



SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

October 3, 2015 - FedEx Forum - Memphis, Tennessee

[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 huracanrana 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 Shadoo 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 Memphis, Tennessee in the FedEx Forum! 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, you can feel the excitement - the energy - in the air here tonight in Memphis!

GM: That's right. Memphis is - and always has been - one of the greatest cities in the world for professional wrestling action.

BW: That's true but that ain't what I'm talkin' about. They're excited because they know that right here tonight, we're going to hear that that uncivilized thug Hannibal Carver is gonna be RE-suspended!

[Bucky cackles as Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: At some point tonight, we do expect to hear the results of this mysterious Summit that took place this past week between Hannibal Carver, AWA President Landon O'Neill, AWA officials and ownership-

BW: Not to mention our corporate partners including The X and some major sponsors. Carver's done for, Gordo!

GM: That remains to be seen. In addition to that, we're going to see the 2015 Stampede Cup inch closer to completion as the Semifinals are going down right here tonight!

BW: It's time for Strictly Business to cement their induction into the Hall of Fame by showing the world that in 2015, they're STILL the best tag team walking the Earth!

GM: In order to do that though, they've gotta beat the Rotgut Rustlers here tonight as well as meet the winner of the other Semifinal that will see the TexMo Connection taking on former tag team champions Air Strike. What a battle that

should be. Plus, we're going to see The Lost Boy taking on The Gladiator and so much more but to kick things off, let's head up to Phil Watson for tonight's opening match!

[Crossfade to the ring where the dapper Phil Watson is ready to get things going.]

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

[Paulie looks a little worse for wear after his encounter two weeks ago, sporting some white bandages on his face that clash with his well-tanned skin and multi-colored trunks. He runs a hand up his spiky hair, jerking a thumb at his shirt that reads "WATCH THE HAIR." He grins at the crowd's reaction to him as he removes his sunglasses, pumping a fist to the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent...

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

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

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

GM: Bucky, I'd have to check my notes but it feels like it's been quite some time since we've seen Matt Rogers in action here on SNW.

BW: Too long. I've always been fond of this guy.

GM: He seems like he'd be your type of competitor.

BW: Oh yeah. He's mad as heck and he's not gonna take it anymore. Damn the man!

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

GM: This should be an interesting encounter between two competitors who - you get the feeling - could make an impact for themselves in the AWA if they got on a roll. What do you think, Bucky? Could you see Paulie Italiano challenging Shadoo Rage for the World Television Title?

BW: You know what, Gordo... I can.

GM: Really?

BW: Yep! But I accidentally had a batch of Hernandez' Friday Fish Tacos last night and I'm seeing all sorts of crazy things.

[The bell sounds as Italiano claps his hands, bouncing out of the corner with a series of fist pumps as he crosses the ring towards Matt Rogers. Rogers responds by staring stoically at Italiano...

...who responds with a loud "WHAT'S YER PROBLEM, BRO?!"]

GM: Paulie Italiano has built a following here in the AWA and you know those fans would love to see him pull off an upset here tonight.

BW: Those same fans would also like to win the lottery... and I think the odds are about the same on both.

[Italiano is complaining to the referee about Rogers not leaving the corner...

...which is the opening the Anarchist needs to rush forward, digging his fingers into the eyes of the fan favorite, leaving him blinded and staggering away.]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot by Rogers!

BW: I love this, Gordo. Italiano had a run-in with the Engine of Destruction two weeks ago and barely lived to talk about it.

[A clubbing forearm blow across the back sends Italiano stumbling into the corner as Rogers comes after him, throwing a knee up into the kidneys.]

GM: Rogers gets Italiano down in the corner, putting the boots to him.

[The referee steps in, backing Rogers off... but ever the contrarian, Rogers argues with the official.]

GM: Not much to argue about there if you ask me. Rogers was blatantly breaking the rules.

BW: I think he's arguing about the existence of the rule at all.

GM: I see.

[Rogers pulls Italiano off the mat by the hair, flinging him backwards into the buckles where he puts the boots to the ribs again.]

GM: The ever-dangerous feet of Matt Rogers going to work on the body of Paulie Italiano and the referee steps in again, forcing him to back... wait a second! Wait a second!

[The crowd is buzzing... a sound that gets louder and louder as someone comes tearing down the aisle, diving headfirst under the bottom rope into the ring, popping up to his feet...

...and then leaping into the air, snaring Rogers in a three-quarter nelson and DRIVING him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: BLACKOUT!

[Hannibal Carver gets back to his feet, shouting something thankfully unheard by the mics down at Rogers. The referee is quick to bail from the ring, not willing to risk Carver's wrath as he signals for the bell.]

GM: There's the bell! This one is over!

[Carver is staring down at Rogers as the ring announcer makes it official.]

PW: Referee Ricky Longfellow has DISQUALIFIED Paulie Italiano for outside interference! Your winner of the match... MATT ROGERS!

[The crowd jeers the decision.]

GM: Rogers may have won the match but he certainly doesn't look like much of a winner right now.

[Shaking off the kicks, Italiano marches out of the corner towards the middle of the ring...

...and shoves Hannibal Carver with a "WHAT THE HELL, BRO?!"

GM: Uh oh.

BW: A new member of the Dumb Kid Brigade.

GM: Italiano is upset that he lost this match - and rightfully so - but I don't know if I would-

[He shoves Carver a second time, pointing at Rogers, throwing his arms apart in frustration as Carver looks down, shaking his head...

...and then uncoils, snaring the three-quarter nelson again, and DRIVING Italiano facefirst to the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Well, that was pretty predictable.

BW: Yep.

[Carver uses the toe of his boot, rolling both Rogers and Italiano under the bottom rope, dumping them out to the floor. He leans over the ropes, waving for a mic which is quickly produced.]

HC: Sorry boys, but I got something on my mind and it can't wait for yeh to finish yer slapfight.

[Carver looks over the top rope to the floor below, shrugging.]

HC: Now I ain't out here to cry and complain about what happened the last time I was in this damn ring. Yer World Champ dropped me on my head, but seeing as how I'm the man that got dropped on his head twice in a row by Monosso, I think I'll live.

[Big cheers for the mention of the former champ.]

HC: And seeing as how I dropped him with a Blackout a while back, I can't hardly blame the Boy Scout for what he did.

[Carver nods.]

HC: The thing is, I don't have any time in the world tonight. The suits are announcing the results of their pretty little Summit later in the show to decide

whether they're going to still let me collect checks for beating the hell out of anyone that gets in my way.

[Boos for the very idea that Carver may be fired tonight.]

HC: But until then, I am a legal AWA competitor. So while I am, I might as well make it count for something.

[Carver points towards the top of the ramp entrance.]

HC: Ryan, I know yer listening to every word that I'm saying right now. So I can't blame yeh for what yeh did... but I sure as HELL can tell yeh to collect whatever courage yeh've got, run down to this ring and face me one on one and settle this damn thing once and for all!

[Carver spikes the mic to the floor with authority, turning towards the entrance with a "come on!" gesture towards the back. The crowd is buzzing with anticipation.]

GM: Well, with Hannibal Carver's fate hanging in the balance here tonight, it looks like if he's going out, he's going out swinging!

BW: They shouldn't have even let this maniac in the building tonight, Gordo. Can you imagine what he'll do if he gets suspended again? Or what about if he gets fired?

GM: He'll certainly be a man on the warpath.

BW: He might come after you again...or worse, he might come after ME!

[Carver lets loose a stream of words that we (thankfully) don't hear because of the skills of The X's censors.]

GM: We apologize for that language, fans. The Boston Brawler is obviously hot under the collar and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as the World Heavyweight Champion strides through the curtain, stripped to the waist where he's got on a pair of blue jeans.]

GM: THE CHAMP IS HERE!

BW: He ain't here to wrestle either, Gordo! That man's come to fight!

[Martinez glares down the aisle for Carver for an extended moment, building the anticipation from the Memphis crowd...

...and then starts racing down the aisle, charging towards the ring as the crowd ROARS, on their feet, leaping up and down for the battle they've been waiting almost a year to see!]

GM: HERE! HE! COMMMMMMES!

[Martinez dives headfirst under the bottom rope, coming to his feet as Carver is already coming in hot, blasting the World Champion with a closed fist to the jaw, sending him stumbling back.]

GM: Carver with the right hand!

[The Boston Brawler is on the move, grabbing Martinez by the hair with his left hand as he winds up his right arm...]

GM: Big right! Another! A third!

[The battering knocks Martinez back against the ropes where Carver continues to tee off on him...

...until Martinez grabs him around the neck, swinging him back against the ropes!]

GM: Martinez reverses... and now the World Champion's letting him have it!

[Forgoing his usual assault of forearms and chops, Martinez has come to throw fists on this night in Memphis, hammering his knuckles repeatedly into the side of Carver's head, battering him against the ropes as the crowd seems pretty evenly split on this occasion, cheering and booing both men equally as they root on their established favorite in this rivalry!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands in Memphis, Tennessee, fans!

BW: Lord knows this town has seen plenty of those in its time!

[As another right hand comes towards him, Carver lifts his left arm to block it, throwing a looping right in response... and another... and another, backing the World Heavyweight Champion out to the center of the ring as the crowd continues to leap and roar with delight at the encounter!]

GM: Carver's putting those time-tested fists to use, battering-

[A particularly hard shot from Carver has the World Champion backpedaling, stumbling backwards...

...where he sets his feet, ducks his head, and THROWS himself into a double leg takedown, ripping Carver's legs out from under him and putting him down on the canvas to another HUGE explosion of cheers from the Memphis crowd who remain on their feet!]

GM: MARTINEZ TAKES HIM DOWN!

[With Carver on his back, Martinez raises up, lowering the boom with an impactful elbowstrike from the mount, throwing his full bodyweight down into it in an attempt to knock Carver into the middle of next week.]

GM: What a shot!

[Martinez goes back to the fists, straightening up and hammering down with heavy blows to the head of the Boston Brawler!]

GM: Carver's trying to cover up, Martinez just rifling in blow after blow after blow!

[But as the World Champion tries to do some damage, Carver manages to hook a swinging arm, rolling him over to his back!]

GM: Carver turns him over... and now it's the Boston Brawler letting him have it!

[Carver's heavy fists are bouncing off the skull of the World Champion before he gets a chance to cover up. His arms slowly raise to cover his battered head as Carver grimaces, swinging at a different angle to catch him flush on the cheek!]

GM: Carver and Martinez are going to war here in Memphis and-

[The crowd begins to boo as a sea of AWA security come charging from the locker room area, running down the aisle towards the ring...]

GM: We've got security pouring out of the back of the FedEx Forum!

BW: Who sent them out here?! Killjoy.

[The black shirted security slides into the ring, racing to try and get Carver off of the downed World Champion.]

GM: The fans may not like it but we've got security in the ring, trying to get these two apart from each other!

BW: This may be the last chance we get to see these two fight! Let 'em go if you ask me!

GM: Nobody asked you! This isn't the right place for this! This isn't the right time for this!

[About three-quarters of the security team, some five or six guys manage to get Carver off Martinez, dragging him across the ring, trying to isolate him against the turnbuckles as the sound to our broadcast keeps cutting in and out as Carver lets loose a diatribe of language in their direction.]

GM: Hannibal Carver certainly doesn't like this turn of events and he's letting them know about-

[The sound cuts out again as Carver shouts across the ring where two more security guards are trying to keep Ryan Martinez in the opposite corner as he's helped to his feet...

...and he suddenly breaks free, drawing another huge reaction from the crowd as he charges across the ring, leaping into the air, reaching over the collected security guards to drive a fist into the jaw of the trapped Carver!]

GM: OH!

[Martinez lands two more as Carver tries to retaliate. The security rushes back in, half grabbing the World Champion, trying to drag him away from Carver while the other half form a wedge, pushing a struggling Carver back against the buckles as the Boston native verbally lights up the World Champion again!]

BW: Now THIS is a fight, daddy!

[In the far corner, a fuming Hannibal Carver starts swinging his arm, chopping it down across the backs of the security guards. A hard shot to the back of the head drops one of them, clearing a little space as Carver starts pounding the others.

Across the ring, Ryan Martinez catches one of the guards with a short knee to the sternum, hooking a front facelock and swinging him through the ropes to the floor. He starts dishing out forearm shots to the others as they straighten up to try to defend themselves.]

GM: This is-

[The AWA faithful EXPLODES into cheers once more as Carver comes charging across the ring, bowling over two guards who try to get in his path, running right into the struggling Martinez!]

GM: Here we go again!

[With security guards downed all over the ring, Martinez is able to duck down, hooking the legs again, taking Carver off his feet a second time with a double leg as the security guards try to regroup and get back into it...

...and the crowd jeers again, this time as a sea of AWA competitors come running through the curtain towards the ring!]

GM: The locker room has emptied! They're coming to break this up!

[We see wrestlers of both the fan favorite and rulebreaker persuasions - Sweet Daddy Williams, Cesar Hernandez, Willie Hammer, Ultra Commando 3, the Longhorn Riders, Rex Summers, Skywalker Jones, and several others all headed for the ring as quickly as they can get there.]

GM: These two want to get at one another so badly - I'm not even sure if THIS will be enough!

[More bodies pour into view. Air Strike, Bobby O'Connor, Larry Wallace, Cain Jackson, Travis Lynch, Juan Vasquez, Hercules Hammonds, the Brixton Bruisers, and more come tearing towards the ring.

Inside the ring, we can see several of the first wave grabbing the arms of Martinez, dragging him off the downed Carver, pulling him away from the Boston Brawler. Carver is quickly to his feet as the others hit the ring, a full circle being established around the battling duo, trying to keep them apart from each other. A higher-angled camera shot shows the two men in the middle, still trying to throw bombs at one another.

More bodies emerge from the locker room, climbing into the ring to assist in shoving the two men apart. A gap opens between the two groups, each shoving Martinez and Carver back to opposite corners. The camera catches Carver, fury on his face, staring across the ring as he's held back by a mass of humanity that not even he can get away from.

Martinez struggles against those holding him back, shouting "GET OFF ME!" as he tries to push past them. He can't break free, glaring and fuming across the ring at Carver who is trapped as well.]

GM: We've got a sea of humanity in there, holding these two men apart!

BW: That's exactly what it was going to take, Gordo! These two have been waiting for a moment like this for almost a year so when they finally got their fists on each other, you know it was gonna be chaos!

GM: These two are still trying to get free but it looks like order has been restored for the... wait a second! WHERE IS HE-?!

[Martinez drops through the ropes, running around the ring on the outside as a group of fans leap in the air in the background, shouting as the World Champion gets up on the apron and PASTES a surprised Carver with a forearm shot across the jaw!]

GM: OHH!

[Carver wheels to the side, grabbing Martinez by the hair, smashing his forearm repeatedly into the jaw of the World Champion!]

GM: IT'S BREAKING DOWN AGAIN!

[Inside the ring, a flood of wrestlers grab hold of Carver, trying to pull him away from the ropes as more exit to the floor, grabbing Martinez and trying to pull him down off the apron!]

Martinez is clinging to the ropes, trying to stay on the apron as Larry Wallace pounds at the forearms, trying to break his grip as Carver is dragged backwards from the ropes back out to the middle of the ring. The World Champion is finally yanked free, pulled to the floor surrounded by a flood of AWA superstars that fills the area between the ring and the ringside barricade as the fans just beyond the railing are screaming and shouting in excitement!]

GM: Get him out of here!

BW: Which one?!

GM: All of them! Get both of them out of here!

[The mass on the floor starts moving Martinez back as Carver glares across the ring to his rival being pulled back from the ring...]

...and a chant breaks out.]

"LET THEM FIGHT!"

"LET THEM FIGHT!"

"LET THEM FIGHT!"

"LET THEM FIGHT!"

"LET THEM FIGHT!"

[The crowd is on their feet, pumping their fists in the air along with the chant as Martinez stares out at the fans, nodding his head as Carver tries to get free from the grasp of the masses. The chant continues to echo as we fade to black.]

The shot opens to an overhead view of 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 to black...

...and then back up to live action backstage where Ryan Martinez is stalking through the back, obvious red welts littering his face from the physical encounter he just had in the ring. There are wrestlers all around him, trying to talk the World Champion down. Bobby O'Connor can clearly be heard saying, "You gotta calm down, Ryan... you can't let him get you going like this..."]

GM: We're back LIVE here on The X where...

[Martinez' eyes suddenly go wide, facing right at the camera...

...the camera that suddenly gets knocked to the side, the cameraman falling to a knee but keeping the shot on Martinez as Hannibal Carver storms in, tackling into him with a flurry of rights and lefts as the wrestlers all around are shocked but try to get back in to break them up!

There are loud shouts all around by the different wrestlers as Martinez doubles over, wrapping his arms around Carver's torso, trying to shove him back as the Boston Brawler rains down clubbing forearms across the back of the World Champion.

Martinez tries to straighten up and finds himself in the wrong spot as Carver is SMASHING his fist repeatedly into the ear of the champion, never even letting him get a blow in as he drills him over and over...

...before the mass of wrestlers are finally able to pull the two men apart again, leaving them glaring at each other, shouting threats at one another.]

GM: There's nothing that can be done! No amount of security, no amount of AWA officials, no amount of men from the AWA locker room can keep these two men apart here tonight! This is insane! This is out of contr-OHHH!

[Gordon's exclamation comes as Martinez breaks away from the men holding him, charging the distance between the two men, knocking over a table as he storms past, leaping into the air to club Carver with a forearm shot between the eyes! The mass of wrestlers burst into action again, joined this time by AWA officials who are screaming and shouting at the chaotic scene, somehow making it even nuttier...

...when the cameraman suddenly goes down, knocked over by the wild action in the locker room, sending us abruptly to black. It stays there for a moment, the sounds of the wild scene still heard...

...when we suddenly cut to a different part of the backstage area where we see Johnny Detson standing next to Colt Patterson. Detson is wearing black slacks and a white button down short. On his head is a red baseball cap with the logo for The X embroidered on the cap.]

CP: We're standing here with Johnny Detson, THE Number One Contender to the AWA World Heavyweight title! And Johnny there has to be a lot on your mind given what's happened over this past month, and given what's happened here already tonight.

JD: Not really, Colt, because for once the choice is an obvious one. People keep asking what do you think the Main Event will be at SuperClash? Who do you think will face Ryan Martinez for the World Heavyweight title?

[Detson laughs and shakes his head.]

JD: There's no argument, Colt, as I said it's an obvious choice. So obvious in fact that even AWA management can't possibly screw it up. It should be... Ryan Martinez versus Johnny Detson at SuperClash VII for the AWA World Heavyweight title!

CP: There are a lot of people out there that would say that Hannibal Carver deserves the shot. Not me, mind you, but people.

JD: Hannibal Carver? Does he still work here? Should he? And even if he did, what is he, Colt, the Number TWO Contender to the title?

Two. That's an interesting number.

[Detson grins, holding up two fingers.]

JD: Two... as in the number of times I've beaten Hannibal Carver. As in the number of times he's been suspended this past month alone!

[Detson turns his gazes from Colt to the camera which he glares at.]

JD: I would already be World Champion if Ryan Martinez wasn't saved by Hannibal Carver. And everyone including Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver knows it. To not award me with the World Title shot at SuperClash VII with the entire world watching would be one of the biggest crimes of this century.

[Detson stops and turns again towards Colt; placing a hand on his shoulder and showing off his best used car salesman smile.]

JD: So the right choice. The best choice. The OBVIOUS choice would be Johnny Detson versus Ryan Martinez, AWA World Heavyweight Title on the line.

CP: Johnny Detson with a convincing and compelling argument for the AWA President to consider. But Johnny, one last thing, what about two weeks ago when

you turned on the man who has stood by your side since SuperClash last year, Calisto Dufresne?

[Detson laughs.]

JD: Colt, Johnny Detson only uses his time to talk about important things and important people and Calisto Dufresne... is neither one of those things.

[Laughing again, Detson walks off.]

CP: There you have it... a firm "no comment" from the Number One Contender when it comes to the Ladykiller... but he definitely has an opinion as to who should face Martinez for the gold at SuperClash... an opinion that I personally agree with and hope to hear confirmed later tonight by AWA President O'Neill. Gordon, Bucky... the pleasure was yours!

[Crossfade out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: A chaotic scene here in Memphis right out of the gate and I understand that they're finally - FINALLY - getting control of that situation backstage. In fact, we're being told that efforts are underway to get both Hannibal Carver and Ryan Martinez locked in separate rooms on OPPOSITE sides of the building.

BW: You gotta wonder if even that is enough.

GM: You certainly do. And when you add Johnny Detson to the mix, you have to feel like we're sitting on top of a powderkeg here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling with President Landon O'Neill holding the match. If he announces Carver has been re-suspended... if he announces a SuperClash Main Event not to everyone's liking...

[Myers whistles through his teeth.]

GM: This whole place could go boom. But we've got some time before we hear that big announcement from President O'Neill... which means it's time to go up to the ring for wrestling action!

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

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring. He weighs two-hundred and forty-seven pounds. Hailing from Wagga Wagga, Australia. Here is... "OUTBACK" ZAAAACK KELLLLYYYYY!!

[Zack Kelly walks out from his corner. He raises his left hand, holding his outback hat in it. There's a few cheers for the Australian wrestler. He backs up to his corner and drops his hat. He removes his vest and drops it on top of his hat for the ringside attendant to collect.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening guitar to Saliva's "Hunt You Down" fills the arena. Ten seconds into the song a "Huuuaah" is heard.]

PW: Hailing from Huntsville, Alabama and weighing in at two-hundred and sixty-seven pounds. He is accompanied to the ring by his manager, Paul Von Braun. Here is... "THE LEGACY KILLER" VICTOOOOOORRRR VOOOOON BRRRAAAAUUUUNN

[Paul Von Braun emerges onto the aisle way first as the crowd boos. Paul is wearing black dress slacks, a royal blue button-down shirt, black sports coat and some black

wing tips. Victor Von Braun emerges behind his father. Victor is wearing standard royal blue wrestling trunks with "Legacy Killer" written across the butt in white. He's sporting royal blue boots with white trim and laces, royal blue kneepads and royal blue elbowpads. His wrists and fingers are taped up. He's also wearing a light jacket with "Legacy Killer" airbrushed across the back in white.

Paul leads the duo to the ring. Paul uses the ring steps to climb up onto the ring apron as Victor climbs up with assistance from the ropes. Both men step into the ring, Victor raising his arms. Victor yells something out to the crowd as he hooks a thumb at himself. Paul claps his hands together as Victor gets close to the camera saying, "The Von Brauns won't be forgotten anymore."]

GM: Two weeks ago, Paul Von Braun said he'd be debuting "The Legacy Killer." We're getting our first look at him here tonight in Memphis. What an impressive looking young man, Bucky.

BW: Looks can be deceiving. What's important is how...

[As Zack Kelly turns his back, Von Braun rushes across the ring and crushes Kelly with a hard clothesline in the corner twisting Kelly as he falls back against the turnbuckle.]

GM: You were saying?

BW: My kind of debut, Gordo.

[Von Braun steps back, winding up, and lands another clothesline. He repeats, landing a third clothesline.]

GM: Von Braun wastes no time and immediately jumps Zack Kelly before the bell to get the unfair advantage.

BW: He's not playing around. Finally, a Von Braun who remembers his lineage.

[Von Braun lands a fourth clothesline in the corner. He grabs Kelly's left arm and twists it, pulling Kelly into a short-arm clothesline.]

GM: That's a whole lot of clotheslines right out of the gate, really doing a number on "Outback" Zack.

[Von Braun stays on Kelly, measuring the Australian up and driving a knee into his forehead. Paul Von Braun claps on the outside of the ring, happy with what he's seeing.]

GM: We haven't seen a Von Braun in an AWA ring in quite a few years, Bucky. Not since Brian Von Braun warred against Percy and Steven Childes.

BW: Ask Brian how that ended for him. I think Paul's onto something with this kid though... he seems like he's got that killer instinct. He's just punishing Zack Kelly in there.

[Von Braun pulls Zack Kelly to his feet, pushing him back to the corner where he grabs the arm, whipping the Australian across with authority, sending him crashing into the corner where he eats a shoulder to the gut a moment later.]

GM: Big running tackle to the midsection, knocking the wind out of Kelly but he hasn't taken him off his feet.

[Kelly, bent over, takes a few steps out of the corner as Von Braun winds up and chops him across the chest, getting Kelly to stand up straight.]

GM: That big chop straightens him up...

[Von Braun quickly follows up with a dropkick to Kelly's right knee.]

GM: And the dropkick chops him down to size. A barrage of offense in there, Bucky, as Victor is going right after that knee, which can only mean he's setting Zack Kelly up for the Von Braun signature hold.

BW: While I may not like the lot of them, it's not a secret the Von Brauns are the masters of the figure-four leglock.

[With Kelly seated and leaning in the corner, Von Braun reaches down and grabs Kelly's right leg. He hangs the leg over the bottom rope and starts viciously stomping away at the knee and shin.]

GM: This man is ruthless, Bucky! He's a shark in the water, and he's smelled blood... going right after that right knee, just stomping away on it as Zack Kelly lies helpless in the corner.

BW: It's about time. It's about time one of the Von Brauns grew a spine and showed the ruthlessness the old man was known for.

GM: I don't know if I'd call him ruthless, Bucky. I can think of a lot better adjectives to use to describe him.

BW: What else do you call a man who snapped a midget's leg? If that ain't ruthless, I don't know what is.

GM: I believe they prefer the term "little person."

BW: Yeah, well... I prefer people call me the Greatest of All Time. Let me know when that starts happening and I'll call 'em little people all day.

[Victor continues to stomp, finally ending with one last well-placed stomp to the knee.]

GM: Von Braun doing a number on that limb... and now he's taking some time to taunt these fans here in Memphis.

[He looks out at the crowd yelling, "You gonna forget the Von Brauns now? Huh? Are ya!?" The crowd boos in response as Paul beams proudly at his son and Zack Kelly grabs at his leg.]

GM: You know, Bucky... I don't understand the anger of these two men.

BW: It's pretty simple, Gordo. Paul Von Braun feels like his family has been forgotten. The Von Brauns are one of the most famous families in all of pro wrestling history and we're out here every week talking about the Lynches, the Martinezes, the Wallaces, the O'Connors, and all the rest. When's the last time the name "Von Braun" has even come out of your mouth before two weeks ago?

GM: I can't recall off hand.

BW: And that's the point. They HAVE been forgotten by people like you and these idiot fans... and that's why Paul and Victor are out here. To remind everyone what it means to be a Von Braun. They're coming out here and reminding people of their legacy with this kid, Victor. HE is what I remember a Von Braun being like.

[Victor slides under the bottom rope, grabbing Zack Kelly's legs.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: The referee's telling Victor Von Braun that he can't do this...

GM: He's starting a count and-

[Von Braun ruthlessly SLAMS Kelly's knee into the steel ringpost, drawing more jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Good grief! He's getting admonished for that! There was absolutely no call for that, Bucky.

BW: Uncalled for and effective are two different things. Knowing the difference separates champions and contenders.

[Von Braun crosses Kelly's left leg over his right forming a figure-four.]

GM: Is he...?

[He is. Victor Von Braun applies a figure-four around the ringpost, dropping back as Kelly screams out in pain and the official starts his count.]

BW: Vicious, absolutely vicious.

GM: The Von Braun Leglock around the ring post! Along with the standard seven pressure points, now Zack Kelly's legs are supporting the weight of Victor Von Braun! He could break the man's leg!

[At the count of four, Victor releases the hold, dropping down to the floor.]

GM: Mercifully, he breaks that hold.

BW: That wasn't mercy, Gordo. He just didn't want to get disqualified.

GM: I believe you're right about that.

[Von Braun has a smile on his face as he climbs to his feet, his father applauding nearby. Kelly scoots backwards, freeing himself from the rope area as the referee checks to see if the Australian can continue.]

GM: Victor Von Braun sliding under the bottom rope into the ring, coming to his feet as Kelly tries to get up. He's hurt though, Bucky. He's standing but he can't put any weight on the right knee.

BW: Von Braun has accomplished his goal then. He's injured that right knee to soften it up.

[With Kelly hobbled, Von Braun drives a shoulder into the side of the knee, causing the Australian to fall to the mat, clutching at his leg.]

GM: Ohh! He clips the leg right out from under him... and now dragging him out to the middle of the ring...

[He stands tall, holding the right leg as he looks out at the crowd.]

GM: Here it comes, the legendary Von Braun Leglock.

[Von Braun quickly wraps Zack Kelly's leg around his neck, using his arm to crank down as he turns Zack Kelly over onto his stomach and straddles Kelly's body on one knee to apply a stretch muffler.]

BW: What the...?

GM: Von Braun applies a unique single-leg crab!

BW: Not relying on the old tried and true holds. This kid is the one the Von Brauns were waiting for.

[Kelly yells in pain and quickly taps out. The official calls for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: And this one is over!

[Von Braun continues to apply the hold...]

GM: Come on, ref! He's done enough damage! Get the kid to break the hold!

[The official is right up in Von Braun's face, shouting at him to release the leg before he reverses the decision. Von Braun defiantly hangs on for a few more seconds before finally letting go as his father enters the ring.]

GM: Thank goodness that's over.

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: The winner of the match as a result of a submission...

[Victor yanks his arm away from the official and raises it on his own.]

PW: "THE LEGACY KILLER" VICTOOOOOR VOOOOON BRAAAAAUUUUN!

["Hunt You Down" starts up as the crowd boos. Paul Von Braun claps to show his approval.]

GM: Impressive debut for "The Legacy Killer".

BW: I'm glad to see the Von Brauns returning to their roots that they were known for when Scott was tearing it up around the country.

GM: Let's take a look at how Victor secured victory.

[We wipe to Victor Von Braun stomping Zack Kelly's knee in the corner.]

BW: Victor just stomps all over that knee, daddy. Nothing fancy about the way he attacked the knee there.

[We fade to Von Braun with the Von Braun Leglock applied around the ring post.]

BW: And then some innovation to the family move as he uses the ringpost to apply it.

[Wipe to Von Braun driving his shoulder into Zack Kelly's knee and Kelly falling to the mat.]

BW: Driving that shoulder to the already injured knee.

[Wipe to Von Braun with a stretch muffler applied as Zack Kelly taps out.]

GM: Victor Von Braun wins the match with a submission move. Right now, Paul and Victor Von Braun are standing by on the interview stage with Mark Stegglet. Take it away, Mark.

[We cut to the interview stage where Mark Stegglet stands by with the Von Brauns. Paul stands in front with his son standing behind him, looking at the camera with a scowl.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. I must say... that was an impressive debut for your protege, Paul Von Braun.

PVB: Tonight was only the first step of a million step journey, Mark. Our first step made a few people look up and take notice. The second step will turn more heads. The third step will turn even more heads. As we continue with each step of the journey, more and more people are going to realize how serious we are.

MS: Serious regarding your belief the Von Braun family name isn't given as much respect as you believe it should be?

[Paul side glances towards Mark for a moment.]

PVB: Yes, Mark. We're here to do something about it. We're here to take on the second and third generation families currently in the AWA and prove our name carries more value than to be lumped into a category below the Keenings and Demolas. Do you understand how many professional wrestlers the Von Braun family has put their stamp on outside of the family!?

[Paul grits his teeth and sneers.]

PVB: You don't hear about them when they grace an AWA ring. Old "Fireball" Ken Keening has a student sign with the AWA, Gordon Myers makes sure the world knows where the wrestler was trained. Trained at the Rocket City Academy? We hear, "We've got the debut of a new professional wrestler. He's traveled the South recently learning to become a professional wrestler."

[PVB shakes his head.]

MS: Is this about seeking a way of avenging your father after what happened to him since Percy and Steven Childes are no longer part of the AWA?

[Paul laughs and looks back at Victor.]

PVB: Can you believe this guy?

[Victor smiles and nods.]

PVB: Two years ago, my brother broke Steven's leg and put him on the shelf. We've had our revenge against the Childes family satiated for the moment.

[PVB pauses for a moment.]

PVB: I couldn't help but notice, Mark. While I sense the disdain in your voice when you mention the Childes' name, there's also a hint of awe. A hint of respect. The very thing that's missing when you mention the name Von Braun.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: No one dismisses the contributions the Von Braun family has made to professional wrestling or the success the family members have achieved. But you have to realize that a Von Braun hasn't competed in an AWA ring in quite a few years so it turns into out of sight, out of mind.

PVB: I call shenanigans. If I was Paul Lynch, son to Blackjack Lynch, and this was his grandson, Victor Lynch, you'd be on your knees, singing our praises and worshiping the ground we walk. AWA treats Blackjack as the returning messiah.

[Paul puts his hand up to stop Mark from speaking.]

PVB: I get it. The AWA is Texas and Texas is the AWA. Texas is the Lynch stomping ground just like the north Alabama area belongs to the Von Brauns. The miscarriage of justice is how the legend of Blackjack Lynch has been sensationalized to make it seem like his contributions to the sport of wrestling are second to none.

[A chuckle.]

PVB: And the truth? The truth is his contributions and successes don't even compare to Scott Von Braun, but we can't really talk about that. Or Blackjack's feelings would be hurt, and he and his boys would pull a play from the Childes handbook and take their ball and go home when things don't go their way.

[Round of boos from the crowd.]

PVB: And it's lies like that we plan to expose. We'll show you how strong of a dynasty the Lynch family really is. We'll show you how strong of a legacy EVERY second and third generation star really has as we break and destroy that very legacy, Mark.

[A smirk.]

PVB: And it all starts with Victor Von Braun, my middle son. He's the true heir to our family legacy and the only one capable of getting us the recognition we're owed by destroying the false legacy idols and lies peddled to the masses.

[Paul steps aside, leaving his "middle son" to glare into the camera for several moments before 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...]

Brief onscreen graphic: "THE NHL ON FOX."

[Cut to highlights from a hockey game, largely fighting and slamming skaters into the boards.]

[Cut to a hockey player in a Columbus Blue Jackets jersey in a "talking head" shot.]

CAPTION: "COLIN CROWTHER, Columbus Blue Jackets, D."

CROWTHER: I think hockey is as much of an American sport as any of the other major league team sports, maybe more.

[More highlights from the NHL. Crowther skating around the ice without a helmet, his curly hair matted with sweat.]

[Cut to a doughy man in a suit.]

CAPTION: "BRAD BOYD, Analyst, NHL on FOX."

BOYD: Colin Crowther has got a reputation is both a pest and menace. He gets inside the opposing team's head. He likes to fight, and he's good at it, which is a very dangerous combination.

[Cut to footage of Crowther doing just that, then smirking in a penalty box.]

CROWTHER: [voiceover] I've been on the ice with Russians, and every one of them no matter how big they are... the minute they get hit... like the minute you really tar them, they go down like bricks.

[Cut back to Crowther. This time he's speaking directly to the camera.]

CROWTHER: My name is Colin Crowther. I'm from Detroit, Michigan. I play for the NHL's Columbus Blue Jackets. Maxim Zharkov, I accept your five-minute challenge, and I'll see you at SuperClash.

[We slowly fade from the shot of Colin Crowther back to a live shot, panning across the crowd jammed into the FedEx Forum.]

GM: How about that news, Bucky? Colin Crowther from the NHL has decided to answer the challenge laid down by Jackson Hunter and Maxim Zharkov for SuperClash!

BW: The Proletariat Challenge. Can we at least refer to it by its proper name? And who cares about some maple leaf Mooselips guzzling goof who thinks he can survive five minutes with Russian's last son?!

GM: You realize that Crowther just said he's from Detroit, Michigan. He's an American.

BW: Prove it. No real American gives two buckets of warm spit about hockey... let alone actually degrades themselves by PLAYING it. Crowther's gonna get creamed at SuperClash... just like anyone else who gets in the Tsar's way.

GM: Let's go over to Sweet Lou!

[We fade up to Sweet Lou Blackwell standing up against the ringside barricade.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X, fans. For weeks now... months really... the fans have been wanting to know what in the world is going on with the return of Anton Layton - the Prince of Darkness himself - to the AWA. Now, if you've called the Hotline at 1-900-505-5500, you know some of the story already - kids, get your parents' permission before dialing - but I'm going to attempt to get some more of it right now.

[Blackwell gestures over his shoulder to the crowd and as the camera shot pulls back, we see Anton Layton in his hooded black velvet robe sitting in the front row.]

SLB: Mr. Layton, can we get a word?

[Layton slowly rises from his seat.]

AL: Words are wind, Blackwell... fitting for a man like you.

[Blackwell looks puzzled.]

SLB: I think I'd be offended if I understood what you were saying. Anyways, the people are demanding the answer. Why have you come back to the AWA?

[Layton's face cracks into a sadistic twisted grin.]

AL: Words are wind... and the winds of change are howling.

[He throws his head back, the hood falling away to reveal his badly-scarred forehead and bleached blond (almost white) hair.]

AL: OWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Blackwell steps back, looking uneasily at the howling Prince of Darkness.]

AL: I told the people before that I heard the voice... that it calls to me.

SLB: It? It? What are you talking about? Now, we've seen you ringside for KING Oni matches... we've seen you looking at the Fawcett Family and Doctor Harrison Fawcett. Is he the one calling you? Have you found a new Master?

[Layton chuckles darkly.]

AL: The powers of the unknown are too great for a simple mind like yourself, Blackwell. You cannot begin to understand what I understand... to see what I have seen... and to hear what I hear. Listen!

[He cups a hand to his ear, listening intently.]

AL: I can hear it even now, calling my name... begging me to step forward as I did before.

SLB: Are you talking about your last time in the AWA? What in the-

AL: Your questions will all be answered in due time, Blackwell. But I decide on that timetable... not you. When I want the world to know... they will know.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: This place gets loonier all the time. One last question... if you ARE planning on taking on the Fawcett Family... if you ARE planning to confront Doctor Harrison Fawcett or KING Oni or whoever else...

[He looks around.]

SLB: You realize the odds are against you, right? You know you're all alone.

[Layton chuckles again, a menacing laugh.]

AL: Only fools trust their eyes, Blackwell. When the Prince of Darkness is present, I'm never truly alone.

[And with that, Layton simply sits back down in his ringside seat, pulling the hood back over his head as Blackwell looks even more confused.]

SLB: I think you folks at home would need a decoder ring to make sense out of that. Mark Stegglet, hopefully you'll have better luck with your guest backstage!

[We cut to backstage where Mark Stegglet stands in front of an AWA backdrop. With him is Julie Somers. She is dressed in her wrestling attire, which consists of a red halter top, matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. Her wavy brown hair is pulled back in a ponytail.]

MS: Julie Somers, later tonight you will face Charisma Knight in one-on-one action. It was just a few weeks ago that you answered an open challenge from Melissa Cannon, only for Knight to attack from behind and take the match with Cannon instead. What are your thoughts about tonight's match?

JS: Mark, what bothered me the most about missing out on that open challenge was not just that Knight attacked me from behind, but that she claimed it wasn't personal. But I said it before, and I'll say it again, it definitely felt personal! She can claim whatever she wants about that night, but her actions proved otherwise, and if she thinks I'm just going to turn the other cheek, she is badly mistaken.

MS: What about that six-person mixed tag last week? You teamed up with Next Gen, but Knight found a couple of men, The Wilde Bunch to side with her, although it appears they realize that they had been used all along.

JS: See, that's what really bothers me about Knight. She claims there's some kind of agenda against her, that people like Melissa Cannon are trying to deny her rightful spot, but her actions have shown who really is pushing an agenda. Jumping me from behind, bending the rules to beat Melissa Cannon, tricking The Wilde Bunch into backing her up, and on top of that, bending the rules to steal yet another win. All I see is somebody using whoever she can, whatever she can to take short cuts.

[She shakes her head.]

JS: I don't play it that way, Mark. I take responsibility for not responding to Miyuki Ozaki's challenge, but that's why I've made the push as well to get this company to be serious about giving women the opportunity to wrestle regularly in front of AWA crowds. That's why I looked forward to answering Melissa's open challenge, that's why I was happy to team up with my brother and best friend two weeks ago, and that's why I look forward to this match tonight. It's all about opportunity... about taking responsibility for answering that opportunity and about making sure that I don't miss out again on any opportunity to prove that women deserve their chance here.

MS: You do know that SuperClash is coming up. What would it be like to see a women's match on that show?

[Julie can't help but smile at that question.]

JS: Mark, that would be awesome! I know they've had women's wrestling on SuperClash in the past, but it's unfortunate that nothing ever came out of it. But if I got that chance to wrestle on SuperClash, it would be a dream come true. Most of all, I'd make sure that something came out of it, that it wasn't just something to do for one show and then watch it fall by the wayside. It would be an opportunity that I would definitely want to take.

MS: But would that not also apply to Charisma Knight?

[Julie's smile becomes a frown.]

JS: If you want my opinion on that, I don't think she deserves that chance! All she's proven is that she knows how to stoop to any length to get ahead, and that's not the type of woman I think deserves to get that dream match at SuperClash.

But with that said... if she were to get that chance, I'd definitely want to be the one facing her in that ring. Yeah, I get that match tonight, she's gonna learn a few lessons about why you don't jump me from behind or bend the rules, but for the chance to do it at SuperClash, in Houston, Texas, in front of thousands upon thousands of great AWA fans?

Well, that's one opportunity I wouldn't miss... just like the opportunity to teach Charisma Knight a lesson tonight!

MS: All right, fans, that match comes later on... let's get back to ringside.

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Glen Falls, New York... Jimmy Jax!

[A neon green-wearing Jax jumps up, pumping his arms into the air to a few cheers for the good looking young man.]

PW: And his oppon-

[Watson is cut off by the sound of V.I.C.'s "Flawless", a song that causes the assembled AWA masses to jeer loudly. After a moment, "Flawless" Larry Wallace appears at the top of the aisle, mic in hand. Wallace is tanned and fit, the epitome of an athlete from head to toe. Dressed in red trunks with gold trim and "FLAWLESS" written in gold across the rump, he reeks of confidence in his demeanor, scowling at the jeering crowd as he raises the mic.]

FLW: Cut it... cut it...

[The music fades out, leaving Wallace and the jeering crowd as the soundtrack as he walks towards the ring.]

FLW: Phil Watson, for someone who has been doing this job for so long now...

[He pauses, baiting the hook.]

FLW: ...you really STINK at it!

[Wallace chuckles to himself as the fans boo.]

FLW: After all these weeks, I feel like your announcements are falling on deaf ears, Phil... so I'm gonna do your job for you. Get out of the ring, take a load off, and watch and listen.

[Watson shakes his head, exiting the ring as Watson strikes a pose in mid-aisle, dipping his head to speak into the mic.]

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

[Wallace jerks a thumb at his well-toned chest.]

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

[The arrogant grin crawls across his face as he looks towards the ring.]

FLW: Absolutely... flawless.

[The fans let him have it as he lowers the mic, spreading his arms wide and striking a pose for several moments.]

GM: This young man certainly is full of himself, Bucky.

BW: And why shouldn't he be? Do you know this kid's pedigree?

GM: His pedig-

BW: Shhh. He's talking.

[Wallace raises the mic again.]

FLW: Two weeks ago, I righted a wrong that's been hanging over my head for far too long. I showed Bobby O'Connor who the REAL weak link in our tag team was.

What? You thought it was me?

[Wallace shakes his head dismissively.]

FLW: Hey... you know what? If you thought that, I'm not sure I blame you. Because there were times when I was sitting on the sidelines, watching Supreme Wright or Cain Jackson inside this ring, wondering where everything went wrong.

I had it all... I HAVE it all... and yet I couldn't get out of first gear.

[He ticks off items on his fingers.]

FLW: I heard Von Braun out here earlier talking about family and legacy. Well, when you talk legacy in this sport, you better be talking about yours truly... because there is no doubt that I am the BEST second generation star walking.

[More boos pour down.]

FLW: I am the son of Battlin' Burt Wallace... the toughest son of a gun to ever lace a pair. He's fought the best in the world and came out the other side to talk about it. You better believe that his blood...

[He raises his arm, pointing to it.]

FLW: ...runs through these veins.

I trained with Team Supreme.

[The boos pick up again.]

FLW: Jealously will get you nowhere. Just ask Jack Lynch.

Team Supreme is my home. Team Supreme is my family. Whenever they need me, I'll be there for them but it's also time for this baby bird to spread his wings and show the world just how high he can fly, baby.

[Wallace shakes his head.]

FLW: That means I've got the bloodline... that means I've got the training...

[He gestures to himself.]

FLW: Every single one of you can see I've got the body...

[More boos... and more than a few squeals from the ladies.]

FLW: ...and you all know I've got the skill to boot. So why? Why was I pushing the former World Champion's wheelchair around while my old tag team partner was winning the Rumble? Why was I being promoted as a one trick pony?

[He raises a finger.]

FLW: But when that one trick is the BEST...DROPKICK... IN... THE WORLD... it's a hell of a trick.

It's you, Bobby. Just like when we were partners... YOU... are holding ME... back.

[He waggles that same finger.]

FLW: But no more. No more. Two weeks ago, Mr. Graham and I took our first steps towards showing the world that when the Young Bloods came to town... that I was the future of the sport... and I... still... am.

[Wallace climbs up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes as he drops the mic on the ring apron.]

GM: Larry Wallace steps into the ring and... well, that was quite the load of garbage he passed off on all of us right there, Bucky.

BW: Sounded like nothing but truth to me. It's pretty obvious who the weak link of the Young Bloods was.

GM: Oh, I agree with you there... but I don't think we agree on who.

[Wallace gives a couple of tugs at the top rope as the referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[Wallace quickly ties up with Jimmy Jax in a collar and elbow tieup, struggling to get an edge...

...but Wallace digs deep, using an armdrag to take Jax off his feet and down to the mat.]

GM: Nice execution on the armdrag by "Flawless" Larry Wallace.

BW: Don't sound so surprised, Gordo. Wallace is the very essence of perfection inside those ropes.

[Jimmy Jax gets back to his feet, shaking out his arm as he moves in on Wallace, tying up a second time. They jockey for position for a few moments before Wallace takes him down with an armdrag again, this time pinning the arm down to the mat, pushing the wrist into the canvas...]

GM: Wallace takes him down again... what's he doing here?

[Wallace kicks up off the canvas, going nearly vertical before coming back down into a kneedrop on the elbow joint.]

GM: Knee dropped down on the elbow... and Wallace kicks back up, dropping it down again!

[Twice more, Wallace pushes up into the air, dropping his knee down on the elbow before ending up kneeling on the elbow, locking fingers with Jax and twisting the arm violently.]

GM: Kneeling wristlock applied by Larry Wallace, putting the pressure on the wrist.

[The referee kneels down next to Jax, checking for a submission as Wallace swiftly gets up, using the locked fingers to pull Jax up off the canvas, throwing a knee into the midsection.]

GM: Wallace goes downstairs with the knee...

[Twisting out of the knucklelock, Wallace hooks Jax, flipping him over for a snapmare but the agile Jax lands on his feet, dashing to the ropes where he leaps up to the second rope...]

GM: Jimmy Jax a flash of movement, springs off!

[He corkscrews through the air a few times before catching Wallace across the chest, knocking him off his feet!]

GM: Wow!

[Jax rolls back to his feet, dashing to the far ropes, rebounding back at full speed towards a rising Wallace, leaping up to snare a headscissors, and snapping Wallace over with a rana!]

GM: Jimmy Jax takes him down!

[Wallace rolls out to the floor in a huff, waving a pair of arms dismissively at the ring as Jax grabs the top rope...

...and slingshots over the top, landing on the middle rope, springing off with a moonsault!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A MANEUVER! JIMMY JAX JUST WIPED OUT LARRY WALLACE!

[Jax climbs off the floor, pumping a fist to cheers from the Memphis crowd before he rolls Wallace under the ropes back inside the ring.]

GM: Wallace back in... Jimmy Jax up on the apron, grabbing hold of the top rope...

[Jax throws an arm up, getting cheers from the fans as he leaps into the air, springing off the top rope as Wallace regains his feet. Wallace front rolls as Jax flies past him, landing on the mat where he immediately cries out, grabbing at his knee.]

GM: Oh! Jax might've hurt his knee coming off the top and-

[With his opponent doubled up, Larry Wallace gets a running start and CREAMS him with a running kneelift, knocking him back down to the canvas.]

GM: Wow! What a kneelift out of "Flawless" Larry Wallace!

BW: Just like his old man used to do. I tell ya, Gordo... if Larry can achieve half the success that his father did, he's in for a great career.

GM: But you have to believe that Bobby O'Connor is standing somewhere back in that locker room thinking about his former partner and friend attacking him two weeks ago. He's going to want himself a piece of payback, Bucky.

BW: I'm sure he is... but Wallace will be ready for him when he does.

[A few stomps sends Jax rolling away, trying to get to the corner as Wallace pursues him across the ring, pulling him up to his feet, pushing him back against the turnbuckles...

...and SNAPS Jax' head back with a stiff left uppercut!]

GM: Oh! Big left hand by Wallace who has got Jax in a bad way now.

[Grabbing him around the head and neck, Wallace uses a snapmare to take Jax out of the corner and into a seated position...

...where he SLAMS a kick into the spine!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wallace spreads his arm, posing to the jeers of the fans as Jax tries to regain his feet, earning a downward elbow driven to the back of the neck. A second one follows before Wallace swoops around behind him, hooking him around the waist.]

GM: Suplex on the way... belly-to-back...

[But in mid-lift, Wallace changes his attack, twisting the smaller Jax out and DROPPING him down across a bent knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! That's gotta do it!

[Wallace shoves Jax off his knee, diving across in a cover.]

GM: Wallace gets one! Wallace gets two! Wallace gets- oh, come on!

[The fans jeer as Wallace pulls the youngster off the mat by the hair, shaking his head at the protesting official.]

BW: He's not done yet. He's got some more for this kid to show the world who he is.

GM: He's Larry Wallace. We get it.

[Wallace pulls Jax all the way up into a front facelock, slinging his arm over the back of his neck...

...and SNAPS him over with a hard suplex!]

GM: Vicious snap suplex by "Flawless" Larry Wallace! Will that be enough?

[The referee orders him to cover but Wallace brushes off his shoulder as he gets to his feet, looking down at Jax...

...and leaps HIGH into the air, burying the point of his elbow down into the heart!]

GM: Incredible athleticism on display by Larry Wallace and he's got Jax in a bad way here in Memphis.

[Wallace pulls Jax off the mat by the arm, twisting it around before using it to fling him into the ropes. Wallace throws himself down at the feet of Jax, forcing him to hurdle over him on his way to the opposite ropes.]

GM: Jax off the ropes again...

[And this time, Wallace leaves his feet the other way, leaping high into the air, stretching out his legs at full extension...

...and BLASTS Jax squarely on the jaw with his feet, knocking him flat!]

GM: DROPKICK! What a beautiful dropkick that is!

BW: No, no, no. It's the BEST...DROPKICK... IN... THE WORLD!

GM: Perhaps it is but right now it's enough for Wallace to get the one... two... three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Larry Wallace with an impressive victory over Jimmy Jax but again, you have to think that Bobby O'Connor is lurking in the background, waiting for his chance to get his fists on that man's skull.

BW: Let him come. He's going to find out - along with the rest of the world - that Larry is exactly what he says he is... absolutely flawless!

GM: Give me a break. Let's go backstage where the other half of tonight's women's match is standing by!

[The camera cuts to the back where Colt Patterson stands with Charisma Knight, her upper half covered by a red hooded nylon track suit with the hood over her multicolored hair.]

CP: Colt Patterson here getting the scoop on Charisma Knight and her match tonight, but first Charisma, there's a lot of talk about the fast one you pulled on the Wilde Bunch two weeks ago.

[Knight smirks.]

CK: Fast one? You know Colt, I didn't have to lower myself to manipulation. But I had a problem, that hot head went and suggested a Mixed Tag match, and well, my go-to partners aren't here anymore.

CP: But why the Wilde Bunch?

CK: Because I'm a Type A personality Colt, you know something about that. I'm smart, I strategize, and the issue is finding people that will listen to what I tell them. They need it proven that I'm right. My Hounds understood that, and they listened. But I needed someone to deal with Next Gen for me, and I didn't have the time to find anyone who would be, let's say, inclined to do what I said, so I had to stoop to manipulating the two dimmest bulbs on the roster. And I got what I needed. Nothing personal, just business.

CP: I can understand that, but now you have Julie Somers one on one tonight, and people have been wondering, have you been ducking Somers?

[Knight laughs.]

CK: Ducking Somers? I duck no one, Colt. The time simply wasn't right for me to answer Julie's challenge. Like I've said, I have no personal animosity toward Julie Somers, at all. Sadly, she was in the wrong place at the wrong time in Vegas and I needed to get her out of the way to get to Cannon. So tonight, we face off. No partners, nothing but her and I one on one. Just because I may have a measure of respect for the woman, doesn't mean I'm not going to try to cave her face in, or snap her leg in half. After all, this is a competition, and we're building something bigger, and I need to get past Julie if I'm going to be able to pull Cannon out of hiding again.

CP: And that's what people have been wondering Charisma, what is the issue between you and Melissa Cannon?

CK: My issue is that Miss Centerpiece tried this game, twice, and failed, twice, to get interest in Women's Wrestling in the AWA, and now she wants to be center of attention now that there are actually real talented wrestlers under contract. And she did it by stealing something I've been after for years, and for that I'll never forgive her. I refuse to let this wannabe steal the spotlight away from those of us that have been slaving ourselves away while she sits in her comfy interviewer job waiting for talent to show up and carry her to stardom. It isn't happening while I breathe.

CP: Well, lastly, what is the endgame for you?

CK: The end game, Colt? What does everyone that gets in the ring nowadays want the most? I'll give you a hint, starts with an S, and happens in November. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to take care of business.

[Charisma steps off camera as it centers on Colt.]

CP: Well, you heard it here first - the inside scoop on the mind of Charisma Knight. Let's see Dane Tweet about that.

[Patterson smirks as we fade to black.]

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about

it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.

And as we come back up to live action, we're panning across the crowd in the FedEx Forum as Phil Watson begins to speak.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit... and is for the AWA World Television championship!

[The crowd responds with some cheers and boos as we cut to the ring where the ring announcer is working.]

PW: Already in the ring, at a weight of 243 pounds from Wheeling, West Virginia... he is HUUUUUUGH JENNNNNNNNNNERRRRRRRRRRRR!!!!

[There is polite applause for the old timer as he waves to the fans and his wife at ringside.]

BW: Awww... jeesh. This poor schlub thinks he won the Lotto.

GM: He has been given an AWA World Television title shot, Bucky. That's remarkable.

BW: No, it's not. It's a setup for a slaughter.

PW: And his opponent... weighing in at 244 pounds... from Halifax, Nova Scotia... he is the current and longest reigning AWA World Television champion... he is THE SENSATIONAL SHADOE RAAAAAAAAAAAGE!!!

V/O: CITIZENS OF RAGE COUNTRY! YOUR KING IS HERE!!!!

[The crowd boos vociferously as John Williams "Olympic Theme" plays over the PA system and the curtains part. Out strides the AWA World Television champion. He swaggers to the ring in a sleeveless lavender leather robe. The fuchsia and silver AWA World Television title is strapped around his waist. As always, he carries his microphone in hand.]

SR: And never fear... although the title defense at my record breaking, earth quaking, world celebrating 297th day as your AWA World Television champion was a nailbiter... Shadoe Rage is still your AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION! And tonight, on the 311th day, I shall not rest. Hugh Jenner is going to be put to the test!

GM: Shadoe Rage saying one thing that was true as he locks away the AWA World Television title. He was an eyelash away from being dethroned by Rex Summers last show.

BW: If that jealous goon Hernandez didn't stick his greasy nose into Rex Summers' business, the title would have been around the waist of the man with the best body in the AWA, that's for sure!

GM: Rex Summers, I'm sure, will not take that sitting down. But here we are, ready for action, Shadoe Rage versus Hugh Jenner. And the champion definitely being strategic about his defense here in not granting Rex Summers a rematch.

BW: Gordo, the champ faces who he wants when he wants. I'm sure he'll see Rex again, though, whether he wants to or not.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The match is underway. And Rage starts out lunging at Jenner, driving him back towards the corner. Rage feints and shadowboxes, keeping Jenner off balance.]

GM: The champion seems to be feeling out the challenger's speed and agility here.

BW: He knows he's faster than him. Jenner knows he's faster than him. Jenner's wife knows he's faster than him. We all know it. The champ is playing with his food right now, Gordo.

[Rage fakes a few more lunges, smiling as Jenner stumbles and flinches. Amused, Rage turns his back to Jenner to address his audience, jerking a thumb over his shoulder.]

"HE GOT NOTHING FOR ME!"

[Suddenly, the booing crowd cheers as Jenner rushes forward to go on the offensive.]

GM: Oh my, Hugh Jenner from behind peppering the champion with a series of forearm smashes!

BW: And Shadoe Rage surprised! Maybe Hugh can make this matchup look good!

[Jenner batters Rage into the corner where he winds up and connects with a big right hand.]

GM: Oh! Look at that haymaker by the challenger!

[He grabs the champ around the armpit and neck and the crowd pops in anticipation...]

GM: Biel throw coming up?

BW: You can't be serious!

[And Rage cuts him off with a stomp to the instep and a knee to the thigh.]

GM: Or not.

BW: Hahaha... so much for that big goof's dream.

[As Jenner winces, Rage surges out the corner to grab Jenner and tosses him corner to corner with the Irish whip. Jenner crashes into the buckles hard as Rage falls to the ground from the force he put behind the whip.]

GM: Rage put all he had into that whip, sending Hugh Jenner CRASHING into the corner turnbuckles. That's not an easy blow to absorb, Bucky.

BW: Those buckles may look soft but they're a thin layer of padding over solid steel. Hitting the corner like that shakes you from your follicles to your feet.

GM: Shadoe Rage up to his feet now. He charges in with a knee to the gut... and another!

BW: And that's a big target.

[Rage follows up with a series of elbows to the sagging Hugh Jenner and finishes up with a hard slap across the back of the head, forcing Jenner to slump to a knee as the referee reprimands him for the corner assault. Rage simply ignores him, backing off to point an angry finger at Jenner.]

"YOU CAN'T HAVE HER!"

[The boos rain down on Rage as he looks out at the fans, stretching out his arms and twirling around to show off his physique to the Memphis crowd.]

GM: And these fans are really behind Hugh Jenner here. Shadoe Rage has been totally dismissive of him so far.

BW: Jenner's a nice guy and all. I may not think much of him in the ring but I just don't want to see him hurt, Gordo. Rage gets some evil intentions when he gets his mind in that spot.

GM: And we're seeing it play out here, Bucky.

[Rage lifts Jenner's legs and wedges him between the ropes.]

GM: Speaking of evil intentions... what does he have in mind here?

[Rage steps up to the second rope, springing into the air...

...and DRIVES both knees down through Jenner's horizontal body. There's a loud whump as Jenner hits the mat.]

BW: That'll send you to the chiropractor.

GM: The referee pleading with Rage to just pin him now and be done.

[But Rage isn't done. He drags Jenner to the center of the ring and starts dropping the elbows.]

GM: Big elbows by the champion... three... four... five... and he keeps on going!

[After a ninth elbow is dropped to the chest, Rage scrambles back up, leaping high into the air to land a kneedrop to the heart!]

GM: OHHH!

[There's a shriek from the audience as Jenner's wife stands up, gripping the railing with white-knuckled fingers. The champion notices. Foregoing the cover, the champion climbs to his feet and saunters towards Mrs. Jenner.]

GM: Oh no!

[Rage hops out of the ring, slingshotting over the top rope to do so, landing on the floor, and approaches Jenner's wife.]

GM: Get that maniac away from her.

[Rage raises an angry finger, shouting at Mrs. Jenner.]

“YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD HIM TO STAY HOME AND HANG ON TO YOU! HE DOESN’T DESERVE BETTER THAN YOU! HE CAN’T HAVE HER! HE DOESN’T DESERVE HER! IF HE TRIES TO COME NEAR HER AGAIN ... I’LL ... I’LL”

[The champion stares through a tearful Mrs. Jenner with those insane eyes as the fans boo. He points to the AWA World Television title and then he points to her husband supine in the ring. Finally he drags his finger across his throat.]

“WATCH WHAT I DO TO HIM TONIGHT!”

GM: And Shadoc Rage deciding that this one is over?

BW: He’s going to make an example out of Jenner. Right in front of his wife.

[Rage springs onto the apron as Jenner tries to get to his feet.]

BW: Stay down, man! Please for the love of God stay down!

[But Jenner will not stay down, slowly starting to crawl to his feet as Rage climbs to the top rope.]

GM: Rage from the top!

BW: Death From Above!

[The champion sails off the top rope. The double axehandle hits the mark as the fans boo.]

GM: He got all of that!

[Rage, on his knees, smiles to himself as he looks down on Jenner’s flopping body.]

GM: But he’s getting back up. He’s not done!

BW: I hope everyone in that locker room is paying attention, Gordo. This is what happens when the World Television Champion decides to prove a point.

GM: Rage steps through the ropes, climbing back to the top, and I think we all know what comes next.

[Drawing himself to full height, Rage throws himself off the top rope and drops the elbow down into his heart. A three count later and thankfully the match is over.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: This one’s all over but the shouting... and thankfully at that. Phil Watson, make it official.

PW: Here is your winner...

[Rage interrupts Watson’s declaration as he swipes the microphone away from his hand.]

SR: And champion for the 311th day... ME!!!!

[The fans jeer the announcement. Rage doesn't seem to care, smiling to himself before continuing.]

SR: But my challenger this week wasn't up to par. So I promise you something great for my next title defense. SuperClash is coming up and to mark my one year anniversary as champion I have to find a worthy opponent.

So, two weeks from tonight in Tupelo, Mississippi... on my 325th day as champion... I am going to have a special title defense.

[The crowd is buzzing with anticipation of this announcement as Rage looks around to make sure everybody in the audience is paying attention.]

SR: I am going to take on my two top contenders to the AWA World Television title in a HANDICAP MATCH! And if either of them can pin me... they will earn the right to face me at SuperClash!

[The crowd roars as the idea sinks in!]

GM: Wow, Shadoe Rage with a big declaration!

BW: He's lost his mind... what little he had left of it! The top two challengers to the AWA World Television title? In a handicap match? He's gonna get his clock cleaned!

GM: I can't believe it! This crowd is stunned here in Memphis! As we inch closer to SuperClash and start finding out what we'll be seeing in Houston on Thanksgiving Night, it sounds like we just got a step closer to finding out who will challenge for the World Television Title that night! And coincidentally perhaps, you have to wonder if the subject of our next interview will be involved. Colt Patterson, take it away!

[We fade away from the ring to the AWA backstage interview area where the flashy Colt Paterson is standing by.]

CP: Myers handing off to me always reminds me of those days when I was in a tag team. My partner would be getting his butt kicked and he always looked to make the big tag to me to come and save him. Well, here I am, Myers... I got yer save right here. And to all those fans out there, it's about time for the unparalleled ace of the AWA staff to bring you all a thrill. That's right... the temperature is about to raise here in the FedEx Forum as I am being joined by every women's fantasy, "Red Hot" Rex Summers!

[And on cue, the always smug Rex Summers enters the interview area. Summers looks debonair in his gray dress slacks, pale purple dress shirt, which has the top two buttons undone and the sleeves neatly rolled up to the middle of the forearms and a pair of highly polished black dress shoes.]

CP: As always, it's a pleasure to have you as a guest for Colt on The X. But I will go on record saying I truly believed the next time you were standing next to me, you would have the AWA WORLD Television Championship wrapped around that chiseled waist of yours.

[Rex Summers does not look pleased at all that he is not currently the Television champion.]

RS: You're looking at the uncrowned Television champion Colt, "Red Hot" Rex Summers knows you know it, and each and every one of these Bluff City Baboons know it too!

[The crowd boos loudly after Rex calls them a bunch of baboons.]

RS: It's amazing how you all can boo Rex Summers with your faces jammed full of fried peanut butter and banana sandwiches. But the fact is Shadoe Rage is the luckiest man in the land. Right now, the ladies in the FedEx Forum should be swooning and taking a vivid mental picture of the first man to ever make fuchsia look stunning but instead...

[Summers pauses and runs his right hand over his well trimmed goatee.]

RS: Instead Colt, these lovely ladies have been denied that opportunity.

CP: If you look out into the crowd here tonight, you can see the tears in their eyes, Rex. And those tears are all thanks to Cesar Hernandez who crushed all their dreams two weeks ago.

["Red Hot" nods his head in agreement.]

RS: Hernandez is nothing more than a dream killer, Colt. For years he's been crushing the dreams of those closest to him, his dear sweet Isabella, and his children.

[Colt seems a bit surprised by this statement but Rex Summers seems intent on explaining himself.]

RS: You see Colt, when the AWA was in Las Vegas, the "Red Hot" one brightened the night of the ladies at the Cheetah Club by paying them a surprise visit. And no lady radiated joy more than Cesar's own Isabella.

CP: From the things Jack and Travis Lynch have said about her in the locker room...

RS: Colt, come on... you know you can't trust those Lynch boys. Isabella is a fine lady but don't get "Red Hot" wrong, if Isabella asked... Rex Summers would have shown her heaven on the top of the Stratosphere. But all Isabella wanted was a man to listen to her, a man to tell her she's beautiful... but more importantly she just wanted to be with a REAL man who doesn't reek of failure! She wanted to be with someone who didn't remind her of her husband!

Did you hear that, Cesar? She wants to be with a REAL MAN! A man who when they say they will do something, they do it! She doesn't want to be with a failure who lies, telling her how everything will get better. How it will only be another month or two that she'll have to perform... Cesar, she wants a man who can put bacon on the table.

[Summers pauses for a moment, a smug smile upon his face.]

RS: Instead she's trapped with you, Cesar. A liar and a cheat! A cheat who will do anything to keep a real man from winning championship gold.

CP: Including driving a foreign object right between your eyes.

RS: Exactly, Colt. If the former lap dog of the Lynches hadn't used that loaded right... a dirty trick probably taught to him by old man Lynch himself... Rex Summers would be the WORLD Television Champion. But no, Cesar couldn't stand to watch Shadoe Rage driven into the mat with a Heat Check. He couldn't stand watching as a feat he failed THREE TIMES to do was about to be accomplished.

But you know what he what drove him to the edge? What drove him to costing ME the WORLD Television Championship belt?

CP: I don't but I hope you intend to tell us all Rex.

[Rex looks at Colt for a second and smirks.]

RS: Of course I do, Colt. Cesar Hernandez hated Isabella opening up and spilling his family's darkest secrets and fears to me. Like the O'Connors and the Lynches, the Hernandezes try to portray being the perfect family but just like the Lynches, the O'Connors, and even the Shanes, the father is just low life scum!

CP: Some really harsh words for some of the most pandered-to families in this business.

RS: The truth hurts. Cesar, you now have my full attention and can bet in two weeks time when Kerry Kendrick and Rex Summers stand across the ring from Abaran and yourself, you will be in for the beating of a lifetime. You see Cesar, there's a game plan with Kerry.

CP: And what's that game plan?

RS: It's simple. We're going to put two thorns in our side down once and for all. And then Colt, Rex Summers will once again turn his attention to the WORLD Television Championship belt... I heard what you had to say just now, Rage. If you even DREAM of not giving me that shot at SuperClash, you better wake up and apologize.

[Summers puckers up, delivering a kiss in the direction of the camera lens as he strides out of view.]

CP: Rex Summers may not be making friends here in the AWA with his words but I don't get it. How can you not respect a man who tells the truth? Myers, Bucky... back to you!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...

"READY...HUT!"

["Jesus Walks" by Kanye West begins to play over the PA system as the crowd roars with a shocked reaction.]

BW: He's baaaaaaaack!

[The shocked reaction turns to boos as a small contingent of Team Supreme members in silver and red tracksuits, totaling only about a half dozen, steps through the curtain. They form two rows opposite of each other in the aisle...]

#(Jesus walk)

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

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

PW: ...hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana... he weighs in tonight at 225 pounds...

SUPREME WRIIIIIIIIIGHTTTTT!!!!

[... as the lights in the FedEx Forum then go completely dark and "Black Skinhead" begins to play, signifying the entrance of the former AWA World Heavyweight

champion, bringing the boos to a deafening crescendo! The champion is dressed in a black tracksuit with gold trim.]

GM: Returning from that knee injury at long last, the two-time former AWA World Champion is in the house!

[As he passes by his charges, Team Supreme follows him towards the ring. Supreme then steps through the ropes and into the ring, as the rest of Team Supreme stand on the outside in his corner. Wright hops around and throws shadow punches to loosen up as the houselights come back up.]

GM: And as the man who many have declared the greatest in-ring competitor in the world today gets ready for action, you have to wonder just who signed on to face him here tonight.

[Phil Watson sets the table.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Sporting some pretty generic rock music, someone emerges through the curtain, walking into view to a decent reaction.]

GM: It's Michael Weaver!

[It is indeed. The nephew of Patrick Weaver walks out in a tan two-strap singlet, black boots, and kneepads. He points down the aisle at Wright who gives no indication that he's seen - or cares - who his opponent is, still throwing shadow punches, knees, and kicks as Team Supreme looks on.]

PW: From Joplin, Missouri... weighing in at 242 pounds... MICHAEL WEEEEEEAVER!

[Weaver gives a fist pump, drawing cheers from the fans as he reaches the ring, grabbing the ropes and pulling himself up on the apron. He ducks through the ropes, again giving a fist pump.]

BW: Congrats, kid. You're about to become a note in the history books.

GM: What's that?

BW: "Who was the first victim on Supreme Wright's path back to the World Title?"

[Weaver grabs the top rope, tugging it a few times to stay loose as Supreme Wright leans over, hands on his thighs, staring a burning hole right through Weaver as the referee steps to the middle, gives some final instructions...

...and signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go!

[Weaver comes charging across the ring, leaping up to land a forearm smash, knocking Wright back against the turnbuckles to a big cheer. He rocks and fires, repeatedly throwing haymakers at the former World Champion's head!]

GM: WEAVER'S STARTING OUT STRONG!

BW: A smart strategy. He knows he can't stand one on one and WRESTLE Supreme Wright so turn it into a fight from the outset.

GM: And Wright might be suffering from ring rust from all the months he's been out injured. This is his first match since being medically cleared by Dr. Ponavitch.

[Weaver grabs Wright by the arm, whipping him across the ring and into the far buckles.]

GM: Wright hits the corner hard... and Weaver's coming in after him!

[The Missouri native comes charging across the ring, extending his arm for a clothesline...]

...but Wright simply leans back against the buckles, pushing up to raise a leg and causing his boot to jam into Weaver's shoulder socket!]

GM: Oh!

[Weaver spins away, grabbing at his shoulder as Wright stays on him, grabbing the wrist, twisting the arm, turning his back to Weaver...]

...and YANKS down on the limb, jamming the elbow into Wright's shoulder, attempting to snap the arm over his body.]

GM: Armbreaker by Wright!

[Keeping his grip on the arm, Wright spins around, burying a spinning back kick into the midsection. He steps over the arm, facing away from Weaver, and swings his heel up into the face!]

GM: Wright is a blur of seamless offense in there, going from one attack to the next without hesitation!

[He steps back out of the arm scissor, still holding the wrist as he lashes out with front kicks to the face of the doubled-up Weaver...]

GM: Supreme Wright is just dominating Michael Weaver! Kick after kick to the face!

[Wright pulls Weaver closer, planting his knee on the shoulder joint, and pushing down to SLAM Weaver's shoulder into the canvas!]

GM: Wright's kneeling on the shoulder, pulling the arm against the grain!

[And for good measure, the former World Champion grabs the fingers of Weaver, pulling backwards on them as the Missouri native cries out in pain.]

BW: There's that small joint manipulation that Wright is so famous for.

GM: You mean "infamous." There's no call for something like that. He's not going to beat Michael Weaver with that... he's just trying to injure him!

[Still kneeling on the arm, Wright effortlessly and smoothly spins his body so that he's facing the top of Weaver's head, yanking him up off the canvas...]

...and right into the same shoulder-mounted keylock he used on Jack Lynch two weeks ago!]

GM: The keylock is applied... and Weaver taps out instantly!

[The referee signals for the bell but Wright is relentless, hanging onto the arm, pulling and stretching the limb as the bell sounds repeatedly.]

GM: This is how he injured Jack Lynch so many months ago... and he's not letting go, fans! He's got that shoulder-mounted keylock... the old finishing maneuver of

his grandfather, Roosevelt Wright, and he's determined to snap the arm of Michael Weaver with it!

[Weaver screams in pain, slapping the mat as quickly as he can.]

BW: The match is over. Tapping out again doesn't help you, son!

GM: Get him off the man! The referee's shouting at Wright, trying to get him free.

BW: And that, Gordo, is why that man is a two time World Champion, and widely regarded as the greatest wrestler in the entire industry!

GM: Where you saw technical prowess, all I saw was sheer sadism!

BW: You say that like those two things are mutually exclusive. Every great champion has a killer instinct, not a nice guy instinct!

GM: Are you kidding me? Someone get in there and stop this!

[As if on cue, there's a sudden roar from the crowd, as a tall, lanky figure sprints down to ringside and enters the ring.]

GM: JACK LYNCH!! JACK LYNCH IS HERE!!

BW: Just like a damn Stench, stickin' his nose where it don't belong!

[Lynch dives under the bottom rope, coming up to a crouch and THROWS himself at Wright, tackling him off his friend Michael Weaver!]

GM: LYNCH TAKES HIM DOWN!

[The big Texan takes the mount, raining down rights and lefts as wildly and quickly as he can throw them, bouncing them off the skull of Wright as the former World Champion tries to cover up!]

GM: LYNCH IS POUNDING WRIGHT INTO THE CANVAS!

[The referee steps in again, trying to get Lynch to back off...

...and causes just a moment's hesitation, allowing Wright to reverse the mount, flipping Lynch over to all fours. Wright spins out, hooking a front facelock as he swings his knee up into the head of Lynch!]

GM: KNEES! KNEES TO THE HEAD!

[The big Texan gives a shout, lifting Wright off the mat as he climbs to his feet, charging him back against the ropes where Wright is able to get his feet back on the mat, dragging Lynch down into a crouch...

...where he SLAMS a well-placed knee right into the mouth!]

GM: OHHH!

[Lynch falls back to a knee as Wright dips back through the ropes, rolling out to the floor where Team Supreme quickly falls in around him.]

GM: Supreme Wright choosing the better part of valor!

[The former World Champion, surrounded by his track-suited minions, moves backwards, never taking his eyes off of Jack Lynch. When Wright has vanished from sight, Lynch motions to Phil Watson, demanding his microphone.]

JL: Wright...

[Lynch pauses, wiping blood from his lip with the back of his hand.]

JL: I ain't, by nature, a patient man.

So you can imagine how pissed off I am right now.

[The crowd cheers that comment as Lynch begins to pace back and forth in the ring.]

JL: First, ya made me sit at home with my damn arm in a sling, and I had to wait months for the doc to say I was back in fightin' shape.

And as much as I enjoyed puttin' ya in that chair, then I had to wait for your sorry ass to decide you could stand up like a man. And in the meantime, I had to content myself with kickin' the dog crap outta that Cain Jackson.

But I'm done waitin'.

I've asked. I've demanded, and I've had nothin' but excuses from ya. But no more Wright. I ain't hearin' one more excuse, and I ain't waitin' one more damn day.

Tonight, you and me, we settle this, right here in the ring.

[The crowd - most of them at least - cheer the idea of this. But...]

GM: What?! Jack Lynch already has a match scheduled for tonight. He and Bobby O'Connor are taking on Air Strike as part of the Stampede Cup tournament Semifinals!

BW: Just like a Stench, pickin' a fight with an innocent man and sellin' out his friends. You know how they say some people got more guts than brains? Well, a Stench has got no guts and even less brains!

[His challenge made, a determined Lynch tosses the microphone down and exits the ring, making determined strides towards the locker room.]

GM: I don't... what in the world is going to happen now?! Did Jack Lynch just get himself into a SECOND match here tonight? What does this mean? Fans, we've got to take a break and when we come back, hopefully we can get to the bottom of all this! Stick around 'cause we'll be right back!

[Fade to black on Lynch stalking up the aisle...]

...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 up to backstage where Jack Lynch is seen, once more pacing back and forth, both fists clenching and unclenching. An out of breath Mark Stegglet jogs into frame, pausing to catch his breath before speaking to the Iron Cowboy.]

MS: Mr. Lynch, you've laid out a challenge to Supreme Wright for tonight. But the question on everyone's mind is, how will this affect the match you're already scheduled for tonight? You and Bobby O'Connor will be taking on Air Strike for the right to enter the Stampede Cup Finals. As a former Stampede Cup winner, if anyone understands the prestige that comes with victory, it has to be you.

[Lynch stares hard at Stegglet for a long moment, before finally clearing his throat to answer.]

JL: Listen Mark, you ain't gotta tell me how important that Cup is. And let me promise ya somethin', I ain't runnin' out on Bobby. Bobby is just as much my brother as Jimmy or Trav.

But Supreme Wright is a piece of business that has to be settled, and I ain't never been someone to let somethin' fester. All the things that Wright's done demands an answer. And Mark? I aim to give him that answer tonight!

"There's one problem with that, partner."

[Jack whips his head to the left, as his partner "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor. For once, O'Connor doesn't even stop for a second to greet Stegglet.]

BOC: Your war is going to have to wait, Jack... we've got our Cup Semifinal tonight, and that's one opportunity we can't pass up just on the face of all your anger at Wright.

[Again, there's a long silence from the lanky Texan.]

JL: You sayin' you doubt me, Bobby?

[O'Connor stares at his partner with no reply.]

JL: Let me ask ya somethin' – what have I ever done to you to make ya think I'm gonna let you down? I said I'd be there tonight, and I'm damn well gonna be there tonight. I got enough in me to fight twice.

[O'Connor starts to answer, but before he can, he's cut off by a suddenly red faced Lynch.]

JL: And let me tell ya somethin' else, O'Connor. You got some damn nerve tellin' me to focus on business.

I wasn't on your ass when you were messin' around with Caleb Temple. And I didn't crawl all over your back when you were out there with Dave Bryant, messin' around with that damn Demetrius Lake and old man Graham.

You got just as much on your plate as me, and I ain't tuggin' on your elbow, talkin' about how you need to focus on Air Strike!

[Lynch is fuming mad as Stegglet moves the mic in front of Bobby O'Connor who looks a little surprised by his partner's outburst.]

BOC: No you aren't, but I haven't exactly been in a war with those two for weeks and weeks. I haven't thrown everything else in my life to the curb just to get my hands on them.

[O'Connor nods, staring intently at his partner.]

BOC: And I haven't let the fact that I darn near crippled a man still not deter me from all my hate.

[Lynch is still upset and is all set to respond when...]

"Sounds like you two are having a little lover's quarrel..."

[The camera pulls back to reveal "Flawless" Larry Wallace, dressed just as he was earlier tonight for his match with the addition of a white towel hanging around his neck.]

FLW: Hey, Bobby... if good ol' dependable Jack here won't be your partner tonight...

[Wallace grins, flashing some pretty white teeth.]

FLW: Maybe you and I can reunite! One night only! The Young Bloods back in business and in the Stampede Cup!

[Wallace spreads his arms, striking what is becoming his trademark pose. O'Connor angrily shakes his head.]

BOC: The only reunion I'm interested in is my fist and your face, Wallace! Get out of here or me and my partner will MAKE you leave!

[Wallace laughs, shaking his head as he heads off-screen. Bobby exhales deeply as he tries to regain his composure. He turns back towards Lynch.]

BOC: See, I didn't have to go running after him just because he tried to get under my skin. So I expect you to do the same and forget about Wright for tonight.

JL: That it then? That's what got ya got to say?

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: It is. Tonight is about taking care of business. Not your own personal grudges, Jack. BUSINESS.

[Lynch pauses, nodding his head defiantly.]

JL: Well, I guess that's it then. I'll see ya out there tonight...

[The last word is hissed out angrily.]

JL: ...partner.

[The members of The TexMo Connection exit, separately, leaving a bewildered Mark Stegglet alone...]

...and we cut to the announce position. To the left of Bucky and Gordon Myers sits a third man with bleached blond hair, a dark green Philadelphia Eagles jersey, and a persistent scowl.]

GM: A tense scene back in the locker room area between the TexMo Connection as they look to make it to the Stampede Cup Finals later on tonight.

KK: Nobody cares about that when they've got me on their television, Myers.

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: And quite obviously, we've been joined out here at ringside by Kerry Kendrick.

KK: Okay, listen up, Smokey and the Bandit, if you could do me a solid and give me some room to speak here, because I've been needing to get a few things off my chest.

[A brief bugle call blasts over the PA, and a snare drum follows with a long uninterrupted drum roll. The fans boo as a tall muscular man in a blue and grey camo mask and bodysuit strides through the curtain with an arrogant swagger in his step. He wears a military helmet in a color that matches the dominant color of his camo, with a long piece of camo fabric covering the sides and back of the neck. He also sports a dark tan leather bandoleer with many pouches. His boots are combat boots and his gloves are black and well-worn.]

PW: Introducing first... coming down the aisle... from a classified location... weight unknown...

...ULTRA... COMMANDO... THREE!

[The crowd continues to boo as the Commando marches on down at his own pace, moving with a bearing that suggests extreme confidence. He points threateningly to a fan waving an American flag before stepping through the ropes and into the ring. Moving straight to the referee, Ultra Commando III starts giving the referee instructions.]

GM: Ultra Commando 3 has been keeping a low profile these past few weeks. He made a cameo last month in the Crockett in a Battle Royal, but it seems he's been spinning his wheels.

KK: You'd think that someone who was six-foot-six like him would find some traction in this promotion, but the sad fact of life is he's just a mask in the crowd, so I guess that says something about his relative skills as a wrestler, doesn't it?

[After finishing with the referee, the Commando slowly begins to divest himself of the bandoleer as the drumroll fades.]

GM: [trying to change the subject] Well, it is probably easy to deduce why you are out here, Mr. Kendrick, given who the Commando's opponent is.

[The opening to "Nomad" by Santana starts to play over the PA.]

PW: And his opponent... about to make his way down the aisle... accompanied by Cesar Hernandez... from Montemorelos, Mexico... weighing in at 209 pounds... CASPIAN ABARAN!

[The crowd cheers as the music builds. When the famous guitar of Santana begins to play about fifteen seconds in, Caspian Abaran splits the curtain and jogs out to the approval of the crowd, followed a few feet behind by Cesar Hernandez. 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. Hernandez claps his hands and shouts encouragement.]

BW: And here come two grinning suckups. Kerry, you and "Red Hot" Rex Summers have to be looking for some form of comeuppance against these two.

KK: Oh good, Abaran brought his backup with him... Just in case he decides to blindside me again and gets his ass stomped—

[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. He pauses and eyes up Kendrick at the commentary position. Hernandez seems to act as a calming influence, keeping Abaran focused on the match at hand.]

GM: Mr. Kendrick, we've been told that you need to watch your language out here...

KK: I know! There are certain things that I am not allowed to say on The X, so I'm going to do the AWA and all the boys in the truck a favor and do my best to self-censor.

GM: Thank you.

KK: I'm going to do what I've always expected to do, and I'm going to play my part.

[The bell rings, Hernandez hops down to the floor, and Abaran begins circling UC3.]

GM: Caspian Abaran, the young man from Mexico, seemingly being mentored by Cesar Hernandez. Ultra Commando with a definite size advantage in this one...

[The lumbering big man comes charging in with a clothesline as Abaran ducks underneath it, rushing to the ropes. He bounces off...]

GM: Commando looking for a clothesline again... nobody home for that—

KK: [interrupting] What I want to know is why Abaran keeps getting opportunity after opportunity and keeps failing, and that slug in camouflage gets opportunities

that should be MINE. Why are these two making my money? Why do I have to sit in on commentary? It's bul—it's bogus.

[As both Myers and Bucky sit in silence, trying to keep from engaging Kendrick, Abaran rebounds off the ropes again with a crossbody, only to be caught by UC3.]

BW: Dumb move, Abaran! When you're an Ultra Commando, everything looks like a projectile!

GM: Ultra Commando 3 caught him in mid-air, holding him there, showing off his strength... OHHH!

[The large masked man brings Abaran down HARD across his knee in a wicked backbreaker!]

GM: Oh my! His knee went straight up into his kidneys!

BW: Hernandez is not doing a very good job of lending this pup his experience! He should be warning him about going high risk so early. That's a dumb, dumb, dumb move against a big man like Ultra Commando.

GM: Cesar Hernandez, you see him there looking on as Ultra Commando locks in a shoulder claw trying to slow this young man from Mexico down.

KK: You want to talk about experience? Rex Summers and myself, we have pooled just as much experience as Hernandez and Abaran combined, only apparently, the AWA feels that they need to convince us how capable those two Mexicans are, when they should be focussing on the home grown talent.

GM: Are you saying that agree with Rex Summers' views?

KK: Don't put words in my mouth, Myers!

BW: Yeah!

KK: This is nothing to do with nationality, and everything to do with me being a company loyalist, and Rex Summers being a former National Champion. The AWA is giving the lion's share of promotion to two fly-by-night flashes in the pan.

BW: Hey, speaking of lions!

[The fans buzz as Dave Cooper appears down the entrance aisle, watching the action from a distance.]

GM: The Professional looks to be still recruiting for the new Lion's Den. Abaran and Ultra Commando 3 both could make ideal candidates.

BW: Hey, maybe Cooper wants to recruit you, Kerry!

KK: Bucky, after Marcus Broussard, and Jackson Hunter, and just about every shark trying to get 20% of my action, I've decided that I've had it with so-called mentors. I'm my own man, now, and I'm doing things my way.

[Hernandez is pounding the apron, trying to rally Abaran to power out of Commando's shoulder claw. Abaran shakes his fist.]

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

GM: Ultra Commando slowing the pace down a bit, but Abaran is rallying back... elbow to the abdomen forces Commando to break the hold...

[The Commando staggers back as Abaran moves quickly, throwing a knife edge chop across the chest. A second one connects as well but the bigger man doesn't seem affected.]

BW: No effect!

GM: Abaran grabs the arm, Irish whip!

[But the Commando doesn't budge, shaking his head at his smaller opponent.]

BW: See? That's what Hernandez will teach you.

GM: Commando reverses... Abaran holds on—OH MY! Picture perfect Mexican armdrag takes Ultra Commando down! A smart tactic after all for Caspian Abaran to use the big man's strength against him!

[Commando scrambles to his feet, but Abaran is quicker.]

GM: Standing dropkick, and Commando goes over the ropes to the floor, right out in front of us!

BW: Clear out, guys!

KK: You had better not come near me again, Abaran!

[Caspian Abaran is already on the ring apron; he takes a few steps of a run and somersaults into Ultra Commando, sending both to the ground. Abaran rolls to his feet quickly.]

BW: Oh, it's combustible out here...

GM: Mr. Kendrick, remember you're here for commentary purposes...

[Kendrick and Abaran have locked eyes. Cesar Hernandez quickly intercedes, keeping Abaran focused on his current opponent, who is crawling back into the ring.]

GM: Cesar Hernandez, reminding Caspian Abaran to stay focused on his opposition...

[As the distracted Abaran rolls in, he gets caught by a stomp to the back from Ultra Commando. The camera briefly cuts to Dave Cooper, who briefly nods.]

BW: [dryly] Oh yeah, Gordo; he's doing such a great job of that. Kerry, why do you think the AWA thinks these two jokers are anywhere near you or "Red Hot's" league?

KK: It's not a matter of them being in our league, because they are not; take a look at the people who are watching this match. Lots of girls and lots of kids are into the act of Caspian Abaran. Look at them wringing their hands and look at their lips quivering. They want to see this little greaseball mount his Cinderella comeback against this big camouflaged stiff. On a strictly level playing field, the sad fact of life is that neither Abaran nor Hernandez could not hold my jock, or Rex Summers' jock. We are the Heart and Soul of the AWA, whether you like it or not.

GM: And Ultra Commando has got Caspian Abaran right where he wants him. A huge military press slam from the Commando, just flexing his muscles.

BW: And more to Kerry Kendrick's point, Abaran sure doesn't look like he belongs out here. The Professional's gotta be impressed by Commando's work.

GM: Commando's not following up though. He's giving Caspian Abaran time to recover.

KK: I have no problem with Caspian Abaran facing Ultra Commando, because to me, they are on the same tier. But to put this on The X, when I could be in that ring giving the AWA fans magic in there... instead I'm sitting out here with my thumb up my—my...

[Kendrick tails off, self-censoring. Commando peels Abaran off the mat and locks in a side rear waistlock as Hernandez pounds the ring apron. The camera briefly cuts to Dave Cooper, hand pressed to his chin, nodding.]

GM: Ultra Commando 3, possible looking for his Bunker Buster powerbomb, picks Abaran up—ABARAN SPINS OUT!

[And on the way down, he grabs two hands full of mask, spinning through the air and DRIVING the Commando maskfirst into the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! Abaran was playing possum there perhaps.

[The luchador dashes to the ropes, throwing himself into them with a handspring, bouncing back into a moonsault!]

GM: OHH! What athleticism! What grace! The big guy is down and-

[A quick cover ends when the Commando kicks out at two.]

GM: Two count only but these Memphis fans are solidly behind Caspian Abaran!

KK: Listen the tone of these cheers! Teenage girls and little kids who know don't know any better!

BW: And Dave Cooper's seen enough, I think.

[Cooper nods again, turns around and walks back up the aisle.]

GM: That's true, Dave Cooper's had a mighty solid poker face as an expression throughout this match, and he's seen enough—Abaran is looking to finish! He's locking in that Throne of the Sun and—hey!

[As Abaran attempts to secure his signature submission hold, Rex Summers comes flying into view from the aisleway, blindsiding Cesar Hernandez.]

GM: Rex Summers! What the heck is-

[With an audible “clunk,” a headset is thrown down.]

GM: Where the heck are YOU going?!

[Summers quickly snares a double underhook on his veteran rival, twisting him away from the ring...

...and DRIVES him skullfirst into the thinly-padded floor with the Heat Check DDT!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: HEAT CHECK!

GM: He hit that on the floor! Hernandez is out!

[With Hernandez disposed of, Kerry Kendrick pulls himself up on the apron, drawing Caspian Abaran's attention as he gives up on securing his submission hold, pushing his way past the referee who is trying to talk Kerry Kendrick down from the ring.]

GM: Kendrick's on the apron arguing with the referee and-

[The crowd ROARS as Abaran lands a well-placed right hand, knocking Kendrick down on the apron. The referee steps in, forcing Abaran back as he kneels to check on Kendrick.]

GM: Kendrick got dropped! Kendrick is down, Hernandez is down, Summers has cleared the scene already and- WAIT A SECOND! Who is THAT?!

[Another figure in a baggy orange hoodie and jeans, face and head obscured by a bandana, aviator sunglasses and baseball cap has snuck into the ring with a baseball bat.]

GM: Look out!

[With the referee's back turned, the mystery assailant swings the bat across Abaran's lower back and rolls out quickly.]

GM: Ahhh! Referee, turn around!

[Abaran drops to his knees, back in agony as the larger masked man approaches. Kerry Kendrick rushes to the side of the bat-wielding mystery assailant, taking them by the arm and quickly escaping the scene.]

BW: Hey, Kendrick said he'd be taking his security in his own hands! Abaran laid his hands on him, so I guess that's his security!

GM: Security?! It's another damn thug, Bucky!

[With Abaran hurting, Ultra Commando 3 pulls him off the mat...

...and LEVELS him with a monstrosly malicious standing lariat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big clothesline... and that might do it, fans!

[With Hernandez prone on the floor, the Commando covers, not even bothering to hook a leg on the flattened Abaran as the referee counts three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Ultra Commando 3 scores a victory over Caspian Abaran but I've gotta say, fans, this felt less like a match and more like an organized mugging of Caspian Abaran and Cesar Hernandez by "Red Hot" Rex Summers, Kerry Kendrick, and this... thug with a ball bat!

BW: We've got bodies everywhere, daddy! Hernandez is laid out! Abaran is laid out!

GM: And I'm concerned about Cesar Hernandez - VERY concerned. That Heat Check DDT is absolutely devastating INSIDE the ring... out on the floor, the results could be disastrous. He might've just been taken out of that tag match two weeks from tonight and I'm not at all sure that wasn't Rex Summers' intent, Bucky!

BW: Hernandez got lucky that Summers was nice enough to drop him on that thin padding covering the floor. Can you imagine what that would've done on the unprotected concrete? He would've cracked his melon wide open!

GM: Thank heavens that didn't happen... and what about this bat-wielding thug that Kerry Kendrick seems to be aligned with?!

BW: Hey, he said that he needed protection from the likes of Abaran and if the AWA couldn't provide it, he was going to make sure it happened himself!

GM: Unbelievable. You've got an answer for everything. Fans, we've got medical personnel on their way out here to check on the condition of both Hernandez and Abaran but right now, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by with one of the participants in our next matchup!

[We cut to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside the AWA's newest superstar, Allen Allen.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon... a terrible scene unfolding out there at ringside right now but Allen Allen, as you get set to head out to the ring, you've got your own visions of what might happen here tonight.

[Allen Allen, who was nodding his head all the while, suddenly stops.]

AA: Vision? Like one of those fortune tellers?

MS: No, no... that's not what I-

AA: Did YOU have a vision, Mark? Is something bad going to happen?

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: I certainly didn't have a vision. I was just referring to your dream you told me about.

[Allen slaps his own forehead.]

AA: Ohhh, my dream. Yeah.

[Awkward silence.]

MS: Sooooooooooooo?

AA: Huh? Oh, right. I had a dream, Mark. I had a dream about this night. It was two nights ago. I'd tucked little Alan into bed and he was asking about this match. He's worried about his old man, you know? Worried that I'm in over my head against Sadisuto. I told him everything would be alright, you know? I'm not sure he believed me. I've told him that before and taken some pretty bad beatings.

My wife asked the same question. She's seen more beatings than he has. I told her I'd be fine. She gave me that look... you know, she's got that look...

[He does his level best to imitate "that look" to little success.]

AA: So, I was in a bit of a huff when I went to bed... a little upset that no one believed in me. I fell asleep pretty quick and when I did... I had a dream. It was a beautiful sunny day... just like today. The fans were jammed into the building... just like today. I got into that ring to face Sadisuto... just like today.

And I ain't gonna lie, Mark... he beat me up a little... but I beat him up more!

[He fistpumps on "more!"]

AA: And I was the one who got my hand raised!

MS: A nice dream, Allen... but tonight you face the reality of the situation. You face a very dangerous competitor in Mr. Sadisuto.

[Allen nods.]

AA: No doubt, no doubt. But if professional wrestling has taught me anything... and it's taught me a lot, Mark... but if it's taught me anything... it's taught me that a guy can go from getting his butt kicked night in and night out to being someone worthy of being called an AWA superstar... to being someone that kids cheer for and wait after the show for a picture or an autograph... to being someone the fans actually care about.

It's taught me that dreams... dreams do come true.

[Allen flips his hair much as he's done for years, cracking a grin before walking out of sight.]

MS: Allen Allen looking to make his dreams come true here tonight in Memphis... but Mr. Sadisuto, to some, is simply a walking nightmare. Gordon, Bucky... back to you at ringside!

[Cut back to Gordon and Bucky sitting at ringside.]

GM: Thanks, Mark... Allen Allen getting set for action here in Memphis and as we saw two weeks ago, that young man stated he wanted to prove his win over Mr. Sadisuto was not a fluke, that he's finally turned a corner here in the AWA...

BW: And that challenge was accepted with gusto, daddy, as Mr. Sadisuto drove a wooden cane to the skull of Allen Allen. I'm telling you, Gordo, Allen Allen is in for a world of hurt tonight. We've all seen the damage that man from the Orient can cause.

GM: You are right about that, Bucky. Ryan Martinez still has not recovered from the shoulder injury Mr. Sadisuto inflicted on him over a year ago. Honestly, I'm not sure he ever will.

BW: Mr. Sadisuto left his mark on the leader of the dumb kids and I get the feeling he's looking to leave a mark on Allen Allen as well.

GM: Fans, let's go to the ring for what promises to be a good one!

[Cut to the ring to Phil Watson.]

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

ALLEN ALLLLLLLLLLLENNNNNN!

["Good Time" by Owl City and Carly Rae Jepsen breaks out over the PA system. Come on, everybody... sing along!]

GM: Hey, listen to that... Allen Allen got some entrance music!

BW: What is this aural garbage?

GM: Don't be that way! The fans are loving it!

[Allen Allen comes jogging into view, wearing a silver duster with his name written on the back in red glittering script. He's wearing red trunks and white boots, slapping all the offered hands he can reach.]

GM: You talk about a young man who is loving life these days... Allen Allen has really been embraced by the fans since his upset victory over Mr. Sadisuto and he's loving every second of it. He's been to countless public appearances, signing autographs, taking pictures... he's been hit with a dose of stardom and he's taking advantage of it.

[Allen reaches the ring, pulling himself up on the apron, pointing to the fans before he ducks through the ropes. He removes his duster, handing it over the ropes to an attendant as he gives a big thumbs up to the cheering fans.]

BW: People love an underdog, I guess, and we've never seen a bigger underdog than Allen Allen.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The distinctive strings of the koto are heard over the PA. The Japanese stringed instrument plays the traditional folk melody "Sakura Sakura" unaccompanied as the fans boo.]

PW: From Tokyo, Japan... weighing in at 251 pounds...
MISTERRRRRR SAAAAADIIISUUUUUTOOOOOO!

[From the back, the short, pudgy, unassuming form of Mr. Sadisuto enters the ring area. He smiles widely as if the fans were cheering him, and bows gracefully. Then he marches to the ring, idly stretching his arms and taking a few warm-up swipes into the air at an almost leisurely pace. Mr. Sadisuto is a middle-aged Japanese man with slick black hair, a thin mustache and Fu Manchu beard, and bushy black eyebrows. He wears midnight-blue full length tights with the Japanese flag on the waistband and "NIPPON" written down the sides in red and white. He wrestles barefoot, with some athletic tape for ankle support. His wrists and fingers are also heavily taped.]

BW: Mr. Sadisuto was embarrassed by Allen Allen in Las Vegas when he stole a victory.

GM: Stole? Allen Allen won that match with a clean pinfall in the middle of the ring. But I have to agree Mr. Sadisuto hasn't taken that loss well at all and you better believe, he'll be out to exact some physical payback in this one.

[Upon reaching ringside, Mr. Sadisuto climbs the steps, turns to the crowd, and bows again to the fans.]

GM: Sadisuto taking his time...

BW: Like he does in the ring. I hope Allen Allen isn't looking for a quick payday tonight because he's going to earn every single cent of the loser's share of the purse, Gordo.

GM: Sadisuto finally settling in and it looks like we're about to get this one underwa...

[Gordon trails off and the referee is just about to signal for the bell when the sounds of a drum being struck twice fills the air.]

GM: What the?

[The opening guitar of "The Ghoul" by Pentagram kicks in before the lights in the arena fade and a spotlight shines upon the entrance way.]

GM: What is this all about?

BW: Did the FedEx Forum forget to pay the electric bill?

GM: I'm don't think that's the issue, Bucky.

[The fog slowly begins to form along the aisleway and from the entrance way, two brutes emerge. They are nearly identical in height and size and walk with a purpose.]

GM: We've got a presence in the aisle... who are these two men and what in the world are they doing out here?

[The men are clad in black studded leather vests, black armbands with half inch silver spikes covering nearly every inch of them, full length black wrestling tights with silver waistbands and black wrestling boots. Their faces are covered by white masks, which have a red circle in the center of them.]

BW: I'm not about to ask two men dressed in leather and spikes what they are doing. Send Sweet Lou to do it!

[In the ring, Mr. Sadisuto takes a step backwards and casts a wary look towards Allen Allen, pointing at the two men making their way to the ring.]

GM: Sadisuto looks concerned at this situation... and I don't blame him for that! Look at the size of these guys!

[Allen Allen points at the two men as well, shouting at the referee who shakes his head, shrugging as he steps towards the ropes, trying to impede the path of the two newcomers.]

BW: This referee is not the brightest crayon in the box!

[The referee suddenly takes a step back, shaking his head as the two brutes climb up on the ring apron, their masked heads looking towards Allen and Sadisuto.]

GM: I don't like the looks of this... and neither does Allen Allen by the looks of him. He looks quite concerned.

BW: Wouldn't you be, Gordo? That's quite the intimidating sight staring right in at you. The spikes... the masks... the size... and this music is giving me the creeps.

[Allen approaches Sadisuto, pointing at the two men.]

GM: Allen Allen looks like he's trying to make a deal... he's talking to his former tag team partner, telling him that they need to work together to survive this...

[Sadisuto nods, balling up his fists and standing side-by-side with Allen as the crowd cheers this show of solidarity as the two brutes enter the ring...]

GM: If these two guys thought they were going to mow down someone and make a name for themselves, they may have picked on the wrong duo, Bucky!

BW: I don't know about that but it looks like Allen and Sadisuto are gonna give 'em a fight at least!

[With the fans cheering, Allen Allen decides to not wait any longer, giving a shout to Sadisuto as he rushes forward, throwing a wild haymaker to the jaw of one of the men staring at him...]

...a blow that seems to have no effect. Mr. Sadisuto, eyes wide, is standing a few steps behind Allen, stunned at what he just saw.]

BW: No effect! No effect!

[Allen turns to encourage Sadisuto to help...]

...and gets FLATTENED with a savate kick from Mr. Sadisuto!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHH! COME ON!

[Allen collapses to the mat in a heap at the feet of the two brutes inside the ring. A cackling Sadisuto nods approvingly of his actions...]

...and then points down at Allen to the two masked men.]

GM: What the...?! Are you kidding me?!

[With Allen down on the mat, the two brutes take turns with double axehandles, hammering Allen Allen into the canvas as the FedEx Forum lets them have it and Mr. Sadisuto looks on with an approving nod and cackle.]

GM: This was a setup! Mr. Sadisuto is somehow aligned with these two beasts!

[The fans in the Fedex Forum are booing loudly as the brutes both stomp the back of Allen.]

BW: Allen Allen is being pounded flat like a piece of chicken by these two men and Mr. Sadisuto is enjoying every second of it!

[Mr. Sadisuto smiles as he watches these two men just devastate the helpless Allen Allen.]

GM: What a sick piece of garbage this guy is! Sadisuto knew he couldn't compete with Allen one-on-one and THIS is what he's sunk to to get even?!

BW: I wouldn't go that far, Gordo. But why do the dirty work yourself when you can hire it out?

GM: Spoken like only you can say.

[One of the masked men reaches down, grabbing Allen by his shoulder-length hair, forcibly dragging him to his feet...]

...and SNAPS his head back with a vicious uppercut under the jaw, sending Allen falling back into the ropes.]

They both stand to their feet and one of them reaches down and grabs Allen by the hair, forcibly dragging him to his feet.]

BW: Did you see his head snap back, Gordo? He may be checking into the hospital for whiplash after that.

GM: My concern is that they're still not done...

[Grabbing the arm, the masked man shoots Allen across the ring, sending him bouncing off the ropes where he drops to a knee and BURIES a right hand into the midsection of the former enhancement talent.]

GM: He goes downstairs and-

[A running kneelift from the other snaps Allen back, dumping him back down to the canvas in a heap as Sadisuto stands over Allen, taunting him from a standing position.]

GM: Allen Allen is just getting beaten to a pulp by these two hulking behemoths and now he's gotta put up with Mr. Sadisuto talking trash! The ultimate insult to injury!

[Sadisuto isn't finished though, waving for more as the duo pulls a limp Allen Allen off the canvas...

...and CRUSH his skull between theirs with a stereo headbutt! The crowd groans as the spikes on the hoods of the masked men are driven into the sides of Allen's head before he slumps back down to the mat.]

GM: Those spikes were driven right into his head!

BW: Luckily, they don't look too sharp.

GM: They're SPIKES! Any degree of sharpness is too sharp for a pro wrestling ring!

[With Allen at their feet and the crowd jeering, the masked duo slowly turn to look to Sadisuto who aggressively points to the corner with a heavily accented "FINNNNNISSSH!"]

GM: What else?! What else could they possibly do to this young man?!

BW: You really want to ask that?

GM: Probably not. He's been pulled up, dragged over to the corner now... and I don't know who these two men are, Bucky, but it's obvious that Mr. Sadisuto is the one calling the shots.

[With Allen being held up by the hair, one of the masked man climbs up, sitting down on the top turnbuckle as the other man lifts Allen up for a belly to back suplex, depositing him sitting on the first man's shoulders...]

GM: Oh my god! Oh my god!

[Sadisuto nods, shouting something in Japanese as the man on the ropes stands tall, holding a defenseless Allen Allen in powerbomb position...]

GM: Don't do it! For the love of...

[...and leaps off the second rope, DRIVING Allen down to the canvas with a thunderous Super Powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Having landed on his feet, the masked man looks stoically out on the jeering crowd as his partner steps over to join him - both men standing over the motionless Allen Allen as a cackling Sadisuto steps between them, lifting their arms triumphantly to even more boos from the Memphis crowd!]

GM: I... good grief.

BW: Allen's done for, Gordo. He's spending the night in a Memphis hospital.

GM: I'm afraid you're right... and I can only hope that young Alan isn't watching at home tonight. Fans... let's get out of here... let's go to break.

[The fans are still booing the standing trio inside the ring as we slowly 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 of The Rave cruising into the Los Angeles Sports Arena in the confines of a silver DeLorean!]

#Guess who just got back today?#

[Jerby Jezz comes leaping off the middle rope, aiming to double stomp Gunnar Gaines when Ryan Martinez SPEARS him out of the sky!]

#Those wild-eyed boys that had been away#

[Giant Aso and MAMMOTH Maximus square off in the middle of the ring, hooking in a loose tieup, and just beating the holy hell out of each other in the center of the ring!]

#Haven't changed, haven't much to say#

[Skywalker Jones comes soaring off the top rope with a Shooting Star Press aimed right at the prone November who raises his knees at the last moment to win Steal The Spotlight!]

#But man, I still think them cats are great#

[With Calisto Dufresne draped over his shoulder, Juan Vasquez DROPS him on the back of his head with the City of Angels on the wooden ramp!]

#They were asking if you were around#

[Joe Petrow SLAMS a steel-chain wrapped fist into the forehead of a trapped "Big" Jim Watkins!]

#How you was, where you could be found#

[Robert Donovan turns on Jack Lynch after they failed to win the tag team titles, flattening him with a gutwrench powerbomb.]

#I told them you were living downtown#

[With the ring surrounded by barbed wire, Alex Martinez drags William Craven's head back and forth across the skin-tearing metal.]

#Driving all the old men crazy#

[With Dave Bryant hanging in the tree of woe, Glenn Hudson baseball slide dropkicks a ladder into his face!]

#The boys are back in town#

[It's Main Event time as challenger Supreme Wright stares down World Champion James Monosso in the center of the ring, ready for war...]

#The boys are back in toooooooown#

[Monosso drops the King Kong kneedrop for a near fall but Wright counters into a crucifix, unloading with brutal elbowstrikes to the temple!]

#The boys are back in town#

[The final shot is of Monosso trapping the arms, lifting his young challenger into the air, and driving him down with a makeshift Billion Dollar Bomb as the crowd goes wild.]

#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 - 54 days"... and we fade to black...

...and then back up to live action where we find Phil Watson standing in the middle of the ring.]

PW: The following contest is a six man tag team contest 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 772 pounds... the team of Grant Porter, Sly Sutter, and Marty Olson!

[Very little reaction for the trio.]

PW: And their opponents...

[There's a momentary pause, the crowd buzzing with anticipation...

...a buzz that turns into a ROAR as the lights drop, midnight blue spotlights swirling around the FedEx Forum as the sounds of snarling and barking dogs are heard.]

GM: Uh oh!

[The sound of the dogs change to "War Machine" by KISS as the spotlights land on three men heading towards the ring.]

PW: PEDRO PEREZ... ISAIAH CARPENTER... WADE WALKER...

THE DOGS... OF... WAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRR!

[The trio are striding through the crowd, walking with purpose as they head towards the ring.]

GM: The Dogs of War - appropriately named these days as it appears as though they are set on a collision course with the group that we coined the James Gang.

BW: The Dogs gave them the chance to back off... but I don't think James, Taylor, and Donovan... or Lau for that matter... are about to back off of anything. This is a battle between two packs of alpha males and there may be room for only one of them in this company, Gordo.

[Carpenter is the first one over the railing, heading for the ring as Pedro Perez and Wade Walker stop at ringside, huddling up for a moment. Walker nods approvingly as Perez tries to fire him up, slapping him across the face a few times before pointing him towards the ring. Walker slides under the bottom rope...

...and rushes across the ring, leaping up to BLAST Sly Sutter with a roundhouse punch that sends him through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OH! Leaping right hand by Walker!

[Isaiah Carpenter rushes forward, burying a knee into the gut of Marty Olson as Pedro Perez storms towards Porter, ducking down to hook him around the torso, forcing him back into the corner.]

GM: The Dogs have struck! Perez in one corner! Carpenter against the ropes! Walker is heading out to the floor, going after Sutter...

[Walker pulls Sly Sutter off the ringside mats, dragging him up by the hair...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WALKER PUTS SUTTER INTO THE STEEL!

[Inside the ring, Pedro Perez has straightened up, throwing rapid-fire forearms to the jaw of Grant Porter while Carpenter shoves Olson through the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Grant Porter's all alone inside the ring with the Dogs of War!

[Perez whips Porter across, throwing himself down in referee's position near the corner as Carpenter storms across, leaping off the downed Perez' back, driving his knee up into the jaw of Porter!]

GM: OHH! Flying knee by Carpenter!

[Carpenter sails over the top rope, managing to hang on to it and land on the apron as Perez gets up, dragging Porter towards him. He hooks a loose side headlock, pressing Porter's face down on the top rope, dragging it down the length of the rope.]

BW: Ahhh! That's how you end up with a serious case of rope burn.

GM: Pedro Perez... Junior to be precise. A second generation star out of Puerto Rico where he learned much of what he brings to the game in 2015.

[Perez grabs him by the hair, flinging him into the corner where he slaps the hand of Wade Walker.]

GM: Tag is made! In comes the big man!

[Walker grabs Porter by the hair with his left hand, throwing a barrage of hard rights to the temple, leaving Porter staggered as Walker plants a boot into the midsection, dragging him out in a front facelock. He slings the arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: Walker's got him hooked... suplex!

[But Walker lunges forward, dropping Porter gutfirst across the top rope, leaving him sucking wind as Walker dashes to the ropes, running back with a big boot to the temple, sending Porter spinning off the apron and crashing down to the floor below!]

GM: Porter goes down hard to the floor!

BW: We've got bodies all over the place out here! The Dogs are on a mission here tonight, Gordo!

GM: They're out to send a message to that entire locker room... and especially to the so-called James Gang!

[Walker reaches out, slapping the hand of Isaiah Carpenter.]

GM: Tag!

[Carpenter slips through the ropes, dashing across the ring, bouncing off the ropes towards Walker...

...who ducks down, backdropping his own partner over the top to wipe out a rising Porter with a somersault plancha!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Incredible teamwork by the Dogs of War and whenever... wherever that the Dogs and the James Gang collide, you have to believe that the Dogs will hold a definite edge in the teamwork department.

[Carpenter pulls Porter off the ringside mats, rolling him back under the ropes inside the ring before pulling himself back up on the apron... waiting... waiting...]

GM: Grant Porter trying to get back to his feet...

[But as he gets to a knee, Carpenter leaps into the air, springing off the top...

...and DRIVING both feet into the chest of the kneeling Porter, wiping him out with an impactful dropkick!]

GM: Another high impact shot out of Isaiah Carpenter and he's got Porter sucking wind down on the canvas.

BW: He might've cracked his sternum with that dropkick... that was something else.

[Carpenter watches as Porter crawls across the ring, making a tag to Marty Olson. The Connecticut native rushes the corner, smashing a forearm to the temple of Olson, knocking him down to a knee.]

GM: Oh, come on! Let the guy in!

[Carpenter reaches over the top, hooking him under the arm, flipping Olson over the ropes and down to the mat with a hiptoss. He grabs the top rope, viciously stomping Olson over and over again to a mixed reaction from the crowd.]

GM: The Dogs of War are showing their vicious side here tonight.

BW: Nobody said they wore white hats, Gordo. They ain't the good guys.

[Carpenter drags Olson off the mat, whipping him across into the Dogs' corner. He starts to go in after him but the referee cuts him off, pushing him back...

...which allows the ever-violent Pedro Perez to loop the tag rope around Olson's throat, throttling him viciously with it.]

GM: Perez is choking him!

[The referee starts to turn just when Perez lets go, allowing Olson to slump down to a seated position against the turnbuckles. Perez lifts his arms, taking some verbal accusations from the referee...

...which allows Carpenter to run corner to corner, leaping up with a basement-level dropkick to the mush!]

GM: Good grief!

[Carpenter rolls to a knee, slapping Wade Walker's outstretched hand.]

GM: Walker climbs in... uh oh!

[Walker aggressively grabs the legs of Olson, slipping them over his shoulders, grabbing Olson around the thighs as he drags him out to the middle of the ring...

...and DEADLIFTS him straight up off the mat, holding him up...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: POWERBOMB!

[Walker hangs on, lifting Olson up again...]

GM: A SECOND ONE!

[With Olson helpless in his grasp, Walker lifts him up a third time, turns a full 360 with him...

...and DRIVES him down with a release powerbomb!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

BW: That's gotta be it!

[Walker slaps the outstretched hand of Pedro Perez who steps in, dragging Olson up, pulling him across the ring, and throws him into the corner where Sly Sutter reluctantly tags in.]

GM: Sutter makes the tag... but he's not getting in.

[The referee insists that Sutter get into the ring but he shakes his head, refusing to oblige...]

BW: Turn around, kid... let's check out that yellow streak running down your back.

GM: Well, you can't exactly blame anyone for not wanting to get in the ring with the Dogs of WAAAAAAAAAAR!

[Gordon's exclamation comes as Pedro Perez bounces off the far ropes, unseen by Sutter who is arguing with the referee...

...and leaps THROUGH the ropes, spear tackling Sutter off the apron and down to the floor with a thud!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Perez pulls up to his knees on the floor, leaning over Sutter and launching into a vicious diatribe.]

GM: Pedro Perez showing a complete willingness to put his body on the line to hurt his opponent and that's exactly what he just did!

[Perez hauls Sutter off the floor by the hair, hurling him back into the ring. He steps up on the apron where Grant Porter shouts at him...

...and Perez BLASTS him with a right hand between the eyes, grabbing the back of the head and SMASHING it down into the top of the ringpost, sending Porter falling to the floor!]

GM: Perez is so volatile! So out of control! You just never know what he's going to do!

[Perez steps up on the second rope, leaping over it to come for Sutter who is trying to crawl across the ring. Perez viciously stomps down between the shoulderblades, making sure Sutter stays down as he reaches out to tag in Carpenter who in turn tags in Walker.]

GM: Uh oh! All three of them are in now!

[Walker pulls Sutter off the mat in a wheelbarrow position, lifting him up off the mat...

...where Pedro Perez leaps up, planting his knees up into the chest of Sutter, hooking his head as he falls to his back!]

GM: LUNGBLOWER!

[Perez releases as Walker lifts Sutter back up, over his head...

...and Carpenter leaps up, planting his knees into the shoulderblades, holding Sutter by the head!]

GM: AND THE OTHER WAY TOO!

[Carpenter rolls aside, throwing his gaze at the corner as Walker rolls into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Walker shoves himself back to his feet at the sound of the bell, ignoring the referee who is offering to raise his hand. Pedro Perez and Isaiah Carpenter are right by his side as the music starts again. Perez stalks over to the ring announcer, stretching out his hand.]

GM: The Dogs of War are victorious but it seems like they've got something to say.

[Perez, mic in hand, does the throat cut gesture, waiting for the music to go out.]

PP: Whereas the persons Brian James, Tony Donovan, Wes Taylor, and Brian Lau have failed to heed our warning...

Whereas they stand united against the greatest force in professional wrestling with neither cause nor care for their physical wellbeing...

[Perez hands the mic to Isaiah Carpenter.]

IC: Therefore be it resolved by those assembled before you that a state of war between the Dogs of War and the James Gang is hereby formally declared.

[Carpenter hands off the mic to Wade Walker.]

WW: THIS... IS... WAAAAA-

[The sound of Wade Walker's voice is cut by "The Zoo" by Bruce Dickinson.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: The Dogs have declared war and here comes the other army!

[Brian James and Brian Lau stride through the curtain as the crowd climbs to their feet, roaring for the brawl they're about to witness.]

GM: Brian James is here! Brian James is standing at the top of the aisle!

BW: Yeah, but... where are the rest of them?!

GM: Huh?

[With a staredown in process, the Dogs are fully distracted as Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan come hurdling over the barricade, scooping up steel chairs, sliding in behind them...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...where a pair of steel chairshots across the back send Perez and Carpenter through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Wade Walker turns around, enraged at the attack on his colleagues. He rushes at Tony Donovan, tackling him around the waist, knocking the chair aside as he bullrushes him back into the corner!]

GM: Walker takes Donovan to the corner!

[Brian James comes rushing down the aisle, LEAPING from the floor to the apron in a single bound, diving through the ropes, rushing at Walker from behind...

...and BURIES a kneestrike into the ribs! And another! And another!]

GM: JAMES IS ALL OVER WALKER!

[The Engine of Destruction YANKS Walker out of the corner in a Thai clinch, slamming his knee up into the torso! Taylor and Donovan stand nearby, at the ready, as Brian Lau shouts at them to stay back.]

GM: James has wanted a piece of Walker since the Battle Royal and he's finally getting some of him!

[A kneestrike aimed at Walker's nose gets caught by the Dogs' big man, lifting James up over his head...

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

GM: OHHH!

[Taylor and Donovan suddenly charge into the mix, bashing Walker from behind. They push him back against the ropes, raining down rights and lefts, trading off boots to the midsection as the crowd roars for the fight!]

GM: It's a two on one on Wade Walker!

[Taylor and Donovan grab the arms of Walker, whipping him towards the ropes...]

GM: Double clothesli- ducked by Walker!

[But as Walker hits the ropes, he gets tripped up by Brian Lau!]

GM: Oh! Lau tripped him!

[A furious Walker rolls under the ropes to the floor...

...and grabs Brian Lau by the collar! Big cheer!]

GM: WALKER'S GOT LAU! WALKER'S GOT LAU!

BW: BEHIND!

[Suddenly, Brian James - on his feet again - grabs Walker by the shoulder, twisting him around...

...and SMASHES his fist into the chest of Walker, causing him to slump down to his knees on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH!

[James stands over Walker, looking down at his kneeling foe. He balls up his fist, raising it towards the sky...]

GM: He's gonna do it again!

BW: He's REALLY gonna lay him out!

[But before he can deliver the blow, Isaiah Carpenter comes charging down the apron, leaping off to land a flying knee to the jaw that takes them both down!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With no fear, Pedro Perez is back in the ring, rushing at Taylor and Donovan, throwing fists at both men as quickly as he can!]

GM: It's breaking down in Memphis! We've gotta- get us out of here!

[With the crowd roaring and all hell breaking loose yet again, we abruptly cut to backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Chaos is reigning tonight here in Memphis as the battle lines become more and more defined as we head down the road to SuperClash... but speaking of SuperClash, recently there was what was described as a Summit of sorts between AWA ownership, AWA management, sponsors, The X... and of course, AWA President Landon O'Neill and Hannibal Carver. Once and for all, an answer was sought as to what to do about the Carver Situation.

We've heard rumors up, down, and sideways... but tonight? Tonight we have answers.

Joining us right now via satellite is one of the men who was at that Summit and one of the owners of this company... Jon Stegglet.

[The screen cuts to a split screen with Blackwell on one side and Stegglet on the other.]

SLB: Mr. Stegglet, thank you for joining us here tonight for this big announcement.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: It's my pleasure, Sweet Lou.

SLB: Mr. Stegglet, I suppose I would be remiss if I didn't ask... where is Landon O'Neill?

[Stegglet shifts in his seat.]

SLB: It was my understanding that Mr. O'Neill would be on hand - in his role as the AWA President - to announce the results of the Summit as well as address the Main Event for SuperClash VII to be held in Houston, Texas.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: That was the initial plan, yes. However, after further debate, I wanted to make sure that this message was as crystal clear as possible and the only way to ensure that was to deliver it myself.

[Blackwell arches an eyebrow in a disbelieving look.]

SLB: I see. Alright then... you've obviously got something to say and we all want to hear it so the floor is yours, sir.

[Jon Stegglet nods, clearing his throat as he reaches for a sheet of paper.]

JS: As Sweet Lou mentioned, a Summit recently occurred in New York City at the offices of President O'Neill. He also mentioned some of the guest list - news broken by our own Jason Dane last week.

SLB: I don't know how he does it, Mr. Stegglet.

[Stegglet chuckles.]

JS: I'm sure. But regardless, we felt it was important to understand what the intention of the Summit was. In recent weeks, following the suspension of Hannibal Carver, we at the AWA experienced a swell of fan feedback. Mail, e-mail, Tweets, whatever your favorite form of communication is - we heard it. And we heard it loud and clear. It was a groundswell of support for Hannibal Carver... a rising of the AWA fans to stand and say they wanted to see Hannibal Carver.

SLB: You're speaking, of course, of the Free Carver movement?

JS: Absolutely. So, the Summit was called in hopes of being able to give the fans what they wanted... our Number One goal in the AWA. However, we also needed to make sure that Hannibal Carver understood the severity of his actions... that he was punished in some form for those actions... and to make sure that EVERYONE - including Mr. Carver - understood that those actions would not be tolerated now or in the future.

SLB: Mr. Stegglet, this is a debate that's raged amongst AWA fans for weeks now. Fine? Suspension? A permanent ban even? Were all options on the table?

JS: They were.

SLB: And was a decision reached?

JS: It was.

[Stegglet pauses.]

JS: After extensive debate and discussion, the panel assembled at the Summit has come to the following conclusion - a decision that some in the AWA front office may

not agree with... but it is a decision that we all understand and will support. The AWA President Landon O'Neill, the ultimate authority on these decisions, has signed off on the proposed resolution as well, giving it the official stamp of approval from his office.

[He lifts the paper to read from it.]

JS: "On the authority of the office of the President of the American Wrestling Alliance, it is hereby ruled that Hannibal Carver - effective immediately - has been REINSTATED...

[BIG CHEER inside the FedEx Forum!]

JS: ...to his spot as a member of the AWA roster making him eligible to compete at the biggest event of the year, SuperClash VII."

[Stegglet smiles at the crowd's continued reaction.]

JS: "However... the AWA has also made the decision to FINE Mr. Carver... the unprecedented amount of the ENTIRETY of his paycheck for SuperClash VII."

[Blackwell winces at the announcement.]

JS: "Effective immediately, Mr. Carver is now under the strictest of probations when it comes to laying his hands on AWA officials and announcers. If he EVER strikes a member of either of those categories again, he will be hit with an immediate suspension... and that one will NOT be lifted due to fan support."

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: A stiff penalty but one I'd judge to be fair.

JS: We hope Mr. Carver - and the fans of the AWA - agree.

SLB: So, that settles the first half of the business... but what about the second?

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: Due to recent events, the American Wrestling Alliance is pleased to announce that the Main Event for SuperClash VII to be held Thanksgiving Night at Minute Maid Park in Houston, Texas...

...will be Ryan Martinez defending the World Heavyweight Title against Hannibal Carver!

[GIGANTIC ROAR from inside the FedEx Forum! Stegglet raises a finger.]

JS: Under ONE condition... and this is a big one considering what we saw earlier tonight. That match for the title will take place at SuperClash IF... and only if... those two men can keep their hands off each other until then. We are instituting a ZERO contact rule between Carver and Martinez.

If they are unable to do that, they will BOTH be suspended for SuperClash and the title WILL be stripped!

[Stegglet points the finger at the camera.]

JS: And no rising of the people will save either of you if that happens.

[The AWA co-owner puts down the sheet of paper as Sweet Lou Blackwell peeps up.]

SLB: Strong words right there but we've got ourselves a SuperClash Main Event... and it's EXACTLY what the fans have been waiting for! Ryan Martinez! Hannibal Carver! The AWA World Heavyweight Title on the line! It's gonna be a wild one in Houston, Texas! Mr. Stegglet, thank you so much!

[Stegglet nods as we cut from the split screen back to Blackwell filling it up.]

SLB: We've got to take a quick break but if you want more details on what you just heard, make sure you call the Hotline tonight at 1-900-505-5500! Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X!

[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...]

Brief onscreen graphic: "Courtesy Fox Sports." Cut to NBA highlights.]

ANNOUNCER: And the Landlord rejects it! D'Endre Porter with the monster stop!

[A six-foot-eight player in a white and gold New Orleans Pelicans logo roars, drawing his finger across his throat.]

[Cut to the same player in a "talking heads" interview style.]

PORTER: I'm the Landlord cause I own the house.

ANNOUNCER: Porter, beating his own franchise record for blocks.

[Montage of Porter's highlight reel.]

PORTER: [voiceover] I don't let anyone intimidate me, 'cause I gotta do the intimidating myself.]

[A slow motion shot of D'Endre Porter looking down maliciously at another player, drawing his finger across his throat.]

[Cut back to Porter, looking directly at the camera.]

PORTER: D'Endre Porter. The Landlord. Richmond, Virginia's my home. NOLA's my team. AWA SuperClash will be my house.

[He grins and draws his finger across his throat.]

PORTER: And you're gettin' evicted, Zharkov.

[The graphic comes up advertising the Proletariat Challenge for SuperClash before we fade into...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The sound of broken wood can be heard as Mark Stegglet comes running into the frame microphone in hand speaking to directly to the camera.]

MS: Folks, as we just heard from Uncle J- err, AWA co-owner Jon Stegglet, the Main Event for Super Clash VII will be Hannibal Carver versus Ryan Martinez for the AWA World Heavyweight Championship!

[A loud thud is heard as several more items sound like they are broken.]

MS: Many across the AWA are applauding the announcement, however one man...

[The camera pans over to the cause of the disturbance, as Johnny Detson lays waste to the last of the craft food services tables, upending the tables and crashing its contents to the ground. Detson's pants have food on them; his shirt is now missing a couple of buttons.]

MS: ...is not.

[Stegglet approaches Detson as the wrestler looks around at carnage around him.]

MS: Johnny Detson?

[Detson spins around, noticing for the first time that someone is there. His face is red with rage.]

MS: Your thoughts on the announcement just made concerning the Main Event at Super Clash where Hannibal Carver and NOT you will be fighting for the AWA World Heavyweight Title?

[Detson's eyes go wide as he takes an aggressive step towards Stegglet. He points a finger mere centimeters away from the reporter.]

JD: THIS...

[Livid beyond words, Detson can't continue. He turns away but in a quick second spins around with a fist raised causing Stegglet to recoil.]

JD: THIS...

[Detson lets out a yell and turns away again. He takes several steps away before turning around again. He shuts his eyes and presses both of his index fingers against his thumbs as he takes a deep breath in.]

JD: This...

[The "s" hisses out as he exhales in a desperate attempt to regain composure. He opens his eyes and glares a hole through Stegglet before turning and glaring right through the lens of the camera. The anger etched on his face.]

JD: ...is not over!

[With that. Detson gives a quick glance towards Stegglet before storming off...

...and we cut to another area of backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands.]

SLB: As every AWA fan knows, one of the hottest burning rivalries in the wrestling world began a little over a month ago, as The Dogs of War found themselves

embroiled in controversy after attacking the so-called James Gang. I have two members of that group, joining me right now. Gentleman, if you would... that was quite the brawl we saw out there moments ago...

[Two sons of legends emerge from off camera. The first is the Son of the Outlaw, Wes Taylor is wearing a white t-shirt, blue jeans, and cowboy boots. Standing shoulder to shoulder with him is the Son of the Blackheart, the AWA's Engine of Destruction, Brian James. James wears a simple black tanktop and black jeans, a white towel covering his head and much of his face.]

SLB: The first thing to say is...

[Blackwell looks around questioningly.]

SLB: ...that you're down two men. Where are Tony Donovan and Brian Lau?

BJ: All you need to know Blackwell, is that they'll be here. We're not the sort of men who come running just because someone called for us. You got two of us here, now do your damn job and ask your questions.

["Sweet" Lou takes a step back and gulps, as anyone would after getting barked at by Brian James.]

SLB: Wes Taylor, The Dogs of War are undefeated in six man competition here in the AWA, and they've cut a wide swath of destruction through the AWA. They've put men through windshields. They put Alex Martinez in the hospital! You saw out there tonight what they're capable of! How do you hope to handle those three men?

WT: I saw what THEY were capable of? I think that maybe for the first time, they saw what WE were capable of. In case you didn't notice, Blackwell, we were the ones that got the jump on them...

SLB: With steel chairs from behind.

WT: I'd hit my own mother with a steel chair from behind if that's what it took to show the world why WE'RE the ones they should be afraid of and not these silly little pups with an exaggerated sense of value. You talk about the Dogs of War being undefeated... who have they beat, Blackwell?

SLB: Everyone that's been put in front of them.

[Taylor smiles, holding up a finger.]

WT: Exactly. But you know who's NOT on that list? Us. The Dogs of War stand out there reading out a declaration of war. That'll be on Page 1 of the history between us and them... but you know what'll be on the last page? The story of the undefeated Dogs of War going down in crushing defeat at the hands of the greatest continuation of legacies that this sport has ever seen.

[Taylor gestures to James and himself.]

SLB: Your partner certainly doesn't lack confidence, Mr. James.

BJ: You don't need to be modest, when you know how good you are, Blackwell.

SLB: That's certainly true. But you can't deny that the Dogs of War have shown, ever since they arrived, that they are a well-oiled unit. Those three men work together on an instinctual level. We've yet to even see the three of you compete in a six man match!

BJ: You're right, Blackwell. No one has seen us work together. No one knows what we can do when we join forces.

And that's exactly the point.

No one has seen the drills Brian Lau has put us through. No one has sat in on our strategy sessions. No one has had the chance to watch the three of us tear apart people in the gym. No one knows what we've got in our arsenal.

Meanwhile, there isn't anything the Dogs have that we haven't seen. All of their cards are on the table, and we've yet to show our plans.

Now tell me, doesn't that sound like the sort of brilliant strategy you'd expect out of man like Brian Lau?

SLB: It is, no doubt, a sound strat...

[Blackwell trails off as Tony Donovan strides into the room, looking none too pleased.]

SLB: So nice of you to join us... now that you're here, Tony Donovan, what do you think about what the Dogs had to say --

TD: Not now, Blackwell! I need a word with my colleagues, not the AWA's resident dirt merchant.

[Tony deliberately turns away from Blackwell and looks at Wes Taylor... and then to Brian James... and then around the room, looking mildly puzzled.]

TD: Where the hell is Brian Lau?

[Taylor shakes his head.]

WT: Brian? I thought...

[Taylor looks around.]

WT: I thought he was with you!

TD: What the hell are you talking about, Wes? He told me he was going to meet me here!

SLB: Wait a minute, you don't know where your manager is? How can you?

[Before Blackwell can continue, a furious Brian James tears the towel off his head and shakes his head.]

BJ: No more questions. This is over!

And we're leaving!

[With a nod of his head, James signals to his two partners that they're leaving, and that they do, exiting quickly, abandoning a stunned Blackwell.]

SLB: The James Gang is on the hunt for their manager... why do I think we haven't heard the end of this one tonight? Fans, let's head down to the ring for more action here on The X!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit.
Introducing first...

[The lights in the arena dim as the opening notes of The Birthday Massacre's "Pins and Needles" fill the arena]

PW: 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.]

GM: Charisma Knight has been the lady making waves here in the AWA since dropping her plan to be a manager in this company and shifting over to working INSIDE the ring. We've seen her attack Julie Somers to get a match with Melissa Cannon. We've seen her manipulate the Wilde Bunch into teaming with her in a mixed tag team match that she won. And now tonight, she will look to score her first one-on-one victory in the AWA and show that she just might be the woman to beat in this company.

[Charisma 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 waiting for the opponent.]

PW: And her opponent...

["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: Hailing from Boston, Massachusetts and weighing 145 pounds... ladies and gentlemen, she is "THE SPITFIRE"... JUUUUULIEEEEEEE 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...

...and the ever-vicious Charisma Knight rushes her, delivering a soccer style kick to the ribcage! The fans jeer, the referee signals for the bell, and Knight hangs on to the top rope, violently stomping Somers' ribcage, forcing her back under the ropes outside to the floor!]

GM: Knight with a sneak attack before the bell and Julie Somers is out on the floor trying to recover from it!

BW: Knight's not about to give her the time to do it! To the ropes...

[Dropping down, Knight connects with a baseball slide kick to the jaw of Somers, sending her snapping backwards and crashing down on her back on the thinly-padded ringside floor!]

GM: Ohh! Did you see the back of Somers' head hit the floor right there?!
Devastating! Simply devastating!

[Knight rolls under the ropes, ignoring the official's protests as she pulls Somers off the mat by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHIP INTO THE BARRICADE!!

[Somers hooks her arms over the top of the railing, preventing from sliding down to the floor as Knight stands across the width of the aisle, staring at her. The fans are jeering as Knight looks around at them, screaming "SHUT YOUR MOUTHS OR I'LL DO IT AGAIN!" That only makes the fans boo louder. She angrily covers her ears with both hands, stomping across the aisleway to the other side where Somers is trying to catch her breath.]

GM: Come on, referee!

BW: Tryout referee Steven Mills is counting, Gordo... that's what he's supposed to do.

GM: Maybe give a little warning along with that count!

[Knight grabs Somers by the arm again...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN TO THE STEEL!

[Knight looks defiantly out at the crowd, almost daring them to keep booing her and see what happens. She turns towards the ring where the referee's count is up to six. She stomps over to the ring, rolling under the bottom rope...

...and then rolls back out, having successfully broken the count.]

GM: Knight goes in and goes right back out.

BW: Smart move. She breaks the count and goes back out on the floor where she's doing major damage.

[Knight grabs Somers by the hair, hauling her off the barricade, pointing towards the ringpost...]

GM: Oh no! She's going to smash her head into the post like she did in Las Vegas!

BW: That'll end it right there!

[Knight drags Somers closer, getting near the post as the crowd roars, trying to get Somers to stop it...]

GM: TO THE PO-

[Somers stretches out her arms, planting her hands against the post and blocking the slam!]

GM: Somers blocks! She blocks it!

[The fan favorite swings her arm back, catching Knight in the midsection with an elbow to the gut sending Knight staggering away, rolling under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Knight's back in... Somers coming in after her...

[Somers ducks through the ropes...

...and Knight catches her flush with a roundhouse kick to the sternum!]

GM: Oh!

[Knight loops Somers' arm back over the ropes, leaving her kneeling on the canvas...]

GM: Big kick! Another! A third one!

[The referee steps in, forcing Knight to step back as Somers tries to get loose from the ropes, falling chestfirst to the canvas.]

GM: Julie Somers needs to get a breather and regroup.

[Knight moves to the side of the official, stepping out to the apron, dropping down to the floor. The referee starts another ten count as Knight stalks around the ringpost, grabbing the leg of Somers...]

GM: Uh oh!

[...and SLAMS her kneecap down into the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Kneefirst down on the hardest part of the ring!

BW: And it begins as she sets up for the figure four leglock - as old school as it gets!

[Somers pulls her leg up, trying to crawl away from Knight who shakes her head defiantly, grabbing the leg again, lifting it up into the air...

...and SLAMS the kneecap down a second time!]

GM: Good grief!

[Somers crawls away quicker this time, getting some space as she cradles her knee. Knight pulls herself up on the apron, glaring at the official who is letting her have it.]

GM: Charisma Knight got off to a quick start and she hasn't let up yet. She's going after the leg... going viciously after the leg... trying to set up for the figure four leglock just like you said, Bucky.

[Somers gets to the far corner, using the ropes to pull herself off the mat. Knight stalks in after her, eyes locked on the knee that Somers is desperately trying to keep weight off of...]

GM: Knight moving in on her and-

[At the last moment, Somers throws herself backwards, smashing her elbow into the jaw of Knight!]

GM: Somers fires back!

[She leans back, delivering a second one that sends Knight staggering backwards as Somers falls into the corner, shaking out her leg.]

GM: She's trying to create some space, trying to get that leg solid...

[Knight rushes in, trying for a corner splash...

...and Somers leans back, lifting her legs!]

GM: OHH! Knight runs right into the boots!

[After colliding with the feet, Knight staggers back as Somers hops up on the middle rope...]

GM: Somers... LEAPS!

[She extends her legs, lashing out with her boots to the face of Knight!]

GM: DROPKICK OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE!

[Somers grabs at her leg, crawling across the canvas to settle into a lateral press.]

GM: One! Two!

[Knight kicks out at two, rolling Somers off her.]

GM: Two count only!

[Somers rolls to her good knee, grabbing the other as she tries to push up off the canvas. Knight rolls to all fours as the referee steps back, watching the action...]

GM: Somers up on her feet... really favoring that knee though. Those blows into the ring apron did a number on the leg and if Knight can get that figure four locked in, she might be able to end this one at any point.

[Somers hobbles towards Knight who is rising as Somers moves in...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: Big chop by Somers!

[A second chop sends Knight staggering back into the ropes where Somers grabs the top rope with both hands, swinging her good knee up into the midsection of Knight!]

GM: The Spitfire's got Knight in the ropes... big forearm to the ear! And another one!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Somers walks down the length of the ropes, slamming Knight headfirst into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Headfirst to the buckle!

[Somers spins Knight around, shoving her back into the corner...]

GM: Back into the corner...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The knife edge chop bounces off the chest of Charisma Knight as Somers looks out to the cheering crowd...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[With Knight reeling and the crowd roaring, Somers grabs an arm, whipping Knight from corner to corner, sending her crashing chestfirst into the corner where she stumbles backwards to the middle of the ring as Somers hobbles out behind her, hooking her around the waist...]

GM: Waistlock!

[But as Somers attempts to execute a suplex, Knight swings his leg back, kicking the knee once... twice... three times, sending Somers staggering away.]

GM: Knight kicks out of it...

[Knight hooks her around the waist, reaching down to fold the leg upwards...]

GM: Shinbreaker on the way!

[But as Knight lifts her up, Somers twists into it, rolling Knight down to the mat in a sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Knight clashes her feet together on the ears of Somers, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Not enough to get the three count!

[Somers tries to scramble up but Knight is a step quicker, lashing out with a legsweep kick to the back of Somers' knee, putting her back down on her knees on the canvas. Knight steps forward, double underhooking Somers...]

GM: She's got the Spitfire hooked!

BW: Can she get her up though?

[Knight is hanging on tight, yanking Somers up to her feet, and takes her up and over with a butterfly suplex!]

GM: Nice execution on the suplex by Knight, putting Somers back down on the canvas... and she's calling for the figure four! Knight's going to try and put her away after the close call on the sunset flip!

[Grabbing the leg, Knight shouts "IT'S OVER!" to the fans who jeer in response, twisting the leg...]

GM: She wraps up the leg and-

[Somers reaches up, plucking a handful of hair to roll Knight into another pinning predicament!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: She almost got her there, fans!

[Knight scrambles up to her feet, diving onto Somers with a double axehandle to the back of the neck before Somers can get off her knees.]

GM: The Spitfire was trying oh-so-hard to get to her feet first but Charisma Knight was having none of that!

[She drags Somers off the mat by the hair, shouting at her with a loud "YOU THINK YOU CAN BEAT ME?!" before shoving her back into the corner.]

GM: Knight with some trash talk, adding insult to injury as she taunts Julie Somers in the middle of the ring here on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Leaning down, Knight grabs the leg of Somers, pulling it up under her armpit...]

GM: She's got ahold of that leg and-

[Knight continues to trash talk, threatening what she's about to do...

...and with one leg trapped, Somers leaps up, swinging her good leg into the air, and catches Knight FLUSH with a kneestrike on the chin!]

GM: OHHH!

[With Knight staggered from the kneestrike, Somers grits her teeth, leaping up again to land on the shoulders of Knight, pulling her down into a rana, reaching back to hook one leg in a cradle!]

GM: HEADSCISSORS PIN! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And another one! Knight with another kickout in time!

BW: That was one was REAL close, Gordo.

GM: Sure was. With each pinning situation, Julie Somers seems to be getting closer to holding Charisma Knight's shoulders down for a three count. If she could've gotten hold of the other leg right there, I think it would've been over!

[Somers pushes up off the mat, leaning against the ropes as Knight gets to her feet, charging across the ring towards her from behind...

...but Somers drops down, pulling the top rope with her, sending Knight falling over the ropes and down to the floor to big cheers from the Memphis crowd!]

GM: OVER THE TOP GOES KNIGHT!

[Somers stays down on the mat, breathing heavily for a few moments as Knight is sprawled out on the floor at ringside.]

GM: A desperation move by the Spitfire, trying to find a way to get herself back into this match. Yes, she's been sneaking in cradle after cradle but Knight's been dominating the bulk of this match, Bucky.

BW: That's right. Charisma Knight is showing the world that maybe she was the one who should've gotten the shot at Ozaki last summer in Japan!

GM: She certainly had her chance, Bucky... she didn't accept the challenge! You can't blame Melissa Cannon for that!

BW: Oh, I can't? Charisma blames her so I'm right there with her!

GM: Of course you are.

[As the count on Knight reaches five, Somers crawls through the ropes, pulling herself up to her feet out on the apron. She hobbles down the length of the apron, turning to press her back against the steel ringpost...]

GM: Somers taking aim at Charisma Knight who is climbing to her feet...

[But as Somers comes down the apron, looking to attack in some fashion...

...Knight grabs the leg, swinging it back against the grain, causing Somers to pitch forward, crashing facefirst down on the ring apron!]

GM: Down goes Somers again!

BW: She just can't seem to get on track, Gordo.

GM: Knight's got her down on the apron... and she's going after the leg again!

[She grabs the leg, lifting it off the apron, ready to smash it down onto the hardest part of the ring again...

...when Somers flips over, swinging her other leg into position for a headscissors...]

GM: What the-?!

[And shoves herself off the apron, swinging into a rana that snaps Knight over and over, dumping her down on her back on the floor.]

GM: WHAT A COUNTER! BOTH WOMEN DOWN ON THE FLOOR AFTER THAT ONE!

[With the crowd roaring, Somers crawls to the ring apron, using it to drag herself back to one foot, trying to keep the other one off the mat. She hobbles forward towards Charisma Knight, leaning down to drag her up by the hair, rolling her under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Somers puts Knight back in... back up on the apron now herself...

[Somers slaps the top rope a few times, pointing to the corner...]

GM: She's calling for the moonsault!

[Leaning on the top rope for support, Somers hobbles down towards the ringpost. She steps up on the second rope, pushing hard to get the injured leg up there as well.]

GM: Somers can barely put any weight at all on that leg!

[Somers again pushes and struggles, forcing herself to kneel on the top turnbuckle.]

BW: I don't know if this was the best idea, Gordo. Julie Somers is showing her inexperience here if you ask me, trying to get up there for that moonsault with a banged-up limb...

GM: Somers trying to stand, trying to get on her feet...

[After several more moments, she succeeds, getting to a standing position with one foot barely touching the top rope...

...and suddenly, Charisma Knight comes rushing forward, slamming her hands into the top rope, causing Somers to lose her balance, crashing down into a seated position on the top rope where she bounces off, flipping onto her chest on the canvas.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Knight upends her! What a horrific fall down to the mat for Somers!

[Knight swoops in, pulling Somers off the mat, cradling the leg as she lifts her up, twists around...

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

GM: Shinbreaker!

[Using the momentum, Knight bounces Somers back up, dropping her down on the back of her head with a belly-to-back suplex!]

GM: And a belly-to-back suplex to boot! Devastating combo for Knight as she gets back to her feet...

BW: And you know what's coming up next, daddy!

GM: Knight grabs the leg, twisting it...

[With a shout, Knight drops back, having successfully locked in the figure four leglock!]

GM: Figure four! She's got it applied!

[Somers instantly cries out, grabbing at her trapped leg as Knight rocks back and forth, trying to apply more pressure to the limb!]

GM: Charisma Knight's been looking for this hold from almost the opening bell, trying to force Julie Somers - the Spitfire - to submit!

[Somers sits up, wincing as she grabs at her leg and then rocks back, stretching out to full extension, trying to reach a rope...]

GM: Somers is in the middle of the ring - she's completely out of reach of the ropes!

[She stretches and stretches before rocking to the side...]

GM: Trying to turn it over now! This is her last chance to break this punishing hold! She reaches... she's struggling with every breath to try and turn this thing over.

BW: She can't do it, Gordo!

GM: You might be... she gives up!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The referee, after signaling for the bell, orders Knight to break the hold...

...but she refuses, keeping it locked in.]

GM: The match is over! Break the hold, ref!

[The referee insists again but Knight shakes her head defiantly.]

GM: She won't break it!

BW: She's gonna break something, daddy, but it ain't gonna be the hold!

GM: The referee's ordering her to break it! He says he'll reverse the decision! He says-

[Suddenly, the crowd breaks into cheers as a figure comes darting through the curtain, dashing down the aisle towards the ring...]

GM: MELISSA CANNON! MELISSA CANNON'S HEADED FOR THE RING!

BW: What?! We haven't seen her in weeks!

[The cheers of the crowd tips off Charisma Knight that something's up as she quickly breaks the hold, scrambling to her feet...

...and bails out to the floor, just out of the reach of Cannon who makes a lunge for her as she hits the ring!]

GM: Ohh! And Knight just BARELY escaped!

[An angry Melissa Cannon shouts something off-mic at Charisma Knight who smirks in response, inviting Cannon to come out to the floor. Cannon shakes her head, kneeling down next to Julie Somers to check on her.]

GM: Melissa Cannon has made her way out here to the ring, saving Julie Somers from further injury.

[Cannon is speaking to Somers, throwing an occasional glance at Knight to make sure she's not coming back into the ring.]

GM: Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, I'm going to try to speak to these women inside the ring so 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.

We fade back up on the ring where Gordon Myers is standing next between Melissa Cannon and Julie Somers who is on her feet but is obviously in a lot of pain.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X and fans, I wanted to get inside this ring after what we just saw before the break so I could talk to these two young ladies about what just went down. Julie, let's start with you... a tough loss there to Charisma Knight, ultimately having to submit to her figure four leglock after she punished your leg for most of the match. How's the leg?

JS: I'd be lying if I said it didn't hurt, but I'll manage. But the pain will go away. And while I may not have gotten it done tonight, I can promise you there will be another day when I'll get my hands on Charisma Knight.

GM: She's an incredibly tough competitor... but also a very ruthless competitor as we saw when she kept the figure four locked in after the match. In fact, you could have been seriously injured if it hadn't been for Melissa Cannon showing up out here when she did.

JS: Gordon, I can't tell you how grateful I am that Melissa got here when she did. It could have been a lot worse for me if she hadn't come out here. [glances at Melissa] So thanks for standing by my side and I look forward to the day when you I can meet in this ring.

GM: Melissa, I didn't even know you were in the building tonight. We haven't seen you since Las Vegas when you defeated Charisma Knight in one-on-one action.

[Melissa nods.]

MC: I took some time off to let a few nagging injuries heal - the remnants of not wrestling for a long time and then suddenly throwing yourself back into the mix, I guess.

GM: Indeed... but my sources say you were also busy with something else as of late.

[Cannon smiles at the veteran announcer.]

MC: You turning into Jason or Sweet Lou on me, Gordon?

[Gordon returns the grin.]

MC: But yeah, you got the scoop on that one... and that's the real reason I'm here tonight. This... keeping Knight from breaking Julie's leg was just a side benefit. The real reason I'm here is that ever since I saw the passion that Julie Somers has for this business inside this ring... and yes, the passion that Charisma Knight has for it as well... I knew that I had a mission to undertake.

I've been hard at work on that mission since Vegas, Gordon... sitting in meeting after meeting in New York... in Dallas... wherever there was somebody in the AWA front office that I could talk to, I was there.

[Gordon interjects.]

GM: A mission? Care to elaborate?

MC: Absolutely. My mission was simple. I wanted the AWA front office to guarantee that a women's match would take place... at SUPERCLASH VII IN HOUSTON, TEXAS!

[Big cheer from the Memphis crowd!]

GM: And since you're here, I'm guessing...?

[Melissa nods, smiling.]

MC: That's right. Mission... accomplished!

[Another big cheer rings out!]

MC: President O'Neill guaranteed me a slot for the women to compete at the biggest show of the year - maybe the biggest show in AWA history.

[Gordon arches an eyebrow.]

GM: I sense a "but", Melissa.

[Cannon grimaces.]

MC: Unfortunately. They would only agree to sanction a one-on-one matchup. There's room for women to compete at SuperClash this year... but only for two of us.

[Cannon's gaze slowly drifts to Julie Somers who again tries to put weight on her banged-up knee, returning the stare...

...when suddenly Charisma Knight comes storming back down the aisle, rolling into the ring, shouting at both competitors off-mic!]

GM: Ladies... ladies, please! Let's exercise some control please!

[Cannon and Somers are trading words with Knight... and then suddenly with each other too, arguing about who should compete at SuperClash in Houston...

...as we fade backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Fans, I've been back here for a bit now trying to get to the bottom of what went down here earlier tonight with despicable attack by Kerry Kendrick and Rex Summers... I'd love to get those two back here right now to find out what they were thinking. But as it stands, there was somebody else out there who watched what went down...

[It's at that point that "The Professional" Dave Cooper walks in front of the camera, going right past Sweet Lou.]

SLB: Hold on a minute, Dave Cooper, I want to talk to you for a...

[Cooper has walked off camera, though you can see just enough of him to tell he's waving a dismissive hand at Sweet Lou.]

SLB: Well, I guess I'm not going to get any answers about what went down...

[It's at this point that Ultra Commando 3 walks in front of the backdrop, nudging Sweet Lou with his elbow.]

SLB: Hey, pardon me... Ultra Commando 3, what do you want?

UC3: You want to talk to somebody, weakling, you can talk to me! Go on... tell everyone out there how I just took down Caspian Abaran and proved there isn't a man in this place who can take me on, one on one!

SLB: Well, I beg to differ about how things went down...

UC3: You can beg to differ all you want, but the bottom line is I got the job done and Abaran failed! Just like half the idiots that pack the stands night after night, because they don't actually have the will to get anything done for themselves! From the junkies they drive to the arenas to the so-called smartphones that tell them how to run every aspect of their lives, there isn't a thing these idiots don't want some machine to take care of them, which explains why so many Americans are lazy and out of shape! But not me!

[He flexes his arms.]

UC3: You have a lean, mean, wrecking machine standing right before you! And I'm getting tired of being avoided by everyone in the AWA! Believe me, tonight was the first step in my rise up the ranks, and when you look at how half the guys in the back do nothing but slack off, it won't be much longer before I rise to the top!

SLB: Well, let me ask you this, Commando... it seems as though Dave Cooper has taken an interest in you. Could you be one of the candidates for the Lion's Den?

UC3: I haven't talked to Cooper about anything, but I will say he's one of the few men around here that I respect! And if he can see to it that more of the slackers in the back will step into that ring and face me, then I'm not gonna turn that down! Because there's too many of these idiots who either want to coast on their laurels or just expect everything be handed to them, like the bulk of the people in this country! And just like I did to Abaran, it'll be up by the bootstraps with the whole lot of you!

[He walks off camera as Sweet Lou shakes his head.]

SLB: I can see why nobody wants him to be a motivational speaker. Fans, we'll be right back.

[Sweet Lou is still shaking his head as we fade to black.

We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloops are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are 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: WOAHH!

[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!

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, we open backstage, where we see Supreme Wright, still in his wrestling gear, standing by with Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: We heard the challenge earlier tonight, but Supreme Wright, what's your answer? Will you face Jack Lynch in the ring tonight?

[Wright stares down Lou with his usual stone-faced, intense glare.]

SW: The thought that I would ever consider turning down a challenge makes me laugh, Mr. Blackwell.

[Supreme isn't laughing.]

SW: I have NEVER turned down a challenge in my life. The thought that I would fear Jack Lynch...that I would shrink away from the opportunity to face the man that wishes to end my career is ridiculous. If Jack Lynch wants to face me inside MY ring, I am more than willing to step inbetween those ropes and give him a lesson in humility he will never forget.

[The former two-time AWA World Heavyweight champion turns to the camera.]

SW: So Jack Lynch, if you want to face me tonight, if you want to...

[Wright stops in mid-sentence, his attention caught by something off-camera. We then see the source of his distraction, as Cain Jackson enters the scene. Wright stares at him with cold eyes.]

SLB: Cain Jackson, what's the meaning of this?

SW: What do you want, Cain?

CJ: Another chance. I've been on my own these past few weeks, but it's been hell. It's just not the same. Team Supreme's the only family I've ever known, the only place where I ever felt like I belonged and I can't just walk away from it. So I'm asking you...just give me one more shot to make things right.

[Wright just stares at Jackson, seemingly unmoved by his words.]

SW: You've had more than enough chances to make things right, Cain. And each and every time you failed in spectacular fashion. What makes you think I owe you another opportunity to disappoint me?

[Wright looks Cain up and down.]

SW: I trusted in you. I believed in you. And you betrayed my trust with your incompetence. There's no more chances for you. There is no hope for you.

There is no Team Supreme for you to return to.

[And with that, Wright walks off, leaving behind a fuming Cain Jackson as we slowly fade back out to the FedEx Forum where we see Phil Watson and a pair of nervous-looking fellows in the ring.]

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... from Marietta, Georgia... at a total combined weight of 446 pounds... the team of Warren Tate and Peter White!

[Very little reaction for the duo who look a moment away from a full-blown panic.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The telltale ripping electric guitar riff instantly gives it away to a mixed reaction as the lights cut down to very little, spotlights hitting the entryway.]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[Many in the crowd sing along as Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes walk into view.]

PW: They are the 2010 and 2014 winners of the Stampede Cup... and your current AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... DANNY MORTON... JACKSON HAYNES...

VIIIIIOOOOLENNNNNNNNNNNCE UNLIMITED!

[Morton is dressed in his traditional red boxer's robe. Meanwhile, Haynes is in his leather duster, revealing Confederate flag-style wrestling trunks underneath. In his right hand, he carries his infamous bull rope. Both men carry their half of the World Tag Team Titles over their shoulders.]

GM: The most dangerous and arguably the greatest tag team in the world today, Bucky.

BW: Oh, I'd say there's no argument about it, Gordo. Haynes and Morton are the ONLY tag team to win the Stampede Cup TWICE. They're former AWA National Tag Team Champions. Former Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions. They've won that tag tournament in Japan more times than you can count. And they're the current World Tag Team Champions. Not only are Violence Unlimited the greatest tag team in the world today, I'd say they make a hell of a case for being the greatest tag team that this business has seen in many, many years, Gordo.

GM: You may be right but in the back of their minds, they have to be thinking about this year's Stampede Cup. Four teams remain but that number will drop to two before this night is over. The Rotgut Rustlers, Strictly Business, the TexMo Connection, and Air Strike. One of those four teams will win the 2015 Stampede Cup and be the first in line for a shot at Violence Unlimited!

BW: You know what Morton and Haynes would say to that?

GM: What's that?

BW: Bring 'em on.

[The house lights return as they make their way down to the ring. Morton jogs down the aisle, ready to get the match started ASAP, while Haynes takes his sweet time, moving at a glacial pace and threatening various sections of the crowd by swinging his bullrope at them, causing the fans to wisely scatter away from him in fear. Upon reaching the ring, he flings the bullrope aside, rolling under the ropes as his partner does the same...

...and together, they shed rush across the ring to assault their opponents!]

GM: Here we go!

[The bell sounds as Haynes and Morton hammer away at their respective victims with forearms and elbows. Morton instantly yanks White off the canvas, pressing him high over his head...]

GM: Oh my stars! He's got Peter White up ahead-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MORTON THROWS HIM TO THE FLOOR!

BW: This just turned into a handicap match, daddy!

[Still in his entrance robe, Morton finally pulls it off, tossing it aside as he moves over to Haynes who is still in his duster but doesn't give a damn as he lays in forearm shots to the chest of Tate designed to cave in his sternum.]

GM: Good grief!

BW: You know, it's usually chops that leave red welts on the chest of an opponent but Tate's getting hammered into crimsonville.

[Haynes and Morton each grab an arm, whipping him across the ring as they drop down into three-point stances...

...and bowl over Tate with a running double tackle! The referee steps in, forcing Morton to exit as Haynes taunts the ringside fans, shouting at them.]

GM: Jackson Haynes calling out some of the teams left in the Stampede Cup tournament and I look forward to seeing how they do against a team like the Rotgut Rustlers.

BW: That would be one helluva fight cause Turner and Anderson are two tough hombres but don't think for a second it doesn't end with the best tag team walking the planet getting their hands raised.

[Haynes circles back to Tate as he climbs up off the canvas, throwing a stiff right jab... and a left... and a right... and a left, leaving Tate wobbling on rubber legs.]

GM: Haynes showing off his skills with the fisticuffs... grabbing a handful of hair now and-

[A big measured left hand catches Tate right between the eyes, sending him falling back into the neutral corner, clinging to the top rope to stay on his feet.]

GM: One heckuva right hand by Jackson Haynes...

BW: There's a reason they call him "The Hammer", Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. And Warren Tate is finding out that reason right about now as he gets whipped from corner to corner... here comes Haynes!

[A big running clothesline connects, lifting Tate off his feet in the buckles! Tate settles back down and Haynes gives him a nudge, causing him to stagger out of the corner past Haynes...

...who CLUBS him across the back of the head with a second clothesline!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

BW: I've had guys who've faced Haynes in the ring tell me that feels like someone swingin' a Louisville slugger at the back of your head!

GM: This young man may be done for already... but Haynes makes the tag to Danny Morton.

BW: Quick tags are at the heart of tag team wrestling even if you're dominating your opponent.

[With Tate down on the mat, Morton circles him a couple of times before coming to a stop right by his head, reaching down to hook a gutwrench...]

BW: Oh, look at this, Gordo...

[Morton doesn't even hesitate to snatch Tate off the canvas, letting him dangle for a moment as he shows off his power...

...and then snaps him up, over, and down with a gutwrench suplex!]

GM: Deadlift gutwrench suplex by Danny Morton... and he's right back to his feet. Not only are these guys strong... not only are they tough... but they've got amazing stamina inside the ring as well.

BW: Not that they're going to need it against these two.

GM: No, I'd expect not. The end certainly seems near for Mr. Tate.

[Morton shouts at Tate to get up repeatedly and since he doesn't, Morton drags him up off the mat...

...where Tate hauls off and cracks Morton with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Oh! Warren Tate slips one in there!

[Morton simply grins, shaking his head, sticking out his tongue, and running in place for a moment as Tate backpedals...

...and gets MOWED DOWN with a clothesline out of Morton!]

BW: So much for that big comeback.

[Morton pulls Tate up again, throwing him to the corner where he marches in, tagging in Jackson Haynes who steps inside the ring as Morton lifts Tate up across his body, rushing to the far corner where he smashes Tate against the buckles, and then stampeding out to the middle before he leaps up, driving Tate down with a powerslam!]

GM: RUNNING POWERSLAM! That oughta do it!

[But as Morton gets up, he drags Tate up with him. Tate is barely able to stand as Morton gives him a shove in the back towards Haynes who winds up his right arm...

...and swings it hard, JAMMING his taped thumb into the side of Tate's throat, knocking him flat!]

GM: WHISKEY LULLABY!

[Haynes drops down to his knee, placing an open palm on the chest of Tate for the easy one-two-three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Wow.

BW: Impressive, right?

GM: Absolutely impressive... dominant and devastating would be how I would describe it as Morton and Haynes just mowed over their opponents here tonight and like we said earlier, you better believe they've got their eyes set on defending the titles against whoever comes out of this Final Four the winner.

BW: As much as I like Strictly Business, I'm betting none of those four... none of 'em... stand a chance against VU, daddy.

GM: That remains to be seen. Fans, right now, we take you to Sweet Lou with the week's Top 10 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 - Shadoc 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 - Rex Summers” appears on the screen.]

SLB: Two weeks ago, Rex Summers got his shot at the World Television Title held by Shadoo Rage and came oh-so-close to capturing it. He drops one spot this week but hangs on to the bottom rung of the Top 10 coming in at #10.

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

SLB: The son of the Blackheart has been on a roll on the live event scene as of late with some impressive victories that brings him into the Top 10 at #9.

[“#8 - Juan Vasquez” appears.]

SLB: The People's Hero also came up short in his recent quest to topple Travis Lynch and regain the National Title for the third time. That drops him two spots at he slides from 6 to 8.

[“#7 - Calisto Dufresne” appears.]

SLB: Holding steady at #7 is the Ladykiller, Calisto Dufresne, who had a very bad week two weeks ago when Johnny Detson left him hanging in that tag team Main Event. Earlier tonight, Detson made it clear he has no interest in talking about Dufresne any longer but after spending nearly an entire year sacrificing his own goals for the sake of Detson's, you have to wonder what's next for the former World Champion.

[“#6 - The Gladiator” emerges.]

SLB: You can hear the war horns all over Memphis as The Gladiator has improved his standing two spots all the way up to #6. Could a victory tonight over The Lost Boy help him crack the Top 5 next time?

[“#5 - KING Oni” appears.]

SLB: While KING Oni has been scoring some nice wins on the live event scene to keep his spot in the Top 5, many have been asking when we'll see him compete on television again. And just how long can Doctor Harrison Fawcett manage to keep Oni and the Gladiator away from one another?

[“#4 - Bobby O'Connor” is added to the list.]

SLB: While fans of the TexMo Connection may be holding their breath tonight after some tension tonight between the two friends and partners, fans of Bobby O'Connor are flying high as he remains in the Top 5 and still holds that guaranteed World Title shot in his back pocket from winning the 2015 edition of the Rumble.

[“#3 - Jack Lynch” appears.]

SLB: In the meantime, the Iron Cowboy seems like he may be so obsessed with Supreme Wright, he's willing to sacrifice anything else to get at him. A win over Wright would propel Lynch to the top of the charts but at what cost to his TexMo Connection team?

[“#2 - Hannibal Carver” appears.]

SLB: Hannibal Carver has been reinstated and now stands as the man who will meet and challenge Ryan Martinez for the World Heavyweight Title at SuperClash! It's a dream match for AWA fans who rose up in an effort to get Carver back into the mix. I can't wait to see it but at the same time...

[“#1 - Johnny Detson” completes the list.]

SLB: ...I have to feel the slightest pang of surprise that while Carver is the one challenging at SuperClash, Johnny Detson remains the Number One Contender. Does Detson have a point when he says he should be challenging Martinez at SuperClash for a third time? And what did he mean when he said this wasn't over? We'll find out the answer to that in the weeks to come, I'm Sure.

[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 September 27th. That's all for now but join us back here next time when we keep on countin' 'em down!

[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...

...and when we fade back up, we've got an extreme closeup of the back of someone's head.]

"Happy days are here again."

[The camera shot slowly starts to pull back... very slowly... very deliberately.]

"Pop the corks, it's time to party."

[And back.]

"Because the men in their three piece suits have spoken and they've planted a kiss of liberty down on the badly-scarred forehead of Hannibal Carver."

[And back.]

"Oh, it truly is a joyous night for all. You see, Hannibal... I came here tonight hoping this would happen... dreaming this would happen... if I was a religious man, I would've even PRAYED this would happen."

[And back.]

"Because I wanted you to be set free from the chains that bind you. I wanted you to be back. Oh, and you got a title match out of the deal? Congratulations."

[And back. A soft humorless chuckle follows.]

"The powers that be certainly have an odd way of doing things. 'How can we punish a man who is a ruthless brute, attacking officials and announcers and managers? Put him in a World Title match!'" Bravo, Mr. Carver... bravo. You have the fans rising up to support you... and I'm rising right there with them."

[And back, finally revealing that the voice belongs to Casanova as he is applying makeup in a mirror in a very dark room.]

C: But on this night, it is my temper that is rising... my blood that is boiling. You broke a glass bottle over the head of my manager, Mickey Cherry, who despite his best efforts still can't remember what happened that night or who attacked him. A man who is from this very city - Memphis, Tennessee - yet can't be here with me tonight because it still gives him headaches to venture outside into the sunlight... let alone the bright lights of Saturday Night Wrestling.

And for that, they gave you a World Title shot.

[And baaaaack.]

C: It is plain to see that the powers that be have no interest in justice. They have no interest in righting a wrong. They only have interest in filling their cash registers.

Cash may indeed rule everything around me... but it doesn't... rule... me.

[And baaaaaaaaaack.]

C: Tonight, I take justice into my own hands. These very hands that will wrap themselves around your throat... that will bash against your skull... that will split open your flesh and cause your life's very essence to drain out of you.

I'll make you hurt like you made Mickey hurt... and maybe in the process, I'll rob you of the thing you treasure most of all - your shot at young Ryan.

[He wheels around in the chair, revealing not the eyeshadow and rouge that we're used to...

...but a solid crimson red painted all over his face.]

C: Why Hannibal... the very idea of our long-awaited date has made me blush...

[Casanova fans at his face with an open palm.]

C: Don't you just love first dates? Toodles.

[The camera fades to black and...

...and then up on the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing in front of the standard AWA background.]

MS: Folks, a lot has happened here tonight and there's still a lot more to come; especially this upcoming match - the Semifinals of the Stampede Cup tournament where Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor, the TexMo Connection, take on my next guests... Air Strike.

[Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons come hustling into the shot and take a place alongside either side of the interviewer. Both men are full of smiles and are wearing their standard green and white wrestling tights in anticipation of their match.]

MS: Gentlemen, in mere moments you face the TexMo Connection in the Semifinals of the Stampede Cup, which might be considered one of your biggest challenges to date.

MA: Stegs, let me tell you something, when you take the legacy of the Lynch family and team them with this year's Rumble winner - well, I don't think you can get any tougher.

[Aarons smirks.]

MA: Unless you're talking about former AWA World Tag Team Champions, the first team ever to hold both the TPP Global Tag Crown AND the AWA World Tag Team Titles – the Teenage Dream Team in Air Strike. TexMo? They've battled a whole bunch of top stars, they're battle tested! But you know what, so are we! So you may be right Stegs, they may be one of our biggest challenges to date! But you know what? Air Strike is one of their biggest challenges to date!

MS: Indeed. Well, Cody, it seems that Air Strike is confident going into this match.

[Mertz gives a slight shake of his head.]

CM: Not confidence or even arrogance, Mark. But we are determined. When this tournament started, we set out on a mission. A mission to win the Stampede Cup sure... it is and always will be an absolute honor. But the mission was to prove to the world out there that we are still one of the top teams in the AWA and the world.

[Aarons nods in agreement.]

CM: Now that we're two matches away from achieving our goal, we are more determined than ever to see it through.

MA: Look Stegs, we like Jack and we like Bobby. To be honest, after Team Daddy Issues and the Wallaces, it's going to be nice to not have to look over our shoulders to see where they're going to stick the knife. But that respect? It gets checked at the door before the match starts. Air Strike is here to fight and Air Strike is here to win. We're here to cement our legacy and firmly place ourselves on top. So they better regain their focus because we have ours.

CM: Mark, I have no doubt that when the bell rings TexMo will be the top flight team they always are. It will be a challenge, but Air Strike is always up for the challenge.

MA: And they better be too! Because they got to face the high-flying, death defying, Stampede Cup acquiring, Teenage Dream Team AIR STRIKE!

[Fist bump.]

MA: And there ain't a team better than that!

[With that the duo heads off to the ring.]

MS: There you have it guys; a determined, Air Strike ready for their Semifinal match! Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor? You better be ready! Let's go down to the ring for the introductions!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a forty-five minute time limit and is a Semifinal match in the Stampede Cup tournament!

[The FedEx Forum erupts in cheers, both in anticipation of the match to come and for the prestigious tournament.]

PW: Introducing first, at a total combined weight of five hundred and thirty pounds. They are... THE IRON COWBOY JACK LYNCH and "BUNKHOUSE" BOBBY O'CONNOR...

THE
TEXXXXXXMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
COONNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEECCCCCTTTTTTTIIIIIIIIIOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNN!!!!

[The moment that George Thorogood and the Destroyers' "Who Do You Love?" hits the loudspeakers, the FedEx Forum is once more hit with a deafening roar of applause and cheers.]

GM: Listen to the response here in Memphis for the TexMo Connection!

[Bobby O'Connor is the first one through the curtain to a big cheer. O'Connor smiles, nodding his head and pointing to the fans. A few moments later, Jack Lynch comes walking into view. Lynch looks to the cheering crowd, raising an arm into the air for cheers. Neither man addresses each other as they start walking towards the ring.]

GM: Some tension in the air between "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor and Jack Lynch as we saw earlier tonight. Do you think they can bury that down, Bucky?

BW: They're gonna have to. I'm not a big fan of either of the teams in this match but I'll tell you right now that if Violence Unlimited is the best tag team in the world, Air Strike - through sheer resumé alone even - has a damn good argument to be number two. If O'Connor and Lynch can't get their heads out of their Blackjacks, they're gonna have some trouble.

GM: Their heads out of their... oh, brother.

[The two men enter the ring on opposite sides, glaring briefly at one another before climbing up on opposite ring buckles, saluting the fans as the music fades.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The buzz of anticipation flows throughout the crowd as they eagerly await the former AWA World Tag Team Champs when suddenly the PA sparks up. Slowly and softly, the open piano notes begin to play for "Can't Hold Us" by Macklemore and Ryan Lewis to further the anticipation of the crowd. As the piano fades out, the drums kick in and spotlights comes to life throughout the arena. Green and white spotlights swirling around the arena.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 420 pounds...

MICHAEL AARONS...

CODY MERTZ...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAIRRRRRRRR STRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIKE!

[With the crowd roaring their support for one of the most popular tag teams in AWA history, Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons come rushing through the curtain into view. They throw their arms in the air, saluting the roaring crowd before starting to make their way down the FedEx Forum aisle towards the ring, walking alongside the barricade, slapping every outstretched hand in sight.]

GM: Former World Tag Team Champions. Former Global Tag Crown Champions. Air Strike is in the house and they're just two wins away from cementing their argument as the best tag team in the world!

[Reaching the ring, Mertz and Aarons slingshot over the top rope in tandem, drawing more cheers as they trade a high five, mounting the buckles to salute the fans as the cheers roar on.]

GM: What a match this is going to be, fans. Ever since the brackets for this tournament were announced, I've had my eye on the potential of this one happening.

BW: This is the fans' favorite match but I think the winner's comin' out of the other Semifinal.

GM: A bold prediction there from Bucky Wilde as these two teams settle in and get ready for act...

[But before we can see a single thing happen, the music kicks in again...]

GM: Oh, what is THIS about?!

[The sounds of "Black Skinhead" in the air can mean the arrival of only one man, drawing instant jeers from the AWA faithful in Memphis.]

BW: The best wrestler in the world is in the house!

[Supreme Wright appears in the aisle, still wearing his ring gear from earlier in the night. Wright walks with purpose halfway down the aisle, stopping right there with his eyes locked on the ring. The Iron Cowboy, Jack Lynch, steps up on the middle rope, shouting at Wright, inviting him to come to the ring.]

GM: Lynch is ready! He's ready for a fight!

[But an angry Bobby O'Connor pulls his partner down, pointing at the ring.]

"THIS ISN'T ABOUT HIM! THIS IS ABOUT THIS RING... RIGHT NOW!"

[Lynch is fuming as he stares at his partner long and hard...

...before giving a nod, stepping through the ropes to the apron, leaving the third generation star in the ring.]

GM: Another disagreement out of Lynch and O'Connor.

BW: Hey, I gotta agree with O'Connor on this one. This is the Stampede Cup. You win this one, you're a win away from your share of a million bucks. Making money is what this business is all about, right?

GM: Well, I don't know about-

BW: What else is it about? Money! Fame! Glory! It sure as hell ain't about what the fans think! It's not about making these idiots laugh or smile or anything like that! These are grown men fighting it out for the biggest prizes in the SPORT. The objective is to win... win matches... and win money. Jack Lynch is on some damned fool crusade to take out Supreme Wright. And he'll get a chance to do that too, I'm sure. But tonight, it's all about the Stampede Cup.

GM: Jack Lynch seems to agree... for now at least... but with Supreme Wright looming out in the aisleway, you have to wonder what might come in this one.

[With O'Connor in the ring waiting, Mertz and Aarons exchange one more high five before Aarons exits the ring. Cody Mertz swings his arms across his chest a few times as the bell sounds...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[Mertz scampers to the side, circling O'Connor before the two men edge towards one another, extending their arms.]

GM: And a nice show of sportsmanship there to get things going...

[The two men circle a couple more times before coming together in a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Lockup in the middle... and O'Connor goes right out, twisting the arm around in a wristlock...

[Mertz cringes, grabbing at his shoulder as O'Connor wrenches the trapped limb.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor didn't waste any time going into that hold. You have to imagine both he and Lynch are fighting with a little more fire in their bellies tonight after the problems they've had communicating as of late.

[O'Connor gives the arm a hard yank, causing Mertz to fall to a knee, wincing in pain as the referee leans in, checking for a submission.]

GM: Referee Ricky Longfellow asking Mertz if he wants to give up.

BW: I don't think that's likely... not yet at least.

GM: O'Connor pulls Mertz back to his feet...

[O'Connor plants his left hand on the back of Mertz' neck, pushing forward and causing Mertz to flip over into a seated position on the mat. The Missouri native drops to a knee, jamming his knee in between the shoulderblades as he cranks back on the arm.]

GM: Nice takeover and right into an armbar.

BW: I'm used to seeing O'Connor throw fists. What gives?

GM: Bobby showing a little of the technical prowess that his father and grandfather were so well known for. You're right though... we usually see a slugfest when Bobby O'Connor is involved.

[With the arm trapped, Mertz uses his free arm, grabbing at his shoulder.]

GM: O'Connor's got that limb isolated, using the knee to keep Mertz down on the canvas.

[Mertz shifts his hips, trying to get his legs under him. O'Connor sees it coming, winding up to drive an elbow down on the shoulder. A second one lands before he reapplies the armbar.]

GM: Jack Lynch out on the apron... but I don't even know if he's watching the action, Bucky.

BW: He does seem pretty distracted. Supreme Wright is simply watching from the aisle... he hasn't even moved yet.

[O'Connor orders the referee to ask again and getting no submission, he climbs to his feet, pulling Mertz up by the trapped arm. He shifts his grip back to the wristlock, cranking the arm around again...]

GM: O'Connor putting more pressure on the arm...

[But this time, Mertz drifts too close to the ropes, grabbing the top rope with his free hand. He plants his feet, flipping forward out of the pressure before leaping to the second rope, springing back, and yanking O'Connor down to the mat with a lucha libre style armdrag!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: Mertz showing off the skills he picked up working down on those border towns in Texas.

[The Missouri native comes up fast, charging in but Mertz uses a second armdrag to take him down to the mat.]

GM: Nice armdrag by Cody Mertz!

[O'Connor comes up again...

...but holds up as Mertz is waiting for him. O'Connor backs off to the ropes, shaking his head as Mertz grins.]

GM: A little bit of a standoff there for those two...

[Mertz reaches out, tagging in Michael Aarons who slingshots over the top rope to cheers from the crowd - squeals from the ladies. Aarons grins at O'Connor and then points to the corner.]

GM: How about that? It looks like Michael Aarons wants to try his hand with Jack Lynch.

[O'Connor grimaces, nodding as he walks across the ring where Lynch sticks out his hand and gets it slapped... hard.]

GM: The tag is made to the King of Cowboys!

[Lynch steps through the ropes to cheers, throwing a glance down the aisle at Supreme Wright before waving Aarons forward to lockup with him.]

GM: Collar and elbow tieup again...

[Lynch quickly moves into a side headlock, cranking on the head and neck...

...and again looking down the aisle at Supreme Wright.]

GM: Lynch seems distracted here in this one, Bucky.

BW: No doubt. Can Aarons take advantage of it?

[Aarons backs Lynch into the ropes, throwing him off across the ring. He dives at the feet of Lynch causing the rebounding Texan to hurdle over him.]

GM: Aarons drops down, Lynch goes over... to the far side...

[The rebounding Lynch ducks down, going under an Aarons leapfrog, building more speed as he hits the ropes again. Aarons never turns after the leapfrog, allowing Lynch to come charging at his back...

...and then quickly leaps, twisting around to catch Lynch with a flying forearm between the eyes!]

GM: Ohh!

[Aarons scrambles into a cover, getting a one count before Lynch rolls him off. The Texan rolls to a knee as Aarons climbs to his feet, walking across towards Lynch...

...and delivers a hard two-handed shove to the chest!]

"Your match is with ME... not HIM!"

[He points to Wright aggressively.]

GM: It looks like Michael Aarons might be feeling disrespected by Jack Lynch's focus being elsewhere.

[Lynch stares at Aarons as he gets to his feet, checking his nose for damage as Aarons bounces from foot to foot, waving the Texan forward.]

GM: We're only a few minutes into this one and it's already heating up.

BW: There's a chance at a million dollars at stake, Gordo! It better be red hot... and I ain't talkin' about Rex Summers!

[Lynch marches across the ring, locking up with Aarons and pushing him back into the neutral corner. The referee steps in, calling for a break. Lynch obliges, winding up the right hand...]

GM: Big righ- Aarons rolls out!

[Aarons pops to his feet as Lynch spins around, rushing at him with another haymaker that Aarons ducks under, rushing to the ropes, leaping up to the second, springing off...]

GM: CROSSBODY!

[Aarons rolls right out of it, coming to his feet as Lynch does the same, and lands a dropkick on the chin that knocks the Texan back down to the mat!]

GM: Dropkick connects!

[The crowd is cheering as Aarons throws a second dropkick at the rising Lynch, sending him through the ropes and out to the floor where he angrily slams his hands down on the apron.]

GM: Oho! And some frustration on display by Jack Lynch out on the floor!

[Aarons claps his hands together, leaning over to keep his eyes on Jack Lynch as the Texan paces on the floor, trying to regroup. Bobby O'Connor shouts something to his partner from the apron... something Lynch does not respond to.]

BW: I don't agree with this right here, Gordo. Aarons should've gone out there after Lynch, kept up the pressure on him.

GM: You could be right because Jack Lynch is getting precious time to recover on the floor.

[Lynch walks around the ring to the side nearest the aisleway. He puts a hand on the middle rope, ready to climb back into the ring...

...and gives a half-turn, looking at Supreme Wright who still hasn't budged...]

GM: AARONS!

[A charging Michael Aarons throws himself between the middle and bottom rope with a baseball slide dropkick to the back of Lynch's head, sending him sprawling forward and crashing down just beyond the padding on the floor!]

GM: Michael Aarons again taking umbrage with Jack Lynch being distracted by Supreme Wright-

BW: Who has done absolutely nothing, I might add.

GM: As long as you add "yet" to the end of that sentence.

[Aarons steps out on the ring apron, pumping an arm to the cheering fans as he walks down the apron, slapping the top turnbuckle a few times, keeping an eye on Lynch as the Texan struggles to get to his feet out on the floor...

...and Aarons comes charging down the apron, throwing himself into a somersault!]

GM: SOMERSAULT DIVE OFF THE APRON!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Aarons wipes out the Texan with the big dive, climbing off the floor to big cheers as he pumps a fist. He also looks down the aisle at Supreme Wright who softly applauds the dive. Aarons shakes his head, pulling Lynch off the floor and rolling him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Aarons back up on the apron... and he's going to try and end it here!

[The Carson City native walks down the apron, stepping up on the second rope as Cody Mertz shouts encouragement from the corner. Aarons puts a foot on the top rope.]

GM: Aarons likes that High In The Sky flying elbow off the top!

BW: If he hits it, I think Lynch's lifelong dream of indoor plumbing at the Ranch might be over!

[Aarons steps to the top, looking down at his prone opponent...

...who is suddenly on his feet and coming in hot!]

GM: LYNCH IS UP!

[The Iron Cowboy races towards the corner where Aarons is perched but Aarons spots him coming in, leaping into the air over the rampaging Texan, landing on the mat, rolling through to his feet to the opposite corner where he slams on the brakes.]

GM: Aarons in the wrong part of town!

[Lynch spins around, charging the other side of the ring...

...where Aarons ducks out of the way, causing Lynch to slam chestfirst into the corner buckles.]

GM: Lynch misses!

[Aarons wraps his arms around the waist, rushing Lynch forward...

...and sending him CRASHING into Bobby O'Connor, knocking his own partner off the ring apron as Aarons rolls him back into a rolling reverse cradle!]

GM: Rolling cradle out of nowhere! ONE!! TWO!!

[But the Texan shows off his powerful legs, kicking Aarons off, sending him through the ropes where Bobby O'Connor PASTES him with a right hand!]

GM: Oh! What a shot!

[O'Connor instantly looks regretful as Aarons stumbles back towards Lynch who grabs him around the torso, lifting him into the air...

...and DUMPS him down on the back of his head and neck with a back suplex!]

GM: High impact back suplex by the Iron Cowboy!

[Lynch gets back to his feet, glaring at the downed Aarons before reaching out to tag in Bobby O'Connor.]

GM: Hard tag to the Missouri native, bringing Bobby O'Connor back into the mix.

[Lynch pulls Aarons off the mat, forcing him back into the ropes as each member of the TexMo Connection grabs an arm, shooting him across the ring...]

GM: Double whip shoots him in...

[...and as Aarons rebounds, O'Connor swings his arm up to go for a clothesline as Lynch swings his other arm up for a back elbow. The awkward combination does put Aarons down on the mat as Lynch turns to glare at O'Connor.]

GM: Some miscommunication there between the TexMo Connection... and some words being exchanged between the two tag partners now.

[Lynch is grumbling as he exits the ring, leaving O'Connor to apply a lateral press on Michael Aarons.]

GM: Two count only on one-half of the former World Tag Team Champions as Cody Mertz implores Aarons from the corner to kick out of that cover.

[The Missouri native pulls Aarons off the mat, shoving him back into the neutral corner where he winds up...]

“WHAAAAAAP!”

GM: Knife edge chop by O'Connor! They may not be as impactful as his good friend Ryan Martinez' but they definitely sting!

[Aarons cringes, grabbing at his chest as O'Connor slings the protecting arms back over the top rope, delivering a second knife edge blow.]

GM: Another hard chop by “Bunkhouse” Bobby who got that nickname from his hard-hitting style and brawling all over the Midwest in any territory that would put him on the card.

[O'Connor drags Aarons out of the corner, scooping him up and slamming him down to the canvas.]

GM: Big slam! O'Connor backs to the corner, hopping up on the middle rope...

[He measures the downed Aarons before leaping off, driving his elbow down into the throat.]

GM: Nice elbow - driven not dropped - and O'Connor covers again.

[Again, he only gets a two before Aarons kicks out.]

GM: Another two count as Michael Aarons shows the resilience that made Air Strike the first Double Crown Champions.

[O'Connor looks over to his corner where Jack Lynch is leaning against the buckles, slapping his hand down on the top. With a nod, O'Connor climbs to his feet, walking across the ring where he SLAMS Aarons facefirst into the raised cowboy boot!]

GM: Facefirst onto the boot and there's another tag.

[The Missouri native shoves Aarons back into the corner as Lynch steps in, winding up, and PASTES Aarons with a haymaker across the jaw!]

GM: Big right hand by the Iron Cowboy... really lighting up Michael Aarons with that shot!

[A second big shot has Aarons reeling as the referee steps in, calling for a break. Lynch obliges, grabbing Aarons by the hair, dragging him out of the corner...]

GM: The Texan pulling Lynch out to the middle... big scoop...

[But Aarons slips out over the top, twisting around to try and get to his corner where Cody Mertz is standing...

...but Lynch wheels around, hooking him by the tights to prevent the tag!]

GM: Lynch is hanging on! He's cutting him off from making the tag!

[Lynch pulls Aarons back towards him, right into another backdrop suplex position, lifting him up...]

GM: Belly to back... Aarons flips over!

[Aarons, landing on his knees, crawls between the legs of Lynch, stretching out an arm...

...but the big Texan leaps up, landing buttfirst on the small of Aarons' back, cutting him off again! There's a grumbling from many in the crowd as Lynch stands over Aarons, glaring at Mertz who slaps the top turnbuckle in frustration.]

GM: Michael Aarons has been inside the ring taking punishment from the TexMo Connection for about five minutes now and he was looking to make the tag but Jack Lynch wouldn't allow it.

BW: Hey, I hate to admit it but that's smart tag team wrestling. You never let your opponent make the tag if you can avoid it.

[Lynch grabs Aarons by the foot, dragging him across the ring to the corner where he slaps the hand of Bobby O'Connor who steps in through the ropes.]

GM: The TexMo Connection may have had some issues early in this one but they seem to be working pretty well together at this point.

[Lynch pulls Aarons up, throwing him back into the corner. He laces a pair of boots into the gut as O'Connor backs across the ring, coming close to the Air Strike corner but pulling up short before charging across, connecting with an impactful clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline in the corner!

[O'Connor pivots, hooking a side headlock...

...and his eyes lock on the entranceway where two more individuals are walking into view to the jeers of the FedEx Forum crowd!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: His name is-

GM: I know his name! It's Larry Wallace!

BW: "Flawless" Larry Wallace to be exact... and he ain't alone, daddy.

[The boos intensify as the legendary Hamilton Graham is alongside Wallace. Wallace is still in his ring gear, pointing down the aisle as Graham nods, speaking to him.]

GM: Are these two allied?!

BW: I thought that was fairly obvious two weeks ago when they made O'Connor look like the dumb kid goof that he is.

GM: Well, they've certainly caught the attention of Bobby O'Connor which I'm sure was their intention all along.

[O'Connor glares at Graham and Wallace for a moment before a shout from Lynch snaps him out of it and he starts charging out of the corner, looking for a bulldog headlock...

...but Aarons throws him off, sending O'Connor crashing backfirst to the canvas to a mixed reaction!]

GM: AARONS COUNTERS THE BULLDOG!

[Halfway across the ring, Aarons is down on all fours as Cody Mertz slaps the top turnbuckle three times, shouting for his partner to get to the corner and make the exchange.]

GM: Aarons is up on his hands and knees! Crawling across the ring, looking to make that tag to his partner!

BW: Boy, wouldn't that be a kick in the pants?

GM: What's that?

BW: If we spent the whole match talking about Lynch being distracted and it's a distraction of O'Connor that is the turning point.

GM: It certainly seems possible at this point as Mertz and Aarons reach out towards one another...

[Aarons pushes up to his feet as O'Connor kneels between he and the corner where Cody Mertz is waiting...]

GM: O'Connor's between Aarons and Mertz! Can he block the tag from happening?

[...and Aarons leaps into the air, leaping OVER the rising O'Connor to slap Cody Mertz' hand!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd cheers as Cody Mertz grabs the top rope, swinging his leg up to catch an incoming O'Connor flush on the bridge of the nose, sending him staggering back!]

GM: Oh! He caught him coming in with that kick!

[Mertz grabs the top rope with both hands, feet moving with anticipation as O'Connor steadies himself. The smallest man in the match leaps into the air, springing off the top rope...

...snaring O'Connor head between his legs, snapping him over with a rana, flinging him across the ring, under the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: MERTZ CLEARS OUT O'CONNOR!!

[Cody Mertz jumps up to his feet, pumping a fist to the (mostly) cheers of the Memphis crowd. Mertz runs in place for a moment, waving his arms to get the fans roaring as he dashes to the ropes, bouncing off the ropes as he tears across the ring...

...and HURLS himself between the ropes, sailing like a torpedo into the chest of the rising O'Connor, sending him crashing back into the ringside barricade!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MERTZ DIVES TO THE FLOOR!! OHHHH MY!!!!

[Mertz climbs off the floor, throwing his arms into the air to a big cheer as O'Connor is sprawled out against the railing, fans reaching over the barricade to pat him on the back and root him on.]

GM: Cody Mertz with the king-sized dive, taking out Bobby O'Connor...

BW: He's wasting time playing to these idiot fans though. He needs to put O'Connor back in the ring and get the pin... or better yet, waffle him with a tire iron and take the countout!

GM: Bucky!

[Mertz takes Bucky's advice... not the tire iron... and rolls O'Connor back into the ring. He pulls himself back up on the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...just as Larry Wallace and Hamilton Graham start walking closer to the ring, passing Supreme Wright who arches an eyebrow in interest at this development.]

GM: Wallace is getting too close, ref! Get him out of here!

[The referee slides out to the floor, cutting off Wallace's path as Mertz turns and shouts at Wallace and Graham who return the verbal fire.]

GM: Cody Mertz is completely wrapped up in this argument with Larry Wallace and Hamilton Graham!

[Mertz angrily turns back to the ring where O'Connor is climbing back to his feet. The Air Strike high flyer leaps into the air, springing off the top rope again...]

GM: HEADSCISSORS!!

[But as he lands on the shoulders of O'Connor, the third generation star is able to keep from going over, holding Mertz up on his shoulders, falling back across the ring from the momentum...]

...which is when Jack Lynch steps up on the second rope, grabbing Mertz by the hair, jumping off...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[...and SNAPS Mertz' throat down on the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What in the... did Jack Lynch just do what I think he did?!

BW: Act like a man? Yeah, I'm surprised too!

GM: Bobby O'Connor... he can't believe it!

[O'Connor stands over Mertz who is holding his throat, kicking his feet in pain. He stares at Lynch, throwing a verbal accusation as Lynch shouts at him to cover Mertz and "finish it!"]

GM: What in the world is going on here?! Jack Lynch with an illegal - and BRUTAL - assist to his partner Bobby O'Connor!

BW: Who is being a typical dumb kid and not covering!

GM: He can't believe it happened! I can't believe it happened! Jack Lynch is... he's lost his cool! He's pointing at O'Connor, shouting at Wright and Wallace and Graham and... he's furious at the whole world!

[O'Connor and Lynch are in a pretty heated argument as the referee gets tangled up with Hamilton Graham out on the floor...]

...which is Larry Wallace's cue to slide into the ring. Lynch shouts a warning to his partner who wheels around, tackling Wallace down to the mat before he can unleashed his signature dropkick!]

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!

[O'Connor and Wallace quickly roll under the ropes to the floor, taking themselves out of the picture as Jack Lynch steps in, pulling Cody Mertz off the mat...]

...when Michael Aarons suddenly steps in, swinging Lynch around, and sticking an accusing finger in his face!]

GM: Whoa! It's breaking down here in-

[The crowd ROARS as a fired-up Jack Lynch wraps his massive hand around the skull of Michael Aarons!]

GM: CLAW!! HE'S GOT THE CLAW ON AARONS!

BW: Aarons ain't legal, Gordo!

GM: He's certainly not but the official can't get away from Hamilton Graham who is almost hugging him on the floor now! Graham's still distracting the referee and-

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in jeers at the presence of another man coming over the railing into the ringside area.]

GM: CAIN JACKSON! CAIN JACKSON! WE JUST SAW HIM TALKING TO WRIGHT EARLIER TONIGHT AND-

[Jackson slides into the ring behind Jack Lynch's back, takes aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE NEARLY TOOK HIS HEAD OFF WITH THAT BIG BOOT!

[Jackson leans down, lifting Mertz off the mat and dumping him on top of the now-motionless Lynch. He rolls out, ducking out of view as Graham releases the referee. The official shouts at Graham...

...and then spots the cover, sliding into the ring!]

GM: No, no, no! Ref, it was Jackson! It was Cain Jackson!

[But the official doesn't hear it, slapping the mat three times and calling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Ahhh, you've gotta be kidding me!

[Michael Aarons, shaking off the effects of the Claw, looks puzzled as he kneels down next to Cody Mertz who is still coughing from the throat snapped on the top rope.]

GM: Michael Aarons doesn't know what happened. Cody Mertz doesn't know what happened. This whole thing stinks to high heaven, Bucky.

BW: Cain Jackson came out here on a mission - to make Jack Lynch pay for Jackson's dismissal from Team Supreme. Mission accomplished, I'd say.

[Jackson rises, smirking at the downed Lynch as he strides over to the aisleway, walking right up to Supreme Wright.]

BW: Now this oughta be interesting...

GM: Supreme Wright wanted no part of Cain Jackson earlier tonight and...

[Wright looks Jackson up and down...

...and gives the slightest of approving nods, earning big jeers from the crowd as a relieved Cain Jackson falls in behind him, walking back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: Cain Jackson's back with Supreme Wright... the TexMo Connection is out of the tournament... Air Strike is not going to be happy about HOW it happened but they're moving on to the Finals to face either Strictly Business or the Rotgut Rustlers. Chaos has broken loose here in Memphis and... fans, what a miscarriage of justice this one was. We'll be right back.

[Bobby O'Connor, puzzled at the outcome, is back in the ring talking to Air Strike about what happened 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 of The Rave cruising into the Los Angeles Sports Arena in the confines of a silver DeLorean!]

#Guess who just got back today?#

[Jerby Jezz comes leaping off the middle rope, aiming to double stomp Gunnar Gaines when Ryan Martinez SPEARS him out of the sky!]

#Those wild-eyed boys that had been away#

[Giant Aso and MAMMOTH Maximus square off in the middle of the ring, hooking in a loose tieup, and just beating the holy hell out of each other in the center of the ring!]

#Haven't changed, haven't much to say#

[Skywalker Jones comes soaring off the top rope with a Shooting Star Press aimed right at the prone November who raises his knees at the last moment to win Steal The Spotlight!]

#But man, I still think them cats are great#

[With Calisto Dufresne draped over his shoulder, Juan Vasquez DROPS him on the back of his head with the City of Angels on the wooden ramp!]

#They were asking if you were around#

[Joe Petrow SLAMS a steel-chain wrapped fist into the forehead of a trapped "Big" Jim Watkins!]

#How you was, where you could be found#

[Robert Donovan turns on Jack Lynch after they failed to win the tag team titles, flattening him with a gutwrench powerbomb.]

#I told them you were living downtown#

[With the ring surrounded by barbed wire, Alex Martinez drags William Craven's head back and forth across the skin-tearing metal.]

#Driving all the old men crazy#

[With Dave Bryant hanging in the tree of woe, Glenn Hudson baseball slide dropkicks a ladder into his face!]

#The boys are back in town#

[It's Main Event time as challenger Supreme Wright stares down World Champion James Monosso in the center of the ring, ready for war...]

#The boys are back in toooooooown#

[Monosso drops the King Kong kneedrop for a near fall but Wright counters into a crucifix, unloading with brutal elbowstrikes to the temple!]

#The boys are back in town#

[The final shot is of Monosso trapping the arms, lifting his young challenger into the air, and driving him down with a makeshift Billion Dollar Bomb as the crowd goes wild.]

#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 - 54 days"... and we fade to black...

...and then back up to live action where we see Lou Blackwell standing in front of a partially opened door.]

SLB: Fans, you will not believe what's happening right now!

[Blackwell and the camera man enter the locker room, where Bobby O'Connor and Jack Lynch are nose to nose.]

BOC: Just what in the HECK was that out there, Jack?! Maybe you did come out for that match, but your head was nowhere near that ring!

[A seething Lynch glares at his tag partner.]

JL: Back off...

BOC: I will NOT back off, Jack! It's about time you finally realize you have a partner and the world doesn't revolve--

[A furious Jack Lynch shoves O'Connor back, and a stunned O'Connor looks at him in shocked silence.]

JL: See that was my mistake. Because I didn't make myself clear. "Back off" is really me sayin' "get the hell outta my damn face right now!"

[A furious Jack Lynch looks straight into the camera.]

JL: I bet you're real proud of yourself right now, ain't ya, Cain? You got yourself back in your favorite place – halfway up Supreme Wright's ass!

What ya did tonight? That ain't somethin' I'm gonna take lyin' down. You put that big boot in my face, but more importantly, you took food outta my baby girl's mouth.

And no man gets away with that.

Ya cost me a million dollars tonight, Jackson. So it's only right that I take away your chance to keep makin' a livin'.

I beat ya once, but clearly, that wasn't enough. So here it is. You and me, one more time, two weeks from now.

But I don't want no wrestlin' match. I don't want nothin' but a fight. So Jackson? Let's do this the right way. Let's do this in a way that settles things, once and for all.

Two weeks from now – No Disqualification!

[O'Connor shakes his head, trying to interrupt.]

BOC: That's just an invitation for him to get that whole gang of jackals down to the ring to work you over, what are you thinking?!

[Lynch glares at O'Connor in response.]

JL: Bobby, I don't want to hear it. You made it clear that you don't want any part of this, and ya know what? That's just fine.

But I'm gettin' this done, and if you can't accept that?

[Lynch doesn't finish his thought, but instead, just shakes his head and exits, leaving O'Connor alone with Blackwell 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...

...and then back up to live action. The camera shot is wild, bouncing erratically as the cameraman is running through the backstage area. A pair of AWA officials is outpacing him, heading quickly towards their destination.]

"GO, GO, GO!"

[The officials round a corner, pushing through a doorway that takes us out to the FedEx Forum parking lot. The cameraman is in hot pursuit, trying desperately to keep the shot steady.]

"Oh my god."

[And as the cameraman, breathing heavily from exertion, manages to steady the shot, we see Brian Lau looking worse for wear sprawled out on the hood of a car in the parking lot, his face pressed up against the glass. He is struggling to no avail as Pedro Perez stands with his boot on the back of Lau's head. Wade Walker and Isaiah Carpenter are nearby, keeping their heads on a swivel. The officials immediately begin begging the Dogs to back off.]

"Come on, guys... you don't want to do this! Let him go!"

[Carpenter grins.]

IC: On the contrary, we DO want to do this. For far too long, the heads of everyone involved with this company have rested easy on their pillows at night because the Dogs of War weren't the same holy force of terror they were when they walked into this place. NEVER... would someone dare to come after us like those three did earlier tonight...

[Carpenter gestures to Lau.]

IC: And after this, the whole world will know that the REAL Dogs of War are back!

[Perez nods, grabbing the arms of Lau, pulling them back as he plants his foot on the back of the head and neck...

...when another flurry of activity breaks out as Brian James, Wes Taylor, and Tony Donovan come rushing into view. Wes Taylor freezes upon seeing Lau, shouting...]

WT: If you do this, we'll-

[Brian James however doesn't hesitate, never breaking stride as he clears the distance between where he stands and the car in a split second, reaching up and

yanking Perez' feet out from under him, dropping him on the back of his head on the car!

James yanks Perez off the car, swinging him around and HURLING him into the driver door, shattering the window with his back. Wade Walker rushes into the mix, smashing a fist into James' face. The two big men start trading shots, tying up and running into all the cars surrounding them, leaving a dent wherever they go.

Tony Donovan is charging hard when Carpenter leaps off the hood, throwing himself into a crossbody that takes the third generation star down on the concrete!

The officials are shouting as Wes Taylor takes advantage of Pedro Perez' downed status, smashing his head into the driver's side door and putting the boots to him again and again and again...

A shout from Brian James in the direction of his allies catches Taylor's attention.]

"GET BRIAN OUT OF HERE!"

[Taylor nods, pulling a stunned (and grateful) Brian Lau off the car's hood, slinging his arm over his shoulder as the duo beats a quick retreat and more officials and security rush onto the scene, trying to break up the brawl in the parking lot. Donovan and Carpenter are pretty easily separated although they continue to shout at one another from a distance...

James and Walker on the other hand? They're still brawling, trading blows as we fade through black to ringside.]

GM: Wow! A wild scene out in the parking lot here in Memphis, fans, as... correct me if I'm wrong, Bucky, but it appeared as though the Dogs of War were about to put Brian Lau THROUGH that windshield.

BW: Just like they've done in the past... just like they did to so many when they first arrived on the scene. If THOSE Dogs of War are back... the James Gang may be in some serious trouble because those Dogs of War follow no rules of engagement, daddy.

GM: Everyone is fair game... including Brian Lau. This one continues to heat up, fans, just like the ongoing rivalry between Derrick Williams and Callum Mahoney which took a new twist two weeks ago when Williams returned from the arm injury caused by the Armbar Assassin so many weeks ago. The young lion returned, interrupting Mahoney's assault on La Fuerza and got his hands on the Fighting Irishman as a result.

BW: You mean, he did a sneak attack when Mahoney wasn't ready for him.

GM: You can claim that if you'd like. That's not how I saw it... and I don't think that's how Derrick Williams saw it either. Mr. Williams is about to make his in-ring return so let's go to Phil Watson!

[Cut 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! Currently in the ring, from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 261 pounds, BENJAMIN DEPUE!

[The 260 pound Texan raises his hand at the intro, sneering at the crowd that gives him a cold reception.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The crowd perks up huge as "Comin' for the Throne" by Otherwise starts up over the PA.]

PW: Hailing from Brooklyn, New York, weighing in at 260 pounds...

DERRRRRRRRRRICK WILLLLLLLLLLLLIAMMMMS!

[Williams steps through the entrance way, walking purposefully toward the ring, wearing blue tights with matching knee pads, white boots with blue trim and laces, black neoprene elbow braces on both arms, and white tape on his wrists and fists. He rubs his wrists as he hits the area with the fans, taking some time to slap a few hands with the crowd as he makes it to the ring, stepping up and entering, pulling on the ropes a couple of times before getting checked by the ref]

GM: Derrick Williams back in action after six weeks off. The reports are that he hyperextended his elbow after that second armbar from Callum Mahoney and needed some recovery time, but boy, he was back two weeks ago with a vengeance.

BW: Two armbars, and he didn't break either of 'em, Gordo!

GM: He was well on his way to breaking the first, but Mahoney went to the eyes and that was that.

BW: But Mahoney let it go, Williams didn't break it!

GM: I don't think this is an argument either of us are going to win as Depue and Williams are facing off in the ring now. Depue jawing at Williams... but Williams doesn't look bothered by it. Not intimidated in the slightest. Is it just me, Bucky, or does Williams seem to have a different look about him?

[Before Bucky can answer, Depue winds up...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Whoa! That hardly seems necessary, Buck-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: WILLIAMS FIRES BACK!

[Depue is left holding his face, obviously angered. He lets loose a growl of anger as he pivots his hips...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big overhand chop by Benjamin Depue!

[Williams doesn't back down though, simply placing his hands on his hips, giving a bemused look at Depue. He nods as Depue sticks out his chest, asking for a chop in return...]

GM: I'm not sure I'd suggest-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Williams lands an overhand slap chop of his own that lands with a much louder sound, sending Depue reeling away, tiptoeing as he grabs at the red welt on his chest.]

BW: You know, Depue might want to rethink this exchange of blows with Williams. The kid ain't got much in the technical wrestling department thanks to trying to learn from Kevin Slater but he can knock your block off.

GM: Certainly true, Bucky, Williams has been quickly becoming one of the hardest hitters in the AWA and he's showing it here.

[Fuming, Depue storms back across the ring towards Williams who lowers his arms, sticking out his chest as if he's inviting Depue to try it again...

...and the Texan obliges with a reverse knife edge chop that lands with a modest "WHAP!"

BW: If Williams is lacking in the technical wrestling skill, Depue may be lacking in brain power as he continues to try and trade blows with Williams.

[Williams nods, firing back with a knife edge chop of his own...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Good grief! You could hear that one down in Graceland! This is not going well for Benjamin Depue here, he's outgunned, and, oh my...

[Gordon reacts to Depue now deciding to grab Williams by the head and landing a forearm smash, which causes Williams to turn his head. He checks his jaw, now looking angry.]

GM: That might've been the wrong thing to do.

[And quickly, Williams grabs the Texan by the head and lays in his own forearm that drops Depue down to the mat.]

GM: How do you do, sir?!

[Williams picks him off the mat by the arm, firing him off the ropes...]

GM: Williams shoots him in... oh! That's two big men colliding with shoulderblocks right there!

BW: Williams didn't even move despite the fact that it was Depue's 261 pounds coming with all the momentum off the ropes.

GM: These two may have a little bit of history, Bucky. There sure seems to be a bit of one-upsmanship involved in this one.

BW: Or maybe they just disliked each other the moment they saw one another. You never can tell, Gordo.

[Williams shouts at Depue, inviting him to do it again. The Texan obliges, hitting the ropes, rebounding fast into another thudding collision that sees neither man give.]

BW: It's like two slabs of beef on hooks being thrown into each other.

GM: Have you actually seen that?

BW: I've heard rumors.

[Depue shakes his head, then yells "You try it!" at Williams, who shrugs and runs off the ropes himself.]

GM: Williams takes a turn... off the ropes...

[But Depue goes for the cheapshot, throwing out his arm for a clothesline.]

GM: Williams ducks down, off the far side... Depue drops down, Williams over the top...

[Building up speed, the young lion hits the ropes again, rebounding back. Depue turns to the crowd with a "Watch this!" as he goes for a leapfrog...

...but Williams pulls up short, snatching him out of the sky, turning him over, and DRIVING him down!]

GM: POWERSLAM! What a show of strength out of Derrick Williams, catching Depue in mid-leapfrog!

BW: Never seen that before out of the kid, Gordo, which means he's adding things in to his arsenal.

GM: Adding power offense to his game would complement his striking for sure as he pulls Depue up, throwing him into the corner...

[He follows up with a short three-step run, leaping up to land a forearm smash on the jaw. Williams backs off as Depue staggers out...]

GM: Ohh! Forearm uppercut!

[The blow catches the staggering Depue square on the jaw, dropping the Texan down and laid out over the bottom rope.]

GM: Depue's going to need to check his dental work after that blow and with Depue down, Williams rolls out to the floor. What's he got in mind here?

[Williams works up a head of steam as he rounds the corner, the crowd buzzing in anticipation...]

BW: We've seen this before, and I think Depue had his bell run too hard to move!

[Williams leaps into the air, connecting with both feet square to the ear of the downed Depue!]

GM: Fly By Dropkick connects!

[The New Yorker sits up on the apron, grinning at the crowd as Depue rolls back into the ring, holding on to his ear.]

GM: Depue is back in.. and Williams is back in as well.

[Williams squats, waiting for Depue to make his way back to his feet.]

GM: No wasted motion on the part of Williams, simply hanging on and waiting to see as Depue gets to one knee...

[Williams starts winding up his right arm, waiting as Depue rises...]

GM: Williams signaling, waiting for Depue to get to his feet...

[And as soon as the Texan gets up, Williams runs to the opposite ropes, getting a head of steam, leaps into the air, and catches Depue with another leaping forearm smash!]

GM: Ohh! Another hard shot by the young lion!

[Williams bounces back up, the crowd roaring for his effort as he signals with a wave of his arm.]

GM: And I think we're nearing the end of this one as Williams pulls the rocked Depue off the mat, shoots him into the ropes...

[And as Depue rebounds, Williams ducks down, lifting the Texan by the upper thighs, pivoting around...

...and DRIVES him down in a spinebuster!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[He floats into a cover, hooking a leg as the referee drops down.]

GM: It's all over from there... one... two... and three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Williams pushes to a knee, climbing to his feet as the official steps in to raise his hand and Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winner... DERRIIIIIIICK WILLLLLLLLIAMMMMS!

[Williams nods his head at the cheering fans, raising the other arm as he steps towards the ring ropes.]

GM: Derrick Williams on his way back to the interview platform to talk to Sweet Lou but Bucky, let's take a look at a replay of this one brought to you by the United States Marine Corps. The few, the proud, the Marines. Take it away, Bucky.

[We cut to a slow motion replay of Williams coming off the ropes as Benjamin Depue leapfrogs...]

BW: Depue with an impressive leapfrog for a man his size... but Williams does him one better, showing off his power...

[...but Williams snatches him in mid-move, twisting around into a powerslam!]

BW: ...catching the man in mid-air and using a powerslam to put him down on the mat.

[We cut deeper into the match...]

BW: And here you see Williams building a head of steam, leaping up... BOOM!

[The slow motion of Williams connecting with a leaping forearm smash is shown on the screen.]

BW: If that wasn't enough, he shoots Depue in...

[And then we get the slow motion of the match-ending spinebuster as Williams pivots, driving his opponent into the mat.]

BW: ...Spinebuster! And nobody gets up from that, daddy. Derrick Williams scores the one-two-three with the spinebuster...

GM: Take it away, Sweet Lou!

[We cut from the slow motion footage over to Blackwell on the platform.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon. A nice win there for the returning Derrick Williams, not showing any signs of injury thankfully. Derrick, come on in here please...

[Williams steps up onto the platform, placing a hand on Blackwell's shoulder.]

SLB: You're back, and I imagine after two weeks ago, you have a definite target.

[Williams nods.]

DW: That's right, Lou. You see, I have something in mind. A couple months ago, I had the Armbar Challenge with Callum Mahoney, and I was on my way to breaking the hold, and what does he do? He chickens out... and then he hurts my arm in the process.

[The crowd jeers as Williams nods again, showing he feels the same way.]

DW: Then while I'm out with a hyperextended elbow, he's running around with his so-called challenge, picking on fans and people who don't have the training to survive in the ring with him.

SLB: Until you showed up to answer it two weeks ago!

[Williams lifts a finger, shaking his head.]

DW: No, no... I wasn't answering his challenge... I just wanted a fight.

[Big cheer!]

DW: And you all saw what happened next... I got the better of Mahoney two weeks ago... but I didn't get enough of him.

So, you ask me if I have a target, Sweet Lou?

[Williams nods.]

DW: I want Callum Mahoney... and I want a fight. One on one in the ring. I don't care if it's this week... two weeks from now in Tupelo... or even down in Houston at SuperClash... whenever and wherever, I want Mahoney in that ring...

[Jeers break out in the FedEx Forum as Callum Mahoney - who is not dressed to compete in a black T-shirt with "KEEP CALLUM AND ARMBAR" in a white, blocky font on it and a pair of blue jeans - saunters up to the podium. With his right hand, Mahoney dismissively waves Williams back, while with his left, he motions for the mic. Blackwell obliges, sticking it under his face.]

CM: When you showed up two weeks ago, you were looking for a fight with a man who had just been through a battle... A wrestling clinic with one of Mexico's finest... And being the spoilt little brat that you are, you had to ruin my moment of victory.

[Williams shakes his head as Mahoney continues.]

CM: Being the spoilt, little brat that you are, you continue to call me out knowing full well that you failed to break the armbar, so you don't get your match against me!

But that's not going to stop you from demanding what you don't deserve, is it, fella?

[Williams shouts "NO!" off-mic loud enough to be heard and cheered for. Mahoney looks around at the crowd with disgust.]

CM: Well, I'm going to have to continue to deny you that match...

[The crowd boos loudly, interrupting Mahoney.]

CM: Because, as much as I want to raise you out of nothingness and help you reach another level by letting you step in the ring with me? I've got my eyes on a larger prize. You don't get your match tonight. You don't get your match in two weeks' time.

[Mahoney grins.]

CM: And you most definitely do not get your match at SuperClash, fella, because at SuperClash, I'll be fighting to Steal the Spotlight...

[The crowd reacts to this news, Mahoney nodding as they come to accept it. Williams glowers at Mahoney as he continues.]

CM: ...and between now and then, that's all I'm going to be caring about.

[Having seemingly made his point, Mahoney backs away, his eyes still locked on Williams. He holds up his right index finger and shakes it side to side, while mouthing the words "No match," before making his exit as we fade to black.

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.

We fade back up to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Welcome back, fans, to Saturday Night Wrestling on The X where I've got breaking news for later tonight. Earlier tonight, Casanova laid down the challenger and I've just been told that Hannibal Carver has accepted! Those two will finally collide later on tonight here in Memphis and-

[Stegglet pauses as Derrick Williams walks past.]

MS: Derrick, Derrick, just a quick word... Mahoney has said he won't give you your match, and that he's fully focused on Steal the Spotlight. Do you have any thoughts?

[Williams stops, then smirks]

DW: So, Mahoney doesn't want to know about me... AND he's in Steal the Spotlight.

[He pauses.]

DW: Well, I guess I know where he'll be in November. Only one thing to do then, isn't there?

[Williams gives Stegglet a quick pat on the shoulder and walks off as we fade to another part of the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands with his microphone. The AWA's hardest working interviewer has a look of consternation on his face, no doubt bracing himself for the interview to come.]

SLB: You can call them bulls in a China shop, you can say they came in like a wrecking ball, but one thing is for certain, the biggest surprise in this year's Stampede Cup tournament are my guests right now. Gentlemen, and I do use that term loosely, if you would join me.

[Lou motions to the two men he's interviewing, who come in from off camera. First up is the massive, wild haired, wild eyed, bushy bearded Bad Man from the Badlands, Tombstone Anderson. Anderson is shirtless, wearing only his wrestling trunks and furry boots. Next to him is his partner, "Hang 'Em High" Sam Turner. Turner is wearing black trunks, black boots, a black vest and a black elbowpad on his left elbow. Slung over his right shoulder is his bullrope and in his left hand, as always, is his tin coffee can. He spits some tobacco juice in the can as Blackwell begins.]

SLB: With victories over The Walking Dead, The Wilde Bunch, and the Lights Out Express, it has been one wild ride for you two.

TA: You're right about that, Lou Blackwell.

[As always, Anderson is too close to Blackwell, and his bellowing puts Blackwell back on his heels.]

TA: But then you know what, Lou Blackwell? It's always a wild ride when you're talkin' about the Rotgut Rustlers, ain't that right, Sam?

ST: Depends on what you think is havin' the wild ride... The wagon or the dirt road. Because that's what every one of those teams you just mentioned were, Lou. They weren't nothin' but a big ol' patch of bad dirt road that we had to stampede all over to get here tonight.

SLB: But many say, and I have to admit, that I agree, that those three teams have only been a prelude to tonight. A night that is unquestionably your biggest night here in the AWA, as you step into the ring against Mike Sebastian and Andrew Tucker, two men who have rightly earned their place in the pantheon of legendary tag teams. It'll be no easy feat, defeating Strictly Business tonight.

TA: Ya know somethin', Lou Blackwell? That's right. Them two Strictly Business? They ain't gonna go down easy. They've been up and down every road there is to travel, and they been everywhere there is to fight, and them Strictly Business? Well, they win more than they lose, don't they Lou Blackwell?

SLB: Flash and Cash are formidable, that's for certain.

TA: And ya know somethin' else, Lou Blackwell? When Jack Lynch invited us to come on down to the AWA and raise our special brand of hell, I knew we were gonna have to fight that Strictly Business. Ain't that what I said, Sam?

ST: Hell, I knew more than we were gonna have to. I wanted to lay these two soupbones...

[Sam raises both fists to the camera.]

ST: ... On their pretty little heads. Just because you've done a whole lot in this here sport don't mean your mess don't stick. And that's exactly what those two horny toads think. Well that's just fine, because after we get done they ain't gonna think about nothing except where the nearest emergency room is.

TA: Now we got them tonight. And they got skills, and they've won gold, but there's one other thing that Strictly Business has. You wanna know what that is, Lou Blackwell?

SLB: Of course I do.

TA: Strictly Business ain't got much guts and what guts they do have is all rotten! You know how I can tell, Lou Blackwell?

'Cuz all I hear outta Strictly Business is whole buncha bellyachin'!

Every time them two boys come on the scene, all they wanna do is whine and cry about how no one ain't never given them any credit for what they done. All they wanna do is ask why they ain't in no Hall of Fame?

Well lemme tell you somethin' Strictly Business, you're lookin' in all the wrong places. You don't know someone is a good wrassler because they got rings or a plague. Ya know how Sam and I know we're doin' this job right?

Every two weeks, a check comes!

But let me tell ya somethin', Lou Blackwell. Me and Sam? We got the cure for what ails them two boys. When I put my fist upside their head, their teeth are gonna fall right out, which'll make flappin' their gums that much harder.

And when Sam is stompin' them in their guts, well, that'll fix their bellyachin', once and for all!

[Blackwell nods, interjecting.]

SLB: Certainly, Tucker and Sebastian are two men chasing after the accolades they think they're long overdue for. Do you think that maybe you're being overlooked as they chase that glory, Mr. Turner?

ST: There ain't no such thing in this sport, Lou. In this sport, you beat someone down for the count of three and you get the winner's share of the purse... Or you don't. What these two bawhs keep whining about... Hell, half the time I don't know what they're on about. They want everyone to clap just for them walking in this building. That ain't how the world works.

SLB: Still, no one can deny that Strictly Business deserve more honor than they've been given.

TA: Now you listen here, Lou Blackwell. Only a damned fool becomes a wrassler so that he can get a pat on the back. There's only one reason to become a wrassler, and that's because you wanna get paid for doin' things that'd put you in jail otherwise.

Me and Sam? We spent so many years in Japan that most people in our home country ain't never heard of us.

But did we ever come out here and whine about it? Hell no, Lou Blackwell! The Rotgut Rustlers ain't here to talk about what we ain't been given. We're here to take what we want.

Now you tell me, Lou Blackwell, which one of us has the better plan?

SLB: Well, as I said before, you have taken the AWA by storm.

ST: I'll tell you about a damn storm. Every time one of my kids leaves their bike outside when a damn rainstorm comes, you bet your last dollar I take them out behind my damn woodshed to teach them the error of their ways. And you don't see none of my kids crying about what they get and what they don't. Seems to me Strictly Business could've used some of that from their pas. Well, it ain't never too late for ol' Sam to right a wrong. Tonight we're gonna take those two out behind the woodshed...

[Sam spits on his outstretched left hand, slapping his right with a loud "WHAP!".]

ST: ... And tan their hides like they didn't even know was possible! They ain't gonna sit for a month!

[An uncomfortable Blackwell tugs on his collar, and is eager to change the subject.]

SLB: Four men stand between you and the prestige of the Stampede Cup.

ST: Well they can get the hell out of the way, I want those greenbacks in that damn Cup. Me and Tombstone got a hell of a lot of hungry mouths to feed!

SLB: Yes, of course. But, looking ahead for a moment, if you beat Strictly Business...

TA: What do ya mean, "if," Lou Blackwell?

[Blackwell speaks louder, tired of being interrupted.]

SLB: Looking ahead! You will be facing Air Strike in the Finals. Now, Mr. Turner, I know you've got something of a soft spot for the former World Tag Team Champions. How do you feel about the prospect of taking them on?

ST: Well you got that one right, I like them bawhs. They work hard as anyone I've ever seen and once I get them to sign all those pictures for all my daughters then I'll be looking as good at home as those two look to all those little girls in the crowd. But there's one thing I like better than those two kids, Lou.

[Turner rubs his index and middle finger together.]

ST: Getting that damn paycheck to pay those gimmicks they call bills. I don't care if we have to knock down the Holy Ghost, we're getting paid. And that big damn payday they call the Stampede Cup.

TA: Now look, Lou Blackwell. That's all well and good. And when we're in the finals, you ask us more about who we're facin'. But tonight, we only got Strictly Business in our minds. You said it yourself, we've been crashin' through every wall and bustin' every skull since we got here.

And me? Well, Lou Blackwell, I don't see no reason to change that.

What about you Sam? You ready to go knock the stuffin' outta two guys who think they're better than you?

ST: I knew they was talking trash about me! I knew they had that thought in their minds just because I been kicked out of countries more times than they've had hot dinners. Well that tears it, they're knocked into next week! HOOOOOOOO!!

[And with that, we cut back Mark Stegglet who is surrounded by Andrew "Flash" Tucker and "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian. Both men are already clad in their wrestling attire, prepared for their semi-final Stampede Cup match. Tucker's eyes are shielded by a pair of silver Oakley sunglasses. Stegglet gets word from the cameraman and begins.]

MaS: Fans, I'm backstage alongside Strictly Business, who are moments away from their match tonight against the Rotgut Rustlers for a spot in the Stampede Cup Finals. Gentlemen, your thoughts?

AT: Stegglet, I'm not sure we honestly have too many. Since we've been here, we've been slappin' around a bunch of kids who we didn't know. Names that meant nothing to us. But at least we knew their fathers or uncles or third cousins twice removed. These boys...?

[A shrug from Tucker.]

AT: I'm clueless.

MS: Air Strike was one thing. The moment we stepped through the ropes, we knew what we were up against. A couple of overzealous pups who would leap off the Chrysler building if it meant we knew their names by night's end. But at the end of the day, they had the cattle to match the cowboy hat. These cats? You could grab any one of the necks from the Talladega infield on a Sunday afternoon, throw a set of tights on him to accompany the mason jar of moonshine and Skynyrd playing, and I'd be fooled. So sure, bring on the Rustlers.

MaS: They've made quite a name for themselves since they've arrived here in the AWA; do you think you're overlooking them a bit?

MS: If we were still worried about Y2K and Regis was still hosting Millionaire, you would make a whole lot of sense, Mark. But this is 2015. We've been at the pinnacle of this sport for the better part of two decades. We're as seasoned as the 12oz porterhouses 'Drew and I are going to put away two hours from now. When you've seen the things Strictly Business has seen in our careers - from the ZS to the BS - you don't overlook anybody.

AT: I think you oughta be askin' those boys that question; not us. Ole' Sam Turner seems to have trouble rememberin' people's names. I've been sittin' here askin' myself whether the beatin' we're about to apply is going to make sure they don't forget ours or if it'll be so bad that they lose their memory further. Guess we'll find out shortly.

MaS: Any thoughts on what reaching the Finals or winning the Stampede Cup would mean for you two?

MS: We have a number of thoughts... but we're not about to share those until we're standing upon the final doorstep with our old pals Air Strike standing across from us. We're as ready as anybody to blow out the candles on this shindig once and for all, but somebody's got to light 'em first. When that bell sounds, you may as well dim the lights and hand us the matchbook.

AT: One step at a time, Stegglet. An inevitable step, but one step nonetheless. We've been 'round this game way too long to underestimate anybody. We may have beaten cowboys like Thunder and Hardin whose pedigree is helluva lot more impressive than these two rednecks, but that don't mean we're lookin' past 'em.

That's what teams did to us 15 years ago, and that's what landed 'em on their backs countin' lights.

When we hit the scene back in Los Angeles, nobody saw us comin' until it was too late and we were already on top o' the mountain. The AWA tag team division didn't see us comin' at the start o' this tournament either.

[A wry smile from Tucker.]

AT: The years may have changed. The business may have changed. The fans may have changed. But Strictly Business is still the standard all other teams are measured against.

We'll see ya in the finals.

[And the duo walks out, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Two matches remain in the quest to crown the 2015 Stampede Cup winners. We know that Air Strike's made it to the Finals already... but who will be facing them? Let's go to the ring and find out!

[Cut to the ring to Phil Watson.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a 45 minute time limit and is the second Semifinal match in the 2015 edition of the Stampede Cup tournament! The winner will move on to the Finals to face Air Strike!

[Cheers for all of the above!]

PW: Introducing first...

["Loco Gringos Like To Party" by The Reverend Horton Heat plays over the loudspeakers.]

PW: Coming to the ring now, first, from Sweetwater, Texas, he is... "Hang 'Em High" Sam Turner...

[Having heard his name, "Hang 'Em High" Sam Turner, comes stomping out onto the entranceway. Already itching for a fight, Turner is shouting at the ring. Maybe at his opponents, maybe just at the world in general. His short, dirty blond hair crowns his head, while his face is screwed up in what would be a comical expression of anger, if it weren't so frightening. On his face what can loosely be considered a beard but what is really just facial hair that he hasn't shaved off in the last month. Turner wears black vest over a bare chest, a pair of black trunks, black kneepads and a pair of black wrestling boots. Turner also wears a black elbowpad on his left elbow But the thing that everyone notices is the bullrope, and the cowbell attached to it. Turner alternates between shaking the bell, its clanging filling the arena, and waving the entire rope, lasso-like over his head. And the further down the ring he gets, the more people have to duck to avoid getting brained by the bell.]

PW: And his partner, hailing from Hell's Half Acre, Wyoming... Tombstone Anderson!

[And the moment his name is announced, out comes the wild man himself. Anderson comes charging out, each step gigantic and overly exaggerated. Tombstone is quite the sight. Standing six feet, nine inches tall, and weighing in at two hundred and eighty pounds of muscle and sinew, Anderson is built like a monster. His arms are thick, his legs are even thicker. His chest is well toned. He doesn't have a six pack, but he's clearly someone who's in shape, with a very slight bit of fat right at the gut serving as a testament to his love for the drink. But more astounding is Anderson's hair. He's got long black hair that's composed of tight, spiral curls that goes in every direction. Between that, and the long, thick and equally untamed beard, all anyone can really make out a part of crazed eyes. Anderson wears a simple pair of black trunks. He's got a long, black elbow pad on his right arm that extends from just below his shoulder to the middle of his forearm. His boots are covered in silver/grey fur, which look more than a little dingy.]

PW: They weigh a combined 535 pounds...

THE ROTGUT RUSTLERS!!

[Anderson lets out a loud, bellowing roar, and the audience responds in kind, as Turner stomps around the ring, still waving his rope or shaking the cowbell. Finally, after the two men confer for a moment, they enter the ring, chomping at the bit and waiting for their opponents...]

PW: And their opponents...

[The opening whispers of Powerman 5000's "When Worlds Collide" begin to creep through the Schoolhouse PA system as the crowd buzzes in anticipation. 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.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 452 pounds...

ANDREW "FLASH" TUCKER...

"MONEY DRIVEN" MIKE SEBASTIAN...

STRIIIIIIICTLYYYYYYYY BUSINESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

[The crowd jeers at the sight of the two 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.

The two make their way down to the ring, looking up at Tombstone Anderson who is pacing back and forth as Turner throw stiff jab punches... at his own chin.]

GM: You can feel the tension in the air for this one. These four men know exactly what's at stake. You win this one, you move on to the Finals for a chance to make history by becoming the Stampede Cup winners AND picking up a million in cash at the same time.

BW: Not a bad payday.

GM: Not bad at all.

[Sebastian and Tucker climb up on the apron, waiting until the referee forces Turner and Anderson to step back.]

GM: Strictly Business seems a little wary of Anderson and Turner, Bucky.

BW: Wouldn't you be? I can smell Tombstone's breath from here. Smells like he gargles with the oil left over in a can of sardines.

GM: Would you stop?

[Sebastian and Tucker huddle up in their corner as Sam Turner steps out to the floor, leaving Tombstone Anderson pacing back and forth, cheeks puffing out with every step as the referee tries to keep him at bay.]

GM: It looks like it'll be good ol' Tombstone starting off for the Rustlers while... yes, Mike Sebastian staying in for his team.

[Sebastian eyes Anderson warily as the referee checks to see both teams are ready and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go! The last Semifinal in the Stamped- HERE COMES TOMBSTONE!

[Anderson stomps across the ring, furry boots flying as he marches towards Sebastian...

...who backs up, ducking between the ropes and shouting for the referee to get in Tombstone's path. Referee Davis Warren jumps in front of Tombstone Anderson, holding him back.]

GM: The fans letting Mike Sebastian have it for his cowardice.

BW: Cowardice? That's strategy. He's not going to run in there and let Tombstone go nuts on him!

[Anderson is struggling to get past the referee but eventually backs off, fuming as Sebastian ducks back through the ropes, standing in the corner trading strategy ideas with Andrew Tucker.]

GM: Mike Sebastian refusing to leave his corner...

[Anderson pushes past the referee, charging in again. He grabs an approximation of a collar and elbow, shoving Sebastian back to the corner where "Money Driven" uses a handful of his wild hair to twist him back against the buckles.]

GM: Sebastian turns it around. Davis Warren is right there calling for the break...

[And as Sebastian steps back, raising his hands, Tombstone Anderson uncorks a right hand to the jaw. He spins, drilling an incoming Andrew Tucker again.]

GM: Anderson fighting out of the corner... jab to Sebastian! Jab to Tucker! Jab to Sebastian! Jab to Tucker!

[He grabs the two rulebreakers by the hair, clashing their skulls together which sends Sebastian down to the mat as Tucker falls down to the floor.]

GM: Double noggin knocker! A meeting of the minds so to speak!

BW: Oh, you're a real riot, Gordo.

[Anderson grabs the rising Sebastian by the arm, twisting it around in an armwringer. Sebastian cries out, grabbing at his trapped limb before Anderson SLAMS his forearm down across the bicep once... twice... three times, knocking Sebastian down to a knee.]

GM: Anderson clobbering away at the arm, trying to wear it down...

[He yanks Sebastian right back up by the same trapped limb, swinging his arm up into the tricep with a forearm uppercut to the arm.]

GM: Up and under this time, putting more strain on that limb as Sebastian looks for a way out.

[Sebastian stretches out his hand, approaching the ropes but Sam Turner walks down, balling up his fist, inviting Sebastian to grab them.]

BW: Hey! He can't do that!

GM: He just did!

[The fans cheer as Sebastian pulls back his hand and Tombstone Anderson yanks hard on the arm, forcing Sebastian back down on his back. Anderson leans down, pinning the wrist to the mat...]

GM: What's he- OH!

BW: He just stomped the man's hand!

[Sebastian recoils, kicking his legs in pain as he cradles his hand to his chest as Tombstone Anderson cackles loudly.]

GM: Ol' Tombstone really got a kick out of that one... while Sebastian got a stomp out of it!

BW: Someone get you a joke book for your birthday?

[Sebastian climbs to his feet, wringing his hand as he shouts at the official, pointing at Tombstone Anderson. The referee shrugs his shoulders as Sebastian absent-mindedly walks backwards...

...only to be swung around by Sam Turner who PASTES him with a haymaker between the eyes!]

GM: Ohh!

[Sebastian spins back the other way, staggering towards Tombstone who grabs him by the hair, walking him towards the Rusters' corner. He twists the arm, tagging in Sam Turner.]

GM: Tag made to Turner who comes in...

[Turner looks at Tombstone who has the armwringer applied again. Turner walks around, pulling his hand back... and then shakes his head, walking to the other side, setting for a kick... and shakes his head again.]

BW: What is this idiot doing?

GM: I'm not even sure if he can answer that.

[Turner grins, moving forward...

...and RAKES his fingernails down the back of Sebastian!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: That's blatantly illegal too!

[Sebastian jumps into the air, stomping out of the corner as Tombstone Anderson shakes his head and exits the ring. Turner pursues Sebastian across the ring, hooking him by the tights to pull him back from tagging Andrew Tucker.]

GM: The Rustlers prevent the tag as Turner pulls him back...

[Turner grabs the arm, wrenching it around again. He raises his free arm, driving the point of his elbow down across the limb once...twice... three times before pulling Sebastian over near the ropes.]

GM: Turner's got him by the arm, wrapping it around the top rope...

[With the arm trapped, Turner slams an elbow back into the side of the neck... and another... and another until Davis Warren steps in, forcing the break.]

GM: A barrage of elbows to the neck by "Hang 'Em High" Sam Turner, leaving Sebastian staggered after that.

[Turner steps past the referee, making a grab for Sebastian who reaches out, digging his fingers into the eyes.]

GM: Sebastian to the eyes!

[He stalks across the ring, slapping the hand of Andrew Tucker.]

GM: And there's the first tag of the match for Strictly Business.

[As Tucker steps in, Sebastian goes out, leaving his partner to dash across the ring towards the temporarily-blinded Sam Turner...]

GM: In comes Tucker...

[...who twists to the side, using a hiptoss to take Tucker up, over, and down to the mat!]

GM: ...and down GOES Tucker!

[Tucker angrily gets to his feet, facing the wrong way as Tombstone Anderson rears back and fires a heavy haymaker on the jaw, forcing Tucker to spin back towards Turner who lowers the boom with a shot of his own, spinning him back the other way...]

GM: The Rustlers are pinballing Andrew Tucker back and forth between `em!

[Tombstone hits another haymaker, spinning Tucker back towards Sam Turner who throws a vicious left backhand to the side of the neck before scoring with a right jab to the stomach that doubles up Tucker...

...and a STIFF left uppercut to the jaw, snapping Tucker upright and forcing him back against the ropes!]

GM: What a shot that was!

BW: You could hear that on every bar on Beale Street... many of which the Rustlers may be visiting tonight, you'd have to assume.

GM: Especially if they come out on top of this one.

[Turner pushes Tucker back to the ropes, making a tag as he grabs the arm.]

GM: Turner makes the tag and whips Tucker across...

[Grabbing his partner's hand, Turner runs down Andrew Tucker with a double clothesline!]

GM: Down goes Tucker off the doubleteam and- OHH!

[The crowd cheers as Tombstone Anderson runs right out of the double clothesline, throwing a haymaker that knocks Mike Sebastian off the apron to the floor!]

BW: That was a cheapshot if I've ever seen one!

GM: And you've seen - and delivered - plenty of `em.

[Anderson has a big grin on his face as he pivots back towards Andrew Tucker as Sam Turner steps out to the apron. Tucker is on the rise when Anderson catches him with a right hand downstairs.]

GM: Gutshot by Tombstone Anderson...

[Anderson scoops Tucker up, holding him up for a one-armed bodyslam down on the mat. He leans down, slapping an open palm down on the chest of Tucker before backing into the ropes, bouncing off...]

GM: Running kneedrop by Anderson!

BW: No lift on that one - if you see that 283 pounder jumping when he comes at you like that, that means he's got a Bombs Away aimed at your skull and it's best to get the heck out of there.

[Pushing Tucker down, Anderson settles into a lateral press, not bothering to hook a leg.]

GM: One... two... no! Two count only!

[Anderson grabs a handful of Tucker's hair, smashing a fist down between the eyes... and another... and another.]

GM: Anderson's pounding Tucker down into the mat!

[The referee again steps in, warning Tombstone Anderson as he gets up off the mat, shouting and screaming at the official, spittle flying everywhere from behind his messy beard.]

BW: This guy make me sick.

GM: Why?

BW: No, he makes me physically ill. All that spit. It's like a camel with a red neck.

[Anderson's cheeks puff in and out as he trades words with the referee who is waving for the match to continue.]

GM: Tombstone Anderson getting heated up with referee Davis Warren, pulling Tucker up by the arm...

[The wild-eyed veteran is still shouting at the official as he whips Tucker towards the ropes, dropping his head...]

GM: Backdr- oh! Tucker pulled up short and snuck the boot in to the mush!

[Anderson straightens up, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs...

...but as he does, Tucker connects with a spinning wheel kick, putting Anderson down on the mat!]

GM: And just like that, Strictly Business is able to turn things around!

BW: A veteran move out of Tucker...

GM: You have to remember that even though the Rustlers are new on the scene, they're veterans as well.

BW: Yeah, but while Sebastian and Tucker were fighting the best tag teams in the world, Anderson and Turner were burning every bridge they stepped foot on. They've never fought the Epitome of Cool... the Down Boys... Zokugun Sangai... Thunder and Hardin...

GM: I have to agree with you there, Bucky.

[Tucker strides across the ring, tagging his partner.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes Mike Sebastian.

[Sebastian pulls Anderson off the mat, throwing him back into the Strictly Business corner. "Money Driven" throws a left to the gut... then a right across across the jaw, working him over near the turnbuckles.]

GM: Get him out of the corner, ref!

[With the crowd jeering, Sebastian grabs the top rope, laying in kick after kick to the gut of Tombstone Anderson, trying to knock the wind out of his sails.]

GM: Sebastian snapmares Anderson out of the corner...

[He leaves Anderson seated on the canvas as he backs to the corner...

...and then runs forward, flipping over Anderson while SNAPPING his head downward!]

GM: Ohh! Rolling neck snap by Sebastian!

[Sebastian takes a moment to gloat, patting himself on the back before rolling into a cover, reaching back to grab a leg.]

GM: He gets one! He's got two!

[Anderson kicks out at two, drawing cheers from the Memphis crowd.]

GM: Two count only as Sebastian climbs to his feet...

[He reaches out, slapping Tucker's hand. "Flash" grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the top to drop a leg across the chest of Tombstone Anderson!]

GM: Nice move by Tucker... and he crawls into a cover!

[Tucker also gets a two count before Anderson kicks out in time.]

GM: Two count there again.

[Tucker claps his hands together, climbing to his feet as he tags Sebastian back into the ring. Sebastian steps through the ropes, hopping up on the second rope as Tucker backs off...]

GM: Sebastian off the second rope!

[He crashes down with a legdrop across the chest of the downed Tombstone Anderson, staying seated as he orders the referee to count.]

GM: He's not going to get him like that.

BW: I've gotta agree. You need to put weight on the chest of a behemoth like Anderson to get a three count.

[Scrambling to his feet, Sebastian starts putting the boots to Anderson, stomping him across the ring and ultimately ends up with Tombstone under the ropes, his head hanging off the apron facefirst...]

GM: Another tag - quick tags on display by Strictly Business.

[Tucker backs down the apron, takes aim, and gets a running start, dropping a knee down on the back of Anderson's head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow results in both Tucker and Anderson out on the floor at ringside as the referee walks over to the ropes to check on both competitors.]

GM: The referee starts his ten count, counting both competitors down and out on the floor.

[The count is barely to four when Tucker climbs off the floor at ringside, looking up at the official. He throws a glance down at Anderson, rolling under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Tucker left him out there! He's telling the referee to count Anderson out!

[Sitting on the mat, Tucker gestures for the countout to continue.]

GM: The referee's count is up to six now... Tucker wants him to count faster...

[As the count hits seven, the tangled mess of Tombstone's beard becomes visible as he uses the bottom rope to drag himself into view...

...and a furious Andrew Tucker climbs off the mat, hitting the far ropes, charging across...]

GM: TUCKER!

[And CONNECTS with a baseball slide dropkick to Anderson's adorable face, sending him flying backwards, crashing down onto the floor again!]

GM: Ohh! Right in the face with both feet, putting Tombstone Anderson down on the mat again!

[Turner shouts some encouragement to his partner, slapping the top turnbuckle a few times. Andrew "Flash" Tucker stands up on the apron, looking down at Anderson as he tries to get to his feet.]

GM: Tucker, the high flyer of the Strictly Business duo, might not fly as high as he did in the glory days of this legendary duo but he's still got it.

[Tucker grips the top rope with both hands, waiting... waiting... waiting...]

GM: Anderson climbs back to his feet... TUCKER LEAPS!

[Tucker leaps to the second rope, springing off in a backflip...

...and WIPES OUT Tombstone Anderson with a flying moonsault that covers quite a bit of ground before connecting!]

GM: MOONSAULT CONNECTS!

[Tucker pushes up to his knees, pumping a fist in triumph as he climbs back to his feet. He throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as he walks back towards the ring, rolling under the bottom rope.]

GM: And again, Tucker wants the countout. He's telling the official to start that ten count again... of course, it already started again when Tucker went out to the floor.

BW: Yeah, but Tucker's right. This idiot isn't counting fast enough! Maybe he can't count to ten. Someone get him a cheat sheet!

GM: Would you stop?! Davis Warren is counting perfectly fine - he's already up to four!

BW: That's not enough! Strictly Business has a date in the Finals with Air Strike!

GM: Tombstone Anderson is down on the floor as the count goes to five.

[Sam Turner is leaning off the apron, shouting at his partner to get up, begging him to get back into the fight.]

GM: Turner's encouraging his partner to get back in the ring! Can Tombstone Anderson get there in time though? The count is up to six and Anderson... well, he's finally moving at least, rolling over onto his hip, trying to push up off the floor as Tucker again shouts at referee Davis Warren.

[Warren breaks his count, screaming at Tucker to back off. Tucker grabs his own hair with both hands, shouting at Warren as the crowd cheers the rulebreaker potentially costing himself the victory as Anderson pushes up to a knee.]

GM: Tombstone Anderson's up to a knee - the count is up to seven as Warren starts it up again!

[Anderson staggers towards the ring as Tucker moves towards the ropes as the count goes to eight...]

GM: Tucker leans through the ropes and-

[Tombstone Anderson CRACKS Tucker with a right hand!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Tucker falls back through the ropes, dropping down on the mat rubbing his own jaw as Anderson pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Anderson's back in! And look at this!

[Tombstone Anderson approaches the downed Tucker, puffing his cheeks in and out as he stalks towards "Flash."]

GM: Look at Anderson! He's fired up!

[Anderson reaches down at Tucker, pulling him up by his long blonde hair...

...and marches across the ring, SLAMMING Tucker's head into the top turnbuckle, sending him flying back up into the air, crashing down to the canvas.]

GM: Oh my!

[Tucker starts crawling across the ring, trying to get to Mike Sebastian's outstretched hand when Anderson marches after him, stepping his fuzzy boots right in Tucker's path!]

GM: Tucker's going nowhere, fans! Tombstone Anderson cuts off the tag!

[Tucker grabs a handful of fuzzy boot, looking up at Anderson who reached down, grabbing two handfuls of hair...

...and DEADLIFTS Tucker straight up into the air, lifting him up for an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Ohh!

[With Tucker reeling, Anderson winds up and SLAMS his arms together on the ears of "Flash."]

GM: BELLRINGER!

[Tucker staggers backwards, throwing a wild right hand at the air in front of him as Anderson grabs an arm, going for a whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Anderson crashes into the neutral corner as Tucker charges in after him...

...only to have Sam Turner come rushing down the apron, throwing himself between the ropes to absorb Tucker's charge!]

GM: Oh! What a show of teamwork there!

[Tucker drops back as Turner slips back through the ropes, giving his partner a shove from behind...

...and Anderson runs down Tucker with a big clothesline!]

GM: Clothesline by Tombstone Anderson!

[Anderson pumps his arm up and down, turning back around towards a rising Tucker...

...and runs him down a second time! Anderson spins away, throwing his arms in the air, leaping up and stomping!]

GM: Tombstone Anderson is a house of fire, pulling Tucker up again...

[He reaches out, slapping Sam Turner's hand.]

GM: The tag is made - Anderson shoots Tucker in!

[On the rebound, Anderson lifts Tucker up, dropping him across his knee in a backbreaker as Turner steps in, hopping up to the middle rope...]

GM: They're going for the Wagon Crash!

[Turner stands tall, ready to drop the knee...

...when Mike Sebastian SPRINTS across the ring, leaping over Tucker and Anderson, flinging himself into a right hand to Turner's gut!]

GM: Wait a second! Sebastian's not legal!

[The referee is shouting at Sebastian, trying to get him out of the ring...

...but before he can, Sebastian delivers a hard shove, sending Turner tumbling over the ropes and crashing down on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH, COME ON!

[Sebastian backs off, hands raised as Tombstone Anderson shoves Tucker off his knee, throwing a glance out to the floor...

...and then storms across the ring, kicking and screaming as he tries to get his hands on Sebastian who is hiding behind Davis Warren!]

GM: Anderson's trying to get at Sebastian and-

[Sebastian drops down, rolling out to the floor as Warren and Anderson argue. He runs around the ring, pulling Turner off the floor by the hair...]

GM: NO!

[...and SLAMS him headfirst into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TURNER GOES SKULLFIRST TO THE STEEL!

[This time, Anderson gets free of the referee, rolling out to the floor where he's charging after Sebastian who is faster, getting away from Anderson who keeps coming... and coming... and coming...

...and rounds a corner right into a blind attack from Tucker who erupts from a crouch into a clothesline!]

GM: OH!

BW: Anderson's down! Turner's down! The Rustlers are getting outsmarted by a REAL tag team right now, daddy!

[Tucker puts the boots to Anderson on the floor as Sebastian circles back to Turner, pulling him up and shoving him back under the ropes into the ring. Sebastian rolls in, giving his partner a shout.]

GM: Sebastian's not legal but he's in the ring... well, now they're BOTH in the ring!

[Tucker backs to the corner as Sebastian pulls Turner up again, smashing his head into the top turnbuckle. Sebastian drops to all fours as a grinning Tucker dashes across, leaping off his partner's back...]

GM: LAUNCHPAD!

[...and uncorks a spinning leg lariat on a stunned Turner in the corner!]

GM: Oh! Turner got caught!

[Tucker drags Turner from the corner, booting him in the gut as he waves for Sebastian to go to the top rope...]

GM: Sebastian - still illegal by the way - goes out to the-

BW: TAG! Happy now?

GM: Not exactly but at least he's legal as he climbs to the top...

[Tucker boots Turner in the gut, looping his leg over the back of Turner's neck...

...and leaps up, DRIVING Turner facefirst to the mat!]

GM: There's the Flash...

[Sebastian stands tall up top, flinging himself off with a pump of the arms and legs, crashing down on the prone Turner!]

BW: ...and there's the Cash, daddy!

[Sebastian stays on Turner, reaching back to hook a leg as a weary Tombstone Anderson crawls under the ropes. Tucker dives on him, holding him down as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Strictly Business - through underhanded means - have won this match and are moving on to the Finals!

BW: Underhanded?! What was underhanded about that?!

GM: Did you miss Sebastian putting Turner into the ringpost?! Did you miss the barrage of illegal double teams at the end of the match?!

BW: That's just good tag team wrestling! Neither one of those things would EVER get a team disqualified, Gordo, and you know it. You're just making excuses for Turner and Anderson.

GM: They don't need any excuses. That was one heck of an effort and if a few of those illegal tactics-

BW: Again with the so-called illegal tactics! Excuses!

GM: Nevertheless... the bottom line is that Sebastian and Tucker are heading to the Finals to take on Air Strike with the Stampede Cup on the line!

BW: That's gonna be a good one, Gordo.

GM: It certainly will. Fans, we'll be right back.

[Tucker and Sebastian are making their exit up the aisle. Tucker holds up one finger at the camera, shouting "ONE MORE! ONE MORE!" as we fade to black.]

The shot opens to an overhead view of 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. Every time we went to Boston, I quit the business. Billy's hair started to fall out...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[We fade back up from black on a panning shot of the FedEx Forum crowd, resting on a pair of young ladies holding up a "WE LOVE TRAVIS!" sign.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X where it's already been a wild night of action as we continue down the road to SuperClash VII which will be coming to you LIVE from Houston, Tex-

[The lights dim suddenly, and "Gentle Art of Making Enemies" by Faith No More begins to play over the PA.]

GM: What's...? I don't have this on my schedule...

BW: This is... I haven't heard this music is a long time... Is this...?

GM: I know what you're getting at and whose music this is...

BW: Is he here? I haven't heard anything about this. Could it really be...?

[A figure walks out to the head of the aisle, dressed in a black suit with a red shirt and black tie and surveying the crowd with a trademark scowl.]

GM: It's him! He IS here! It's TIGER CLAW!

[Claw continues to look out over the crowd, who reacts with as many cheers as boos for the Hall of Famer. Apparently satisfied with the reaction, he begins walking down the aisle, focused on the ring. He makes no effort to touch the hands of the fans or to even acknowledge their presence as he walks by.]

GM: Claw heading down the ring like an apparition, a ghost from the past, maybe?

BW: I don't think Claw would appreciate you implying he's dead, Gordo. Besides, he looks more like an assassin in that suit.

[Admittedly looking sharp enough to kill, Claw enters the ring and stands dead center, mic in hand. He speaks in a very calm, almost quiet, even tone]

TC: Thanks for your applause. The last time you saw me here in this ring was at last year's SuperClash. It had been years since I had competed in a ring after a career ending injury back in my days working in LA. In that time, I had learned to enjoy my position in life. I opened up my own wrestling school using my earnings from in ring competition - as well as a few investments as advised by Brian Lau. I spent my time studying and learning what I could from as many fighting arts as I could find, and passed that knowledge on to my students. I know it sounds cliché, but there's something very rewarding about teaching people how to do the things you do. To see that light go off in their head when they figure something out... To watch someone who can barely tie their own shoes grow into a champion...

...Like Brian James.

[The crowd gives a heel pop for the mention of James.]

TC: Fine, fine, you don't like how he presents himself, but you cannot deny the skills Brian James possesses. You cannot deny his ability, his drive. I gave him these things. And whether I like or dislike the way he goes about it, I feel immensely proud to see him succeed here in the AWA. That is exactly why I am not getting involved in the battle he and Lau are fighting against the Dogs of War. Brian James needs to learn how to fight his own battles... As well as the battles of Brian Lau. It is his time now. Not mine.

[The heel pop slowly turns into a more positive reaction as more and more fans get on board with Claw's point.]

TC: And I thought SuperClash last year would be enough for me. To guide this young man into a career of his own, I got back into this ring and did something I never thought I would do again... Compete against the best. I thought it would be a one time thing to get Brian off to a strong start, but as things turned out... Well...

I liked it.

...The roar of the crowd before the start of the match.

...The excitement of facing an opponent who can surprise you at any time.

[Claw smirks.]

TC: ...And throwing a kick at someone's head without having to hold back because you have an insurance premium to manage.

[Pop!]

TC: And then recently, I lost a friend... A friend I made through battle. The only other person in this sport who could keep up with me in this ring. And in losing that friend, I realized that while I've been the teacher for the last decade, I am a warrior at heart, and I've been neglecting something in me that has gone unfed. It awoke in me a hunger... To do this again.

[Huge pop!]

TC: So, I spoke to management. I discussed with them how I wanted in ring action again. Due to my position in this industry as a "legend" it wasn't difficult to convince them to allow me to compete again... At this year's SuperClash.

[The crowd pops, and transitions into a "Welcome back!" chant.]

TC: The AWA wouldn't be happy with just one legend, though. We'll need more. That's why at this year's SuperClash, there will be a Legends Battle Royal. The call has gone out to the biggest names in our industry to come together and fight like we used to do years ago... In this ring will stand the greatest warriors our sport has seen...

...And I will beat every single one of them down, proving once again beyond a shadow of a doubt that I am the greatest warrior to ever step inside these ropes.

[Huge pop from the crowd, this time turning into a "CLAW!" chant.]

TC: You can consider me the first entrant into the Legends Battle Royal.

[Dramatic pause.]

TC: At number two? A man who, admittedly, is never far behind me. Entrant number two will be CASEY "BLACKHEART" JAMES!

[The crowd gives a mix of cheers and boos as "Legend - Lethal Dose Remix" by House of Pain plays over the PA. At the head of the aisle is Casey James. Not to be outdone on the fancy dress front, James is wearing jeans that have definitely seen better days and a T-shirt with the image of a tuxedo printed on the front. He soaks up the crowd reaction, particularly the portion booing him. He makes his way down the aisle, nodding his head and shouting at seemingly random people in the audience.]

GM: A cornerstone of the Syndicate, Casey James is, well, a legend in this sport!

BW: I don't think we have enough time in this show to talk about this man's accomplishments. Let's just say he's unleashed hell in more promotions than you can count, Gordo... Both in the ring and backstage.

[Casey continues to play up to the crowd, obviously excited to be in the game again. Finally, he grabs a mic from someone at ringside and goes in through the ropes. The crowd pops as he and Claw shake hands, Casey saying something to Claw that isn't picked up by the microphones. He turns to the camera, raises the mic, and begins to speak.]

CJ: Well, well. It looks like we have a bit of a Syndicate reunion here? Claw and me in a ring again... It takes me back... Takes me back to all the fights we've had in the past, against... Well, back then, it was against other guys who were young and hungry and fighting tooth and nail to get noticed... But now, all those guys are in the Hall of Fame, and they get referred to as "legends".

Legends?

[Casey shakes his head a bit and smirks.]

CJ: Whatever you want to call them... Legends... A whole ring full of them? Sounds great to me. I know it's been a while since we've been around full time. Maybe some people have forgotten what we do. Sure, this guy... Claw has simple tastes. He likes to beat on people until they stop trying to get up. Me? I like me some sacred cows. I love taking those people who think themselves the top of the sport and knock 'em down a few rungs. Consider me a bounty hunter for legends.

[The crowd gives a mixed pop]

CJ: Like the song says, a hero ain't nothing but a sandwich, and a legend ain't nothing but a car. And at SuperClash, I'm going to destroy anyone else in that ring and walk away with that fat prize money. I'll kick an outlaw's ass, a butcher's ass...

[Casey points at Claw]

CJ: I'll even kick HIS ass! Which brings me to my next point...

[Casey turns to face Claw]

CJ: Now, Claw... You said I'm a man who's never far behind you? What is that supposed to mean?

[Claw shrugs as if to say, "Whatever you want it to mean"]

CJ: You saying I'm riding your coat tails? That I'm in your shadow? Oh, and... Entrant number two? That sounds a little bit like "entrant number crap" if you ask me.

[Claw shrugs as if to say, "I have no idea where you got that."]

CJ: You know, maybe you're not so hot yourself, Mister Badass. Maybe - just maybe - you're not the best. And maybe it's time for the student to become the teacher. What would your little knife happy psycho friend think of that, huh?

[Claw shrugs, but it's his glare that sends the message: "Watch where you step."]

CJ: So you want to come back to competition and prove that you're the best by beating all the legends we can find at once, huh? Well... Maybe I can enter this battle royal and prove you wrong.

TC: I already announced you as entrant number two, jackass.

CJ: That's right! RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

TC: That's what I said.

CJ: At SuperClash, we're going to see who's the best!

TC: Yes, and it will be me.

CJ: Oh, WE'LL SEE, BUDDY!

TC: Yes, we will.

[Claw and James go nose to nose as the crowd cheers for the potential throwdown. Claw and James stare intensely at each other, James shifting his balance and clenching his fists, Claw totally still and ready. Just as it seems like things are about to explode into a fight, both men start laughing.]

CJ: Ha! Damn... That's some good stuff. Sorry folks, we didn't mean to get you all excited. We just figured we'd set up a little drama for the match... Over the years, it sort of became our "thing".

[Confused pop, mostly due to the crowd seeing Claw laugh.]

CJ: No, seriously, it's all about the backstabbing with you people. To this day, you know what question I get most? Is it "Hey Casey, what was it like being the longest reigning, defending IIWF champ?" Nope. Is it, "Hey, Casey, where's Kauffman's dog?" Nope. Is it, "Hey, Casey, how's the damn FINGER!?"

[James raises his right hand, showing where a baby finger should be, but isn't]

CJ: Nope. No, everyone asks, "What was the deal with the Triple Cross?"

[Pop!]

GM: Oh dear.

CJ: Yeah... A single moment in our careers seems to define the whole thing. How does that work? You want to know what it was like to get stabbed in the back by friends? Huh? You want to know what it was like to second guess every alliance from that point on, expecting to be screwed? Because we were on top at the time, we had targets on our backs. Everyone was itching at the chance to screw us over somehow. Hell, last year at SuperClash, we had Lau watching our backs the whole time just in case some jackass in an Outlaw mask came moseying down the aisle to Cattlebuster us into hell. Screw the Triple Cross and screw all of you for not dropping it!

[Heel pop! The crowd sure loves them some Triple Cross.]

CJ: Now... That said, I'm not an idiot. [Turns to Claw] I entered this battle royal with some conditions. The way I see it, if you and I are in this match, then it ends with you and I trying to eliminate one another. I don't want that. I've fought you before, and honestly, I think it shortened my career. So... I've been given the power to enter a bunch of legends into this battle royal as I see fit. As long as I can find 'em and convince them to say yes, they're in this match.

[The crowd cheers!]

CJ: You've made a lot of enemies over the years, Claw... I know, because I've been on the phone with them. I'm going to assemble as many of your toughest opponents as I can so that I can guarantee you're taken out before I have to go near you. Basically, Claw? I'm winning this whole thing, and I'm finally going to be on the winning end of one of these Triple Crosses.

TC: So... You're aware that I have the same power, right? I mean, I came out here and announced that the match was taking place. Why do you think I'm wearing a _suit?_ I have to admit, you've come up with one of the few bright ideas you've had in your career. As it turns out, I've been on the phone with a bunch of _your_ enemies as well, and I'm going to be entering them in the battle royal to make sure _you're_ eliminated before I have to take care of it.

This should be interesting, James... Because a lot of my enemies? They're your enemies too. And your friends? Many of them are my friends too. Watch your back, Blackheart. You have no idea who you can trust.

[Claw drops the mic to the mat and holds his arms out. James stares back, his facial expression a mix of amusement, confusion, and 'oh no, I'm about to get triple crossed again'. The crowd breaks into a "WELCOME BACK" chant for the two Syndicate members, doing what the Syndicate does.]

GM: I... quite frankly, Bucky... I think I'm speechless!

BW: Miracles DO happen.

GM: Casey James and Tiger Claw are here on Saturday Night Wrestling... and they're going to be in Houston at SuperClash as part of... what did he call it? A Legends Battle Royal?

BW: Those two guys could have a Legends Battle Royal all alone and it'd be worth the price of admission... but they're BOTH going out to find the names to fill up that ring. And I'm sure the AWA has a few names of their own up their sleeves to stick in there. This is gonna be something else, Gordo!

GM: Only in the AWA, fans! Now, let's go back several weeks ago and take a look at what happened to Mickey Cherry leading up to this showdown between Hannibal Carver and Casanova here tonight!

[[James and Claw are still trading words off-mic inside the ring as we fade to black...

...and fade up to footage marked "August 15th, 2015 - Portland, Oregon - Saturday Night Wrestling where Casanova is standing alongside Sweet Lou Blackwell. We join the segment in mid-interview.]

C: The world may think that my dear sweet Hanny has come to this god-forsaken hole of a city to answer the challenge of young Martinez but we all know different. Hanny will play his role... he will play the part that he's been asked to play. But deep inside, it's not the World Title he wants to strap around his waist.

[Casanova takes a deep breath, slowly exhaling as a hiss through his lips.]

C: It's... me.

[He leans forward, winking into the camera.]

C: I'll be waiting. Toodles.

[With a smirk, Casanova turns, opening up the locker room door, and stepping through...]

SLB: That man sends shivers down-

[From within the room, a bellow rings out - harsh, deep... not the light, airy tones Casanova put on moments ago.]

C: WHAT THE [BLEEP?!]

[Blackwell recoils in surprise, shoving the door open.]

SLB: Casanova? Are you... oh my word...

[As the cameraman steps into view, we see Casanova's manager, the obnoxious Mickey Cherry laid out on the floor, his head resting in a pool of his own (presumably) blood. A few feet away? A broken beer bottle. Casanova is kneeling, nearly in tears as he checks on his manager's condition.]

C: Get help! BLACKWELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! GET SOME GOD D-

[Abrupt cut to live action...

...and up to Phil Watson inside the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[Watson suddenly grabs at his earpiece, listening intently.]

GM: Uh oh... fans, we're getting word that-

[The camera abruptly cuts to just beyond the entrance curtain where Casanova has apparently just waffled Hannibal Carver over the head with a trash can, denting the can and leaving Carver pitched forward against a wall.]

BW: Casanova decided he didn't want to wait! He's started this fight early!

GM: This isn't a street fight... it's not a no disqualification match! This is a WRESTLING match!

BW: Somebody must've forgotten to tell Casanova!

[Grabbing Carver from behind, Casanova SLAMS his head into the wall in the hallway leading to the entrance tunnel!]

GM: Facefirst to the wall!

[Casanova drags Carver off the wall, staring down at him...]

"YOU WANT TO PICK ON POOR MICKEY?!"

[...and SLAMS his face into the wall a second time!]

"TRY PICKING ON ME, YOU SACK OF-"

[The sound cuts out for a moment as Casanova pulls Carver off the wall again...

...and gets a back elbow to the mush for his efforts!]

GM: Oh! Carver caught him with the elbow and- he returns the favor! He puts Casanova into the wall!

[Turning him around, Carver grabs a handful of hair...

...and HURLS the hefty Casanova up into the air, sending him crashing bodily into the other wall before slumping down on top of a wooden table.]

GM: Carver puts him into the wall!

[Carver approaches the table, pushing Casanova down onto it as he blasts him repeatedly with short right hands to the skull.]

GM: The fists are flying backstage in Memphis!

[Carver peels away from the table, snatching up a wooden broom...]

GM: Uh oh!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The broom handle smashes down across Casanova's large gut, leaving a red welt across his pale flesh. Carver lifts it up, smashing it down a second time as Casanova cries out in pain.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands... and all of this is happening before the bell. Theoretically, if they can get to the ring in one piece, we might still have a match, Bucky.

BW: That's a big if the way they're tearing into each other.

[Carver winds up with the broom handle again...

...but Casanova swings a foot up into the chest before he can swing the wooden stick again. Casanova rolls to a seated position, drilling Carver with a right hand, sending him stumbling away as Casanova pushes off the table, scooping up the broom...]

GM: And now Casanova's got the broom...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A hard shot across the shoulderblades since Carver staggering towards the entrance tunnel as Casanova winds up a second time...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The crowd inside the arena gasps at the sound as the broom handle splinters from the impact and Carver goes falling through the curtain.

We cut to a shot facing the other direction, showing Carver a few feet beyond the curtain, kneeling on the ground.]

GM: They're finally inside the arena bowl here at the FedEx Forum in Memphis as Casanova's coming through, that splintered broom handle in hand.

[Walking up behind the kneeling Carver, Casanova lifts the broken broom handle up, twisting it so that the sharpened splinters are facing down...

...and DRIVES it down into the forehead of Carver, dragging it back and forth as Casanova attempts to split the skin of Carver wide open.]

GM: Hannibal Carver, who was awarded the SuperClash World Title opportunity earlier tonight, may be regretting accepting the challenge of Casanova at this stage in the contest.

[Casanova flings the broom aside, pulling Carver up and dragging him down the aisle towards the ring as the Memphis crowd tries to cheer the Boston Brawler on.]

GM: The fans are solidly behind Carver as-

[Carver suddenly pulls up, throwing a boot into the ample midsection of Casanova. He grabs a handful of trunks and a handful of hair...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and HURLS Casanova off his feet where he hits the railing parallel to the ground, crashing hard into it!]

GM: OHHH! CARVER HURLS HIM INTO THE STEEL!

[Grabbing the top of the barricade, Carver goes to work, stomping Casanova repeatedly into the floor. He leans down, hauling Casanova up by the blonde hair, pulling him towards the ring where he chucks him under the ropes into the squared circle.]

GM: Carver tosses him into the ring, rolling in after him and-

[The referee shrugs, waving for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: What?! The match is official?

BW: Sure sounds like it!

[Carver pulls Casanova off the mat again, walking him across the ring where he hurls him bodily into the turnbuckles. He winds up, pasting Casanova with a forearm to the temple... and another... and another...]

GM: Carver’s taking the fight to Casanova in the corner!

[Carver switches up, throwing knife edge chops to the chest, landing a half dozen before switching to clubbing forearms to the head and neck...]

GM: The Boston Brawler is a blur of offense in there, pounding Casanova relentlessly with those shots to the head!

[A series of well-thrown clubbing forearms to the neck forces Casanova down into a seated position on the canvas where Carver grabs the top rope, stomping repeatedly until Casanova is down flat on his back in the corner...]

GM: The Boston Beatdown is putting Casanova in a bad way!

[Carver steps up to the second rope, looking out at the cheering fans...

...and then leaps off, dropping two big knees into the chest, knocking the air out of Casanova!]

GM: KNEES!

[Carver looks like he’s about to cover when he suddenly waves it off, shaking his head as he climbs back to his feet, leaning over, wiggling his fingers...]

GM: Don’t look now, fans, but I think Carver’s looking for the Blackout!

BW: Already?!

GM: I think so!

[Carver waits... and waits... and waits...

...and finally decides he can’t wait any longer, marching in and pulling Casanova up...]

GM: OH! Casanova goes to the eyes!

[With Carver blinded and swinging wildly, Casanova ducks down, lifting Carver around the midsection...

...and DROPS him throatfirst over the top rope!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OHH! HE STUNNED CARVER WITH THAT!

[Casanova collapses against the buckles, breathing heavily as he tries to regroup. After a few moments, he pushes off, launching into a series of stomps that sends Carver rolling across the ring, trying to avoid them. He rolls right out to the apron as Casanova comes after him.]

GM: Carver to the apron but Casanova is in pursuit. A whole new side of Casanova we've seen as of late.

BW: Absolutely. He's more aggressive... more vicious... more violent. I like it!

GM: Of course you do as he reaches over the top, pulling Carver to his feet and-

[The crowd ROARS as Carver catches him flush on the temple with a stiff forearm shot!]

GM: Oh! Carver caught him good right there - REAL good!

[Reaching out, Carver snares a handful of bleached blond hair, charging down the length of the apron...

...and SLAMS his head into the top turnbuckle, sending him staggering away as Carver ducks through the ropes. The crowd begins to buzz as he approaches Casanova from behind, pulling him back by the trunks into a full nelson.]

GM: Full nelson locked in and-

BW: Hey! It's Mickey Cherry!

[The buzzing crowd gets louder as the diminutive manager approaches the ring in a hot pink suit. He's wearing dark sunglasses and promptly starts shouting into the ring at both Carver and Casanova.]

BW: What's he saying?

GM: It sounds like he wants them to stop. He's telling them-

[Carver is momentarily distracted by Cherry's presence, allowing Casanova to thrust his rear into Carver's... boys.]

GM: Oh! Casanova breaks the full nelson. Presumably Carver was setting up for the Dorchester Drop right there and Casanova escapes.

[The blow puts Carver down on a knee as a confused Casanova walks over towards Mickey Cherry.]

GM: Casanova's asking what Mickey Cherry is doing here... trying to find out why he's out at ringside and why he's trying to stop this match.

BW: Did you hear that, Gordo? Mickey just said Carver didn't do it!

GM: What?!

[Casanova has the same reaction, throwing his arms apart with a "WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!" Cherry repeats the same statement, causing Casanova to shake his head with disbelief, turning back towards Carver...

...who uncoils from his kneeling position, hooking the three-quarter nelson, and DRIVES Casanova headfirst into the canvas!]

GM: BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT!

[Carver rolls into a lateral press, nodding along with the count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!! HE GOT HIM!

[The Boston Brawler promptly rolls right out of the ring, throwing his arms up in the air to celebrate his victory. He turns towards the nearby camera.]

“Ya watching, Martinez?!”

[He does the belt gesture a couple of times, grinning at the camera as he makes his way back up the aisle towards the locker room as Mickey Cherry crawls under the ropes to tend to his client.]

GM: Hannibal Carver continues his path towards the World Heavyweight Title by defeating Casanova here tonight in Memphis.

BW: And I hate to say it, Gordo, but if he hits that Blackout on Martinez in Houston at SuperClash, we’re going to have a new World Champion.

GM: I believe you’re right. Fans, we’re going to take a quick break but when we come back, we’ll be heading to the Control Center so don’t you go away!

[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 of The Rave cruising into the Los Angeles Sports Arena in the confines of a silver DeLorean!]

#Guess who just got back today?#

[Jerby Jezz comes leaping off the middle rope, aiming to double stomp Gunnar Gaines when Ryan Martinez SPEARS him out of the sky!]

#Those wild-eyed boys that had been away#

[Giant Aso and MAMMOTH Maximus square off in the middle of the ring, hooking in a loose tieup, and just beating the holy hell out of each other in the center of the ring!]

#Haven't changed, haven't much to say#

[Skywalker Jones comes soaring off the top rope with a Shooting Star Press aimed right at the prone November who raises his knees at the last moment to win Steal The Spotlight!]

#But man, I still think them cats are great#

[With Calisto Dufresne draped over his shoulder, Juan Vasquez DROPS him on the back of his head with the City of Angels on the wooden ramp!]

#They were asking if you were around#

[Joe Petrow SLAMS a steel-chain wrapped fist into the forehead of a trapped "Big" Jim Watkins!]

#How you was, where you could be found#

[Robert Donovan turns on Jack Lynch after they failed to win the tag team titles, flattening him with a gutwrench powerbomb.]

#I told them you were living downtown#

[With the ring surrounded by barbed wire, Alex Martinez drags William Craven's head back and forth across the skin-tearing metal.]

#Driving all the old men crazy#

[With Dave Bryant hanging in the tree of woe, Glenn Hudson baseball slide dropkicks a ladder into his face!]

#The boys are back in town#

[It's Main Event time as challenger Supreme Wright stares down World Champion James Monosso in the center of the ring, ready for war...]

#The boys are back in tooooooooooown#

[Monosso drops the King Kong kneedrop for a near fall but Wright counters into a crucifix, unloading with brutal elbowstrikes to the temple!]

#The boys are back in town#

[The final shot is of Monosso trapping the arms, lifting his young challenger into the air, and driving him down with a makeshift Billion Dollar Bomb as the crowd goes wild.]

#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 - 54 days"... and we fade to black...

...and back up on a chaotic scene as Sweet Lou Blackwell looks a little confused, waving his arms wildly.]

SLB: GENTLEMEN! Gentlemen, if you please...

[Casanova and Mickey Cherry are a few feet away from Blackwell, having a discussion at elevated volume levels. Blackwell extends his arm, trying to inch the mic in...

...and gets his wrist grasped HARD by Casanova.]

C: Sneak Lou, do you see what's happening around here?! Lies and deceit everywhere you look!

SLB: I... okay, but you just lost to Hannibal Carver.

C: You don't think I know that?! Hannibal Carver took advantage of me in my moment of confusion and got the victory. Kudos. All is fair in love and war and I will not deny that I love the way he wars.

[Blackwell cringes.]

SLB: But what caused the confusion? Mickey Cherry, you did! We were told you weren't even here tonight! What in the world is going on?

[Mickey Cherry is speaking a mile a minute in his crazy high pitched voice.]

MC: Sweet Lou Blackwell, you crazy fool... can't you see?! Can't you see what's going on around here?! Lies and deceit like Cassie says... lies and deceit, baby! Mickey Cherry's been sittin' at home for weeks now with a bump on his noggin and a crack in his melon thanks to a run-in with a beer bottle! But who swung it, Sweet Lou? Who swung it?

SLB: We all assumed Hannibal Carver did.

MC: A good bet... a safe bet. But I couldn't remember! It was gone! Whoosh! Gone in a flash from my pretty little head. Was it Carver? Was it Martinez? Was it Ebola Zaire? Was it the Man of Steel? Was it Colonel Mustard with a beer bottle in the Billiard Room? My man Cassie said it was Carver and who was I to argue? So, I stayed home and waited... and watched... and waited... and watched... waiting for

Cassie to get his shot at Carver. And when it came, I got off my couch... I put on my darkest sunglasses because the slightest light makes my head feel like I've been trying to decode a Rave interview... and I got myself down here to see it in person.

And when I got here... when I got to the back...

[Cherry pauses... and then claps his hands together.]

MC: BOOM! It hit me! I knew! Being here brought it all rushing back. Because when I walked through that door in the back, my eyes fell on the person who broke that bottle over my head...

...and it WASN'T Hannibal Carver!

[The crowd buzzes.]

SLB: Well, who was it?!

MC: It was...

[Casanova storms in, snatching the mic, his eyes filled with rage as the red facepaint is streaked down his face.]

C: JOHNNY... DETSON!

[The crowd ROARS in surprise!]

C: Johnny Detson put his hands - and that bottle - on MY... MAIN... MAN... MICKEY! And that is something you just don't do. Johnny's had a rough night. He's backstage tearing up catering, knocking over tables, having a little baby's fit because he got left out of the big dance.

But don't you worry, Baby Johnny... 'cause Casanova is coming for you...

[Casanova lifts an open hand, showing it to the camera.]

C: ...and I'm bringing the worst spanking of your life.

[Casanova glares coldly into the camera.]

C: Toodles.

[Cherry pats Casanova on the back as they turn, making their exit from off-camera.]

SLB: Wow! Huge news there as it was Baby John- sorry, I mean Johnny Detson who attacked Mickey Cherry all that time ago! But why? Why would he do it? And what's he going to do now that Casanova knows the truth?! We're sure to find out in the days ahead but right now, let's go to the SuperClash 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: 54 days and counting to the biggest night of the year - SuperClash VII! That one's going down in Minute Maid Park in Houston, Texas and fans, we've been informed that very few tickets remain for this one. If you want to be a part of history in the making, buy your tickets now and plan to be there with us LIVE in Houston. If you can't make it to the Lone Star State, make sure you join us on PAY PER VIEW for the Super Bowl of professional wrestling - SuperClash VII!

We're here to talk about the matches though so let's get right to it!

[A graphic comes up showing Melissa Cannon, Julie Somers, and Charisma Knight.]

MS: Earlier tonight, we learned that the AWA President Landon O'Neill had officially sanctioned a women's match to be held on the biggest night of the year... but who will be in it? Three women want the spot and only two will get it. I've been told that right here in two weeks' time from Tupelo, Mississippi... all three of those ladies will be in action in an effort to impress President O'Neill and earn their spot on the big show.

[The graphic changes to show Casey James and Tiger Claw.]

MS: Incredible news for this one as the much-rumored Legends Royale is now official... with Tiger Claw and Casey James, the world-famous and legendary Syndicate, as our first two entries. James and Claw - along with AWA officials - will be helping to fill out the balance of the lineup for that one and we'll have more names for you in the weeks to come! I can't wait for that one!

[Another graphic change, this time to Callum Mahoney.]

MS: In what has become an annual tradition at SuperClash, the Steal The Spotlight showcase returns with another five-on-five elimination match with the winner receiving a contract for any match that they choose in the next calendar year. Earlier tonight, we learned that Callum Mahoney is the first member of one of the teams... and moments ago, we were informed that Derrick Williams has requested - and been GRANTED - a spot on the opposing team!

[Williams appears in the graphic.]

MS: Four more men to be decided on each of those teams but we're off to a hot start already! But what about Maxim Zharkov, Jackson Hunter, and this so-called Proletariat Challenge? It was very recently when Hunter declared his intent to extend the five minute challenge that Zharkov has been battling under since his AWA debut to the ENTIRE sports world. Earlier tonight, we heard from athletes from the NBA... from the NHL... all of whom want to be in Houston, Texas to stand up for their country and defend its' honor from the likes of Zharkov and Hunter. Mr. Hunter provided us with some exclusive video to show Zharkov returning to Russia for training as well as a special ceremony... take a look...

[Fade to black.]

Suddenly, the image onscreen shifts from 16:9 aspect ratio HiDef to 4:3 aspect ratio videotape.]

CAPTION: Будьте в своей тарелке.

CAPTION: Ниже приводится сообщение от Магаданской коалиции.

[On a windswept airstrip in what appears to be an arctic desert, a utilitarian cargo plane lands.]

EXCITED VOICEOVER: Lyudi sovetskogo, smotret' teper' vozvrashcheniye Zharkov k nashey zemle!

[In an entrance worthy of a Sith Emperor, Maxim Zharkov descends the rear ramp of the cargo plane, met by a band playing the Russian national anthem, several dignitaries in old Soviet dress uniforms, a number of beautiful and probably criminally underage Russian teenage girls presenting bunches of red helium balloons and bouquets of wildflowers, and lastly, a row of familiar faces...]

EXCITED VOICEOVER: Pochetnymi bortsy minuvshikh dney v nastoyashcheye vremya prisoyedinit'sya k tsaryu yavlyayetsya okonchatel'nym podgotovka!

[Zharkov receives a warm handshake and hug from a wool-hat wearing Ivan Kostovich, who looks like he just came from a parade in Red Square.]

EXCITED VOICEOVER: Vdokhnovitelem naroda: Ivan Kostovich!

[Next in line, GFC competitor Ivan Petrov, who is only clad in a t-shirt and track pants, despite the windy arctic spring. He and Zharkov share overly masculine nods of acknowledgment.]

EXCITED VOICEOVER: Koshka, kotoraya budet yest' pishchu amerikanskikh istrebiteley: Ivan Petrov!

[Further down the line is the legendary Vladimir Velikov, greying, but still dangerous-looking. He is in a tweed suit, representing his new role as Undersecretary of Sport for Magadan Oblast. He shakes Zharkov's hand with the utmost respect.]

EXCITED VOICEOVER: Zamestitel' sporta i kul'tury dlya Magadanskoy oblasti: Vladimir Velikov!

[Finally, Zharkov comes to the end of the line, icily eyeing up the final member of the welcoming committee. They stare at each other coldly, then exchange the briefest of handshakes...]

EXCITED VOICEOVER: Bol'shoy proval i odnoslozhnyye debil, Kolya Sudakov!

[In Velikov's hand is a red velvet cloth. He unfolds it, revealing a silver belt on red leather; a large, golden hammer and sickle dominates the center plate. Just as quickly, he folds the velvet up again, concealing the belt.]

EXCITED VOICEOVER: Preparaty dolzhny byt' sdelany seychas dlya uchastiya v turnire!

[Kostovich places his hand on Zharkov's back and gestures to a motorcade composed of what might be charitably described as Russian cars, each with a miniature Soviet flag extending from the aerial.]

EXCITED VOICEOVER: Ibo, kogda my v sleduyushchiy raz uvidet' Zharkov, on dolzhen byt' koronovan sovetskiy chempion po bor'be!

[Zharkov and his fellow Russians all climb into the motorcade and sputter off into the distance, just as the tape recording ends by tracking out, and the video quality of the program returns to 16:9 HD as we go back to Mark Steggle in the Control Center.]

MS: A slew of familiar faces there in Russia - former AWA competitor Vladimir Velikov... former AWA manager Ivan Kostovich... former AWA National Champion Kolya Sudakov... and perhaps most surprisingly, current GFC competitor and the

man who will challenge Rufus Harris for the GFC Heavyweight Crown in the month of November, Ivan Petrov! Zharkov and Hunter are obviously taking this opportunity to embarrass the United States of America very seriously on Thanksgiving Night.

[Stegglet grins.]

MS: And of course, last but certainly not least, let's talk about the World Heavyweight Title! Earlier tonight, it was made official. At SuperClash VII, we will get the match we've waited so very long for as Ryan Martinez puts the title on the line against his challenger Hannibal Carver! The suspension has been lifted after what was described as a "rising" by AWA fans all over the world - writing, calling, using social media all to say "FREE CARVER!" and free he is. Now, remember, fans... we are now under ZERO CONTACT rules for this match. Neither of these men may come in physical contact with the other prior to SuperClash. If they do, the title will be stripped and the title match is off!

But... if they can make it to Houston, what a war it's going to be. All the tension starting way back last year with the Wise Men... with Eric Preston and his injuries... with the loyalties of Bobby O'Connor... with the actions of Johnny Detson... with the arrival of Caleb Temple and Morgan Dane... so much history has come down between these two men and to be sitting here now, realizing that we are under two months away from perhaps the most anticipated showdown in AWA history... whew.

It's gonna be a happening at SuperClash VII: The Rising!

[Stegglet grins as the SuperClash VII logo behind him changes... to SuperClash VIII.]

MS: Now, we've talked about SuperClash VII... but let's spend a few moments talking about next year's spectacular... SuperClash VIII. As we revealed two weeks ago, we will slowly but surely be reducing the number of cities being considered for the big event until we make the big announcement on Thanksgiving Night. After last time on the Control Center, these were the cities remaining under consideration...

[Stegglet steps to the side, gesturing at a graphic that comes up next to him with the list of cities.]

MS: After dropping New York and Denver from consideration, we were down to the following... Toronto, Canada... New Orleans, Louisiana - the site of some of the AWA's greatest moments...

[The list is highlighting as each city is read off.]

MS: A pair of first time spots in the US in Boston and Chicago. How about a trip across the pond to jolly ol' London, England for the first international SuperClash?

[More highlighting.]

MS: The Pacific Northwest would love to host SuperClash as Seattle, Washington is in the mix... but so would the East Coast as Philadelphia checks in. And lastly, Los Angeles looks to host their second SuperClash to round out the list.

[The list is complete as Stegglet holds up a sheet of paper.]

MS: And I was just handed the news that will take this list from eight cities down to six.

[Stegglet glances down at the list.]

MS: Lightning will not strike twice for the City of Angels. Los Angeles has been eliminated from the running for SuperClash VIII in 2016.

[He looks down again.]

MS: The other city eliminated from contention... Philadelphia!

[With those two cities off the list and our choices down to Toronto, New Orleans, Boston, Chicago, Seattle, and London.]

MS: Six cities to go! Hopefully yours is still in the running! 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 then back up on the interview platform where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing by.]

SLB: Alright, ladies and gentlemen please welcome my guest at this time, he is the current AWA National Champion ...

[The crowd begins to cheer loudly as they know the name that is about to come forth from "Sweet" Lou's mouth.]

SLB: Travis Lynch!

[The current National Champion appears from the right side of the screen, attired in a pair of blue jeans, Travis is attired in blue jeans, his black cherry ostrich cowboy boots, a white T-shirt with the image of Texas, colored like the Texas state flag, upon it and the word HEARTTHROB written diagonally over the image of Texas in black lettering. (This T-shirt is now available at the AWA shopzone!) The left hand and wrist of Travis is taped, and once again upon the tape are written the letters AD. Around his waist rests the AWA National Championship Belt.]

SLB: Welcome Travis.

[Travis nods as a loud "I LOVE YOU, TRAVIS!" is heard.]

SLB: Two weeks ago, you successfully defended the National Championship against the Hall of Famer, Juan Vasquez. A victory many are calling a defining moment in your career.

TL: You know "Sweet" Lou, defendin' this title against Juan was an honor. As you said he's a Hall of Famer, a multi-time champion in nearly every federation he's stepped foot in... you know every time he steps into the ring, he's goin' give you everythin' he's got.

But I don't know if I'd call it a definin' moment, "Sweet" Lou. Without question, it was definitely one of the biggest moments of my AWA career and I'm glad it was my first defense of this title.

[Blackwell looks questioningly at Travis.]

SLB: Glad, Travis? It was a risky decision to defend the title for the first time against Juan. You took the chance to be the man to unsuccessfully defend the title the first time he put it on the line.

TL: Every champion takes that chance "Sweet" Lou... but yeah the deck may have been stacked a bit against me in the eyes of the AWA, but when that bell rang, I proved I can beat one of the best this business has ever produced.

[The fans cheer loudly as Travis smiles.]

SLB: That you did, Travis, that you did. Now I have reviewed the Top 5 challengers for your National Title and I have to say, the challengers don't get any easier.

[Travis runs his left hand through his dirty blonde hair, a slight smirk across his lips.]

TL: This is the AWA, "Sweet" Lou... not some little territory somewhere. So it's really no surprise that the list of challengers for this title is tough... but before I get to that list, I have some business I want to address.

[The smirk is gone from the lips of Travis as he looks directly into the camera.]

TL: Brian Lau and Doctor Harrison Fawcett, the buddy duo of the AWA. Two men who run their mouths night after night and pat one another on the back so much you'd think they have a crush on each other. Each one of them claimin' to be a great manager... a manager in charge of the best the AWA has to offer... but neither of them can seem to figure out how to get one of their men a shot at the gold.

SLB: That's not exactly true, Travis, KING Oni did have a chance at the World Heavyweight Championship.

TL: You call it a shot at the title, I call it someone havin' a grudge to settle and sendin' a beast to prove a point.

[The crowd cheers in agreement.]

TL: You've got to call it like it was "Sweet" Lou, KING Oni was a hired gun that night and nothin' more. Now, Mr. O'Neill may have regretted the decision, but he was tryin' to prove to the world that he is the man in charge.

SLB: What are you trying to say, Travis?

TL: If you're hearin' somethin' other than Doctor Harrison Fawcett didn't get KING Oni the title shot "Sweet" Lou, that's on you 'cause all that's all I'm sayin' about that.

But I have a bit more to say about Fawcett and Lau... they're two blow hards runnin' off at the mouth that I don't deserve this...

[The camera pans down to catch Travis slapping the National Title with his right hand.]

TL: That I never deserved a another shot at the title. That the only reason I was givin' the title was 'cause I assaulted a woman...

[Travis shakes his head in disgust.]

TL: A woman who had slapped me, slammed a loaded purse into the side of my head... A woman I NEVER LAID A HAND ON! So you two want to run my name through the mud, hopin' against hope that it gets the powers that be to notice Crowley, to notice the Lost Boy and maybe just maybe give them a shot at the gold... so be it.

One of you hopes that sayin' I need sensitivity trainin' maybe just maybe will turn the heads of the brass and make them realize the Engine of Destruction is worthy of a chance at this strap.

The other one hopes that havin' Crowley lie to the The Lost Boy about me leavin' him to fend for himself in the streets and claiming that I'm the scumbag of the year will make people forget you treat him like a dog as opposed to the human being that he is. But that's fine you keep lyin', keep draggin' my name through the mud... 'cause these fans, they don't believe you! They know who I am and what I stand for!

[The fans cheer in agreement!]

TL: So, Fawcett, Lau... instead of runnin' your mouths, why don't you walk Brian James to the ring... why don't you drag KING Oni from the depths of the manor and let them stand across the ring from me and prove they deserve...

[Before Travis can finish his sentence, "They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begins to play as the crowd ERUPTS in a massive face pop! All eyes turn to the entrance, where we see former two-time AWA National Champion Juan Vasquez making his way down to the interview platform.

Juan is dressed in a black hoodie, a red t-shirt with an image of his face on it in the style of Che Guevara with the words "IN JUAN WE TRUST" written on the bottom. He makes his way down to the platform, stopping and turning to the crowd, raising his right fist into the air as the crowd responds in kind. He then climbs the steps, walking right up to Travis Lynch.]

SLB: Juan Vasquez, what's the meaning of this?

JV: I think all of you already know why I'm out here.

[Juan points right at the National Title belt over Lynch's shoulder.]

JV: It's for that title right there.

[There's a cheer from the crowd as the crowd anticipates yet another match between two of their favorites. Juan takes his eyes off the title to stare Lynch right in the eyes.]

JV: Last time we were inside the ring, we put on one hell of a match, Travis. And I'll admit it, you surprised me. You got a lot more skill and a lot more guts than I ever gave you credit for. And just as I had that match won, you dug down deep...deeper than I thought possible and you pulled off one hell of an upset...one hell of a win. So...

[Juan claps.]

JV: ...bravo, Travis. Bravo.

[He abruptly stops clapping and slowly lowers his hands.]

JV: But...

[His expression turns dead serious.]

JV: ...I want a rematch.

[Pop!]

JV: 'Cause I ain't exactly satisfied by the result. I wanna' make sure, DAMN sure, that you weren't just the better man on that night, but the better man, champion and wrestler...PERIOD. I wanna' leave any doubt outta' my mind and I wanna' be able to walk away from this...

[Juan searches for the right word to describe what he wants to say.]

JV: ...I guess you can call it an obsession...

[He makes air quotes when he says that and chuckles.]

JV: ...with the National Title with no regrets at all. And hell, not to try to manipulate your decision a little, but I'm sure all these fans here and everywhere all around the world wouldn't mind seein' Travis Lynch and Juan Vasquez go at it...

ONE!

MORE!

TIME!

[He points out to the fans, who respond predictably with massive cheers.]

JV: So whatta' you say, Travis? How 'bout me and you tear down this joint one more time? Tonight! Right here in this ring!

YOU AND ME FOR THE AWA NATIONAL TITLE!

[This brings the crowd to a frenzy...]

"ONE MORE MATCH!"

"ONE MORE MATCH!"

"ONE MORE MATCH!"

"ONE MORE MATCH!"

"ONE MORE MATCH!"

"ONE MORE MATCH!"

[Juan waves his arms up and down, inciting the crowd to continue the chant. Travis motions for them to settle down, as he gives Juan his response.]

TL: Hold on just a sec, Juan! Now, no disrespect but we don't see exactly eye to eye on the fact that you say you had that match won.

[A mixed reaction comes from the crowd. Juan's faithful obviously siding with him and Travis' fans of course agree with him.]

TL: Juan, you know I want to honor the heritage of this title. You know I want to show everyone that this title, the VERY title the AWA was built around, is second to none! And you know it's not in my blood to duck a challenge... So Juan, you want another shot at the National Championship...

[Travis extends his hand to Juan.]

TL: I say let's shake on it and get it don-

"TEN HUT!"

[Lynch looks puzzled, turning towards the entryway as Ultra Commando 3 walks through the curtain into view, mic in hand.]

UC3: There's a whole lot of talk out here right now about respect.

[The masked man points a finger towards the platform.]

UC3: But the only thing being shown towards me is DISrespect.

[The crowd jeers as the Commando nods.]

UC3: Juan Vasquez, you may be the People's Hero... but after what I saw two weeks ago, I'd give you a different name, son.

LOSER.

[The crowd really jeers that one.]

UC3: You see, old man... you LOST... you're a LOSER! You got your shot at the National Title and you let Blackjack's baby boy put you down for a three count. Maybe it's time to face the facts, Vasquez... you're just not what you used to be. You're not the same guy who carried this promotion in the early days. You're not the same guy who beat Stevie Scott for that title.

You're not even the same guy who set up in the rings in Los Angeles to get into the opening match.

[The fans are letting the Commando have it.]

UC3: Let me make it simple and clear for you, Vasquez. You step up to challenge for a title... and you lose... that puts you in the back of the line.

[The masked man jerks a thumb over his shoulder.]

UC3: Between you and Supernova and Detson, it seems that everyone's forgot that fact. But I'm here to remind you... and I'm also here to remind you that I came out here earlier tonight and I BEAT that twerp Caspian Abaran...

Which puts me at the FRONT of the line!

[Vasquez shakes his head at the masked man, raising the mic.]

JV: I see... I guess in my old age, I forgot something so simple and clear.

[Vasquez looks over at Travis who grins.]

JV: But here's the way I look at it... if I'm in the back of the line...

[The Commando nods.]

JV: ...and you're at the front of the line...

[The Commando nods again.]

JV: Then if I... beat YOU...

[The fans begin to cheer as the Commando shakes his head, raising his arms in protest.]

JV: ...I guess I'd be at the front of the line again, right?

[Travis leans over the mic.]

TL: That sounds about right to me... amigo.

[Juan goes to speak again... and then pauses, throwing a glare at Lynch for a moment. He shakes his head, continuing.]

JV: It's my turn to make it clear and simple for BOTH of you. Two weeks from tonight in Tupelo, I say we make it me...

[He jerks a thumb at himself...]

JV: ...versus you...

[He points to the Commando.]

JV: And the winner can wrestle him...

[He points to Travis...]

JV: ...for THAT!

[...and leans over, slapping the face of the belt he held on two occasions. Travis reflexively jerks away, pulling the belt out of reach. Vasquez grins in response.]

UC3: Alright, Vasquez... you got a deal. But be ready in Tupelo. I don't want to beat up the man past his prime... I want the REAL Juan Vasquez... and THAT'S... an order.

[The Commando dumps the mic, turning to make his exit.]

GM: Juan Vasquez vs Ultra Commando 3 two weeks from tonight in Tupelo with the winner getting a shot at the National Title!

[A nodding Vasquez is staring down the National Champion who returns the gaze as we fade through black...]

...and then to a heavily chewed rawhide bone gripped in a black leather gloved hand.]

"Oh, I am quite aware."

[An animalistic snarl is heard off-camera.]

"The hunger, the hunger is so great."

[We pan back farther, revealing that the rawhide is in the hand of none other than "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. Crouched on the floor, staring at the bone with insane hunger is The Lost Boy.]

"D"HF: For my hunger is also great. Far greater than the need you have to sink your teeth into this mere toy. For my hunger is the hunger for knowledge.

[Fawcett holds the rawhide chew behind his back quickly. The Lost Boy blinks and shakes his head, confused as if he's just seen a magic trick.]

"D"HF: I am the great provider. I picked you up at your lowest, as you were wandering even more lost than your name implies. Abandoned by that wretched whelp, possibly the most revolting of a repulsive family. I gave you a home, a purpose... But more than that I gave you a family.

[Fawcett once again produces the rawhide bone, much to the excitement of The Lost Boy.]

"D"HF: So tonight is your chance to give me something. Something I have desired for some time.

[Fawcett points at The Lost Boy with the rawhide.]

"D"HF: The secrets of the very Gods that the Gladiator holds so dear.

[Fawcett tosses the bone to the floor, which The Lost Boy greedily pounces on.]

"D"HF: Oh, do not misunderstand me. I am not ignorant of them totally. Never in my life have I been in such a state that could be considered ignorant, after all. I know... But not enough. I know they oppose those that I owe so much. Those that have given me so much, that have lit the way on the one true path that I have walked my entire life.

[Fawcett flashes a dark smile.]

"D"HF: For that, I shall know their every secret. Their every weakness.

[Fawcett chuckles.]

"D"HF: Before offering them screaming and writhing on an altar to those that have been and shall be again.

[Fawcett places his hand over his heart, rearing his head back and staring directly upwards.]

"D"HF: Ia ia! Ph'nglui mglw'nfhah!

[Fawcett nods solemnly.]

"D"HF: You will be the one who truly brings this to pass, Gladiator. Once you have been knocked down I will have all I crave if I have to crack open your cranium like the overripe walnut it truly is. The secret to the defeat of all you hold dear..

[Fawcett reaches into his pocket, bringing out his gem. As he does so, The Lost Boy drops his rawhide bone, forgetting it instantly as he stares at the gem slack jawed with a glazed look in his eyes.]

"D"HF: ... And perhaps, the answer to why and how someone could keep themselves cloaked from my all-seeing Eye. I shall know all of these things and so much more.

[Fawcett pats the dazed Lost Boy on the head.]

"D"HF: You shall not have reason to worry about what I do with such knowledge, however. For you, Gladiator, shall only know one thing for the rest of time eternal.

[Fawcett wraps his fingers around his gem, obscuring it completely. As he does so, The Lost Boy attacks his rawhide chew again as if he never stopped.]

"D"HF: Oblivion.

[Still clutching the gem in his black leather gloved hand, he bring it to his heart and rears his head back once more as we fade out...

...and go backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Fans, we've still got more action in store for you this evening. SuperClash is already taking shape, with Ryan Martinez set to meet with Hannibal Carver, but with certain conditions in place. Also, you can expect at SuperClash to see the annual tradition of Steal the Spotlight, and there are some wrestlers who are making a hard push to get into that match. We'll talk more about Steal the Spotlight on my hotline. Call 1-900-505-5500 to find out more, and kids, be sure you get your parents' permission before you call.

[At that moment, The Gladiator walks onto the set. He is dressed in his wrestling attire and gladiator helmet and...]

G: Aaaarrggghhhh aaarrggghhhh aaarrggghhhh...

[...he's doing that. He starts pacing around behind Sweet Lou, looking upward, as if he's waiting for a sign from the heavens above.]

SLB: Speaking of wrestlers who are making hard pushes... Gladiator, tonight you are set to face The Lost Boy one on one.

[Gladiator stops his pacing and turns to face Sweet Lou. Gladiator has a wild look in his eyes.]

SLB: Gladiator, you have declared your intentions to take down Dr. Harrison Fawcett and his men. You get your first chance against one half of the Handsome Family. What do you expect going into this encounter?

[Gladiator speaks in hushed tones... for the time being.]

G: As I have traveled deeper and deeper into this territory, I only find more of those who would dare to corrupt it. Harrison Fawcett has pulled in his lackeys, one by one, trying to corrupt every soul who only seeks to better themselves through the honor of combat. Fawcett has used a giant and a couple of lost souls, all who are weak, who all fall before the supposed power of some trinket.

[He raises a finger toward Sweet Lou.]

G: Those who would fall before such things are weak in the mind and thus weak when it comes to the rigors that true combat demands. And while there are those who would question why I would only answer to Jupiter and Juno and what they have commanded, they have not led me astray since I have come to these lands, kept me on the straight and narrow and given me no reason to doubt them.

[And now, he raises his voices as he turns toward the camera.]

G: AND NOW THEY HAVE GUIDED ME TO THE MOMENT THAT IS SOON TO BE UPON ME! WHERE I DEMONSTRATE TO ALL MY GLADIATORS THAT THEIR FAITH ME HAS BEEN JUSTIFIED! AND WHERE I DEMONSTRATE TO HARRISON FAWCETT THAT ALL THE FALSE PROPHECIES HE HAS SPOKE OF, SHALL SIMPLY NEVER COME TO FRUITION, FOR I WILL NOT ALLOW IT! HE AND HIS MONGRELS HAVE ENGAGED IN THEIR MANIPULATIONS FOR TOO LONG AND NOW COMES THE FIRST STEP IN MY LATEST JOURNEY, TO BRING DOWN HIS GIANT AND FAMILY AND STAND TALL BEFORE ALL!

[He starts pacing around again, forcing Sweet Lou to turn around, trying to keep up with Gladiator's movement.]

SLB: Gladiator, you are certainly aware that Fawcett and The Lost Boy are not likely to be far from their fellow Handsome Family member Porter Crowley. And, as you alluded to, the giant KING Oni may not be far behind, either. And as impressive as you have been here in the AWA, it is you against four men. Are you prepared for such odds?

[Gladiator stops pacing, turns to Sweet Lou and raises a finger.]

G: STRENGTH IN NUMBERS ONLY MATTERS IF THERE IS REALLY ENOUGH STRENGTH IN THOSE NUMBERS, SWEET LOU! REGARDLESS OF WHAT SIZE A MAN IS, WHAT HIS PHYSICAL ATTRIBUTES ARE, NONE OF IT MATTERS IF HE LACKS THE SPINE TO STAND UP FOR HIMSELF, IF HE LACKS THE WILL TO STAND TALL WHEN THE ODDS ARE AGAINST HIM, OR IF HE DOES NOT HAVE THE MINDSET TO HANDLE HIMSELF IN THE FACE OF ADVERSITY!

[He turns back to the camera.]

G: YOU, LOST BOY, I HAVE WATCHED YOU FOR A LONG TIME AND EVERY TIME YOU HAVE MADE YOUR PRESENCE KNOWN IN THESE LANDS, YOU HAVE PROVEN UNABLE TO STAND UP FOR YOURSELF, TO HANDLE YOURSELF IN THE FACE OF ADVERSITY! TRY AS YOU WILL TO WITHSTAND THE MIGHT OF THE GLADIATOR, YOU LACK WHAT IS NECESSARY TO TRULY ESTABLISH YOURSELF AS SOMETHING MORE THAN A NORMAL! AND THE MORE YOU CONTINUE TO LEAN ON THE GUIDANCE OF THOSE WHO ONLY USE YOU FOR A GREATER AGENDA, THE MORE LIKELY THE OUTCOMES FOR YOU WILL BE, WHICH TONIGHT, WILL BE YOU FALLING BEFORE ME IN COMBAT!

SLB: Gladiator, there is one other thing I should bring up... in recent weeks, Anton Layton has been seen watching Fawcett and his men... do you expect there is some sort of a connection between those men?

G: I HAVE WITNESSED THE HAVOC THAT ANTON LAYTON HAS BROUGHT INTO THESE LANDS BEFORE, BUT IF HE WERE TO CAST HIS LOT WITH FAWCETT AND HIS MONGRELS, HE WILL ONLY FIND THAT HIS DESTINY WILL BE THE SAME AS THOSE MONGRELS! AND THAT IS TO FALL BEFORE THE MIGHT OF THE ONE AND ONLY TRUE GLAAADDDIIIAAAATTOOORRR!

[He thrusts his arms skyward and stares up that way.]

G: JUPITER AND JUNO, I KNOW MY DESTINY AWAITS!

[He walks off camera, still pointing and staring skyward.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, that match should be a humdinger! Let's get back to ringside!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first... from beneath Fawcett Manor, weighing in at 302 pounds and accompanied by his handler "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett...

THE LOST BOY!!

[The slow heavy guitar riff of "Caveman" by Post Mortem is heard, and as the song kicks in The Lost Boy comes flying out through the curtain, stopped only by the leash attached to the collar around his neck held by "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett.]

#Questing to find#
#Fight to stay alive#
#Survival of the fittest#
#Caveman will survive#

[The Lost Boy howls, nearly charging at the fans to his left until Fawcett admonishes him with the large rawhide bone he holds in his free hand. The Lost Boy looks from the bone to the ring, nodding his head vigorously.]

#Sanctuary of rock#
#Fire in his hand#
#Brand his fist to heaven#
#Show who's in command#

[The Lost Boy crouches just outside the ropes as Fawcett unhooks the leash from the collar around his neck, watching as his beast rolls under the ropes into the ring. With wild black untamed hair, shaved so that a triangle of hair is in the front and two triangle tufts coming out on the left and right sides of the back, he has black paint under his eyes, causing his eyes to appear even more intense and deranged. His tongue is green by some unknown cause. He wears a black tattered single-strap singlet and a pair of black boots with red trim near the soles.]

GM: The Lost Boy has hit the ring... and this guy sends a chill down my spine, Bucky.

BW: He's come a long way since we first saw him in the AWA.

GM: A long way? He used to walk upright, have friends... now he's Doctor Harrison Fawcett's personal pet. Nothing more than a pit bull that Fawcett adopted at the pound and tormented until it was a vicious beast!

BW: Hm. Can't argue that. But at least he brought him home from the pound! He didn't leave him there to be-

GM: -taken to the country to live on a farm? I don't even want to know what happened in that dungeon in Fawcett Manor to turn The Lost Boy into what we see now... look at him chewing on the top rope!

[He has indeed wrapped his teeth around the rope, glaring down the aisle...

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

GM: Here he comes!

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

PW: Introducing, from Parts Unknown, weighing in at 270 pounds...

THE GLAAAAAAADIATOOOOOOR!

[As the war drum and trumpets come to a climax, a ram's horn blasts, drowning it all out, and immediately the Gladiator's head snaps upwards. His eyes gaze at the ring as if looking through it to the universe beyond. Wild speed metal plays over the PA, replacing everything that came before (though, notably, the chord is the same as the trumpets from earlier). Leaving his helmet laying in the aisle, the Gladiator sprints down the aisle at top speed, diving under the ropes...

...which is where The Lost Boy strikes, diving to his knees with a double axehandle down across the back!]

GM: The bell sounds and we're underway in tonight's Main Event!

[The Lost Boy scampers up, dropping a second double axehandle to the back... and a third. Fawcett is a constant stream of conversation from the floor, giving instructions to his "pet" who drags the Gladiator off the canvas, flinging him into the corner.]

GM: The Lost Boy strikes before the bell and he keeps on striking, moving in on the cornered Gladiator...

[Grabbing at the back of his own head, The Lost Boy swings his head forward, smashing it into the temple of the Gladiator!]

GM: Headbutt! One of the signature moves out of this competitor!

[A second headbutt lands near the ear of the Gladiator, causing him to slump to a knee. The Lost Boy grabs the top rope, shoving his shin across the throat of his opponent and pushing him back against the buckles.]

GM: The referee's right there for the choke, starting his five count... Ricky Longfellow's telling the man to back off...

[At the count of four, Fawcett shouts "BREAK!" and the Lost Boy obliges, backing off, grabbing at his head...

...and circles back towards the Gladiator, throwing a stomp into the chest!]

GM: He's trying to stomp the Gladiator down into the mat!

BW: Not trying, Gordo... succeeding.

GM: At this point of the contest, yes. The Lost Boy became well-known in this industry as the cornerstone of Ghazi Hassan's Misery Inc. out of PCW. He raised all sorts of hell there for Hassan and continues to do so here in the AWA for Doctor Harrison Fawcett.

[The Lost Boy's stomps leave the Gladiator smashed against the buckles as The Lost Boy rears back, arms stretched overhead for a double axehandle...

...and the Gladiator smashes a right hand into the midsection!]

GM: Oh! The Gladiator goes downstairs!

[A second one follows, sending The Lost Boy backpedaling away from the corner as The Gladiator gets to his feet, pumping his right arm in the air a few times...

...and runs down the Lost Boy with a clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline from The Gladiator!

[He goes across the ring, pumping his arm again...]

GM: And a second clothesline finds the mark as well, taking the Lost Boy off his feet!

[The Gladiator throws back his head in a guttural roar, smashing his fists into his face before thrusting both arms into the air repeatedly. He dashes to the ropes, building up steam as he hits the ropes once... twice... three times... four times... all while waiting for The Lost Boy to rise...]

GM: The Gladiator's like a runaway steam engine in there!

[...and BLASTS the rising savage with a clothesline that puts him down to big cheers! Fawcett is SCREAMING at his charge from out on the floor as The Gladiator grabs the top rope, giving it a wild shake.]

GM: The Gladiator is pumped up! He's so excited to finally be getting his hands on a member of Fawcett's Family!

[Pulling the 302 pounder off the mat, The Gladiator hurls him into the ropes, sending him bouncing back towards the man from Parts Unknown. He hoists the Lost Boy into the air, twirling and twisting him around...

...and DRIVES him down with a tilt-a-whirl slam to another big cheer!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: It takes a lot of power to do that to a 300 pounder!

GM: It certainly does and The Gladiator has that power in spades, fans!

[The Gladiator stands over the Lost Boy, pumping his arms up and down towards the sky...]

BW: You've gotta be kidding me! He's going to try and finish him off, Gordo!

GM: The time has come for The Gladiator to put The Lost Boy down and move up the ladder - perhaps finally getting his hands on KING Oni!

BW: Not if Doctor Harrison Fawcett has anything to say about it.

[In a daring move, Fawcett pulls himself up on the apron before the Gladiator can lift the Lost Boy into the air, letting the savage slump back to a knee as the Gladiator stalks towards Fawcett...

...and reaches out, grabbing him by the jacket to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT HIM!

[Fawcett is screaming for aid as the Gladiator shakes him back and forth. The referee steps in, demanding that the Gladiator release Fawcett but that's getting him nowhere...

...and the fans start to buzz as the Lost Boy regains his feet, approaching the Gladiator from the blind side!]

GM: Ohh! The Lost Boy jams his knee into the back of the Gladiator!

[He grabs the Gladiator by the head, slamming his skull into the base of the neck!]

GM: Headbutt! A second headbutt!

[Grabbing one of the Gladiator's muscular arms, The Lost Boy twists it into a hammerlock as Fawcett, red-faced and gasping for air, drops back to the floor.]

GM: Wow! A hammerlock applied by the Lost Boy... that seems a little unusual for-

[The crowd reacts with revulsion as the Lost Boy sinks his teeth into the shoulder!]

GM: He's biting him! Referee, get in there!

[The Gladiator cries out as The Lost Boy bites and bites and bites before finally breaking and clubbing the Gladiator with a forearm across the back of the neck, knocking him down to all fours.]

BW: The Gladiator may need a rabies shot after that.

GM: Rabies?

BW: Absolutely. I don't see any tags on The Lost Boy. I don't know if he's gotten his shots yet.

GM: He's a man, Bucky... not an animal!

BW: So you say.

[The Lost Boy lands a second clubbing forearm to the neck before a big boot to the ribs flips the Gladiator down onto his back. He drops to his knees, wrapping his hands around the throat.]

GM: And now The Lost Boy with a blatant choke! Strangling the air out of The Gladiator as these fans in Memphis look on with concern!

[The Lost Boy hangs on to the choke until the count of four... and a little longer, reaching five until the referee gives one final warning of a disqualification and a gasping Fawcett convinces his "pet" to break the hold.]

GM: The Lost Boy didn't hear the count there, I think...

BW: Or he didn't understand it.

GM: I suppose that's possible. Who knows what kind of torment this man went through at the hands of Fawcett?

[Climbing to his feet, The Lost Boy stomps the chest... and again as the referee tells him to back off. He wanders across the ring, barking like a dog, grabbing at his head.]

GM: Just look at him, Bucky. The Lost Boy's always been strange but this is... this is something else.

BW: He's been turned into an effective fighting machine. He should be grateful to Doctor Fawcett!

GM: Grateful?! He's been turned into a savage! He's been turned into a beast!

[The Lost Boy circles back to the Gladiator, dragging him off the mat. He pulls him towards the corner, throwing him headfirst into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Into the corner, bouncing his head off the buckles...

[Pushing the Gladiator's face down on the top rope, the Lost Boy walks down the length of the rope, raking the face and eyes into the ropes. As the referee's count hits four, The Lost Boy releases, leaving the Gladiator to hobble away, rubbing at his eyes as The Lost Boy listens to the orders of his master.]

GM: Fawcett's telling him to stay on the Gladiator... something you wouldn't have to imagine most professional wrestlers would need to be told but The Lost Boy's been so broken, Fawcett has to hold his hand for just about everything.

BW: You should see him when he's out on the leash.

[The Lost Boy lumbers towards the Gladiator, grabbing him from behind by the shoulders...]

GM: Headbutt to the back of the skull... and another!

[He turns the Gladiator around, ducking down for a bodyslam...

...but the Gladiator blocks it!]

GM: The Gladiator blocks the slam!

[The Lost Boy tries it a second time...

...and the Gladiator blocks it a second time!]

GM: He can't get him up!

[The Gladiator backs out, reverses, and scoop slams the 300 pounder to the canvas!]

GM: Big slam by the Gladiator!

[Fawcett slams his hands down on the mat as The Gladiator waits for the Lost Boy to get up before cracking him across the chest with a knife edge blow.]

GM: Hard chop sends the Lost Boy back to the corner!

[The Gladiator grabs the arm, whipping the bigger opponent across, rushing in after him...]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A CLOTHESLINE!

BW: I think the ring shifted on that one, daddy!

GM: The Gladiator steps out to the middle, looking up to the heavens, talking to his Gods as he raises his arms up and down to the sky!

BW: He's trying to finish it again!

[The Lost Boy stumbles out of the corner towards the Gladiator who ducks down, lifting him up...

...and PRESSES the 302 pounder over his head, his arms trembling under the weight...]

GM: THE GLADIATOR'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM ALLLLLLLLLL THE WAY UP!

[And with Fawcett screaming and shouting, the Gladiator drops the Lost Boy down onto his shoulder, DRIVING him down into the canvas!]

GM: POWERSLAM! THAT'S IT!

[The Gladiator pushes up to his knees, balling his fists and planting them knuckles-down on the chest of the Lost Boy.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[But as soon as the Gladiator pushes up off the mat, he gets DRILLED from behind by Porter Crowley!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: The Handsome Family is reunited and it feels so good... well, bad if you're the Gladiator!

[Crowley, having knocked the Gladiator back to the mat, starts putting the boots to him as Harrison Fawcett shouts instructions from the floor.]

GM: Porter Crowley out of nowhere with the sneak attack! You better believe that Fawcett had him on standby!

BW: Of course he did! He's a damn genius! He's not leaving one of his guys out there to face a lunatic like the Gladiator without backup!

[Crowley drags the Gladiator off the canvas, lifting him up onto his shoulders...]

GM: Wait a second! Crowley's got him up and-

[Crowley shoves the Gladiator over his head, swinging his knee up into the man from Parts Unknown's face on the way down!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DAMAGED GOODS!

[A smiling Porter Crowley looks to Doctor Harrison Fawcett for approval. A grinning Fawcett nods as he climbs up on the apron, holding the leash that he had The Lost Boy on earlier in hand...]

GM: What's he got...?

BW: It's that leash, Gordo! The one he had on The Lost Boy!

GM: But what... why?!

[The Lost Boy is helped off the mat by his partner who whispers to him. The Lost Boy drags the Gladiator off the mat, pulling his arms back, holding them as a sadistically smiling Crowley is wrapping his hand in the metal leash...]

GM: Oh no. That's no leash anymore - it's a steel chain! Crowley's got that steel chain wrapped around his hand and I don't like the looks of this at all!

[The Lost Boy keeps the Gladiator's arms held back as Crowley winds up his right hand...]

...and BLASTS The Gladiator between the eyes with the chain-wrapped fist!]

GM: OHH! RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

[The Lost Boy allows the Gladiator to slip down to the mat, landing facefirst on the canvas as Fawcett shouts his approval.]

GM: A steel chain driven between the eyes of The Gladiator by Porter Crowley and the Handsome Family has laid out the man from Parts Unknown!

[Crowley slips over towards Fawcett who lovingly pats him on the head before pointing a finger at the Gladiator and speaking one word...]

"Again."

GM: Oh lord... he just told him to do it again, fans!

[Crowley nods, obliging by dragging the Gladiator to his knees, revealing that his forehead was busted open by the first chain shot.]

BW: He bleeds! He's human after all, Gordo!

GM: I don't think anyone ever believed that he wasn't! But the Gladiator has been lacerated at the hands of Porter Crowley, The Lost Boy, and that steel chain! The blood is flowing and-

[With the Gladiator kneeling on the mat, Crowley winds up a second time...

...and drives the chain down a second time into the bloody forehead!]

GM: He hit him again! He hit him with that steel chain again!

[The crimson is flowing as Crowley shoves The Gladiator down, sending him facefirst to the mat. A grinning Fawcett climbs through the ropes, lifting his charges' hands into the air to jeers from the Memphis crowd.]

GM: The Gladiator may be down... but I've got a feeling this one isn't over, Bucky.

BW: Maybe not but this battle definitely goes down as a win for the Handsome Family, Gordo.

GM: Fawcett and his boys are leaving the ring, leaving the Gladiator beaten and bloody on the canvas.

[The trio starts walking back up the aisle, celebrating their "triumph" as the Gladiator lies motionless on the mat.]

GM: The Gladiator is down and... these fans in Memphis are cheering for him, cheering him on...

[The overwhelming boos for the Handsome Family slowly start to shift as the fans rally to support the Gladiator, trying to get him going again as Fawcett and his allies turn at the top of the aisle, looking back towards the ring...

...where, with a roaring crowd behind him, the Gladiator plants his hands on the canvas in a pushup...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: You've gotta be kidding me!

[And with a roar, The Gladiator pushes himself up off the mat, showing off the blood streaming down his face...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[The Gladiator keeps on roaring, one after another as he pushes himself to his knees. With a guttural grunt, he gets up to one foot. With a horrific shout, he gets up to the other, staring down the aisle, blood streaming down his face onto his chest...]

GM: HE'S UP! THE GLADIATOR IS UP!

[...and suddenly, with another shout, he jumps out of the ring, eyes wide with rage as he tears down the aisle towards the top of the entryway where a stunned Doctor Harrison Fawcett starts shouting at his men, trying to get them out of the arena!]

GM: THE GLADIATOR IS COMING... AND FAWCETT'S FAMILY IS RUNNING FOR IT! THEY'RE GETTING THE HECK OUT OF DODGE AND WITH THAT MAN CHASING THEM, WHO CAN BLAME 'EM?!

[The Gladiator looks like he's set to break the land speed record as he tears down the aisle towards the entrance curtain...]

GM: THE GLADIATOR, BLOODIED AND BEATEN BUT NOT BROKEN, HAS RISEN AGAIN AND IS ON THE WARPATH! FANS, WE'RE OUT OF TIME! WE GOTTA GO! WE'LL SEE YOU NEXT TIME... AT THE MATCHES!

[The bloodied warrior tears through the curtain into the backstage area...

...as we fade to black.]