, snaring Kendrick's head between his legs...

...and goes round and around, twirling like a whirlybird!]

GM: HEADSCISSORS 'ROUND THE WORLD AND BACK!

[The satellite headscissors ends with Kendrick being flipped across the ring, dropped to the mat.]

GM: Abaran's taking them both on himself!

BW: Mahoney's cheering him on from the corner, telling him to make the tag!

[But as Abaran stretches an arm out to the corner, Rex Summers hooks him from behind, pulling him backwards into a short knee to the kidneys!]

GM: Ohh! Summers cuts off the tag! He stops the rally short and- HEAT CHECK!

[Summers secures the double underhook, ready to drive Abaran's head into the mat!]

BW: Get 'em, Rex! You're the legal man, remember?!

[But before Summers can pull him down, Abaran spins out of the hold, leaping into the air and catching Summers with a kick to the back of the head!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEAD KICK OUT OF NOWHERE!

[The enzuigiri stuns Summers as he falls forward, landing facefirst on the mat as Abaran pushes to his knees, crawling across the ring...]

GM: Here we go! Abaran with a clear path annnnnnnnnnd...

[As Kerry Kendrick gets back to his feet, rushing at Abaran from behind, Abaran makes a desperation dive towards the corner...]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as Mahoney slaps the hand of Abaran, ducking through the ropes as Kendrick slams on the brakes, throwing up his hands and begging off. Mahoney points at him, nodding his head...]

GM: The Fighting Irishman is ready to live up to his nickname here tonight in Tupelo! Kendrick wants no part of it! He wants nothing at all to do with Callum Mahoney who is fired up and-

[Mahoney instantly makes a 180 degree turn and plants his boot into the midsection of Caspian Abaran.]

GM: Ahhh, come on!

BW: Heheheh.

[Mahoney kicks Abaran a few more times, earning more and more boos with every boot.]

GM: And I suppose, as much as we were hoping we were wrong, we ALL saw this coming, Bucky.

BW: Well, a leopard can't change his spots and an Irishman can't be trusted.

GM: BUCKY!

[The Armbar Assassin drags the downed Abaran out of the corner, battering him with a series of expert closed fists, followed by vicious knee lifts that double Abaran over.]

GM: Callum Mahoney living down to our expectations with a brutal assault on Caspian Abaran who KNEW he shouldn't trust him... he KNEW he didn't want to team with him but he didn't have any other options! He was NOT about to forfeit this match, Bucky!

[With Mahoney beating the hell out of Abaran, the referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell sounds and I'm guessing this one has been ruled a No Contest. Davis Warren has thrown this one out.

[Kendrick and Summers are back to their feet. They exchange glances with Callum Mahoney...]

...and all three begin stomping Caspian Abaran.]

GM: Well, I suppose we shouldn't be surprised by that turn of events either.

BW: Nope! And I love it!

[The bell sounds again... and again...]

"DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!"

[The beatdown continues despite the tolling of the bell and the protests of Davis Warren who is trying to get them to back off.]

GM: Caspian Abaran is beaten assault in a three-on-one by Summers, Kendrick, and Mahoney! This is awful, fans! This is absolutely terrible and-

[The crowd BURSTS into cheers as Cesar Hernandez comes charging from the locker room area, wearing a t-shirt designed to resemble half an American flag and half a Mexican flag along with blue jeans. He rushes towards the ring.]

GM: Cesar Hernandez is coming out here but he shouldn't be! He's not medically cleared and-

BW: And not a single soul in that ring will care about that if he sticks his nose in there!

[Hernandez gets spotted en route and Rex Summers is right there waiting for him, viciously stomping the veteran in the back of the head!]

GM: Come on!

[Kerry Kendrick moves in to join his ally, stomping Hernandez before he can even get inside the ring!]

GM: Kendrick and Summers are stomping Hernandez in the head and neck while Mahoney pummels Abaran down on the canvas with right hands! This is terrible, fans... this is EXACTLY the kind of situation we were hoping to avoid! Cesar Hernandez is trying to help his friend and partner and now he's being attacked by these two... these THREE jackals!

BW: Don't step in the ring if you're not prepared, Gordo!

"DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!"

BW: They can ring the bell 'til next Tuesday and no one's listening!

[The crowd explodes in a concerned reaction as Mahoney gets to his feet, scissoring the arm of Abaran and drops into a cross armbreaker!]

GM: Oh, come on! Now that blasted armbar is applied on Abaran!

[Abaran is crying out in pain as Mahoney tries to dislocate the elbow while Summers and Kendrick take turns stomping Hernandez, forcing him under the ropes and down onto the floor.]

GM: Hernandez gets driven to the floor! Abaran's caught in that armbar and-

[Suddenly, the crowd EXPLODES in cheers!

GM: DERRICK WILLIAMS! DERRICK WILLIAMS IS GONNA GIVE THIS ONE A SHOT!

[All alone, Williams comes sprinting down the aisle towards the ring. He dives headfirst under the bottom rope...

...and without giving the rulebreakers a chance to regroup, he keeps on coming, throwing himself into a double leg tackle on Summers!]

GM: DOWN GOES SUMMERS!

[Williams spins back to his feet, ducking a clothesline attempt by Kendrick...

...and following him with one of his own, taking Kendrick over the top rope and down to the floor!]

GM: HE CLEARS OUT KENDRICK AS WELL!

[Williams spins back to the middle of the ring where Mahoney has abandoned the armbar on Abaran, leaving the luchador down on the mat, clutching his shoulder.]

GM: And you know who that leaves!

[Mahoney shakes his head, backing slowly away from Williams who matches his pace, stepping forward as Mahoney steps backwards.]

GM: And it looks like the Fighting Irishman wants no part of THIS fight, Bucky!

[Mahoney raises his hands, begging off...

...and then bumps his back against the turnbuckles. His eyes go wide as he realizes he suddenly has no escape from Williams.]

GM: Williams wanted Mahoney in a match but I'm sure he'll settle for getting his hands on him here and now!

[Williams nods, the crowd anticipation building as the young lion balls up his fists, ready to drive them into the skull of his rival...]

GM: Derrick Williams has got Callum Mahoney right where he wants him! He's got nowhere to run! Nowhere to hide!

[But as Williams has his focus squarely on Mahoney, he fails to notice someone hurdle the ringside barricade. A somewhat familiar figure rolls under the ropes into the ring wearing a baggy orange hoodie and jeans, head concealed by a bandana, aviator sunglasses, and ballcap.]

GM: Wait a second! Derrick, behind you! BEHIND-

[But Gordon's shouted warning accomplishes nothing as the orange-hoodied thug - baseball bat in hand - winds up...]

GM: NO!

[...and SMASHES Williams across the shoulderblades with it, sending him down to the mat in a heap!]

GM: Gaaaaaaaah!

[Williams collapses to the mat as Mahoney looks at the orange-hoodied thug who nods in recognition, ducking out of the ring, leaving Williams down on the mat.]

GM: That thug... Kendrick's bodyguard... personal security... whatever you want to call him... strikes again!

[And with Williams down, Summers, Kendrick, and Mahoney quickly dogpile Derrick Williams, stomping and kicking him down into the canvas to the jeers of the Tupelo crowd...]

GM: Hernandez is down! Abaran is down! And now Derrick Williams is taking a beating at the hands of these three men as well!

[Mahoney pulls Williams off the mat, whipping him towards the ropes where he buries a right hand into the midsection, doubling him up...

...and Kendrick DRILLS Williams with a running kneelift!]

GM: OHH! LIBERTY BELLRINGER!

[Williams collapses in a heap on the canvas as Mahoney grabs the arm, scissors it, preparing to apply the cross armbreaker...

...when the crowd cheers as the locker room empties!]

GM: Here comes the cavalry! Sweet Daddy Williams, the Surfer Dudes, and so many more!

[The onslaught of heroes sends the villains scattering, dropping out to the floor where they make their exit, holding each others' arms up in the air.]

GM: They certainly look proud of themselves. What a setup job that was. Fans, we're going to take a break.

[We see the three men making their exit, smiles on their faces and arms held in the air as we fade to black.

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business! You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...]

We return backstage, where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of an AWA backdrop, flanked by Kerry Kendrick and Callum Mahoney. Rex Summers stands on the other side of Kendrick, slightly behind him. All three men are smiling. Kendrick rubs his palms together with a conniving chuckle.]

SLB: Gentlemen, gentlemen... an awful scene out there in the ring moments ago as the three of you... let's call a spade a spade. That was a setup! An ambush!

[Callum is the first to motion to Blackwell to bring the mic closer to him.]

CM: Just for that little while, I saw trust in the eyes of Caspian Abaran, which made it all the more sweeter to pull the rug from under his feet. Perhaps he had no choice but to trust me, because the alternative was to forfeit the match, to slink off with tail tucked between his legs, instead of standing up to these men next to me. In truth, fella, it was going to be a foregone conclusion either way, because the likes of Abaran, Hernandez and Derrick Williams will always fail to stand up against men like Kerry Kendrick, Rex Summers and me.

SLB: Now hold on there; I can't help but notice that there were not three of you who were involved in that ambush, there were four of you!

[Kendrick takes control of Sweet Lou's wrist, giving himself the microphone.]

KK: Listen Lou: people like Cesar Hernandez and Abaran and now Williams think they can stick their nose into my business and the business of people that I choose to associate with whenever it pleases them. Derrick Williams thinks he can walk around like he owns the AWA? Like he's the big dog of the yard? He needs to learn that the ring is not set up for his personal benefit. He has to earn his stripes the

hard way, like I have. Like "Red Hot" has. Like Callum Mahoney has. And as far as my personal security goes, Sweet Lou, that is MY business and none of yours.

['Sweet' Lou looks a bit annoyed that he hasn't received the answer to who the man in the orange hoodie was, but he doesn't have a chance to probe further as 'Rex Hot' Rex Summers motions for the microphone.]

RS: Maybe if you call the hotline Blackwell, you'll get an answer to who the fourth man is but like the rest of the AWA right now you need be paying attention to the three men in front of you. Kerry Kendrick, Callum Mahoney, and Rex Summers. Three men who are sick and tired of the Williams, Hernandezes and Abarans stealing our opportunities, to reach the top of the AWA. Every time Kerry has tried to make a name for himself, an upstart like Williams comes in and runs his mouth challenging the likes of KING Oni and Kerry would get pushed to the side again. And when he finally has another opportunity, Araban tries to use his friendship with Hernandez to once again derail it.

You know Lou, Williams has a problem keeping his nose out of other people's business. Callum removed him from the AWA and reminded everyone why he is the Armbar Assassin! And yet here Williams is once again... consider yourself lucky that those locker room scrubs saved you from a Heat Check, 'cause Williams you'd be like Hernandez right now... trying to figure out how to support your family when you're livelihood is taken from you.

[Rex lets out a throaty chuckle.]

RS: Lou, you're looking at three men who night after night prove they deserve the spotlight ...

[Rex strikes a double bicep pose.]

RS: And let's face it... the spotlight loves 'Red Hot' Rex Summers.

[Rex plants a kiss on his biceps before the trio walks out of view, chuckling amongst themselves.]

SLB: Not the most subtle announcement there, fans. It is now clear that Callum Mahoney, Rex Summers, and Kerry Kendrick WILL be competing in Steal The Spotlight in Houston, Texas at SuperClash... and Mark... I bet your guests have something to say about that...

[We fade from Sweet Lou to Mark Stegglet who is standing amongst Cesar Hernandez (who is holding the back of his head), Caspian Abaran (who is holding his shoulder), and Derrick Williams (who is pacing behind the other men, holding the back of his neck.)]

MS: I'm sure you're right. Gentlem-

[An irate Cesar Hernandez interrupts.]

CH: Enough is enough! I should've been out there tonight. I should've had my partner's back! But those three...

[Hernandez pauses, grumbling in Spanish under his breath as Caspian Abaran shakes his head.]

CA: No, no, muchacho. This isn't your fault. This is THEIR fault. This is Rex Summers' fault for dropping you on your head two weeks ago. This is Kerry Kendrick's fault for the never-ending stream of trash coming out of his mouth... and this thug he's associating with. This is Callum Mahoney's fault for-

[Williams angrily interrupts.]

DW: Six months... Six Months... SIX MONTHS, MAHONEY!

[Williams shakes his head in anger.]

DW: Six months I've taken your crap! Six months I've been poked and prodded by you. Six months that you've instigated me, disrespected me, treated me like an afterthought, and ran when I fought back. I offered my arm, and you took it and ran. I came back for you, and you ran, after only a shot. You ducked me into Steal the Spotlight, and now I'm in it. And it's been six months too long.

After tonight, no more. NO! MORE! No more!

Whaddya we got, Mark? Just about six weeks?

[Stegglet nods.]

DW: Six weeks... in six weeks you can't run, you can't sneak away, you can't hit and run. In six weeks, I got you. I'm not sitting here "aw shucks, you got one over on me" anymore. I'm not just happy to be here. You did it, Mahoney. Now I'm mad. No, not mad, I'm furious.

Six weeks, Mahoney, and I get mine. And whoever you throw in my way will get knocked down too. The time is now, and you... are... DONE! YOU HEAR THAT, MAHONEY!?

In six weeks, I plant you in the mat after I cave your freakin' head in! Kendrick, in six weeks, your body is going to bounce the check that your mouth wrote. Summers, your spotlight goes out. Mahoney, in six weeks, not only do I get to put you down, to get you back for every freaking thing you've done over the past six MONTHS... but I get to take you OUT of Steal the Spotlight.

[Williams backs off the mic as Hernandez speaks up again.]

CH: You three think that you're going to get away with what you did two weeks ago... what you did tonight? You think you're going to jump on the three of us and we're going to slink off into the shadows and let you talk about Steal The Spotlight.

I don't think so!

You want to steal the spotlight?

[Hernandez points at Abaran and Williams.]

CH: You're gonna have to come through the three of us to do it! And in Houston... mano a mano... when you have to do it when we DON'T have our backs turned... when we're NOT a man down... when you don't have a thug with a baseball bat waiting in the wings...

I don't think you can do it...

[He puts an arm around the necks of both men.]

CH: ...but I KNOW that we can.

MS: Cesar Hernandez, Caspian Abaran, and Derrick Williams making it crystal clear that they too are IN... they're in Steal The Spotlight coming up on Thanksgiving Night in Houston, Texas, fans! And with two more men still to be added to both



teams, it's already a red hot - no pun intended - situation! Now, let's go back to the ring for more action right here on The X!

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

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit.

Introducing first, already in the ring, from Catania, Sicily, Italy, ... weighing 250 pounds... The Sicilian Stud!

[The Stud throws some mock punches into the air as he is warming up but is visibly taken aback as the frightened scream of a woman is played over the PA.]

BW: Oh my, daddy! Are you ready for a little horror show?

["Twist of Cain" by Danzig starts its sinister beat and on cue, Canibal stalks through the curtain.

With his head cocked to the side and his posture slightly hunched over, he stares directly at the camera. His eyes seem wide-open, even more so as his sockets are painted pitch black. Slowly, he brings his hands up to his throat to make a double cut-throat gesture and then point the thumbs downward.]

PW: His opponent... from Juarez, Mexico... weighing 245 pounds... CANIBAL!

[Canibal jerks forward, quicker then before. He makes his way to the ring with long strides, speeding up to slide into the ring. Phil Watson and the referee quickly scurry out of the squared circle as the luchador climbs to the top of the ring post. A spout of red mist shoots out of his mouth.]

GM: The mysterious entity known as Canibal spraying that... red liquid... into the air. What a... unique individual he is, Bucky.

BW: Did you see that goof in the front row who got a load of blood on his ugly shirt? That look on his face is something I want framed.

GM: It's not real blood, Bucky... at least I hope it's not.

BW: When Canibal is through with his opponent, it may very well be.

[Again, he makes the double-cutthroat-thumbs down gesture, with red liquid dripping down the corners of his mouth before he jumps and turns midair to face the Sicilian Stud.]

GM: Canibal ready for action here tonight, taking on longtime AWA competitor the Sicilian Stud.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The Stud has been with AWA for a long time, Bucky. He is not easily impressed by theatrics as he signals for a collar-and-elbow tie-up.

BW: He may not be impressed by the theatrics but I'm guessing he's about to be impressed by the wrestling skill of the luchador.

[Canibal sidesteps the lock-up, though, and stares wide-eyed at the Stud. The Italian curses and shakes his fist at the luchador.]

BW: Canibal's got impressive speed in there for a man of his size. He's not the kind of guy you usually imagine when you think of a luchador... a guy like Caspian Abaran or if you go back to the day, guys like Juvenil Infierno or the like.

[The Sicilian Stud moves forward again and once more Canibal evades. The crowd is voicing their displeasure at the baiting.]

GM: Canibal showing off nice lateral movement, avoiding the Stud's attempt to lockup.

[The hot-headed Stud lunges forward a third time. This time, Canibal ducks forward, under the arms of his opponents. Before the Sicilian Stud can react, he is swept off his feet by a vicious kick to the back of his knee.]

GM: Oh! Canibal showing off his martial arts skills with that legsweep... the Stud comes right back up...

[But a side kick to the chest sends him right flat to his back again, crashing down to the mat. With his opponent down, Canibal runs to the ropes, rebounding back towards the downed Stud...

...and LAUNCHES into the air to crash onto the AWA veteran with an impressive leg drop!]

GM: Canibal is quick as a viper.

BW: Did you notice how easily he got under the skin of the Sicilian Donkey, Gordo? You said he was not intimidated but he brought out that Italian temper in no time.

[The Stud is dazed as Canibal drags him to his feet and rams a knee into his gut to double him over. He then grabs him and proceeds to show off his strength as he lifts the Sicilian and holds him for a moment but before the Stud can finish shouting "no" he comes crashing down the mat with a side slam.]

GM: Nice execution on the side slam... again showing Canibal isn't your usual flipping and flying luchador in there.

[Canibal promptly floats over the downed Stud, securing a side headlock where he rifles in a few short left hands to the temple. The Stud tries to spin out of the hold, ending up on his hands and knees, trapped in a front facelock...]

GM: The Stud trying some counter-wrestling but Canibal's got other ideas, going right along for the ride and- OH! Kneestrike to the skull!

BW: Wow, did you hear the Donkey scream? That shot must have scrambled his skull!

GM: And another knee strike right to the cranium! The referee should check on the Sicilian Stud to make sure he can continue!

[Two more knees connect, stunning the Stud as Canibal releases his opponent from the headlock but not without landing a nasty looking elbow strike to the back of the head that has the Stud howl in pain.]

GM: Vicious knees and elbows by Canibal, giving these fans in Tupelo a look at what he brings to the table inside the squared circle.

BW: He's not done either, dragging the Stud up to his feet.

[As the native Italian tries to cover up, Canibal grabs the hair of the Stud and drags him up by it, eyes and mouth open wide in a grimace worthy of a painting by Munch. The Stud throws a tired right hand that shows little effect.]

GM: The Stud trying to fire back to no avail... and a second right hand connects but doesn't seem to faze Canibal.

[The Stud, having created some space, winds up for a third haymaker but before he can throw it, a MASSIVE thrust kick to the center of the Sicilian Stud's chest sends him flailing backwards into the corner.]

GM: The power behind those kicks is simply-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: How about that one?!

[As the Stud was sucking air in the corner, Canibal rushed in with a Yakuza Kick and the sound of the hit was audible in every corner of the arena.]

GM: The referee is checking on the Sicilian Stud after that Yakuza Kick. This match has turned into an assault by the man from Juarez.

BW: Shouldn't it be a Cartel Kick? You know, Canibal isn't from Tokyo.

GM: The AWA fans are quite familiar with that kick - having seen Ryan Martinez, the World Champion, use it to great effectiveness over the years.

BW: Make the call right now, Gordo. Who does that kick better? The champ or the Canibal?

GM: Well, the champion has obviously achieved greater success with it.

BW: For now.

GM: Perhaps.

[The referee does not seem to be sure how to proceed but slowly backs away from the Stud who is leaning very unsteadily against the turnbuckle... and Canibal moves right in, showing off his flexibility as he chokes the standing Sicilian with his boot against the throat. The Stud flails his arms wildly and the ref starts a five count, for once ignoring the Canibal as the wild man gives him his creepy stare.]

GM: That's a blatant choke in the corner! The referee is counting but he seems wary to even do that, Bucky.

BW: Would you want this guy mad at you? Who knows what he'd do?

[Canibal backs off to have the Stud, clutching his throat, stumble forward. The luchador runs past him, bouncing off the ropes...]

GM: We saw this before!

[...and Canibal leaps into the air, launching himself at the Stud, hooking him around the head and neck as he spins past him, and DRIVES the back of his head down into the mat!]

GM: OHH! THE TWIST OF CAIN!

[After a moment of staring at his fallen foe, Canibal goes for the cover, making sure to press the point of his right elbow into the side of the Sicilian Stud's head.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

["Twist of Cain", the Danzig song, starts it's unnerving rhythm again.]

BW: And that's the end of that, daddy. Turns out the Sicilian Donkey was little more than a little snack for my man Canibal.

GM: He certainly continues his winning ways here tonight with his VERY aggressive, punishing style.

[Before the Sicilian Stud can recover, Canibal kicks him in the side of the ribs, once, twice, three times until the losing wrestler rolls off the apron and crashes down to the floor. Ignoring the admonishing words of the referee, now Canibal goes for his double cutthroat pose again.]

GM: On the other hand, there is a distinct lack of respect and care for his fellow wrestlers in this man. That was a completely unnecessary attack against the Sicilian Stud after the match was over.

BW: Come on, Canibal wanted that flawless victory picture. You can't get that when that loser is still wasting time in the ring and spoiling the view, can you?

GM: Canibal with the victory... with the post-match attack... and now, if our own Sweet Lou Blackwell has his way, with the post-match interview. Lou, let's hear what we've got...

[We cut to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell at the head of the aisle.]

SLB: Fans, let's have some words with Canibal, who we still know very little about.

[Canibal joins "Sweet" Lou. His face paint is slightly smeared, drawing a line from his right eye to his ear.]

SLB: Canibal, you have had only a few words for our cameras so far. There are some rumors about where you come from and who trained you...

[Blackwell looks directly at the camera for a moment...]

SLB: ...and we discuss those on our Hotline at 1-900-505-5500 this week...

[...and back to Canibal.]

SLB: ...but everybody is wondering just what your goals are in AWA? What have you set your sights on?

[Canibal slowly shakes his head, disdain and disgust apparent on his face before he speaks, in his hard-to-place dialect.]

C: Again, you have questions for me. Again, you inquire about intentions and motivations, as if they are not as obvious as the night is dark.

We all want the same, yes? We all want sustenance. To thrive. To survive.

[He draws in a sharp breath as his tongue flicks over his lips.]

C: You see, my journey here was a long and dark one. I come from a place that leaves you wanting and yearning for more, more, always MORE.

Now, my appetites are large and there is a table set here, a delicious cornucopia of riches and bounty.

Do you comprehend my words? I have come to feast, Blackwell. I have come to gorge myself on the flesh of the AWA.

[He leans forward and the interviewer backpedals. Canibal's hand softly rests on the microphone to stop the retreat.]

C: I have come to sate... the Hunger.

[As the fans boo the strange threats Canibal has made, the luchador grimaces and releases his hold on microphone. He proceeds to walk off as the interviewer tries regain his composure.]

SLB: That was... that was ... actually very unsettling. The Hunger? Give me a break, pal! You can't scare me!

[Blackwell wipes his sweaty brow proving you can - indeed - scare him.]

SLB: Let's go backstage where I hear Mark Stegglet has breaking news! Mark?

[We cut back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Thanks, Sweet Lou... and breaking news might not be a big enough term for this one. I've been told that Hannibal Carver - the man who will challenge for the World Title at SuperClash VII in Houston - is in the building tonight... and he WILL be in action!

[A big cheer rings out inside the arena.]

MS: But that's not all. While Mr. Carver battles it out inside the ring against the Walking Dead's Dirt Dog Unique Allah, the World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez, will be sitting in on commentary with Gordon and Bucky!

[Another big cheer!]

MS: That's going to be an intense situation and remember, if either of those men physically assaults the other - the title match is off! Both men will need to be on their best behavior later here tonight. In additi...

[Stegglet trails off as his eyes drift off-camera. A large midnight blue gloved hand comes down HARD on his shoulder, causing him to wince. The camera pans and pulls back to reveal the powerhouse of the Dogs of War - Wade Walker - standing alongside Stegglet.]

MS: Wade Walker. I... uh... I suppose you're here to answer the challenge of Brian Lau from earlier tonight. Do you accept the match with Brian James?

[Walker cracks a confident grin, pushing aside his wet-down long hair from his eyes.]

WW: Ever since Brian James laid his hands on me, I've wanted nothing else. Brian Lau comes out here and talks...and talks... and talks. He talks so much, I'm starting to think he gets paid by the word.

[Stegglet chuckles.]

MS: Are you saying-?

[Walker interrupts.]

WW: I'm saying that while Brian Lau is the man of a million words... I'm a man of few. And right now... I've got two directed at Lau and his running buddies.

[He turns towards the camera, steel eyes cutting into the view.]

WW: Challenge...

[He inhales, pulling a long, deep breath... and with a hiss, he lets it out.]

WW: ...accepted.

[Walker shoves Stegglet by the shoulder, knocking the interviewer off balance as Walker strides out of view. Stegglet winces, grabbing at his shoulder.]

MS: Challenge accepted! Wade Walker vs Brian James later tonight! Hannibal Carver in action later tonight with Ryan Martinez on commentary! This night on The X just gets better and better, fans. Now, let's go to this week's Top Ten rundown!

[We fade to... a graphic that reads "AWA TOP TEN" with some cheesy synth music playing over it. The graphic changes to one that says "World Champion - Ryan Martinez, National Champion - Travis Lynch, World Television Champion - Shadoe Rage" across the top. A voiceover begins.]

SLB: Hello everyone, I'm Sweet Lou Blackwell here to give you a quick look at the most recent AWA Top Ten Rankings updated following our last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling.

["#10 - Supreme Wright" appears on the screen.]

SLB: Two weeks ago, the former two-time World Champion made his in-ring return on Saturday Night Wrestling, picking up an impressive win. He followed that up with a series of wins this week at our live events which puts him right back in at #10.

["#9 - Brian James" is added to the list.]

SLB: #9 holds steady as Brian James keeps his spot in the Top 10 after a big week that saw a wild brawl with the Dogs of War AND the return of his Hall of Fame father to the AWA.

["#8 - Rex Summers" appears.]

SLB: "Red Hot" Rex Summers also holds his ground, remaining at #8 as he attempts to work his way back into the picture for another shot at the World Television Title.

["#7 - Juan Vasquez" appears.]

SLB: The People's Hero, Juan Vasquez, jumps up a few spots to #7 after a good showing this week at our live events. Later tonight, he battles Ultra Commando 3 with a National Title opportunity hanging in the balance.

["#6 - KING Oni" emerges.]

SLB: The question everyone is asking - why is Doctor Harrison Fawcett hiding KING Oni? I can't even recall the last time we've seen the Demon compete on television

at this point! Is it truly fear? Fear of The Gladiator and what he might be able to do to Fawcett's monster? And speaking of The Gladiator...

["#5 - The Gladiator" appears.]

SLB: Boom! A victory over The Lost Boy two weeks ago rockets The Gladiator into the Top 5 for the very first time, putting him as a serious contender to every piece of gold here in the AWA!

["#4 - Jack Lynch" is added to the list.]

SLB: The seesaw continues as Jack Lynch drops to four this week...

["#3 - Bobby O'Connor" appears.]

SLB: ...and his partner moves up to #3. With Hannibal Carver challenging Ryan Martinez for the World Title at SuperClash and with Bobby O'Connor holding a guaranteed shot at the World Title from his Rumble victory earlier this year, could we be seeing O'Connor challenge his former mentor OR one of his best friends later this year?

["#2 - Hannibal Carver" appears.]

SLB: The Boston Brawler got his wish and at SuperClash, he'll get his shot at Martinez and the title. But two questions remain. One, can Carver keep his hands off Martinez before SuperClash to ensure his title shot?

["#1 - Johnny Detson" completes the list.]

SLB: Two, will Johnny Detson find a way to squeak himself into the Main Event considering his current status as the Number One Contender?

[With the full Top 10 on the screen, Blackwell wraps it up.]

SLB: And there you have it, fans, the AWA's Top Ten Contenders as voted by the Championship Committee on October 14th. That's all for now but join us back here next time when we keep on countin' 'em down!

[Fade through black to the interior of the arena in Tupelo.]

With the sounds of V.I.C's "Flawless" still playing and slowly fading out, we come back from the Top 10 Rundown to find "Flawless" Larry Wallace standing in the ring in a pair of khaki pants and a bright red silk shirt. Several buttons are undone, leaving us a shot of his well-toned chest and a gold chain hanging around his neck. At the end of said chain? A gaudy gold pendant that reads "FLAWLESS" in script. Also in the ring is the one and only Hamilton Graham who is holding a white towel in his iron gripping hands while he wears simple navy blue pants and a dark blue polo shirt. Wallace has the mic.]

FLW: For those of you who aren't aware...

[He jerks a thumb at his open shirt.]

FLW: I am Larry Wallace... and I am...

[His face is etched in an arrogant grin.]

FLW: Absolutely... flawless.

[A few fans actually shouted it along with him, causing to nod his head.]

FLW: Not bad, not bad. I guess the people of Tupelo aren't QUITE as stupid as everyone says they are.

[And here come the boos. Hamilton Graham grins, nodding in agreement.]

FLW: So, I'm going to give you people the benefit of a doubt. I'm going to give you one chance to show the world that the people of Tupelo may not know reading, writing, or be able to count to ten without taking off their shoes.

[Graham raises an eyebrow at his young charge who turns towards him with a shrug.]

FLW: Farming accident.

[Graham nods.]

FLW: But they DO know their professional wrestling. This is a simple question for a simple crowd. Not that long ago... a tag team stormed on the scene here in the AWA. And like a storm, they were filled with fury and promise... they struck hard... and then they petered away into nothing.

There were two parts of that team... and here's where you people come in...

Who was the better part of that team?

[Wallace pauses.]

FLW: Was it... that no good, whitebread loser Bobby O'Connor?

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER! Wallace looks agitated already.]

FLW: Or was it... yours truly... the son of Battlin' Burt Wallace... the possessor of the BEST... DAMN... DROPKICK IN THE WORLD...

"FLAWLESS"...

LARRY...

WALLACE!

[And there's the boos. Quite a lot of them actually. Wallace's face twists into a rage, angrily kicking the bottom rope, stomping across the ring, ripping off what's left of the buttons on his shirt and flinging it down to the mat.]

FLW: I OUGHTA HAVE KNOWN THAT YOU BUNCH OF PATHETIC REDNECKS WOULDN'T KNOW TRUE WRESTLING ROYALTY WHEN IT WALKED UP TO YOU! YOU'RE NOTHING! YOU'RE ALL A BUNCH OF LOSERS! YOU'RE A-

[Hamilton Graham suddenly puts his hand over the mic, shaking his head as the crowd lets Wallace have it for his outburst. Wallace grimaces, turning away as Graham takes the mic.]

HG: You'll have to excuse young Lawrence here.

[Graham pauses.]

HG: And you'll have to forgive me.

[The crowd buzzes with confusion.]



HG: I should've warned him that the average IQ in Tupelo is lower than the average shoe size!

[Wallace and Graham have a good ol' belly laugh at that one, cackling as the fans start jeering again.]

HG: But in all seriousness, for you people to pick Bobby O'Connor over the fine athlete you see standing in the ring in front of you right now... your knowledge of this sport is truly lacking. Luckily, I'm here to correct that.

Lemme take you back...

[Graham waves a hand in front of him, wiggling his fingers slightly.]

HG: It was the 1950s in the Midwest - St. Louis - where the name O'Connor first made an impact in this great sport - the sport of kings - professional wrestling. "The Strangler" Karl O'Connor...

[Big cheer! Graham looks around with disgust.]

HG: That old man was supposed to step aside in the early 60s... they tried to put him out to pasture in favor of the new generation but he just kept coming back... and back... in '63... in '67... even into the 70s. He was way past his prime but he just couldn't let it go. He sullied his legacy as a great competitor... as a fine champion. He became a disgrace!

And then there was his son, Cameron...

[Another cheer!]

HG: You cheer him 'cause you didn't know him like I did! Cameron O'Connor was supposed to be this great technician... this great hope for St. Louis wrestling... but every time he got near the World Title, he ran off and left the business in the toilet! In the early 70s, he and Terry Shane Jr. were the big stars...

...until I arrived in '74! I was just a kid... a rookie at the time, looking for my big break... and I got it there. I got my window of opportunity and in before 1975 was over, I was the top star in St. Louis! While O'Connor and Shane were out touring the world fighting over the World Title, I CARRIED the entire business in St. Louis and the Midwest on my back! Where was O'Connor then?! Where were ANY of the O'Connors then?!

They were nowhere! Because they all had the one trait that every O'Connor has deep down in their bones... SELFISHNESS!

[The boos pour down!]

HG: Just like Bobby O'Connor! When this man was hurt, did Bobby O'Connor wait for him to heal up to keep their team alive?! No! He took the first chance he could! He went to stand at the learning tree with a psychopath like Hannibal Carver! He suckled at the teat of the Martinez family... the Lynch family... anyone who would let him stand in their shadow! HE'S SELFISH!

You think O'Connor was in the right two weeks ago when he took Jack Lynch to task for being out for himself?! O'Connor would have done the EXACT... SAME... THING... if the roles were reversed because HE'S SELFISH!

[Graham is on a roll now, getting jeered like crazy.]

HG: But it doesn't matter, O'Connor. You take your selfishness that you learned from your grandpa and your old man... you bring 'em to the ring when you face off against "Flawless" Larry Wallace - who, by the way, is the son of Battlin' Burt Wallace, one of the toughest men I ever had the displeasure of stepping inside the ring with and believe me, kid, I know tough!

You bring it all... and my boy, Larry, is going to beat you...

[Graham chuckles.]

HG: Just like I beat your old man for the World Title in '79! In fact, the ONLY time your old man ever got one over on me is when I tore my damn shoulder and my arm was hanging by a string... and I still almost beat him!

You... you dumb punk kid... I've watched you. I've watched you for a while now because I've made it my business to beat up O'Connors for the better part of 40 years... and believe me, kid... business is good!

But you... you're not the Strangler...

You're not even your old man... as pathetic as he is...

[Graham points at Larry Wallace.]

HG: And with my help, this man is going to show you - and the whole world - that the O'Connors are nothing more than dried cow manure on BOTH of our boots! That you're-

[Just then, "Godzilla" by Blue Oyster Cult blares over the PA.]

GM: Mention the O'Connors enough times, and once of them is bound to take notice!

BW: Yeah, and run out of town with their tail between their legs!

[The curtains part, and out storms "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor with a much more stern look on his face than we're accustomed to seeing on the third generation brawler. He wastes no time getting to ringside, where he calls for a microphone. He's quickly handed one by Phil Watson, as he points at Graham.]

BOC: Graham, I'm not even going to waste any breath addressing any of the libelous garbage you just spewed. Anyone with even one lick of sense knows it's just the bitter lies of a sad old man.

[Big cheers for that, as Graham fumes.]

BOC: And I didn't come out here to make you pay for dragging my family's good name through the mud. Because I've already proven I can take you to the woodshed, or did you forget that it was ME that knocked you down in the middle of the ring for the count of three the last time we met?

[More cheers, as now Wallace attempts to calm down his new mentor.]

BOC: No, I only came out here for one thing.

[O'Connor points at Wallace.]

BOC: To give that backfighting snake in the grass what's coming to him!

[The crowd pops big, as Wallace smirks and mocks quaking in his boots.]

BOC: And while I didn't come out here to fight you... Get in my way and I'll be happy to oblige!

[With that, O'Connor drops the mic and dishes out a right hand to the jaw of Hamilton Graham, sending him staggering back, arms pinwheeling around to the cheers of the Tupelo crowd!]

BW: He just hit a senior citizen!

[Wallace jumps him from behind, smashing a forearm into the back of his head. He turns O'Connor around, throwing a pair of right hands, backing him into the ropes...]

GM: Larry Wallace has attacked his former tag team partner, driving him back against the ropes...

[Wallace grabs O'Connor by the arm, whipping him across...

...but O'Connor reverses it, sending the Flawless One bouncing off the buckles into a right hand to the midsection!]

GM: O'Connor goes downstairs... and to the ropes he goes, coming back fast...

[O'Connor CRACKS him with a running kneelift, sending him sailing into the air before he crashes down to the canvas. The third-generation grappler climbs atop Wallace, grabbing a handful of hair and pasting him with repeated right hands to the skull!]

GM: O'Connor's heard enough and he's gonna shut Wallace's mouth once and for all!

BW: I still can't believe these Tupelo twits are cheering him after he struck his elder! His better!

GM: Graham's gotten himself physically involved on more than one occasion and O'Connor's not going to let him get away with-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Graham pulls off his dress shoe and SMASHES it into the back of O'Connor's head, knocking him down to the mat.]

BW: You were saying?

[Graham drops to a knee, turning O'Connor over by the hair, repeatedly smashing the heel of his shoe into the forehead of "Bunkhouse" Bobby.]

GM: A two-on-one attack on Bobby O'Connor and- ordinarily, you might expect Jack Lynch to come running in to save the day but after the difficulties those two had two weeks ago, I'm not sure that'll happen tonight!

[Getting back to his feet, Wallace pulls O'Connor off the mat, throwing him bodily into the corner. He throws a series of boots into the gut before shoving him towards Graham...]

GM: Wait a second!

[Graham boots O'Connor in the gut, pulling him into piledriver position.]

GM: Oh no! Oh no! Somebody's gotta stop this!

BW: Graham and Wallace are going to EXACTLY what Graham and Lake did to Bryant! They're going to put him out!

[Wallace hops up on the midbuckle, waving his hands as Graham goes to lift O'Connor off the mat...]

GM: They're setting for the spike piledriver and-

[...but can't get him. A struggle ensues that ends with O'Connor backdropping Graham up and over, sending him down to the mat to big cheers from the Tupelo crowd. Wallace looks shocked as O'Connor wheels around...

...and DRILLS him with a right hand, sending Wallace tumbling over the ropes and crashing down to the floor below!]

GM: OH YEAH! O'CONNOR CLEARS THE RING!

[Graham grabs at his lower back as he pulls Wallace to his feet, both men shouting back into the ring as O'Connor waves them back in.]

GM: And Bobby O'Connor's not done! He wants another piece of Wallace and Graham!

[O'Connor snatches up the fallen mic, the crowd going wild with Graham and Wallace backpedaling up the aisle.]

BOC: I told you I'd fight the both of you if I had to, and that doesn't end here tonight! You two better regroup and pull together every dirty trick you can come up with...

[Dramatic pause.]

BOC: ...because I'll be seeing you BOTH at SUPERCLASH!

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: You heard him! Bobby O'Connor just threw down a challenge for SuperClash!

[O'Connor spikes the mic, stepping up on the second rope, staring down the aisle at Wallace who is trying to get past Graham who is "holding him back."]

GM: The challenge is issued! But will they accept?! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back with tag team action - don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

# I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

# 'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

# Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: [AWAshop.com](http://AWAshop.com).

We fade back up from black to find Phil Watson in the ring, ready to go.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, to my left, from, Anderson, South Carolina, at a combined weight of 367 pounds... Andy and Will, THE BLUE BROTHERS!

[The brothers are dressed in matching attire: red wrestling trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots. The wrestlers have mid-length blonde hair and pasty white skin.

"Wake Up" by Story of the Year plays as the members of Next Gen emerge from the entranceway. Howie Somers is dressed in a navy blue singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in white lettering, plus matching knee pads and wrestling boots. His tag team partner, Daniel Harper, wears a white singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in navy blue lettering, plus white kneepads and wrestling boots.]

PW: And their opponents, from Boston, Massachusetts, and El Paso, Texas, at a combined weight of 495 pounds, ... HOWIE SOMERS... DANIEL HARPER... THEY ARE... NEXT! GEN!

[Howie and Daniel each stand at the entranceway, slight smiles on their faces, before turning to each other and exchanging a high five. The duo then makes its way to the ring, where Howie and Daniel climb onto the apron and duck between the ropes. There, Howie and Daniel spread their arms to the sides, before extending them toward themselves, thumbs pointed toward the "Next Gen" each has printed on their attire.]

GM: Next Gen set for tag team action tonight. What an exciting young duo they have proven to be, Bucky.

BW: Well, being exciting doesn't mean being successful. Certainly not like the World Tag Team Champions Violence Unlimited and the legendary Strictly Business, who is just one match away from winning the Stampede Cup later tonight.

GM: Howie Somers and Daniel Harper may still be carving out their legacy, but they have the talent to rise to that level.

BW: Until they start beating those teams, Gordo, they aren't there yet. Just a couple of entitled millennials, that's all they are.

[Howie goes to the apron as Daniel steps forward, circling Will Blue as the bell rings.]

GM: This one underway and a lockup by both men.. and it's Daniel Harper taking advantage with a side headlock.

[Daniel takes down Andy to the canvas and continues to work on the headlock.]

GM: Some sound technical wrestling by Daniel Harper to start this one.

BW: Hey, the kid's got some talent, but to hear them talking about how they should be in line for the World Tag Team Championship, that's just wishful thinking.

GM: Bucky, they know they are standing in a long line, but if they can keep their success going, they could find themselves getting closer to the front of the line.

BW: That remains to be seen, Gordo. After tonight, there's only going to be one team at the front of the line, and that's Strictly Business.

[Daniel continues to work the side headlock, as Will Blue manages to push himself to his knees, then to his feet.]

GM: Will Blue trying to get out of this hold... and he does, pushing Harper into the ropes.

[Harper comes right back with a shoulderblock, knocking Will down.]

GM: Harper now going off the ropes... Will stays down on the mat, but gets to his feet.

BW: He's gonna get him with a hiptoss...

[As Will attempts the biel, though, Harper blocks it, then reverses the move, taking the Blue brother to the canvas.]

GM: Spoke too soon, Bucky! Nice reversal by Harper, who just turned 20 years old a few weeks ago.

BW: And you're talking up this kid like he's gonna be the next big thing.

GM: Considering that somebody like Ryan Martinez has become World Champion at age 24, I wouldn't look past Harper's chances.

[Meanwhile, Harper has dragged Will Blue to his feet, measuring him up and connecting with a European uppercut to the jaw.]

GM: And there's that patented uppercut, a move his mother taught him.

BW: This kid's getting tips from his mother? As in, a momma's boy, Gordo?

GM: Not at all, Bucky. His mother, Stephanie Harper, is a Hall of Famer, one of the most accomplished women's wrestlers ever.

BW: And the fact this kid's mother is in the Hall of Fame, and Strictly Business is not, is a travesty, Gordo!

[Daniel backs Will into Next Gen's corner and tags in Howie Somers.]

GM: Tag is made to the big man of Next Gen... Daniel with another uppercut and Will Blue is doubled over in the corner.

[Howie looks like he is about to whip Daniel to the opposite corner, but Daniel reverses it, sending Howie right at Will Blue.]

GM: Shoulder right to the midsection of Will Blue! Nice double-team effort by Next Gen!

BW: How are they doing this before the five count ends, Gordo?

GM: What, you using a stopwatch, Bucky?

BW: I don't need that to count to five, unlike the referee who apparently does!

[Howie drags a slumped-over Will Blue out of the corner, hooks him around the waists and lifts him off the canvas.]

GM: Howie Somers with a belly to belly suplex! What power shown by the nephew of Eric Somers!

BW: Yeah, he's got power like his uncle, but a lot of good that did his uncle, who cost Johnny Detson the World Title!

GM: Amazing how you buy into Detson's rhetoric.

BW: The man speaks the truth, Gordo! He's the Number One Contender and he deserves a World Title shot!

GM: Third time's a charm?

[Meanwhile, Howie has dragged Will Blue off the canvas and whipped him into the ropes.]

GM: Howie Somers off the ropes... leaping shoulder tackle! And it looks like Will Blue has had enough.

[Will rolls to his corner and tags in Andy, who rushes Howie, trying to shoulderblock him.]

GM: Andy runs right into Howie to no effect. Like running into a brick wall.

BW: Well, knocking down somebody like Andy Blue is one thing, but there's a lot of other men who won't go down that easily.

GM: I won't dispute that, but right now, it's Howie Somers in control.

[Andy tries several punches, but they have no effect. Howie then cocks his elbow back and drives the point of it into Andy's forehead.]

GM: And that elbow smash knocks Andy for a loop! He picks him up... OH MY!

[Howie drives Andy hard into the canvas with a powerslam, leaving the Blue brother flat on his back.]

GM: Howie Somers drives Andy Blue straight into the canvas!

BW: They better break out the spatula for Andy Blue, Gordo!

[Howie drags Andy off the canvas, dragging him to the corner and tagging in Daniel.]

GM: Daniel Harper back in the ring... he and Howie have Andy set up... nice double vertical suplex!

BW: Here comes Will Blue... gets Daniel from behind!

GM: That blow didn't have much effect, though. And, once again, the patented Harper European uppercut!

[Will staggers backwards, falling through the ropes, as Daniel and Howie look at each other, nodding.]

GM: Look at this... Howie dragging Andy Blue off the canvas... Daniel moving into position.

BW: How is the referee allowing this? Am I the only one who knows how to count to five?

[Howie lifts Andy into a fireman's carry as Daniel reaches upward, grabbing Andy around the neck and taking him down with a swinging neckbreaker.]

GM: The Generation Gap! Next Gen's patented finisher! This one should be over!

[Daniel drops on top of Andy, leaning across the chest as the referee delivers the three count.]

GM: And it is! Another win for Next Gen!

BW: Gordo, I have to object! They clearly were both in the ring for longer than a five count!

GM: Perhaps so, but we are still working with new referees, Bucky. Besides, take nothing away from Next Gen, who had their way with the Blue Brothers! Let's get the official word!

[The referee stands between Howie and Daniel and raises their arms.]

PW: The winners of the match, NEXT GEN!

[Howie and Daniel both smile, soaking in the cheers from the fans for a moment, before exiting the ring.]

GM: Next Gen with another win, looking to get back up the tag team ranks in the AWA. I understand Mark Stegglet will be trying to get a few words with them.

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

MS: All right, fans, we've got a lot of action in store for you tonight, and I'm sure these two men about to join me will be interested in some of that action taking place later. Allow me to welcome Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, Next Gen!

[At that point, Howie and Daniel approach Stegglet. Howie takes a position to Stegglet's right, Daniel on the other side.]

MS: Howie and Daniel, I know the two of you had hoped to go further in the Stampede Cup than you did. In fact, the team that eliminated you, Strictly Business, has advanced to the Finals against some former rivals of theirs, Air Strike. What are your thoughts about that match later tonight?



[Daniel and Howie glance at each other. Howie nods, as if indicating Daniel can have the first word. Daniel takes a deep breath.]

DH: Mark, I know a lot about how things went down between Strictly Business and Air Strike. I remember plenty about what Air Strike was like when they first came here... how they were a couple of young guys who were excited about being part of the AWA and wanted to make their mark. And how they looked up to guys like Andrew Tucker and Mike Sebastian, asked them for advice, told them how much they admired the things they did in the ring and simply wanting to learn from the best! And then what happened?

Tucker and Sebastian took all that admiration, all that respect, and they spat upon it!

[He turns toward the camera.]

DH: Just like Tucker and Sebastian have spat upon every single young wrestler who has come through those doors! And especially how they have spat upon anybody who happens to have family ties in this business!

Now, I understand that they, like any other tag team, want to be at the top of the AWA... that they want the gold, the Stampede Cup and any other accolade that can come their way. But to just spit all over anybody who just wants some advice, some knowledge or just a little tip about how you can get better in that ring... well, that's something I won't stand for!

But you know what, Mark? Air Strike could have just packed their bags and gone somewhere else, after what Strictly Business did to them. But they didn't! They fought back, they kept proving themselves, time and time again, until they not only proved they were the better team, but that they were worthy of becoming the AWA World Tag Team Champions!

And that's what has kept Howie and I motivated. Motivated to prove that we can beat a legendary tag team like Strictly Business. To prove that we can learn our lessons, not only from our defeats, but from how we get treated by everyone in that locker room! And believe me, Mark, Howie and I will soon enough prove to Strictly Business, just as Air Strike proved to them once before, that we aren't going to just pack our bags and let them have their way, but prove that we can be the better team!

[He steps away, as if trying to regain his composure. Mark turns to Howie.]

MS: Well, Howie, this begs the question: Who do you expect is going to win the Stampede Cup tonight?

HS: Mark, for us, it's not a question of who we expect is going to win, but what we expect is going to go down. And when you look at what Strictly Business has done to get to the Finals, they haven't exactly been on the up and up.

First they hit my partner here with a low blow. Then they resort to illegal double teaming against the Rotgut Rustlers, doing everything behind the referee's back. So that makes two tainted wins they've achieved. And the sad part is, they didn't have to do it that way.

But they got worried. Worried about what you often see in this business... that despite the fact that the men who have been in this business for many years still prove often they have what it takes to be the best, there are a lot of young, hungry guys out there who are looking to prove the same. And sometimes, those younger

wrestlers get the best of the guys who have been at this for a while and racked up so many accolades.

And while there are guys out there who haven't shown they've been worried about that... guys like Juan Vasquez, who understand that the drive to be the best doesn't mean you have to turn a cold shoulder to anyone who's younger... you have guys like Tucker and Sebastian who are panicking, resorting to any means to get ahead, because they're afraid of the young, hungry guys jumping ahead of them.

[He points at the camera.]

HS: So as far as tonight's Stampede Cup finals are concerned, you better believe Daniel and I have a lot of interest in what goes down. Because the way I see it, it's not about who we think will win, but about what we expect is gonna go down, and that's Strictly Business bending every rule they can to win, because they've already realized that Air Strike has jumped ahead of them.

Tucker and Sebastian, if you try to keep bending those rules, you can be assured of this: You won't just be answering to Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons.

[He turns to the finger back toward him.]

HS: You'll be answering to me... and to my friend and partner, right here.

[He motions toward Daniel, who nods. The two exchange a high five and leave the podium.]

MS: Next Gen with some strong words directed at Strictly Business who - before this night is over - may have cemented their spot in the Hall of Fame with a Stampede Cup victory! Gordon, Bucky... back down to you...

[We cut back down to ringside to the aforementioned announcers.]

GM: Thanks for that, Mark. The tag team division here continues to heat up, Bucky, as Next Gen is putting themselves in line to face the winner of tonight's Stampede Cup tournament Finals. When you add to the mix teams like Taylor and Donovan, the Rotgut Rustlers, the Handsome Family who we'll see in action later tonight, and even Downfall who just debuted two weeks ago, you have the makings of all-out war here in the tag team division.

BW: Taylor and Donovan have already declared themselves the 2016 Tag Team of the Year, Gordo.

GM: Well, I don't know about that... but speaking of those James Gang compatriots, earlier tonight, we heard Brian Lau throw down a challenge for the powerhouse of the Dogs of War, Wade Walker, to take on his man, Brian James. That challenge has been accepted.

BW: It's an interesting matchup because it's very rare for us to see one of the Dogs of War outside of the confines of a tag team or six man tag match. They don't sign the contract for too many singles matches but apparently, Walker's filled with confidence heading into this match with the son of the Blackheart.

GM: Is it confidence or is it rage? We may be about to find out as we go up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

[Fade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing again.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... WAAAAAAAAADE WALKERRRRRR!

[The sounds of barking and snapping dogs fills the air as the lights dim and spotlights start to swirl over the arena's crowd. Moments later, KISS' "War Machine" joins the mix, causing many in the crowd to roar to life in support of the trio whose music is playing.]

GM: Listen to that reaction for the Dogs of War... for Wade Walker...

BW: These Tupelo fans have short memories. It was just a year ago that the Dogs of War were putting all their favorites face-first through windshields, Gordo... now they're cheering them.

GM: A fair point. There has been no change of heart for the Dogs of War. As we saw two weeks ago, they're still the men willing to put someone in a hospital if it suits their needs... but what HAS changed for them is the direction they're aiming that violence. No longer aimed at men like Supernova and Willie Hammer... they've spent 2015 battling invaders from other countries and men like the James Gang. That's going to earn you some support from the fans - no matter your history.

[Wade Walker appears at the top of the one of the aisles of seating, standing in his midnight blue ensemble that resembles riot gear. He looks out on the crowd, nodding as he starts making his way through the fans, allowing them to slap him on the arms and shoulders in support as he heads towards the squared circle.]

GM: Wade Walker, the powerhouse of the Dogs of War, are heading to the ring for what should be quite the explosive encounter after the events of the past month or so. The Dogs of War and the James Gang certainly seem to be on a collision course, Bucky.

BW: If they are, I can't wait. Six guys that are that tough who want to beat each other up? I'm in, daddy.

[Walker comes over the barricade, climbing up on the apron to more cheers as he ducks through the ropes into the ring. He strides across, stepping up to the midbuckle, throwing back his arms in a roar as the Tupelo fans show their support.]

GM: Wade Walker certainly will have this crowd behind him in this one as he hops down off the ropes, getting ready for action...

[Phil Watson raises the mic again.]

PW: And his opponent, accompanied by his manager, Brian Lau. From Portland, Oregon, and weighting in tonight at two hundred and ninety five pounds...

BRIIIIIIAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNN JAAAAAAAMMMMMESSSSSS!!!!

[Boos greet the opening guitar riff of Bruce Dickinson's "The Zoo."]

GM: The son of the Blackheart about to walk out here in Tupelo.

[The camera focuses on the entryway... waiting... and waiting... and waiting...]

GM: The crowd here in Tupelo - and everyone at home - are waiting for the appearance of Brian James but so far, there's no sign of him, Bucky.

BW: He's coming, I'm sure. Brian James has no fear.

[Wade Walker shouts a question at the ring announcer... then at the referee. Both men shrug as the music fades and Watson tries again.]

PW: His opponent...

BRIIIIIIAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNN JAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMESSSSSSSS!

[Watson lowers the mic as Bruce Dickinson starts up again.]

GM: All eyes are on the entranceway again... waiting for the appearance of the Engine of Destruction...

[But as the camera cuts to the aisle again, there's still no one in sight.]

GM: No sign of James... no sign of Lau. I don't get it, Bucky.

BW: You will.

GM: I don't- what's that supposed to mean? Fans, I don't understand what's behind the delay. I may not agree with or approve of his methods, but Brian James is not a man who has ever backed down from a challenge.

BW: Don't you worry Gordo, any minute now, something is going to happen. Something huge!

GM: What do you know that you're not telling us, Bucky?

BW: This show ain't long enough for me to answer that question!

[Just as the fans, and Wade Walker himself, are about to pass from restless to riotous, someone emerges from the curtain.]

GM: Finally!

[Not so fast, Gordo.]

BW: That's not Brian James! It's Brian Lau!

[Indeed it is. As an outraged Walker looks on from the ring, the only manager in the professional wrestling Hall Of Fame steps out onto the walkway, pausing at the top of the entrance ramp. Boos echo from the crowd as a delighted Lau smirks.]

BL: You know, Wade Walker, there is one thing that the Dogs of War have going for them. You three men have come together, and you have managed to create a unit that is greater than the sum of its parts.

Take, for instance, Pedro Perez. On his own, there's nothing remarkable about Pedro Perez. He is, in most every way, completely average. And yet, he does possess a certain low, animalistic cunning. Now, that cunning, married to the rest of his mediocrity, doesn't amount to much.

But then, into the mix, you add in Isiah Carpenter. Again, not a man who is ever going to be called remarkable. But a man who cares nothing about his own safety. A man who would rather jump through a plate glass window than walk through an open door. And that reckless abandon provides a perfect compliment for Perez' devious little mind.

But all of that, Walker, would be nothing, if it weren't for what you bring to the table – raw, brute power. Perez is a mad dog, and Carpenter is a rabid one, but without you, without the big dog?

Well, then you just have easy prey, don't you?

So yes, Wade Walker, your brawn is a vital asset to the Dogs of War. But remember what I said? The Dogs of War are an effective unit. Your strength is in synergy. You three have combined to create a near unstoppable force.

But what you don't, what you can't appreciate, is that no matter how strong your muscles are, brain always beats brawn.

You go around and you smash things. You follow the orders of Perez and Carpenter. You smash walls and break down doors, and you never think beyond the physical.

[The camera cuts to Walker, who is pacing back and forth in the ring, shouting at Lau, before cutting back to Lau.]

BL: But I warned you all three of you, I already knew how to defeat you. I tried to tell you, but you didn't listen, when I said I knew the key to the downfall of the Dogs of War. Your fists are mighty, Walker, but they're nothing compared to the power of this.

[Lau taps his skull.]

BL: You break a chain, Walker, by targeting its weakest link. And as strong as you are, you're the weak part in the Dogs, Walker. Because without you, Perez and Carpenter don't have the power to protect themselves. You were always the key, Walker.

And all I had to do to destroy the Dogs of War was make sure you were standing right where you are right now. In the ring all by yourself.

With Perez and Carpenter completely undefended.

[Lau begins to laugh, as the camera cuts back to Walker, who is slowly coming to understand the implications of Lau's words.]

BL: United you stood, but I have divided you. And tonight, the Dogs of War fall!

GM: And Walker has heard enough! Walker racing out of the ring, sprinting towards Lau!

BW: Run Brian! Run!

[And run Lau does, racing for his life, with Walker in hot pursuit.]

GM: Brian Lau's running for his life and Wade Walker's heading right up the aisle after him!

[Lau vanishes through the curtain, still scrambling to escape but Wade Walker isn't far behind him, showing tremendous quickness for a man of his size...]

GM: Lau's gone... but Walker's on his tail! Get the cameras down there! Follow him through the curtain! Follow him into the locker room!

[Walker vanishes as well, leaving the crowd buzzing in wonder for a few moments...]

GM: Fans, this is... it had to be some kind of a trap. Brian Lau got Wade Walker out here and he said something about... what did he say?

BW: He said he got Walker out here and left Perez and Carpenter undefended.

GM: Our cameras are trying to get down there to see what's going on. Fans, just bear with us for a few-

[The shot abruptly cuts, chasing behind Wade Walker who has apparently given up on his hunt for Brian Lau and is - instead - running through the building as quickly as he can.]

GM: There... there we go. Our cameras are following Wade Walker, trying to catch up to him as he-

[Walker comes to a halt, shoving a door open...

...and immediately lets loose an expletive that the seven second delay thankfully mutes. He turns to the side, shouting "GET SOME HELP! NOW!" before going into the room. The cameraman follows, trying to get through the door.]

GM: Wade Walker obviously concerned by what he... oh my god.

[Gordon falls silent as the cameraman gets through the doorway, revealing that Isaiah Carpenter and Pedro Perez have been assaulted. A broken wooden chair lies on the floor as does a metal pipe. Perez is cradling his neck as Walker turns him over, revealing a crimson mask covering his face. Carpenter is grimacing in pain, hanging onto his ribcage as Walker places a hand on him.]

GM: The Dogs of War... my stars, we've NEVER seen this before.

BW: Absolutely not! They got hurt BAD, Gordo... and you've gotta assume it was the James Gang that pulled the trigger on this one!

GM: We understand that the AWA doctors are on their way and by the looks of things, they're definitely going to be needed. Carpenter's down. Perez is down and busted wide open. If this is the actions of the James Gang...

BW: It's gotta be.

GM: What in the world will the Dogs of War do in response? NOBODY'S ever come close to doing something like this to the Dogs!

BW: Can't say that anymore. Because Brian Lau hatched a plan... and they executed it to perfection. And it just occurred to me the biggest difference between the two sides of this war, Gordo.

GM: What's that?

BW: Both sides have their soldiers... well-trained, well-armed... but only one has a general. And THAT was the difference tonight.

GM: Fans, we're going to clear out of there so those two men can get the medical help they need... we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling.

[The camera holds on the concerned face of Wade Walker as we fade to black.

The words "December 1994" appears in white scrawly text. The black screen fades to reveal the founder of the EMWC, Adam Thompson. Thompson's years are showing at this point. He leans towards the camera.]

"In the mid-90s, getting anyone to bankroll pro wrestling was a hard sell. The whole business was in the toilet so if you wanted to stand a chance, you started small and put in the work."

[A black and white still photo of a bloodied Colt Patterson - then known as Narcissus - battling Lorenzo Vasquez appears. The word "Extreme" etched in a deep crimson is "written" across them as the voice of Patterson is heard.]

"Extreme was the thing. Hell, my dad had been doing extreme down in the South for years - cages, bullropes, Texas Death, whatever. He just didn't know it had a name. Did I like the idea of going through tables almost every night? Not really. But I was the champ. I was the guy. It was either do it or they'd find someone else who would. Ultimately, my career paid the price but it was a good run while it lasted."

[The shot of Patterson fades to a still photo of Chris Blue standing in a ring with Adam Thompson. Blue looks much younger than his modern counterpart who we see a moment later.]

"I bought out Adam Thompson as soon as I put the money together. I had a vision, he had a vision... too many cooks in the kitchen. I'll always be grateful to him but I think history has shown that he made the right call to take the money and let me run the place."

[A series of stills flash by - Casey James, Tiger Claw, Steve Kowalski, Creed, Brody Thunder, Serge Annis, and JW Hardin. Blue appears again.]

"It was a war. It was a total war between us and Portland. Talent, territory, ratings, buyrates... you name it, we fought over it. I fought a lot of those kinds of wars over the years but none of them were as fun as the fight that Spreadbury put up."

[More stills. This time with some of the most famous names in EMWC - men like Mark Langseth, Alex Martinez, Kevin Slater, Jeff Matthews, "Dreamlover" Trey Porter, Curtis Hansen, Eddie Van Gibson, Simon Ezra, Luke Kinsey, Chris Courtade, and others flash by in rapid-fire before fading back to Blue.]

"You know what they don't tell you? It's a hard fight to get to the top... but when you get there, sometimes it gets a little boring. I was constantly fighting with myself to stay motivated. I'd pick fights with promotions just to try and get my competitive fires burning. It was just never the same though."

[And then another series of shots - this time with some of the names synonymous with the end of the EMWC - names we'll choose not to name to protect the innocent... and the guilty. Back to Blue.]

"The writing was on the wall long before I shut the doors, I think. It was... I don't know. Bad timing? We were fighting to stay afloat for a while. We were having financial troubles, creative difficulties, you name it. Then out of nowhere, one of my best friends got leukemia and died. That was..."

[Blue pauses, turning his head to the side as we fade to black as a title comes up - "The Rise And Fall Of The Empire - available on DVD and Digital Download now. The shot of a smiling Blue comes back up.]

"Damn. It was a good run though, wasn't it? A hell of a run. Maybe the best ever. But even the best things have to end."

[Blue smiles, staring off-camera, daydreaming of days gone by...

Cut to grainy, heavily compressed video of a Southern California parking lot. "Still" by Geto Boyz (for the benefit of The X, it's an instrumental version) plays just over the video. A massive African American man with a thick, bushy beard and mohawk steps out of the passenger side, followed closely by an equally massive, but

considerably more obese man in a white t-shirt with "Q&A SQUAD" written across the front.

The video pauses, and in the best graphics that Windows Movie Maker can muster, a caption appears:]

"QUEST 'Q&A' AARON"  
"BEST KNOCKOUTS"

[True to the title, this is a series of clips cut together of the man with the thick beard in various Southern California street fights knocking people out. Quest Aaron is hugely muscled and seems to mostly fight in back yards, parking lots, abandoned warehouses, etc. with an entourage around him cheering him on.

It's choppy edited, but long story short, Quest Aaron tends to dominate these sorts of affairs.

In a quick cutaway, the gold-grilled Aaron speaks to the camera.]

Q&A: How I make my bread, home. From the streets of 909 to the MFC, baby. Inland Records all day. And before all that... I'll take the big Russian at the AWA. No way I'm passing up fifteen grr. See you next month, Zharkov.

[Segue to the ominous "PROLETARIAT CHALLENGE" bumper...

...and then fade back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside Melissa Cannon who is dressed for ring action.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, the women's action here in the American Wrestling Alliance is hotter than ever as Melissa Cannon continues to try to get the AWA to sanction a Women's Division.

[Cannon nods.]

MC: Step by step and inch by inch, Mark. Every single time that myself... that Julie Somers... and yes, even Charisma Knight... every time one of us step inside that ring to show the world that we can compete on the same level as the men, we get closer to achieving that goal. The letters, the e-mails, the Tweets... they're all calling for it. Momentum is building, Mark.

I got an e-mail from a little girl this week... 8 years old. She said that her and her brothers all would sit down every Saturday to watch the AWA and how she loved it... but she always felt like something was missing. She'd hear her brothers talk about how they wanted to grow up to be just like Ryan Martinez or Travis Lynch or Air Strike... but she didn't have that.

Until now. She said my match at Rising Sun Showdown gave her hope... a dream that she could someday be right here on The X talking into the camera getting ready to climb inside that ring too.

[Cannon smiles.]

MC: Hope, Mark. A dream. That's all I had once upon a time too. And now, here I am... fighting for not just myself... not just for Julie and Knight... but for every female out there in the wrestling world... and even the ones NOT in the business yet but with a hope and a dream that they can someday make it.

That they can someday compete at SuperClash.

[Stegglet interrupts.]



MS: And that's the goal, isn't it? That's what tonight is all about as - for the very first time - we are featuring THREE women's matches as you, Julie Somers, and Charisma Knight are all competing to try and show the Championship Committee and President O'Neill that you belong in that match at SuperClash.

MC: You're absolutely right, Mark. That's what I want... that's what they want too. Unfortunately, one of us is going to have a real bad night in Houston on Thanksgiving. One of us won't have a lot to be thankful for.

[Melissa raises his right arm, her fist clenched.]

MC: But I don't plan on that being me.

MS: Good luck.

MC: Thanks, Mark.

[She grins as she walks out of view, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Melissa Cannon is heading to the ring and the next step towards what she hopes will be history. Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[Cut back to ringside where the aforementioned announcers are seated.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. Bucky, what do you think of this effort by the women of the AWA to earn their spot at SuperClash and on the show in general?

BW: You know, Gordo... at first, I was pretty skeptical. As a few people have pointed out, this isn't the first time this has happened. But every week... every time we come to the show, there seems to be a few more signs... a few more banners...

[On cue, we cut to a banner that says "LET THEM FIGHT!" with pictures of Melissa Cannon, Julie Somers, and Charisma Knight being held up by a row of young women.]

BW: ...all calling for these ladies to get their opportunity. I'm getting stopped in the airport or at restaurants by people who want to know when we're going to see an AWA Women's Division. When are we going to see these girls get their chance to shine every week? I don't know, Gordo... I think I'm coming around to the idea.

GM: As Mark mentioned, Julie Somers, Charisma Knight, and Melissa Cannon will all be competing here tonight in one-on-one action for the very first time - a history-making night as it is - to try to prove that they deserve the shot at SuperClash. We already know that one match has been set aside for the women... but who will be in it? We hope we'll get closer to that answer tonight. Phil Watson, take it away!

[Cut to the ring where Phil is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Asbury Park, New Jersey... weighing in at 162 pounds... she is Patty Rivers!

[The crowd jeers Rivers who is wearing a black Springsteen t-shirt with the sleeves cut out to reveal thick arms. Her bleached blonde hair is pulled back into a tight ponytail as she stands on the second rope, shouting at the booing fans.]

GM: Patty Rivers is a veteran of the women's wrestling scene, Bucky, and a very stiff test for Melissa Cannon here tonight.

BW: I was told that the women got to pick their own opponents here tonight so it's to their benefit to pick someone with some credentials to take on. It don't mean nothin' if you beat up a scrub, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. Rivers is a tough lady with a boxing background to boot so Melissa may have her work cut out for her.

[The boos die down as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And her opponent...

[The lights drop down to black, causing an "oooooh" from the crowd. They stay there for a few moments before the quiet panflute introduction of Zamfir's "The Lonely Shepherd" begins to play over the PA system. A pale yellow lighting fills the entryway.

As the lights come on full blast, we see a kneeling figure just beyond the curtain. She is covered in a black cloak, her right hand gripping what appears to be a sword in its sheath. Her brown hair is tied back in a tight braid but her head is bowed, perhaps in prayer, as she slowly comes into view.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 145 pounds...

MELISSSSSSSSAAAAAANNNNNNNNONNNNNNNNN!

[Melissa Cannon rises off her knee, throwing off the black cloak to reveal she's dressed much as her mentor, Lori Dane, did in her latter years in the wrestling ring. Cannon is in a yellow jumpsuit... not skin-tight vinyl as her predecessor wore but rather a cloth fabric, hanging loose from her body. Her upper body is covered in a similar yellow fabric, cut slightly into a v-neck. She raises the sheathed sword over her head, giving off a shout as the music switches to "Battle Without Honor Or Humanity."

She marches down the aisle to a decent-sized reaction from the crowd, walking with determined purpose as she heads towards the ring.]

GM: Melissa Cannon with a deep focus here tonight, knowing what she needs to do to make sure that her name is at the top of the list when the front office is trying to decide who will compete at SuperClash.

BW: Who do you think she'd rather face, Gordo?

GM: I think she'd enjoy the pure athletic contest she'd have against Julie Somers to be honest. Charisma Knight would be an excellent matchup but against Knight, you have to worry about chicanery and cheap tricks. Against Somers, it'd be a battle to see who is the best female competitor in the AWA today.

[Cannon reaches the ring, bowing towards it as she steps through the ropes. She carries the sheathed sword with her, tapping it on the mat every once in a while before she hands it off to a ringside attendant...

...and gets bumrushed from behind by Patty Rivers!]

GM: Oh! Cheapshot by Rivers from behind!

[Rivers grabs Cannon by the long braid, pulling her head back before SLAMMING it into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Patty Rivers with a quick start here in Tupelo.

BW: And you have to imagine someone like Rivers might have a pretty strong resentment towards someone like Cannon.

GM: How so?

BW: Well, Rivers has never gotten her shot at the big time. She's been languishing in VFW halls and Jewish Community Centers for years, trying to scrimp by enough to get to the next town to compete. Where was Melissa Cannon standing up for her?

GM: Melissa Cannon brought her here tonight for this match!

BW: Well, it's about time!

[Turning Cannon back into the corner, Rivers squares up, balling up her fists...]

BW: You talked about that boxing background, Gordo... here it comes!

[The crowd jeers as Rivers hits a one-two with devastating punches to the left and right ribs.]

GM: Shots to the body by Rivers...

[She pauses, looking out at the jeering crowd before throwing another one-two, earning the referee's ire to step in and force her to step back.]

GM: The referee getting right in there, forcing Rivers to step back...

[The veteran shoves the official aside, rushing in to throw a knee up into the ribs of Cannon.]

GM: Hard running knee to the body. Patty Rivers oughta be careful in there. She can get disqualified throwing the official around like that.

BW: What's she got to lose, Gordo? She's not up for a match at SuperClash... thanks to Melissa Cannon.

GM: What are you going on about now?

BW: Melissa Cannon has appointed herself some kind of hero for women everywhere... the savior of women's wrestling!

GM: She has not!

BW: Of course she has! She's the one off fighting in the office to make this happen. She's the one who took the match with Ozaki at Rising Sun Showdown that got this ball rolling to begin with, stepping in front of two qualified competitors in Somers or Knight!

GM: Give me a break! What a twisted view of events you have, Bucky.

[Dragging Cannon from the corner by the hair, Rivers uses a snapmare to put her down in a seated position on the mat. She drops down to a knee, jamming the other knee between the shoulderblades.]

GM: Oh! Hard knee to the back... maybe the lower neck area.

[Rivers gets back up, dropping the knee a second time before she cups her hands under the chin, pulling back on the head and neck...]

BW: And this is a simple but punishing holdbeing applied by Patty Rivers, Gordo. A lot of pressure on the neck of Melissa Cannon.

[Rivers yanks back, shouting at the official to check for a submission.]

GM: The referee says there's no submission.

[The veteran gets to her feet, glaring down before SMASHING an overhead elbow down between the eyes of Cannon, sending her down to the mat as the referee tries to keep Rivers back.]

GM: Patty Rivers has kept up the attack ever since she got the early edge before the bell... oh! Hard kick to the ribs! And another one!

[The boots to the ribs send Cannon rolling out to the apron, wincing in pain as Rivers turns, shouting at the jeering fans.]

GM: Patty Rivers seems to be taking out some of her aggression on these fans as well.

BW: That I don't agree with. Stay focused, Patty. Imagine how sad Melissa Cannon will be if she loses this "showcase" match?

GM: That certainly wouldn't bode well for her desire to be in the match at SuperClash.

[Cannon pulls herself to a knee on the apron as Rivers approaches, reaching over the top...

...and Cannon swings a forearm into the gut of Rivers!]

GM: Oh! She goes downstairs on her!

[Grabbing Rivers by the hair, yanking it and causing her to yelp, Cannon pulls Rivers' head through the ropes...]

GM: What is she...?

[...and Cannon lashes out with a series of stiff front kicks, bouncing her foot off the forehead of Rivers!]

GM: Ohh! Melissa Cannon bringing that strong style offense taught to her by Todd Michaelson to great effect right here!

[Grabbing the top rope, she slingshots over them, grabbing the top rope and throwing a kick to the back of the trapped Rivers!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The referee steps in, calling for her to back off... but she shakes her head, hooking an inverted facelock...]

GM: What in the...?

[Lifting her knees up into the back of Rivers, Cannon gives a shout as she leans back, bending Rivers' back over the top rope with a hanging version of a dragon sleeper!]

GM: OHHH MY! What the heck is that?!

BW: It's illegal is what it is! Break it, ref! Break it!

[The referee starts his five count, imploring Cannon to break the illegal hold.]

GM: She's stretching the neck - the spine - of Patty Rivers over the top rope and you can hear Rivers screaming all the way in the last row of the building! She's begging the referee to break this thing!

[Cannon releases at three, dropping down to a knee. She pulls Rivers back through the ropes into the ring by the back of the tights, tugging her into a rear waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock!

[...and Cannon takes her larger opponent up and over, dumping her on the back of her head and neck with a German Suplex, complete with a bridge by Cannon!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Rivers just BARELY lifts the shoulder off the canvas, breaking up the pin.]

GM: Cannon nearly got her with the German Suplex right there - one of her favorite moves from what she's told me.

BW: More favoritism.

GM: How?

BW: I don't think I've ever heard you call it a German Suplex before. Where's the "waistlock suplex" call now?

[Melissa climbs back to her feet, pursuing Rivers who is crawling across the ring, looking to escape. The veteran reaches the corner, using the ropes to pull herself up but as she turns, she finds Cannon waiting for, teeing off with a stiff forearm shot to the jaw!]

GM: Big forearm! And another!

[With Knight stunned, Cannon grabs the arm, whipping her across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip from corner to corner...

[Cannon charges across the ring, leaping up to land a big forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Big forearm in the buckles! She certainly shows all the striking skills of a Todd Michaelson student, Bucky.

BW: She also shows the special treatment that guys like Eric Preston got back in the day.

GM: Oh, would you stop?!

[Cannon backs off, waving for Rivers to come towards her. The veteran staggers from the corner, dazed from the leaping forearm smash...]

...and ends up wrapped up in the arms of Cannon who LAUNCHES her up and over, tossing her across the ring with an overhead belly-to-belly!]

GM: Oh my! Perfect execution on that suplex... and Melissa's looking to finish this one right now!

[She kips up to her feet, throwing her arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before turning back towards Rivers who is again crawling away, looking for an exit...]

GM: Rivers is crawling out to the apron... but Cannon caught her!

[The fans cheer as Melissa reaches over the top rope, hauling her up to her feet by the hair...]

...where Rivers throws a desperation right hook that catches Melissa flush, knocking her flat!]

GM: OH! WHAT A SHOT!

BW: She knocked her out!

GM: She might've! Melissa's not moving! We talked about the boxing background and that right hook might have just scored a KO on Melissa Cannon!

BW: Cover her!

[The weary Rivers falls back through the ropes, crawling into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Melissa's shoulder just BARELY pops up off the canvas, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT!

BW: No, no... that was no kickout, Gordo! She just BARELY got that shoulder up! This is Patty Rivers' moment! She needs to finish her off right now!

[A dazed Rivers holds up three fingers at the referee who shakes his head, holding up two in response as Rivers pushes up to her feet. She puts her hands on her hips, shaking her head in disbelief as she leans down, grabbing Melissa by the hair, hauling her off the mat...]

GM: Scoop... slam!

BW: A lot of impact on that one.

GM: And it looks like Rivers is looking to finish her off! Patty Rivers backing into the corner, hopping up to the middle rope... this is what she calls the Jersey Jam!

[Rivers shouts at the fans, steadying herself on the ropes...]

GM: Melissa's still down and... LEGDROP!

[The middle rope legdrop comes sailing down...]

...and Cannon rolls JUST out of the way, leaving Rivers to slam tailbone-first down on the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: She missed! She missed the Jersey Jam!

[A dazed Cannon pushes up off the mat, nodding her head as she climbs to her feet, breaking into a dash to the ropes...]

GM: Cannon off the ropes!

[...and rebounds back at top speed, throwing herself into the air, laying out like you would for a dropkick, and DRIVING her knee into the head of the seated Rivers!]

GM: OHHHHHH! KNEESTRIKE! KNEESTRIKE!

[Cannon flips over, applying a lateral press, hooking both legs...]

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

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Cannon rolls to a knee, lifting a victorious arm in the air.]

GM: Wow! Impressive victory for Melissa Cannon right there and you’ve gotta think the Championship Committee and AWA President Landon O’Neill had to be impressed by what they just saw, Bucky.

BW: Maybe, maybe not. There’s still two more matches featuring two more women who want that match at SuperClash as bad - if not worse - than the golden child.

GM: Give me a break. Melissa Cannon claims victory and fans, we’ll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling after this break!

[Fade to black as Melissa has her hand raised by the official again...]

...and fade in on a silhouetted shot of a burly man - not muscular, not well-toned at all - but big. As he speaks, he uses a heavy accented English - perhaps Russian? The title underneath him reads “Ivan Petrov.”]

“For too long, big barking dog has been king of GFC. When I get these hands on him, that changes.”

[We cut to shots of GFC Heavyweight Champion Rufus Harris shooting in for a double leg, lifting and slamming a nameless opponent time and time again before going back to the silhouetted shot.]

“He can bring the wrestle. He can bring the hands. But his hands are no match for mine.”

[Cut again to footage of Harris dropping an opponent with a right hook... then a different one with an uppercut... then a third with a spinning backfist as the crowd goes nuts for each KO. Back to the Russian.]

“The crown rests uneasy on the head of the king. And I come to knock it off.”

[Cut to footage of Petrov in the ring, physically dominating opponents as he shoves them back against the cage, hammering with fists to the skull. A bloodied opponent is down on the mat as he mercilessly drives hammerfists down onto him. What amounts to a German Suplex on a third foe, rolling right into the mount where he lands three brutal shots before the referee dives in to wave it off. The Russian is seen one final time.]

“It is time for the Rottweiler to be put down.”

[Fade from the Russian to a fuming, seething Rufus Harris staring into the camera. He lets out a huge roar, taking a swing towards the camera as we cut to black.

A title comes up showing all the information for the upcoming fight event which will apparently be broadcast LIVE on The X.

Fade to black...

...and then back up on a camo background. Standing before it is a tall, muscular man about six and a half feet tall and close to 300 pounds. He's wearing a dark green camo, making him blend in with the background along with a matching mask. A military helmet with a long piece of fabric covering the sides and back of his neck round out the look as he points a gloved hand at the camera.]

UC3: When a man goes to war, he does it knowing that he might never come back. But a true man... a real man... does it without hesitation. He does it knowing he's fighting for the greater good.

Until he learns it was all a lie.

Juan Vasquez... you go out there to the ring and the announcers tell us what a hero of the people you are. They tell us how you're a man from the streets of Los Angeles... like you're some kind of blue collar working man who we should all admire for pulling himself up by his bootstraps and making something out of himself.

But it's all a lie, isn't it, you maggot!

[Ultra Commando 3 clenches his gloved hand into a fist.]

UC3: The truth is that you're a golden child. You've been gift-wrapped every opportunity to be what you are today. The people may worship you because they think they're like you but we all know the truth.

The truth is that you sit in a palace in Beverly Hills, living off a fat bank account provided by Canadian funds. The truth is that you've got armed guards to keep the riff raff like these maggots in Tupelo off your front lawn. The truth is that you're a pampered prima donna who makes the rest of the locker room sit around and wait until you decide it's time to do your damn job.

No more.

Tonight, I expose the lie that is Juan Vasquez. Tonight, I show the world that Juan Vasquez is nothing but a yellow-backed coward who has coasted off his reputation for the better part of a decade.

Tonight, I make myself the Number One Contender to the National Title...

...amigo.

[Ultra Commando 3 shakes his head.]

UC3: Maggot.

[And he storms out of the scene as we fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and the winner will receive a future National Title match!





[The curtain parts and out walks the two-time National Champion and Hall of Famer in his standard tracksuit. Vasquez grins at the wild reaction, pointing out to the fans, pounding a fist into his chest in salute.]

GM: And Juan Vasquez certainly appreciates the support of these fans here in Tupelo.

BW: Sure he does. Every ticket they buy, every t-shirt they wedge their rolls of fat into, every DVD they buy makes his bank account get bigger and bigger by the day, Gordo.

GM: Are you implying that Vasquez doesn't have a legitimate love for his fans?

BW: Hey, I'd love people who make me richer too.

GM: Give me a break.

[Vasquez slides under the bottom rope...

...and gets a boot to the head!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The series of stomps continues as the official signals for the bell.]

GM: What?! Why would you start the match like this?!

BW: Why not? Seems fair to me.

[The large masked man drags Vasquez off the mat, pushing him back against the ropes where he HAMMERS a forearm blow across the sternum. A second one leaves Vasquez reeling as he grabs the People's Hero by the arm, shooting him off the ropes...]

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

[The two-time National Champion hits the far ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Oh my! Vasquez leaves his feet and connects with a spinning kick!

[The spinning leg lariat has the masked man stumbling backwards as Vasquez scrambles back to a knee, slamming his head up into the gut of the approaching UC3.]

GM: Vasquez couldn't knock him off his feet though but he's going to keep trying!

[With UC3 doubled up, Vasquez gets a running start off the adjacent ropes, rebounding back with a running boot to the ear, sending the masked man spinning away, stumbling towards the ropes.]

GM: Another hard shot but the masked man refuses to go down!

[Vasquez spins the bigger opponent around, taking aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Knife-edge chop by Vasquez!

[A second and third chop follow before he grabs an arm.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[And as Ultra Commando 3 pulls him back towards him, he lifts Vasquez under his arm, spinning with the momentum before DRIVING him down with a thunderous sidewalk slam!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: That might be it! Cover him!

[The masked man obliges, ordering the referee to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Vasquez kicks out at two, breaking the pin attempt...

...and gets a pair of hands around his throat instead!]

GM: That's a choke, ref! Get in there!

BW: That'll teach Vasquez to kick out at two.

[Ultra Commando 3 makes no effort to hide the choke, waiting until the count hits four and change before he lets go, climbing up to his feet. He trades some words with the official before he backs into the ropes, slowly walking back out...

...and DROPS a near three hundred pound elbow down into the chest!]

GM: Ohhh! High impact elbowdrop by UC3!

[He rolls over chest-to-chest again, applying another cover... but Vasquez again escapes at two.]

GM: Two count only off the elbowdrop...

[UC3 grabs Vasquez by the hair, lifting his torso off the mat...

...and SLAMS the back of his head down into the canvas!]

GM: Oh! Vicious headslam by the Commando!

[UC3 does it a second time, causing Vasquez to roll over to his stomach, grabbing at the back of his head as the masked man grabs two hands full of hair...

...and RAKES Vasquez' face back and forth across the canvas!]

GM: Aghh... just raking the skin on the canvas!

[Again, the Commando uses the illegal act until the count of four before breaking, climbing to his feet, measuring his man...

...and STOMPS the back of his head, driving Vasquez' nose into the mat!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: You can break a nose right off someone's face like that.

GM: Ultra Commando 3 is showing his vicious side in this one, dominating Juan Vasquez at this stage of the contest.

[The referee reprimands the Commando who backs off, watching as Vasquez pulls himself up against the ropes, leaning against them...

...and the Commando surges forward, driving his knee into the back of Vasquez' head and neck, knocking him over the middle rope where he grinds his shin into the back of the neck, choking Vasquez over the ropes.]

GM: Another choke by the Commando who is showing Vasquez no mercy here tonight in Tupelo.

BW: Of course not. This is a chance to win a shot at the National Title, Gordo! You do whatever it takes!

[The Commando breaks at four, pulling Vasquez off the mat by the hair. He pushes him back against the ropes, landing a trio of clubbing blows across the chest before grabbing the arm...]

GM: Irish whip sends Vasquez across... ducks the clothesline again!

[Vasquez builds up speed hitting the far ropes, rebounding back...

...and the Commando sidesteps, hooking a handful of trunks and ROCKETS Vasquez through the ropes and out to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Commando stands by the ropes, looking down at Vasquez who hit the floor REAL hard.]

GM: Juan Vasquez gets laid out on the floor thanks to his own momentum and assisted by the Ultra Commando who is now ordering the referee to count Vasquez out of this match!

BW: A countout's as good as a pin in this one, Gordo.

[The referee obliges as the Commando steps back, starting a ten count on the People's Hero as the Tupelo fans start to clap and scream, trying to urge one of their fan favorites back to his feet and back into the fight...]

GM: Juan Vasquez hit the floor very hard and he may have a difficult time getting back into the ring before the ten count, Bucky.

BW: And what an upset that would be. The Commando came in as the underdog on paper despite his size advantage.

GM: The referee's count goes up to three... now to four...

[With the fans rallying behind him, Vasquez pushes up to all fours, crawling towards the ring as the count rings out to five...]

GM: Juan Vasquez is crawling on his hands and knees, desperately trying to get back inside the ring to keep this match going as the count goes to six.

[The Commando shouts at the referee to count faster as the count hits seven and Vasquez gets near the apron, reaching up to grab the bottom rope. He drags himself up as the count gets to eight, rolling himself back into the ring to cheers from the Tupelo crowd.]

GM: He breaks the count in time... ohh! Big elbowdrop by the Commando! And another! And a third one sends Vasquez rolling back out to the floor.

[The Commando climbs back to his feet, making a dismissive gesture at Vasquez as he orders the referee to start his count anew.]

GM: UC3 again asking for the countout as he tries to earn himself a shot at Travis Lynch and the National Title.

[Stalking around the ring, the Commando is shouting at the fans who - again - are trying to rally Juan Vasquez up off the floor. The referee is counting all the while as the former (alleged) U.S. Special Forces trooper gives the ringside fans a hard time.]

GM: Vasquez again trying to get back into this, battling to a knee as the count gets to four...

[Vasquez pulls himself up, this time climbing up on the apron to avoid the elbowdrops as the military man advances on him...

...and Vasquez slingshots between the ropes, catching the Commando in the midsection with a shoulder tackle!]

GM: Vasquez goes downstairs!

[With the crowd cheering, Vasquez slingshots over the top rope, looking to drag the Commando down to the mat with a sunset flip...

...but the Commando holds his ground, shaking his head as he "cocks" his right hand...]

GM: Right hand... HE MISSED!

[The crowd ROARS as the Commando staggers away, shaking his right hand in pain as Vasquez scrambles up off the mat to his feet. He advances on the masked man, shoving him back into the corner where he tees off with a barrage of forearm shots to the jaw...

...and then switches to punches, raining them down on the Commando who desperately tries to cover up with his arms to no effect as Vasquez batters him down into a seated position up against the turnbuckles!]

GM: VASQUEZ BEATS HIM DOWN IN THE CORNER!

[The referee steps in, forcing Vasquez to back off as the crowd goes wild...

...but Vasquez spins around him, coming back in where he grabs the top rope with both hands, swinging his knee up into the mask-covered face of UC3!]

GM: Knee to the face in the corner... and another... and another... and another...

[A half dozen knees land before Vasquez pulls out of the corner, pumping up the fans as he walks out three-quarters of the way across the ring before twisting around, charging back in...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RUNNING KNEE TO THE MASK-COVERED MUSH!

[Grabbing the near-300 pounder by the ankle, Vasquez pulls him from the corner, diving across his chest in a lateral press.]

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

[But the masked man kicks out, shoving Vasquez into the air off him.]

BW: Kickout with authority by Ultra Commando 3! He ain't done yet, daddy!

[Vasquez looks a little surprised by the force of the kickout as he climbs to his feet, looking down at the masked man. Vasquez reaches down, hooking his fingers in the eyeholes of the mask, hauling the Commando off the canvas...

...and ducks down, looking for a bodyslam!]

GM: Vasquez going for the slam!

[But he can't get his larger opponent up into the air.]

BW: He can't get him up!

GM: He's still trying though!

[The Commando blocks the lift a second time, shaking his head at his struggling opponent...

...and then jams his elbow down into the ribs, breaking Vasquez' lift attempt before scooping him up and slamming him down himself!]

GM: And the Commando hits a slam of his own!

[The Commando lets loose a roar before backing into the ropes, rebounding slowly off...

...and LEAPS UP INTO THE AIR!]

GM: BIG SPLAAAAAAAAASH...

[But Vasquez rolls out of the way, causing the near-300 pounder to slam down into the canvas!]

GM: ...HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE SPLASH!

[Climbing back to his feet, Vasquez takes aim, dropping an elbow down across the chest... and another... and another...]

GM: ELBOW AFTER ELBOW DOWN ON THE COMMANDO!

[Vasquez seems to get quicker with each elbowdrop, bouncing off the canvas and dropping another. The crowd counts along with the elbows... "SIX!"... "SEVEN!"... "EIGHT!"... "NINE!"...]

GM: Vasquez back up, getting set to drop another one...

[He gets up, pumping his right arm a few times as he dashes to the ropes, rebounding back, and leaps up, dropping a tenth elbow down into the heart of the masked man!]

GM: OHH! Vasquez rolls over, making the cover!

[The referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! T-

[But the masked man kicks out, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only! Vasquez couldn't hold him down for a three!

BW: I'm tellin' ya, Gordo... UC3 is determined here tonight! He's gonna expose Vasquez for the fraud that he is!

[Vasquez climbs to his feet, frustration apparent as he looks down on the masked man...

...and then points to the corner to big cheers!]

GM: Vasquez is calling for the Moonsault!

[The Hall of Famer stomps across the ring, stepping one foot up on the second rope... then the other... then one to the top...

...and all the while, the masked man is climbing off the mat, lumbering across the ring, and SLAMMING a forearm into the lower back of Vasquez, knocking him down into a seated position on the top turnbuckle, facing the crowd!]

GM: The Commando caught him going up!

BW: Oh, look at this, Gordo!

[The crowd starts to buzz as the Commando steps up on the second rope, grabbing Vasquez by the hair and DRIVING a forearm into the lower back!]

GM: Ohh! The Surgical Strike connects...

BW: ...and you know what's coming next!

GM: He's going for a Super Bunker Buster - that spin out powerbomb!

[The crowd is buzzing with concern as the Commando wraps his arms around the waist of Vasquez, setting up for his belly-to-back spun out to a powerbomb...]

GM: He's got it set! Can he get him up?!

[The masked man lifts Vasquez up in the belly-to-back suplex...

...and Vasquez goes right over the top, flipping through the air, crashing down to his knees on the canvas! He winces upon impact, pushing up off the mat as the Commando turns around!]

GM: The Commando turns and- Vasquez catches him with a right hand to the gut!

[The blow stuns the Commando as Vasquez steps forward, pulling the off-balance Commando over his shoulder!]

GM: WAIT A SECOND! WAIT A SECOND!

[The crowd is ROARING as Vasquez staggers out of the corner, holding nearly 300 pounds over his shoulder as he reaches back to hook the head and neck...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP AND...

[Vasquez suddenly DROPS down, driving the back of the masked man's skull into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...DOWN WITH THE CITY OF ANGELS!

[Vasquez rolls over, grabbing a leg as the referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Vasquez' music kicks back in as the crowd ERUPTS for the show of strength leading to the pinfall.]

GM: Juan Vasquez showing tremendous heart in this one... I STILL don't know how he got the Commando up for that City of Angels!

BW: Another trip to the pay window for Vasquez to fill his swollen bank account. Keep cheering, sheep... keep cheering.

GM: And with that win, Juan Vasquez has earned himself another shot at the title he believes he never should've lost - the AWA National Title! When and where that match will take place, we don't know yet but-

[As "They Reminisce over You" plays throughout the BancorpSouth Arena, a figure emerges from the entrance way and begins to make his way towards the ring. A lusty "I LOVE YOU, TRAVIS" from one of the females in attendance makes it very obvious that the AWA National Champion, Travis Lynch has arrived.]

GM: -but we may be about to find out because here comes Travis Lynch!

BW: Who invited the runt of the Stenches out here?

[Travis is wearing the AWA Texas Heartthrob T-shirt, which is available online at AWAsShop.com (get yours before they are gone!), blue jeans, his trademark ostrich cowboy boots and the AWA National Championship belt around his waist. He slaps the hands of a few fans as Juan Vasquez stares at the champion for a long moment.]

BW: The Number One Contender is staring daggers at Stench. Too bad looks don't kill.

GM: Bucky!

BW: It's not like Henrietta would miss him. She's had so many litters she doesn't remember all their names.

GM: BUCKY!

[Travis has taken the microphone from Phil Watson and has made it up on the ring apron. The Texas Heartthrob nods at Juan before entering the ring and raising the microphone.]

TL: Juan, I had to be the first to congratulate you... but I'm not goin' to lie, I fully expected to be standin' across the ring from you...

[Travis pats the AWA National Championship belt.]



TL: ...Battlin' for this title one more time.

[The Tupelo fans cheer loudly as Travis smiles and nods his head.]

TL: 'Cause everyone knows once you set your mind to somethin' you darn near make sure it happens.

[Juan mouths the word "darn" and Travis nods.]

TL: Darn near, Juan. 'Cause you said you'd walk out of Oklahoma City with this title around your waist... but that didn't happen.

[Juan looks a bit annoyed at Travis' last comment and motions for Phil Watson to bring him a microphone. Juan chuckles to himself, before addressing Travis.]

JV: I say a lot of things, Travis...and in all my years wrestlin', I've made a whole lot of promises and a whole bunch of guarantees. But sometimes when I stare into my crystal ball, the future ain't exactly as clear as I'd want it to be and things don't exactly happen the way I want'em to. And yeah, maybe I didn't walk outta' Oklahoma City with the National Title, but you got it all wrong.

[He moves in a couple of steps closer, so he's staring Travis right in the eye.]

JV: When I put my mind to something, I make DAMN sure it happens.

[Juan stares at Travis with a look that's no longer friendly and a lot more threatening.]

JV: And it doesn't matter if I failed once or twice...it doesn't matter how long it takes. I've waited to regain that National Title for FIVE years, Travis Lynch. And if you think one setback against you is enough to take all the fight outta' my heart and the desire outta' my soul, then you don't know a damn thing about Juan Vasquez!

[The conviction behind Vasquez's words and the ferocity of his delivery brings a sizable cheer from the crowd. There's a mild look of surprise on Travis Lynch's face, almost as if he didn't expect Juan to respond like that. For a long moment, the two just stare directly at one another.]

BW: This one might be about to break down, Gordo!

GM: There's a serious tension in the air here in Tupelo, fans... almost as if these fans are waiting to see who's going to take the first shot.

[Lynch is the one who breaks the silence, raising the mic again.]

TL: I know a lot about you, Juan. You see, I've watched you since your days in St. Louis... I've seen what you did in the E... I caught glimpses of you up in Toronto and I've had a front row seat to the Juan Vasquez show here in the AWA! So believe me when I say I know, Juan.

[The crowd cheers that the young champion isn't backing down from the Hall of Famer.]

TL: And I know you probably don't see it but in a way, we're a bit alike. When the Brass Ring Tournament was announced, I made a promise to these great fans that I would become the AWA National Champion... and yeah, I had setbacks but when the smoke finally cleared...

[Travis again pats the AWA National Championship belt resting snugly around his waist.]

TL: I delivered on my promise! So trust me, Juan, I know damn well that you're going to do every single thing you can to take this title from around my waist. And I wouldn't have it any other way!

[Again, the fans in Tupelo are cheering.]

TL: I told everyone I was glad you were the first man steppin' into the ring challengin' for this title and I stand by that. This belt has a legacy unlike any other in the business and I want to live up to it. So if that means facin' the likes of Brian James, Calisto Dufresne, KING Oni and the Hall of Famer, Juan Vasquez, one more time... so be it!

[Juan gives a surprised smirk, as if he's impressed by Travis' words.]

TL: So yeah, I don't expect that defeat in Oklahoma City to take the fight or the desire out of your heart. In fact, I expect it to light a bigger one in you... I fully expect the next time we step into the ring, you're goin' show everyone why it was once called the Juan Vasquez Show...

[The crowd is going wild as Juan just stares at Travis as he continues to speak.]

TL: But don't think I'm goin' roll over for you, Juan. 'Cause I'm a Lynch and fightin' is what we do!

[The crowd roars as Juan raises the microphone to give his retort.]

JV: You say you know a lot about me? Kid, you only THINK you know a lot about me. Otherwise...

[Juan slowly raises his right arm and makes a fist...holding it right next to Travis' jaw.]

JV: ...you still wouldn't be standin' within arm's reach of me.

[The crowd "Ooohs" as Travis slaps Juan's arm away, drawing a laugh from the Hall of Famer.]

JV: You might be a Lynch and fighting might be what your clan does best...

...but I'm Juan Vasquez.

I'm not here JUST to fight. I'm not here to wage war. Right now, I'm here for one thing and one thing only.

[He points at Lynch's National title.]

JV: And amigo, believe me when I say you ain't got NO idea how far and how deep I'm willing to go to get that National title back around my waist.

[Lynch glares at Vasquez, looking a bit more serious now. Vasquez returns his glare.]

JV: Travis, you ain't gotta' worry about rollin' over...'cause you're gonna' get RUN over...

[The crowd winces at Vasquez's harsh words, not quite expecting this level of hostility from him. With a condescending tone, Juan cracks a smile at Lynch.]

JV: ...and it's going to happen in the biggest match of your life... in front of your home crowd...

[The crowd ROARS with understanding. Vasquez nods.]

JV: Mark it down in your calendar, Travis. Thanksgiving Night. SuperClash. Houston, Texas. As "Big" Jim would say, you and I are gonna hook it up one more time...

[Vasquez leans over, patting the title belt.]

JV: ...for that.

[Vasquez leans back, grinning at Lynch who isn't smiling one bit.]

JV: May the best man win.

[And with that, Vasquez drops the microphone and steps right up into Travis Lynch's face. The camera zooms in on their staredown as the crowd goes wild.]

GM: OH MY STARS! TRAVIS LYNCH! JUAN VASQUEZ! WITH THE NATIONAL TITLE ON THE LINE IN HOUSTON, TEXAS AT SUPERCLASH! WHAT A SHOWDOWN THAT'S GONNA BE, FANS! WHAT A SHOWDOWN!

[Gordon lays out, allowing the roaring crowd to tell the story as the two men continue to stare one another down...

...and we fade to black.

We cut from black on the opening note of Thin Lizzy's "The Boys Are Back In Town" on a shot of Travis, Jack, and James Lynch backstage at an AWA event, cowboy boots up on a table as they play cards and laugh.

On the next power chord, we cut to a shot of Juan Vasquez pointing towards the ring next to Eric Preston, miming throwing a right hand. They appear to be in the old WKIK Studios.

The next one brings a cut to Supreme Wright inside a rundown industrial warehouse. He's running in place before dropping down flat on his stomach on the mat, pushing up to his feet and doing it all over again. Nearby is Todd Michaelson, whistle dangling from his mouth.

The third one in the set cuts to Air Strike at a fan event, signing autographs and posing for pictures with the assembled masses. Cody Mertz grins as two girls sandwich him with kisses on the cheeks.

A fourth power chord and cut reveals Brian James, drenched in sweat and shadowboxing against a wall of an empty Crockett Coliseum.

The next goes to Dave Cooper standing in a corner with Eric Matthew Somers, obviously some older footage as Calisto Dufresne stands nearby, a smile on his face as Cooper is regaling them with some story.

Another cut - this one to Hannibal Carver popping the top on a beer and handing it over to Derrick Williams who clinks beer cans with the veteran before they throw them back in tandem.

The next cut shows Supernova in front of a mirror, applying his own facepaint as Jason Dane stands nearby, talking to the young lion.

Back to the next series of chords and another cut, this time to Skywalker Jones, Hercules Hammonds, and Buford P. Higgins arriving at a venue. Jones is wearing dark sunglasses and waves a dismissive hand at the camera as Hammonds proceeds to rip off his t-shirt and strike a double bicep pose while Higgins mugs for the camera in the background.

Then to Bobby O'Connor standing with his grandpa Karl while Karl has some poor backstage worker by the upper body, grabbing an arm as Bobby nods in understanding.

The next one goes to Doctor Harrison Fawcett and Brian Lau peeking through the curtain at a live event, watching the action inside the ring from the backstage area.

And one final power chord in the intro takes us to Ryan Martinez, sitting in a pair of folding chairs with his legendary father. The two men are deep in conversation as workers walk around them.

The lyrics kick in with a shot Alphonse Green hurling himself through the ropes, wiping out "The Professional" Dave Cooper with a suicide dive!]

#Guess who just got back today?#

[Cody Mertz goes sailing through the air after being shoved skyward by his own partner, taking Pete Colt off the top rope with a flying rana!]

#Those wild-eyed boys that had been away#

["Atomic Blonde" Donnie White tries to make his SuperClash moment as he throws his blood-covered form off the top of a steel cage, trying to deliver the Flying Mohawk on Shadoe Rage... who rolls out of the way!]

#Haven't changed, haven't much to say#

["Hotshot" Stevie Scott drops pop star Joshua Dusscher on the top of his head with the piledriver.]

#But man, I still think them cats are great#

[There's a quick barrage of highlights from the biggest Steal The Spotlight match in history - Supreme Wright taking Devon Case up and over with a German Suplex, Juan Vasquez and Hannibal Carver trading headbutts!]

#They were asking if you were around#

[Wright connecting with a devastating rebound lariat on Nenshou, and then hits the Fat Tuesday on Demetrius Lake to finish the match!]

#How you was, where you could be found#

[Ryan Martinez' team with Gunnar Gaines comes to a final end as Martinez drops the Hall of Famer with the Brainbuster.]

#I told them you were living downtown#

[Steve Spector HURLS Terry Shane off the elevated platform, causing him to crash down hard on the thinly-padded concrete.]

#Driving all the old men crazy#

[Blackjack Lynch takes a leather strap across the back of Dick Wyatt as Adam Rogers and Robert Donovan look on in protest!]

#The boys are back in town#

[Skywalker Jones counters a doubleteam attempt by flipping out of an electric chair lift by SPIKING Brad Jacobs' on top of his head with a reverse rana!]

#The boys are back in toooooooown#

[The big Main Event staredown between World Television Champion Dave Bryant and World Champion Calisto Dufresne!]

#The boys are back in town#

[Bryant turns Dufresne into the Iron Crab, getting the submission and the title... which fades into a shot from moments later when Supreme Wright dropped Bryant with the torture rack backbreaker to shockingly win the World Title.]

#The boys are back in town#

[As the lyric changes to a raucous guitar solo, a graphic comes up that reads - "SUPERCLASH VII - HOUSTON, TEXAS - 40 days"... and we fade to black...

...and then fade back up to Mark Stegglet standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

MS: Welcome back, fans, to Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE right here on The X. Moments ago, we heard the news that at SuperClash VII in Houston, Texas, Juan Vasquez will challenge Travis Lynch for the National Title. Two weeks ago, we learned that Ryan Martinez will defend the AWA World Title against Hannibal Carver... but that match has a VERY interested third party. At the top of tonight's show, we heard Johnny Detson DEMAND that he be added to that match as a third competitor. Ever since then, I've been trying to reach my guest at this time via telephone for comment. Ladies and gentlemen, joining me right now by phone...

[The screen splits to reveal Stegglet's guest.]

MS: ...AWA President Landon O'Neill!

[The AWA executive fills half the screen, his whitened teeth breaking through his spray-tanned face to beam at the camera.]

LON: Thank you for having me, Mark.

MS: Mr. O'Neill, I've got several questions for you here tonight but I suppose the most pressing issue is Johnny Detson's insistence that he be added to the Main Event of SuperClash.

[O'Neill nods.]

LON: Well, Mark... Johnny Detson raises a good point, actually.

MS: He does?

LON: Certainly. The Championship Committee currently has him ranked as the Number One Contender to the World Title while the challenger at SuperClash, Hannibal Carver, is ranked Number Two. It does seem to present a problem that Mr. Carver would receive a title shot and not Mr. Detson.

MS: Are you saying-

[O'Neill raises a hand.]

LON: I'm saying that Mr. Detson deserves an opportunity to prove he belongs in that spot. Therefore, later tonight in Tupelo, Johnny Detson will compete in one-on-one action. If he wins the match, he will move on to SuperClash to battle for the World Title in the first ever AWA THREE WAY DANCE!

His opponent?

[O'Neill beams that whitened grin.]

LON: Casanova.

[The crowd inside the arena cheers.]

MS: Detson vs Casanova with a chance to go to the Main Event of SuperClash on the line? Another hot matchup here in Tupelo tonight! And speaking of hot matchups, the battles between the Dogs of War and the James Gang have been scorching hot for the past few weeks including right here tonight. I understand you have an announcement to make about those two factions.

[O'Neill nods.]

LON: Absolutely. I'm sure this one won't come as a surprise but right now, we're making it official. At SuperClash, it'll be the James Gang vs the Dogs of War in six man tag team action!

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Excellent news! That one is sure to be a barn-burner. I've got one more question for you, Mr. O'Neill. Two weeks ago, it was announced that Hannibal Carver would be competing at SuperClash for the World Title.

[O'Neill clenches his jaw, his teeth not showing for once.]

MS: Yet... you weren't the one who made the announcement.

[O'Neill slowly nods.]

LON: Your point?

MS: My point is... well, my question really... is where were you?

[O'Neill pauses... and pauses... and pauses...]

MS: Sir, I asked-

[O'Neill interrupts.]

LON: I heard your question. The answer is simple, Mr. Stegglet. As everyone knows, there was a Summit to discuss Carver's actions and his punishment. A decision was made at that Summit...

[O'Neill grimaces.]

LON: ...and quite frankly, I disagreed with that decision. Because of that, it was decided that your uncle would be a better choice to announce the ruling.

That said, despite my disagreement with the results of the Summit, I am fully able to execute the duties of my office and will continue to do so now... and in the future.

[Show me that smile again... there it is!]

MS: Mr. O'Neill, thank you for joining us here on Saturday Night Wrestling... and I understand you have one more announcement that we'll be hearing later tonight in the SuperClash Control Center.

LON: That's correct.

MS: We all look forward to that...

[The split screen disappears, leaving just Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Some big news there from the AWA President and now, let's go back to the ring for more Saturday Night Wrestling action!

[Crossfade down to the ring where Phil Watson stands as the sounds of Danny Elfman's "This Is Halloween" is playing in the background.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Ann Arbor, Michigan... weighing in at 222 pounds... Seth Tyler!

[A slender pale man with stringy black hair raises an arm.]

PW: And his opponent... in the corner to my left... from Parts Unknown... weighing in at 250 pounds...

LAAAAAAAAA FUERRRRRZZZZZZZAAAAAAAA!

[La Fuerza is indeed standing in the corner - the man in a full bodysuit covered with multi-color bones and a mask that looks like a skull. He has placed his trademark 2x4 down on the apron as he turns back towards the ring, hopping from foot to foot and lashing out with a jab at the air.]

GM: La Fuerza getting warmed up for battle here tonight in Tupelo...

[As the bell sounds and Seth Tyler starts across the ring, La Fuerza holds up a hand to halt him...

...and then breaks into his trademark jig, pausing to let loose his undulating war cry. Tyler rushes forward, attempting a clothesline that La Fuerza ducks under.]

GM: Clothesline ducked by the luchador!

[Tyler rushes him again but La Fuerza drops into a splits, letting Tyler sail past him a second time.]

GM: Tyler misses again!

[La Fuerza pops up off the mat, throwing a dropkick that stuns Tyler. A second one follows, sending the Michigan native falling through the ropes and out to the floor below!]

GM: A pair of dropkicks clears the ring for La Fuerza, the luchador from Parts Unknown!

[The camera cuts to the crowd, showing a pair of kids in La Fuerza masks cheering on the skull-faced grappler as he does another little jig...

...and then dashes to the far ropes, bouncing back towards a waiting Tyler.]

GM: La Fuerza off the far side... look out below!

[But La Fuerza instead leaps up, landing with his legs and torso between the top two ropes, slamming on the brakes as Tyler dives out of the way. The crowd laughs as La Fuerza waves at Tyler.]

GM: La Fuerza having a little bit of fun with Seth Tyler.

[Tyler makes a lunge at the luchador's legs...

...which swing out of his reach as La Fuerza leans back in the ropes, rocking backwards. The crowd laughs again, causing Tyler to angrily lunge for the luchador's head under the ropes...]

GM: Okay, La Fuerza's having a LOT of fun with Seth Tyler!

[The crowd is rolling as La Fuerza swings back the other way, bashing his heels together on the ears of Tyler, sending him stumbling away as La Fuerza slips through the ropes on the apron.]

GM: Tyler's head is ringing after that shot.

[Tyler turns around, rushing forward as La Fuerza leaps off the apron in a king-sized leapfrog, landing on his feet on the floor. He again waves at the frustrated Tyler who rushes forward as the luchador drops down, using a drop toehold to bounce Tyler's face off the barely-padded canvas!]

BW: Ohh! That'll re-arrange Tyler's face! And that's what you have to be careful about with La Fuerza, Gordo. One second he's joking around and dancing with the kids and the next, he's a killing machine in there.

GM: La Fuerza rolls Seth Tyler under the ropes, scrambling back up on the apron...

[The luchador dashes up the ropes, leaping off as Tyler gets back on his feet, taking him down to the mat!]

GM: Whoa! I don't know what you call that!

BW: It's a seated senton, Gordo. Get with it.

GM: Whatever you want to call it-

BW: I want to call it a seated senton and I'd like you to do it too.

GM: -I call it effective!

BW: Of course you do.

[With Tyler down on the mat, La Fuerza scrambles up, throwing himself into a cartwheel to cheers from the crowd - especially the kids who love themselves some La Fuerza.]

GM: You know, Bucky, La Fuerza hasn't had the best win-loss record since coming to the AWA but he certainly has become one of the most popular competitors.



BW: Too bad he doesn't get paid per cheer, Gordo. He's paid to win... and maybe if he stopped goofing around and got down to business, he'd win a match or two and really start to become a major superstar.

[As Tyler regains his feet, La Fuerza rushes at him, sliding between his legs, grabbing his wrist on the way under, and gives it a yank, flipping Tyler over and down onto his back.]

GM: Unique offense out of La Fuerza, upending Seth Tyler...

[La Fuerza, still holding the arm, twists it around, dragging Tyler down in a La Majistral cradle...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

BW: WHAT?!

[La Fuerza breaks loose, holding up his arms as "This Is Halloween" starts up again.]

GM: Wow! Out of nowhere, La Fuerza wraps him up in that lucha libre cradle and scores the one-two-three! How about that, Bucky? You talk about killer instinct, that was definitely killer instinct!

BW: I wouldn't go that far.

GM: La Fuerza's sliding out here... it looks like he's got something to say...

[The camera shot cuts to ringside where La Fuerza has joined Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde on the floor.]

GM: La Fuerza, congratulations on a big win here!

BW: Let's not get carried away, Gordo. It was a win... it was a nice win... but he beat some kid from Michigan that I've never heard of. It's not like he knocked off a top contender out here.

[La Fuerza, hands on hips, is glaring at Bucky Wilde. Gordon puts up a hand, shaking his head.]

GM: I'm sorry. You'll have to excus-

[The masked luchador interrupts.]

LF: No.

[Gordon winces.]

GM: But he really shouldn't have-

[Gordon is interrupted again.]

LF: No. No, I won't excuse him... because he speaks truth.

[Now Gordon looks surprised at La Fuerza's rough English declaration.]

GM: La Fuerza, I know your English isn't perfect but are you saying-

LF: I know what I say. Bucky Wilde is right. I've beat no one... yet.

[Gordon nods.]

GM: Well, I wouldn't categorize some of your victories as having beat "no one" but I certainly understand the sentiment. But I have to ask - what do you mean when you say you've beaten no one "yet"?

[La Fuerza nods.]

LF: "Yet" ends two weeks from tonight.

GM: That sounds like a challenge.

[The luchador nods in affirmation.]

GM: To anyone in particular?

LF: I won't pick an opponent. That's for the Champion's Committee. But I want a challenge... a REAL challenge.

[The luchador nods, walking away.]

GM: Okay. Well, that's certainly a different side of La Fuerza than we're used to seeing, Bucky. A bit more serious. A bit more determined. And apparently one who is looking to make an impact in two weeks against some serious competition. Speaking of serious competition, in just a few moments, Jack Lynch is going to face some serious competition when he does battle with Cain Jackson, apparently back with Team Supreme, in a No Disqualification match.

BW: Team Supreme is reunited and it feels so good! This rivalry between Lynch and Supreme Wright - all of Team Supreme really - has been going since the beginning of 2015 and while I'd say it shows no signs of stopping, Cain Jackson might be going to stop it right here tonight.

GM: That's certainly a possibility when the enforcer of Team Supreme has no rules holding him back from putting an end to the Iron Cowboy who may have no one watching his back tonight after the problems he and Bobby O'Connor experienced two weeks ago.

BW: Lynches can't be trusted to look out for anyone but themselves. O'Connor learned that the hard way two weeks ago.

GM: Mark Stegglet is standing by with Jack Lynch. Let's go back there now.

[We cut backstage to Mark Stegglet and with him is a visibly agitated Jack Lynch. The tall, lanky King of Cowboys is, as he always is, dressed head to toe in black. His black cowboy hat has been pushed towards the back of his head, and there's a clearly troubled expression on Lynch's face.]

MS: It has been a hard year for you, Mr. Lynch. But two weeks ago, you might have suffered the most devastating blow, as you and your partner, Bobby O'Connor lost...

[Lynch shakes his head.]

JL: Lemme interrupt ya right there, Mark. Because me and Bobby didn't lose. We got robbed.

All respect to Air Strike. I like them guys, and I'll be rootin' for 'em to take the Cup. But there ain't no way in hell you can tell me that match ended clean.

I can take a loss, Mark. Someone steps into that ring and beats me?  
It ain't gonna make me happy, but any man who can beat me straight  
up ain't gonna get nothin' from me but a handshake.

But Cain Jackson, what you stole from me goes beyond a million dollars and a big  
cup. It goes beyond even what ya did awhile back, when ya stole my hat.

But I'm fixin' to get my pound of flesh tonight.

MS: Before we talk about that, there is an elephant in the room that must be  
addressed. Mr. Lynch, where is your tag team partner? Where is Bobby O'Connor?

[Lynch lets out a slow breath and the Iron Cowboy shakes his head.]

JL: Well Mark, all I know for sure is, he ain't here.

[Stegglet nods and continues.]

MS: Two weeks ago, Bobby O'Connor told you, straight out, that your vendetta  
against Supreme Wright and Team Supreme could cost you everything. I can't help  
but notice that you're out here all alone tonight. I also can't help but notice that  
your brother, Travis Lynch, was the first member of your family to earn singles'  
gold, while you've been sidetracked in your own quest for a title. Many weeks, Mr.  
O'Connor is even ahead of you in the Top Ten rankings. So I have to ask you, Mr.  
Lynch, was Bobby O'Connor right?

Have you derailed yourself by pursuing this feud?

[Anger flashes across Lynch's face as he stares at Stegglet, but that anger is  
replaced with a quiet sort of resignation.]

JL: Ya know Mark, Bobby might've had a point.

Trav is National Champion. And I ain't nothin' but proud of him. He went out and  
he won himself a title, and now he's defendin' it like he was born to wear that gold.

And maybe I did overextend myself. Maybe I have let my temper get the better of  
me. Maybe I have been chasin' Wright and in doin' so, been passed by Bobby, who  
won the Rumble, and by my little brother.

But ya gotta remember one thing, Mark – I didn't start this fight.

Supreme Wright came after me. He decided that if he was gonna get to Ryan  
Martinez, he was gonna have to pave that road right over my carcass.

And as sure as my name is Jack Lynch, I ain't layin' down or rollin' over for  
Supreme Wright.

MS: But you are all alone now, and you've challenged Cain Jackson to a No  
Disqualification match, all but inviting the rest of Team Supreme to come down and  
interfere.

JL: That's right, Mark, I did.

MS: It almost sounds like you want to make some sort of last stand.

[Lynch scratches his chin thoughtfully for a moment.]

JL: Maybe it sounds like that.

But it ain't.

[And then, as the camera zooms in on Lynch's eyes, that sense of weariness, that haunted look transforms into something else. Determination hardens Lynch's features, and the grit that has carried Lynch so far in his career and in life, is seen.]

JL: This is the end, but it ain't my end.

Because ya see, I am all alone, and ya might think that means I'm outgunned, and ya might think that means the odds are all in Jackson's favor. But it was Bob Dylan who said it best.

When ya ain't got nothin', ya got nothin' to lose.

And that's me right now. I ain't got no title shot. I ain't got no tag partner. I ain't got no tournament to worry about.

All I got is you in my crosshairs, Jackson.

And if you think havin' my back against the wall makes me less dangerous? Well think again, pal.

You wanna put yourself between me and Wright? Well, last time that happened, I beat ya so bad that Wright tossed you out on your ass.

The only difference is, tonight, there won't be enough left of ya for him to get rid of.

Bring 'em all, Wright. Line 'em, and I'll put 'em down, one by one, or all at once.

And then you'll know what it's like to be all on your own.

And then, when its all come tumblin' down, when all ya got to show for your master plan is my big old Texas hand wrapped around that head of yours, you'll understand just how stupid it was to come after me.

I'm on my own, but I'm far from dead.

And I aim to prove that tonight.

[And with that, Lynch walks away.]

MS: And there you have it. Battered and alone he might be, but Jack Lynch still has some fight left in him. Back to you, Gordon and Bucky!

[We cut back down to ringside to our announce duo.]

GM: Thanks, Mark... and I personally have no doubt that Jack Lynch has all the fight in the world left in him. But I also have doubts that he can fight this war all alone. He's alienated his partner and friend. His brother has trouble of his own to deal with in Juan Vasquez. Jack Lynch stands alone against Team Supreme... a reunited Team Supreme.

BW: And that's not a good place for ANYONE to be.

GM: I have to be honest, fans... I'm very concerned for Jack Lynch in this No Disqualification match that is just about to begin. Phil Watson, the floor is yours, sir.

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and there are NO DISQUALIFICATIONS!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The lights in the arena then go out, as the opening hook to "The Baddest Man Alive" by The Black Keys and RZA begins to play.]

#I could take the pitchfork from the devil  
#Keep a super suit like I'm incredible  
#From the deep, blue sea to the dark blue sky  
#I'm the baddest man alive

[The crowd roars with boos when they see Cain Jackson stepping through the curtains with members of Team Supreme in tow.]

GM: Wait a second! Where is Supreme Wright?!

BW: He'll come out here when he's good and ready, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure.

[Although missing their namesake and leader, the members of Team Supreme are all dressed in their trademark red and black tracksuits, with the exception of Jackson, who wears a sheer black version of the tracksuit, signifying his status above the rest of the pack.]

#I'd grab a crocodile by his tail  
#Handcuff the judge, and put the cops in jail  
#Make the meanest woman break down and cry  
#I'm the baddest man alive  
#I'm the baddest man alive

PW: ...he hails from Goose Creek, South Carolina....weighing two hundred and eighty-five pounds... representing TEAM SUPREME... he is...

"THE BEAST"

CAAAAAAIIIIINNNNN JAAAAACCCCCKKKKSSSSSOOOOONNNN!!!

[Jackson is a large African-American male with a heavy beard and dreadlocks tied back into a high ponytail. Once he reaches the ring, he barks some orders at the other members of Team Supreme, who proceed to surround the ring. Removing his tracksuit, Jackson reveals black compression shorts with metallic blue and silver flames running along the sides and black and blue kneepads and boots.]

PW: And his opponent...

["Hard Row" by the Black Keys hits the speakers.]

PW: Coming to the ring now. Hailing from Dallas, Texas. Standing six feet, seven inches, and weighing in tonight at two hundred and sixty five pounds... the Iron Cowboy...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

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

GM: The King of the Cowboys is here in Tupelo and these fans are on their feet, Bucky!

BW: Easiest way to make sure one of the Stench boys don't steal your shoes.

GM: Bucky!

[Lynch shrugs out of his coat, letting it drop to the floor. He removes his black Stetson, making sure Jackson sees the prize that Lynch regained from him, setting it down on top of the coat...

...and starts SPRINTING down the aisle, towards the ring. Jackson pushes back from the ropes, fists at the ready as the referee frantically signals for the bell!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[Lynch dives headfirst under the bottom rope, popping up to his feet as he collides with Jackson in the center of the ring, the two men melting into one another in a flurry of haymakers!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands here in Tupelo!

[Jackson swings his knee up into the midsection of the Iron Cowboy, cutting off his attack. A second knee to the gut sends Lynch staggering back towards the ropes as Jackson grabs him by the hair, marching him towards the corner.]

GM: Cain Jackson SLAMS him headfirst into the buckles!

[The Texan twists around, back against the buckles...]

GM: Jackson's got Lynch in the corner... big knee to the body... and a back elbow to the side of the head!

[Jackson repeats the attack - knee... elbow... knee... elbow, leaving Lynch staggered in the buckles. The referee warns him to back off but Jackson ignores him.]

GM: The referee trying to get Jackson out of the corner but this is No Disqualification so he's got no weapons in his arsenal to get Jackson to back off.

[Cain Jackson grabs Jack Lynch by the arm, firing him across the ring, causing Lynch to leave his feet, SLAMMING backfirst into the corner!]

GM: Incredible strength and power on the part of Cain Jackson!

[Jackson gives a shout, barreling across the ring, stretching out his arm...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[But Lynch raises the cowboy boot, driving it up under the 6'8" Jackson's chin!]

GM: OHH!

[Jackson staggers back, wiping his hand across his mouth to check for blood as Lynch hops up on the midbuckle...]

...and HURLS himself off in a clothesline that takes Jackson down to the mat! Big cheer from the Tupelo crowd!]

GM: LYNCH TAKES HIM DOWN!

[Grabbing a handful of ponytail, Lynch BLASTS him with a right hand... and another... and another!]

GM: LYNCH IS POUNDING CAIN JACKSON INTO THE MAT!

[As the Texan unleashes on the South Carolina native, a Team Supreme member jumps up on the apron...]

GM: Remember, no disqualifications in this one! These Team Supreme members can get up on the apron all the want!

BW: They can get IN the ring if they want!

[Lynch peels off of Jackson, throwing a right hand that sends the Team Supreme member sailing off the apron, crashing into the ringside barricade!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Lynch angrily turns around as Jackson regains his feet, rushing forward, lifting Lynch up by both legs...]

GM: DOUBLE LEG...

[Jackson pivots and DRIVES Lynch down into the mat!]

GM: ...SLAM!

BW: That might’ve knocked the wind right out of Stench... he’s rolling for his life right now!

[Clutching at his chest, Lynch rolls under the ropes to the floor as Cain Jackson gets off the mat, stomping across the ring. He ducks through the ropes, grabbing a handful of the Iron Cowboy’s hair...]

...who slaps the grasp away, PASTING Jackson with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot that was!

[With Jackson hanging over the ropes, Lynch reaches up, pulling him by the hair, dragging him the rest of the way...]

...right into an impactful bodyslam on the barely-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE SLAMMED HIM! HE SLAMMED HIM ON THE FLOOR!

BW: Cain Jackson better have his chiropractor on speed dial after that one, daddy!

[Lynch falls back against the apron from the effort, breathing heavily as Team Supreme members ring the two men, shouting encouragement at Jackson and derision at Lynch who turns, pulling himself up on the apron...]

GM: Lynch is up on the apron and-

[The big Texan HURLS himself off the apron, throwing himself into a crossbody that takes down a quarter of Team Supreme members!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Team Supreme is getting dismantled by Jack Lynch here in Tupelo, fans!

BW: What right does he have to put his filthy hands on Team Supreme?!

[Lynch drags himself to his feet, pushing a Team Supreme members out of the way as he leans down to pull Jackson up, pasting him with a right hand to the jaw, sending him falling back over the timekeeper’s table.]

GM: Uh oh! Time to clear out of there, guys!

[The timekeeper and Phil Watson bail out as Lynch climbs up on the table, grabbing a handful of hair...]

GM: Big right hand down between the eyes!

[The Texan continues to pound Jackson with clenched fists as the Team Supreme members pull themselves up off the floor...]

...and they swarm Lynch, grabbing him by the legs and arms, pulling him off of Cain Jackson!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: No Disqualification! Just like that idiot Stench wanted it!

[Lynch is struggling against them as they haul him back down to the floor, holding his arms as Cain Jackson drags himself off the table, climbing up to his feet...]

...and leaps off, driving a double axehandle down across the head of the Texan!]

GM: Double axehandle connects... thanks to those flunkies holding his arms!

BW: Flunkies?! Those are accomplished high-level students of the Team Supreme Dojo, Gordo! How dare you call them “flunkies”?!

GM: If the shoe fits...

BW: You know what shoe is going to fit? Jackson’s big ol’ boot is going to fit nicely upside the head of Jack Lynch!

[Jackson grabs Lynch by the hair, flinging him under the ropes inside the ring...]

...and pauses to grab a steel chair from the timekeeper’s table, sliding it under the ropes.]

GM: Uh oh... and here comes the weaponry.

BW: Steel chair in the ring can’t be good news for Lynch.



[Jackson pulls Lynch off the mat. The feisty Texan lands a pair of right hands to the gut of Jackson, trying to battle free... but a short knee to the gut allows Jackson to lift Lynch up...

...and SLAM him down across the steel chair!]

GM: Ohh! Bodyslam on the chair!

[Lynch cries out, rolling to his side where he grabs at his lower back in pain. Jackson stands over him, nodding to the jeering Tupelo crowd...

...and then turns his attention to the aisle where former two-time World Champion Supreme Wright has emerged from the locker room, nodding in approval at what he's seeing so far.]

GM: And there's Supreme Wright who certainly seems happy at what's going on inside that ring.

BW: Cain Jackson is under orders to end this rivalry with Jack Lynch once and for all.

GM: It's going to take more than a slam on a chair to end this, Bucky.

BW: Is that a challenge, Gordo? Because Cain Jackson's got a lot more where that came from.

[Jackson pulls Lynch off the mat by the hair, lifting him under his arm...]

GM: Jackson's got him up, holding him... SIDE SLAM ON THE CHAIR!

[Lynch cries out again, rolling to his side, wiggling away from the steel chair as Jackson confidently walks around him, soaking up the jeers of the Tupelo crowd.]

GM: Cain Jackson's got a world of confidence in this one, finally back with Team Supreme where he believes that he belongs.

BW: "Where he believes"... you don't think Cain Jackson belongs with Team Supreme?

GM: I think Jackson's a heckuva competitor who could have a very bright future in this business. He's all of 25 years old, you know... but with Supreme Wright using him...

BW: USING him?!

GM: You heard me. Wright's using this man as his enforcer... his hired thug if you will. Wright's got no interest in furthering Jackson's career... getting him title matches... getting him Main Event level matches. He wants him to do what he wants him to do when he wants him to do it... period.

[Jackson pulls Lynch off the mat again, holding him back by the hair, reading him the riot act...

...when Lynch yanks his head out of Jackson's grip, smashing his skull into Jackson's face!]

GM: Ohh! Headbutt!

[With Jackson reeling, grabbing at his face, Lynch arches his back, grabbing at his kidney region. The former convict comes up with his nose bloodied and looking quite angry...]

GM: Lynch draws first blood in this one, busting open the nose of Cain Jackson!

[Jackson comes tearing across the ring, looking to attack...

...but Lynch sidesteps, flinging Jackson chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: Jackson hits the buckles... and Lynch is coming after him!

[With Jackson reeling, Lynch flips him around, stepping up on the midbuckle, raising his clenched fist in the air...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

[Lynch pauses, looking out at Supreme Wright...

...and flashes him a double middle finger before DRIVING his fist down into Jackson's head a tenth and final time to big cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Fans, we apologize for that gesture in the heat of the moment by the Iron Cowboy.

[Lynch hops down off the ropes, walking Jackson out of the corner. He reaches around, hooking him around the waist, hoisting him up into the air...]

GM: Look at the power!

[...and DROPS him down in a ring-shaking backdrop suplex!]

GM: Oh my! Lynch with the cover!

[The referee counts one... two... but Jackson lifts the shoulder in time.]

GM: No, no! Two count only! Cain Jackson manages to get out of that... and look at Supreme Wright, getting closer to the ring, the satisfied look on his face turning to something much, much different.

BW: Jackson better not disappoint Wright again. He'll be out on the street.

GM: Lynch climbing back to his feet... UH OH! Now HE'S got the chair!

[Lynch scoops up the steel chair, smacking it down into the canvas a few times as Jackson tries to get up off the mat...]

BW: Cain, look out!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK!

[Jackson cries out, arching his back as he staggers across the ring. Lynch shakes his head, walking after him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER ONE! Two big shots across the back with the chair has Cain Jackson down on his knees!

[Jackson looks up at Lynch, defiance in his eyes...]

"Do it."

[Lynch stares down at him, clutching the chair...]

"DO IT!"

GM: Cain Jackson's telling him - BEGGING HIM - to hit him over the head with that steel chair!

[The Iron Cowboy looks down at Jackson, swinging the chair back...]

GM: HE'S GONNA-

[But suddenly... out of nowhere... someone comes rushing forward from the crowd, hurdling the barricade, scampering up on the ring apron...]

GM: What the-?! That's...

BW: IT'S MATT LANCE!

GM: What... we haven't seen Matt Lance in MONTHS! A member of Team Supreme who was cast out by Supreme Wright and-

[Lynch has frozen in his tracks, staring at the forgotten Team Supreme member, chair still pulled back...]

...which allows Cain Jackson to SWING his right arm up into the groin of Lynch!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! CAIN JACKSON GOES LOW ON THE TEXAN!

[The chair goes clattering to the canvas as Lynch reacts in agony, grabbing at his groin as Cain Jackson, pulling himself up off the mat, dashes to the ropes, building up steam...]

GM: BIG BOOT!

[...and DRIVES his boot up under the chin of the stunned Texan, knocking him flat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE HITS IT AGAIN! HE KNOCKED JACK LYNCH FLAT!

[Jackson dives to the mat, hooking both of Lynch's legs as Matt Lance looks on in anticipation from the ring apron...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! Give me a break!

[The referee's hand hits the mat a third time as Matt Lance pumps a fist into the air in celebration. The Tupelo fans start jeering wildly as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... CAAAAAAAAAAIN JAAAAAAAAACKSON!

[Jackson shoves the hooked legs aside in disgust, climbing to his feet in triumph. He slowly raises his hand, allowing the official to hold it in the air as the Team Supreme masses celebrate out on the floor.]

GM: Jack Lynch wanted payback for what Cain Jackson did to him two weeks ago but...

BW: But it was Cain Jackson who got payback instead!

GM: Payback?! For what?!

BW: For Lynch stealing the hat from the RIGHTFUL King of the Cowboys! For Lynch daring to think he's good enough to compete with Team Supreme! For Lynch-

GM: Oh, would you give it a rest?!

[As the crowd roars with jeers, Supreme Wright enters the ring with microphone in hand. Cain Jackson stands over the downed Jack Lynch, staring down at the King of Cowboys with a menacing look on his face. Wright is joined by Matt Lance, who stands behind him.]

SW: Allow me to tell all of you a story. A story about...

...family.

[Wright puts a hand on Jackson's shoulder and joins in at staring down at Lynch, who's barely moving down on the canvas.]

SW: When this all began, I didn't give a damn who Jack Lynch was. He was a target. A means to an end. A way to hurt the man that I wanted to feel the same pain that I felt when he took the AWA World Heavyweight title from me.

The White Knight.

[The boos towards Wright intensify as he mentions Ryan Martinez. Wright meanwhile, remains as stone-faced as ever.]

SW: It didn't matter who you were, Jack Lynch. All that mattered was that you were one of the people closest to The White Knight. All that mattered was that you were part of his... family.

And I was going to take you away from him, Jack. But not just you. I was going to take away every single last person The White Knight dared to call "brother."

"Friend."

"Family."

[Wright shakes his head.]

SW: But I miscalculated. I underestimated just how tenacious and stubborn you were. I didn't count on the fact that if anyone in this world understood the

importance of bonds and family, if anyone would fight me tooth and nail and to the bitter end to defend his "family"...

...it would be a Lynch.

[He spits out the name like poison in his mouth.]

SW: Your blood. Your legacy. Your entire damn clan. Every single last one of Blackjack's miserable, brainwashed brood hanging onto the idea that there's no greater calling in life than to make that old bastard proud. Every single last one of you shouting to the high heavens that you're blessed to live for God, country and Lynch family pride!

[He chuckles.]

SW: Well...not ALL of you.

[Wright turns his head towards Matt Lance.]

SW: Isn't that right, Mr. Lance? Or should I say...

[A disturbing grin forms on Wright's face.]

SW: ...Mr. LYNCH?

[There's an audible gasp in the crowd as the audience begins to realize the implications of Wright's revelation.]

SW: Matt, would you be so kind as to tell the people here what your relation to this piece of trash laying before us is?

[With cold eyes as dead as his teacher's, Matt Lance stares down at Jack Lynch.]

ML: I'm that piece of trash's baby brother. But he ain't been no brother of mine for a good long while.

SW: Is that right?

[Without taking his eyes off Jack Lynch, Lance nods.]

ML: And I haven't been a Lynch even longer.

[Looking barely able to contain his laughter, Supreme pats Lance on the shoulder and turns his attention back to Jack Lynch.]

SW: So tell me, Jack, as you lay here before me...

[Wright pauses and looks at Cain Jackson...and then at Matt Lance and then back at Lynch with a smile on his face.]

SW: ...and my FAMILY...

[The crowd really lets him have it with that one.]

SW: ...writhing in pain and at my complete mercy, when it matters the most.... where's your family, Jack?

Oh. That's right.

[The smile completely disappears from Wright's face, replaced by an intense stare devoid of any actual emotion.]

SW: With...ME.

[And with that, as the crowd showers him with hate, Wright drops the microphone and turns to leave, with Cain Jackson and Matt Lance following closely behind him as we slowly fade to black.]

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business! You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...

...and then back up backstage where Mark Stegglet, concern on his face, is standing.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, where we just heard the mother of all bombshells dropped on the AWA fans by Supreme Wright with the revelation that-

[Stegglet's gaze drifts off-camera before he gestures to the cameraman. The shot pivots to reveal Jack Lynch, seemingly in a daze, walking through the backstage area.]

MS: Jack, I know this is a tough time for you but can we get a comment on what happened out there?

[Jack doesn't even seem to hear Stegglet, walking right past the camera.]

MS: Jack, a quick word?

[But soon, the camera is on the back of the Iron Cowboy as he walks away in silence...

...and we slowly fade back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated. Gordon looks quite solemn while Bucky looks elated.]

GM: Fans, we've seen a lot of things go down here on Saturday Night Wrestling over the past seven plus years... some horrible things... but very few can match up to what we just witnessed. Jack Lynch was taking on Suprem- I'm sorry, Cain Jackson... it just felt like he was taking on Supreme Wright... in a No Disqualification match. Jack had the match well in hand and seemed on the verge of victory when Matt Lance - a man we had not seen in the AWA in several months - appeared out of nowhere, distracted Jack, and allowed Jackson to hit a low blow and a Big Boot to win. But the loss wasn't the biggest surprise, Bucky.

BW: No, no, no! The biggest surprise is that there's another runt in the Lynch family litter!

GM: Bucky, I...

[Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: Supreme Wright took great joy in revealing to the entire world that Matt Lance is actually Matt Lynch, apparently the youngest of the Lynch wrestling family.

BW: We'd heard the rumors that there was another one... for years, Gordo.

GM: I know but... to find out like this? In this fashion? Jack Lynch must be humiliated... he must be crushed to find out that his own brother... his own flesh and blood would allow himself to be manipulated in this way to hurt Jack. And that's all this was, Bucky... Supreme Wright manipulating yet another person to hurt Jack Lynch.

BW: I bet Henrietta's crying in her Saturday night stew, daddy!

GM: I can't even begin to wonder how this affects the rest of the family... Henrietta and Blackjack of course but even the other siblings like James and Theresa... having to witness their own blood betray the family. I just can't...

[Gordon's voice trails off as he looks down.]

GM: Fans, let's go to the ring...

[Cut up to Phil Watson.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall... introducing first... already in the ring... from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania... weighing 270 pounds...

JAAAAAAAMESSSSSS REEEEEEEED!!!

[The crowd cheers mildly as the energetic big man throws up a fist and roars to them.]

PW: And his opponent... from Chula Vista, California... weighing 235 pounds...

JERICHOOOOOO KAI!!!!

[The lights go out.]

BW: Here we go. I don't like what's going to happen next.

#THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE! I'M GONNA LET IT SHINE!  
THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE! I'M GONNA LET IT SHINE!  
THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE! I'M GONNA LET IT SHINE!  
LET IT SHINE! LET IT SHINE! LET IT SHINE! OOOOH YEAHHHHH!!!!#

[A blood red spotlight hits ringside and illuminates a sarcophagus - the same sarcophagus that Jericho Kai built for Hercules Hammonds. The lid slides to the side and Jericho Kai emerges from the sarcophagus. He reaches up a hand and grasps the ropes. He climbs from out of the tomb and steps through the ropes. His heavy-lidded green eyes bore holes through James Reed. The big man returns the stare.]

BW: I don't understand what is in this man's mind.

GM: Neither do I and I don't think I want to... but he is definitely sending a message here to Hercules Hammonds, bringing the sarcophagus out here in Tupelo, Mississippi, Hammonds' home town.

[Inside the ring, Kai stalks Reed as the bell rings.]

GM: And we're underway.



BW: Let me ask you something, Gordo. What's that tattoo over Kai's heart?

GM: He says they are the pictographs of the Gods of Egypt.

[Jericho Kai and James Reed lunge into a collar and elbow tie up.]

BW: You know, Gordo, I never realized how tall Jericho Kai really is. He's about as tall as Hammonds... just real real lean.

GM: He's got the height advantage on James Reed here tonight but he is nowhere near as strong. And James Reed pushing him towards the ropes, winning this collar and elbow tie up.

[And just like that Kai drops down and scissors Reed's legs. The big man makes a great show of yelling and flailing his arms as he slowly topples forward, crashing face first into the second turnbuckle.]

GM: What a maneuver from Jericho Kai!

BW: A slick drop toe hold and the weirdo is patting Reed on the back of the head.

GM: Psychological games by the Servant of Sutekh.

BW: You think that means he has to get fresh bandages for the mummies?

GM: I honestly have no idea.

[Kai waits as James Reed gets his feet underneath him, patting him on the back before he drills him with a series of forearms to the back of the head.]

GM: Hard shots to the head as Kai fires away with those forearms... the unusual style of Jericho Kai on display here, whispering in Reed's ear as he twists the arm into a chickenwing.

[He twists the other arm back too, and lifts, pulling Reed into the air for a precious few seconds before he drops him to the mat, not hesitating before throwing a high dropkick that shoves him facefirst into the turnbuckles.]

GM: What a series of moves by Jericho Kai! He got remarkable height on that drop kick!

BW: It wasn't FLAWLESS but I'll admit it was pretty damn good.

[Kai waits for Reed to come out of the corner. He smirks at Reed as he ducks underneath a lunge and grips Reed around the waist and chest in an uncomfortable looking hug before he begins ramming his head into the back of Reed's head.]

GM: That will scramble Reed's brains.

BW: If he's not careful he might crack the external occipital protuberance.

GM: The what?

BW: The bump at the back of the head.

GM: I'm sure that's not the scientific name for it.

BW: I've heard it called that before.

[With Reed dizzy, Kai wraps him in a side headlock and bends him backwards. He traipses around the ring with him before dropping him into a side headlock backbreaker.]

GM: What a shock to the spine that is. Jericho Kai has made sure that Reed can't lay a hand on him.

BW: Attacking like a jackal, I guess. Always hitting him from behind.

[With Reed on the mat, Kai begins stomping on his joints. Right arm. Right knee. Left knee. Left elbow. Head. He picks up a single leg and steps over into a half crab, wrenching backwards with a lot of torque.]

GM: Jericho Kai really putting his back into it.

BW: That's a mean Boston Crab.

[And Kai transitions into a grapevine of the leg. He reaches out to grab Reed by the hair and pulls him back to lock in a dragon sleeper. He rocks backwards trapping Reed in the Judgement of Ma'at!]

GM: I don't even know what to call that maneuver, Bucky!

BW: You don't know what to call any move! But that grapevined leg prevents Reed from crawling to the ropes and that Dragon Sleeper... yup... say nighty night.

[Reed has succumbed to the blood choke. His arm goes limp as Kai chokes him out.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner... Jericho KAAAAIIIIII!!!!

[The crowd boos mildly as Kai stares out at them. He reaches down and grasps Reed by the hair. He drags him to the ropes and dumps him through into the sarcophagus! As Reed lies there, barely coming to, Kai shouts into the ringside camera.]

JK: Hammonds, this is your fate! You shall be sacrificed to Sutekh! Come fight me!

GM: There's no call for that, fans! Let's get out of here before this lunatic does something else to get Hammonds' attention!

[Fade in to a shot backstage, where we see the AWA World Tag Team champions, Violence Unlimited, standing by. Danny Morton is wearing an "American Murder Machine" t-shirt with a image of him about to Oklahoma Stampede an unfortunate opponent into the canvas. Next to him stands Jackson Haynes, in a white t-shirt with his bloody face over a Confederate flag backdrop. Morton paces back and forth as Haynes stands there with a sour look on his face, yelling at the top of his lungs with excitement.]

DM: TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT, JACK!!!

[He shoves Haynes hard in the chest, but Haynes barely acknowledges the blow.]

DM: TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT!!!

[Morton balls up his fists and puts his dukes up, his eyes filled with a mixture of joy, excitement, and crazy.]

DM: Aren't you excited? Can't you feel the electricity in the air? Don't you feel the chills going up and down your spine!?!

TONIGHT WE'RE CROWNING NEW STAMPEDE CUP CHAMPIONS!

[Haynes rolls his eyes and shakes his head.]

JH: The only thing I feel, Danny, is a sickness wellin' up in mah stomach! This farce they're callin' a...

[Haynes makes air quotes.]

JH: ..."Stampede Cup" might as well be a protective cup! It's an insult to US and it's an insult to all the men that actually competed in all the Stampede Cups that came before it! And they're gonna' put the men that win tonight in the same status right up there with Violence Unlimited? They're gonna' be sharin' space in the history books with us?

WITH VIOLENCE UNLIMITED!?

I'm so disgusted, I could spit!

[Morton strokes his beard, deep in thought.]

DM: Well, you got a good point there, Jack. It's not exactly fair that a couple of pretenders get to lay a claim to being right up there with us. But...how do you figure we solve this problem?

[A sick grin slowly forms on Haynes' ugly mug.]

JH: The same way we solve every problem, Danny. I'm thinkin'...I'm thinkin' that the only way to resolve this problem is with a FIGHT.

[Morton perks up as Haynes says the magic word.]

DM: Did you say a fight?

[A grin five hundred miles wide forms on Morton's face.]

DM: DID YOU SAY A FIGHT???

[He cackles, rubbing his hands together.]

DM: That's brilliant, Jack! That's genius! A fight! A honest to goodness...

...FIGHT!!!

[He runs his hands through his hair and lets out an excited scream.]

DM: WE'LL PULVERIZE'EM!!!

[Haynes nods.]

JH: I knew you'd like my idea, Danny...'cause it seems to me, the only to resolve this conundrum, the only way to show the world what a REAL Stampede Cup champion is 'spose to look like is to challenge the winner of this so-called Stampede Cup and to whup 'dem sonsofbitches in a rasslin' match like they ain't ever been whopped before!

[Haynes points a finger right at the camera.]

JH: Air Strike...Strictly Business...it doesn't matter which one prevails tonight, 'cause as soon as they're done claimin' that false crown, as soon as they're ready to raise that piece of tin they dare to call a Stampede Cup into the air...

[The Tennessee native sticks his face up-close to the camera, eyes crazed, expression wild.]

JH: ...we're callin' you out!

[Fade out.]

Cut to a black screen. A throaty yell is heard...

# IT'S MINE... #

# IT'S MINE... #

# THE WORLD IS MINE! #

[We hear the opening of Disturbed's 'Immortalized'. Fade from black to a shot of MAMMOTH Maximus standing at the top of an entrance ramp. He has on the mammoth headgear, over a black singlet, with a silver M across the front; black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads, and a pair of black boots with silver trim and is being led to battle by a smirking Louis Matsui.]

# THIS IS WARTIME, THIS IS OUR TIME #

# WE WON'T BE DENIED #

# FEED THE FIRE THAT IS RAGING INSIDE #

# THIS IS GO TIME, THIS IS SHOWTIME #

# WE WILL FIGHT TILL THEIR WILLS ARE BROKEN #

[Cut to a montage of Maximus raining down clubbing forearms onto various opponents, interspersed with Maximus landing body blows on a cornered opponent: Mr. Majestyk Maurice McArthur, Blackwater Bart, MAMMOTH Mizusawa, Ryan Martinez, and Tiger Paw Pro's Takeyoshi Murayama. Maximus landing clubbing forearms to the back of then-AWA World champion James Monosso's neck. Maximus throwing bombs and clubbing forearms at the elder Martinez, who is trapped in the corner, during the 2013 edition of the Memorial Day Rumble. The sequence ends with a clip of MAMMOTH Maximus, without his mask on, dressed in a sleeveless T-shirt, track pants and black fingerless gloves, throwing punches towards the camera.]

# THIS IS GAME TIME, AN INSANE TIME #

# LET THE MADNESS FLY #

# SHOW THEM STRENGTH THAT JUST CAN'T BE DEFIED #

# FIND THE POWER TO DEVOUR #

# LET THE BEAST INSIDE NOW BE WOKEN #

[Cut to a clip of Maximus trading punches with longtime foe and one-time partner Mizusawa, then a clip of Maximus exchanging headbutts with Blackwater Bart, followed, one after another, by Maximus running over 4M with a clothesline, Maximus doing the same to Ryan Martinez in a Stampede Cup match between Martinez and Gunnar Gaines taking on the Prehistoric Powers, Maximus catching Blackwater Bart with the bell clap, Maximus doing the same to TPP's Yukihiro Kanemaru, Maximus flattening both Martinez and Supreme Wright with a double clothesline, Maximus with a leaping body attack against Sweet Daddy Williams in the same match, and Maximus sending the full weight of his body into the Samoan Mafu, knocking him down.]

# IN THIS WORLD ONLY THE STRONG WILL SURVIVE #  
# HEAR THE ROAR AND YOU WILL KNOW YOU'RE ALIVE #  
# FEEL THE ENERGY BUILD IN YOUR SOUL 'CAUSE IT'S TIME #

[MAMMOTH Maximus, with his black mask on and an AWA backdrop behind him, looms over the camera, as he balls his black fingerless gloved fists and holds them together in front of him, before extending his arms out to either side of him.]

# OH, IN THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM #  
# ANOTHER LEGEND WILL BE BORN #  
# ANOTHER BATTLE WILL BE WON #  
# WE WILL RISE #

[A montage of Maximus hitting the Prehistoric Plunge on a number of opponents follows: 4M, Henry Porten, Blackwater Bart, Mizusawa, Ryan Martinez, and Monosso.]

# OH, SO HEED THE CALL OF CONFRONTATION #  
# TODAY WE FEED ON DOMINATION #  
# SECURE A LEGACY THAT WILL NEVER DIE #  
# BE IMMORTALIZED #

[Footage of Maximus in the gym lifting weights cuts to Maximus dropping Mafu with a Samoan Drop, then Maximus doing the same to Monosso. The next clip is of Maximus picking Henry Porten up and slamming him back down with a uranage. This is followed, in quick succession, by more recent footage from Japan: Maximus chokeslamming Murayama, then Maximus with a massive lariat to the same opponent, Maximus dropping Hamada with a powerbomb, Maximus chokeslamming Kanemaru into the turnbuckles, then Maximus landing the Prehistoric Plunge on Kanemaru, and Maximus with another massive lariat, this time to Hamada.]

# RAW EMOTION, PURE DEVOTION #  
# THEY WILL TESTIFY #  
# AND OUR MEMORY WILL ENDURE FOR ALL TIME #  
# NEVER HIDING, NO DIVIDING #  
# LET THEM WITNESS US MOVE AS ONE NOW #

[Also recently, and closer to home, we see footage from All-Star Showdown: Maximus and Oni exchanging blows at All Star Showdown, Maximus shoving Oni back against the ropes, squaring up to throw a left to the body... then a right... then a left... a right, rocking back and forth as he hooks blows into the massive gut of the Demon; and Oni smashing into Maximus, breaking the top rope and the two falling out of the ring all the way down HARD to the floor.]

# SHOW NO MERCY, LET THE WORLD SEE WE'RE INVINCIBLE #  
# SHOW THEM NOTHING IS BEYOND OUR CONTROL #  
# TAKE IT HIGHER, OUR DESIRE WILL DETERMINE WHAT WE'VE BECOME NOW #

[Finally, we see footage from the second Rising Sun Showdown: Maximus and Oni exchanging shots at ringside, Maximus raining down double axehandles across the broad back of KING Oni, Maximus with the Demon trapped in the corner as he rains rights and lefts down onto the sides of Oni's head, then Maximus CRUSHING Oni under 420 pounds against the turnbuckles, and, again, Maximus and Oni trading blows in the center of the ring, with the official getting caught in the barrage of clenched fists and getting HURLED to the canvas by both men.]

# ARE YOU READY FOR THE TEST OF YOUR LIFE? #  
# SEE THE FEAR BLEEDING RIGHT THROUGH THEIR EYES #  
# FEEL THE ENERGY BUILD IN YOUR SOUL 'CAUSE IT'S TIME #

[Maximus and Oni continue to trade bombs. We hear the voice of Jason Dane...]

JD: The locker room is clearing out! We've got preliminary wrestlers... young boys if you will... Tiger Paw Pro officials... the aisle is filled with people and I don't even know if that's enough to shut this down!

[We then see the two behemoths trying to cut through the mass of bodies in order to get to each other.]

JD: They're... they're starting to have some success but look at these two! They just want to get right back at it! IT LOOKS LIKE A RUMBLE IN THERE!

[Cut to Maximus with his mask off and the straps of his ring attire pulled down.]

MM: AWA, Tiger Paw Pro, do not think a double disqualification is a satisfactory end to the battle between KING Oni and the mighty MAMMOTH Maximus! Oni, I am coming for you! On October 31st - Halloween Night - bring out the monsters once more and this time let's make it no disqualification!

[Maximus reaches out and engulfs the camera lens with one meaty hand.]

# OH, SO HEED THE CALL OF CONFRONTATION #  
# TODAY WE FEED ON DOMINATION #  
# SECURE A LEGACY THAT WILL NEVER DIE #  
# BE IMMORTALIZED #

[Against the blackness, the following words appear in white...]

TWO WEEKS FROM TONIGHT

ON HALLOWEEN

MAMMOTH MAXIMUS

VS.

KING ONI

NO DISQUALIFICATION

[The music starts to fade, as we fade to black.]

The words "December 1994" appears in white scrawly text. The black screen fades to reveal the founder of the EMWC, Adam Thompson. Thompson's years are showing at this point. He leans towards the camera.]

"In the mid-90s, getting anyone to bankroll pro wrestling was a hard sell. The whole business was in the toilet so if you wanted to stand a chance, you started small and put in the work."

[A black and white still photo of a bloodied Colt Patterson - then known as Narcissus - battling Lorenzo Vasquez appears. The word "Extreme" etched in a deep crimson is "written" across them as the voice of Patterson is heard.]

"Extreme was the thing. Hell, my dad had been doing extreme down in the South for years - cages, bullropes, Texas Death, whatever. He just didn't know it had a name. Did I like the idea of going through tables almost every night? Not really. But I was the champ. I was the guy. It was either do it or they'd find someone else who would. Ultimately, my career paid the price but it was a good run while it lasted."

[The shot of Patterson fades to a still photo of Chris Blue standing in a ring with Adam Thompson. Blue looks much younger than his modern counterpart who we see a moment later.]

"I bought out Adam Thompson as soon as I put the money together. I had a vision, he had a vision... too many cooks in the kitchen. I'll always be grateful to him but I think history has shown that he made the right call to take the money and let me run the place."

[A series of stills flash by - Casey James, Tiger Claw, Steve Kowalski, Creed, Brody Thunder, Serge Annis, and JW Hardin. Blue appears again.]

"It was a war. It was a total war between us and Portland. Talent, territory, ratings, buyrates... you name it, we fought over it. I fought a lot of those kinds of wars over the years but none of them were as fun as the fight that Spreadbury put up."

[More stills. This time with some of the most famous names in EMWC - men like Mark Langseth, Alex Martinez, Kevin Slater, Jeff Matthews, "Dreamlover" Trey Porter, Curtis Hansen, Eddie Van Gibson, Simon Ezra, Luke Kinsey, Chris Courtade, and others flash by in rapid-fire before fading back to Blue.]

"You know what they don't tell you? It's a hard fight to get to the top... but when you get there, sometimes it gets a little boring. I was constantly fighting with myself to stay motivated. I'd pick fights with promotions just to try and get my competitive fires burning. It was just never the same though."

[And then another series of shots - this time with some of the names synonymous with the end of the EMWC - names we'll choose not to name to protect the innocent... and the guilty. Back to Blue.]

"The writing was on the wall long before I shut the doors, I think. It was... I don't know. Bad timing? We were fighting to stay afloat for a while. We were having financial troubles, creative difficulties, you name it. Then out of nowhere, one of my best friends got leukemia and died. That was..."

[Blue pauses, turning his head to the side as we fade to black as a title comes up - "The Rise And Fall Of The Empire - available on DVD and Digital Download now. The shot of a smiling Blue comes back up.]

"Damn. It was a good run though, wasn't it? A hell of a run. Maybe the best ever. But even the best things have to end."

[Blue smiles, staring off-camera, daydreaming of days gone by as we fade to black.

As we fade back to live action, the shot starts in darkness. Only the vaguest silhouette is barely visible in the blackness. A harsh light flares to life above the shot, illuminating a head and shoulders shot of the Dirt Dog Unique Allah. The hard-luck wrestler's hair is an unkempt mess. His yellowish eyes wander aimlessly as his mouth works in a mindless, reflexive chewing motion. The straps of his wife beater are yellowed with stains, sweat and dirt.

He says nothing, perhaps even unaware that there is a camera upon him. The horror-faced Poet slides into the shot from the right side of the screen. She rubs blackened fingernails around his face, scratching at his chin like a pet. She leans close to his face and licks his cheek up and down before she whispers in his ear.]

P: I set yuh free.

[The effect is immediate. Allah's eyes become focused, narrowing into the camera. His head steadies on his shoulders. His mouth still moves as a low sound begins to build in the back of his throat.]

DDUA: aaaaaaaaaa

[The noise begins to build.]

DDUA: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[The bastard yell rings out after so many months of being silenced.]

DDUA: Where am I? Where am I?

P: Tupelo. Yuh have been chosen to face the man dem call Carver.

[The Dog scratches behind his ear as he looks Poet up and down.]

DDUA: What are you talking about? Who is this Carver? Matter of fact who the hell are you?

[Dirt reaches out and forcibly spins Poet around so her back is to him. He looks down.]

DDUA: Poet? Last I remember we was drinkin' after a show in Florida.

[He stretches out his tongue.]

DDUA: How did I end up in Tupelo? And why am I fighting some bum named Carver?

P: Because you are a warrior of Sutekh. It is your responsibility to defeat men like Carver.

DDUA: What's wrong with the...?

[Allah mumbles under his breath.]

DDUA: Why he need to get bit?

P: Because him is a violent man. A drunkard man. A reprobate man. A waste man.

DDUA: Hmmm, sounds like someone I could get down with. But if he gotta get bit he gotta get bit.

P: Him needs to be bit.

DDUA: Then he gon get bit. Nuthin gon stop me from getting at that bone. I need a drank...

[The Dog starts barking to himself as he marches off camera. Poet watches him go.]

P: Maybe I chose de wrong one.

[Fade out from the pre-recorded segment.]

As we fade back up, we land on the ringside announce table where Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde are standing.]



GM: A bizarre scene there that Poet Wright invited our cameraman to witness so that you at home could see it as well. Ladies and gentlemen, joining us here on commentary tonight for this special challenge matchup - the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez!

[No music plays for the champ, as he makes his way to ringside, but the AWA's White Knight needs no music, as the ovation from the crowd is enough to herald his arrival. Martinez is wearing a "White Knight" t-shirt that's stretched tight across his chest, as well as a pair of blue jeans. The World Heavyweight title is around his waist, as he moves to the table, he unstraps the belt from his waist, setting it up near the monitor, after one more roar from the crowd.]

GM: Champ, welcome to Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Gordon and the World Champion share a hearty handshake. The champ and Bucky... less hearty. Bucky looks agitated at having to deal with Ryan Martinez in such close proximity.]

GM: It's a great honor for us to have you out here tonight - a bird's eye view if you will to see your SuperClash challenger from this perspective as you continue to prepare for your World Title showdown just about six weeks away.

RM: Thank you so much Gordon. It's such an honor to be out here, sitting next to the Dean of Professional Wrestling! And let's be honest. I can watch all the tape I want of Hannibal Carver, but nothing is going to beat seeing him up close and personal while he's in action.

GM: I see. Well, it's probably a good time to remind the fans at home of this No Contact policy in place between the two of you heading into that title match. We all remember what happened two weeks ago - this wild brawl that raged all over the building that led to this rule being put in place. You and Mr. Carver are NOT allowed to make contact with one another in any form or you risk the wrath of the AWA President, Landon O'Neill, who would be forced to strip you of the title and suspend you BOTH for SuperClash.

RM: Well, I'd argue that no one is forcing President O'Neill to do anything. But I promise you Gordon, I'm just out here to observe. There's nothing I want more than to fight Carver at SuperClash, and I'm not going to do anything to jeopardize that! President O'Neill can rest easy, and stop trying to find a reason to cancel our match.

GM: I know that no one at home wants to see that so please, keep your seat here with us as we settle in for what should be a very intriguing match. Phil Watson, take it away!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... he is accompanied by Poet Wright... he is DIRT DOG UNIQUE ALLAH!

[Allah comes stumbling through the curtain - no music, no lighting, no fanfare at all. He wobbles down the aisle as Poet trails behind him, gripping her chalice filled with red liquid as she follows.]

GM: Mr. Martinez, can you give us your thoughts on Hannibal Carver's opponent here tonight - Dirt Dog Unique Allah?

RM: I've never been in the ring with the man, but like a lot of fans, I grew up watching him in Portland, and I know what he's accomplished. This won't be a cakewalk for Carver, that's for sure.

GM: He certainly is a competitor with an incredible history. I doubt anyone will ever forget that Seven Tables of Fear match he had with Joe Petrow back in the late 90s. This should be a good matchup to help get Carver ready for his showdown with you.

RM: It will, because Dirt Dog is going to give Carver one hell of a fight. But I'm sure Carver knows this – when he gets in there with me, the only weapons will be my feet and fists. And there won't be anything resembling a zombie, until I drop him with the brainbuster, that is!

[Allah climbs into the ring, grabbing at the side of his head as he lumbers around the ring, looking out in a daze at the jeering fans.]

PW: And his opponent...

[A siren is heard as the fans scream in anticipation of the South Boston Brawler.]

#GONNA BE A BLACKOUT#

[Just as the vocal hits, the camera zooms in on the top of the entrance aisle...]

PW: From South Boston, Massachusetts... Weighing in at 260 pounds...  
HANNIBAL CARVER!!

[The curtains fly open as out walks the Boston Brawler himself. He raises his left arm while his head is lowered, the hood of his black hooded sweatshirt obscuring much of his face.]

#CUZ MY TOWN IS BIG AND MY TOWN IS BRIGHT#  
#MY TOWN CAN WORK AND MY TOWN CAN FIGHT#

[With his right hand, Carver tears the hood off his head while he makes a throat-cutting motion with the thumb of his left hand. He throws his head back and let's out a warcry, both arms raised to the sky as the crowd roars along.]

GM: Carver looking as confident ever!

RM: Oh, he's got no lack of confidence, I'll give him that. Maybe too much.

[Carver makes his way to ringside, slowly turning his head to look directly at the World Champion. The crowd increases its volume as they see Martinez start to get to his feet, returning Carver's gaze with an intense one of his own.]

GM: Don't let him goad into doing something you'll regret, champ!

RM: Don't worry Gordon, I'm no fool. But the only thing I regret is not being able to wipe that look off his face right now!

#GONNA BE A BLACKOUT - BLACKOUT TONIGHT#

[Carver finally enters the ring, unzipping his sweatshirt and letting it fall to the canvas.]

GM: I'm sure there's a lot of things going through your mind as you see Hannibal Carver - the man you've been at war with for over a year now.

RM: That's true, Gordon. I've never had to wait this long for something in my life. And I'll tell you, I wish we were in Texas right now. Because all I want to do is show Carver what I'm made of. All I want to do is show him why I'm World Heavyweight Champion, and so long as I hold this belt, he never will be!

GM: But you have to admit that he's one heck of a fighter - one heck of a competitor - and your title is most certainly in danger in Houston, Texas on Thanksgiving night.

RM: Oh, I know exactly how much of a threat Carver is. I know what kind of competitor he is. My title is in danger. But I also know I have what it takes to defeat him.

[Carver climbs up on the apron, throwing a glance over at Martinez with a threatening point.]

GM: Mr. Carver seems to be telling you to stay where you are... the No Contact policy obviously on his mind as well.

RM: You just concentrate on your opponent! You don't need to look at me!

[Carver stomps around the ring, looking puzzled as Allah who is leaning over, his head against the turnbuckle as he covers his other ear tightly.]

GM: Some unusual behavior on the part of Dirt Dog Unique Allah.

BW: The guy's in a zombie cult following a woman who drinks blood and... whatever Jericho Kai is... and THIS is unusual behavior to you?

GM: A fair point. Even Carver seems a little unsettled by it though, pointing to Allah and shouting at the official who just called for the bell...

[Which is the cue for Allah to come storming out of the corner, throwing a barrage of rights and lefts, swarming a surprised Carver who is quickly backpedaling, trying to absorb the blows as Allah bowls him back against the buckles.]

GM: Allah catches Carver off-guard at the opening bell, throwing those blows as quickly as he can...

[But as he drops his arms for a moment, Carver DRILLS him between the eyes with a right hand!]

GM: Oh! Hard shot by Carver!

[Allah staggers back from the blow, grabbing at his forehead as Carver approaches him from behind, grabbing a handful of tights...

...and RIFLES him over the top rope, sending him crashing down on the floor in a pile!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DIRT DOG GOES OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!

BW: And that lunatic Carver's going after him! Keep your guard up, Gordo. He may be coming after you again.

GM: I highly doubt that... but I would encourage Ryan Martinez to keep his seat as his SuperClash challenger gets closer and closer to us out here at ringside.

RM: You don't have to worry about me, Gordon. As much as the fans want to see Carver and I go at it, trust me, I want it more.

[Carver pulls Allah off the mat by his badly-tangled hair, swings him around...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES ALLAH!!

[Carver pauses to lay the badmouth on Allah whose arms are draped back over the railing, trying to stay on his feet. The Boston Brawler starts putting the boots to Allah, landing several shots to the midsection before grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- whoa!

[The crowd has a similar reaction as Allah leaps from the floor, landing on the apron. Carver comes rushing in but Allah catches him with a blind back kick to the mush, stumbling the SuperClash title challenger...]

GM: Allah caught him coming in!

[With Carver staggered, Allah leaps up into the air, bouncing off the second rope, twisting around as he springs off...]

...and THROWS HIMSELF into a somersault, wiping out Carver on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Incredible high flying assault out of Dirt Dog Unique Allah, showing some of the skills that made him one of the top competitors in the world in the late 90s.

BW: I'm impressed he can even pull that off some twenty years later.

RM: I'm not. Jericho Kai may be crazy, but he's not stupid. He picked Dirt Dog Unique Allah for a reason. And you know what else? Maybe Carver should stop worrying about putting the badmouth on people and worry more about doing his job. Don't think I didn't notice what his mouth cost him.

[Allah drags Carver off the floor, shoving him under the ropes into the ring before climbing back up on the apron. He slaps the top rope a couple of times... then does the same thing to his head...]

GM: Ouch!

BW: Allah's beating HIMSELF up in there.

GM: Allah steps up on the ropes... you don't see this too often. Most competitors tend to do their flying from the corner or from a springboard or something. He's just climbing the ropes in the middle of the apron.

[Allah puts a foot on the top, waiting for Carver to get up off the mat, and leaps off, dropping a forearm down between the eyes.]

GM: Flying forearm connects... and Allah makes a cover!

[The referee counts one and two before Carver lifts the shoulder.]

GM: Carver out at two and you have to imagine that a loss here tonight would be devastating to any sense of momentum or confidence that Carver might have heading into SuperClash six weeks from now.

RM: You're right about that, Gordon. People always underestimate the power of momentum. Once you start winning, it's easier to keep winning. And once you lose? It's a mental hurdle that's hard to overcome.

GM: Champ, I understand that you're looking ahead to SuperClash and to a similar training camp like the one you had a year ago against former World Champion Supreme Wright.

RM: That's true. I just got off the phone this morning, actually, with my final trainer in place. But believe me when I say that its going to be even more intense and more grueling than last year. I'm tripling my efforts? Everything I put myself through to win this belt? It was just a warm up for what I'm doing this year.

GM: I suppose you'd then have to wonder if Carver would be willing to go through a similar training scenario.

RM: I don't know Gordon. Carver has relied on shortcuts and cheap tricks for so long, I don't even know if the man knows how to train. But I'll tell you this – he better be on the treadmill and down on the mat, because steel chairs and can openers aren't going to cut it at SuperClash.

[While Gordon and the champ were bantering, Allah had taken the opportunity to choke Carver with two hands once... and twice... and three times. He scrambles back up, dashing to the ropes as the referee shouts at him...

...and snaps off a lightning quick legdrop across the throat!]

GM: Ohh! Legdrop by Allah!

[Allah stays seated, leg across the chest, and shouts for a pin count.]

GM: Unusual cover gets one... he gets two... but that's all!

[Allah backrolls to his feet, stumbling around the ring, covering his ears.]

BW: What the heck is wrong with this guy, Gordo? Is he hearing voices or something?

GM: I wouldn't be surprised. Champ, what's your take on the Walking Dead and this Jericho Kai character?

RM: They're a disturbing group. And maybe they've been operating in the shadows for too long. I was so caught up dealing with the Wise Men, then Wright, then Caleb Temple, but I'm starting to think that something needs to be done to drag these evil, twisted men into the light. They've done a lot of heinous things. And if big Herc ever needs a hand dealing with them? Well, I'll be there.

[Allah drags Carver off the mat by the arm, whipping him a short distance into the corner. He runs in after him, throwing himself into a sloppy clothesline.]

GM: Clothesline in the corner by Allah...

[The Walking Dead member leans over, hoisting Carver off the canvas and depositing him on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Allah sets him up top... perhaps a superplex on the way...

BW: Maybe a top rope rana is more likely. I don't know if Allah's got the muscles to get Carver up for a superplex.

GM: Whatever it is, your challenger at SuperClash is in a bad way at this point of the contest, champ.

RM: I think Carver took Dirt Dog Unique Allah lightly, and he's paying for it. Remember what I said about shortcuts Gordon? Well, Carver is paying the price now.

[Allah steps up to the second rope, grabbing Carver by the ears...

...and BITING his forehead!]

BW: AHHH! ZOMBIE BITE! ZOMBIE BITE! HE WANTS BRAAAAAAAAINS!

GM: Would you stop?!

[Allah breaks the bite at the count of four, steadying his balance on the ropes...

...and then leaps up, springing off the top rope to lock his legs around the head but Carver hangs on, causing Allah to flip off the top, crashing facefirst down to the canvas!]

GM: Carver counters the headscissors!

[Carver stands up on the second rope, giving his forearm a couple of slaps as Allah stumbles back to his feet, barely able to catch his balance before Carver leaps off the ropes...

...and CREAMS Allah with a flying forearm smash to the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CARVER LAYS OUT ALLAH! HE MIGHT BE DONE!

BW: Whaddya think it'll be like to be on the other end of that, Martinez?!

RM: There's no doubt that Carver hits hard. And there's no doubt that I'm going to get knocked around at SuperClash. But you've spent enough time watching in the ring to know that if I get knocked down nine times, I'm going to get up ten.

[Carver climbs up off the canvas, turning to the cheering fans, swinging his arms up and down and calling for Allah to get up to his feet.]

GM: Allah's trying to get up off the canvas... and Carver's right there waiting for him!

[The Boston Brawler dashes to the ropes, rebounding back across the ring...

...and SWINGS his knee up into the side of Allah's head!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Carver's trying to knock the crazy out of Dirt Dog Unique Allah but I don't know if the time limit is long enough to make it happen.

[Carver again shouts at Allah to get up, turning to look at Martinez, and the camera cuts to the World Champion, who is about halfway out of his chair.]

GM: Take it easy, champ.

RM: Fight your match you son of a...

GM: Ryan!

RM: Sorry, Gordon.

[Carver starts running his mouth in Martinez' direction as he leans down, dragging Allah off the mat...]

GM: Carver's got him hooked, over here near us...

BW: MOVE!

[...and Allah gets LAUNCHED up and over the ropes with a T-Bone Suplex, sending him crashing down right on top of the announce table where Gordon, Bucky, and Ryan Martinez bailed out in time. Carver cracks a grin at the World Champion as he looks down at him.]

BW: I TOLD you this guy is a lunatic! He came after us again!

GM: I don't think it was either of us that he was after, Bucky.

[Martinez and Carver lock eyes, staring each other down as the crowd goes wild in Tupelo - a familiar chant soon breaking out.]

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

GM: The fans in Tupelo are on their feet! They're ready for SuperClash but they've gotta wait because if this happens now... if this happens here... it WON'T happen in Houston on Thanksgiving Night! Keep your cool, Ryan...

[The camera shows Gordon putting a hand on the World Champion's shoulder.]

RM: Well come, on, do something! I'm standing right here!

[With Carver distracted by his staredown with the World Champion, Dirt Dog Unique Allah manages to crawl around the ring, pulling himself back into the ring as he grabs Poet Wright's chalice, taking a drink of the red liquid...]

GM: Champ, just... just take your seat and let this-

RM: I... all right.

[Just as the three sit down, Bucky notices what's happening in the ring.]

BW: ALLAH!

[Back in the ring, Allah swings Carver around by the arm, grabbing at his throat...]

GM: BLOOD MIST!

[But the attempt to spew red liquid into Carver's eyes fails when he ducks under it, crouching down, leaping up to uncoil and hook a three-quarter nelson...]

...and SPIKES Allah skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: BLACKOUT! ALLAH GETS BLACKED OUT IN TUPELO!

BW: And if he hits THAT in Houston, we're gonna have a new World Champion!

RM: The brainbuster will make sure that doesn't happen!

[Carver rolls to his knees, applying a lateral press...]

GM: THAT'S IT! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Hannibal Carver wins it here in Tupelo!

[Carver pushes off the mat, staring at Martinez. He lifts his arms, doing the "belt gesture" in the World Champion's direction.]

GM: And Carver's letting you know that he's not stopping until he gets that belt, champ.

RM: Congratulations!

[Martinez mock claps at Carver.]

RM: And if you want my belt, you know how to find me!

[The two stare at each other for a long, tense moment, before Carver finally bellows at his soon to be opponent.]

HC: I'll see yer ass in Houston!

GM: Fans, we've got to take a break but when we come back, it'll be Julie Somers in action so don't you dare go away!

[With the staredown continuing, we fade to black.]

We cut from black on the opening note of Thin Lizzy's "The Boys Are Back In Town" on a shot of Travis, Jack, and James Lynch backstage at an AWA event, cowboy boots up on a table as they play cards and laugh.

On the next power chord, we cut to a shot of Juan Vasquez pointing towards the ring next to Eric Preston, miming throwing a right hand. They appear to be in the old WKIK Studios.

The next one brings a cut to Supreme Wright inside a rundown industrial warehouse. He's running in place before dropping down flat on his stomach on the mat, pushing up to his feet and doing it all over again. Nearby is Todd Michaelson, whistle dangling from his mouth.



The third one in the set cuts to Air Strike at a fan event, signing autographs and posing for pictures with the assembled masses. Cody Mertz grins as two girls sandwich him with kisses on the cheeks.

A fourth power chord and cut reveals Brian James, drenched in sweat and shadowboxing against a wall of an empty Crockett Coliseum.

The next goes to Dave Cooper standing in a corner with Eric Matthew Somers, obviously some older footage as Calisto Dufresne stands nearby, a smile on his face as Cooper is regaling them with some story.

Another cut - this one to Hannibal Carver popping the top on a beer and handing it over to Derrick Williams who clinks beer cans with the veteran before they throw them back in tandem.

The next cut shows Supernova in front of a mirror, applying his own facepaint as Jason Dane stands nearby, talking to the young lion.

Back to the next series of chords and another cut, this time to Skywalker Jones, Hercules Hammonds, and Buford P. Higgins arriving at a venue. Jones is wearing dark sunglasses and waves a dismissive hand at the camera as Hammonds proceeds to rip off his t-shirt and strike a double bicep pose while Higgins mugs for the camera in the background.

Then to Bobby O'Connor standing with his grandpa Karl while Karl has some poor backstage worker by the upper body, grabbing an arm as Bobby nods in understanding.

The next one goes to Doctor Harrison Fawcett and Brian Lau peeking through the curtain at a live event, watching the action inside the ring from the backstage area.

And one final power chord in the intro takes us to Ryan Martinez, sitting in a pair of folding chairs with his legendary father. The two men are deep in conversation as workers walk around them.

The lyrics kick in with a shot Alphonse Green hurling himself through the ropes, wiping out "The Professional" Dave Cooper with a suicide dive!]

#Guess who just got back today?#

[Cody Mertz goes sailing through the air after being shoved skyward by his own partner, taking Pete Colt off the top rope with a flying rana!]

#Those wild-eyed boys that had been away#

["Atomic Blonde" Donnie White tries to make his SuperClash moment as he throws his blood-covered form off the top of a steel cage, trying to deliver the Flying Mohawk on Shadoe Rage... who rolls out of the way!]

#Haven't changed, haven't much to say#

["Hotshot" Stevie Scott drops pop star Joshua Dusscher on the top of his head with the piledriver.]

#But man, I still think them cats are great#

[There's a quick barrage of highlights from the biggest Steal The Spotlight match in history - Supreme Wright taking Devon Case up and over with a German Suplex, Juan Vasquez and Hannibal Carver trading headbutts!]

#They were asking if you were around#

[Wright connecting with a devastating rebound lariat on Nenshou, and then hits the Fat Tuesday on Demetrius Lake to finish the match!]

#How you was, where you could be found#

[Ryan Martinez' team with Gunnar Gaines comes to a final end as Martinez drops the Hall of Famer with the Brainbuster.]

#I told them you were living downtown#

[Steve Spector HURLS Terry Shane off the elevated platform, causing him to crash down hard on the thinly-padded concrete.]

#Driving all the old men crazy#

[Blackjack Lynch takes a leather strap across the back of Dick Wyatt as Adam Rogers and Robert Donovan look on in protest!]

#The boys are back in town#

[Skywalker Jones counters a doubleteam attempt by flipping out of an electric chair lift by SPIKING Brad Jacobs' on top of his head with a reverse rana!]

#The boys are back in tooooooooooown#

[The big Main Event staredown between World Television Champion Dave Bryant and World Champion Calisto Dufresne!]

#The boys are back in town#

[Bryant turns Dufresne into the Iron Crab, getting the submission and the title... which fades into a shot from moments later when Supreme Wright dropped Bryant with the torture rack backbreaker to shockingly win the World Title.]

#The boys are back in town#

[As the lyric changes to a raucous guitar solo, a graphic comes up that reads - "SUPERCLASH VII - HOUSTON, TEXAS - 40 days"... and we fade to black...

...and then back up on the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Wrestling fans, the following women's contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from New York City, and weighing 132 pounds... CARLY WILSON!

[A blonde-haired woman dressed in a black halter top, white tights and wrestling boots raises her arms, drawing no reaction.

"She Works Hard for the Money" by Donna Summer plays as Julie Somers emerges from the entranceway. She wears a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. She stands at the top of the ramp, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans to cheer.]

PW: And her opponent, hailing from Boston, Massachusetts and weighing 145 pounds... ladies and gentlemen, she is "THE SPITFIRE" JULIE SOMERS!

[After a moment, she struts down the entranceway, reaching out to slap hands with fans. Upon reaching the ring, she slides underneath the ropes, rolling to her feet

and heading right to the corner. She climbs onto the second turnbuckle and raises her arms, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans' cheers again.]

GM: Julie Somers looking to impress the AWA brass tonight, hoping to get the opportunity to wrestle at SuperClash.

BW: Forget about her, Gordo! Everyone knows Charisma Knight has one half the match locked up, and given how she's wiped the mat twice with this girl, it's time to let Charisma do the same with Melissa Cannon!

GM: Julie has more than held her own against Charisma Knight, and has come close to defeating her, only for Charisma to bend the rulebook.

BW: You can talk about semantics all you want, Gordo! It goes down in the books as two and oh for Charisma. There's nothing more to debate as to who deserves the SuperClash match!

[The bell rings and both women circle one another before locking up. Julie gains the advantage, backing Carly into the corner.]

GM: Julie Somers has Carly Wilson trapped in the corner... the referee calling for the break.

[As Julie slowly backs away, Carly reaches out to hammer her between the eyes.]

GM: And Carly Wilson with a cheap shot!

BW: It's called taking advantage of an opportunity. Something Julie Somers hasn't done at all!

GM: Wilson now shoving Julie into the corner... she fires off a chop! Now goes for a kick to the...

[Wilson raises her leg, but Julie has the presence of mind to block the kick. She now steps out of the corner, holding the leg as Wilson tries to keep her balance.]

GM: Julie blocked that kick! Now she spins Carly around... dropkick to the back of the head!

[Julie drags Carly up by the hair, shoving her back into the corner and unleashing a series of chops.]

GM: Vicious chops by Julie Somers! Look at the impact!

BW: She may hit hard, Gordo, but she's gotta do more than that to state her case for SuperClash!

GM: Julie whipping Carly to the opposite corner... she follows her in...

[Julie leaps up to the second turnbuckle, briefly pumping her fist, before grabbing Wilson, falling backwards and taking her over.]

GM: And a monkey flip takes Wilson down!

BW: She's getting back to her feet, though...

GM: But maybe not for long!

[Julie springs to her feet and rushes Carly, leaping onto her shoulders and wrapping her legs around her head.]

GM: Look at that headscissors takedown by Julie Somers! This young lady can strike quickly, Bucky!

BW: Wasn't quick enough to get past Charisma Knight. And won't be quick enough to prove she should be facing her at SuperClash!

GM: You know there won't be any decision about a SuperClash match until all three women have shown what they can do.

BW: Well, I've seen enough of Charisma to know she's got my vote.

[Julie pumps her fist to the crowd, then drags Carly off the canvas and sends her into the ropes.]

GM: An Irish whip and Julie runs to the opposite side... and look at that clothesline!

[Julie leaps off her feet as she extends her arm, sending Wilson sprawling to the canvas. She again pumps her fist, drawing some cheers.]

GM: And look at how this young lady is firing up the fans!

BW: Not paying attention to her opponent is what I would call it, Gordo!

GM: Carly Wilson staggers to her feet... Julie measuring her up... a kick to the...

[Julie tries a kick to the gut, but Wilson somehow is able to block it. Now it's Wilson holding Julie by the leg. Wilson raises a hand and wags a finger at her opponent.]

BW: You were saying, Gordo?

GM: Carly Wilson showing presence of mind... wait a minute!

[Julie suddenly leaps into the air, bringing up her free leg and connecting with a kick to the back of Wilson's head.]

GM: OH MY! Back brain kick finds the mark!

BW: All right, I have to admit that was a good move. Still not enough to convince me she deserves any SuperClash match!

GM: Wilson down on the canvas! She may be out of it!

[Wilson lies face down on the mat, but Julie rolls her over onto her back, drags her toward the middle of the ring, then points to the corner.]

GM: Julie Somers wants to finish this one off! Up to the top rope she goes!

BW: She's taking a chance, Gordo, and one that hasn't paid off for her before!

[Carly makes no movement, though, as Julie stands on the top turnbuckle, her back turned to her opponent. She extends her arms upward and leaps.]

GM: OH MY!

BW: MOONSAULT! She hit it, Gordo! This one has to be over!

[Julie hooks the leg and covers. The referee's hand slaps the mat three times.]

GM: Indeed it is over! Julie Somers making quick work of Carly Wilson! Let's get the official word.

[The bell rings and Julie gets to her knees, a satisfied smile on her face.]

PW: The winner of the match... "THE SPITFIRE" JULIE SOMERS!

[The referee raises Julie's left arm and she pumps her right fist. She walks over to the corner, mounts the second turnbuckle and works the crowd for a few seconds, before hopping down and exiting the ring.]

GM: An impressive showing for The Spitfire, but will it be enough? Let's check out the replay.

[The camera cuts to earlier in the match, where Carly Wilson is holding Julie's right leg after blocking a kick attempt.]

BW: Look at this, Gordo... Carly Wilson thinks she's got Julie Somers where she wants her and then Julie adjusts...

[Julie swings up her left leg, her foot striking Wilson in the head.]

BW: She catches her right upside the head with that hard kick and that sets her up for this...

[We cut to where Julie is standing on the top rope, back turned to Wilson, then she leaps.]

BW: And there's that moonsault, Gordo. A dangerous move if you don't hit it, but when you do it, the three count is going to be academic!

GM: Let's go up to Sweet Lou Blackwell, who will try to get a few words with this young lady.

[We go to the podium where Sweet Lou is standing and Julie is already next to him.]

SLB: All right, fans, we just saw this young lady score an impressive victory. Julie Somers, you got your audition for SuperClash. What do you think about how that win will improve your chances of being a part of that women's match?

JS: First of all, Sweet Lou, I want to thank the AWA for the opportunity to wrestle tonight. You know, I can't recall that many instances of the AWA just letting the women showcase their talents in front of the best wrestling fans around.

[The fans respond positively to that. Julie smiles and nods.]

JS: Yeah, I definitely appreciate all of you, too. All of you fans that have not only been pushing the AWA harder to let the women have their opportunity to wrestle, but for those of you who support seeing me in that SuperClash match! Like I've said before, it would be a dream come true to be wrestling on the grandest stage of them all, in front of thousands of fans, and make sure this time around that nobody drops the ball on having more women's wrestling in the AWA!

SLB: I have to ask you, Julie, if you were to get into that match at SuperClash, who would you rather be facing? Charisma Knight or Melissa Cannon?

[Julie's eyes narrow and her smile goes away.]

JS: I would love nothing more than to get another shot at Charisma Knight. Yeah, I know, I haven't exactly fared well against her, but we've seen the depths she's been willing to stoop to in order to get ahead. Like the way she manipulated The Wilde Bunch or how she pulled out dirty tactics to get an advantage. And especially after she jumped me from behind, all because she couldn't stand the fact that I was the first one to respond to Melissa Cannon's open challenge. Yeah, Sweet Lou, you can bet I want to get my hands on her again in the worst way!

[She takes a deep breath, regaining her composure.]

JS: But if it were to be Melissa Cannon, I'd welcome that opportunity. I know Melissa has had two chances before to show what she could do and I'm sure she'd do Lori Dane proud again, if she were selected for the SuperClash match. More importantly, I know I'd be facing somebody who would play it straight with me. I'm sure Melissa and I could tear the house down, giving these great fans a showcase like they haven't seen before.

SLB: Well, Julie, you know that only two women will be selected for that match. So what happens if it's Charisma Knight and Melissa Cannon facing each other instead?

[Julie pauses, taking another deep breath.]

JS: I won't lie to you, Sweet Lou. I'd be pretty disappointed if I didn't get that opportunity. I know I missed out on my chance back at Rising Sun Showdown and I can accept that. I missed out on another chance when Melissa issued that open challenge, too. I sure wouldn't want to miss out on yet another big opportunity.

[Another pause.]

JS: But... if that's how it is, then I guess I'll just have to keep pushing, working a little harder, until that big moment finally does come. No matter what happens with the SuperClash match, I refuse to let any momentum from it die out, and I'm gonna do whatever it takes to make sure that the women showcasing their talents for the AWA fans isn't just a temporary thing!

[She pats Sweet Lou on the shoulder.]

SLB: Hey, easy there... you do know I'm a married man.

JS: It's OK, Sweet Lou... I think of you as just as a friend.

[A slight grin.]

JS: And that's a compliment, too!

[She leaves the podium. Sweet Lou shakes his head for a moment.]

SLB: It's no wonder why they call that young lady The Spitfire, fans!

[Blackwell seems on the verge of saying something else when "Chief Rocka" by The Lords of the Underground plays as the Tupelo crowd erupts with a HUGE face pop as their hometown boy, Hercules Hammonds, appears at the top of the rampway. Hammonds is dressed in a sleeveless version of his "EIGHTH, NINTH, AND TENTH WONDER OF THE WORLD!" t-shirt and gold wrestling trunks underneath.

With microphone in hand, he makes his way down to the ring. Stepping in, he climbs up to the second turnbuckle and makes a mighty double bicep flex, drawing a cheer from the crowd. He goes to each corner, repeating the gesture to his hometown crowd, before walking to the center of the ring.]

HH: TUPELO, MISSISSIPPI...

[Big Pop!]

HH: I...AM...HOME!!!

[Bigger Pop!]

HH: Now, we all know Herc ain't the only person in the AWA from the great state of Mississippi, but brotha', the man dat Herc called his best friend, the man dat Herc thought wuz his boy, dat rotten lyin' scumbag Skywalker Jones...

[The crowd boos at the mention of the turncoat.]

HH: ...he showed the world that he ain't nuthin' but a two-bit coward! And dat's the exact reason why Jones ain't here tonight in Tupelo. He ain't down the road in Hot Coffee. And hell, he ain't even in the damn state or this area of the country! 'Cause after he buried the knife in Herc's back, he knows better than to show his face! But Herc ain't here to talk 'bout dat yellow-bellied, backstabbin' piece of trash. His time'll come, but right now, I got sum unsettled business to take care of.

[Herc's expression turns serious.]

HH: JERICH0 KAI.

[There's yet another round of jeers from the crowd.]

HH: So it's come down to this. Ya' wanna' make me the ultimate sacrifice to your god, brotha'? Ya' wanna' serve Herc up on a silver platter with all the fixin's so your mastah' can gnaw on my flesh and feed on my bones and gain the power of Herc's immortal soul?

You can try!

But I've told you before and I'll tell ya' again! There ain't no jackals with teeth sharp enough to pierce this body! There ain't no gods powerful enough in this universe or any universe to hold me down!! You think Herc is scared? You think Herc is afraid? You think I ain't up for your challenge? Nah, brotha'...Herc is tingling with excitement! He can barely contain his joy!

[Herc holds up one of his giant mitts, making a crushing motion into a fist.]

HH: 'Cause I'm finally gonna' get my hands on you, Kai. I'm finally gonna' get get to embrace you in the biggest arms in the world and crush the life outta' Sutekh's imperfect little servant. And when's all said and done, Herc is gonna' stick ya' into your little mummy box and smash ya' down into the ground with his mighty fists!

[He smashes his fist into the canvas.]

Down!

[And again.]

DOWN!!

[And again!]

DOOOOWWWWWNNNN!!!

[He pops back up onto his feet, pointing furiously down towards the ground.]

HH: Past the deepest pits of hell! Buried so far down into the depths of the Earth that you ain't ever comin' back!

[A big cheer comes from the crowd!]

HH: 'Cause I'm Hercules Hammonds. The strongest man in...

"ALLLLLLLLLLLLLL!!!"

HH: ...the land! BRING YOUR JACKALS! BRING YOUR ZOMBIES! BRING YOUR RAGGEDY SECOND-RATE FALSE GODS! 'CAUSE I PROMISE YOU JERICHO KAI...

[Hammonds composes himself and stares directly into the camera, speaking calmly and clearly so Kai can understand his threat perfectly.]

HH:...I will be your end.

[The crowd ROARS in response for their hometown hero, continuing to cheer as Hammonds spikes the mic, walking around the ring, playing to the crowd as we slowly fade to black.

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

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

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

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

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

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

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

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

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

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

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



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

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

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

"And now their stories can be told."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade through black to the ring where Phil Watson is once again standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time... at a total combined weight of 474 pounds... Davis Little and Mickey Rivers!

[The non-descript duo salute the fans, trying to get some cheers.]

PW: And their oppon-

[Watson blinks, as the audio is cut abruptly. He taps the microphone to test it, and as he does the familiar voice of "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett is heard over the PA system.]

"D"HF: Only one man seems talented enough to make this introduction. Who is it? Elementary, my dear Watson...

[Fawcett lets loose a dark chuckle at his joke. Just then, the unsettling industrial intro to "You're So Vain" by Marilyn Manson begins to play.]

"D"HF: From picturesque Fawcett Manor, weighing in at a smooth and seductive 562 pounds...

[The top half of the curtain opens as the grotesquely scarred face of Porter Crowley peeks out.]

"D"HF: ... twisted steel and sex appeal...

[The lower half of the curtain opens as the salivating Lost Boy peers out, wild-eyed.]

"D"HF: Every woman's pet, every man's regret...

PORTER CROWLEY

THE LOST BOY

[The curtains fly wide open, as we now see Fawcett with microphone in hand behind his two bizarre charges.]

"D"HF: THE HANDSOME FAMILY!!

#You had one eye in the mirror#  
#As you watched yourself gavotte#  
#And all the girls dreamed that they'd be your partner#  
#They'd be your partner, and...#

[Crowley lurches forward, bent over yet running a hand through his slicked back hair as if he's walking down a red carpet at a Hollywood movie premiere. The Lost Boy is crouched on all four with a rawhide bone in his mouth, growling as his teeth clench it tight. Fawcett nods approvingly as he gestures towards the crowd to soak in the odd spectacle.]

GM: One of the most intimidating tag teams on the scene - the so-called Handsome Family.

BW: So-called? What are you implying, Gordo?

GM: I'm implying that these two might not live up to that particular moniker.

BW: What? You know how many times Porter Crowley has had to turn down the cover of a major magazine so he can focus on his wrestling career? The man could be a major model right now!

GM: I highly doubt that.

#You're so vain#  
#You probably think this song is about you#  
#You're so vain#  
#I'll bet you think this song is about you#  
#Don't you? Don't you?#

[The trio pause halfway down, as Porter points to a pair of clearly horrified teenage girls. The Lost Boy snaps to his attention as he drops his bone and begins crawling towards them. Fawcett shakes his head, giving a hard yank on the Lost Boy's hair to prevent a lawsuit.]

GM: These two are barely able to be controlled. I have major concerns over what they're about to do to these two young men inside the ring, Bucky.

BW: I don't. They're going to hurt 'em and likely hurt 'em real bad.

[As the three make their way to ringside, The Lost Boy is the first to enter as he slides in under the bottom rope and charges on all fours at his soon-to-be opponents, clearing the ring. Fawcett quickly gets to the ring apron as he holds down the second rope, waving dramatically for Porter to enter the ring. Crowley does so, looking around in a confused manner as the crowd begins chanting "PRET-TY POR-TER!!". Fawcett nods, gesturing to the crowd and telling Porter that even the great unwashed can see what a "beautiful boy he has become.]

BW: Even these fans can see it, Gordo!

GM: I think we both know they're being sarcastic, Bucky.

[Davis Little points with concern as The Lost Boy who is kneeling on the canvas, biting the ropes right by them. The referee echoes the complaint to Harrison Fawcett who nods, obliging to draw The Lost Boy back to his corner.]

GM: The Lost Boy is barely more than a wild animal at this point thanks to Doctor Harrison Fawcett's... reprogramming down in that god-awful dungeon of his.

BW: You ever been to the Manor, Gordo?

GM: Thankfully, no. Have you?

BW: Oh, sure. The doc throws the best dinner parties around... I just learned to not ask what was on my plate. Heck, it could be these two ham and egg next time out.

GM: Are you saying-?!

BW: Jokes! These are the jokes, Gordo!

GM: I hope so.

[The referee signals for the bell...

...and The Lost Boy tears across the ring on two feet, clubbing Davis Little across the ear with a forearm, sending him falling back into his own corner.]

GM: Here we go!

[The Lost Boy continues the clubbing, smashing his forearm down into the back of the head, battering Little down to a knee in the corner. The wild animal throws a wild blow to the temple of Mickey Rivers, sending him falling off the apron to the floor. His tongue lolls out of his mouth, revealing a stark green color.]

GM: Good grief... what happened to the man to end up looking like that?!

BW: I'm not sure we want to go into details on the good Doctor's training techniques on television. There are women and children watching.

[The Lost Boy grabs the top rope, kicking repeatedly into the chest of Little, forcing him back into a seated position near the turnbuckles. He plants his boot on the throat, choking Davis Little without regard for the rules.]

GM: He's choking Little in the corner... and the referee's letting him have it, demanding a break on the chokehold!

[At Fawcett's shouted order, The Lost Boy breaks the choke at the count of four, wandering aimlessly across the ring as his partner extends his hand.]

GM: The Lost Boy makes the tag and in comes Porter Crowley...

BW: The ladies' choice! Travis Stench ain't got nothin' on Porter Crowley!

[The "PRET-TY PORT-ER" chants kick in again as Crowley looks a little wild, covering his ears as Fawcett tries to talk him down...

...and with a horrific scream, Crowley tears across the ring towards the still-seated Davis Little, DRIVING his knee right into Little's face, creating a whiplash-like effect that leaves Little motionless on the mat. Crowley leans over the top rope, grunting ominously with a twisted grin on his scarred face.]

GM: What a devastating kneestrike by Crowley... and Davis Little is NOT moving after that!

[Crowley suddenly reaches over the top rope, pulling Mickey Rivers off the apron by the ears. He grabs an arm, yanking it down and forcing Rivers and Little to make the tag.]

GM: Well, there's a tag but-

[Crowley grabs Rivers by the ears, smashing his head in between the eyes of Rivers once... twice... three times... and then HURLS him up and over the ropes with a king-sized biel toss.]

GM: Crowley brings him in the hard way.

BW: Gordo, when you watch this team, you've gotta feel that with Fawcett in their corner, the sky's the limit for this duo. We could be looking at future World Tag Team Champions.

GM: Heaven forbid.

[Crowley drops to his knees, grabbing Rivers by the hair..

...and SMASHES his face into the canvas before raking his face back and forth on the mat!]

GM: Ahhh! Come on, referee!

[The referee's count gets Crowley to break at four, glaring at the official who backs off out of reach.]

BW: Crowley viciously trying to re-arrange the face of Mickey Rivers. He could use some work, Gordo.

GM: Crowley grabs a handful of hair, hauling Rivers to his feet... uh oh, he's taking him to the corner...

[Crowley slaps the hand of his partner before pulling Rivers into a front facelock. The Lost Boy steps in, winding up, and clubs a forearm down across the back, knocking Rivers down to all fours as Crowley steps out of the ring.]

BW: Simple but effective double-team offense. These guys aren't Strictly Business or Air Strike in there... not yet at least... but they're dominating these two schmoes.

[The Lost Boy drops down to all fours, growling wildly before he charges forward, smashing his head into Rivers'!]

GM: Oh! Kneeling headbutt! And another!

[Two more land before Rivers rolls under the ropes to the floor. The Lost Boy climbs back to his feet, throwing back his head and howling at the sky as Porter Crowley drops down off the apron.]

GM: Look out here! Crowley's going after Rivers on the floor!

[Crowley lifts Rivers up over his shoulder like he's going for an inverted atomic drop...

...and then steps out, dropping Rivers facefirst on the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rivers grabs his face, rolling back and forth in pain as Crowley steps away, climbing back up on the apron as a grinning Fawcett approaches.]

"You thought you could challenge my men?!"

[Fawcett puts a pair of boots into the ribs before walking away, leaving Rivers down on the canvas as the referee turns back to start a count.]

GM: Mickey Rivers is going to have a real hard time getting up after that, Bucky.

BW: The kicks from the good Doctor? Absolutely. He's a tough guy.

GM: That's not what I meant and I think you know that.

[The Lost Boy rolls out to the floor, pulling Rivers off the floor by the hair...

...and SMASHES his face into the ring apron, shoving him under the ropes inside the ring.]

BW: There you go. The Lost Boy helping out with an assist.

[The Lost Boy rolls back in, climbing to his feet. He pulls Rivers off the canvas again...

...and chucks him towards his own corner, allowing Rivers to tag in Davis Little who comes in slowly before recklessly charging in...]

GM: Davis Little on the move and-

[The Lost Boy catches him on the way in, booting him in the midsection. He clasps his hands together, bringing them down in a double axehandle between the shoulderblades, pitching Little facefirst into the canvas.]

GM: The Handsome Family showing no signs of slowing down in this one, just physically dominating this young duo.

[The wild-eyed Lost Boy steps back, grabbing his own hair before dropping down to the mat, smashing his skull down into the back of Little's head!]

GM: Ohh! Falling headbutt connects!

[Fawcett claps for his charge who rolls to the corner, tagging Porter Crowley back into the match.]

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

[Crowley slowly walks out to the center of the ring, dropping a knee down into the face of Little... right on the cheekbone.]

GM: This one needs to end. These two are just being destroyed.

["Pretty" Porter pulls Davis Little off the mat, hurling him into the ropes where he bounces off...

...and gets FLATTENED with a swinging clothesline blow across the face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wow!

BW: Did you see that, Gordo?! He clotheslined his face! I don't know if I've ever seen that before!

[With Little down, Fawcett shouts to his charge who nods, pulling him back up, slinging him up into a fireman's carry, walking around the ring with him...]

GM: Uh oh. Crowley's got him up and I think that means we're about to see some-

[Crowley shoves Little up over his head, swinging his knee up into the face on the way down!]

GM: -DAMAGED GOODS!

[The blow knocks Little out cold as Crowley drops to a knee, planting his palm down on the chest of his victim.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Crowley stays on a knee as the referee attempts to raise his hand...

...and gets a death stare in exchange, quickly backing off as Doctor Harrison Fawcett comes in to do the honors.]

GM: The Handsome Family with the win and... oh, come on!

[The Lost Boy wastes no time in coming through the ropes, dropping to his knees, and starts clubbing the downed Little with closed fists like he's swinging a hammer.]

GM: The Lost Boy is all over Davis Little! There's no call for this!

BW: The referee's trying to stop it but he's got no power over these two.

GM: Only Fawcett would be able to stop it, I'd imagine, and he's not likely to!

[Crowley drops to his other knee, joining his partner in the wild battering of Little.]

GM: And now they're both hammering away on this young man!

[A brutalized Mickey Rivers crawls back into the ring, moving to help his partner...

...but Crowley cuts him off with a knee to the gut, grabbing a handful of hair...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[...and HURLS Rivers over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the floor!]

BW: See you later, Mickey!

GM: These two are absolutely-

[Gordon gets cut off by a HUUUUUGE crowd cheer!]

GM: THE GLADIATOR! THE GLADIATOR'S COMING DOWN THE AISLE... FAST!

[In an effort to break the land speed record, The Gladiator comes barreling down the aisle, diving under the bottom rope. Crowley greets him with a kick to the chest and a forearm across the back but The Gladiator comes to his feet, running in place, pumping his arms like a wildman!]

GM: THE GLADIATOR IS FIRED UP!

[Crowley balls up his fist and fires... once... twice... three times...]

GM: Crowley's hammering away but those blows are having no effect!

[The Lost Boy regains his feet, smashing a double axehandle across the back, knocking The Gladiator down to his knees!]

GM: Oh! The Lost Boy knocks him down!

[The fans begin to jeer as The Lost Boy and Crowley just hammer away at the kneeling Gladiator!]

GM: We've got a two-on-one on the Gladiator, taking blow after blow from the Handsome Family!

[Crowley yanks him to his feet, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Double whip shoots him across...

[But The Gladiator ducks under a double clothesline effort, bouncing off the far ropes...]

...and LEAPING into the air, felling both competitors with a leaping double clothesline to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: HE TAKES 'EM BOTH DOWN!

BW: WHAT?! NO!

[The Gladiator gets back to his feet, pumping his arms like crazy, walking around the ring, getting the fans riled up...]

...and then charges The Lost Boy who is up against the ropes, connecting with a clothesline that takes the wild man up and over the top to the floor!]

GM: ONE MAN CLEARED OUT!

[The Gladiator spins around, charging across the ring towards the rising Porter Crowley...]

GM: THE OTHER MAN CLEARED OUT!

[Crowley goes tumbling out to the floor thanks to a running clothesline as well, clearing the ring of all but The Gladiator...]

...and Doctor Harrison Fawcett who now finds himself caught in the crosshairs as the crowd goes absolutely nuts!]

GM: Oh yeah! Doctor Harrison Fawcett's trapped in the ring with The Gladiator!

[Fawcett looks shocked at the dispatching of his team, backing to the corner as The Gladiator steps towards him, nodding his head as the crowd goes wild at the idea of Fawcett taking a beating from the Gladiator!]

GM: Fawcett's got nowhere to run! He's got nowhere to hide! His flunkies have been put aside and-

[The sweet yet eerie melody of "Kagome Kagome" by Hatsune Miku and Megurine Luka begins to play over the PA system, nearly blowing the roof off the arena as the crowd reacts to what they might be about to see!]

GM: Wait a second! That music... that music can only mean one thing!



[The melody is undercut by an accompanying synthesizer that sounds like it's straight from a 1950's horror movie as out stomps the gargantuan KING Oni.]

GM: There he is! The Demon himself has arrived here in Tupelo!

[A wash of relief goes across the face of Doctor Fawcett as Oni stomps down the aisle in his ring attire, a black singlet with a dark red mawashi, facepaint and black mohawk rounding out the ensemble as he gets close to the ring...

...and The Gladiator acts!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!

[The crowd is ROARING, leaping with joy as The Gladiator swoops in on Fawcett, lifting him up off the mat and pressing him over his head!]

GM: HE'S GOT FAWCETT UP! HE'S GOT HIM WAAAAAY UP THERE!

[The Gladiator approaches the ropes, arms at full extension, looking down at KING Oni who is staring back up at him...

...and the Gladiator FLINGS Fawcett over the top rope towards Oni!]

GM: OHHHH!

[The crowd deflates as Oni catches his flung manager in his massive arms, setting him down on his feet on the floor...

...and then locks his gaze on The Gladiator again who sits on the middle rope, inviting the Demon to climb in the ring with him!]

GM: Wow! The Gladiator actually WANTS to do battle with the Demon! Can you believe that?!

BW: He's dumber than he looks and I didn't think that was possible, Gordo!

[Oni reaches up, grabbing the middle rope as the crowd ROARS with anticipation of this massive clash...

...when suddenly Doctor Harrison Fawcett leaps forward, getting in Oni's path, lifting his ever-present crystal up into the gaze of Oni!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Fawcett's trying to stop him!

GM: Why?! He's got a monster at his disposal and he won't turn him loose!

[Fawcett tightens his grip on the crystal, looking over it at Oni whose eyes have glazed over upon seeing the gem...

...and he slowly lets go of the ropes, backing away from the ring as Fawcett nods his head approvingly. The crowd boos loudly as Fawcett and Oni back down the aisle and The Gladiator paces around the ring, keeping his eyes on the retreating duo.]

GM: This epic confrontation has been avoided... for now... and Bucky, there has been a lot of speculation about it in recent weeks but now can there be any doubt?

Doctor Harrison Fawcett quite obviously wants NO part of his meal ticket taking on The Gladiator!

BW: Hey, the doc is a master strategist. If these two are going to meet, they're going to meet on his terms... not the terms of that lunatic in the ring.

GM: And once again, we see that mysterious gem... that crystal... that seems to have some kind of control over KING Oni. But Fawcett may have avoided this battle tonight but sooner or later, I believe this one will happen, fans... and when it does, we'll see if Oni can survive a clash with The Gladiator! Fans, we've got to take a break but when we come back, Charisma Knight will be in action!

[As Fawcett looks up with concern at the ring, we slowly fade to black.]

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business! You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...

...and then to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit.

[The lights in the arena dim as the opening notes of The Birthday Massacre's "Pins and Needles" fill the arena]

PW: Introducing first, from Cleveland, Ohio... weighing in at 150 pounds...

CHARISMA KNIIIIIIIIIGHT!

[Charisma Knight steps from behind the curtain into the entrance way, her jet black chin length hair fading into red and pink, covered in a hooded zip-up track-suit top matching the former color. She walks toward the ring at a normal pace, occasionally stopping to give a smirking condescending laugh or two toward the fans in the aisle way.]

PW: And her opponent... from San Antonio, Texas, weighing in at 122 pounds... STEPHANIE CRUZ!

[The camera cuts to the young Cruz in the ring, wearing non-descript red singlet-style tights, with white kneepads and boots, with wavy brunette hair. She holds her arms up at the announcement of her name before the camera cuts back to Charisma as she 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 warm-up top 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. She goes through her ritual of checking the ropes and getting a last minute stretch in while the referee checks her opponent.]

GM: Well, here we go, Bucky, Charisma Knight now gets her turn to impress as the other ladies have this evening, facing this youngster, who I read here is fresh out of

the Combat Corner. Bucky, it says something that Somers and Cannon picked experienced competition and yet Knight picks someone that hasn't even had a match in CCW yet.

BW: Says what, Gordo? Perhaps she sees something in this kid. Maybe this kid has a pedigree we're not aware of?

GM: Or she's making it easier on herself, which is more likely.

BW: That's slander, Gordo!

[Knight and Cruz circle each other, Cruz trying to wind up the crowd while Knight looks nonplussed. Then finally lock up, which barely lasts a second as Knight uses Cruz's aggression to slip right into a side headlock, then causally going behind into a hammerlock.]

GM: And the experience factor plays in right away as Knight exerting her wrestling knowledge in that hammerlock.

[She holds the arm for a bit, wrenching up on the limb before spinning out into an armbar, using the grasp on the limb to take Cruz down in an armdrag before going right back into the armbar.]

BW: Knee on the side of the head, fundamental skills on display here.

GM: Wrenching the armbar in, properly as Bucky pointed out. Now Cruz working her way back to her feet...

BW: Or Charisma is letting her up.

[As Cruz gets there, Knight swiftly switches back into a side headlock. Cruz quickly backs Knight to the ropes, bouncing off and pushing her off...]

GM: Cruz escapes the headlock, Knight off the far side... BOOM! Down goes Cruz off the shoulder tackle!

BW: She didn't stand a chance, Gordo. Cruz is giving up about thirty pounds to Charisma Knight.

[Knight looks down at Cruz with a smirk before heading off the ropes. Cruz switches around and lays out, Knight jumping over and across the other way.]

GM: Knight goes up and over, off the other side... leapfrog by Cru- OHHH!

[While Cruz is in the air, Knight shifts her weight as she passes, grabbing Cruz's left leg, and wrenching it as she drops down taking the leg with her, popping up yelling "Didn't do her homework!"]

BW: Experience, experience, experience, Gordo!

GM: Oh my! Knight just ripped Cruz out of the air... unbelievable torque on her knee!

BW: And here we go, Gordo... Knight is going to target right on that.

[And Knight barely gives time for Cruz to writhe in pain from the ripped knee before she zeroes in on it and begins to bury kneestrike after elbowdrop after kneestrike into the hurt knee of her opponent.]

GM: Knight going right after that knee relentlessly... now she's dragging Cruz to the ropes, draping the leg across the bottom. This can't be good news for Stephanie Cruz.

[Knight launches herself skyward, dropping down across the knee!]

BW: Working on the knee, setting up that Figure 4, Gordo!

[Cruz is visibly in pain as Knight drags her off the mat, leaning down to left the leg under her arm...]

GM: Uh oh.

[Knight launches into a barrage of smack talk before wrenching the knee again with a Dragon Screw Leg Whip, coming up to a knee and doing the symbolic wiping her hands gesture]

GM: This is getting out of hand, Bucky!

BW: Hey, the suits wanted to be impressed... I bet they're REAL impressed right about now.

[Knight drags Cruz up again, lifting the leg up before hoisting Cruz into the air, dropping her down across a bent knee in a shinbreaker...]

...and uses the momentum to lift her right back up, dropping her in a belly-to-back suplex!]

GM: Ohh! Quite the combination there by Charisma Knight!

BW: That's the precursor, Gordo, it's all over right here.

[And for sure, Knight pops up, grabbing the injured leg of Cruz and starts the spinning toe hold.]

GM: Spinning toe hold, and then drops down into the Figure 4! And Cruz submits almost instantly, she never stood a chance!

[The bell rings and Knight releases the hold. Her music starts to play again as she climbs up off the mat, allowing the referee to raise her hand before she starts motioning for the mic]

GM: Well, I'm not sure how impressive that was considering the experience level of her opponent, but it was fast and to the point.

BW: Hold on, Gordo... Charisma has something to say!

[Knight takes the mic from Watson at ringside, then begins to slowly walk around the ring]

CK: The point tonight, was to impress. And to impress, we got to "hand pick" our opponents. And oh, what an illustrious list we had to pick from. Has beens, never were, never gonna be's, ham and egggers that never wrestled in front of more than 10 people. Kids fresh out of training, never having a professional match, women past their prime, some never had a prime. And we were supposed to impress with THAT? Really now? That's a joke. And of course, the other two went with it. Golden Girl gets to make herself look like a million bucks, and Somers faces someone she can actually beat. And here I go. I give someone their dream shot, pull a name at random, and this...

[She points at Cruz, being carted down the aisle]

CK: ...girl gets drawn, and she failed. She didn't do one bit of research on me, and just wasn't ready. And sadly, that'll probably be the last we see of little Stephanie there, but this life isn't for her. But, back to the task at hand. Tonight, we were supposed to impress the suits, and since we know that no matter what, Golden Girl is going to "impress" and get yet another chance to be mediocre, that left me and Julie. And honestly, This shouldn't be an issue. I've beaten Julie, twice, and she just hasn't been good enough.

But, I also have an issue with Miss Center of the Universe getting a free pass. So, I'm going to go one step further. Under this setup, it's impossible for us to impress on equal footing, since I picked last, I had less, ahem, "talent", to choose from. But I am going to impress. I'm going to impress for sure. You see, we've all had matches now, we're all equal. Let's see if either of those other two upstanding citizens are willing to go the extra mile.

[Knight stops to let some boos come in, motioning to the crowd for more before continuing.]

CK: Keep booing me, but you know I'm right. I'm staying out here, and I ask, no, I DARE, either Melissa Cannon or Julie Somers to have the guts to come out here and face me RIGHT NOW-

[The crowd starts going wild wanting one of the other two women to come down now.]

CK: -and take me on, and we'll "impress" O'Neill. And I can put one of you two down and get this notion that I'M not the top female wrestler in this promotion out of people's heads! Come on you two, play Rock Paper Scissors, flip a coin, whatever, someone get down here an-

[We abruptly cut to the locker room area - just beyond the entrance - where a group of officials and security are blocking the path to prevent both Melissa Cannon and Julie Somers from storming the ring. There are angry voices being exchanged all around as Cannon and Somers try to battle their way through the masses and get at Knight. Suddenly, Sweet Lou Blackwell appears, mic in hand...]

SLB: Chaos breaking out backstage here in Tupelo as these-

[Blackwell gets jostled accidentally, almost knocking him over.]

SLB: Hey! Watch where you're going, turkey! Can we please get some composure back here?

[There's still no one listening to Sweet Lou, screaming and shouting over him.]

SLB: HEY!

[The sudden exclamation gets the attention of the masses as Blackwell adjusts his tie with a grimace.]

SLB: Look, it's pretty clear that no one has any desire to see the two of you run down there and get into it with Charisma Knight. But I think - scarily - she makes a good point. She wants one of you in the ring to prove she's the best... she tells you two to flip a coin and make it happen...

[Blackwell digs into his pocket for a moment, holding up a coin.]

SLB: Your move.

[Cannon pauses, eyeing the coin in his hand... and then turns to Julie Somers who is looking at the coin as well.]

MC: We flip that coin... the winner gets Knight two weeks from now.

[Somers stares at Cannon.]

MC: Deal?

JS: Deal.

[Blackwell nods, standing at the ready...]

SLB: Miss Cannon, as the veteran, call it in the air if you please...

[Blackwell tosses the coin skyward as Cannon shouts "TAILS!" He snatches the coin from the air, slapping it down on his wrist...

...and reveals it to the camera, revealing it to be...]

SLB: Heads it is. Two weeks from tonight, it'll be Julie Somers taking on Charisma Knight.

[A disgruntled Cannon grimaces... then stretches out her hand to Julie Somers who accepts it.]

MC: Congratulations... and good luck.

[We fade out on the handshake...

...and we open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

# I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

# 'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

# Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: [AWAshop.com](http://AWAshop.com).

Fade back up to live action and to Sweet Lou Blackwell in full shill mode.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, we're just weeks away from the biggest night in the world of wrestling on the biggest stage of them all for the biggest promotion in the world on one of the biggest holidays in America. I'm talking about SuperClash at the spectacular Minute Maid Park in wonderful Houston, Texas for the AWA on Thanksgiving night. You do not want to miss this. It is definitely the biggest night of wrestling for the year. And as the card comes together, my guest at this time, knows a little something about SuperClash as he won the AWA World Television Title at last year's SuperClash in Madison Square Gardens, New York City... my guest this week... Shadoo Rage.

[Shadoo Rage enters the frame stage left. His back is to the camera and the AWA World Television Title in its fuchsia belt rests over his shoulder facing the camera. The champion wears a hot pink Shadoo Rage sleeveless T-shirt and his wrestling trunks. This week they are liquid gold spandex with pink stars festooning the material. Rage's dreadlocks spill down his back, held in place by a fuchsia and dark purple bandana decorated with the word Rage inside small paisley. The champion removes the belt from his shoulder as he turns to face Blackwell, his eyes half hidden behind Carrera sunglasses. That charcoal stare still burns through the lenses.]

SR: How many times are you going to ignore the title that goes in front of my name? I'm the King of Rage Country, the AWA World Television Champion, the Sensational Shadoo Rage. When you say my name you put some respect on it, hear me, Blackwell?

SLB: With all due respect put on it, that's a real mouthful. Can't I just call you Shadoo?

SR: Are we friends, Blackwell? Did you come to my house last weekend? Did you celebrate my record breaking 325th day as AWA World Television champion? Did you do any of that, Blackwell?

SLB: I didn't think you'd want to hear from me, Shadoo.

SR: And you're right. So you can just call me, Mr. Rage or Champ. Got it?

SLB: (looking down sheepishly) Got it, Shadoo.

[Rage's eyes pop as he pushes his glasses on top of his head. He reaches out to lift Blackwell's head by the chin so they are staring face to face.]

SR: Oh you got jokes, do ya? You're really gonna stand there and bank everything on me having a sense of humor? Are you really doing that, Blackwell?

[Blackwell opens his mouth to respond but thinks better of it. Rage is after all the most frequently fined and suspended wrestler in the AWA.]

SR: Well, you got lucky today, Blackwell. Because I have a great sense of humor and I'm in a real good mood.

SLB: Well, I can kind of see that. By the way, can we get a look at your boots tonight. I've got to say those are really something.



SR: A shout out to a King who came from Tupelo! Royalty respects royalty! You may look at my boots. Cameraman, tilt down!

[The shot tilts down to show Rage is wearing blue suede wrestling boots. Rage is emblazoned up the sides of the boots in gold lettering. The camera holds a close up on the boots for a beat before tilting back up to the two shot.]

SLB: How much does something like that cost? It's got to be a pretty penny!

SR: A penny spent is a dollar earned, Blackwell. When you're a champion you don't spare any expense because sold out arena after sold out arena are here to support me. Tupelo, Mississippi, the building is sold out because the greatest World Champion in the AWA is here to give you another match of the year! Yeah!

SLB: Mr. Rage, it's clear you're in a very good mood tonight, but I've got a question for you ... how good a mood are you going to be in after this handicap match tonight? Two of your top contenders for your precious World Television Title? The man who pins you - if someone does - will face you at SuperClash? How do you feel going into tonight with that kind of pressure hanging over your head?

SR: Pressure? Pressure? Do you know what pressure is, Blackwell? There's no pressure on me. I'm the Champion. One of them has to pin me. And do you think his partner is going to stand idly by and let that happen? The pressure is on them! The pressure is stepping into the ring with a greedy partner who wants exactly what you do and having to trust him, if you can, to help you take down the AWA World Television Champion! The pressure is facing the AWA World Television Champion with the title on the line!

[Rage kisses the belt.]

SR: Because this belt means more to me than anybody or anything in the AWA. This belt is mine and nobody can have her, Blackwell. I don't care who faces me in that ring tonight. If either of them get lucky enough to face me one-on-one at SuperClash, it's gonna be a murder. Meaning they're gonna get killed by me... yeah me. I'm a diamond. I'm immune to pressure.

SLB: May I ask you another question?

SR: Ask me another question, Blackwell, and make it a good one.

SLB: Well, my hotline has been buzzing with people trying to get clues as to the identity of your challengers tonight. I hate to admit it but even I didn't have any concrete answers for them. Can you shed some light on the subject?

SR: Can I, Sweet Lou? Yes, I can. Will I, Blackwell? That, that is the question.

SLB: I have a feeling I'm not going to get an answer, though.

SR: You should play the PowerBall. I hear it's getting real big. You're right. I'm not giving you the scoop, Sweet Lou.

SLB: Not even a hint? Are you going to give rematches to Willie Hammer or Rex Summers? Maybe you'll face opponents you've never matched up with like Skywalker Jones or better yet, Brian James! Derrick Williams would be an interesting matchup. I can see rematches with Willie Hammer or Cesar Hernandez.

[Rage smirks.]

SR: Are you finished or are you done?

[Blackwell is nonplussed by the comment.]

SR: (leaning into the microphone) (Soup Nazi voice) No scoop for you! (normal rasp) You'll find out with the rest of the world when I announce my two top contenders. But I'll give you a hint. There are two people it won't be.

SLB: Who?

SR: It won't be Tony Sunn and it won't be you!

[The dreaded champion laughs at his little joke. Blackwell is outraged.]

SLB: That's not funny! Not in the least! (Disgusted) Thank you. Thank you very much.

SR: Now who doesn't have a sense of humor! It's funny, Blackwell! It's a real knee slapper! Get it.

[Rage slaps his infamous right knee as he becomes super serious. Blackwell blanches a little and swallows.]

SR: Yeah, it's time to be serious. You want to know why I don't feel pressure, Blackwell. Because I've already ended the careers of many a man in the AWA. A straight right knee from Sensational me sends them all to the infirmary! And when it's time to put the AWA World Television title on the line ... I will knee and knee and knee. Everyone who has stood against me... outta here. And tonight, Tupelo, it will be no different for my two top contenders. They'll all die in darkness. Goodbye.

[Rage drifts backwards out of the shot.]

SLB: (to the camera) I'm sorry ladies and gentlemen, I don't know what kind of man would celebrate hurting people like that. That was just disgusting. Gordon, Bucky, back to you.

[We fade away from Sweet Lou down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Thanks, Sweet Lou... and Bucky, Shadoe Rage certainly seems confident going into this situation he himself set up but something is bothering me, Bucky. Why in the world would he set up this match to begin with?

BW: What do you mean?

GM: Shadoe Rage has always been a man to stack the deck in his favor and tonight... well, the odds are certainly NOT in his favor. He's gotta face two of his top contenders in a Handicap Match... and if one of those competitors defeats him, that competitor will get the World Television Title shot at SuperClash. It just doesn't seem like something Rage would want.

BW: Well, even I'll admit that Rage doesn't always seem to be using both oars in the water, Gordo. It's not to his advantage... you're right about that. But it should be very entertaining.

GM: Agreed. Phil Watson, the floor is yours!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is a special Handicap Match to determine the SuperClash challenger for the AWA World Television Title...

[Watson pauses as the crowd roars in anticipation of the upcoming match. ]

PW: Introducing first... weighing in at 242 pounds... from Halifax, Nova Scotia... he is the AWA World Television Champion...

SENNNNNNNNNSAAAAATIONAAAAAAL!  
SHADOOOOOOEEEEEEE RAAAAAAAAGE!!!!

SR: CITIZENS OF RAGE COUNTRY, YOUR KING IS HERE!!!!

[John Williams' "Olympic Theme" heralds the entrance of the champion. Rage sweeps through the curtains, the silver and fuchsia World Television title belt held high in the air in his right hand. The champ is robed in gold leather robes. He has his ever-present microphone in his left hand as he addresses the crowd.]

SR: For the 325th day, I am your World Television Champion. Tupelo, get ready because today is the greatest day of your lives! You get to witness the AWA's greatest World Champion take on my top two challengers for the greatest World Championship in the AWA... the AWA World Television Title!

[Rage reaches ringside and locks the AWA World Television Title away in its plexiglass case. Rage steps into the ring, sliding out of his robes to reveal gold trunks with hot pink stars and blue suede boots in a nod to the other King from Tupelo.]

SR: Tupelo, tonight you are the capital of Rage Country! Twenty years from now you'll still be dining out on stories about how you were there when Shadoe Rage, the world's greatest champion, took on not one but two of the greatest professional athletes in the world!

[The crowd reacts wildly to the anticipation of the challenge.]

SR: A lot of people have been asking me a lot of questions trying to figure out how I chose these two men. All night you've been hearing people talk about the most important World title in the AWA!

[Rage raises the belt high in the air.]

SR: The AWA World Television championship is the greatest title in sports because it's around my waist! This belt means that you are the premier athlete in this business. Oh sure, that other World Champion shows up once in a while, but the Television champion is out here working every day. So not just anybody can contend for it. Not just anybody can win it. Not just anybody can be as great as I am!

[Rage nods his head, agreeing with himself.]

SR: So I had to think long and hard. I had to sit down and watch hours and hours of tape of men like BRIAN JAMES...

[The crowd boos the son of the Blackheart even though there are some cheers at the idea of James taking on Shadoe Rage.]

SR: Men like WILLIE HAMMER or DERRICK WILLIAMS...

[Cheers from the crowd eager to see one of those two men get the shot.]

SR: Callum Mahoney

[More boos.]

SR: Did I want to give a rematch to RED HOT REX SUMMERS?

[And even more boos.]

SR: Or maybe CESAR HERNANDEZ?

[Cheers. Rage grins, clearly enjoying having the crowd in the palm of his hand.]

SR: Or maybe I should have had them tag together? Maybe I should have picked two of the Dogs of War?

[The crowd cheers that idea!]

SR: It wasn't an easy decision. But I finally made the right one. And now... the moment you've been waiting for Tupelo!

[Does Rage expect a drumroll?]

SR: Now I will personally announce my challengers... I've thought long and hard about this and selected the two men who have drawn my attention, who have earned this shot... they are...

[Rage pauses, staring out at the crowd.]

SR: A clash of styles...!

[The crowd rumbles.]

SR: A testament to my versatility in this ring and a tribute to my greatness as the AWA World Television Champion!

[The crowd starts to boo the drawn out announcement.]

SR: TUPELOOOOOOOOO... SOMETHING GREAT IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN! MY FIRST OPPONENT!

[The crowd cheers in a 'finally' release of energy.]

SR: MY FIRST OPPONENT... will test my bravery, my durability... my ability to be hit. He is a powerhouse. A monster of a man. Some might call him a machine of destruction.

[This really brings the crowd alive.]

SR: He is bigger than me. Stronger than me. And he packs a blow that can knock a man all the way down and out! This monster has a Black heart, people.

[The crowd buzzes in anticipation of Brian James' entrance...]

SR: He will show my bravery and my commitment to giving you the best matches possible! And he will have to find a way to work with his partner...

[Rage smiles.]

SR: My second opponent...

[Does he ever run out of breath?]

SR: ...is a man who doesn't share the spotlight... this Southern Boy... this King of the South... from right down the road... he proves that gravity is just a theory... not a rule. He is lightning fast... he flies high... HE WALKS THE SKY!

[The crowd cheers in anticipation again, waiting to see Skywalker Jones and Brian James take on Shadoe Rage with a future title shot on the line.]

SR: My opponents are...

[There's a pregnant pause as a grinning Rage nods his head at the cheering crowd...]

SR: RAAAAAAASHAN HILLLLLLLLL AND AAAAAAAAMOSS CAAAARTERRRRR!!!!

[There's an audible gasp and a moment of silence before the arena explodes with boos as Rage bows to the crowd. Amos Carter and Rashan Hill step through the curtains as the boos get more vehement. The two wrestlers have to duck as the fans at Tupelo rain vitriol at them.]

GM: I can't believe this! These aren't the top two contenders! This is a complete sham!

BW: He said HIS top two challengers! He handpicked these two! What a brilliant and generous champion, Gordo!

GM: But these aren't the men he described!

BW: Amos Carter can't fly? Rashan Hill doesn't have that big clothesline? He isn't made of muscle!

GM: He said Blackheart!

BW: Hill looks African-American to me!

GM: ...

[A smug Shadoe Rage signals for the bell as Carter and Hill climb onto the apron. Rage tugs at the ropes to loosen his muscles.]

GM: And as Amos Carter and Rashan Hill climb into the ring, I think we can understand why Rage was so confident. Both of these young men are fine competitors and there's always a risk in a Handicap Match but one-on-one, they would both be heavily outmatched by the World Television Champion.

[Carter decides to start the match, climbing through the ropes as Rage runs off them, bouncing off a few times before he puts on the brakes, making a feint lunge at Carter who backs away every time.]

BW: What an opportunity this is for Carter and Hill! These two guys weren't even going to be a part of SuperClash and now they've got a chance to fight for the TV Title in Houston! What a gift from Rage!

[Rage drops down to all fours, lunging forward at the legs of Carter who pulls them away. Rage backpedals, popping back up to his feet. He points a threatening finger at Amos Carter before turning his back on him to bask in the "adulation of his fans."]

GM: Rage turning his back on his opponent which goes to show how little respect he has for him.

[With Rage taunting the fans, a cup of soda comes flying out of the stands, striking Rage between the shoulderblades to cheers!]

GM: Uh oh.

[Rage immediately turns towards the other side of the ring, slingshotting over the top rope to the floor. He stomps towards the railing, shouting "WHO THREW THAT?!" in an accusing fashion. Security rushes to get in his way as he sticks a finger in the face of a ringside fan.]

GM: It's getting tense out here at ringside as Shadoe Rage is getting into it with the fans in Tupelo!

[Another drink - this time a water bottle - sails over security, bouncing off Rage's head and depositing water on his head. Rage angrily tears at his hair, trying to get past security.]

GM: This is getting out of hand out here. Shadoe Rage is having to be restrained by security as these fans are letting Rage have it for this charade he perpetrated on them!

BW: What charade? He's wrestling a handicap against his top two contenders just as he prom- Oh no!

GM: What?

BW: I think someone just stepped on his blue suede shoes!

GM: Bucky, will you stop? Shadoe Rage is about to start a riot here in Tupelo tonight! I'm sure there will be fines and maybe a suspension for this!

[The audio goes silent for a moment as the camera focuses on a violent and unhinged Rage.]

"... Elvis! [Audio drop] Hammonds! [Audio drop] Tennessee Valley Authority ... and all of you!"

[Nuclear heat rains down on Rage.]

BW: This isn't going well indeed, Gordo. How much security do we have?

GM: I'm not sure.

BW: Whatever it is, it might not be enough.

[Security forcibly pushes Rage back into the ring where he immediately climbs onto the second rope and curses out the fans, threatening, spitting, shouting obscenities...]

GM: This man certainly does enjoy getting fined by the front office and I'm sure another one is coming. Fans, I believe our censors did an excellent job but just in case, we apologize for the language of-

[...leaving Rage's back vulnerable to Amos Carter who, looking around at the pandemonium, shakes his head and rushes forward...]

GM: Amos Carter with a dropkick and Rage goes flying over the top to the floor!

[The building erupts for Amos Carter!]

BW: I don't know if this has ever happened in this young man's life! He's lost right now.

GM: Well, this red hot crowd is certainly behind him after Rage's despicable behavior to start this match. Rashan Hill shouting at Carter to get Rage back into the ring thought.

BW: What would happen if there was a countout?

GM: I'm not sure. I believe the rules clearly stated that to win the shot at SuperClash, you had to pin Shadoe Rage or make him submit.

[An embarrassed Shadoe Rage crawls back under the ropes at the count of six, using the ropes to drag himself off the mat. Amos Carter rushes forward towards him...

...but Rage ducks through the ropes, waving an arm at the official.]

"GET HIM BACK!"

GM: And will you look at this. Shadoe Rage going to the outside again as he maybe realizes that his ruse could possibly backfire.

BW: Anything can happen in the AWA, Gordo. You never would've convinced me that this company would give Allen Allen mic time but... well, it's happened.

GM: Speaking of which, we want to wish Mr. Allen a quick recovery after the beating he suffered two weeks ago at the hands of Mr. Sadisuto's new allies - Downfall. Get well soon, young man!

[Rage absorbs more of the crowd's abuse before he checks on his title. Satisfied that she's safe he climbs back into the ring, ready for action.]

GM: Alright, we may finally be about to get this one going... and right away, Rage lunges into a collar and elbow tieup.

[The two men spin around a few times, coming off the ropes, trying to get the upper hand.]

GM: A stalemate so far in this one... no, Rage uses his size advantage, pushing Carter back into the far corner as far away from Rashan Hill as he can manage.

BW: People forget that the Prophets of Rage were legendary in their time for a reason. They were a good strategic team. Rage has cut the ring in half.

[The referee orders the break and Rage obliges, quickly abandoning the tieup to throw a knee into the gut of Carter.]

GM: Big knee downstairs! And another one. And another one.

BW: And now he's feeding him some elbows, too.

GM: Shadoe Rage overwhelming Amos Carter here with his elbow and knee-based attack...

[With Carter stunned in the corner, Rage hauls back and pimp slaps Carter forehand, backhand, and forehand.]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for that!

BW: Hey, Carter disrespected him and attacked him from behind. Of course there's a call for it!

[With Amos Carter slumped in the corner, Rage steps back, raising a twirling finger in the air to the crowd. On cue, more boos rain down.]

GM: I do believe that Tupelo has seceded from Rage Country, Bucky.

BW: You may be right. These people are madder than Blackjack picking up the dinner check.

GM: How do you know? I'm not sure I've ever seen that happen.

[Rage is glaring at the crowd as he spins around the ring...

...and then suddenly rushes at Rashan Hill, throwing himself into the air to collide with Hill's jaw forearm-first, sending Hill falling off the apron, crashing into the ringside barricade!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

GM: Cheap shot by Rage!

BW: No, no, no... that was a classic Prophets move! They did this regularly back in the day to isolate the guy inside the ring. Rage is wrestling a one man tag-team match here.

[Rage scales the ropes and gathers himself. He points both hands to the sky before clenching them together, looking down at Rashan Hill...]

GM: Death from Above! Rage got all of it!

[Hill is out motionless on the floor after the flying double axehandle. Satisfied that he has eliminated Hill from the equation, Rage rolls back into the ring and stalks the hurting Amos Carter.]

BW: What you gonna do when you're alone with a lunatic, Carter? If I were you, I'd run, daddy.

[But Amos Carter doesn't run. Instead, he holds his ground as Rage comes in with his fists at the ready. Carter throws a quick 1-2 combo to stun Rage followed by a big swinging haymaker that staggers the champion. Rage falls back as Carter moves in, surging forward with the support of the crowd...]

GM: The fans are behind Amos Carter here and-

[But as he approaches, Rage throws right back with alternating jabs that pepper Amos Carter's nose. One punch stuns him long enough for Rage to grab his messy hair and drive a hard 12-6 elbow down into his skull.]

BW: Those elbows will do you dirty.

GM: Shadooee Rage continuing his onslaught with hard elbows to the forehead. Amos Carter is rubber legged.

[And that leaves him easy prey as Rage races at the ropes, dragging Carter behind him. He leaps over to snap Carter's throat over the top rope, sending him slingshotting off the ropes to the mat. The crowd 'oohs' sympathetically with Amos Carter as Rage immediately climbs to the top rope.]



GM: Carter is down... and Rage is gonna fly once again!

[Standing tall, he clasps his hands together, waiting for the coughing and gasping Carter to inch up off the canvas...

...and drops down, smashing a double axehandle across the head!]

GM: Axehandle connects!

BW: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

GM: Rage again finds the mark with the double axehandle drop... where is he going now?

BW: Turning his attention back to Rashan Hill, Gordo.

[Indeed, Rage slips through the ropes and drops to all fours, ducking out of Hill's sight.]

GM: What in the world is he doing?

[Rage crawls around ringside until he is ready to strike and runs forward, catching Hill with a lungblower that leaves him spasming on the outside.]

BW: See, if Amos Carter ever tags out it won't matter. Hill is in no shape to help right now.

[Rage surveys the carnage as he climbs back in the ring. He crouches in the corner waiting for Amos Carter to get to his feet before he levels him with a chopblock.]

GM: Ohh! Rage takes out the leg!

BW: You have to be stunned by just how unpredictable a guy like Rage is. There's absolutely no rhyme or reason to his offense, Gordo. He's gone after the throat... the head... the legs...

GM: He's just trying to hurt the man and so far, he's been successful at that. Carter is totally defenseless down on the mat as Rage drops a leaping elbow down across the chest! And again! And again!

[Rage tries to get the protesting crowd to count along, rising to his feet and shouting the number before dropping the next. The fans, predictably, boo his efforts.]

GM: Rage showing no mercy, elbow after elbow...

BW: Here comes number nine! And here comes the pain!

[And that pain is a kneedrop across the throat before Rage chokes him out to the count of four and three quarters.]

GM: Davis Warren reading Rage the riot act.

BW: He hasn't broken any rules! Leave him alone.

GM: He was just choking the man!

[Rage gets back to his feet, arguing with the official... and spies Rashan Hill staggering onto the apron. He hauls up Carter like a load of catfish and tosses him to his partner. Hill reluctantly tags.]

GM: There's a tag... I think...

[But Rage doesn't give Hill an instant to react, rushing into the corner to catch him with a running knee to the gut as Hill steps in. Rage quickly ducks under, slipping his arms up between the legs...]

GM: What is he...?

[...and hoists Hill skyward, dumping him on the back of his head!]

BW: Teardrop suplex! And a beauty!

GM: He hangs on to it, rolling through and muscling the bigger Rashan Hill into position for another suplex.

[Back on their feet, Rage wraps his arms around the midsection, using leverage to flip Hill up and over!]

BW: A beautiful gutwrench suplex, Gordo. And he still hasn't let go.

[Again rolling back to his feet, Rage twists his arms to still hook the torso but from underneath, lifting Hill into the air and dropping him facefirst in a flapjack!]

GM: One-man flapjack! Right down on the face! An incredibly impressive series of offense out of the World Television Champion who is completely dominating BOTH of his competitors in this Handicap Match.

[With Hill prone on the mat, Rage rolls back to his feet...

...and STOMPS the lower back hard. Hill cries out as Rage uncorks a series of vicious stomps to the kidney area, the referee shouting for him to back off.]

GM: Davis Warren protesting, trying to create some space and-

[Rage suddenly leaps up, dropping a knee down into the lower back, drawing a scream of pain from Hill.]

BW: And while with Carter, Rage was all over the place offensively, he shows a surprising amount of focus here, taking away the lower back to make sure Rashan Hill can't use his power advantage.

GM: You just never know what you'll get with the ever-unpredictable Shadoe Rage.

[Rage is taunting the downed opponent when Amos Carter comes rushing back in, trying to aid his partner with a barrage of forearms and fists from the blindside, getting big cheers from the crowd as he drives him away from the downed Hill.]

BW: Now THAT'S illegal. Get in there, ref.

[Davis Warren wedges himself between Carter and the fleeing Rage, forcing Carter back towards the corner to the jeers of the fans.]

GM: The referee's forcing Carter out of the ring and... wait a second!

[Rage's eyes narrow as he realizes his positioning in the corner. Hill is struggling to get to his hands and knees as Warren is tied up with the argumentative Amos Carter.]

BW: Uh oh!

GM: We've seen this before.

BW: A straight right knee sends them all to the infirmary!

[Rage starts to jabber with himself, yanking at his dreadlocks. He nods to himself.]

"YOU CAN'T HAVE HER!"

[And with that he rushes forward!]

GM: I can't look!

[Rage leaps and catches Rashan Hill with an Oklahoma Roll style roll-up, dragging him down in a cradle.]

GM: RAGE WITH THE CRADLE OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Warren dives to the mat, counting 1-2-3!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: A rolling cradle? He beat them with a rolling cradle?

GM: I was sure that Rage was going to knock Hill into the middle of next week with the Eclipse - that running knee strike to the head!

BW: Just when you think you got this lunatic figured out.

[The crowd reacts with an explosion of boos. But what is the crowd booing? The sham match? The Rage win? Or is it the lack of a knockout blow? They don't know, but they're raining hate on Rage as he pulls Rashan Hill to his feet and guides him to his corner. Rage demands a microphone.]

SR: (addressing the boos) Are you not entertained? What?! You wanted me to send him to the infirmary with a straight right knee? Is that what you wanted? You wanted to see this man hurt? Why? He matters! His life matters! He deserves better than to be knocked out for your amusement!

[More garbage comes flying into the ring. Hill and Carter look on at Rage with a look of astonishment as he weathers the storm.]

SR: Tupelo, you suck! You are now a rogue state! I kick you out of Rage Country!

[The crowd jeers loudly, hoping to overwhelm Rage's voice.]

SR: Tupelo, you can't silence me. No one can silence me! I am the greatest World Champion in the AWA and I proved it today! You witness greatness and you throw garbage at it? You sully these blue suede shoes? Go to Hell, Tupelo! Go to Hell knowing that since I beat both my opponent's tonight there is no Number One Contender to my belt at SuperClash! Go to Hell, knowing that I am the AWA World Television Champion today, tomorrow, and forever! Tupelo, just go to Hell! There is no one who can take HER from me!

[Rage lowers the mic, soaking up the deafening jeers from the crowd.]

SR: In fact, I've made a decision! I've decided that the show... stops... now! There will be no Johnny Detson! There will be no Stampede Cup Finals! This is it! You've seen the Main Event! You can all go home!

[More boos! Rage stretches his arms out, gesturing for more and getting more as a bottle bounces off his chest.]

SR: Wait, wait... I'm wrong... I'm wrong...

[The crowd quiets... a little.]

SR: I made a mistake. There IS another match for you to see.

[The crowd cheers!]

SR: And it took place almost one year ago at SuperClash! It's the greatest match! The greatest win in the history of our sport! It's me taking out that piece of trash Tony Sunn and become YOUR WORLD... TELEVISION... CHAMPION!

[The boos are pouring down again. Rage nods, grinning like a madman.]

SR: So, if you can hear me in the truck... cue it up! Get it ready! Let's give these people a REAL Main Event! Let's give 'em a REAL treat! Do it! Play it! Roll the footage!

[Rage turns towards the screen.]

SR: This is gonna be great... grab me some popcorn, will ya?

[Rage doesn't seem to be addressing anyone in particular as he looks out at the screen... waiting... and waiting...]

GM: Is this seriously going to happen? Are we really going to engage in this blatant show of ego?

[The World Television Champion leans over the ropes, waiting...]

SR: Don't make me come back there.

[The implied threat seems to be enough as the lights in the arena dim. The screen lights up for a moment with what appears to be action from last year's SuperClash... but as a burst of static overtakes the screen, causing the imagery to jump and flicker.]

SR: Hey! What's going on here?

[The video on the screen is completely scrambled now, distorted sound coming over the PA system as Rage glares angrily down the aisle at the screen...]

...and the crowd suddenly ERUPTS at the sight of someone being lowered quickly from the ceiling of the BancorpSouth Arena towards the center of the ring!]

GM: WAIT A SECOND! WAIT A SECOND!

[As the figure lands in the ring, he disconnects himself from the cable as Shadoo Rage turns around, rushing towards him...]

GM: RAGE ATTACKS!

[The lights are still down as the man who came from the ceiling lands a right hand... a backhand... a haymaker that sends Rage flying back into the corner. He grabs Rage by the arm, firing him across the ring before he rushes across after him, throwing himself into the air...]

GM: OH MY STARS!! THAT'S THE HEAT WAVE!! THAT'S SUPERNOVA!

BW: WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?!

[Supernova it is. As the lights come back up, he stands in the middle of the ring, pounding his chest with clenched fists as Rage stumbles out of the corner, collapsing in a heap on the canvas. The Tupelo crowd can be seen leaping up and down near their seats as Supernova grabs the legs of Shadoe Rage, stepping through them...

...and turns him over into the Solar Flare!]

GM: HE LOCKS IT IN! HE'S GOT THE SOLAR FLARE LOCKED IN!

BW: We haven't seen Supernova in months, Gordo! We thought he was done for!

GM: Speak for yourself! Supernova's got his signature hold locked in... and Rage is tapping! Rage is tapping like he's never tapped before!

BW: This isn't a match, Gordo! This is a mugging!

[Supernova keeps the hold on for a few more moments before letting go. The World Television Champion crawls across the canvas, trying to drag himself out of the ring as Supernova steps up to the midbuckle, throwing back his head and howling to the ROARING crowd!]

GM: Supernova is back! And he's made it clear that he's back for Shadoe Rage and... hold on a second here...

[Supernova steps over the ropes, dropping down on the apron. He walks down the apron towards the timekeeper's table...

...and points down to the World Television Title, earning another HUGE cheer!]

GM: Oh yeah!

BW: No, no, no! That's not yours!

[Supernova steps closer to the table, raising his foot...

...and STOMPS down on the plexiglass case, shattering the plastic shell to cheers!]

GM: He broke the case! He broke that plastic case that Rage always puts the title in and...

[The face-painted fan favorite leans over, grabbing the title belt...

...and LIFTS it into the air, earning another gigantic cheer from the Tupelo crowd!]

GM: SUPERNOVA'S GOT THE BELT!

BW: It doesn't belong to him, Gordo! It's not his!

GM: He may not be the champion but right now, he's got the strap!

[Out on the floor, Shadowe Rage is clutching his back, glaring up in the ring with manic eyes, screaming "YOU CAN'T HAVE HER!" over and over as the crowd continues to cheer the return of Supernova!]

GM: You can bet we haven't seen the last of this one... and it may have major SuperClash implications! Soaking of SuperClash, et's go to the Control Center!

[We crossfade to the bank of television monitors that can only mean the return of one of the AWA's most popular segments - the Control Center. After a moment, a voiceover is heard.]

"With your SuperClash Control Center, here's Mark Stegglet!"

[Fade to Stegglet standing in front of a similar set of monitors - a very large one flashing the SuperClash logo.]

MS: 40 days, fans! 40 days left until the biggest night of the year - SuperClash VII - which will be happening on Thanksgiving Night in Minute Maid Park in Houston, Texas! Folks, we are down to a handful of tickets left for this one so if you haven't made your plans to join us LIVE in Houston, now's the time to do it... and for those of you who can't, we'll be broadcasting LIVE on PAY PER VIEW for the Super Bowl of Professional Wrestling - SuperClash VII - which just keeps getting better all the time! Let's run down what we know about this huge event!

[The graphic highlighting "Steal The Spotlight" appears with photos of the participants.]

MS: Earlier tonight, we learned some more names added to this year's edition of Steal The Spotlight as it'll now be Callum Mahoney, Rex Summers, and Kerry Kendrick taking on Derrick Williams, Cesar Hernandez, and Caspian Abaran. Of course, Steal The Spotlight is traditionally five on five so we've got a couple more names still to be added on both sides of the ring for that one. Remember, the winner of that elimination tag match will walk out of SuperClash with a guaranteed contract for the match of their choice.

[The graphic changes to showing Maxim Zharkov alongside Jackson Hunter.]

MS: What about the Proletariat Challenge? The names keep coming in from all over professional sports as people are lining up to show up in Houston and shut this guy's mouth once and for all. Can they do it? Who else might make the trip to SuperClash to make it happen? We caught up with Jackson Hunter before the show tonight here in Tupelo to get these comments and a special video... take a look...

[Fade to a shot of the empty arena in Tupelo. At the interview podium, a large poster stands on an easel. On it are three 8x11" photos: Colin Crowther of the NHL, D'Andre Porter of the NBA, and new MFC cult star Quest "Q&A" Aaron. Between them are two blank 8x11 spaces with a question mark superimposed over a hammer and sickle.

Beside the easel is Jackson Hunter in his cheap suit, microphone in his hand.]

JH: Fans of the American Wrestling Alliance... please attend carefully.

[He gestures to one side, and as he does, crossfade from 16x9 HiDef to 4:3 VHS video.]

CAPTION: Будьте в своей тарелке.

CAPTION: Мы приведем теперь основные моменты побед Жаркова.

[Fade to a smoky, utilitarian, and oppressive-looking wrestling arena. The ring looks ever-so-slightly out of proportion and the ring ropes look too loose to be safe.]

EXCITED VOICEOVER: Na sleduyushchiy den' prishel v doversheniye novyy Sovetskiy Chempion!

[Cut to an arcane-looking graphic of what looks like a 196 participant tournament, then to Ivan Kostovich who cannot conceal a grin.]

KOSTOVICH: S uspekhom g Zharkov v Amerike, my chuvstvovali, chto prishlo vremya vozobnovit' staryy chempionat i napomnit' miru o tom, chto sila nashego naroda.

SUBTITLE: "Given Mr. Zharkov's success in the United States, it was time to reward him with a token of the people's appreciation."

[Cut to Zharkov suplexing some poor schlubb in a singlet, then cut to Vladimir Velikov.]

VELIKOV: Kto-to mozhet brosit' yemu vyzov. Samyye vysokiye travinki vsegda pervymi pererezali kosu.

SUBTITLE: "There is a reason for challenging elite athletes. We have a saying that the tallest blades of grass are first to be cut by the scythe."

[A brief cut back to Zharkov chokeslamming two poor schlubbs in singlets, then to Koyla Sudakov; he doesn't look as enthusiastic as his comrades.]

SUDAKOV: YA ne zabotit'sya o Zharkov. On pereotsenen musor.

SUBTITLE: "Never in my life have I seen an athlete as impressive as Zharkov."

[Cut back for a very brief second where you find yourself questioning whether or not Zharkov is now wrestling an actual bear in the ring; before the human mind can confirm whether to believe what it has seen, cut to the MFC's Ivan Petrov.]

PETROV: YA govoryu, chto boyevyye deystviya polnost'yu v ume. Zharkov delayet takzhe. On postoyanno samosovershenstvuyushchiysya. Mnogiye amerikanskiye sportsmeny schitayut, chto oni mogut pobedit' s pomoshch'yu fizicheskoy sily. Eto zabluzhdeniye.

SUBTITLE: "I maintain that fighting is 100% in the mind, and I see that in Maxim Zharkov. He is always looking for paths to self-improvement. American athletes treat sport as a purely physical endeavor and I think that fallacy is their downfall."

[Cut back to a long-shot of the ring. Zharkov stands tall in the center, surrounded by a dozen prone bodies and thousands of wildly cheering Russians. Kostovich, Velikov, Sudakov and Petrov all enter the ring, and present Zharkov with a silver championship belt on red leather; a gold hammer and sickle dominates the center plate. Zharkov roars as he raises the belt over his head. Fade out to the sound of the entire arena singing the Soviet national anthem.

From 4:3 VHS, fade back to 16:9 HiDef and the BanCorp South Arena; Jackson Hunter is still at the interview podium, this time holding the same belt Zharkov was just awarded a world away.]

JH: Fans of the American Wrestling Alliance... In addition to winning fifteen thousand in cash for surviving five minutes with Zharkov... at the Proletariat Challenge - the Soviet Championship will be awarded to any American athlete who can survive Zharkov for five minutes!

[The camera zooms in the poster on the easel of the men taking the Challenge and goes out of focus, fading back to disgusted-looking Stegglet in the Control Center.]

MS: The Soviet Championship... for crying out loud. Fans, that title is NOT sanctioned by the American Wrestling Alliance... nor any other reputable professional wrestling organization as far as I'm aware. Nevertheless, Maxim Zharkov, the Last Son of the Soviet Union, WILL put that title on the line at SuperClash. Speaking of sons...

[The graphic shows the James Gang and the Dogs of War.]

MS: What about this EXPLOSIVE six man tag team matchup pitting Brian James, Tony Donovan, and Wes Taylor against the Dogs of War? The Dogs of War are UNDEFEATED in six man competition since arriving here in the AWA over one year ago however that streak is in serious jeopardy on Thanksgiving Night in my estimation, fans.

[The graphic changes again.]

MS: Two former tag team partners collide in Houston, Texas when "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor meets "Flawless" Larry Wallace. Of course, we also know that Hamilton Graham will be in the corner of the Flawless One which, to me, tips the odds in the favor of Larry Wallace. Bobby O'Connor needs someone to watch his back at SuperClash - if you ask this reporter - to make sure Hamilton Graham doesn't get involved in this one-on-one showdown!

[And again.]

MS: We know that one spot has been reserved on this massive show for the women of the AWA. Earlier tonight, all three agreed that instead of letting the office decide who gets the call - they'd fight it out amongst themselves. Two weeks from tonight, Julie Somers will face Charisma Knight on Halloween night with the winner earning a spot at SuperClash. The loser will meet Melissa Cannon two weeks after that with the final spot on the line.

[And again, this time showing off the Legends Royale graphic.]

MS: The Legends Royale has quickly become one of the hottest subjects in the world of pro wrestling and the "curators" for that match, Casey James and Tiger Claw, are on hand to announce the first participants. Let's go to the Hall of Fame duo!

[A somewhat generic 90s alternative guitar riff accompanies a similarly dated graphic of a silver ball rolling down a vast checkerboard valley, exploding into a liquid metal SuperClash logo with a conspicuously empty rectangle underneath it. The logo spins once, and a laser beam etches "LEGENDS UPDATE" onto the rectangle. Bask in the glory of what 90s computer animation had to offer.

The shot fades to a control room setup, a big blocky desk that could double as a prop in a straight to video sci fi movie sits in front of a bank of CRT monitors, which at this point displays the previous impressive graphic in a loop. At the desk are Syndicate members, Tiger Claw and Casey James. Claw is dressed in a grey suit and black shirt that Lau's people obviously helped him pick out. Casey is a mess. He's dressed in a tweed jacket with a cheap white shirt that has obvious sweat stains. His hair has so much product in it that it's basically smeared on to his head. On his face are a huge set of thick rimmed glasses.

The camera swoops in from an upper corner of the studio as James smiles woodenly and shuffles some papers around on the alien autopsy desk in front of



him. Claw stares at James with a raised eyebrow. James speaks in a manner that brings to mind his "Whitebread" days.]

CJ: Good evening ladies and gentlemen, are we glad to have you here tonight! I am Casey James, and as always, I'm joined by my colleague in the Syndicate, Tiger Claw.

[Camera cuts to Claw, who is still staring at James' attire.]

CJ: It's, uhh, the Legends Update, everyone! Time to talk about the status of the big Legends Battle Royal coming up soon at SuperClash! Who's in? Who's out? Who are the people talking about? Claw, what's the word on the streets?

TC: ...

CJ: [Awkwardly] The buzz? What's the buzz?

TC: Why do you look like this?

CJ: We're doing the announcer thing. I've never done the announcer thing before, so I watched a bunch of tapes.

TC: [Gesturing at the glasses, hair, and jacket] And this...

CJ: It's the look. It's important. All the great announcers flirted with that boundary between "hardcore nerd" and "guy you don't want within 100 meters of a grade school"...

[James flashes the camera a half smile half smirk that can only be described as "gross".]

TC: Unbelievable...

CJ: Easy on the incredulity there, mister. That's my job... You're supposed to be the crusty veteran that cracks wise.

TC: You've obviously taken too many blows to the head in your career, and I question whether it is a good idea for you to compete in this match.

CJ: WILL YOU STOP!? See? It's gold. Pure gold. I'm going to warn you right now, I'm probably going to be hitting that well pretty often before we're done here tonight.

TC: Ladies and Gentlemen...

CJ: WILL YOU STOP!?

TC: [Sighs] Let's take a look at our first few entrants of the...

CJ: [Roaring] THHHEEEEE LEGENDDDDDSS BAAATTTTLEEE ROOOYYAAAAALLLLL!

TC: I think they're actually calling it the Legends Roy-

CJ: WILL YOU STOP!?

[The camera swoops away from the pair, Casey snickering to himself, and Claw giving Casey the death glare. A graphic streaks across the screen, the message reading, "WHO'S IN!?" Cut back to a closeup of Claw, where we see the death glare in all its majesty. One brow is shaking a little bit, and there's almost a snarl coming out of his mouth. With great restraint, Claw addresses the camera.]

TC: Let's first go over who's currently signed for the Legends Royale. We are. There you have it, ladies and gentlemen, our recap of "Who's in".

[The camera once again swoops away from the pair, Claw coldly staring straight ahead the whole time as Casey makes a series of sleazy faces in the general direction of the camera. Another graphic zooms into view, this one reading, "More Legends!" Cut to a shot of Casey, a look on his face a used car salesman would find a bit too pandering.]

CJ: So there's been a lot of talk the past few weeks about who's going to show up in this Legends Battle Royal. A lot of interesting rumors. A lot of news about guys who haven't been around for a while suddenly hitting the gym again and making a bit of noise.

[The shot switches to another angle, and Casey deftly turns his head to look into the lens. He gets a smug grin on his face and nods... There's the feeling that this move was rehearsed far too many times than should have been necessary.]

CJ: We can't speculate on who \_might\_ be showing up, of course. My friend and I are broadcast journalists...

TC: No we're not.

CJ: ...and it is our obligation as broadcast journalists...

TC: Which we aren't.

CJ: ...to bring you just the facts. If you want speculation, you're going to have to call my hotline for all the juicy rumors and the buzz backstage.

TC: You don't actually have a...

CJ: WILL YOU BE SERIOUS FOR A MOMENT!? That's one-eight hundred... Ummm... One-eight hundred DO-CRIME?

TC: What!?

CJ: [Deflating a bit] Man, I don't know. I didn't think the bit through, and I didn't prepare the number, and I remember seeing that one on some band's T-shirt in the 90s, so now when I think of a one-eight hundred number, that one always springs to mind... I got nothing...

[Claw once again glares at James as James stares off in no particular direction, a look of obvious disappointment in himself on his face. After a moment, he suddenly shakes it off, re-inflates, and takes on the announcer role again.]

CJ: So without further ado, ladies and gentlemen, let's talk about who has actually signed on. We've got four names to add to the Legends Battle Royal, all looking to take home the prize. It's a sizable prize, right Claw?

TC: Huge.

CJ: It might not be "live your dreams" money, but I think it'd definitely be appreciated as "my retirement fund is running low" money, would you agree, Claw?

TC: There's no depths to which desperate men won't sink. Just with this amount, they won't have to sink quite as much.

CJ: We're talking some serious spending cash! And who's looking to take it? Our first signee is... well, he's... I don't think I know who Tommy Stephens is.

[A graphic slides up on the monitor behind Casey that reads, "#3: TOMMY STEPHENS" ]

TC: He's the guy that Vasquez wanted us to add in...

CJ: oh... OH, That's right! Tommy Stephens, a dark horse entrant that many say could walk away with the victory in this match...

TC: I don't think anyone has said that.

CJ: It could happen! You don't know! I have been set up with nothing but the best catering this whole tour and that says he could GO! ALL! THE! WAY! THANKS JUAN!

TC: [Glares for a moment] I suppose anything is possible. Tommy Stephens? I look forward to rendering you unconscious.

Next up on our list of signees is a former AWA champion, the cowboy, Ron Houston. ["#4: RON HOUSTON" slides up on the monitor behind Claw]

TC: Casey, how many people from Texas do you figure are named after parts of Texas?

CJ: If we're talking about just the wrestlers, the answer would be "all of them," Claw.

TC: That it would. Something interesting to note, Houston has been known to use the heart punch from time to time. Perhaps we'll see how it fares against the Blackheart Punch?

CJ: As long as I hit mine first, no we won't, Claw... No we won't.

TC: Very well stated. Ron Houston, I look forward to rendering you unconscious. Next up is an entry that I'm sure Casey will find interesting: At number 5, we have Rob Donovan!

[Cut to a wide shot. "#5: ROB DONOVAN" slides up on the bank of monitors behind both men.]

TC: Now, correct me if I'm wrong, Casey, but didn't Donovan retire you?

CJ: We don't like to talk about that, Claw.

TC: This is the buzz, Casey. I mean, if my memory is correct, this man put you out of the sport.

CJ: Still not talking about it, Claw...

TC: And now that I think of it, that scar on your face was left there by none other than Rob Donovan...

CJ: WILL YOU STOP!?

TC: Rob Donovan, after you've finished beating on Casey and eliminating him from the match like you eliminated him from the sport, I look forward to rendering you unconscious.

CJ: If Mister Claw is finished being all smug...

TC: I seem to recall kicking the crap out of him. Isn't that funny? Okay, I'm done.

CJ: Yeah, you're done alright... Let's take a look at our next entrant, someone I'm sure will change Claw's attitude a little... None other than The Butcher himself, Otto Verhoeven!

["#6: OTTO VERHOEVEN" appears on the monitors behind both men as Casey points at Claw, laughing.]

CJ: How about that, huh? You and the Butcher had some wars in the past!

TC: We... didn't. I don't think we ever feuded.

CJ: Wait, I could have sworn...

TC: Nope. I get along great with Verhoeven. Never had a problem with him.

CJ: Okay, but I never fought with him... And you're saying you never did either!? We fought almost everyone.

TC: Not Verhoeven. If anything, we were allies. So, by all means, a great signing, Casey... He's a huge name and it's going to be great to see him again, but you missed the mark a bit here. It's not like Otto ended my career like Donovan did yours.

CJ: WE DON'T TALK ABOUT THAT!

TC: And last week, when you were talking about kicking asses, you specifically called out the Butcher, didn't you?

CJ: I... may have? You know how I get.

TC: So he might have a Slaughterslam with your name on it for that. And then afterward, Otto Verhoeven? I look forward to rendering you unconscious.

CJ: You can't just knock everyone out, Claw.

TC: I'd like to see you try and stop me, Casey.

CJ: Maybe I'll give that a try in a few weeks, huh? What are you gonna do about that?

TC: Well...

CJ: Yeah, what?

TC: I suppose I'm going to have to render you unconscious. I look forward to it.

CJ: You sonofa... [Regains his composure] That sounds a little bit like a challenge, ladies and gentlemen! You'll have to wait until SuperClash to see how that plays out! The Legends Battle Royal is still a few weeks away, and we're getting calls from tons of big names from back in the day. Who's going to sign their name to enter this huge match and win the big prize? How big were we saying that prize is, Claw?

TC: It could easily keep the howling spectre of financial ruin at bay for a year. Maybe two if you were careful.

CJ: [Grinning enthusiastically to the camera] Hey! That's dark!

[Claw gives an exaggerated shrug as if to say, "I'm a small business owner!"]

CJ: WILL YOU BE SERIOUS!? Ladies and gentlemen, we'd like to thank you for tuning in to this update. We're keeping an ear to the ground - and, well, to our phones - to bring you the latest news on the LEGENDS BATTLE ROYAL at SuperClash which is in a few short weeks! So in the meantime, and in between... mine...

TC: You suck at this.

CJ: Shut up. Tune in to the Legends Update, folks, to keep up with the latest developments! Don't you dare miss it!

TC: Catchy.

CJ: No, seriously. [Looks right into the camera] You even think about missing it, and I'll end you.

[Casey stands up and takes the glasses off, never breaking his gaze with the camera.]

CJ: END YOU!

[The generic 90s alternative guitar riff starts chugging along again as we cut to a wide shot from above. Casey swings around so that he's staring and pointing at the newly active camera. He yells "BAM!" Claw watches him with a slightly amused look on his face. The spinning chrome SuperClash logo shows up on the screen and spins a few times before fading back to a chuckling Mark Stegglet in the actual Control Center.]

MS: Ahh, it's good to have those two around again. So, we've got six men now in the Legends Royale - Casey James, Tiger Claw, Tommy Stephens, former AWA National Champion Ron Houston, former AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion Robert Donovan, and a former World Champion in his own right in Otto Verhoeven. This is shaping up to be one of the highlights of the night in Houston, Texas, fans! But now, let's talk about titles... let's talk about all the titles!

[A shot of Violence Unlimited appears on the screen.]

MS: The World Tag Team Titles WILL be on the line at SuperClash... but it remains to be seen who Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton will be defending against. Earlier tonight, they challenged the winner of tonight's Stampede Cup tournament Finals to face them for the titles... but will that showdown take place at SuperClash or does the Championship Committee have other plans?

[VU fades away to be replaced by Shadoe Rage.]

MS: Oho! Shadoe Rage claimed he was going to find out his challenger tonight in that farce of a handicap match we witnessed... and in a way, he did! Supernova has returned after weeks on the shelf and he made it very, very clear that he intends to challenge Rage for the title at SuperClash! We should find out more about this challenge in the weeks ahead but this could NOT be what Shadoe Rage had in mind for Thanksgiving night, fans.

[The National Title appears - flanked by champion Travis Lynch and challenger Juan Vasquez.]

MS: The National Title will be on the line in Houston when Travis Lynch defends the gold against a man who has worn that title on two occasions - the People's Hero, Juan Vasquez. But you have to wonder if Vasquez will have the crowd on his side in

the great state of Texas when he takes on the Texas Heartthrob and a member of Texas' favorite family.

[And then finally, the big one.]

MS: And of course, the Main Event of the evening will see Ryan Martinez defend the World Heavyweight Title he won last year at SuperClash VI against Hannibal Carver. The crowd in Houston may be split right down the middle of this battle of two of the most popular men in the entire AWA. But speaking of the middle... as we revealed earlier tonight, AWA President Landon O'Neill has a special announcement that he asked us to air right now. You won't believe it when you hear it.

[We fade from Stegglet to a shot of the spray-tanned executive sitting behind his desk, the New York skyline in the background behind him through floor-to-ceiling windows. He grins that well-polished and whitened smile before speaking.]

LON: Here in the AWA, the safety of our competitors, our fans, and our other employees is our primary concern. The recent decision to reinstate Hannibal Carver created a situation where one group of our employees were extremely concerned about their safety... and that's our referees.

[O'Neill's smile fades, taking on a solemn look.]

LON: Our referees have had a hard year with us here in 2015. Perhaps the worst moment for them was the brutal assault on Senior Official Johnny Jagger by Rob Driscoll. Mr. Jagger has still not returned to his job since that time. Add in fines or suspensions applied to men like Carver and Shadoe Rage for their abuse of referees as well and it is totally understandable that our officials would fear for their safety when the tensions are so high as they will be on Thanksgiving Night in Houston, Texas.

[O'Neill interlocks his fingers, staring into the camera.]

LON: Therefore, I have made the following decision...

On Thanksgiving Night at SuperClash VII, ALL title matches will feature a SPECIAL GUEST REFEREE in place of our usual officiating corps. The official will be selected by my office however we will make sure that all participants approve of the selected official.

All of our guest officials will be kept a secret until they come to the ring to serve their duties as referee at SuperClash.

[And there's the smile again.]

LON: Thank you... and good night.

[O'Neill inclines his head in a nod again as we fade back to Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Wow! Big news right there as EVERY title match will feature a Special Guest Referee! That could have a major impact on any of the title matches heading into SuperClash! In addition to that, I can also now announce that in two weeks' time, Ryan Martinez will be in non-title action... and Hannibal Carver will be sitting in on commentary! We saw some tension-filled moments earlier tonight when those roles were reversed. With the No Contact rule in place, let's hope those two combatants can keep their cool on Halloween Night.

SuperClash VII: The Rising is coming and with just about six weeks remaining, the locker room is at a fever pitch as those final spots on the biggest show of the year start to fill up.

But right now... let's fast forward a year...

[Stegglet grins as the SuperClash VII logo behind him changes... to SuperClash VIII.]

MS: We continue to whittle down the list of cities being considered to host SuperClash VIII in 2016. The final announcement will be made in Houston this year but let's see who we have left...

[Stegglet steps to the side, gesturing at a graphic that comes up next to him with the list of cities.]

MS: Two weeks ago, we removed L.A. and Philly from the list, leaving us with Toronto, New Orleans, Boston, Chicago, Seattle, and London as the final six cities under consideration for 2016. Let's see what happens...

[Stegglet holds up a sheet of paper.]

MS: And I was just handed the news that will take this list from six cities down to the Final Four.

[He glances down at the list.]

MS: It is NOT on the cards for the AWA to host SuperClash across the pond - London has been eliminated!

[He looks down again.]

MS: The other city eliminated from contention... Seattle! The only city on the West Coast is gone! And that means our Final Four are Toronto, New Orleans, Boston, and Chicago! Four incredible cities for pro wrestling... four incredible options to host SuperClash VIII. Join me back here two weeks from tonight as we remove one more city from the list, all leading to SuperClash VII where we make the big announcement.

That's it for this week but tune in next time to the Control Center as we continue down the road to SuperClash!

[We fade back to the bank of television monitors and the SuperClash VII logo...

...and back up on a darkened room. A flickering candle shows a heart-shaped mirror with the reflection of Casanova's face in the center of it. He looks angry... real angry.]

C: Mirror, mirror on the wall... who's the fairest of them all?

[The voice of Mickey Cherry can be heard but the diminutive manager cannot be seen.]

MC: You are, baby... you are.

[Casanova nods.]

C: Mirror, mirror on the wall... who is minutes away from GETTING HIS FACE BUSTED OPEN, HIS SKULL CRACKED, AND HAVING BLOOD POURING ALL OVER HIS DAMN- AAAAAAGGGGGH!

[A steel chair is swung, shattering the mirror a moment before Casanova grabs the shell of it, flinging it across the ring. He turns to the camera.]

C: Johnny Detson, your gaze is the wrong way. You're looking ahead to SuperClash. You're thinking about the World Title and what manipulations you can make to get to the big dance.

You should be thinking about me... because I plan to hurt you inside that ring tonight.

[Cherry pops into view, dark sunglasses on even in the very dark room.]

MC: And there's one way, baby... one way you can hurt him more than he's ever been hurt before.

C: Steel chair to the head?

MC: No.

C: Leather strap across his back?

MC: Nope.

C: Tell me.

MC: Take away the thing he wants the most.

[Casanova turns, looking at his manager and friend... and then gets a sadistic grin as they say it together.]

C/MC: His shot at the World Title.

[The duo starts laughing uncontrollably as we slowly fade away...

...and up to the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing with Johnny Detson. Detson, dressed to wrestle, has a rather sour look on his face.]

SLB: We are here live with Johnny Detson just moments away from his fight with Casanova!

[Detson scoffs at the name.]

SLB: It's obvious you have little regard for your opponent, but the stakes for this match couldn't be higher.

JD: Casanova. Casanova comes out tonight and attacks me, unprovoked!

SLB: UNPROVOKED?! You, sir, hit his good friend and manager over the head with a bottle!

JD: Yes, and it's about time he start showing me some gratitude for it!

SLB: GRATITUDE?!

JD: Yeah it's a concept I doubt you or anyone else here has any sort of grasp on but I think it's owed to me.

SLB: How could you possibly think –

[But Detson cuts him off.]



JD: How could I? How could he? What has Casanova talked about these past few months? Hannibal Carver. What has Casanova wanted more than anything? Hannibal Carver. But do you know why that didn't happen?

[Detson looks at Blackwell but quickly continues not waiting for a response.]

JD: Casanova, that's why. He lacked the proper motivation to get to his goal. So I, ever the helpful one, motivated him.

SLB: You did it with the hopes that Casanova would take out Hannibal Carver, your longtime nemesis!

JD: Did I? Do I really need to take someone out when they can't even beat me? Or was I just teaching a lesson to someone in proper motivation? Either way for the briefest of seconds, Casanova was able to overcome even his own incompetence and achieve his dreams...

[Shrugging nonchalantly, he continues.]

JD: So he's welcome.

SLB: As twisted as that logic is, no one can argue how huge the stakes are for tonight's match. Win, and you're in the main event at SuperClash against Hannibal Carver and Ryan Martinez - a history-making match.

[Detson lets out a small chuckle as he smirks at the thought of it.]

JD: Yes. Tonight, Casanova you stop becoming you own greatest problem because you stand in the way of me finally obtaining MY World Title, the title that YOUR Hannibal Carver stole from my clutches. So you want one final lesson in proper motivation?

[Detson just glares at the camera.]

JD: You'll see it in the ring.

[Detson glares at the camera, raising his fist, before walking off towards the ring. We fade out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Thanks for that, Sweet Lou. And as Lou said, the stakes couldn't be higher for this one, Bucky.

BW: A shot at the biggest title in the world on the biggest show in the world? Yeah, I'd say that's pretty high.

GM: Johnny Detson has the chance to make history. Not only would he be getting a SuperClash Main Event title opportunity... but he'd also be in a situation where he'd be in the first Three Way Dance in AWA history. But to do it, he's gotta beat Casanova.

BW: Hey, I'm a Casanova fan... but Johnny Detson's one of the best in the world. I gotta think Detson's winning this one and taking his spot in history, daddy.

GM: We're about to find out so let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

[Fade to the ring where the ring announcer is standing dead center.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. If Johnny Detson wins, he'll be added to the Main Event of SuperClash! Introducing first...

[The opening notes to "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin sparks a monstrous negative reaction from the AWA faithful. The lights slowly dim around the arena except for the spotlights around the backstage curtain and the path to the ring. As the guitar riffs on, a low level fog lifts from the ground.]

PW: From Hollywood, California... weighing in at 248 pounds...

JOHNNNNNNYYYYYYYY DEEEEEEEETSONNNNNN!

[Johnny Detson emerges from the curtain, dressed as we saw him moments ago, and a very serious expression on his face. He walks swiftly down the aisle, not bothering to antagonize the fans at all before rolling under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: You need only take one look at Johnny Detson to know how serious he's taking this match, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Detson's a veteran. A Main Event player. He knows what's at stake in this one and he knows that if he loses, it may be a long, long time before he gets another opportunity to wear the World Heavyweight Title.

[Detson settles back into the corner, still showing extreme focus as Phil Watson's voice rings out again.]

PW: And his opponent... from the Sunset Strip... weighing in at...

[Watson does a doubletake.]

PW: ...an undisclosed amount...

CAAAAAASAAAAANOOOOOVAAAAA!

[The sounds of a trilling harp comes over the PA system along with the dulcet tones of Mickey Cherry.]

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

["Casanova" by Levert begins to play as the curtain parts. Casanova marches through the curtain dressed much differently than we're used to seeing him. His bleached blond hair with pink streaks remain but his boots and trunks have gone black.]

GM: Casanova in a different ring attire than we're used to... perhaps in mourning still for the injuries of Mickey Cherry which are preventing Mickey from being at ringside tonight.

[Casanova stomps down the aisle, shouting towards Detson, pointing towards the ring as Detson steps out of the corner, waving his hands, calling Casanova forward. The referee signals for the bell as Casanova rolls in...

...and Detson greets him with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Here we go!

[The crowd ROARS as Casanova and Johnny Detson trade haymakers in the center of the ring!]

GM: We've got a slugfest on our hands and this isn't the usual game for EITHER of these competitors!

[Casanova soon gets the better of the exchange, forcing Detson back up against the ropes. The plump Casanova grabs the arm, going for a whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Detson!

[With Casanova hitting the ropes, Detson drops his head, setting for a backdrop...

...but Casanova comes up swinging, throwing a boot into the mush, straightening Detson up and sending him staggering back towards the ropes again...]

GM: Detson got caught!

[...where Casanova rushes across the ring, connecting with a clothesline that takes Detson over the top rope, depositing him out on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: CASANOVA CLEARS THE RING... AND HE’S GOING OUT AFTER HIM!

[With the referee loudly protesting, Casanova rolls under the ropes to the floor where he grabs a rising Detson...

...and SMASHES his face off the ring apron!]

GM: This one - you get the feeling - is gonna be a fight, Bucky!

BW: Hey, I hate to give advice from the table but Casanova needs to be careful here. A disqualification is as good as a pinfall to Johnny Detson.

GM: Very true. Casanova wants to get payback on Johnny Detson... he wants to make him hurt. Well, nothing will make Detson hurt worse than losing his opportunity to compete in the SuperClash Main Event. He’s so close, Bucky... one win away.

BW: But that one win must feel like miles away at this point.

[Casanova shoves Detson back under the ropes, climbing up on the apron. Detson pushes up off the mat, trying to attack Casanova before he can get back through the ropes.]

GM: Detson moving in on Casanova who- oh! Stiff jab!

[From his spot on the apron, Casanova snaps off jab after jab after jab to the jaw, leaving Detson staggered. He grabs Detson by his blonde hair, giving a shout as he rushes down the ring apron and SMASHES Detson’s face into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Another shot to the face! Casanova’s obviously jealous of Detson’s modeling career!

GM: Modeling?!

BW: Sure, he was on the cover of Teen Beat this week... didn’t you see it?

GM: Can’t say that I did.

BW: Well, it was Teen Beat Croatia... but still!

[With Detson stumbling away, Casanova goes to scale the ropes...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! That's a three hundred plus pounder climbing the ropes!

BW: You'll be in trouble when Casanova hears you say that.

[The surprisingly-athletic Casanova steps one foot up top, waiting as Detson climbs to his feet...]

...and the big man takes flight, hurling himself into a crossbody that topples the Number One Contender!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd lets loose a loud "OHHHHHHH!" as Detson just BARELY gets a shoulder off the canvas in time.]

GM: Wow! How close was that?!

BW: Too close. Johnny Detson was a half count - maybe less - away from losing his chance to be in the Main Event as SuperClash, daddy! He needs to get on track and he needs to do it fast because Casanova is cleaning his clock at this point in the contest!

GM: Casanova thought he had him, grabbing a handful of hair now... oh! What a right hand!

[The angry Casanova lands another right, shouting "YOU WANTED A PIECE OF MICKEY?!" and then another... "TRY ME INSTEAD!" The referee warns him for the closed fists as he stalks back to his feet, burying a kick into the ribcage of Detson, sending him rolling away.]

GM: Ever the ring general, Johnny Detson trying to create some space here but Casanova stays on him, pulling him back to his feet...

[Holding the hair, Casanova marches him to the corner, slamming him headfirst into the top turnbuckle. He spins Detson around, the Number One Contender's back against the buckles...]

GM: Detson's trapped in the corner and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A big overhand open-handed chop across the pectorals leaves Detson reeling, grabbing at his chest as he tries to escape the corner but Casanova shoves him back in with a shake of his head...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[About halfway through the barrage, the fans start to count, rallying behind Casanova.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SIX!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SEVEN!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"EIGHT!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"NINE!"

[And with nine chops delivered, Casanova steps a few paces out, lifting his open hand skyward, slowly turning in a circle, building anticipation with his showmanship...

...and plants a kiss on his open palm before running the few feet into the corner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"TEN!"

[Casanova steps back, having left a big red welt on the chest of Detson, watching as he staggers out of the corner...

...and then faceplants on the canvas! The crowd laughs as Casanova dives to his knees, flipping Detson over onto his back.]

GM: Casanova covers! He's got one! He's got two! He's got- no!

[Detson's shoulder again sails up off the mat, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Another two count there as Casanova apparently hasn't done enough to put the Number One Contender to the World Title down for a three count!

BW: Maybe not but Johnny's gotta get back in this thing, Gordo. Roll out of the ring, take a breather... do something to break the momentum of Casanova.

[Casanova climbs to his feet, reaching down to drag Detson off the mat by the arm, using it to whip him across the ring, sending him crashing into the corner turnbuckles.]

GM: Hard whip to the corner...

[Detson staggers back out to the middle of the ring where Casanova doubles up...]

GM: ...BIIIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP BY CASANOVA!

[As Detson hits the canvas, he rolls to his side, grabbing at his lower back for an instant...

...and then keeps on rolling, going under the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: Johnny Detson taking the advice of Bucky Wilde, getting out of the ring and looking for a chance to regroup.

BW: He's not going to get it though. Casanova's coming out after him!

[As the plump fan favorite (for the night at least) jumps off the apron to the floor, Detson starts to make a break for it, staggering around the ring as Casanova looks to pursue.]

GM: We've got a footrace on the floor!

BW: One guess as to who wins that one.

[Detson goes faster and faster as Casanova gets closer and closer.]

GM: Casanova's coming on strong but Detson's able to stay ahead of him.

BW: And this is brilliant, Gordo, because with Casanova carrying all that extra weight, he'll be sucking wind in no time.

[That appears to be the case as Detson finishes one and a half laps around the ring before rolling back in. Breathing heavily, Casanova rolls in behind him...

...and gets caught as Detson drops to his knees, smashing an elbow down into the back of the neck!]

GM: Ohh! And Detson pulls the rug out from under Casanova!

[Climbing to his feet, the Number One Contender switches his attack to stomps and kicks to the back of the head and neck, keeping Casanova down on the canvas.]

GM: The referee's trying to get Detson to back off and let Casanova up but Detson's having no part of that!

[Detson switches to a series of short kneedrops to the head, each one rattling the brain of Casanova as the crowd jeers. With Casanova barely moving, Detson backs off, hands raised as the official reads him the riot act.]

GM: And now it's Johnny Detson who needs to be careful in there, Bucky.

BW: He certainly does. A disqualification would knock him out of the SuperClash Main Event and no one wants to see that.

GM: I don't know about that claim. I think there's an overwhelming percentage of AWA fans who would prefer to see Martinez and Carver one-on-one in a clean matchup to see who the better man is without Detson and his chicanery in the mix.

[Detson moves back in, flipping Casanova over onto his back, pulling his head up and using the bottom rope to choke him.]

GM: That's a choke, ref! Get in there!

[With Casanova struggling to free himself, Detson hangs on tight until the four count when he lets go, again backing off with his hands raised.]

GM: And how quickly the tide can turn in a match here in the AWA. Just moments ago, Casanova had this match well in hand and now Johnny Detson has established control.

[Casanova is gasping for air as Detson steps out to the apron, measures him, and drops off, DRIVING a forearm down across the throat!]

GM: Oh, come on! That was a blatant shot to the throat!

[Casanova rolls into the ring, flailing about as he grabs at his throat. A smirking Johnny Detson turns to the fans, spreading his arms wide and earning plenty of jeers before he rolls back inside the ring.]

GM: Johnny Detson feeling good about this match at this point - ohh! Hard stomp to the back of the head by Detson!

[He pulls Casanova off the canvas, dragging him across the ring towards the corner where he SMASHES his face into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh!

[Grabbing a side headlock, Detson pushes Casanova's face down on the top rope...

...and drags him along the ropes, raking his face on the rope itself!]

BW: So much for Casanova looking at himself in a mirror! He won't even want to see a picture of his face after Johnny gets through with him.

[Casanova staggers away, rubbing at his face as Detson stalks behind him. The plump Hollywood native gets to the ropes, leaning over them as Detson moves in on him...

...and gets a hard back elbow to the chin!]

GM: Oh! Casanova caught him coming in!

[Detson stumbles back, trying to shake the cobwebs as Casanova turns, back against the ropes. He pushes off the ropes, trying to build some momentum but runs right into a boot to the midsection!]

GM: And this time, it's Detson who cuts him off!

[The Number One Contender grabs a front facelock, quickly twisting Casanova over, dropping him with a swinging neckbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Neckbreaker by Detson and that might do it!

[Detson pumps a fist as he applies a lateral press.]

GM: Detson gets one! He's got two! But that's all!

[Detson angrily shouts at the official as he swings a leg over the torso, grabbing a left hand full of hair while he repeatedly drives the right fist into the skull of Casanova!]

GM: Detson's pounding Casanova into the canvas after that two count!

[He breaks at four, climbing to his feet to stomp the downed Casanova again. He backs off, measuring him as the referee shouts a protest...

...and then DROPS a knee right at the base of the neck that completely silences Casanova, leaving him motionless on the mat!]

GM: Good grief!

[Detson is completely focused as he pulls Casanova off the canvas by the arm, landing a pair of European uppercuts, forcing the Sunset Strip native back against the ropes...]

GM: Casanova on the ropes once more...

[An Irish whip sends Casanova bouncing off the ropes towards Detson who hits the ropes himself, building speed...

...and CONNECTS with a impactful clothesline that sends Casanova into the air, twisting around before crashing down to the canvas in a heap!]

GM: What a clothesline! What a clothesline by the Number One Contender!

[Detson swings his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as he flips Casanova over onto his back.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Casanova's left shoulder comes FLYING off the canvas at the last moment!]

GM: NO! NO! CASANOVA KICKS OUT IN TIME!

BW: WHAT?! Check the replay on that!

GM: There is no Instant Replay in the world of Professional Wrestling, Bucky... you know that as well as anyone.

BW: Maybe there should be with the quality of zebras around here. The last time I saw zebras this bad was at the Tupelo Zoo.

GM: I didn't know Tupelo had a zoo.

BW: They don't. It's Earl down at the hardware store's backyard. Pretty sure they were just horses painted with last week's sale item.

[Detson angrily gets to his feet, hopping up and down, stomping on the mat in frustration.]

GM: Johnny Detson starting to lose his cool, Bucky.

BW: He can't do it. Stay in the zone, Johnny!

[Detson leans down, hauling Casanova off the mat by the hair, switching to a grip on the arm as he gets him to his feet.]

GM: Another whip sends Casanova HARD into the corner.

[Detson falls to a knee on the whip from the effort, really shaking the ring when the 300+ pounder hits the corner, staggering back out into a boot to the gut...]

BW: Here we go! Here we go! Finish him!

GM: Detson's going for the Wilde Driver!

[With Casanova's head in a standing headscissors, Detson leans down, looking to underhook both arms...

...but Casanova jerks the arms away, sweeping the legs out from under the Number One Contender to a big cheer!]

GM: COUNTER!

[Holding the legs, Casanova throws a quick glance over his shoulder to check his position in the ring...

...and falls back, flinging Detson into the air, sending him crashing facefirst into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SLINGSHOT!



[Detson staggers backwards, falling into the grasp of Casanova who is still down on the mat, dragging the Number One Contender down into a sunset flip style pin!]

GM: CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Detson again escapes, clashing his heels together on the ears of Casanova!]

BW: Whew! That was a close one!

GM: Casanova trying to regain the momentum in this one... looking to finish off Johnny Detson... looking to get payback for his manager and friend, Mickey Cherry... looking to rob Detson of the biggest prize he can imagine...

[Casanova and Detson are both slow to get off the canvas, each one taking their time as the crowd cheers Casanova on.]

GM: Right hand by Detson!

[Casanova replies in kind, snapping Detson's head back with a haymaker!]

GM: Casanova returns the favor!

[Casanova lands another... and another... and another, forcing Detson to wobble backwards...

...until he slips a knee up into the midsection! The crowd jeers the cut-off of Casanova's offensive flurry as Detson grabs an arm.]

GM: Detson with the whip- no, reversed!

[Detson goes sailing into the ropes, bouncing back off...

...into the waiting arms of Casanova who lifts him up, pivots, and DRIVES Detson down into the canvas with a lightning quick spinning powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[The referee dives to the canvas to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd deflates at the knockout by Johnny Detson. Casanova is kneeling on the mat, hands grabbing at his own hair in disbelief as the official holds up an emphatic two fingers to restate his position.]

GM: Two count only! It was so close, Bucky! So close to being a three count!

BW: Close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades... I heard that somewhere once.

[Climbing to his feet, Casanova crouches low, trying to keep himself out of the view of Johnny Detson as the Number One Contender tries to get back to his feet...]

GM: Detson's trying to get up... Casanova's going to be waiting for him!

[As Detson slowly gets there, Casanova surges forward, his flabby arms reaching out to wrap around the head and neck!]

GM: SLEEPERHOLD!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Casanova locks in the hold, Detson's arms frantically pumping towards the sky, searching for an escape as Casanova tries to send him to Dreamland.]

GM: Casanova's got the sleeper locked on in the center of the ring!

BW: No, no, no! Johnny, get out of it! Counter, reverse!

GM: Detson's got those arms working, searching for an escape but right now, all he's finding are his chances of being in the Main Event of SuperClash slipping away from him!

BW: Don't say that, Gordo! He's the Number One Contender! He's supposed to be in the Main Event!

GM: That may or may not be true but if Casanova renders him unconscious, the only place he's going is the back of the line!

BW: This is terrible, Gordo! Who knows if he could even get another match at SuperClash at this stage! What a travesty that would be if the biggest star in the company got shut out of being on the biggest show of the year!

[Detson's arms start to slow as the crowd ROARS, encouraging Casanova to knock him out.]

GM: Detson's starting to fade! Casanova's getting closer and closer to getting payback for Mickey Cherry!

[The referee leans in, checking on Detson.]

GM: He might be out! The referee's taking a look here.. a long look...

[Suddenly, Detson reaches out, grabbing the official by the arm. The shocked referee tries to pull his limb back but Detson's hanging on tight.]

GM: What is he...?

BW: Help him, ref!

GM: That's not the referee's job!

[The official is struggling to get free as Detson hangs on... hangs on...

...and then YANKS the arm, pulling the referee into both Casanova and Detson!]

GM: Oh!

[The move knocks the official down to all fours, trying to stay in it but does nothing to Casanova's grasp with the sleeper.]

GM: The ref goes down but Casanova's hanging on! He's on the verge of knocking Detson out co-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wobbling out to the middle of the ring, Detson SWINGS his right leg back, catching Casanova flush in the groin with a mule kick!]

GM: OHH! LOW BLOW BY DETSON!

[Casanova slumps down to his knees, clutching his groin as a barely-conscious Detson staggers away to the jeers of the crowd, collapsing against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Johnny Detson will sink to unbelievable levels in an attempt to win this match and walk out of here in the Main Event of SuperClash!

BW: As he should! As ANYONE should with a chance to be in the Main Event of the biggest show of the year!

GM: Wait a second... what's Johnny Detson doing?!

[Leaning against the buckles, Detson checks the referee's position before digging his hand down into his trunks.]

GM: Detson's going into his tights! He's... he's got the glove!

[The black leather studded glove known as Black Beauty comes into view - the gift from Wes Taylor to Johnny Detson nearly a year ago. Detson makes a big show of holding up the glove before slowly slipping it onto his right hand...]

GM: Detson's got the glove! He's got the glove on his hand - that loaded glove, I should add!

BW: Slander! From what I understand, he needs it for medical reasons.

GM: That's a bogus claim if I've ever heard one and sitting next to you for as long as I have, I've heard plenty of them!

[Detson nods his head, readying the knockout punch as Casanova stumbles up off the canvas. The crowd suddenly starts to buzz as Detson shouts "GET UP!" at Casanova...]

BW: Detson's gonna knock him into the middle of next week, daddy!

GM: WAIT A SECOND! LOOK WHO'S IN THE RING!

[The buzzing was because of someone quickly making their way down the aisle, sliding under the bottom rope.

The same someone who - when Detson winds up with his loaded glove, ready to deliver a KO punch - grabs the arm to prevent it!

Detson looks puzzled for a second, spinning around to face the source of the interference...]

GM: CALISTO DUFRESNE! CALISTO DUFRESNE'S GOT THE ARM!

[Detson gets a chance to shout one shocked "YOU?!" before Dufresne buries a boot into his midsection, hooking the front facelock...

...and lifts Detson up, DRIVING him skullfirst into the canvas to the loudest cheer Calisto Dufresne has probably ever heard in his life!]

GM: WHAM, BAM, THANK YOU MA'AM!

BW: Oh, NOW you'll call it?!

[With Detson motionless on the mat, Dufresne drops down, rolling out of the ring, ducking out of view as Casanova crawls into a lateral press.]

GM: CASANOVA WITH THE COVER!

BW: NO! NO! NO!

[A shout from Casanova seems to catch the attention of the dazed referee who crawls forward...]

GM: ONE!!

[The referee slowly raises his arm a second time...]

GM: TWO!

BW: NO!

[He raises it a third time, holding it up...]

BW: NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[...and SLAPS the canvas again!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd ERUPTS in a deafening cheer, fans leaping up and down with joy at the result of the match!]

PW: Your winner of the match...

CAAAAAAAAAASAAAAANOOOOOOVAAAAAA!

[The cheers go up for Casanova who rolls off of Detson, arm in the air in victory.]

PW: And because of that win... Johnny Detson will NOT be in the Main Event of SuperClash!

[Even louder cheers for that! Calisto Dufresne is all grins as he backs down the aisle, staring up at the ring with a nod where a motionless Johnny Detson is still looking up at the lights!]

GM: Calisto Dufresne disappeared after being fired by Johnny Detson... we weren't sure when - or IF - he was ever coming back. But now we know... he was waiting in the wings... waiting for his moment to strike... and boy, did he ever strike here tonight! He cost Johnny Detson the thing that meant more to Johnny Detson than anything else in the world, fans!

BW: This is a crime... a travesty... a miscarriage of justice.

GM: I thought you were a Calisto Dufresne fan!

BW: I was... I mean, I am... I think... I don't- I'M SO CONFUSED!

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: The one thing that there's absolutely NO confusion about is the fact that Johnny Detson will NOT be in the Main Event of SuperClash! Calisto Dufresne and Casanova made sure of that, fans! We've gotta take another quick break but when

we come back, it's Stampede Cup Finals time and believe me, you do NOT want to miss that!

[Calisto Dufresne is still looking quite pleased with himself as he heads up the aisle and we fade to black.

We cut from black on the opening note of Thin Lizzy's "The Boys Are Back In Town" on a shot of Travis, Jack, and James Lynch backstage at an AWA event, cowboy boots up on a table as they play cards and laugh.

On the next power chord, we cut to a shot of Juan Vasquez pointing towards the ring next to Eric Preston, miming throwing a right hand. They appear to be in the old WKIK Studios.

The next one brings a cut to Supreme Wright inside a rundown industrial warehouse. He's running in place before dropping down flat on his stomach on the mat, pushing up to his feet and doing it all over again. Nearby is Todd Michaelson, whistle dangling from his mouth.

The third one in the set cuts to Air Strike at a fan event, signing autographs and posing for pictures with the assembled masses. Cody Mertz grins as two girls sandwich him with kisses on the cheeks.

A fourth power chord and cut reveals Brian James, drenched in sweat and shadowboxing against a wall of an empty Crockett Coliseum.

The next goes to Dave Cooper standing in a corner with Eric Matthew Somers, obviously some older footage as Calisto Dufresne stands nearby, a smile on his face as Cooper is regaling them with some story.

Another cut - this one to Hannibal Carver popping the top on a beer and handing it over to Derrick Williams who clinks beer cans with the veteran before they throw them back in tandem.

The next cut shows Supernova in front of a mirror, applying his own facepaint as Jason Dane stands nearby, talking to the young lion.

Back to the next series of chords and another cut, this time to Skywalker Jones, Hercules Hammonds, and Buford P. Higgins arriving at a venue. Jones is wearing dark sunglasses and waves a dismissive hand at the camera as Hammonds proceeds to rip off his t-shirt and strike a double bicep pose while Higgins mugs for the camera in the background.

Then to Bobby O'Connor standing with his grandpa Karl while Karl has some poor backstage worker by the upper body, grabbing an arm as Bobby nods in understanding.

The next one goes to Doctor Harrison Fawcett and Brian Lau peeking through the curtain at a live event, watching the action inside the ring from the backstage area.

And one final power chord in the intro takes us to Ryan Martinez, sitting in a pair of folding chairs with his legendary father. The two men are deep in conversation as workers walk around them.

The lyrics kick in with a shot Alphonse Green hurling himself through the ropes, wiping out "The Professional" Dave Cooper with a suicide dive!]

#Guess who just got back today?#

[Cody Mertz goes sailing through the air after being shoved skyward by his own partner, taking Pete Colt off the top rope with a flying rana!]

#Those wild-eyed boys that had been away#

["Atomic Blonde" Donnie White tries to make his SuperClash moment as he throws his blood-covered form off the top of a steel cage, trying to deliver the Flying Mohawk on Shadoe Rage... who rolls out of the way!]

#Haven't changed, haven't much to say#

["Hotshot" Stevie Scott drops pop star Joshua Dusscher on the top of his head with the piledriver.]

#But man, I still think them cats are great#

[There's a quick barrage of highlights from the biggest Steal The Spotlight match in history - Supreme Wright taking Devon Case up and over with a German Suplex, Juan Vasquez and Hannibal Carver trading headbutts!]

#They were asking if you were around#

[Wright connecting with a devastating rebound lariat on Nenshou, and then hits the Fat Tuesday on Demetrius Lake to finish the match!]

#How you was, where you could be found#

[Ryan Martinez' team with Gunnar Gaines comes to a final end as Martinez drops the Hall of Famer with the Brainbuster.]

#I told them you were living downtown#

[Steve Spector HURLS Terry Shane off the elevated platform, causing him to crash down hard on the thinly-padded concrete.]

#Driving all the old men crazy#

[Blackjack Lynch takes a leather strap across the back of Dick Wyatt as Adam Rogers and Robert Donovan look on in protest!]

#The boys are back in town#

[Skywalker Jones counters a doubleteam attempt by flipping out of an electric chair lift by SPIKING Brad Jacobs' on top of his head with a reverse rana!]

#The boys are back in toooooooown#

[The big Main Event staredown between World Television Champion Dave Bryant and World Champion Calisto Dufresne!]

#The boys are back in town#

[Bryant turns Dufresne into the Iron Crab, getting the submission and the title... which fades into a shot from moments later when Supreme Wright dropped Bryant with the torture rack backbreaker to shockingly win the World Title.]

#The boys are back in town#

[As the lyric changes to a raucous guitar solo, a graphic comes up that reads - "SUPERCLASH VII - HOUSTON, TEXAS - 40 days"... and we fade to black...]

...and then back up on the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here LIVE on The X and we are just moments away, fans, from the Stampede Cup finals pitting Strictly Business against my guests at this time...

[Two men walk into the shot and stand at either side of Stegglet. They are Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons of Air Strike. Both men are dressed to wrestle in their standard green and white long tights. Mertz has black boots while Aarons has white ones on.]

MS: ...Air Strike! Gentlemen, we are moments away.

[Mertz and Aarons nods and exchange a fist bump.]

MA: Moments away, Stegs, but it's like we never left! What was it one year ago? Fighting in the Stampede Cup. Fighting Strictly Business in the Stampede Cup. Making it to the finals in the Stampede Cup.

[Aarons smirks.]

MA: Well, you can cross all of that stuff off the Air Strike checklist! Because we've accomplished all of that!

CM: Well, some of us have. Because I still remember that we beat Strictly Business and what their reaction was to that defeat. After we had shown them nothing but respect and honor because of the legends that they were and still are. Their reaction was to attack us and knock me out of competing for the rest of the tournament.

[Shaking his head, Mertz continues.]

CM: So I haven't forgotten what they did. But as we have learned since that time, you should remember the past but not dwell on it. Because the battle we have tonight isn't from the past, it's what we have ahead of us in the future.

[Stegglet nods in agreement.]

MS: The fame, prestige and honor that the Cup win brings as well as the moniker of best tag team in the world.

[Mertz gives a slight shrug.]

CM: Well Mark, we'll let others talk about who the best is... but Air Strike, we are going to go out there each and every week and SHOW in our actions who we think the best team in the world is.

[Aarons nods in agreement.]

MA: That's right and the only titles we really care about are the AWA World Tag Team Titles.

[Aarons quickly stops.]

MA: But tonight isn't the night for that. Tonight is the night where we finish what we set out to do. Tonight we go out there and face Strictly Business one more time – we beat Strictly Business one more time – and then we hoist that Cup and that cash for the entire world to see.

[Aarons looks at his partner and then at Stegglet before smiling.]

MA: And if people want to call us the greatest tag team after it's all said and done?

[Slight shrug.]

MA: I'm not going to argue with them. Because you could do a lot worse than the high flying, death defying, greatest of all timing...

[Aarons laughs then continues.]

MA: ...Strictly Business win denying, Teenage Dream Team... AIR STRIKE!

[FIST BUMP!]

MA: And tonight, we're bringing that Cup home!

[Aarons and Mertz exit out, ready for action.]

MS: Those are two men who certainly seem to be ready for one of the biggest matches of their young careers right here tonight in Tupelo. But you'd have to imagine their opponents are ready as well. Let's go over to "Sweet" Lou and find out!

[We cut to a different part of backstage, where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing alongside "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian and Andrew "Flash" Tucker, better known as Strictly Business. The two wily veterans look stoic in preparation for the Stampede Cup final, with Tucker's eyes shaded by his trademark silver Oakley sunglasses, his blond hair hanging down past his bare shoulders. Sebastian shields his baby-blue peepers behind a pair of opaque Ray Bans, perspiration already glistening across his brow in anticipation.]

SLB: Thanks, Mark. Fans, I'm backstage with Strictly Business as they are mere moments away from their match against their old... well, young, rivals, Air Strike, in the finals of the Stampede Cup. There's just a few more minutes to get an inside look at their preparation by calling 1-900-505---

[Blackwell is abruptly cut off by Andrew Tucker.]

AT: Lou, there's no reason for anyone to call that damn hotline of yours. We're an open book. There's nothin' to hide about how we got here. Hard work, dedication and a damn good set o' DNA is how we got here.

SLB: But what about \_why\_ you're here?

MS: Our reason for being here hasn't deviated one tick, Lou. Somewhere along the way somebody decided it was well and good to hit the snooze button on Strictly Business. We don't mind telling you we had a hell of a time watching our interest accrue and dividends disburse from the comfort of whatever white-sand beach we found ourselves. But we laid in wait long enough. The past twenty years will tell you we're more than two faces in the crowd. A year ago, we came here to raise the bar in tag team wresting. Tonight, we set it.

AT: It sure as Hell ain't for a million bucks, that's for sure. Mikey here has Warren Buffett on speed dial. He invested our entire career earnings on some Internet search engine's IPO back in 2004 and I haven't needed to check my bank account since. We'll donate the cash to some local beauty college or YMCA when it's all said an' done; whatever'll make Air Strike feel better about this beating we're 'bout to deliver.



No, this is about legacy, Lou. That's worth more to us than any amount of money. We were considered the best damn tag team in the world in the 90s, again in the 2000's and now here we are on the brink o' doin' it again in this decade. If that resume don't make Strictly Business the best ever, I don't know what does. We cleared off a whole lotta mantle space to make room for that Cup.

Those big bastards, Violence Unlimited, they like to fight. We like to fight. They have titles. We like titles. People been tellin' us since we got here that they're the baddest two men on the planet. We got a track record of puttin' men with that same moniker on their backs wonderin' what tornado just hit 'em.

Seems like a match made in Heaven if you ask me. Just one more step to get there.

And I know Air Strike is probably still bent out o' shape about getting' bent out o' shape by those two boys and them runnin' off to Japan with their titles, but that's a debt you guys can repay some other day.

This day belongs to us.

SLB: Do you have any lingering issues with Air Strike? They did beat you twice, pretty convincingly...

MS: Convincingly?

[Sebastian unsubtly scoffs.]

MS: The Niners/Broncos Super Bowl was convincingly, Blackwell. We sailed a couple chip-shot field goals wide right and you see where it took Air Strike. The moment they were able to say they got one over on Strictly Business, it springboarded them right to the top, front and center with the spotlight shining down.

Nobody knows more about the spotlight than Mike Sebastian and Drew Tucker. We've seen and done more in our two decades in this sport than you could stick on the back of a baseball card. But in order for us to cement our place in history, we need one last coup on which to hang our hats. One final defining moment. And Air Strike, you boys are it.

The same way Chris Myers defined his - I know, before your time - we'll define ours.

SLB: So this is just about how the history books views Strictly Business?

AT: Not just views Strictly Business, but views our era o' the business. This industry ain't what it was when we were comin' up and I'm not sayin' that as some grumpy ole man tellin' kids to get off my lawn. Thunder, Hardin, the Frats, they all taught us to respect this business when we were the young pups that Air Strike are now.

Air Strike has their own ideas 'bout what the business o' pro wrestlin' is. But they're too young and naïve to know better and so are most o' these fans. It ain't a bunch o' ring rats followin' you around on a private jet. It ain't long hair, tattoos or partyin' too hard. It ain't a middle finger on a t-shirt the establishment's tryin' to sell. It's two guys with the balls to tell the establishment to shove it. It ain't about the money you make.

It's 'bout doin' for nothin' because it lives in your soul.

And \_that's\_ what this business is about. \_That's\_ what the Stampede Cup is about.

And in about five minutes, Air Strike is gonna see what Strictly Business is about.

[On that note, Strictly Business simply walks off camera, leaving Sweet Lou Blackwell alone, microphone in hand.]

SLB: To me, those men look like they've got something to prove here tonight in Tupelo. Air Strike may be in for a long night. Gordon, Bucky... back to you...

[We fade back to ringside where our announce team is seated.]

GM: Thanks, Sweet Lou. Both teams sound like they're ready for this one, Bucky.

BW: They'd better. We talked about the stakes being sky high in our last match - well, there are no stakes higher than the Stampede Cup Finals when you talk about tag team wrestling. So much on the line. The Cup, the million bucks, the right to call yourself the best tag team in the world... and for these two, it sounds like Violence Unlimited is waiting in the wings to give the winners a shot at the AWA World Tag Team Titles to boot. This is it, daddy!

GM: It certainly is. Let's take one last look at the brackets for this tournament that has raged on for months now in the AWA!

[The graphic appears on the screen.]



GM: As you can see, Strictly Business gets to the Finals with victories over the Northern Lights, Next Gen, and the Rotgut Rustlers - a tough path for certain with three very different teams. Air Strike makes their second consecutive Finals appearance - sort of - with wins over Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, Youth In Asia,

and the TexMo Connection... a path that many would say was amongst the toughest in tournament history.

BW: Also three very different teams.

GM: And of course, Air Strike and Strictly Business are no strangers to one another, feuding through much of 2014 including Air Strike defeating Tucker and Sebastian in the 2014 Stampede Cup. This one is for all the marbles... so let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

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

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is the Finals of the 2015 STAMPEDE CUP TOURNAMENT!

[Big cheer! Watson lowers the mic as the opening whispers of Powerman 5000's "When Worlds Collide" begin to creep through the PA system. As the opening guitar riffs kick in, the curtain sweeps to the side to reveal Andrew "Flash" Tucker and "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian; better known to the world as Strictly Business.

The crowd jeers at the sight of the two crowd favorites as they immediately begin making their way towards the ring. Tucker is clad in a pair of long, black wrestling tights adorned with white lightning bolts. His white wrestling boots go to mid-calf and have black lightning bolts on them. His blond hair hangs down past his shoulders and his torso glistens with water. His eyes are covered by his trademark pair of Oakley sunglasses. The clean-shaven Sebastian rocks a pair of black tights, accentuated by his familiar forest green calling card logo on the right leg; his moniker showcased down the other. His platinum blond hair immediately captures the eye as it glistens with perspiration under the beaming house lights.]

GM: Here they come, Bucky. Arguably a Hall of Fame caliber tag team.

BW: If they win tonight, you can end the argument.

GM: That remains to be seen... but they certainly look to be in great shape as they head into the biggest match of their AWA careers to date.

[The two make their way down to the ring, fully focused on the match at hand. Tucker pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes with a spinning flourish as Sebastian stands on the apron, turning out to shout at the jeering crowd before following his partner into the ring. The duo trade a high five, settling back in their corners to converse as their music fades...

...and the rhythm section of "Can't Hold Us" by Macklemore and Ryan Lewis begins to rock the crowd in Tupelo. As the lyrics kick in, Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons break through the curtain to HUGE CHEERS! The duo exchanges a high five before making their way down the aisle in their standard green and white attire, moving to the railing to slap as many hands as they can as they head towards the ring.]

GM: And here comes the former AWA World Tag Team Champions, Air Strike! They've had quite the year, Bucky.

BW: AWA World Tag Team Titles. Global Tag Crown from Japan. The first Double Crown Tag Champs. If they cap off that year with the Stampede Cup, they truly have to be put in the discussion as the best tag team in the world... behind Violence Unlimited.

GM: Mertz and Aarons will be focused on winning the Cup here tonight but somewhere in the backs of their minds, they've gotta be thinking about getting another shot at Violence Unlimited.

BW: That's the kind of approach to a match that leaves you on the outside looking in. Andrew Tucker and Mike Sebastian are veterans, crafty veterans who know how to win the big one. If Mertz and Aarons lose focus on them for one moment, Sebastian and Tucker will walk out of here with the Cup, daddy.

[Reaching ringside, the duo trade another high five before charging the short distance, diving under the bottom rope into the ring. They pop up to their feet, walking to the same corner where they step up on the middle rope, saluting the cheering fans as referee Davis Warren positions himself in front of Mike Sebastian and Andrew Tucker, preventing any sneak attacks as Phil Watson steps back out to the center of the ring.]

PW: Introducing first... in the corner to my left... at a total combined weight of 452 pounds... they are former World Tag Team Champions...

ANDREW "FLASH" TUCKER...

"MONEY DRIVEN" MIKE SEBASTIAN...

STRICTLYYYYYYYY BUSINESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

[Tucker steps up on the middle rope, shouting at the jeering fans as Sebastian nods confidently, rubbing his hands together as he stares across the ring at their opponents.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The crowd starts to cheer already.]

PW: In the corner to my right... at a total combined weight of 420 pounds... they are former AWA World Tag Team Champions... former Global Tag Crown Champions... former Double Crown Champions...

CODY MERTZ...

MICHAEL AARONS...

AIIIIIIIIIIIIIRRRRRRRR STRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIKE!

[Mertz and Aarons shout to the fans, getting big cheers as they trade another high five.]

GM: The introductions are over. The hype is done. All that's left is to find out who will be the winner of the 2015 Stampede Cup!

[After a brief discussion on both sides of the ring, Michael Aarons and Andrew Tucker step through the ropes out onto the ring apron.]

GM: And it'll be Cody Mertz and Mike Sebastian starting this battle...

[The referee signals for the bell, starting the match as Mertz and Sebastian immediately move out of their respective corners, circling one another as the two competitors look for an opening where to strike.]

GM: We're off and running. Sixty minute time limit and the Stampede Cup Finals!

[The two men come together in a collar and elbow tieup. Sebastian quickly shifts to an overhand wristlock, pushing down on the arm as Mertz tries to stay on his feet.]

GM: Bucky, what does Cody Mertz - an undersized competitor who doesn't even tip the scales over 200 pounds - have to do to be successful in this match?

GM: Cody Mertz isn't the biggest man in this match by any stretch of the imagination so he'll have to use his speed, his quickness, his high flying abilities. He's gotta stay off the canvas as much as possible.

[Mertz allows Sebastian to muscle him back, moving towards the ropes where Mertz reaches out, grabbing the top rope with his off-hand.]

GM: Mertz to the ropes... Sebastian has to break...

[But the high flying Cody Mertz backflips before Sebastian can break, relieving the pressure on the hold. He twists around, armdragging Sebastian down to the canvas.]

GM: Nice armdrag by Mertz... and as Sebastian gets up, he ends up trapped in a headlock by the man from El Paso, Texas.

[Mertz wrenches down on the headlock as Sebastian looks for an exit.]

GM: Sebastian grabs the hair... no, the referee makes him break that. Davis Warren was right on top of that as Sebastian backs Mertz up into the ropes, looking to break the hold.

[But as Sebastian attempts to throw Mertz off, Mertz hangs on, sliding down to a knee as he keeps the side headlock applied.]

GM: Kneeling side headlock by Mertz, really cranking down on the head and neck of Mike Sebastian.

BW: With those pipe cleaners on Mertz, this is more of an annoyance than anything else, Gordo.

GM: We'll see about that. Mertz, of course, looking to wear down "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian with this headlock. You'd have to give the stamina and energy advantage to Air Strike considering their youth.

BW: You calling Strictly Business old, Gordo?

GM: No, but Mertz and Aarons do have several years on them, giving them an edge in that department in my opinion.

[Sebastian pulls the hair, dragging Mertz back to the ropes again, looking to shoot him off but Mertz hangs on, again dropping to a knee as he cranks his arms, trying to wrench the neck of Sebastian.]

GM: Again Sebastian tries to escape and again Mertz holds his ground.

[Sebastian winces as he kneels on the mat next to Mertz, still trapped in the headlock.]

GM: Mike Sebastian climbing back to his feet, trapped in that hold...

[And this time, Sebastian takes the easy way out, yanking the hair hard enough to escape the hold and throw Mertz down to the canvas.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Well, that's one way out of that hold.

GM: I suppose it is but it's certainly illegal as well.

[Mertz gets up to his feet, protesting to the official about the hairpull as he advances on a retreating Sebastian. The referee slips in between Mertz and Sebastian as Sebastian reaches the corner, ordering the official to "keep him back!"]

GM: Mike Sebastian playing some mind games with Cody Mertz as he retreats back to the corner, not wanting any part of the former AWA World Tag Team Champion.

[Mertz again loudly protests the hairpull as the referee backs him off, giving Sebastian a moment to himself in the corner where he can be visibly seen plotting.]

GM: The wheels are turning in the head of Mike Sebastian as the referee calls for action...

[Sebastian feigns a collar and elbow, going for a boot to the gut instead but Mertz catches it. The crowd cheers as Mertz holds it, forcing Sebastian to bounce on one foot a few times before he swings the foot, spinning Sebastian around...

...where he hooks another side headlock, twisting him around and taking him over with a headlock takedown!]

GM: Nice takedown by Mertz... rolled onto his shoulder for one! Two!

[But Mertz pushes back the other way, keeping the headlock applied as the crowd cheers the escape on the pin attempt.]

GM: Another nice exchange by Mertz and Sebastian, the latter of which is forcing his way back up to his feet again...

[Near Air Strike's corner, Sebastian reaches up...

...and YANKS the air a second time, taking Mertz down to the mat as Sebastian spins out and DECKS Michael Aarons, sending him falling off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Cheapshot on Aarons!

[Mertz is quickly to his feet, rushing at Sebastian who snags a side headlock of his own for a moment before Mertz shoves him off.]

GM: Mertz drops down, Sebastian up and over!

[Mertz rears back with a right hand but Sebastian slams on the brakes, grabbing the ropes and pulling himself out to the floor near the recovering Michael Aarons.]

GM: Sebastian bails out and- look out behind you!

[Sebastian gets spun around by the shoulder and PASTED between the eyes with a right hand from Michael Aarons!]

GM: Oho! Turnabout is fair play there for Air Strike as Aarons is teeing off on Sebastian!

BW: He's not the legal man!

GM: He wasn't the legal man when Sebastian knocked him off the apron either!

[As Aarons gets the better of the exchange, Tucker drops down off the apron, charging around the ring to aid his partner...]

...only to run right into Cody Mertz who cuts him off with a haymaker! The crowd is roaring for the brawl on the floor!]

GM: It's breaking down early here in Tupelo as all four men are fighting out on the floor at ringside, fans!

[With the brawl still going, Aarons throws Sebastian under the ropes inside the ring, going in after him. The referee protests the illegal man being in the ring as he batters Sebastian near the ropes.]

GM: Aarons isn't legal but he's taking the fight to Sebastian... and now Tucker's in the ring with Mertz!

[The Air Strike duo gets Sebastian and Tucker reeling under a series of big haymakers near the ropes followed by a pair of dropkicks that sends both Tucker and Sebastian through the ropes and out to the floor! The crowd is ROARING for Air Strike as they celebrate clearing the ring!]

GM: AIR STRIKE'S ON A ROLL, CLEARING THE RING OF BOTH MEMBERS OF STRICTLY BUSINESS!

[Mertz and Aarons come together with a high five as the referee tries to get Aarons out of the ring.]

GM: But can they keep it going? We'll find out when we come back! The recorders are running so if this match ends during the break, we'll bring you the result when we come back LIVE here on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[The camera closes on Tucker and Sebastian huddled up on the floor as we fade to black.]

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegklet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business! You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...]

...and as we come back up to live action, we find Mike Sebastian wrapping his arms around the torso of Cody Mertz, driving him back to the corner of Strictly Business where he tags in Andrew Tucker.]

GM: The tag is made - welcome back, fans - and look at that!

[The attempt at a doubleteam in the corner is cut off as Mertz wriggles free, ducking through the ropes and bailing out to the floor as Sebastian and Tucker come up empty. The crowd cheers as Mertz walks away, shaking his head at the rulebreaking duo.]

GM: They went for the doubleteam but got nothing but air as Cody Mertz bails out to the floor.



[Mertz walks around the ringpost, away from the wrong part of town, before climbing up on the apron. He ducks through the ropes as Tucker comes in fast, burying a knee into Mertz' midsection.]

GM: Big knee up into the gut of Cody Mertz... and a second!

[Tucker winds up, throwing right hands to the body that sends Mertz staggering back into the neutral corner.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Mertz!

[The reversal sends Tucker bouncing off the buckles as Mertz charges in on him...

...and Tucker slips another knee up into the gut!]

GM: Ohh! Tucker cuts off the corner charge!

[With Mertz sucking wind from the gutshot, Tucker uses a snapmare to take him over to the mat, dropping an elbow down across the chest.]

GM: Elbowdrop by Tucker... now a second, rolls into a cover.

[Tucker only gets a two count before Mertz kicks out. Michael Aarons paces down the apron, clapping his hands for his partner as Tucker yanks Mertz into a seated position, jamming his knee in between the shoulderblades as he yanks back on the chin, putting pressure on the body as well as the neck.]

GM: Rear chinlock applied by the veteran Tucker, putting pressure on the neck and spine of Cody Mertz who is stretching those arms out, looking across the ring at his partner who is ready to get in there legally for the first time.

[Tucker demands that the referee check for a submission and when Davis Warren says "No, he doesn't give," Tucker gets up and DRIVES the point of his elbow down between the eyes, putting Mertz flat on his back.]

GM: Tucker with some punishing offense on the part of Strictly Business - a bit of a departure for him as he prefers some of the similar fast-paced, high risk offense that Cody Mertz does.

BW: These two teams have a lot of similarities, Gordo. Sebastian brings the ground game, Tucker goes to the air while Aarons and Mertz do the same respectively for their team.

GM: Very true and as Tucker delivers a bone-rattling scoop slam, he makes a quick tag to Sebastian.

[Sebastian steps into the ring, hopping up to the second rope...

...and lunges off, driving an elbow down into the throat of Mertz who kicks his legs up into the air! Landing on his knees, Sebastian dives into a lateral press.]

GM: Sebastian makes the cover this time... but again, only a two count for Strictly Business.

[Climbing up off the mat, Sebastian argues briefly with Davis Warren before leaping into the air, planting his boot down on the sternum of Cody Mertz!]

GM: Big leaping stomp by Sebastian!

[Sebastian pulls Mertz up by the hair, throwing forearm shots to the jaw that sends Mertz falling back into the Strictly Business corner where Sebastian slaps the outstretched hand of Andrew Tucker.]

GM: Another quick tag...

[Tucker slingshots over the top rope into the ring, joining his partner in driving boot after boot into the midsection of Mertz.]

GM: Come on, ref!

BW: He's got the five count going. It's totally legal until they hit five!

[Sebastian backs off at the count of four, raising his hands as Tucker pulls Mertz into a front facelock, slinging the arm over his neck...]

GM: Suplex on the way... he takes Mertz up, over, and down hard on the canvas!

[Tucker rolls to a knee, looking across the ring at an anguished Michael Aarons who is cheering on his partner, begging him to get to the corner and make the tag.]

GM: Michael Aarons realizing that his partner is in desperate need of that tag...

BW: Good luck with that. Strictly Business is one of the greatest teams in the HISTORY of our sport, Gordo. Their name is up there in the history books with the Fraternity Boys, the Epitome of Cool, the Down Boys, and the Outlaws! They know how to cut the ring in half and take advantage of a weakened opponent.

[Andrew "Flash" Tucker rises to his feet, watching Cody Mertz as he tries to crawl across the ring. A smirking Tucker positions himself between Mertz and Aarons, looking at the stretching Aarons...

...and SPITS in his face!]

GM: OH!

[Ever the hot-head, Michael Aarons comes charging through the ropes, diving towards Tucker...

...but gets cut off by Davis Warren. An argument ensues between Aarons and the official as Tucker turns, gesturing to his partner.]

GM: And here comes Sebastian with the referee's back turned!

BW: Hey, it was Aarons who allowed this to happen!

[Tucker and Sebastian pull Mertz off the canvas. Sebastian lifts Mertz up, twisting him around and dropping him across a bent knee!]

GM: Backbreaker by Sebastian and-

[Sebastian lifts him back up as Tucker drops to a knee...

...and DROPS Mertz gutfirst across the bent knee!]

GM: -and a gutbuster by Sebastian and Tucker! Good grief!

[Sebastian bails out from the ring as Tucker applies a lateral press. The referee spins around, diving to the mat to count as Aarons screams encouragement at his partner!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Mertz slips the shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Two count only! A devastating double team by Strictly Business!

[Tucker smirks in the direction of Michael Aarons who is beside himself trying to get in the ring. "Flash" climbs to his feet, looking over at Aarons again.]

GM: Look out here, referee!

[This time, the official steps in Tucker's path, pointing him in the direction of Mertz.]

GM: Good job, Davis Warren!

[Tucker argues with the referee for a few moments before giving a reluctant nod, rushing to the ropes...]

GM: Tucker to the ropes...

[He leaps to the second rope, springing back with a moonsault!]

GM: BACKFLIP!

[But at the last moment, Mertz raises his knees!]

GM: DOWN ONTO THE KNEES OF CODY MERTZ!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Tucker rolls off, clutching his ribcage in pain. Mertz rolls over to his hip, pushing up onto all fours as Sebastian shouts across the ring at his partner.]

GM: We've got a window of opportunity for Cody Mertz who hasn't been out of the ring since the opening bell! He needs to make the tag!

BW: He DESPERATELY needs to make the tag, Gordo! He's been taking a beating at the hands of Strictly Business and he's gotta make that tag soon or it's gonna be all over but the shoutin'!

[Mertz is crawling across the ring as Aarons stretches out his arm as far as it's physically possible...]

GM: The Tupelo fans are on their feet, cheering on Cody Mertz, begging him to make that tag...

[Mertz gets closer... and closer... as Tucker pushes to his knees, throwing a glance to his corner...]

...and then makes a lunge the other direction, grabbing the ankle of Cody Mertz!]

GM: TUCKER STOPS MERTZ!

[The crowd buzzes as Tucker hangs on to Mertz' leg for dear life, trying to prevent him from making the tag but Mertz seems to still be getting closer to Michael Aarons' outstretched hand...]

...and Tucker gives a wave to his corner!]

GM: Tucker's calling for help! Here comes Sebastian!

[Sebastian gets about three steps through the ropes when the referee lunges in front of him, cutting him off. "Money Driven" argues heatedly with the official as he tries to get around him. Tucker is still clinging to the leg... but seems to let go for a moment.]

GM: Mertz gets free and-

[The crowd ROARS as Michael Aarons slaps the hand!]

GM: TAG!

[Aarons slingshots over the top rope, high-stepping like wild as he pulls Tucker off the mat, drilling him with a right hand... and another... and another, backing him to the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip...

[Aarons takes flight, leaping into the air and catching the rebounding Tucker under the chin with a back elbow!]

GM: Back elbow takes down Tucker!

[The crowd is still cheering as Aarons gets back up...

...which turns quickly to loud boos as Davis Warren steps in, shaking his head and pointing back out to the apron!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Warren didn't see it! He didn't see the tag and if you don't see it, you can't allow it!

[Aarons is screaming at Warren, slapping his hands together, insisting that they made the tag but the official is having none of it, walking Aarons back across the ring...

...which allows Mike Sebastian to hustle in, pulling Cody Mertz off the canvas...]

GM: NO!

[...and FLINGS him over the top rope, sending him crashing down in a heap on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SEBASTIAN TOSSES MERTZ TO THE FLOOR! GOOD GRIEF!

[Sebastian slips back out to the apron, shouting to Andrew Tucker who is trying to get across the ring. The referee finally gets a furious Michael Aarons back out on the apron as Sebastian grins across the ring, waving at Aarons.]

GM: Sebastian just taunting Michael Aarons.

BW: I love it, Gordo.

GM: You would. Fans, Cody Mertz hit that floor very hard and I don't know if he's going to be able to get back inside the ring. I don't know if... wait a second!

[The camera cuts to the aisle to show Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton, also known as Violence Unlimited and also also known as the AWA World Tag Team Champions, walking through the curtain into view.]

GM: What are THEY doing out here?!

BW: Scouting, I'd imagine. They have already said they're going to take on the winners of this match for the World Tag Team Titles so why WOULDN'T they be out here to check out the competition?

GM: I don't like the looks of this... and neither does Davis Warren apparently. He's heading out there to confront them! Fans, we're going to take another quick break - remember, the machines are recording in case this ends during the break so we can show you what happens. We'll be right back with more Stampede Cup Finals action here on The X!

[Warren is walking to confront Haynes and Morton as we fade to black.

We cut from black on the opening note of Thin Lizzy's "The Boys Are Back In Town" on a shot of Travis, Jack, and James Lynch backstage at an AWA event, cowboy boots up on a table as they play cards and laugh.

On the next power chord, we cut to a shot of Juan Vasquez pointing towards the ring next to Eric Preston, miming throwing a right hand. They appear to be in the old WKIK Studios.

The next one brings a cut to Supreme Wright inside a rundown industrial warehouse. He's running in place before dropping down flat on his stomach on the mat, pushing up to his feet and doing it all over again. Nearby is Todd Michaelson, whistle dangling from his mouth.

The third one in the set cuts to Air Strike at a fan event, signing autographs and posing for pictures with the assembled masses. Cody Mertz grins as two girls sandwich him with kisses on the cheeks.

A fourth power chord and cut reveals Brian James, drenched in sweat and shadowboxing against a wall of an empty Crockett Coliseum.

The next goes to Dave Cooper standing in a corner with Eric Matthew Somers, obviously some older footage as Calisto Dufresne stands nearby, a smile on his face as Cooper is regaling them with some story.

Another cut - this one to Hannibal Carver popping the top on a beer and handing it over to Derrick Williams who clinks beer cans with the veteran before they throw them back in tandem.

The next cut shows Supernova in front of a mirror, applying his own facepaint as Jason Dane stands nearby, talking to the young lion.

Back to the next series of chords and another cut, this time to Skywalker Jones, Hercules Hammonds, and Buford P. Higgins arriving at a venue. Jones is wearing dark sunglasses and waves a dismissive hand at the camera as Hammonds proceeds to rip off his t-shirt and strike a double bicep pose while Higgins mugs for the camera in the background.

Then to Bobby O'Connor standing with his grandpa Karl while Karl has some poor backstage worker by the upper body, grabbing an arm as Bobby nods in understanding.

The next one goes to Doctor Harrison Fawcett and Brian Lau peeking through the curtain at a live event, watching the action inside the ring from the backstage area.

And one final power chord in the intro takes us to Ryan Martinez, sitting in a pair of folding chairs with his legendary father. The two men are deep in conversation as workers walk around them.

The lyrics kick in with a shot Alphonse Green hurling himself through the ropes, wiping out "The Professional" Dave Cooper with a suicide dive!]

#Guess who just got back today?#

[Cody Mertz goes sailing through the air after being shoved skyward by his own partner, taking Pete Colt off the top rope with a flying rana!]

#Those wild-eyed boys that had been away#

["Atomic Blonde" Donnie White tries to make his SuperClash moment as he throws his blood-covered form off the top of a steel cage, trying to deliver the Flying Mohawk on Shadoe Rage... who rolls out of the way!]

#Haven't changed, haven't much to say#

["Hotshot" Stevie Scott drops pop star Joshua Dusscher on the top of his head with the piledriver.]

#But man, I still think them cats are great#

[There's a quick barrage of highlights from the biggest Steal The Spotlight match in history - Supreme Wright taking Devon Case up and over with a German Suplex, Juan Vasquez and Hannibal Carver trading headbutts!]

#They were asking if you were around#

[Wright connecting with a devastating rebound lariat on Nenshou, and then hits the Fat Tuesday on Demetrius Lake to finish the match!]

#How you was, where you could be found#

[Ryan Martinez' team with Gunnar Gaines comes to a final end as Martinez drops the Hall of Famer with the Brainbuster.]

#I told them you were living downtown#

[Steve Spector HURLS Terry Shane off the elevated platform, causing him to crash down hard on the thinly-padded concrete.]

#Driving all the old men crazy#

[Blackjack Lynch takes a leather strap across the back of Dick Wyatt as Adam Rogers and Robert Donovan look on in protest!]

#The boys are back in town#

[Skywalker Jones counters a doubleteam attempt by flipping out of an electric chair lift by SPIKING Brad Jacobs' on top of his head with a reverse rana!]

#The boys are back in tooooooown#

[The big Main Event staredown between World Television Champion Dave Bryant and World Champion Calisto Dufresne!]

#The boys are back in town#

[Bryant turns Dufresne into the Iron Crab, getting the submission and the title... which fades into a shot from moments later when Supreme Wright dropped Bryant with the torture rack backbreaker to shockingly win the World Title.]

#The boys are back in town#

[As the lyric changes to a raucous guitar solo, a graphic comes up that reads - "SUPERCLASH VII - HOUSTON, TEXAS - 40 days"... and we fade to black...]

As we come back to live action, Mike Sebastian has planted his shoulder into the gut of Cody Mertz, DRIVING his lower back into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Backfirst into the hardest part of the ring! Fans, welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling here on The X where Davis Warren has agreed to allow Haynes and Morton to stay out here in the aisleway. They cannot get any closer to the ring or he'll eject them from the building.

BW: That seems unfair to me.

GM: And yet, it seems perfectly fair to me. Funny how that works.

[Sebastian backs off, still holding Mertz...

...and DRIVES his lower back into the ring apron again!]

GM: Ohh! A second time into the edge of the apron! Sebastian doing a number on the lower back of Cody Mertz.

BW: They're physically dissecting Mertz out here, Gordo.

[As the referee's count reaches seven, Sebastian rolls Mertz under the ropes into the ring. He climbs up on the apron, shouting at the official.]

GM: Both members of Strictly Business are taking umbrage with the referee here tonight in Tupelo. So much at stake, it's almost understandable in a way. There's a lot of pressure on all four of these men to be at their absolute best.

BW: Gordo, how you can say that Tucker and Sebastian have been at anything but their best tonight is a sham! We're over fifteen minutes into this match and Michael Aarons hasn't even legally been inside the ring yet! This is a showcase of tag team artistry, daddy!

[Michael Aarons walks down the apron, maybe trying to buy his partner some time as he shouts at Sebastian. The veteran pauses, trading words with Aarons as well as Cody Mertz tries to push himself off the mat to his feet.]

GM: Mertz is trying to get up... staggering towards the ropes...

BW: What an idiot! He should be staggering towards his corner instead!

[Grabbing the top rope, Mertz slings himself forward, smashing a forearm into the jaw of Sebastian!]

GM: Oh! Mertz scores with the forearm!

[Sebastian seems shaken up by the blow, shaking his head back and forth as Mertz grabs him by the hair, rushing down the length of the ropes and SLAMMING Sebastian's head into the turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst to the buckle and-

[Mertz grabs the top rope, swinging his leg up to catch Sebastian in the forehead with a boot!]

"WHAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Mertz rocks him!

[Mertz turns, looking to make a move towards his corner...

...but Sebastian leans through the ropes, hooking Mertz by the back of the tights, preventing his escape!]

GM: Sebastian hooks the tights! He's cutting off the tag again!

[Mertz is yanking and pulling, trying to tear himself out of Sebastian's grip...

...but Sebastian is stronger, pulling Mertz back into a forearm shank to the lower back!]

GM: Ohh!

[Sebastian slips back through the ropes, reaching over to hook a side waistlock. The crowd instantly starts buzzing as they realize what he's thinking about.]

GM: No, no, no! He's setting up for a belly-to-back to the FLOOR!

BW: He'll put him in the hospital if he hits it!

GM: Mertz is struggling, fighting to get loose...

[Sebastian manages to get him up into the air but Mertz delivers a peppering of short right hands to the skull, breaking the grip, landing back down on the mat...

...but Sebastian DRILLS him in the back of the head with a pair of forearms, stunning Mertz. He hooks him again...]

GM: He's going for it again! HE LIFTS!

[But Mertz is ready, using his momentum to flip all the way over the top, backflipping through the air...

...and coming down on a knee on the barely-padded floor behind Sebastian. He pops up to his feet, reaching out with both arms, and YANKS Sebastian's legs out from under him, sending Sebastian crashing down on his face on the ring apron! Big cheer!]

GM: OH MY! WHAT A COUNTER! WHAT A COUNTER BY MERTZ!

[Andrew Tucker angrily slams an arm down on the top turnbuckle, shouting down at Sebastian and Mertz. Mertz staggers back, leaning against the ringside barricade. The fans around the railing lean over, slapping him on the back, shoulders, and chest - encouraging the fan favorite to get back in the ring and make the tag to his partner!]



GM: Cody Mertz has opened a window of opportunity! He needs to get in there and make the tag to Michael Aarons!

[Mertz pushes up off the railing, staggering across the distance between the railing and the ring apron where Sebastian has already rolled back inside the ring.]

GM: Mike Sebastian's back in and Cody Mertz is making a move to join him.

[Mertz uses the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron as Mike Sebastian gets off the mat, rubbing his chin in pain. He glares at Mertz as he approaches the ropes, ignoring Andrew Tucker's cries to make the tag.]

GM: Sebastian's emotions may be getting the better of him here, pulling Mertz up and-

[Mertz ducks down, slinging himself between the ropes to score with a shoulder tackle to the gut!]

GM: Mertz goes downstairs!

[Straightening up, Mertz grabs the top rope, slingshotting himself up and over, landing on Sebastian's back with his legs tucked under the arms of Sebastian...

...and flips forward, SNAPPING Sebastian over in a sunset flip style takedown but with a lot more speed and impact as Sebastian CRASHES down into the canvas!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!

[The referee dives to the mat to count!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS, HE ALMOST GOT HIM, FANS! HE ALMOST GOT HIM!

BW: Almost ain't good enough! Sebastian kicked out in time!

GM: He certainly did but Cody Mertz also just gave himself an opening to get to the corner! He's on his hands and knees, crawling across the ring where Michael Aarons is waiting for him!

[The fans in Tupelo are on their feet, screaming and shouting for Air Strike, trying to encourage them to make that tag...]

GM: Cody Mertz is inching across the ring, dragging himself across the ring towards his partner!

BW: Sebastian's stunned! He got rocked by that... whatever the hell you call it!

GM: For once, even YOU don't know the name of a move! Cody Mertz innovated some offense there and it paid big time dividends as he uses that lucha libre experience from his youth, crawling across the ring... almost there...

[Andrew Tucker sees Mertz getting close, ducking through the ropes...

...but he's too late as Mertz makes the diving tag! HUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: TAG!

[Michael Aarons quickly comes through the ropes, running over Andrew Tucker with a flying forearm smash between the eyes!]

GM: Flying forearm takes down Tucker!

[Sebastian finally manages to get back to his feet, coming towards Aarons who scoops him up, spins him around, and slams him down on the canvas!]

GM: Big slam by Aarons!

[Aarons turns back towards Tucker who is on his feet and coming for him. Aarons catches him coming in, scooping him up...]

GM: And another big slam! Right down next to Sebastian!

[Dashing to the ropes, Aarons rebounds off, leaping high into the air, tucking his arms and legs...]

...and CRASHES down backfirst on both prone opponents!]

GM: DOUBLE BACKSPLASH! Or rather - a backsplash on BOTH members of Strictly Business!

[The illegal man, Tucker, rolls under the ropes to the floor as Aarons gets back to his feet, pumping a fist. He leans down, dragging Sebastian to his feet.]

GM: Aarons marching Sebastian over to the corner... BOOM! Facefirst to the top turnbuckle!

[Sebastian staggers away as Aarons walks behind him in pursuit, moving to the adjacent corner where Aarons winds up Sebastian's head again, smashing him into the second turnbuckle!]

GM: Two buckles!

[Aarons drags Sebastian down to the third corner...]

GM: THAT'S THREE!

[Sebastian stumbles out, wobbling over towards the Air Strike corner where Aarons grabs hold and ROCKETS Sebastian headfirst into the corner.]

GM: Again to the turnbuckles! All the way around the ring!

[He spins on impact, staggering out of the corner as Aarons leaps up to the second rope, giving a shout...]

GM: Aarons off the second rope!

[Aarons leaps into the air, grabbing Sebastian by the back of the head, and SLAMS him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: OHH! Flying faceslam by Michael Aarons!

[We cut to the aisle where Danny Morton points at the ring, saying something to Jackson Haynes who nods in response. Cutting back to the ring, Aarons flips Sebastian over, diving across his chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! NO!

[Sebastian lifts the shoulder at the count of two, breaking the pin. Aarons slings a leg over the veteran, taking the mount as he grabs a handful of hair.]

GM: Right hand! Another one! A third!

[The crowd is roaring as Aarons continues to pummel Sebastian into the canvas. The referee's count gets to four and change before Aarons abruptly stops, climbing to his feet and taking a verbal beating from Davis Warren.]

GM: Whooooa. Michael Aarons was INCREDIBLY close to getting disqualified right there, Bucky.

BW: He's always had a hot temper and it almost cost him half a million dollars right there.

[Aarons stomps around the ring, burying his face in his hands for a moment before reaching the corner, slamming his hand down on the top turnbuckle three times, letting loose a crazed yell as he turns around, watching as Sebastian pushes himself slowly off the canvas...]

GM: Aarons charges!

[...and hooks his arms around Sebastian's waist, driving him back into the buckles with a big tackle!]

GM: Aarons lowering the boom - shoulders to the body, trying to break down Sebastian!

[A half dozen shoulders to the gut leave Sebastian gasping for air as Aarons lifts him up, depositing him on the top turnbuckle. He reaches up, PASTING Sebastian with a right hand before stepping up to the second rope...]

GM: Aarons on the midbuckle... he's hooking him up!

[Aarons hooks a front facelock, slinging Sebastian's arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: Michael Aarons is looking for a superplex off the ropes!

[But as he tries to lift him up, Andrew Tucker comes charging down the length of the apron, leaping up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEAD KICK FROM THE OUTSIDE!

[Davis Warren lets Andrew Tucker have it as Tucker steps up on the second rope, delivering a stiff right hand that sends Aarons falling off the ropes to the mat.]

GM: Tucker turns the tide illegally!

[And with Tucker having interfered, Cody Mertz seems to think it's clear for him to do the same, racing across the ring...]

...and in a single bound, he leaps into the air, snares the head of Mike Sebastian - who is seated on the top rope - between his legs, flipping him off the top rope with a rana, sending him sailing over Michael Aarons and halfway across the ring!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!!

[Mertz rolls under the ropes to the floor as the referee shouts at both he and Tucker for the outside assists!]

GM: Mertz is out on the floor! Tucker's going after him!

[Tucker pulls Mertz up on the floor, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: TO THE STEE-

[But Mertz leaps into the air, landing with incredible balance in a standing position on the top of the steel barricade. Tucker looks stunned, pausing for a moment before he charges in after him...]

...just as Mertz leaps off, twisting around to catch him with a crossbody that takes both men down!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INCREDIBLE ATHLETICISM BY CODY MERTZ OUT ON THE FLOOR!

[Climbing to his feet, Michael Aarons pumps a fist at his partner's incredible move before turning his attention back to Mike Sebastian, lifting him off the canvas, scooping him up and slamming him down to the mat.]

GM: Bodyslam by Aarons... and he's calling for it!

[The crowd ROARS as Aarons points to the corner. He marches across the ring, again pausing to slap the turnbuckle a few times before stepping through the ropes to the apron...]

GM: Aarons is going up top!

BW: He's looking for that elbow off the top!

GM: He calls it "High In The Sky" and he certainly gets some incredible height with it!

[But Aarons pauses on the way up, staring down at Andrew Tucker who is out on the floor starting to get back to his feet. Aarons looks in at Sebastian... out at Tucker... in at Sebastian...]

GM: Oh no!

[...and out at Tucker as he HURLS himself off the top rope, crashing down on a rising Tucker with a crossbody, completely wiping him out!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A DEATH-DEFYING DIVE TO THE FLOOR BY MICHAEL AARONS JUST WIPED OUT ANDREW TUCKER ON THE BARELY-PADDED CONCRETE!

BW: The ultimate in dumb kid moves! Aarons could've used that flying elbow off the top and he might be a half a millionaire right now! Instead, he went for the highlight reel and now BOTH members of Air Strike are barely moving out on the floor!

GM: I don't agree with that but you are right - BOTH men are down and...

[Suddenly, Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton start making their way down the aisle, heading towards the ring...]

GM: Wait a second! They've got to stay back there! They've got to stay-

BW: Who's gonna stop 'em?! Violence Unlimited is headed for the ring!

[But before they can get there, the crowd begins to roar!]

BW: What the-?!

GM: NEXT GEN! NEXT GEN!

[Daniel Harper and Howie Somers come charging from the back, steel chairs in hand, passing Haynes and Morton...]

...and then pull up, standing between the AWA World Tag Team Champions and their targets at ringside!]

GM: OH YEAH!

[The crowd ROARS for the courageous showing by the two youthful competitors...]

...and Jackson Haynes roars at the idea of someone standing up to the most dangerous gaijin tag team to ever step foot on the shores of Japan!]

GM: Daniel Harper and Howie Somers are determined to see this match go down without any outside interference and they've put themselves in the path of a locomotive to do it!

BW: Those two idiots may have just sign their own death warrant, Gordo!

GM: You could be right, Bucky. Haynes has lost it! He's screaming at them both and it's only Danny Morton's strength saving his partner from running headlong into two men holding steel chairs in their hands!

BW: Haynes is nuts! He don't give a damn about steel chairs!

[We cut from the aisleway back to ringside where Michael Aarons is dragging himself off the floor, pulling himself back up on the ring apron. He grabs the top rope with both hands, dragging himself onto the bottom rope...]

GM: And Michael Aarons is going up top again!

BW: But this time, Sebastian is up!

[Aarons steps to the second rope, moving very slowly as Sebastian staggers across the ring towards him.]

GM: Aarons is trying to get up there and- no! Sebastian caught him!

[A big right hand to the gut stuns Michael Aarons. Sebastian throws another before stepping up to the middle rope...]

GM: And now it's Mike Sebastian setting up for the superplex! He's got him hooked!

[But a desperate Michael Aarons throws a right to the ribs... and another... and another...]

GM: Aarons is fighting back! Trying to battle out of that superplex!

[Aarons grabs Sebastian by the hair, PASTING him between the eyes with a headbutt!]

GM: OH! That stunned Sebastian!

[Aarons steps up to the top rope, pushing Sebastian's head down to double him over on the ropes...]

GM: AARONS IS GOING FOR THE SUNSET FLIP POWERBOMB! WE'VE SEEN HIM DO THIS BEFORE!

[Aarons leaps over Sebastian, going for the very move that Gordon just predicted...

...but Sebastian hangs on, clinging to the ropes, fighting for his life as Aarons tries to pull him down!]

GM: SEBASTIAN'S FIGHTING IT! SEBASTIAN HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE!

BW: TUCKER!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[With Aarons' attention focused on Sebastian, Andrew Tucker was able to slide into the ring and UNCORK a Chronic Jumble Jaw superkick on the chin of Aarons! The blow snapped Aarons' head back...

...which allows Sebastian to sit down on the shoulders of Aarons, tipping backwards into a rana of his own!]

GM: SEBASTIAN TAKES HIM OVER - HOOKS THE LEGS!

[The referee dives to the canvas as Tucker stands guard, looking to prevent Cody Mertz from making a last second save.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE-

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: SHOULDER UP!! SHOULDER UP!! AARONS KICKS OUT IN TIME!!

[The crowd is roaring for Michael Aarons who literally snuck his shoulder off the canvas at the very last second. Sebastian buries his head in his hands, smashing his fists down into the canvas as Andrew Tucker, ignoring the referee, pulls Aarons off the mat, whipping him into the corner...]

GM: Tucker shoots Aarons into the corner...

[Sebastian crawls into position, dropping down on all fours...]

GM: Tucker to the corner, setting for the Launchpad!

[Tucker dashes across the ring, ready to strike...

...but Cody Mertz appears on the ring apron, leaping to the top rope, springing off just as Tucker leaps into the air, stepping off his partner's back. Mertz soars towards him, hooking his head between his legs...]

GM: OH MAAAAAAH STAAAAAAAARS!

[...and SNAPS Tucker out of the sky, flipping him across the ring with a breathtaking, highlight-reel making springboard rana!]

GM: DID YOU SEE THAT?! DID YOU SEE THAT?!

BW: I SAW IT!

[Tucker rolls out to the floor as Mike Sebastian gets up off the mat, grabbing Mertz from behind, and HURLS him over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: Sebastian clears out Mertz... turning his attention back to- AARONS!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Aarons comes tearing out of the corner, throwing himself into the air, getting full body extension as he connects with a flying clothesline that topples Sebastian!]

GM: AARONS TAKES OUT SEBASTIAN!!

[He bounces up off the canvas, staggering in a circle...

...and points to the corner to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: HE'S GOING BACK UP TOP! HIGH IN THE SKY IS COMIN' FOR MIKE SEBASTIAN!

[Aarons wobbles across the ring, ducking through the ropes. He quickly scales the ropes... as quickly as he can at least after all the punishment he's suffered in this battle for the Stampede Cup - the battle to determine the best tag team walking in the wrestling world!]

GM: AARONS TO THE TOP! HIGH ABOVE IT ALL!

[Aarons lifts his arms to the sky, poised...

...and HURLS himself into the air, soaring through the sky, arm tucked and at the ready...]

GM: HE GOT IT!

[...and DRIVES the point of his elbow down into the chest of a prone Mike Sebastian, bouncing off his opponent!]

GM: ELBOW CONNECTS!

[Aarons wearily crawls the short distance between he and Sebastian, making a lunge to cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE-

[But just before the final count can come down, Andrew Tucker YANKS the referee out of the ring from his spot on the floor!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

BW: TUCKER SAVED SEBASTIAN! HE SAVED HIS PARTNER!

GM: That's GOTTA be a disqualification!

BW: Do you really want to see the Stampede Cup Finals end like that?!

GM: No, but that's a blatant violation of the rules to save his partner! Air Strike had this match won!

[Out on the floor, Davis Warren is right up in the face of Andrew Tucker, screaming at "Flash" for his illegal actions. Tucker is arguing with Warren, shouting at the official...]

GM: They're chest-to-chest on the floor, letting one another have it and-

[With Tucker distracted, Cody Mertz crawls up on the apron, running down the length of it, leaping into the air OVER the official, hooking Tucker around the head with his legs...

...and SNAPS off another rana, flinging Tucker down to the barely-padded floor!]

GM: OH MY! CODY MERTZ AGAIN OUT OF NOWHERE WITH THE TAKEDOWN!

[Inside the ring, Mike Sebastian has rolled over to all fours as the timekeeper's voice rings out.]

"THIRTY MINUTES GONE BY! THIRTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit!

BW: I don't know how either of these teams have anything left, Gordo!

GM: Neither do I but they somehow manage to keep going. Davis Warren's back inside the ring now, waving for the match to continue as Michael Aarons drags himself to his feet...

[Aarons suddenly rushes forward, diving into an Oklahoma Roll!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Sebastian kicks out just in time...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[This time, the reaction comes as Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton rush Daniel Harper and Howie Somers in the aisle, the latter two distracted momentarily by the action inside the ring!]

GM: OH! HAYNES AND MORTON ATTACK NEXT GEN!

[The champions put a brief beating on Somers and Harper, making sure they stay down as Haynes and Morton approach the ring...

...where Michael Aarons has hit the ropes, running back like a speeding bullet...]

GM: AARONS!

[...and FIRES himself between the ropes, wiping out both Morton and Haynes with a tope dive!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AARONS TAKES DOWN THE CHAMPIONS!



BW: There's a long ol' history there, Gordo.

GM: There absolutely is and when Aarons saw them coming towards the ring, he knew he needed to take a chance and try to take them out!

[Aarons pulls himself off the floor, stumbling back towards the ring apron that he collapses against before using the ropes to drag himself back inside the squared circle. He pulls himself off the canvas...

...and staggers into his own corner, slapping the hand of Cody Mertz!]

GM: Tag!

[Aarons grabs the rising Sebastian, pushing him back into the neutral corner where he lifts him up, setting him down on the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Mertz in one corner... Sebastian in the other!

[With the crowd roaring, Mertz rushes across the ring, leaping up as Aarons lifts him, tossing him overhead where he lands on the shoulders of Sebastian, flipping him off the top rope, and sending him crashing down to the canvas below!]

GM: HE GOT HIM! HE GOT HIM!

[Mertz goes crawling across the ring, attempting to make a cover...

...when suddenly, Danny Morton climbs up on the apron, drawing the referee's attention!]

GM: Come on, ref! Get him down from there!

[Morton is shouting at Mertz and Aarons - the latter of whom comes over to confront him - as Davis Warren gets stuck between the two men, shouting at Morton to get out of the ringside area.]

GM: We've got a situation breaking loose over there and-

BW: Look on the other side!

[Jackson Haynes slides a steel chair under the bottom rope, climbing up on the ring apron. He steps through the ropes into the ring, snatching a dazed Mertz off the canvas...]

GM: Of course! I should've known! Morton and Haynes want NO part of the team that beat them a year ago at SuperClash!

[...and yanks him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: Haynes hooks him! He's going for that powerbomb!

["The Hammer" hoists Mertz up into the air for the match-ending slam...

...but at the peak of the lift, Mertz flips out of it, snaring a front facelock, twisting around...]

GM: TORNADO DDT!

[...RIGHT ON THE CHAIR!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HAYNES IS OUT! HAYNES IS OUT!

[Mertz rolls one-half of the tag champs out to the floor, dumping him off the apron as Mike Sebastian gets to his feet, scooping up the downed steel chair.]

GM: Sebastian's got the chair! He's got the chair!

[But before he can swing it down, he finds himself unable to move it!]

GM: DANIEL HARPER'S GOT A HAND ON IT!

[From the floor, Howie Somers crawls to the ring, reaching up and YANKING Danny Morton off the apron!]

GM: SOMERS CLEARS OUT MORTON!

[And for good measure, Michael Aarons slingshots over the top rope, crashing down onto a surprised Morton and Somers!]

GM: AARONS TAKES 'EM BOTH OUT!!

[Harper and Sebastian are having a tug o' war over the steel chair as Cody Mertz turns around, surging forward, leaping into the air and snagging Sebastian's head between his legs from behind...

...and SPIKES him on top of his head with a reverse rana!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!

[With Sebastian motionless on the mat, Mertz dives into a cover, hooking both legs as Davis Warren dives to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: THEY DID IT! THEY DID IT! AIR STRIKE WINS THE STAMPEDE CUP!

[A tired Mertz rolls off Sebastian, throwing his arms up into the air. Michael Aarons rolls under the ropes, crawling to his partner. The two friends embrace in the center of the ring as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winners of the match... AND 2015 STAMPEDE CUP WINNERS...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAIR STRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIKE!

[The Tupelo crowd is beside itself, leaping up and down in celebration for Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons.]

GM: What a win for Air Strike! What a year for Air Strike! AWA tag titles, Japan tag titles, and now the Stampede Cup as well!

BW: You've gotta give 'em credit, Gordo. That was a helluva win and they've had a helluva year!

[Out on the floor, Daniel Harper and Howie Somers are standing at ringside, applauding Air Strike's victory. We cut to Andrew Tucker, clutching his knee as he sits on the floor, looking up at the ring, shaking his head.]

GM: Disappointment on the face of Andrew Tucker. Strictly Business fought hard in this one. I might not agree with all their tactics but I can say that they were a couple of breaks away from walking out of here with the Cup, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. They've got nothing to be ashamed about at all.

GM: Next Gen cheering for Air Strike. They wanted to see this one end fair and square and they got it despite the efforts of Violence Unlimited and Strictly Business otherwise.

[Cut back to the ring where Mertz and Aarons are on their feet, saluting the cheering fans as Davis Warren and a pair of AWA officials bring the Stampede Cup trophy into the ring.]

GM: There it is! There's the Cup!

[Mertz is all smiles as he grabs the Cup, hoisting it into the air with the aid of his partner to another big cheer from the Tupelo crowd!]

GM: The Stampede Cup for 2015 is in the books and those same books will say that Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons beat the odds to join the roll call of champions for that prestigious tournament!

[Cut to the floor where Danny Morton is kneeling next to Jackson Haynes who is still out.]

GM: Yes, joining those two who do NOT look happy about this turn of events. Violence Unlimited made a challenge to the winner of this tournament to see who the best team in the world is... and I've got two words for Haynes and Morton. Challenge... accepted!

[Mertz and Aarons climb the second rope, saluting the cheering fans as the celebration rages on in Tupelo.]

GM: The fans are on their feet paying tribute to this incredible team and... you know what? I'm going to join them! For all of us here at Saturday Night Wrestling on The X, good night from Tupelo... and we'll see you next time... at the matches!

[With a "CLUNK!", Gordon sets down his headset, coming to his feet to join in the applause for Air Strike. Mertz and Aarons appear to be on top of the world, hoisting their trophy into the air, soaking up the adulation of the roaring crowd...

...as we fade to black.]