



SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

OCTOBER 31ST, 2015 - SMOOTHIE KING CENTER - NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

[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 our screen flickers then has a burst of static. Don't worry. It's not the return of Terry Shane III. That's too scary for even a Halloween show. Instead, we come up on a black and white shot of our own Sweet Lou Blackwell who appears to be in a library of some sort, looking at the spines of some dusty old books. Blackwell looks up at the camera, apparently startled.]

SLB: Oh! Hello, there. You caught me catching up on some light reading.

[He slides a very hefty tome back into an empty spot.]

SLB: Tonight, we prepare for a very different type of programming. Yes, you will hear talk of victories and losses inside the ring but on this night, we examine those

victories and losses in greater measure. We look at a man who is known for family who has lost his. We look at women seeking to win respect in a male-dominated world. We will examine the lengths that mere mortals are willing to go to achieve championship glory. And we will do all of that on a rather unique background.

For this night is Halloween... a night when the ghouls, ghosts, and goblins are present. The spirits twist and howl through the night sky, calling to those left behind to join them.

And the monsters...

[Blackwell exhales sharply through his teeth.]

SLB: Perhaps no one is better prepared to speak of the monsters that roam these parts than yours truly. Kings and Demons. Doctors and Engines of Destruction. Rabid dogs. Sycophantic cults. The walking dead amongst us. Gods turned to men and men turned to Gods.

[Blackwell raises a hand, tapping a finger on his chin.]

SLB: In the paraphrased words of one of my childhood heroes...

There is a fifth dimension beyond that which is known to man. It is a dimension as vast as space and timeless as infinity. It is the middle ground between light and shadow, between science and superstition, and it lies between the pit of man's fears and the summit of his knowledge. This is the dimension of imagination. It is an area we call...

[Blackwell looks fearful at the camera.]

SLB: The AWA.

[He does his very best imitation of the Twilight Zone theme as a lightning crash is heard and the scene cuts to black...

...and then up on black and white footage of what appears to be a laboratory. The room is darkened, illuminated by some small light bulbs dangling from the ceiling. The sound of a creaking door followed by some chemicals boiling over are heard as a white coat wearing "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett walks into the room. He creeps towards a table that is the home of a lumpy looking form under a sheet. The sounds of Bobby "Boris" Pickett's classic "Monster Mash" begins to play as Fawcett spins towards the camera, lip syncing along with the song.]

#I was working in the lab, late one night
When my eyes beheld an eerie sight
For my monster from his slab, began to rise
And suddenly to my surprise#

[The sheet covered form drifts to a sitting position behind Fawcett who grins a twisted smile. The form, still hidden, gets to its feet as the chorus kicks in and appropriately, it does the mash... some weird arm swinging, hip twisting jig.]

#He did the mash, he did the monster mash
The monster mash, it was a graveyard smash
He did the mash, it caught on in a flash
He did the mash, he did the monster mash#

[The lights in the room flicker as the music drops to a very low sound in the background. The shot fades to Melissa Cannon in a bad blonde wig sitting on a

couch. She's chomping on popcorn, watching a flickering TV screen as a phone rings. She grabs the phone.]

"Hello?"

[We can hear the voice on the other end, disguised through some kind of digital device to mimic the voice in the Scream movies.]

"Hello."

[Cannon looks puzzled.]

"Can I help you?"

[The voice responds.]

"Maybe. What's that noise in the background?"

[Cannon grins.]

"Wrestling. I'm watching some of my favorites."

"On Halloween? You should be watching something scary."

[Cannon looks to the camera.]

"You've obviously never seen the Vagina Match."

[The "ghost mask killer" pops up from behind the couch. Cannon screams as we cut to black...

...and then back up on the white coat-wearing Fawcett roaming the halls of his manor as the music comes back up to full volume for the chorus.]

#They did the mash, they did the monster mash
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[Fawcett turns to walk through a door with a bloody handprint on the doorknob as the music dips and we fade to Chester O. Wilde and Buddy U. Loney sitting on a couch with Mable between them. The music changes to the catchy and universally-familiar theme to the Addams Family. The first time through, Chester and Buddy snap their fingers. The second time, Buddy looks puzzled at Mable.]

BUL: Come on, girl. Just like I showed ya.

[Chester is still snapping while Buddy is looking aggravated.]

BUL: Why ya bein' that way? Just do the snap.

[Mable, I swear, you might think is smiling at this turn of events from the look on her snout. Buddy is even more upset as she doesn't snap yet again.]

BUL: That's it! I'm outta here!

[Buddy gets up as Dirt Dog Unique Allah and Poet Wright walk into view. Buddy raises his fists, "armed" and at the ready...

...when a knock-off of Michael Jackson's "Thriller" begins to play and the walking zombies drop into the well-known Thriller dance. Buddy and Chester start to do the same, awkward and clumsily. Buddy throws a glare down at the non-participating Mable, shaking his head as we cut back to Fawcett now apparently in the room. Bloody handprints are littering the wall as "Monster Mash" kicks back in.]

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[A concerned Fawcett creeps around the room, aghast at the bloody handprints. He looks behind a desk...

...and breaks out in exaggerated silent laughter, pointing. The camera follows his point to reveal The Lost Boy fingerpainting in the corner... with a weird can of red liquid next to him. The shot spins as the music continues, cutting to a quick sequence of shots...

Rex Summers looking leeringly at the world-famous Elvira who is clinging to his arm.

The butcher, Ebola Zaire, "conversing" with KING Oni over a rack of VERY rare ribs.

Brian Lau introducing "Pretty" Porter Crowley to some "Instagram" models including one in a French Maid outfit that reads "Fifi" on her "HI, MY NAME IS..." nametag.

Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan pulling on a doorknob that says, "DO NOT ENTER... THAT MEANS YOU!"

The assembled masses of evil-doers surround the front door, KING Oni leading the way as a doorbell sounds. He swings the door open and the last thing we see is the terrified faces of young children as he lets out a roar that drowns out the song...]

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[...and we fade to black before fading to 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 "Monster Mash" 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 New Orleans, Louisiana at the Smoothie King Center! 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... and Bucky, they are JAMMED to the rafters here on the Bayou!

BW: New Orleans - and Louisiana in general - has always been one of the favorite spots for the AWA and tonight is no different as this place has been rockin' since the doors opened!

GM: We are less than one month away from the biggest event of the year - SuperClash VII - and the electricity in the air is so thick, you could cut it with a knife, fans! What a show we've got in store here in New Orleans - so many tremendous stars in the building, so much great action but right now, we're going backstage to where I'm told that the Number One Contender to the World Heavyweight Title, Johnny Detson, is standing by with our own Sweet Lou Blackwell! Lou, take it away, old friend!

[We cut to backstage where we see Johnny Detson pacing back and forth. He is on the phone yelling at someone in a very animated way as the camera and volume come in.]

JD: CAN'T YOU FILE SOME SORT OF INJUNCTION?!

[Detson doesn't break stride as he listens for a second.]

JD: NO LEGAL STANDING?! AIRTIGHT?! LOOK, I PAY YOU \$750.00 AN HOUR TO GET AROUND AIRTIGHT!!

[Detson now stops as he listens again.]

JD: QUIT? DON'T WORRY ABOUT QUITTING, BUDDY, YOU'RE FIRED!

[Detson jabs at the phone terminating the call before yelling at the top of his lungs in obvious frustration which is when "Sweet" Lou Blackwell comes into the scene, microphone in hand.]

SLB: Johnny Detson?

[Detson wheels around and just glares at the interviewer.]

SLB: My sources have been stating that you have, for the past couple of weeks, been trying to appeal the decision of last Saturday Night...

[Detson just stares at Blackwell.]

SLB: ...where you lost an opportunity to be in the main event of SuperClash when you were defeated by Casanova.

[Detson eyes go wide but he still remains silent.]

SLB: And of course, that match saw Calisto Dufresne come down to the ring to help aid in your defeat.

[Silence.]

SLB: Well, Johnny, the people want to know what you think – about SuperClash?

JD: ...

SLB: About your loss last show?

JD: ...

SLB: About Calisto Dufresne?

[THAT gets him to speak.]

JD: Calisto Dufresne? Calisto Dufresne has been so meaningless for so long, the only way he was remembered was by hanging around Johnny Detson. So I guess he wants to hang around just a little longer?

[Sneering, Detson continues.]

JD: I tried to be nice and be the bigger person, and I gave him so much by letting him hang around my greatness. But Calisto... he took something from me. No, not something, he took THE THING away from me. The thing I wanted most, the thing I deserve.

[A smile from Detson, but he doesn't look too happy.]

JD: I tried to just let him be irrelevant, I tried to let him fade back into obscurity... I tried showing him mercy. But now? Now he's gone too far and taken my World Title shot away from me! Well...

[Detson looks at Blackwell, right in the eyes.]

JD: ...it's time to end Calisto Dufresne!

[Detson brushes right past Blackwell and storms off, leaving Blackwell behind.]

SLB: Some strong words directed at the former World Champion, Calisto Dufresne, by Johnny Detson... and I have a feeling we haven't heard or seen the last of that particular issue here tonight as we count down the days to SuperClash VII in Houston, Texas! Fans, let's go to the ring for tonight's opening contest!

[Crossfade from the smiling Blackwell back 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 Mobile, Alabama... weighing in at 264 pounds... Ellis Johnson!

[A pretty thick hulking dude who looks like he sees the gym daily and then some strikes a double bicep pose to some jeers.]

PW: And his opponent... 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: One of the most unlikely superstars here in the AWA in 2015, Allen Allen is headed for the ring.

BW: The name so nice, you're legally obligated to say it twice.

GM: Bucky...

BW: I just want to know what kind of parents saddle their kid with a name like that. They pretty much cursed him to a lifetime of being pathetic, didn't they?

GM: There's no call for that now as Allen Allen arrives here in the Smoothie King Center.

BW: It's a fitting place for him because in my estimation, he should be WORKING at a Smoothie King.

[Gordon sighs as 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 have to smile at how much Allen Allen is embracing the same fans who've reached out to him. This young family man has been a non-stop working machine since that shocking win-

BW: Call it a fluke.

GM: Call it what you want but he pinned Mr. Sadisuto in the center of the ring and became one of the most popular competitors in the entire company almost overnight. He's now one of the most requested superstars for autograph signings, public appearances, and the like.

BW: And where did all that put him? In the hospital after Sadisuto unleashed the Downfall on him.

GM: You're talking about one month ago now... let's take you back for those who missed it...

[We crossfade to footage marked "10-3-15 - Memphis, TN" where Allen Allen and Mr. Sadisuto are in the ring squaring off with two hulking men 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. Live commentary from Gordon and Bucky is voiced over the original audio.]

GM: It was supposed to be a rematch between Allen Allen and Mr. Sadisuto when these two monsters came to the ring... we now know them to be two men calling themselves Downfall.

[On the footage, we see Allen approach Sadisuto, pointing at the two men.]

GM: Completely unaware of the plot that was about to unfold, Allen Allen tried to make an alliance with Sadisuto for his own survival... and Sadisuto looked like he had agreed.

[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: But in the end, it was all a scheme...

[We cut ahead a bit to Sadisuto throwing a savate kick that flattens Allen Allen off his feet.]

GM: Gaaah! A brutal kick by the man from the Orient and then the plot was revealed.

[A cackling Sadisuto nods approvingly of his actions and then points down at Allen to the two masked men.]

GM: Sadisuto apparently has some kind of bond with these two beasts. I don't know if he's their manager, their adviser, maybe even just a friend but- look here!

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

BW: The beatdown was underway... but it was just getting started, daddy!

[We cut again to a shot of one of the masked men sitting on the top turnbuckle as the other lifts a limp Allen up, depositing him sitting on the first man's shoulders...]

GM: One of them got into position, lifting Allen up on the shoulders of the other and with a shout from Sadisuto...

[The man stands tall on the middle rope, holding a defenseless Allen Allen in powerbomb position...]

GM: I can barely watch...

[...and leaps off the second rope, DRIVING Allen down to the canvas with a thunderous Super Powerbomb!]

GM: Aaaaagh.... down goes Allen Allen into the canvas.

[The three men stand over the motionless Allen, soaking up the jeers as they lift their arms triumphantly...]

...and we fade back to live action where Allen is in the ring, cringing at what we just saw on the big screen inside the arena.]

GM: Allen Allen was rushed to a nearby medical facility in Memphis after that attack where I'm told he stayed overnight before being released. He's spent the last week or so off the road at the request of the AWA's doctors, spending time with his family and recovering before making his return here tonight at his own request.

[Allen tugs a few times at the ropes, giving a big thumbs up to the cheering fans before the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: Substitute referee Carl Cox calls for the bell and we're off and running here in New Orleans...

[Allen comes towards the center of the ring, lunging for a tieup but ducking under the big man's muscular arms. He spins around, grinning at his speed as the larger competitor grumbles to the referee.]

GM: Ellis Johnson with some words for the official but there was nothing illegal about that.

BW: No, just cowardly.

[The duo move towards each other again, Allen ducking under the outstretched arms a second time to more complaints from Johnson.]

GM: Allen showing a speed advantage over the more muscular competitor...

[Johnson is coming in hot the third time, feigning the tieup before SMASHING a double axehandle down between the shoulderblades of his smaller opponent, knocking him down to a knee.]

GM: Hard shot to the upper back by Johnson, rattling Allen Allen...

[Grabbing Allen by the arm, Johnson flings him towards the ropes, setting his feet and drawing back his right hand...]

GM: Big right- no!

[Allen comes back with some speed, dropping into a slide between the legs of Johnson. He slides to a knee, twisting around to grab Johnson by the ankles, yanking them out from under him and sending the powerhouse bouncing facefirst off the canvas!]

GM: Beautiful counter by Allen!

[Allen scrambles up, rushing forward to tuck his feet under the armpits of Johnson, twisting to the side and rolling him into a pinning predicament.]

GM: Cradle for one! Two! But Johnson's out at two!

[The underdog climbs quickly to his feet, catching a rising Johnson with a knee to the sternum that slows him down, putting him back down on a knee. Allen quickly dashes to the ropes, rebounding back...

...and Johnson SURGES to his feet, connecting with a powerful clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Big clothesline by Ellis Johnson, the powerhouse from Mobile, Alabama!

[Johnson swings his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as he stands over a dazed Allen Allen. He leans over, grabbing the hair of his smaller opponent, dragging him to his feet.]

GM: Ellis Johnson may be trying to finish Allen early in this one, lifting him up over his shoulder and right into position for a powerslam!

[Johnson backs to the corner, clearing some space...]

BW: I think Cinderella's about to be turned into a rat.

GM: I think that's a different kind of story.

[Johnson marches out of the corner, building up steam...

...but Allen slips out the backdoor, landing on his feet behind Johnson where he delivers a two-handed shove to the back, sending Johnson crashing into the buckles!]

GM: Counter!

[Johnson staggers, spinning out of the corner into a boot to the gut. Allen quickly grabs the arm, slipping his leg over the back of Johnson's head...

...and LEAPS into the air, driving Johnson facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: A2 connects!

[Allen flips Johnson over, diving across with a deep leg hook.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Allen leaps up off the canvas, throwing his arms in the air, jumping up and down to celebrate his win!]

GM: Allen wins! Allen wins!

BW: Dumb luck.

GM: Perhaps it is but it's a win nonetheless... and Allen Allen is heading out here to talk to us.

BW: Oh great. You take this one, Gordo. I'm allergic to losers.

[We cut out to the floor where Gordon Myers is on his feet, mic in hand as a beaming Allen Allen approaches.]

GM: Mr. Allen, congratulations are in order for your win here tonight. I was very impressed the way you used your quickness and your counter-wrestling experience to get the win.

[Allen smiles, nodding.]

AA: Thank you, Gordon. It's like I've always said, I may not be the biggest dog in the fight but I'm the one willing to bite your ankles and find a way to get you when you're not paying attention.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: A sound strategy tonight for sure... but the win tonight can't have erased the sting from what happened a month ago in Memphis when Mr. Sadisuto-

[Allen lifts a hand.]

AA: Please, I don't think I can handle hearing it again. For a month now, it's all everyone's been talking about. "Allen, you got duped." "Allen, you're an idiot." "Allen, the rent is late." Well, of course the rent's gonna be late when I've gotta pay for a trip to the hospital! I mean, come on!

[Allen is obviously exasperated.]

GM: But the point...

[Allen nods.]

AA: Oh... oh yeah, thanks. Sorry. Sometimes I get carried away.

[Allen pauses, not saying anything... just angrily nodding his head in silence. Gordon waits... and waits... and waits...]

GM: But Mr. Sadisuto...

[Allen facepalms.]

AA: Yeah! Yes, of course... uhh, so that jerk Sadisuto and his two goons got the best of me in Memphis. I didn't see it comin'. I mean, it was a pretty sophisticated plot, Gordon... against ME! I don't think anyone's ever had a plot against ME before.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: A fair point. But I'm sure you'll be looking for payback.

AA: Absolutely. Any time that... that... LOSER...

[Allen looks pleased with himself.]

AA: ...Sadisuto wants to finish what we started, you know that I'm game. And as far as Downfall is concerned, I think it's a fitting name, Gordon... because when I get my hands on them, they will fall... DOWN!

[Again, Allen beams at this stunning display of linguistics.]

GM: Alright, Allen Allen... thanks for joining us and again, congratulations on your win here tonight.

[Allen smiles, patting Gordon on the back.]

GM: And now, we're going to go backstage. As the world knows by now, Casey James and Tiger Claw have been tasked with curating the Legends Royale-

[Allen, still standing there, interrupts.]

AA: I love those guys, Gordon.

[Gordon grins before continuing.]

GM: Both of those men have been assigned a film crew and an AWA staffer to work with them in putting together the lineup for that match. Throughout the night, we'll be cutting to that film crew and seeing how the plans for what has become one of the most-anticipated matches at SuperClash are going. Let's take a look!

[Fade in to a black and white side shot of Casey "Blackheart" James sitting in a seat in a far corner of the arena. We can see that he's wearing a jean jacket and his hair is tied into a pony tail, but not much more. A conversation between Casey and the producer fades in at the same time as the shot]

P: So, what are we doing here?

CJ: Whaddya think we're doing here?

P: I guess... Psyching yourself up for the show? Getting here early so you can be alone and collect your thoughts?

[Casey bursts out laughing.]

CJ: Get here early so I can be alone? Kid, in this business, I could get here on time and be alone. Lateness is the cornerstone of our industry.

P: Okay, so... Are you getting the vibe of the place?

CJ: Nope. We're here right now in this bank of empty seats because it's a cliché.

P: Umm... What?

CJ: This is a business of clichés, kid. We all use them. Some of us more than others. Some are aware they're walking clichés, some aren't. I like to have fun with it.

P: I still don't...

CJ: It's the classic babyface intro piece. Sit in the stands before the doors open and cut a promo. Watch the guys setting up the ring...

[The camera pans around to show the ring, where there's currently an overweight, red faced foreman screaming obscenities at what appear to be a bunch of teenagers who are trying to set up the ring.]

P: What's his problem?

CJ: It's his job. He's in charge. He's responsible for deterring about ninety percent of the kids who're convinced they want to work in this industry.

P: Seems harsh.

CJ: Nah. There are a LOT of kids who think this business is a great idea, but they don't know what they're really getting into. Having that guy scream at them for no good reason at all helps to educate them a bit.

P: That still seems harsh.

CJ: So is a life on the road with a bunch of aggressive muscleheads that haven't matured past high school. You ask me, that guy down there is taking it easy on them.

P: Okay... You still didn't really answer the question I asked, wh...

CJ: What are we doing here? I sort of told you. I like clichés. I also brought along a little friend...

[Casey reaches down, and lifts a small cooler off the floor.]

CJ: ... and that little friend is filled with more little friends that are going to help me get loosened up for the night to come.

[Casey opens the cooler and pulls out a can with masking tape placed strategically over the label. He brushes some ice off the outside before snapping it open.]

CJ: I've got some calls to make tonight for the Legends Royale... Get some more guys in there... Maybe some guys who'll piss Claw off. I just gotta think... [Casey points to the can] And that means a lot of think juice.

P: So...

CJ: THAT'S why we're here. To avoid the moochers. These are MY beers.

P: That helps you think?

CJ: Damn skippy. There would be disastrous consequences if I were to go off without enough think juice in my system. I need every one of these bad boys to keep my neurons firing.

P: I think it does the opposite, really.

CJ: I'll tell you again, kid... You really don't know this business at all.

[The shot pans again to the ring crew and fades to black. The words "ONE HOUR LATER" appear on the screen for a moment, and we fade back in to the ring again. At this point, the teenagers are all sitting in the ring while the foreman and another guy on the large side take turns screaming horrible names at them. Casey is laughing hard enough to require him to take intermittent coughing breaks. The beer seems to have put him in a better mood.]

CJ: Oh, jeez, I think some went up my nose. AAGH! Man, these guys are good! I haven't even heard some of these yet. You see what you miss when you retire? Ha! Seriously... He called that kid the "west end of an eastbound dog!" You don't hear anything like that outside of wrestling, let me tell you. Man, these two trainers have some talent!

P: Trainers!?! I thought they were just ring crew!

CJ: No! Oh my god, you don't even know! Half of training is getting treated like crap. Like I said, there are a ton of kids who try out and they ain't got the... fortitude.

P: And calling them names helps?

CJ: You ever been on Twitter? You ever been FAMOUS on Twitter? I feel bad for the kids coming up these days. We never had to deal with that crap... What these kids are hearing right now is nothing compared to what the horde of Adderall addicted jackasses out there have to say to professional athletes every waking moment of every day. You need a thick skin for that, and those kids down there are learning that. Social media my ass...

P: This is so weird.

CJ: You don't even know the half of it. And everyone's pretty much out for themselves. Everyone is either already a huge star with a huge ego, or they think they're the scrappy underdog who needs to keep an eye open for that one opportunity that'll break them out into the mainstream. Make them a champion... Lots of 'em are wrong... But some are right... Like... Do you remember the IIeW tournament?

P: I don't know, I...

CJ: "Diamondback" Chris Myers... Nobody had heard of him going in, and he worked his ass off and won the whole thing. I think he ended up in the second one, too... With Claw... It was a whole freakin' Cinderella story, and people loved it. Wait... Oh, Jeez, it's so obvious... One sec.

[Casey digs into his jacket and pulls out a surprisingly modern cell phone. He jabs at the screen a couple of times, then holds it up to his ear. He looks at the camera with an excited look in his eye.]

CJ: Heeeyyyy, Myers, what's up? I was just thinking ab... Hello? Hello? Sonofa...

[Casey lowers the phone and looks at it for a bit.]

CJ: This is the most irritating thing... Every time I give Myers a call, I get cut off. Like, he says hello, I say hello, then click. I have no idea what the problem is. I should talk to my carrier or something. Crossed wires? Does that still happen with these phones? Like, there are wires somewhere, right?

P: I guess?

CJ: Okay... We're going to get this sorted out. Come on, guys...

[Casey gets up from his seat with a grunt, a crack of several joints, and an "Ooh, boy". He grabs his cooler from the seat next to him. He looks at the camera.]

CJ: Let's roll. The night is still young, and I got people that need talking to... And we're gonna get a hold of that rookie.

P: Who?

CJ: Myers, he's...

P: ...not a rookie any more? Hasn't he been doing this for decades?

CJ: He... Yeah, I guess he has. But he'll always be The Rookie to me. Anyway, come on. Let's go get some juicy backstage material, huh?

[Casey turns and starts to walk away, his cooler rattling with cans as he does. 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 as we fade back up to the inside of the arena, the French hip-hop beat of "Boogie" by K6A pumps over the PA. True to the theme music, Jackie Bourassa oozes between the curtains, boogieing his greasy way to the ring. He lacks a great deal of muscle tone, even looking a little doughy, with a slight gut poking over the top of his low riding blue pleather pants and white studded leather belt. He has a fistful of green, gold, and purple novelty strings of beads in his fist, which he offers to any young females within his line of sight.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall, with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, from Dorval, Quebec, Canada, weighing in at 222 pounds... JACKIE... BOURASSAAAAA!

BW: Gordo, this guy's got some moves on him! He makes Prince look like the Pope!

GM: Jackie Bourassa, a recent arrival from Combat Corner Wrestling, now looking to make a name for himself in the AWA.

BW: Every day is Mardi Gras with Jackie Bourassa.

[The oily Bourassa leans back against the ring apron, trying to look as cool as possible, running his hand through his greasy shoulder length hair before rolling in and lying on his side, resting his head on his hand, hand on his hip. He kips up to his feet and hangs the beads on a nearby ringpost, disappointed that no young ladies took him up on his offer.]

PW: His opponent, fighting out of Wheeling, West Virginia, weighing in at 243 pounds, Hugh Jenner!

[Jenner claps his hands and performs a few last minute stretches to no reaction as he discards his embroidered sweater.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Jackie Bourassa made it all the way to the semi-finals of the CCW title tournament, apparently impressing the front office enough to earn himself a spot here in the AWA.

[Jenner and Bourassa move to lock up. A second after making contact, Bourassa breaks free and moonwalks back to the corner, shouting across the ring at Jenner.]

"You got faded, guy! Attache ta tuque!"

BW: And he can boogie, can't he, Gordo?

GM: I feel like I need a shower just looking at him.

[Jenner looks confused as Bourassa struts along the ropes, quite pleased with himself. He pauses in front of Jenner's omnipresent wife in the front row and lowers the waistband of his already too-low-for-comfort ring gear to better display his tattooed oblique muscle for her benefit.]

GM: Ugh. This is grotesque.

BW: He does have a soft spot for the ladies.

[Jenner charges in and lays in overhand punches to the distracted Bourassa, then nabs him in a side headlock.]

GM: Bourassa needs to stop thinking with his libido and start focussing on this match.

[Bourassa starts shouting in his unique French dialect.]

"Tabarnak! Il me tirer les cheveux! Hey ref guy!"

[Bourassa counters with a backdrop suplex, taking Jenner to the mat. The Quebecer pops back up and begins nattering with the match official.]

BW: You can't just pull a man's hair like that and get away with it!

GM: Pulling his hair? I don't know how poor Hughie Jenner could even get a handful of that mass of grease.

[Bourassa lets the referee be and backs up as Hugh Jenner pulls himself to a knee. Bourassa charges in.]

GM: Big kick right to the face of Hugh Jenner!

[Jenner falls back to the mat as Bourassa again starts jabbering away in his native tongue.]

"T'és ben niaiseux, guy!"

BW: Now watch this, Gordo! Watch this! You've never seen something like this, guy!

[Bourassa begins moonwalking in circle around his opponent. He emits a single, loud whoop, then launches himself into a standing moonsault splash.]

GM: Tremendous backflip body press from a standing position!

BW: Told ya! This guy has got moves!

GM: Lateral press... two... and THREE! And Jackie Bourassa scores the win in his first AWA match.

[With a jaunty grin, Bourassa stands up, wiping his hand through his greasy hair.]

PW: Here is your winner... Jackie... BOURASSAAAA!

[He picks up the Mardi Gras beads hanging from the ringpost and hops down from the apron. Bourassa stands in front of Hugh Jenner's wife and extends a string of beads to her, his eyebrows wiggling suggestively.]

“Camme toÈ, Mme. Jenner!”

GM: Although I admit I don't understand what sort of moon language Mr. Bourassa is using.

BW: He's offering to tell her secrets, Gordo.

GM: Offering to tell her secrets?! Bucky, I oughta... fans, let's go backstage to Sweet Lou who is standing by with four men already looking ahead to SuperClash! Lou?

[Fade up on the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell finds himself surrounded by the entity many have called the James Gang. On his right stands Wes Taylor in a pair of blue jeans and a plain black tank top. By his side is Tony Donovan, clad in a black t-shirt and jeans. On Lou's other side is the pair beyond compare, Brian Lau and the AWA's Engine of Destruction, Brian James. Lau is decked out in a white suit tonight, contrasted with a black dress shirt and black silk tie. Tonight he sports a pair of Ray Ban aviator sunglasses over his eyes. Next to him is Brian James, shirtless and in a pair of black jeans. James' white towel is over his head, partially obscuring his face.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon... gentlemen, two weeks ago, the four of you pulled off quite the coup when you got the better of the Dogs of War in a... how should we put it... an “off the books” encounter?

[Taylor snorts.]

WT: “Off the books,” huh? You can call it whatever you want, Blackwell, but the bottom line is that my knuckles are sore from bouncing off Carpenter's head and the bottom of my boots have seen better days after stomping Perez into the floor. In fact, I could really use a night off but there ain't no rest for the wicked!

[Blackwell pivots.]

SLB: Mr. Lau, is it safe to say you had something to do with what happened two weeks ago?

[Lau stares at Blackwell for a moment, and then begins to chuckle.]

BL: Is it safe to say that I had something to do with what happened two weeks ago? Well, Mister Blackwell, there's an old proverb about bears and their bodily functions whilst in the woods that applies to this situation.

But, let's get one thing clear, Blackwell.

I did not cause any of what happened. I merely responded to the previous provocations of the Dogs of War. All I have ever wanted is what's best for the men I represent. If the Dogs of War have suffered the consequences of their actions, well, who really is to blame for what they decided to do?

SLB: Are you saying this was direct retribution for the Dogs of War trying to put you through that windshield?

[Instead of Lau responding, Brian James steps forward, pulling the towel from his head.]

BJ: Haven't you been listening?

The Dogs of War picked this fight. They WANTED this fight. They came after me, and that was bad enough. But then they crossed the line.

No one touches this man, not ever.

[James puts his hand on Lau's shoulder.]

BJ: Not while I'm around.

Everything that happened is on the heads of Carpenter, Walker, and Perez. Direct retribution? Retribution is the starting point.

It ends with a slaughter.

SLB: We've seen a lot of brawling... a lot of plotting and scheming between the six... seven with Brian Lau... of you. Do you really think the ring can contain your battle at SuperClash?

[Tony Donovan responds with a chuckle.]

TD: Funny you should ask, Blackwell, because if the Dogs had their way, the ring would be the LAST place they'd ever want to face the three of us. In the ring, they'll be exposed, they'll be beaten, conquered -- but outside, outside that ring, maybe they stand half a chance.

[Tony pauses.]

TD: Of course, where did the Dogs get beaten like...well, like dogs? Outside the ring. For all the Dogs' teeth and claws, between the three of them there might be half a brain. Dogs, you lost this war before the first shots were ever fired...because you weren't smart enough to find yourself a general...

[Tony nods in Lau's direction.]

TD: ...while ours is going to lead us to victory at SuperClash.

[Tony laughs.]

SLB: Mr. Taylor mentioned "no rest for the wicked." It's my understanding that the three of you will be in action later tonight, tuning up for SuperClash.

WT: That's absolutely right, Sweet Lou. Looks like your hotline got the scoop again. The Dogs of War have ruled this joint for the better part of a year - there's no denying that. They're undefeated as a six man tag team - there's no denying that either. But what I'm here to deny - my hand on the Bible, testifying under the eyes of the Good Lord above - is that they haven't faced us yet. And when you combine the strength of the Engine of Destruction... the baddest thing to come out of Portland since... well, ever... the son of the Blackheart...

[Taylor slaps James on the shoulder.]

WT: When you mix in the prize student of Team Supreme... the third-generation bad, bad man... the best thing to wear the name Donovan since... well, ever...

[Donovan chuckles.]

WT: And when you drop in yours truly, the cherry on top... the son of the Outlaw...

[Taylor brushes the "dirt off his shoulder."]

WT: Then there should be not a single question in your pretty little head, Lou, as to who is going to come out on top at SuperClash. Sell your hype, write your stories, tell the people about the best six man tag team in the world of professional wrestling.

And then get ready to watch it all come crash-

[Taylor's about to finish his sentence when a noise from off-camera pauses him. His eyes narrow into slits as the somewhat-drunken form of the original Blackheart, Casey James, walks into view. He looks at Taylor... then at Donovan with confusion... and then his gaze hits Brian Lau, bringing a smile to his face before it comes onto his son Brian.]

CJ: Heeyyyyyy, there's the kid! How are things going, ya little chip off the old block? Hey, listen, I need to talk to you about something. Hey Brian, you don't mind, right?

[Brian James and Brian Lau both look at Casey, a bit confused. Casey rolls his eyes in exactly the sort of exaggerated manner only drunk people are capable of.]

CJ: LAU. Brian LAU, do you mind if I talk to my son, Brian JAMES for a minute? And don't tell Claw? Because he would be pissed if he knew I was here?

[An aggravated Taylor speaks up.]

WT: In case you didn't notice, old-timer, we're in the middle of something here.

[James turns his whole body to look in the direction of the camera.]

CJ: Uh huh.

[James swings back around to look directly at his son, ignoring Taylor.]

CJ: Your little friend makes a good point, kiddo. Claw's definitely going to see this. Crap. Okay, listen, I gotta make this quick...

[Taylor interrupts, jabbing a finger into the chest of the Blackheart.]

WT: The only thing that needs to happen quickly right now is for you to get out of here before the wrestling world suddenly remembers why the names James, Donovan, and Taylor are forever linked to begin with.

[Casey James' drunken gaze suddenly clears as his eyes lock on the son of one of his most famous rivals. He speaks slowly, calmly... coldly.]

CJ: Brian, son, can you communicate to your friend just how thin the ice he's walking on is?

[Sensing danger, Brian Lau steps forward, between the Blackheart and the Son of the Outlaw, a hand on the chest of each man, attempting to nudge them apart.]

BL: What's our first rule?

There's two things we don't do when one of those things is present.

[Lau points directly at the camera.]

BL: We don't make plans in front of it.

And...

[Lau looks at both Casey and Wes pointedly.]

BL: We don't settle our differences when the world is watching.

Now, I'm certain that cooler heads will prevail. How long have we known each other, Casey? And when was the last time I steered you wrong, Wes?

I'm sure that we can all come to an understanding.

And right now, what I understand is this – Blackwell, you're dismissed, and take that camera with you!

[Blackwell and the aforementioned camera hit the bricks as we fade from backstage...

...and back up to the ring, we hear the sounds of "Nomad" by Santana as Caspian Abaran splits the curtain and jogs out to the approval of the crowd, Cesar Hernandez trailing closely behind him. 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.]

GM: A tense moment backstage between Casey James and Wes Taylor as Caspian Abaran along with Cesar Hernandez, is headed down the aisle for action here tonight. Abaran, who will be taking part in this year's Steal The Spotlight, will be looking to gain some much-needed momentum here tonight.

BW: Abaran should give it a rest, Gordo, and head back to Mexico because he's looking at the business end of one of the most dangerous trios I've ever run across at SuperClash.

GM: Of course, you're referring to Rex Summers, Callum Mahoney, and Kerry Kendrick who will be on the other side of the ring at SuperClash.

BW: Absolutely. And who knows who else will be joining that team! It may get even more dangerous.

GM: Summers, Mahoney, and Kendrick - who we'll be seeing in six man action later tonight - on one side. Abaran, Cesar Hernandez, and Derrick Williams on the other with two spots still remaining on both teams.

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

GM: One of the most popular competitors in the AWA, Caspian Abaran preparing to go one-on-one with Steven Shaw here tonight... a much-larger Steven Shaw, I might add.

BW: This guy looks like he's ripped from the pages of a muscle mag.

[Shaw is taking his time posing for the ringside fans, educating them on the finer points of his musculature, completely ignoring who points to him, asking the referee what's going on.]

GM: Steven Shaw might want to pay attention to his very talented opponent and forget about his muscles.

BW: How can you forget about his muscles? He's got muscles for days! Weeks even!

[Shaw finally turns around, bouncing his pecs as he glares at Abaran who gives a couple of tugs at the ropes, staying loose as Cesar Hernandez claps for his partner and ally out on the floor.]

GM: The referee with some final instructions and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: -here we go!

[Shaw lumbers towards Abaran who dances to the side, lashing out with a kick to the side of the leg.]

GM: Leg kick by Abaran, trying to slow down Shaw who looks pretty slow as it is.

BW: Not many guys carry that much muscle and are speed demons to boot.

[Shaw rubs at the side of his leg, his face twisting into a frown as he marches in on Abaran...

...who again dances away, landing a kick to the side of the knee!]

GM: Another leg kick by Abaran, perhaps giving us a sneak preview of the kind of offense he might look to use at SuperClash.

[The muscleman is complaining to the official loudly as Abaran dances from foot to foot, staying at the ready. Shaw suddenly breaks away from the referee, coming in with a bit more steam. Abaran ducks down, somersaulting under the collar and elbow tieup, popping up to his feet and shouting "OLE!" to laughter from the crowd.]

GM: Haha... Abaran having a little fun with his opponent.

BW: If he tries that at SuperClash, he's going to end up counting his teeth on the mat.

[Shaw angrily jumps up and down, shouting at Abaran to even more laughter. The referee waves for the match to continue. Shaw comes in hot again...

...and this time, gets taken down with a drop toehold, bouncing his face off the canvas. Abaran pops up, climbing up on the back of Shaw, running in place for a few moments before hopping off, doing a cartwheel across the ring, and raising a closed fist with another "OLE!" to cheers.]

GM: Caspian Abaran really making a show of this.

BW: He's making a mockery of it is what he's doing. Abaran's being a fool and he's not taking this seriously at all! If he tries this at SuperClash-

GM: Yes, yes... I think we all know what you think is going to happen at SuperClash.

BW: I'm calling on the first total sweep of Steal The Spotlight!

GM: How can you say that? You don't even know who else will be on their team!

BW: Doesn't matter. Look at that squad of Summers, Kendrick, and Mahoney! That's a dream team, daddy!

[Shaw climbs up off the mat, dusting himself off as he glares at Abaran who waves him forward. This time, Shaw moves slowly, ready to move laterally if needed.]

GM: Shaw's trying to corner him!

[Abaran tries to dance out but Shaw hooks him around the waist, throwing him bodily back to the buckles. He connects with a solid forearm to the sternum, knocking Abaran off his feet and down to the mat.]

GM: Oh! What a shot that was!

[Shaw grabs the top rope, planting his boot on the throat of Abaran.]

GM: Shaw's choking him, ref! Get in there!

[The official starts his count, getting to four before Shaw breaks it...

...and then reapplies it!]

GM: This is ridiculous! He's choking him again!

BW: Abaran had it coming with all that "ole!" garbage.

[Shaw breaks at four again, stepping back and leaning down to grab Abaran by the throat, lifting him back to his feet with ease.]

GM: Shaw lifts the 209 pounder like he's nothing!

[The muscleman grabs Abaran by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whi- look at that!

[Abaran goes running up the buckles, flipping off the top rope, landing on his feet behind a charging Shaw. Shaw turns, charging back out...

...and gets taken up and over with an overhead armdrag!]

GM: Wow!

[Abaran scrambles up, catching Shaw coming in a second time with the same armdrag. Cesar Hernandez cheers his friend on as Abaran scampers back to his feet, landing a dropkick to the chest that sends Shaw falling through the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: Nice dropkick sending Shaw out... and Abaran's getting ready to fly!

[The high-flying luchador from Montemorelos, Mexico hits the ropes, rebounding back into a cartwheel, twisting into a handspring...]

...and moonsaults OVER the ropes onto a stunned Shaw! The New Orleans crowd leaps to their feet to cheer the death-defying dive!]

BW: HOLY...

GM: WHAT A DIVE OUT OF CASPIAN ABARAN!

[Abaran climbs to his feet, pumping a fist in triumph as he pulls Shaw off the floor, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Abaran quickly up on the apron...

[He leaps up into the air, standing on the top rope for a moment before leaping off with a flying splash on the downed Steven Shaw!]

GM: Big splash gets one! He gets two!

[But Shaw POWERS out, flinging the 209 pounder off him like a pillow.]

GM: Wow! Steven Shaw is not done for yet, fans!

[Abaran gets off the mat, looking surprised at the show of strength. As Shaw pushes up to a knee, Abaran rushes in, throwing a series of kicks to the chest of Shaw, trying to chop him back down to the mat...]

GM: Abaran taking the fight to Shaw, trying to keep him down where his power will be neutralized!

[Abaran backs off, measuring Shaw, and then stalks back in with another kick to the chest...]

...that Shaw ducks under, slipping Abaran's leg up on his shoulder as he climbs to his feet, holding Abaran high in the sky!]

GM: He's got him up! Shaw's got Abaran up!

BW: Oh, I'm lovin' this, Gordo! If he squashes this bug, Abaran will be completely mind-melted going into Steal The Spotlight!

[Shaw steps out to the center of the ring, still holding Abaran high into the air. The luchador starts firing away, landing fist after fist to the skull of Steven Shaw!]

GM: Abaran's trying to battle free, throwing fists as fast as he can!

[The powerhouse staggers back under the assault, ending up near the ropes where Abaran slips off his shoulders, landing on his feet on the top rope...]

GM: What the-?!

[...and springs back off, landing back on Shaw's shoulders but this time with enough momentum to snap him over in a rana, reaching back to snare both legs tightly!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

BW: Ahhh, what a ripoff.

[The bell sounds as Abaran rolls from the ring, getting greeted with an embrace from his partner and mentor. Cesar Hernandez raises Abaran's hand, earning big cheers from the crowd as Steven Shaw throws a fit inside the ring, shouting at the referee who holds up three fingers.]

GM: Steven Shaw may not like the result of that one but these fans here in New Orleans certainly do! A big win - earning momentum - for Caspian Abaran as he has his eyes set on Kerry Kendrick and the annual Steal The Spotlight match at SuperClash VII. And right now, our own Mark Stegglet will be trying to get some words from this duo as they look ahead to Houston! Mark?

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

MS: Thanks, Gordon. As you said, a big win for Caspian Abaran on the verge of SuperClash VII in Houston, Texas. Gentlemen, come on in here...

[Abaran and Hernandez climb the platform to join Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Caspian, we'll start with you. You score the win here tonight but I've gotta believe you're thinking about Kerry Kendrick.

[Abaran nods.]

CA: Mark, you always want to be able to focus on the opponent in front of you... Cesar here taught me that... because if you don't, you can end up on your back the loser. Thankfully, I was able to keep my attention on Shaw long enough to get the win tonight. But yes, Kerry Kendrick... he is not far from my mind.

MS: It's going to be a big night for you - for both of you - come Thanksgiving in Houston when you compete in the Steal The Spotlight match. Are you feeling the pressure?

[Abaran smiles.]

CA: I have had many big nights in my career in Mexico, amigo. But you are right, this is my biggest night in the AWA. I'll have much to be thankful for in Houston and if the Gods are willing, then I will have even more to thankful for the next day when I'm holding the Steal The Spotlight contract.

MS: That contract says that you get to challenge an opponent of your choice to whatever match you choose for the next year. We saw Johnny Detson challenge for the World Title this year with that contract. Have you given any thought to what you'd do if you won?

CA: Claro que si, amigo. I've dreamed the dreams of my mentor. Standing across the ring from the World Champion - whoever it might be - but you look around and see people like Shadoe Rage. He'd be a good opponent for me. You see someone - a legend - like Juan Vasquez. Abaran vs Vasquez in Mexico City? Sounds pretty good to me.

[Stegglet turns to Cesar Hernandez.]

MS: Cesar, I've gotta ask the question that the world is wondering. Have you been medically cleared to compete?

[Hernandez' expression is stern.]

CH: Rex Summers has spent a lot of time trying to put me out, Mark... here and back in PCW. But every time he has tried... he has failed! And this time is no

different! You've failed, Summers! You've failed again! And at SuperClash, you're gonna fail when you try to put me down... when you try to put Caspian down. We are coming to Houston and we are coming to win! Vamos!

[The fans cheer as Hernandez and Abaran make their exit, the music playing again]

MS: Now those are two competitors determined to steal the spotlight in Houston! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...

...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 on Saturday, November 7th.

Fade to black...

...and then back up on a handheld shot on a dark night. The shot pans, showing off a well-lit sign that reads "North Mississippi Medical Center" to let us know this was recorded the night of the last Saturday Night Wrestling. In front of the sign is the hulking back of a well-built individual. As the camera approaches, he slowly turns to reveal Wade Walker of the Dogs of War.]

WW: We made a mistake.

[The camera is shaky, handheld as it is, as it focused on Wade Walker, a t-shirt thrown over his ring gear.]

WW: We took them too lightly. After a year of being on top of this place... a year where we did what we wanted... when we wanted... to who we wanted... from Juan Vasquez... to Supernova... to Alex Martinez... to Hannibal Carver... to those nothings from Japan...

We took `em all on... and we took `em all down.

[Walker runs a hand through his slicked-back hair.]

WW: But we made a mistake tonight...

[He shakes his head.]

WW: No, no... I made a mistake tonight. Lau was right. The Dogs of War were not meant to be alone.

The Dogs were born together... the Dogs go to war together... and the Dogs will die together.

When Percy Childes put us together, he trained us to be a unit... he trained us to be the most dangerous unit this company... this sport... has ever seen. You can forget about the Pride... Legion... Redemption... Zokgun Sangai... even the Syndicate.

But you'll never forget the Dogs of War.

[Walker pauses, turning to point to the hospital.]

WW: But I made a mistake tonight and my brothers are in there getting put back together now because of it. They're gonna come out of there with bruises... they may even come out scarred...

But they will NOT come out broken.

And that?

[Walker turns, pointing back at the camera.]

WW: That's bad news for everyone else.

It starts with the James Gang at SuperClash...

[Walker scowls.]

WW: But it does not end there. You crossed a line that shouldn't be crossed, James... Lau... Taylor... Donovan.

This isn't a fight anymore... now? Now this is war.

[Walker squares up, punching his fist into an open hand.]

WW: And war... is... hell.

[The camera zooms on Walker's steely eyes as we fade from the pre-taped footage back to live action where our very own "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing next to the tall 300 pounder wearing all his dark green camouflage gear and matching mask, Ultra Commando 3.]

SLB: Fans, coming up here in a few moments, Ultra Commando 3 will face Derrick Williams, and I have to say, you still have to be hurting after last Saturday Night Wrestling, Commando.

[Ultra Commando 3 looks over at Lou, and his eyes narrow beneath the mask as he points his gloved finger at him}]

UC3: Do you think that's funny, maggot? Vasquez got lucky! That's all it was - luck! But when one door closes, another opens. My opportunity at the National Championship might have slipped by but I get another opportunity here tonight. An opportunity to get my hands on that young punk, Derrick Williams.

[The masked man clasps his hands together, rubbing them with anticipation.]

UC3: You see, that entitled punk has been running around crying about respect. Acting like we should all just stop and treat him like he's some legend instead of the puke he is. What has Derrick Williams done? Get destroyed by a Demon? Nearly get his arm broken? But he comes out here, gets into Steal the Spotlight, and continues to whine about not getting respect, like every bleeding heart out there today... he wants a medal for participation!

[Ultra Commando 3 points at the camera]

UC3: But tonight, Williams, tonight is sweet for me, because not only do I get the pleasure of beating a full lesson about what respect really is into you, but I get to make some extra money doing it. You see, it would be a greater good for everyone if a whiny punk like you was put out, and shown that you can't just expect to be handed chances. Callum Mahoney said "No match for you!", and you went and begged management for a handout.

Tonight, I EARN my pay, and that means taking you out is a bonus. Callum Mahoney offers me the money someone could've earned in the Armbar Challenge if I put you out of action, and that's what I will do. And what will make it even better, maggot, is that maybe, if I put you out, I just up and take your spot in Steal The Spotlight. Then, I get what I deserve.

[Ultra Commando 3 looks over at Blackwell, then shakes his head as he leaves]

UC3: Maggot!

SLB: Oof, a focused Ultra Commando 3 here, and on the other side, Mark Stegglet is with Derrick Williams, Mark.

[The camera shifts to Mark Stegglet in the locker room interview area with Derrick Williams standing next to him. Williams is in only his gear, all black tonight, black neoprene elbow braces, black wrist tape, black tape around his right hand, black tights, black knee pads. The only exception is his boots, white with black trim. He stands hands on his hips, chin length wavy hair slicked back with perspiration from his warmups as Stegglet starts]

MS: Thanks Sweet Lou, and I'm here with Derrick Williams who's four weeks away from SuperClash and the Steal the Spotlight match, a match that you finally sees you officially matched up against Callum Mahoney. But first tonight, you have to face Ultra Commando 3, who gave Juan Vazquez a tough match last Saturday Night, and had some strong words for you.

DW: Yeah Mark, he talked a big game. And you know, he made some valid points. A couple months ago, that was me. I walked around here, acting like the world owed me a living... talking about Callum Mahoney not giving me my respect while not doing a thing about it. But you see, that's all over. Derrick Williams has woken up. I read Twitter, the websites, the breakdowns, and I saw the same thing. Derrick Williams lacks fire. He lacks passion. He's been passive, letting Mahoney walk all over him. Even when I came back, I saw that I lacked a certain

something. But, like it's been my whole career here in AWA, it's always one little incident that makes things click, that sets something off in my head and I suddenly see the world clear, and suddenly I realize what I got to do. Doormat Derrick Williams is done! Respect is to be earned, and I'm damn well gonna do it, starting tonight.

[Williams points at the camera]

DW: Ultra Commando 3, you talk about fighting for the greater good, that you're going to put me out, get a bonus from Mahoney for taking me out and keeping me from finally getting my hands on the Armbar Assassin. Well, that ain't happening. Tonight I go out there, and take you down. You know Mark, I never backed away from a challenge, and tonight is no different. Right now, Ultra Commando 3 is the challenge that stands before me, and tonight I ram his sense of superiority, his big game, and his dreams of Mahoney's payoff right down his throat, drive his back through the mat, then I head to SuperClash, where I take Mahoney, and give him a receipt for every arm he claimed.

And I go out there and EARN everyone's respect, and when I'm done, everyone will see that Derrick Williams, the wide eyed, aw shucks, I'm just happy to be here, plucky rookie is no more, and my story is only getting started. Stealing the Spotlight, is a great start, and that's what I'm going to do. After I send Ultra Commando 3 back to the locker room, the only payoff he'll be collecting is the loser's share of the purse.

[Williams walks off as Stegglet closes it up]

MS: And that from an apparently ready and fired up Derrick Williams, let's get back to ringside!

[The camera cuts back to the ring, where Phil Watson stands with referee Davis Warren]

BW: Awww, little entitled kid wants his participation medal!

GM: Will you stop Bucky!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest, it is scheduled for ONE FALL with a 30 Minute Time Limit, your referee is Davis Warren.

[A brief bugle call blasts over the PA, and a snare drum follows with a long uninterrupted drum roll. The fans jeer as a tall muscular man in a dark green 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 loudly 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 him instructions.]

GM: Well, Ultra Commando 3 is here, giving his usual dressing down of an official, this time Davis Warren.

BW: He's making sure he's going to call this right down the middle, Gordo. Williams whines to officials whenever he doesn't get his way, have to make sure this stays fair.

GM: Do you swear to everything someone you like says?

BW: Only if it's the truth, Gordo.

[The drumroll fades and is replaced by the opening of Otherwise's "Coming for the Throne" as the crowd's boos turn to enthusiastic cheers]

PW: And his opponent... from Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 265 pounds... DERRICK WILLIAMS!

[Williams steps through the curtain heading toward the ring with purpose, his gear almost all black this week, including his wrist tape and the tape around his right hand. The lone exception his boots, which are their usual white with black trim matching the rest of his attire. He slides under the bottom rope and comes to his feet, staring down Ultra Commando 3 while Davis Warren does the pre-match check of Williams.]

GM: Derrick Williams looks focused, absolutely focused on the task at hand.

BW: Nah, Gordo, that's not focus... that's a sad face because Ultra Commando 3 called him out on his whining. Ultra Commando 3 has a tendency to upset sensitive people when he tells the truth about them.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and we're off. The two stepping toward each other, and Commando is jawing at Williams...

[The masked man is letting the young lion have it for a few moments. Williams doesn't respond verbally...

...but does indeed respond physically with a right hook that sends his larger opponent staggering back, falling down on his rear to big cheers from the New Orleans crowd!]

GM: Oh my! Williams DROPS Ultra Commando 3 with a right hand off the bat!

BW: UC3 wasn't expecting it!

[But the Commando recovers quickly, climbing back to his feet, throwing his own right hand towards Williams who blocks it, throwing another right hand that staggers the Commando!]

GM: Derrick Williams has quickly gained a reputation as one of the hardest hitters in the locker room, staggering his bigger opponent with those haymakers.

[The masked man winds up again, throwing harder this time but Williams blocks it again, throwing a third haymaker that stuns the Commando, sending him backpedaling across the ring.]

GM: Williams lands another big shot and the masked man is looking for cover...

[Williams pursues, grabbing a handful of mask...]

GM: Ohh! Big elbowsmash to the temple of the masked man!

BW: This isn't the plan!

GM: The Commando better come up with a new plan... and fast!

[The young lion grabs the staggered UC3 by the head, yanking him into a side headlock. He plants his feet, flipping UC3 over to the mat with a headlock takeover, laying back to chest of the larger man keeping the headlock applied, grabbing a quick two count before UC3 lifts a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Quick two count off the takedown but the veteran's too smart to take a pin like that. Williams switches gears, grinding down on that basic side headlock. One of the first things you learn in wrestling school.

BW: It's a basic hold because basic holds is all Williams knows. He's still just a dumb punk kid!

GM: I don't know about that. Even a basic hold can be effective in the right hands and Williams has the right hands at this moment as he isn't a small man by any means. This hold is making the Commando expend a lot of energy just to breathe with 265 pounds across his chest.

[A few more moments pass before UC3 works his way back up - first to his knees, then to his feet. Williams keeps the hold applied as the veteran pushes Williams back into the ropes.]

GM: The Commando shoves Williams off, breaking the hold...

[Williams bounces off the far ropes, coming back strong...

...and they slam together in the center of the ring, both men throwing a shoulder tackle!]

GM: Ohh! No one budes off that exchange of tackles!

BW: Two big, tough guys collide and neither one gives ground. You gotta love that. That's the kind of thing that pro wrestling is all about, daddy.

GM: Williams has been showing an increase of strength - in my opinion - since coming back from the arm injury.

[The Commando and Williams jaw at each other, pointing at the ropes in turn, each daring the other to go. UC3 obliges and runs himself off the ropes...]

GM: And this time, it's the Commando off the ropes...

[He and Williams collide again with shoulder blocks, neither going down.]

GM: Again, neither man budges an inch!

[The Commando barks an order, pointing to the ropes again. Williams nods, breaking into a dash to the ropes...]

GM: Williams off the ropes again...

[This time, the Commando squares up, swinging an arm towards Williams...]

GM: Clothesli- ducked by Williams! Off the other side...

[The veteran throws himself at the feet of Williams who hurdles over him, hitting the ropes again...]

GM: Up and over goes Williams... off the far side again... LEAPFROG?!

[It was a shot at a leapfrog, except that as the bigger UC3 reaches the height of the jump, Williams catches him and spins him over and down into the mat in a powerslam]

GM: OHHH MY! POWERSLAM! Big display of power there by the young lion!

[The Commando rolls under the ropes to the floor as Williams springs back to his feet, giving a shout, pumping his arms, showing off his intensity.]

GM: Wow! Derrick Williams is FIRED UP here tonight, fans! He's ready for SuperClash! He's ready for Steal The Spotlight! And he's ready to get his hands on Callum Mahoney on Thanksgiving Night in Houston, Texas!

[The masked man hobbles around ringside, holding the small of his back as he walks around. The fired-up Williams ducks through the ropes, dropping down off the apron to pursue.]

GM: Williams is coming out after him!

[The young lion rushes behind the Commando, circling around the ringpost.]

GM: He's coming for the Commando... and the Commando's making a run for it, swinging around that ringpost, rolling back in...

[As the masked man gets back in, Williams rolls back in after him...]

GM: Ohh! The Commando caught him coming in with a kneedrop to the back of the head!

BW: There's that dumb kid influence. He got worked by a veteran there who knew exactly what someone as impulsive as Williams would be.

[The Commando is stomping the hell out of Williams on the mat.]

BW: Ha! He caught the kid coming in, and now he's making him pay!

GM: Indeed, Commando is laying in those stomps...

[He takes a step back, dropping a heavy elbow down into the lower back.]

GM: Heavy elbow down across the lower back!

[Pulling Williams off the mat by the arm, the Commando cranks the arm around in a twist before smashing a forearm into the jaw. He quickly ducks down, scooping him up...]

GM: Big bodyslam by the veteran!

[And with Williams down on the mat, UC3 hooks that reverse chinlock, burying his knee in between the shoulderblades, yanking back on the chin.]

GM: Chinlock locked in... the Commando cranking back on that head and neck...

BW: And this is the Commando slowing things down, putting things down to his pace. He prefers a methodical style and he's going to do his best to make the younger competitor deal with it.

[The Commando pulls back again, shouting "ASK HIM!"]

GM: Williams claws at the arms, trying to get free...

[The crowd cheers for Williams to get up, and he starts obliging as he twists back and forth, finally getting up to a knee.]

GM: Williams battling up, trying to get off the mat...

[As he gets to his feet, Williams throws an elbow back to the gut...]

GM: Williams trying to fight his way out!

[A second elbow lands, loosening the grip on the chinlock.]

GM: Still trying! The kid's trying to get loose!

[A third elbow connects, breaking him free.]

GM: Williams is out! He's free and-

[But before Williams can act, the Commando YANKS the hair, pulling Williams back down to the mat...]

GM: Oh, come on! He pulled the hair, ref!

BW: Bah, ref isn't calling it, no harm!

GM: And right back into the chinlock, trying to wear the kid down again...

[The crowd jeers as the Commando shakes his head, cranking on the chinlock.]

GM: Derrick Williams is going to have to fight his way back out of this all over again but the masked man's weight is really wearing on him, Bucky.

BW: The Commando's weight is unknown but he looks to be over three bills to me, daddy.

GM: Williams again getting these fans to rally behind him...

[The fans are clapping loudly, cheering on the young lion as he tries to battle up to his feet.]

GM: Williams is trying to get up... trying to get back on his feet!

[And as he gets there, the Commando cranks down harder...]

GM: UC3 is hanging on, trying to keep the hold locked in...

[But Williams is fighting it, grabbing the arms, trying to pry them off his head and neck...]

GM: Can he get out of this hold?

[...when suddenly, the Commando yells something to the ref, who walks around back to check Williams hands, leaving enough of an opening for UC3 to jam a thumb into Williams throat, taking the gasping young lion back down to the mat!]

GM: We couldn't quite see it from our vantage point but it looked like a shot to the throat there, Bucky.

BW: If you can't see it, you can't call it. That goes for us AND the ref who didn't see a thing!

[Williams is on his hands and knees, gasping for air as the Commando argues with the official who is accusing him of illegal activity.]

GM: The masked man pulls Williams to his feet... scoops him up... and DOWN across the knee with a backbreaker!

BW: That'll knock the wind out of you... and he ain't done, Gordo!

[The Commando lifts Williams up across his chest again, dropping him down across the knee a second time...]

GM: Another backbreaker! Going after the lower back of Williams.

BW: A sound strategy. Going after the back takes away the Spinebuster of Williams as well as setting up for the Commando's Bunker Buster.

[The Commando climbs back to his feet, holding Williams across his chest...

...and then HURLS him backwards over his head with a fallaway slam, bouncing Williams off the canvas where he rolls under the ropes to the ring apron!]

GM: Oh my!

[The crowd boos as UC3 pops up, beginning to jaw with the New Orleans fans!]

GM: The Commando now taking his eyes off the game, jawing with the fans.

BW: Williams ain't even in the ring, Gordo. The Commando's got all the time in the world.

[The masked man slowly walks towards the ropes, leaning over the top to pull Williams up to his feet. He looks out to the crowd, shouting "HERE'S YOUR ENTITLED LITTLE HERO!" before scooping him up into a body slam, throwing him violently down to the mat!]

GM: He brings Derrick Williams in the hard way!

BW: And right now, you've gotta wonder if Williams is regretting signing the contract for this one. He won't be able to even show up for Steal The Spotlight if the Commando has his way, Gordo.

GM: Williams does appear to be in some discomfort at this point of the battle.

[Williams winces with pain in his back as UC3 continues to provoke the fans before heading to a corner.]

GM: The Commando here is spending a lot of time running his mouth, and where's he going?

BW: Looks like he's heading up, he could finish off Williams here if he hits this!

[Indeed, Ultra Commando 3 turns his back to the corner and is facing Williams, slowly ascending to the second rope]

GM: And the Commando in unfamiliar territory... perched on the second rope as Williams is staggering to his feet...

[UC3 jumps off the second rope, arms up looking for a double axe handle but Williams steps in, catching the Commando over his shoulder, grabbing him around the waist, and spinning down into a...]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! WILLIAMS CAUGHT ULTRA COMMANDO 3 AND BURIED HIM WITH A SPINEBUSTER!

BW: That's why it was unfamiliar territory for him, Gordo... but Williams can't cover! That took everything he had left to hit that Spinebuster!

GM: You're right, Bucky. Williams is down, The Commando is down, Williams can't make the cover, and now the referee starts counting both men!

[Davis Warren is steady with his count, allowing the fans to count along with him as he lays the double count on both competitors...]

GM: Boy, even a double countout like this would be a disappointment for Derrick Williams who was hoping to seize some momentum here tonight in New Orleans.

BW: You know what else has momentum? A boulder rolling off a cliff.

[The referee's count is swiftly up to three, the crowd cheering for Williams to get to his feet to continue the battle.]

GM: The fans in New Orleans are making no secret about who they're supporting! They are solidly behind Derrick Williams as he tries to get up off the mat and continue the fight!

BW: The count is up to five and-

[Big cheer!]

GM: And Williams is starting to stir... crawling across the ring...

[Williams throws himself towards the masked man, flinging an arm across the chest as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But the veteran's shoulder comes flying off the canvas, breaking the three count!]

GM: No, no, no! Ultra Commando 3 kicks out in time and the match will continue.

BW: Not being able to capitalize right away cost Williams right there without a doubt. He hit the Spinebuster but it took too long to cover and he couldn't get a three count.

[Williams rolls off of the masked man to all fours, trying to push his way back to his feet as the masked man's chest heaves quickly.]

GM: Williams trying to get up off the mat... and the masked man is trying to follow him...

[After a few moments, both men are rising to their feet, the crowd cheering for the continuation of the match as the veteran rears back and connects with a right hand!]

GM: Big right han- what?!

[Williams shakes his head before firing back with a right of his own. As UC3 staggers away, Williams points to his face and yells "C'mon, HIT ME!"]

BW: Dumb kid is inviting Ultra Commando 3 to hit him!

GM: We've seen this out of Williams before, and Commando is obliging with another right!

[Again, Williams fires back, staggering the veteran. As he does, Williams raises his hands and waves Commando in, asking for another shot.]

GM: Derrick Williams is asking the masked man to deliver his best shot!

[The masked man obliges again, laying in an open handed slap across the face of Williams, who smirks as he shakes his head, then rears back and throws an elbow smash into the side of UC3's head.]

GM: Another hard shot stuns the big man!

[Staggering away, the masked man suddenly turns and runs to the ropes, Williams speeding in right behind him. The veteran hits the ropes as Williams sidesteps, hitting the ropes a moment later. The Commando looks puzzled for a moment at the fact that there is no Derrick Williams standing in the middle of the ring as he stops, and turns around as Williams rebounds off the ropes behind him...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!

[The big clothesline takes the masked man off his feet as Williams throws his head back with a roar.]

BW: Wait a second... that was... was that smart?! I'm puzzled! Who is this guy and what did he do with Derrick Williams?!

GM: The masked man slowly getting back to his feet off the clothesline... and a second one takes him down again!

[Williams slams an arm down on the top turnbuckle a few times, drawing big cheers from the crowd as he turns back around.]

GM: Williams is taking the fight to Ultra Commando 3 who looks a little wobbly as he gets up off the mat...

[Throwing his arms over his head and clasping his hands together, the masked man rushes towards the corner...]

GM: Here comes the Commando...

[But Williams sidesteps, hurling the Commando chestfirst into the corner...]

GM: ...and there goes the Commando!

[Williams comes in behind UC3, grabbing him by the back of the mask and ramming his head into the top turnbuckle as the crowd counts along.]

"ONE!"
"TWO!"
"THREE!"
"FOUR!"
"FIVE!"
"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[The crowd cheers as Williams backs away, throwing his arms up in the air at the New Orleans fans. The Commando stumbles back, taking a wild swing at the air...

...and then falls forward, leaving himself draped across the bottom rope!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Oh, that's not where you want to be, soldier!

[Williams quickly takes notice - as do the fans who cheer in response - dropping down and sliding out to the floor. He takes to a charge, building up speed...]

GM: Williams gets a running start and-

[The crowd cheers loudly as Williams lands the dropkick on the downed masked man!]

GM: BOOM! Right on target!

[Williams rolls back inside the ring, climbing to a knee where he gives a shout of "COME ON!" to the cheering fans who get louder as he drags the masked man up to his feet.]

GM: Both men up...

[Williams ducks under, grabbing UC3 around the torso, picking him up, and...]

GM: Williams with a Manhattan Drop!

[And while he's jarred from the Inverted Atomic Drop, UC3 takes a wild swing that Williams ducks, but reaches up and grabs the opposite shoulder from underneath, grabbing the near leg and lifting the bigger man up...]

GM: OH MY! Overhead suplex counter and that lays out the Commando!

[Williams pops back up to his feet, waving an arm to the cheering fans.]

GM: And we may be seeing the end here soon. Derrick Williams pulling the Commando up, looking to finish him off with an Irish whip...

[But Williams sets for the potential match-ending Spinebuster too early, allowing UC3 to get a kick off to the shoulder that staggers Williams a few steps back while the Commando hits the ropes again...

...and FLATTENS Williams with a lunging clothesline!]

GM: Ohhh!

[The veteran pushes up to his knees, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before climbing to his feet, dragging a stunned Williams with him.]

GM: Both men back up... Commando turning Williams to face away from him...

[The masked man delivers a shove to the back, sending Williams chestfirst into the ropes where he staggers back...

...and gets BLASTED with a short forearm to the lower back!]

GM: The Commando scores with the Surgical Strike!

BW: Williams went to finish it, came up empty, and now the tide has turned... now it's time for the Commando to finish it!

[Pulling Williams into a side waistlock using the back of the tights, the Commando goes to lift him up into belly-to-back position...]

GM: BUNKER BUST-

[But Williams uses his agility to roll back over the top, landing somewhat awkwardly on his feet...]

GM: WILLIAMS FLIPS OVER!!

[...and delivers a two-handed shove to the back, sending the Commando into the ropes. Williams stumbles back a bit before catching his balance, running towards Ultra Commando 3 who attempts a running clothesline off the ropes that Williams ducks under.]

GM: Williams ducks the clothesline... both men to the ropes...

[This time, as both men rebound, Williams takes two steps in and spins, drawing back his arm...]

GM: BOOM! SPINNING ELBOW STRIKE!

[The blow snaps the masked man's head to the side, spinning him away as Williams ducks down, slapping the mat with both hands, letting loose a shout as he spins again...

...and DRIVES his elbow into the back of the Commando's head, snapping his head forward and knocking him flat to the canvas!]

GM: OH! What a shot!

BW: That... wasn't that Carver's Mind Eraser?!

GM: Whatever it is, the Commando is out! Williams with the cover!

[And the crowd counts along as the referee slaps the mat once... twice... and three times!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Williams gets the win!

BW: That was one heck... well, two hecks of elbowstrikes to the noggin of the Commando and I think the ref could've counted to a hundred after that second one, Gordo.

GM: A tremendous finishing blow struck by Derrick Williams, pulling out something we haven't seen before.

BW: He's going to need every weapon he can get and then some if he hopes to steal the spotlight at SuperClash, daddy.

GM: That remains to be seen... and I'm being told that later tonight, we may find out some more of the participants in that match but right now, we've got a breaking development backstage!

[We cut back to the locker room area - more specifically, the EXIT to the locker room area - where SuperClash World Title challenger Hannibal Carver is standing, duffel bag slung over his shoulder. He appears to be headed for the door when Mark Stegglet calls out.]

MS: MISTER CARVER!

[Carver slows, mumbling under his breath, shaking his head as he turns towards the sound of the voice. He's in a pair of blue jeans and a black t-shirt that looks like one of the last pieces of merchandise the AWA made for Eric Preston.]

HC: Talk fast, Stegglet. I got places to be and beers to drink.

[Stegglet's a little out of breath but pushes on.]

MS: Mr. Carver, you... you're supposed to be...

[Stegglet pauses, sucking wind.]

HC: Jesus, kid... yer more gassed out than Martinez during one of his promos. Hard to blame him though. Most people can't cut a thirty minute explanation of why they're morally superior to everyone else.

[Stegglet finally gets his breath back.]

MS: You're supposed to be at ringside to call Ryan Martinez' match tonight!

[Carver nods.]

HC: That's what they tell me.

MS: But... you're leaving?

HC: Kid, look out this door...

[Carver kicks the door open, causing Stegglet to jump in his own skin. They both look at the door.]

HC: Can you smell it?

[Stegglet sniffs the air, shaking his head.]

HC: It's Bourbon Street, Stegglet.

[Big cheer from inside the arena!]

HC: The biggest pit stop of sin, salvation, and everything in-between this side of the mighty Mississippi. And if yeh think for one second that this guy is going to spend his night in here... with the likes of yeh and Martinez...

[He points through the door.]

HC: ...when I can be out there enjoying myself... yer as delusional as Martinez is. Besides, I've seen the kid fight plenty of times. I ain't missin' nothin' tonight.

[And with that, Carver walks right out the door into the cool New Orleans evening, leaving a shocked Mark Stegklet behind 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 "Diamond" Rob Driscoll flipping Hercules Hammonds over the top rope to eliminate him to win the Brass Ring Battle Royal!]

#Guess who just got back today?#

[Tony Donovan leaps into the air, catching his own father flush on the chin with a leaping superkick!]

#Those wild-eyed boys that had been away#

[Andrew Sterling, clad in a Derek Jeter jersey, delivers a baseball slide dropkick onto a Tree of Woe'd Donnie White!]

#Haven't changed, haven't much to say#

[Former World Champion Dave Bryant locks the Iron Crab on a screaming Larry Doyle.]

#But man, I still think them cats are great#

[Travis Lynch gives the NYC crowd a thrill as he spans Sunshine in the middle of the ring.]

#They were asking if you were around#

[A barrage of quick highlights from the annual Steal The Spotlight showcase - Bobby O'Connor dropping Terry Shane with the Fear the Reaper lariat, Derrick Williams hitting the spinebuster on Joshua Barnes, Callum Mahoney shatters the Catch Wrestling trophy over the head of Sultan Azam Sharif!]

#How you was, where you could be found#

[Johnny Detson ducks down, causing Supernova to hit his head on the steel ringpost with a Heat Wave attempt... and then coldcocks Calisto Dufresne with that Black Beauty glove to win the match.]

#I told them you were living downtown#

[Shadoc Rage starts his record-settling World Television Title reign, delivering a running knee strike to the head of Tony Sunn.]

#Driving all the old men crazy#

[Hannibal Carver breaks a hockey stick across the back of Wade Walker!]

#The boys are back in town#

[Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes HURL Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons through the air into one another out of powerbomb positions!]

#The boys are back in toooooooooown#

[Jack Lynch uses a leather strap on Demetrius Lake, wearing out the Black Tiger... and then a quick shot of Casey James and Tiger Claw using the Syndicator on TORA!]

#The boys are back in town#

[From there, we get an early exchange between World Champion Supreme Wright and challenger Ryan Martinez as they tear into each other with a barrage of open-handed strikes... then Supreme Wright getting Yakuza kicked off the ring apron through the Spanish Announce table... and finally, the Brainbuster that wins the World Title for the AWA's White Knight.]

#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 - 26 days"... and we fade to black...]

From a black screen, a small, blurry image appears in the center. During the next few seconds, the blur enlarges and resolves in sharpness.]

VOICE: It was just after Easter dinner and we were coming home from my grandmother's. It was on the MacArthur Freeway when it happened. My sisters were both okay, my dad had minor injuries. My mom was... pretty badly banged up. As long as I've known her she's had to use a wheelchair; she's on the cane now. I was given 48 hours to live.

[The image resolves itself to the gnarled, nearly unrecognizable remains of a mid-90s SUV.]

VOICE: That was twenty years ago, and I haven't stopped living since.

[Cut to a shot of the sky; two buildings tower high above, and a figure flies through the sky between them.]

VOICE: My name is Tanner Delacruz. My family moved to America from Philippines in the 1940s.

[Cut to Delacruz, sitting in the grass of an Oakland park, barefoot; he's small, but extraordinarily lean.]

DELACRUZ: If it involves pushing the limit or taking risks, I do it.

[Cut to him walking quite quickly on his hands through the green, freshly cut grass.]

DELACRUZ: [voiceover] I am a gymnast by training, I'm a fencer, I practice capoeira... if it involves being active I have to try it until I can't get enough of it.

[Cut to Delacruz scuttling up a structure like Spider-Man.]

DELACRUZ: [voiceover] Seeing what a single drunk driver could do to my mother instilled in me at a very early age that we're all instilled with certain gifts, and we have to use them. And so, when I heard "professional wrestling," I thought... "well, why not, huh?"

[Cut back to Delacruz sitting in the grass, looking straight at the camera.]

DELACRUZ: My name is Tanner Delacruz, born and still live in Oakland, California. I've spent twenty years defying the odds, so I'm pretty sure I can survive five minutes of you, Mr. Zharkov. I'll be seeing you at SuperClash.

[Segue to the ominous "PROLETARIAT CHALLENGE" graphic.

...then to the interview podium, where an easel has been set up featuring the pictures of the four named participants in the Proletariat Challenge. A fifth space is still blank. Colt Patterson is there, as is Maxim Zharkov's North American adviser Jackson Hunter, with the (unsanctioned) Soviet Championship cradled in his arm. Hunter looks like he normally does, but he has dressed up slightly for the occasion: under his sport coat is a garishly colored waistcoat, his necktie is sky blue with polka-dots, a badge in the shape of a reclining housecat is pinned to his suit lapel, and the collar of his shirt is embroidered with a pair of question marks.]

CP: There you have it, the next name in line for the Proletariat Challenge, Tanner Delacruz. Jax, some of my colleagues like Myers and Stegglet are accusing you and the Magadan Coalition of cherry-picking your opposition. What do you think about that?

JH: Oh, Colt. While I am responsible for selecting the best entries for Mr. Zharkov out of all that the Magadan Coalition has received, I cannot put a filter on the general average quality of an entrant. I am only responsible for providing Mr. Zharkov with a general cross-section of the average North American athlete. It would do the cause of Mr. Zharkov a great harm if I selected the weaker entries. No no no. I chose American athletes that would give Mr. Zharkov the most challenge. So if I were Mr. Delacruz, instead of spouting off empty rhetoric about how waking up and breathing somehow qualifies you to survive five minutes with Zharkov, I would be thanking me for thinking highly enough of him to include him as one of the meals at the Czar's five-course banquet.

[He briefly grasps his lapel in his fist.]

JH: A little gratitude wouldn't irretrievably damage my ego.

CP: So you selected the hockey player, the point guard, and the YouTube prize fighter.

JH: I did. Colin Crowther is so busy picking fights on the ice that he has raised his team's record to an astounding 2-10 so far. Maybe once the NHL starts awarding points based on the number of teeth lost over the course of a game, you might just get a .500 record. And Q&A—is that what he calls himself? I can see how GFC would be looking to legitimize itself by signing you; I get the same thrill watching you as I do watching boa constrictors unhinge their jaws to swallow gophers. DEE-lightful. And the NBA man, Dendrite or whatever his phoney-baloney name is—he plays here doesn't he?

[The crowd noise indicates approval.]

CP: D'Endre Porter plays for the Pelicans.

JH: "Plays" is bit of an incorrect term, Colt. By "plays," I'm sure you mean, "falls to the ground like he's been hit with a javelin every time someone makes incidental contact with him." I—

[He pauses, as the fans are getting rowdy.]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

JH: Don't get lippy with me, people.

[The crowd noise changes... almost as if they see something that Jackson Hunter does not as he continues to berate them.]

JH: We took our foot off the gas when we were about to burn this city to the ground in the War of 1812, and I'm all in favor of coming back to finish the job!

[Hunter is jabbing a finger at the air as Colt Patterson's eyes go wide. The former World Champion looks beyond Hunter as the crowd goes absolutely NUTS!]

JH: What are you people...?

[A looming presence is behind Jackson Hunter. He pauses, sensing something is wrong as he sees the expression on Patterson's face. He wheels around and finds New Orleans Pelican and Proletariat Challenger D'Endre Porter staring down at him. The crowd ROARS as Hunter shrieks, staggering back, nearly dropping the Soviet Championship belt in terror as Porter pounds his chest with his fists.]

GM: Surprise!

BW: What kind of a punk would do such a thing to a man of Jackson Hunter's status?!

GM: D'Endre Porter, the Landlord himself, is standing over Hunter who is running for his life!

[Hunter stumbles, dropping down off the platform, backpedaling up the aisle as the fans continue to cheer Porter who pumps his fist along with their chant.]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

GM: Jackson Hunter's got a big mouth - that's for certain - but is his mouth writing checks that Maxim Zharkov's body can't cover?!

BW: That's a bold statement, Gordo. Zharkov is a monster of a man - a genetic specimen - and I've got a feeling in Houston, he's going to prove to the world that there's not an athlete walking that can stand up to him.

GM: We're going to find out at SuperClash during that so-called Proletariat Challenge... and right now, let's hit the ring for more action!

[We fade over 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 Salt Lake City, Utah... weighing in at 205 pounds... Ricky Tanner!

[Tanner, in a pair of black MMA style shorts with flames licking up the legs, hops up on the midbuckle, shoving a mouthpiece in his mouth as he points to the fans.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The scream that kicks off V.I.C.'s "Flawless" fills the air to jeers from the New Orleans crowd.]

PW: Now residing in Miami, Florida... weighing in at 233 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by the legendary Hamilton Graham...

"FLAAAAAAWLESS"

LAAAAAAAAARRRRRRYYYYYY

WAAAAAAAALLLLLLLAAAAAAAAACE!

[The curtain parts as Larry Wallace, sporting reflective red sunglasses on his face and a white towel around his neck, saunters into view. He's wearing a golden double strapped singlet that extends down to mid-thigh with "FLAWLESS" written in script across his abdomen. His well-toned upper body is glistening with baby oil as he nods at the cameraman, gesturing to himself as Hamilton Graham walks out behind him, shouting at the jeering fans to "SHOW SOME RESPECT!"]

GM: "Flawless" Larry Wallace, never wasting an opportunity to try and show off for the fans, may be in for a rough night if he tries that against Ricky Tanner. Tanner's got several years of experience in the Mixed Martial Arts world and is now hoping to translate that to the pro wrestling rings.

[Tanner is hopping from foot to foot, punching himself in the jaw with his light fingerless gloves as Wallace reaches the ring, pulling himself up on the apron. He leans back against the ropes, gesturing at himself as Graham takes his spot in the corner. The Flawless One throws the towel behind his back, allowing Graham to snatch it out of the sky as he hops through the ropes with a flourish, going into a full spin once he's inside the ring.]

GM: Let's just hope he doesn't-

[Wallace snatches the mic out of the hand of Phil Watson.]

GM: No such luck.

[The music fades as Wallace takes up a spot in the center of the ring, making his opponent wait as the Flawless One waits for the crowd noise to die down.]

FLW: My name...

[The boos pick up in volume, cutting him off. He doesn't react, giving them a few moments before trying again.]

FLW: My name...

[Again, the New Orleans crowd cuts him off with a burst of boos. Wallace looks a little agitated this time, whipping off his sunglasses and tossing them aside.]

FLW: You people need to SIT DOWN... and SHUT UP... and show me some DAMN RESPECT!

[The boos are still in the air, echoing off the walls of the SmoothieKing Center.]

FLW: MY NAME... IS LARRY... WALLACE!

[The crowd is still letting him have it as he cracks an arrogant smirk.]

FLW: AND I AM... ABSOLUTELY... FLAWLESS!

[He lowers the mic, spreading his arms wide in a pose as the fans roar their disapproval. He holds the pose for a few seconds as Ricky Tanner is looking anxious in the far corner.]

GM: What kind of disrespect is this? Your opponent is in the ring ready to fight and-

BW: What kind of disrespect is it for YOU to interrupt the Flawless One?!

GM: The Flawless One... give me a break.

[Wallace looks out on the crowd with disdain.]

FLW: Now... the AWA was gracious enough to find someone willing to put their career on the line against the BEST... DAMN... SECOND GENERATION STAR...

[He pauses, letting the boos wash over his words.]

FLW: ...in... this... business.

[Wallace steps towards the ropes, pointing towards the locker room.]

FLW: And I know... I know there's someone back there watching that is dying to see if Larry Wallace is all that everyone says he is.

[Wallace grins.]

FLW: Spoiler alert - he is.

[He chuckles as the fans boo again.]

FLW: And for that very special viewer in the back... this one...

[He points to Ricky Tanner by jerking a thumb over his shoulder.]

FLW: ...is for you.

[Wallace tosses the mic to the mat, turning to face his opponent...

...who surges forward, exploding into a double leg takedown that takes Wallace down to the canvas hard!]

GM: OH MY! TANNER TAKES HIM DOWN!

[The former MMA fighter takes the mount with ease, raining down punches on the Flawless One. Wallace pulls his arms up, trying to block the shots aimed at his face and head!]

GM: Larry Wallace is in trouble, fans! If one of those punches finds their way through, he might get knocked out cold!

BW: Those are closed fists, Gordo! I don't care what those savages at the Global Fighting Championship do - here in the AWA those are ILLEGAL!

GM: They certainly are! And you mention the GFC, Ricky Tanner racked up a 4-2 record in his time in the GFC, three wins by knockout before making the transition to pro wrestling. He's spent some time working out of The Yard down in Amarillo with Oliver Strickland and Terry Shane Jr. so you know he's going to be a "tough out" as they say.

BW: That's MISTER Oliver Strickland, Gordo. Show some respect.

GM: My apologies.

[The referee manages to get Tanner off of Wallace who promptly rolls out to the floor. He runs the back of his hand under his nose, checking for blood. Hamilton Graham moves to his side, taking the white towel to do the same. He comes away with a bit of blood.]

GM: Ricky Tanner draws first blood in this one here tonight in New Orleans.

BW: I'm sure he's proud of that. Savage.

[Graham takes another swipe at the nose of Wallace before he tosses the towel aside, pointing into the ring, giving some words of advice.]

GM: Hamilton Graham out on the floor, seems to really have taken a liking to Larry Wallace, Bucky.

BW: And why wouldn't he? Graham's always been on the lookout for the future of the business to show some guidance. Demetrius Lake thrived under the teaching of Hamilton Graham and there's no doubt that Larry Wallace is doing the same.

[Wallace nods his head at the legendary former World Champion, pulling himself up on the apron. He shouts at the official, making him stand between he and Tanner as he goes through the ropes.]

GM: Larry Wallace back in... trying to keep Ricky Tanner at bay... but Tanner is a ball of energy in there, trying to move back in already.

[Tanner walks hunched over, ready to shoot in again on Wallace as needed.]

GM: Tanner's got a strong striking background but he was a state champion in Utah in amateur wrestling as well.

BW: Wallace ain't no slouch on the mat, Gordo. He's a former multiple-time state champion and All-American in amateur wrestling... AND...

GM: He's the son of Battlin' Burt Wallace which ups the toughness factor by several degrees.

BW: Exactly. Tanner may think he's tough but I'll take the son of Battlin' Burt over some MMA creampuff any day of the week.

[Tanner continues to advance, trying to corner Wallace who is looking a little uneasy...

...until he lunges forward, sticking a finger in the eye of Ricky Tanner!]

GM: Oh!

BW: Hah! He didn't see that one coming... and now he won't see what comes after it!

GM: No eye gouges allowed in the world of MMA... same as in pro wrestling but in MMA, they usually stop a fight until the fighter's vision clears up. Pro wrestling has no such rules.

BW: Like I said, MMA creampuffs.

[Wallace grabs Tanner by the buzzcut head, flinging him back into the corner before laying in with a boot to the gut... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Larry Wallace working over Ricky Tanner in the corner...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big knife edge chop by Wallace!

[Graham shouts his approval, giving advice from the floor. Wallace nods, grabbing Tanner by the head and BLASTING him with an overhand right to the eyebrow!]

GM: Oh!

BW: That's a Hamilton Graham special right there, daddy! Wallace trying to bust that eyebrow open like Graham did to so many great opponents over the years - men like Karl and Cameron O'Connor, like Terry Shane Jr., like Blackjack Lynch...

[Tanner staggers out of the corner as Wallace pursues him, looking for his next strike. Grabbing him around the head, Wallace takes him over with a snapmare, dropping him into a seated position...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[A hard chop across the back of the neck is followed by a brutal kick to the spine!]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: A pair of hard shots by Wallace leaves Tanner down on the mat cradling his lower back.

BW: Won't see that in the GFC either.

GM: What's with you tonight? You trying to pick a fight with our friends at the GFC?

BW: I'm just sick of everyone telling me how the GFC is where the tough guys go to fight. The AWA's locker room is just as tough as the GFC's... and moreso, if you ask me. Ask Kolya Sudakov.

[Wallace circles the ring, watching as Tanner pushes up to a knee. Graham is still shouting encouragement as Wallace moves back in...

...and gets caught with a shot to the gut!]

GM: Gutshot by Tanner!

[Wallace stumbles back, holding onto his midsection as Tanner climbs off the mat, squaring up...]

GM: Look out here!

[A quick one-two jab sends Wallace staggering back to the corner.]

BW: Again with the clenched fists!

GM: The referee is warning him though, telling him to open up those hands.

[Tanner moves in, grabbing Wallace by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip on the way...

[The whip sends Wallace crashing into the corner as Tanner builds up speed, charging in after him...

...and runs right into a raised boot to the jaw, sending Tanner staggering back out to the middle of the ring!]

GM: Wallace gets the boot up and that one surprised Ricky Tanner for sure!

[As Tanner tries to steady himself, Wallace charges out of the corner, leaping up as he reaches mid-ring in a makeshift leaping Big Boot!]

GM: OHH! An homage to Wallace's former training partner in Team Supreme - Cain Jackson!

BW: Former? Does anyone really ever actually LEAVE Team Supreme?

GM: Tony Donovan seems to have left Team Supreme and is doing pretty well for himself. There is life after Team Supreme, Bucky, despite what Cain Jackson seems to think.

[With Tanner down and out on the canvas, Wallace stands over him, striking that same pose we saw earlier to big jeers from the capacity crowd.]

GM: "Flawless" Larry Wallace attempting to get momentum on his side here tonight as he looks ahead to SuperClash VII where he will be taking on his former friend and tag team partner, Bobby O'Connor, in one-on-one action.

BW: That's a big one, Gordo. O'Connor's had a lot of success as a singles wrestler and is actually one of the Top 5 contenders to the World Title. He won the Rumble this year and has that guaranteed World Title shot in his back pocket. He has arguably become one of the best wrestlers in the world. But Larry Wallace is on the way up. He's best known as a tag team wrestler. He's best known as being a part of Team Supreme. But in one night... in one match... all that can change. In one night... in one match... with one win, Larry Wallace can be the one that everyone is talking about in 2016.

GM: That's certainly the vision of both Wallace and his mentor, Hamilton Graham, as Wallace pulls Ricky Tanner off the canvas, pulling him into a side waistlock...

[Wallace powers Tanner up into the air in the backdrop suplex lift...

...and then DROPS Tanner across a bent knee!]

GM: Ohh! An absolutely DEVASTATING backbreaker by Larry Wallace and Ricky Tanner is finding out firsthand just how hard the world of professional wrestling can be.

BW: That's right, daddy. No one's dropping people in a backbreaker like that in the GFC!

[Wallace backs off, stepping up on the middle rope to taunt the fans who are jeering him. Hamilton Graham, a smile on his curmudgeonly face, claps proudly as Wallace hops off, leaning against the ropes, waving his arms in a call for Ricky Tanner to get up off the mat.]

GM: Wallace is standing back, measuring his man... sizing him up... ready to strike...

[Tanner is slow to get up, taking several more seconds before he pushes up off the canvas to a knee, forcing himself to a doubled-up position as Wallace races forward...

...and CRACKS Tanner with a running knee lift!]

GM: Ohh! Wallace connects with that knee lift that his father made famous!

BW: Burt Wallace won so many matches - and knocked out so many teeth - with that kneelift over the years. If Larry learned half the technique from his old man, Ricky Tanner might be out cold already.

[Wallace doesn't wait this time, pulling Tanner off the mat by the arm, shooting him into the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip by Wallace... drop down... Tanner building speed...

[The Flawless One takes flight, uncorking one of the most picture perfect standing dropkicks you'll ever see!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: BEST! DROPKICK! IN THE WORLD!

[With two feet catching Tanner flush in the face, he goes down like a rock. Wallace promptly slides across him, holding up fingers to count along with the referee.]

GM: One... two... and three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Wallace is all smiles as he climbs to his feet, allowing the referee to raise his hand in victory as a clapping Hamilton Graham climbs the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes to join the Flawless One inside the ring.]

GM: One of the best dropkicks you'll ever see connects flush on the jaw of Ricky Tanner, knocking him cold and "Flawless" Larry Wallace is on a roll as we approach SuperClash in Houston... and don't look now, fans, but Hamilton Graham just brought a mic into the ring.

[The fans are still jeering as Graham raises the mic, speaking in his surly, firm, gravelly tone.]

HG: Vision!

[He stabs at the air with his fingers.]

HG: Vision is what is lacking between the near-sighted like yourselves and someone like me! You can't see past your own prejudices. You don't like this young man very much, do you?

[Boos rain down on Wallace who is silent and posing.]

HG: You see him as arrogant... as condescending... as egotistical...

[Wallace doesn't budge, not fazed by his own mentor trashtalking him.]

HG: You see him as an obstacle to the coronation of Bobby O'Connor as a future World Champion while failing to see that all the hype that has fallen on Mr. O'Connor **DESERVES** to be laid at the feet of this man!

[More boos!]

HG: Because Bobby O'Connor has one fatal flaw that will always be his downfall... he's an O'Connor!

[Graham grins at the reaction of the crowd.]

HG: You can boo all you want but if a single one of you knows anything about the history of our great sport... you know I'm right! You know I speak the truth! You know that Karl O'Connor was a leech on the business! You know that he hung out way past his prime! You know that he nearly buried the St. Louis territory!

And his boy? Cameron?

[On cue, the curtain parts and an O'Connor walks through.]

But it's not the Strangler. It's not even Bunkhouse Bobby.

It's former multi-time World Champion Cameron O'Connor. Cameron is in a black sportcoat over a white dress shirt with tan slacks. His gray hair shows his years as he looks down the aisle through black-rimmed glasses. He walks down the aisle to the ring, Hamilton Graham looking surprised as he backs Larry Wallace across the ring.]

GM: I can't believe it! I knew Cameron O'Connor was backstage - I saw him earlier tonight... but I had no idea he'd come out here tonight!

[O'Connor climbs the steps, ducking through the ropes and approaching Hamilton Graham who steps forward to meet him. The crowd cheers the staredown between two long-time rivals, coming to their feet.]

GM: What a moment! These two men have met inside that squared circle so many times for the IWA World Championship and other top titles in their day but... wow!

BW: It's definitely a snapshot for the history books... and if Cameron O'Connor thought that Hamilton Graham was going to back down from what he was saying, he was sadly mistaken.

[Cameron O'Connor extends his hand towards Graham, nodding at the mic. Graham nods, obliging as he hands it over.]

COC: That's about enough of that.

[The crowd cheers.]

COC: For too many weeks now, I've sat back at home, watching Saturday Night Wrestling so I could see my son, Bobby, in action along with his friends like Jack Lynch and Ryan Martinez - men who do things in this business the RIGHT way. Men who deserve to carry on the legacy of the sport that both you...

[He points to Graham.]

COC: ...and I helped build. They're the future of this sport, Graham... not him.

[O'Connor points at Wallace, drawing a big cheer. Wallace steps forward to confront O'Connor but Graham puts a hand on his chest, shaking his head.]

COC: You see, Graham... I've been watching this thing between you and my son for a while now. Somehow, you keep finding your way back to one another. And I couldn't be prouder of my boy. While your star pupil was ducking and cheating and lying... my son is doing things the RIGHT way, not taking shortcuts, and making his family proud...

...unlike SOME people!

[That targeted shot at Larry Wallace gets even more cheers as the Flawless One shoves his way past Hamilton Graham, grabbing O'Connor by the wrist, yanking the mic in front of his face.]

FLW: Now, you listen to me, old man... I'll-

[Wallace gets cut off as O'Connor jerks his hand away, a flash of anger crossing his face.]

COC: No. YOU listen to ME!

[The crowd cheers!]

COC: If you EVER lay your hands on me like that, I'm going to beat you just like I beat your old man when he came for MY World Title!

[Another big cheer as Wallace and O'Connor square off...

...which allows Hamilton Graham to slide in behind O'Connor, BLASTING him in the back of the head with a forearm, knocking Cameron O'Connor down to the mat!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Graham and Wallace start putting the boots to O'Connor who is down on the ground. After a few stomps, Wallace shouts "GET HIM UP!" to Graham who is happy to oblige, holding his former rival's arms back as Wallace buries a right hand into the midsection.]

GM: We've got a mugging on our hands out here!

[Wallace grabs O'Connor by the arm, jerking the suit jacket off the retired legend.]

GM: Wallace with the whip...

[But O'Connor has other ideas, reversing and sending Wallace into the ropes...]

GM: Reversal!

[Cameron doubles over, LAUNCHING Wallace through the air and down to the canvas with a backdrop!]

GM: Oh my! Did you see that?!

BW: I saw it! I saw it!

[A furious Hamilton Graham comes charging towards his former rival, fists at the ready...

...but Cameron O'Connor simply sidesteps, wrapping his arms around the head and neck in his signature sleeperhold!]

GM: SLEEPER! O'CONNOR HOOKS THE SLEEPER!

[The crowd is ROARING as Graham's arms pump up and down in the air, trying to free himself from the grip of his longtime rival!]

GM: O'CONNOR'S GOT THE SLEEPER LOCKED IN!

[Graham is flailing about, trying to get free...

...when Larry Wallace disappoints the crowd with a clubbing forearm to the back of O'Connor's head!]

GM: OHHH!

[An irate Wallace starts violently kicking and stomping O'Connor into the canvas as Hamilton Graham tries to shake the cobwebs.]

GM: Cameron O'Connor got the better of these two for a moment but-

BW: But not anymore!

GM: The crowd is all over these two as- here comes Graham now, joining back in, kicking and stomping Cameron O'Connor!

[And suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS into a cheers!]

GM: HERE COMES BOBBY! HERE COMES BOBBY!

[Bobby O'Connor comes tearing down the aisle, diving headfirst under the ropes. He pops up to his feet, swinging Wallace around by the shoulder!]

GM: Big right hand! Another! A third!

[Wallace gets staggered back against the ropes as Hamilton Graham makes a move towards Bobby O'Connor's exposed back...

...when O'Connor pivots, grabbing Graham by the permed afro, and HURLS him into Wallace, sending both men toppling over the ropes and out to the floor to a HUGE reaction from the fans in New Orleans!]

GM: BOBBY CLEARS THE RING! BOBBY CLEARED OUT WALLACE AND GRAHAM!

[A fired-up Bobby O'Connor marches over towards his father, helping him up to his feet, the duo staring out at Wallace and Graham.]

GM: Wow! And this situation between Bobby O'Connor and Larry Wallace just got kicked into whole other gear here tonight in New Orleans! It's going to be wild and it's going to be violent when they clash on Thanksgiving Night, fans! We've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling right here LIVE 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...]

...and back up down to ringside where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by the ringside barricade.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE here on The X where we've seen a lot of great action already. One of the ongoing mysteries here in the AWA over the past several weeks has been the return of the man known as the Prince of Darkness, Anton Layton.

[Blackwell turns slightly, the camera pulling out to reveal Layton sitting at ringside in a hooded black robe. We can't see his eyes yet as the angle of the hood is obscuring much of his face.]

SLB: Mr. Layton, if I can get a few words...

[Layton rises from his seat as Blackwell approaches.]

SLB: The fans here in the AWA are demanding answers. They want to know why you've returned and they don't want any of that silly double talk and innuendo. They want the truth!

[A dark laugh is heard.]

AL: The truth is for the simple-minded and weak... like you, Blackwell. That's why you scurry about in the shadows, looking for your next big news to break on your pathetic shill line. But those of us who are truly aware know that the shadows are not a place for the weak. The shadows are the home of things that are unpleasant... things that are dangerous... things like-

SLB: Like you?

[Layton doesn't respond, letting silence hang over the interaction for a long moment.]

AL: You would be wise to never interrupt me again, Blackwell. You have seen the inside of Fawcett's house but I promise you, the nightmares that wake you from a dead sleep now are nothing to the ones I'd bring to your mind.

[Blackwell visibly shudders at the idea.]

SLB: But I still don't hear an answer in there. Why have you returned to the AWA?

[Finally, the Prince of Darkness reaches up, flipping his hood back to reveal his face. He looks like he hasn't slept in days, his usual slicked back hair a mess. Dark circles (enhanced by facepaint) surround his bloodshot eyes. Blackwell actually recoils in surprise but is steadied by Layton grabbing his wrist.]

AL: Does your treasured truth frighten you, Blackwell?

SLB: You... you look like you haven't slept for a week.

AL: Two weeks.

SLB: What?

AL: For two weeks, I can't drift off into the darkness without hearing it.

SLB: It?

AL: The sharp, shrill cry. The siren singing her song, begging me to save her from her enslavement. She wants my touch. She NEEDS my touch.

SLB: Take it easy, pal. This is a family show.

[Layton tilts his head back, laughing darkly towards the sky.]

AL: A family show? The AWA wants to market to the little children snug in their beds, begging Mommy and Daddy to buy them a Ryan Martinez action figure or a Travis Lynch poster or a Gladiator t-shirt.

But the AWA has always been about the darkness.

The eternal conflict of darkness and light lives in the AWA... it thrives upon it. The parents may shield their child's eyes from the likes of me... but the kids hear me. They heard me then as they do now.

[Layton reaches up, placing a hand over one ear.]

AL: I wonder... do they hear the voice as well?

[Blackwell gets frustrated.]

SLB: What voice?! What are you talking about, man?!

[Layton lowers his hand, looking right at Blackwell with a "if looks could kill" glare.]

SLB: You will know soon enough. They all will know soon enough.

[Blackwell shakes his head, turning away.]

SLB: Alright... well, fans... it doesn't look like we're any closer to getting the answer we're looking for. But right now, let's go backstage to where I understand the Hall of Famer, Tiger Claw, is on his quest to fill out the roster for the Legends Royale!

[We fade into more documentary footage, this time following Tiger Claw through the backstage area. He's dressed in a black suit with a Claw Academy logo on the lapel of his jacket. The producer is desperately trying to get Claw to provide some sort of narrative for what's going on.]

P: Umm, sir? Where are we going? I...

TC: ...

P: Sorry, we just sort of jumped up and started walking, and you haven't said a single word for over an hour... What's going on?

[Claw pauses for a moment and points past the camera.]

TC: Ask him.

[The camera pans around and we see that the crew is being followed by a shortish Asian man in glasses and a permanent pandering smile, dressed in a surprisingly well cut suit. A graphic on the bottom of the screen informs viewers that this man is KENNY TANAKA.]

KT: Sir, I... Shall I? Okay, yes, yes I shall. Hello, people, I'll be Mister Claw's representative for the time being, if you don't mind?

[Kenny scurries up so that he's in between the camera and Claw, who we see walking ahead giving Kenny and the crew next to no attention.]

P: And you're...

KT: Only America's favorite interviewer, Kenny Tanaka! Although I must humbly admit, that's only because of the subject of my interviews... The mighty Syndicate!

P: I've never heard of you.

KT: But... I'm Kenny Tanaka!

P: Repeating the name isn't really helping...

KT: You know who the Syndicate are, don't you?

P: Uh, yeah.

KT: And who was it interviewing them? You knew of them because of me! Kenny Tanaka!

[Claw shoots an irritated glance back at Kenny.]

KT: Oh my... Oh my... My apologies, Mister Claw. Of course the conquests of you and your brethren are the reason for your notoriety, and I am but a humble servant who presents you to the eager fans watching at home.

[Claw turns back around, once again ignoring Tanaka.]

P: And you're here tonight because...?

KT: Oh, I am happy to once again serve Tiger Claw, a man who could without arrogance call himself the cornerstone of The Syndicate. A man with the power of a super heavyweight in the frame of a Cruiserweight... A man who, quite honestly, could use a bit of practice in the interpersonal communication department.

[Claw glares at Kenny again.]

KT: Not that this is a shortcoming of Mister Claw at all, but rather a testament to his focus and drive toward developing his talents. This warrior speaks with his feet and his fists... Words are beneath him.

[Claw pauses for a moment, then nods in agreement. He continues walking.]

KT: Mister Claw finds himself negotiating with many fellow wrestlers from the past, but feels that perhaps his negotiating skills are not...

[Claw glare]

KT: [tensely] ... of a style necessarily appropriate for this situation?

[Claw nod.]

KT: [relaxing] You probably don't need me to tell you that sometimes, business dealings in this industry can be... delicate... And they require a certain... Light touch? I, Kenny Tanaka, am the lightest of touches!

[Claw chuckles.]

P: Okay, and where are we going right now, exactly?

KT: Ah, yes, your question. I am glad we managed to return to it. Well, Mister Claw has heard some disturbing news. Coming in to promote and curate the Legends Royale, Mister Claw and Mister Casey agreed with one another that they would keep their noses out of the business of Young Brian.

P: Brian James?

KT: Of course Brian James! Young Brian! What, you think I mean Brian Lau? No! All business is Master Lau's business! Literally!

P: Did you just call him "Master"?

KT: What? No, of course not, silly. Mister Lau. You call professional men "Mister" and that's what Mister Lau is: Mister Lau. What kind of person would refer to someone else as "Master"?

[Claw glare.]

KT: Aside from your students, sir, of course.

[Claw nod.]

KT: Anyway, the agreement was that we would stay out of his affairs... Aside from Mister Claw's role as his trainer, of course. Mister Casey was not to bother him here. We've gotten word that Mister Casey has... Oh dear.

[The camera crew stops short Claw has stopped walking. He's standing in front of another camera crew which is currently filming Casey James, leaning against a wall just outside of the James Gang dressing room, talking on the phone. Casey keeps talking as Claw looks at him furiously]

CJ: ... so I figured that you might want some payback for that sucker KO back in the E. Whaddya say? ... What?.... Are you serious? What did you do? Good lord.

[Casey looks up from the phone call, right at Claw.]

CJ: Did you know Langseth was _banned_ from the AWA? I never even got banned from anywhere. Wow!

[Casey holds up a finger in the universal "hold a second" gesture and goes back to focusing on the phone call. Claw looks as though one of his eyes is going to burst from its socket, holding his hands up in an "ARE YOU SERIOUS!?" motion.]

CJ: I cannot believe that happened, man. That's... It's messed up... Well, I'm sorry to have bugged y... Huh? Oh, really? Well, I guess that'd... Oh yeah, that'd work out, I think... Ha ha, this is gonna be nice... Hey, tell him to make sure to load that boot, alright? Alright, my man... No, it was good talking to you again... But listen, what'shisface is here, you know what I mean? Yeah, so I gotta go. Alright, thanks, Mark!

[Casey fumbles with the phone for a second because he tries to snap it shut, but it's not that kind of phone. He quickly jabs at the screen to end the call. Claw is nearly feral by this point, baring his teeth at Casey]

CJ: MR. HONEYDEW, DUMBASS! Ha, he's gonna kick your... your noodle off! I tried to get Langseth for some payback from the E days, but he went and got himself banned. Can you believe that?

TC: I don't... care... about Honeydew.

CJ: Well, you oughtta! He's coming for you in the Legends Royale! I just made sure of that!

TC: That's not why I'm here. What did you say to Brian?

CJ: Huh? Oh, we were just going on about old times, trading IIWF stories...

TC: Not Lau, you _jackass,_ your _son._

CJ: Oh, yeah, yeah... Nothing much, you know. Just kind of wishing him luck and a job well done, that sort of thing.

TC: Really.

CJ: Yeah... And frankly I don't like your tone, Claw. He's my son. You can't tell me not to talk to my own kid.

[Claw straightens a bit at Casey's defensiveness and tilts his head as if a switch has gone off.]

TC: Okay. No problem. You're absolutely right.

[Casey unsuccessfully tries to hide his surprise.]

CJ: I... I most certainly am?

TC: Yes, you are. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to have a talk with my student. You don't mind, right?

CJ: I... No?

TC: No, you wouldn't... Because nothing's going on. Know what I mean? Kenny, you stay here.

[Claw heads toward the locker room door. Behind his back, Casey makes the universal "sh*t!" motion and shakes his head, and turns to Kenny.]

CJ: Hey, Kenny... Come 'ere... I need you to help me with these stupid wires.

KT: Sir?

CJ: Chris Myers! Jeez, come on, help me out here.

[Claw heads through the door, followed by the camera crew, into a mostly empty locker room. There, throwing punches and kicks is a shirtless Brian James. The moment he becomes aware of Tiger Claw, the AWA's Engine of Destruction stops what he is doing, turns towards Claw, and bows deeply and respectfully, showing a humility rarely seen from him.]

BJ: Master Claw.

TC: He was here?

[Brian James exhales slowly and nods.]

BJ: He was.

TC: And did he...

BJ: He did. Exactly as you said he would, Master Claw.

TC: Dammit! Okay. And did he leave it with you?

[The consternation shows on Brian James' face.]

BJ: He did.

TC: Okay... Okay... [Looks around] Give it to me...

[Brian nods, and hands something over to Claw, who makes quite an effort to keep it obscured from view. He keeps an irritated, disappointed look on his face as he shakes his head.]

TC: We don't talk about this. If he asks, you never had the conversation. He'll think he dreamed it.

BJ: Are you.... You can't be serious, Master Claw?

TC: Yeah, your father, is... he thinks differently. So you have that to look forward to.

[A nod from James.]

BJ: Oookay... if you say so, Master Claw.

TC: Don't worry, it's manageable. I'll go and get rid of this... Remember, it didn't happen. And while I'm here... [Looks around again, and speaks in a quieter tone] You're doing well. Keep at it.

[Another bow from Brian James, and there's a light in his eyes at what is surely a rare compliment from his trainer.]

BJ: Thank you, Master Claw!

TC: You're welcome. We'll talk later.

[Claw turns and leaves the room, followed by the camera crew. As they head out, they run back into Casey and Kenny Tanaka. Tanaka is carrying on a cheerful conversation on Casey's phone. Casey heads straight to Claw.]

CJ: So, what's up?

TC: Nothing. Nothing at all. Good luck and a job well done, right?

CJ: Right...

[Casey looks at Claw suspiciously. Claw stands there for a moment and then gives a shrug that seems to say, "Who, me?"]

CJ: Right... Anyway, check this out... You know how I've been trying to reach that Chris Myers kid for years, and I couldn't get through? And I was starting to worry that maybe he had my number blocked or something because he hated me? Well he _doesn't!_

TC: And how did you find this out?

CJ: I had Chris O'Brien's number under Chris Myers' name in my phone. Get this: They're different people!

TC: I... you're kidding, right?

CJ: What?

TC: I know they're different people. How do you not?

CJ: For some reason I got it in my head that Chris Myers was just a name change for Chris O'Brien when he, like, I dunno, changed leagues or something. Because of copyright. That happens, right?

TC: It... I guess it does sometimes.

CJ: But it _didn't._ And they're different people.

TC: I worry that I follow your logic. Wait, you've met _both_ of them.

CJ: Memory is a complex tapestry, Claw, come on. Anyway, Chris _O'Brien_ hates my guts on account of I've been calling him asking for Chris Myers for... Man, it's been a while. Years. And I cannot blame him for that.

[Claw glances over to Tanaka on the phone.]

TC: And...

CJ: Oh, well you know how Kenny is... There isn't a person on the face of this earth he can't suck up to. He managed to figure out the whole problem and convince Chris O'Brien to be in the Legends Royale! As one of my guys! All that hate about the phone calls? Under the bridge! He's coming to professionally hate you! Looks like I'm stacking the deck against you, huh?

TC: What can I say, Casey? You are an HBO level tactician.

CJ: I don't know what that means, but I'll take it!

TC: You do that. I'm going to go. Why don't you keep Kenny with you, Casey? He seems to be doing a wonderful job here.

[Kenny, not configured to register sarcasm, gives a huge smile and an enthusiastic thumbs up.]

CJ: Maybe I will! With Kenny here, I could get anyone. I could get the kid... with the... the glove. Or the fake hand... Which was it?

TC: I was never sure. I never got him.

CJ: You're a fool to leave me with Tanaka, Claw, a fool! But if that's what you want, that's what you'll get! HA!

[Distracted by his own smugness, Casey is completely drained of suspicion. Claw nods and gives him a sarcastic smile before walking past him and down the corridor. Claw speeds up a bit, and ducks around a corner, keeping himself out of view of the cameras for a moment. The camera crew rushes to catch up, and hit the corner. Claw's standing there beside a garbage can with a raised eyebrow.]

TC: Try and keep up, hmm? You see I have enough people to babysit already.

[Claw turns and heads down the hall. The camera lowers to get a quick peek at the garbage can. It's your average collection of event trash... Candy wrappers, paper cups, a discouraging amount of wasted food, torn programs, an Outlaw Mask... Wait, an Outlaw Mask?

Uh oh.

And we fade back to the ring.]

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

[A few strums on a guitar counts in, and "Gimme Back My Bullets" by Lynyrd Skynyrd plays over the sound system.]

BW: Alright! The Southern Syndicate is back!

GM: I'm fairly certain that's not true.

BW: Wait a second...

[Through the entrance steps a bronze-skinned woman with unruly dark brown hair. She extends both hands in front of her, pointing her index fingers forward. She "fires" them in quick succession, and mimes holstering them in her rhinestone and sequin-covered gun belt.]

GM: Well, Bucky, we've seen Melissa Cannon, Julie Somers, and Charisma Knight. Tonight they're being joined by another competitor who wants to bring women's wrestling to the AWA.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: Introducing first, coming down the aisle... from Fouke, Arkansas... weighing in at 138 pounds... Kayla... "THE PISTOL"... CRIIIISTOLLL!

[Kayla Cristol jogs down the aisle, slapping palms along the way, her white teeth glistening in contrast to her well-tanned skin. Cristol is dressed in pink leather chaps with many tassels, turquoise cowboy boots, and pink studded crop top that cuts off at the base of her ribcage, a pair of crossed pistols silkscreened on the front. She hops on the ring apron, climbs to the second ropes, and crosses her forearms in front of her, pointing her index fingers outward.]

BW: Gordo, I'm a little offended that someone in AWA management wouldn't prevent this woman from taking the music of the greatest faction in AWA history - the Southern Syndicate!

GM: It's... been a while, Bucky.

BW: But what music will they use when they come back?!

GM: It's been over a year since we've seen "Hotshot" Stevie Scott... nobody's heard from Adrian Freeman in years... I think Raphael Rhodes might be retired. I'm not a betting man but... well, I'll lay down some pretty good odds against that particular unit ever returning to the AWA.

[Watson continues.]

PW: Her opponent, to my left... from Rochester, New York... weighing in at 165 pounds... Erica Toughill!

[Toughill looks slightly stockier than the average female wrestler - almost shapeless. She is in an ill-fitting plain black singlet with white trim and black and white Converse sneakers, no kneepads on her thick, pale legs. The left side of her head is shaved in a sidecut, stringy black hair falling over the right side of her head. A tattoo of an octopus occupies her right shoulder from blade to collarbone.]

GM: Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol, this young lady from Texarkana has grown up watching Premier Championship Wrestling - the home of the Lynch family - and has been wrestling professionally for four years now.

[Cristol undoes the gunbelt and unzips the chaps, revealing a pair of tight black denim shorts with abstract patterns on the rear pockets in rhinestones. She pulls up a pair of black kneepads, with bedazzled six-shooters emblazoned on the front. She and her opponent go face to face in the center of the ring.]

GM: Pistol Cristol coming into the ring with a lot of enthusiasm and a lot of confidence; she may not qualify to wrestle at SuperClash, but you have to think that if she's gotten this far it won't be long before Kayla Cristol has made a name for herself.

BW: I don't know, Gordo. I think if you stick her in the ring with... say Charisma Knight, her weaknesses will become pretty obvious.

GM: You may also notice a third woman in the ring, young Rachelle Bennett has been sanctioned in a tryout... the first female officiating an AWA match to the best of my recollection, as well.

[Bennett, a mixed race woman in her late thirties, signals for the bell.]

GM: Kayla Cristol, fighting out of Texarkana, the favorite here tonight. Her opponent Erica Tuffhill fighting out of upstate New York - a very... radical modern haircut on that young lady.

BW: She's looks like Gary Oldman in the Fifth Element. Hey Gordo, maybe you should ask for that cut next time you're at the barber shop.

[After circling for a few seconds, Pistol Cristol and Toughill lock up.]

GM: I will do no such thing, Bucky - collar-and-elbow tie-up... Kayla Cristol stands at 5' 9", using her leverage on her opponent... goes behind into a hammerlock on Erica Tuffhill. Cristol grew up idolizing the Lynch family...

BW: I'd already figured she had great taste when she came out wearing those sparkly pink chaps.

GM: I will presume you will not lecture anyone on the subject of taste in fashion, "Big Bucks."

[Toughill maneuvers herself to the ropes, and the referee calls for the break, which Cristol accepts. Before she gets too far, Toughill replies with a back elbow to the head of Kayla Cristol.]

GM: Not quite a clean break there... charges in, looking for a clothesline... "The Pistol" counters into an armdrag takedown; looking very good in her debut in-ring appearance on Saturday Night Wrestling. I'm told that this young lady has made many trips to the Crockett Coliseum to watch Saturday Night Wrestling in past years, so this is not necessarily her first trip to this rodeo.

[Cristol has Toughill's arm trapped, and they both rise to their feet. Cristol rears back, and whips Toughill to the buckle, charging in with a flying knee lift.]

GM: And "The Pistol" going up!

[Cristol mounts to the middle turnbuckle in front of her opponent, appeals to the crowd, and lays in a series of forearm strikes, which the fans dutifully count along with.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

[The Pistol hops down, takes a step back and extends her arms to her opponent, index fingers out. She mimes firing a pair of pistols with a cocky wink.]

BW: That's unfortunate; the poor girl can't count very high. But as you said, she's a fan of the Lynches.

[Suddenly, The Pistol's frumpy opponent charges out of the corner and DECKS Cristol with a balled fist.]

GM: Now that was a closed fist, referee!

BW: Hey now... what's this?

[Kayla Cristol stumbles backward, but Toughill capitalizes.]

GM: Snapmare from Erica Tuffhill. Cristol on the defensive now... Oh... OH MY STARS!

[Toughill, with a handful of the seated Pistol's hair, savagely lays in a series of knee strikes to the side of her head.]

BW: Whoa, daddy! Er... Momma!

GM: Referee Bennett applying a count here... I'm surprised this match's complexion has changed so suddenly!

[Toughill releases Cristol to glower at the referee. The Pistol doesn't even have time to crumple to the mat before Toughill is on her again, pulling her upright.]

BW: Gordo, give this Toughill some credit; she's got some real honest-to-goodness killer instinct! Look, The Pistol's firing those elbows again, but they're having no effect!

[Toughill loudly growls in response to Cristol's strike, which suddenly seem feeble and useless.]

GM: And... and Erica Tow-hill is unaffected by those forearm strikes!

[Cristol grits her teeth, grabs the back of Erica Toughill's half-shaved head and plasters her with forearm strikes.]

GM: And one person you don't want to get in a scrap with is The Pistol!

TOUGHILL: "YAAAAAAH!"

[With a shriek, Toughill shoves Kayla Cristol halfway across the ring and jumps on top of her, raining down punches, then grabbing either side of her head and slamming it back into the mat repeatedly.]

GM: And what has gotten into this young woman?! My stars, she has suddenly turned almost feral! And finally Tow-hill relents!

BW: Look at that, Gordo, she's just scraping Cristol off the mat like a ragdoll and-

TOUGHILL: "ee-YAAAAH!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: WOW!

[Erica Toughill uproots her opponent with a monster backdrop suplex with a shout, folding The Pistol in half and causing the fans to cringe in empathy.]

GM: My... My stars! The impact on that backdrop! The way young Kayla Cristol's head and neck hit the mat!

BW: I guarantee the ladies going to SuperClash are glad they won't have to face that! Wow!

[Toughill confidently kneels laterally on Cristol's shoulders and stomach, her hands on her wide hips as the referee counts the pinfall.]

GM: And this one is over in an upset! TWO... and THR- NO! Kayla Cristol has the wherewithal to get a shoulder up. A cocky cover from this Erica Tow-hill.

BW: And look at that, Gordo, she's not even rattled by not getting a three... just picks her opponent up again to dish out more pain! That's focus!

GM: Erica Tow-hill bringing The Pistol to her feet with a front facelock. Kayla Cristol has to string together some offense here or else we could be looking at an upset...

TOUGHILL: "eee-YAAAAH!"

GM: Vertical suplex coming up!

BW: Gordo, this woman's as strong as an ox!

[With her opponent fully upright, Toughill twists her body, rather than falling backward!]

GM: Oh my! Into a powerslam! Lateral press, hooking the far leg, and it looks like this is all over! ONE... TWO... and THR- oh, come on!

[Toughill pulls Cristol's head off the mat by the hair, responding to the referee's admonishment with a scowl.]

BW: Wow! That's a look that would scare a buzzard off a meatwagon!

GM: And the referee is making a mistake by letting this go on any longer than it has to!

BW: Why, Gordo? All through this match you've been selling Toughill short! You've been rattling off chapter-and-verse about Pistol Cristol and ignoring her opponent!

[Toughill sits Cristol up and crosses her opponent's arm around her neck.]

GM: And Tow-hill locking in a Cobra Clutch. Completely superfluous, since Kayla Cristol seems to be virtually incapacitated as it is.

[For good measure, Toughill yanks back and scissors The Pistol's midsection with her thick thighs. Referee Bennett checks Cristol, and quickly signals for the bell. Toughill releases the hold and abruptly rolls out of the ring, not waiting for her hand to be raised.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the referee has stopped this match! Your winner, ERICA... TOUGHILL!

BW: And I would say, message sent! How 'bout that, Gordo? With no fanfare, Erica Toughill comes in and mops the floor with this wannabe!

[Cut to the match highlights in slow motion, starting with Erica Toughill's punch to the jaw of Pistol Cristol.]

BW: Watch this, daddy! Erica Toughill WALLOPS this pretender like she owes her money! And watch this: She lifts The Pistol into the air like she's made of feathers

and CRUSHES her with that Backsmasher! That's how you earn your place in the AWA, and I hope Cannon, Somers and Knight are taking notes!

[Back to live action.]

GM: I admit this young woman caught me by surprise... caught all of us by surprise! Mark Stegglet we understand is on his way to get a word with the surprise victor, Erica Tow-hill.

[Erica Toughill is already most of the way up the aisle when Stegglet gets in her path.]

MS: Thank you, Gordon. Erica Too-gill, you've seemingly come out of nowhere to-

[Without breaking stride, Toughill swats Stegglet's arm away before he can finish. She replies only with a stare of sullen contempt for a few seconds before turning and disappearing through the entry.

MS: Uh... Erica Too-gill, ladies and gentlemen. We'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

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

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could _really_ fight.

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

Kids: *gasp*

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

Kids: Dave Bryant!

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

Kids: WOAH!

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

in to check out the noise. Then King ONI wanders by and stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

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

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

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

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

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[We fade through black...

...and then back up to the interview area where the one and only "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing by with a microphone in hand. He smiles at the camera for a split second before he begins to speak.]

SLB: Alright fans, earlier tonight, we heard comments from a man on a hot streak here in the AWA, Allen Allen, who had strong words for my guest at this time... Mr. Sadisuto.

[The camera pans back as three figures emerge into view. The first is Mr. Sadisuto, impeccably dressed in formal suit with a black derby hat. The veteran from Tokyo carries a wooden cane with a carved dragon's head handle. Flanking him are two men, nearly identical in height and size, 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.]

SLB: Mr. Sadisuto...

[Before "Sweet" Lou can continue one of the brutes cuts him off and yells in a gravelly voice.]

"That's MASTER Sadisuto!"

["Sweet" Lou is noticeable taken aback by the interruption.]

SLB: As I was trying to say, Mr.-

[The masked man on the right of Mr. Sadisuto reaches across to grab the microphone and once again yells.]

"MASTER!"

["Sweet" Lou takes a slight step back before beginning to speak again.]

SLB: Master Sadisuto...

[Both masked men nod.]

SLB: One month ago, we all saw yourself and these two men, ambush poor Allen Allen and send him to the hospital...

Mr.S: Hahahahahaha! Hai, my Downfall sent Allen-san to hospital.

[There is a sadistic smile across the face of Mr. Sadisuto as he finishes the sentence.]

Mr.S: Allen-san suffah at hands of my Downfall! Hahahaha! Allen-san, told you, you no warioah! Mistah Sadisuto told you, you shall suffah and you WANT suffah more?

SLB: Allen Allen doesn't want to suffer, he wants redemption for you three men blindsiding him, for trying to take away his livelihood!

Mr.S: NO! My Downfall took nothing away! Showed Allen-san he not warioah, he not belong in AWA! That my Downfall did.

[Mr. Sadisuto uses the dragon top of his cane to push his bowler hat up just a bit before continuing to speak.]

Mr.S: Allen-san, you want to face my Mad Dog and Thrash? Hai, you face them. And you shall suffffffah! SUFFFFFFFFAH!

[One of the brutes grabs "Sweet" Lou's hand, bringing the microphone closer. In a voice that sounds like he's been gargling with a mixture of glass and rocks.]

"And the only check anyone will worry about is your life insurance check!"

Mr.S: Hahahahaha!

["Sweet" Lou Blackwell stares in disbelief as the three men slowly leave the interview area.

Fade up on the ring where six men are already standing as the sounds of Mickey Avalon's "Stroke Me" are playing over the PA system. Phil Watson is in mid-introduction.]

PW: And their opponents... the team of CALLUM MAHONEY... KERRY KENDRICK... and "RED HOT"... REX... SUMMMMMMMERRRRRRRRRS!

[Summers strikes a double bicep pose as this night's Summers Sweetheart exits the ring, showing off his well-sculpted physique as Mahoney and Kendrick trade words with the opposition.]

GM: Six man tag team action coming up next here on The X as Rex Summers, Kerry Kendrick, and Callum Mahoney are looking to get ready for Houston, Texas and SuperClash VII where they will make up part of the Steal The Spotlight match. And Bucky, you're always the man with the answers. Who in the world will be joining these three men on Thanksgiving Night?

BW: I'm really not at liberty to say.

GM: But you know?

BW: Well, Rex was telling me something at the Peach Pit After Dark last night...

GM: The what? Is that a-

BW: Diner by day, hotspot by night? Absolutely.

GM: No, no... I believe that's a Gentleman's Club!

BW: Well, they certainly only let gentlemen enter. Except for the tal- I mean, the hostesses. Speaking of which... heya, toots!

[The Summers Sweetheart winks and waves at Bucky Wilde.]

GM: Are you saying that she is a str-

BW: Dancer, absolutely.

GM: Oh, brother. Well, fans... it looks like it's going to be the outspoken Kerry Kendrick starting things off here tonight against young Tommy Iris in this one.

[The bell sounds as a fired-up Iris shoots across the ring, feigning a leg dive as Kendrick pulls back, fists at the ready. The official warns him to open up his hands as Kendrick shouts at his opponent.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick is certainly never at a loss for words, fans, as he comes together into a tieup with the young man from right down the road in Baton Rouge...

[Kendrick is still talking in the tieup...

...until he gets armdragged down to the mat!]

GM: Whoa ho! Nice armdrag out of Tommy Iris!

BW: Iris trained down here at the Bayou Wrestling Academy... he's a couple years into the business but that armdrag looked like a veteran.

GM: It certainly did... and Kerry Kendrick, of course, complaining about a hairpull that didn't happen.

BW: Prove it.

[Kendrick argues with the official for a few more moments before creeping back out into another tieup. He gives a shout of "I'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME!" as he uses his size advantage to muscle Iris across the ring...

...but gets whirled around at the last moment, shoved into the corner where Iris steps back and POPS him with a chop across the chest before scampering back out to the middle!]

GM: Another nice move by Iris... and Kendrick's fuming already.

[Kerry Kendrick stands in the corner, rubbing his chest as he glares at Tommy Iris who is waving him out for more.]

GM: Tommy Iris showing absolutely no intimidation in there. This kid's got guts.

BW: Yeah. I don't like it one bit.

[Kendrick moves from the corner a little slower this time, wiggling his fingers in anticipation as he walks towards Iris who is ready. They come together in a third collar and elbow...

...and Kendrick promptly goes to the eyes, digging deep and leaving Iris staggering away rubbing to clear his vision.]

GM: Cheap shot by Kerry Kendrick...

[Kendrick is all smirks as he approaches Iris, spinning him back into the corner before landing a knife edge chop of his own!]

GM: Oh!

[Kendrick grabs the arm on Iris, twisting it around.]

GM: Kendrick torquing on that arm... big elbow down across the tricep! And another!

[Iris winces, reaching out towards his corner as Kendrick shakes his head, pulling Iris by the limb towards the corner where his partner await him.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick is walking Tommy Iris right across the ring... and he makes the tag to Rex Summers.

[Summers steps through the ropes, hopping up on the middle rope before leaping off with a forearm down across the trapped limb!]

GM: Nice double team offense by Summers and Kendrick.

BW: They look like a well-oiled machine in there!

GM: Well, with all the baby oil on Summers' abs, it looks more like the Exxon Valdez spill to me, Bucky.

BW: As millions of millennials search Wikipedia. Good work, Gordo.

[Summers takes up his partner's gameplan, grabbing the arm, slowly twisting it around again. He tucks it under his armpit, putting on the pressure as Iris reaches towards his corner.]

GM: Tommy Iris' two partners, Ricky Rice and Walt Mason, are waiting for him but he's got a long way to go right now.

BW: Rex Summers has got a vice-like grip on that arm too. Iris ain't going nowhere, Gordo.

[Summers grabs the wrist, yanking the arm once... and a second time sends Iris down to his knees as Summers tucks the arm back under his armpit, stepping behind a kneeling Iris with an armbar.]

GM: Summers goes into the armbar, wrenching back on that limb... and you think that's a coincidence that he's positioned Iris so he's looking at his own corner?

BW: Absolutely not. Rex Summers wants this kid to know EXACTLY how far he's got to travel to get across the ring and make the tag. These are mind games right here, daddy.

[Summers hangs onto the armbar for a few more moments before he pushes Iris facefirst down to the mat, pinning the wrist with his left hand before doing a handstand, kicking his legs into the air, and bringing his knee down on the trapped tricep.]

GM: All of his weight down on the arm!

[Summers keeps his knee on the tricep, grabbing the wrist with both hands and pulling up on the limb.]

GM: Ahh! Look at the pressure!

BW: Iris refusing to give up though. The kid's tough.

[Summers suddenly breaks the hold, climbing to his feet where he stomps the shoulder joint once... twice... three times before pulling him to his feet, walking him across the ring, flinging him bodily into the corner before Summers tags in Callum Mahoney.]

GM: Another tag - this one to the Fighting Irishman... the Armbar Assassin himself...

[Mahoney steps in as Summers boots Iris in the gut... then the Irishman does the same...]

GM: Summers and Mahoney taking turns in the corner, putting the boots to Tommy Iris!

[Summers steps out as the count reaches four, leaving Mahoney to grab Iris by the hair, yanking him into a side headlock. He presses Iris' face down on the top rope, walking down the length of it as Iris cries out in pain.]

GM: Ohh! Mahoney's just so vicious, Bucky... trying to rip the skin right off the kid's face.

[Mahoney turns Iris around, using a snapmare to take him over and down into a seated position. The Fighting Irishman jams his knee in-between the shoulderblades as he grabs both arms, pulling them back in a modified surfboard.]

GM: Oh, and look at this... imagine the pressure on the arms of Tommy Iris.

[Mahoney cranks the arms, spinning them and pulling back as Iris winces in pain.]

BW: Not many ways out of a hold like that. If Mahoney keeps it on, Iris might be done for.

[After failing to get a quick submission, Mahoney breaks the hold, standing up...

...and SLAPS Iris in the back of the head.]

GM: Good grief! He's such a bully, fans.

[With Iris reeling, Mahoney plants a boot into the back for good measure!]

GM: Just brutally punishing this young man in front of his home state fans.

[Mahoney grabs a handful of hair, dragging Iris off the mat, slamming him facefirst into the neutral corner turnbuckle. He promptly wraps Iris' arm around the top rope, smashing down three overhead elbows on the shoulder before the official backs him away.]

GM: The Fighting Irishman is always looking for a slugfest but he's showing that he can wrestle with the best of them.

[The Armbar Assassin moves back in...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: OHHH! Big overhand chop!

[Mahoney shakes out his hand before grabbing Iris by the hair, pulling him from the corner, marching him across the ring before tagging in Kerry Kendrick.]

GM: Quick tag there... each man with an arm...

[The double whip sends Iris across the ring, coming back towards Kendrick and Mahoney who land a double boot to the gut before Kendrick hits the ropes, rebounding back...

...and BLASTS Iris with a running kneelift, sending Iris sailing up into the air before falling in a crumpled pile on the mat!]

GM: LIBERTY BELLRINGER! OH MY!

[Kendrick shouts at the jeering fans, letting them have it as he drifts close to the corner where Rex Summers reaches out, slapping Kendrick on the shoulder.]

GM: Oh... Summers with the blind tag...

[Kendrick has a few words for Summers as he pulls Iris up, yanking him into a double underhook...

...and SPIKES him with the Heat Check DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it!

[Summers rolls over into a lateral press, blowing a kiss at the camera as the official makes his three count.]

GM: An impressive victory for the team of Kendrick, Mahoney, and Summers... but the question remains - who will be their partners at SuperClash? Who will they take with them into the Steal The Spotlight showcase? Who will they give the opportunity at any match for the next year to?

BW: You've got too many questions, Gordo.

GM: Well, hopefully later tonight, some of those questions will be answered. But right now, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet!

[Cut to backstage where Mark Stegglett is standing by with Louis Matsui. The rotund, bespectacled Asian has on a gray sports coat over a black T-shirt and blue jeans.]

MS: Joining me at this time is the... Manager?

LM: That's right, Mark.

MS: Of former...?

LM: If you are wondering, my client is neither contracted for the long term to Tiger Paw Pro nor to the AWA at this moment.

MS: Well, conspicuous by his absence is MAMMOTH Maximus, who heads into a No Disqualification match in mere moments against the Demon, KING Oni. What are your thoughts heading into this huge encounter?

LM: Oh, you actually noticed Maximus' absence?

MS: Well, yea-

LM: Because two weeks ago... Two weeks leading to this MASSIVE fight and, trust me, it WILL be a fight, all everyone was asking was why is Fawcett hiding KING Oni? Everyone's wondering what's going to happen when and if the Demon and The Gladiator collide. And everyone completely lost their minds at the thought of said collision nearly happening, all the while completely overlooking Oni's opponent in the No Disqualification match tonight!

Which is surprising, because my client is not a man easily overlooked. We've already seen what can happen when these two monsters clash, so, if Fawcett wants to overlook my client and view him as a minor roadblock, then perhaps I give the good Doctor way too much credit than he deserves.

Now, I'm not saying I'm not excited by the prospect of The Gladiator taking on KING Oni, but that all depends on there being anything left of Oni after tonight for The Gladiator to take on. The Gladiator might just have to make do with scraping the smear off the mat AFTER Maximus drives the Demon right back to the depths!

[A cackling Matsui exits.]

MS: Louis Matsui seems quite confident of his charge's chances tonight in this No Disqualification battle against the Demon, KING Oni. And fans, that match is next 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 Phil Watson is standing.

PW: The following NO DISQUALIFICATION match is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit! Introducing first...

[A throaty yell emanates from the arena speakers.]

IT'S MINE...

IT'S MINE...

THE WORLD IS MINE!

[Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play. A hush falls over the arena as twenty-five seconds into the song, a mountain of a man, if one could call it a man, emerges from the entranceway. MAMMOTH Maximus is decked in a black helmet made of moulded plastic, shaped like an elephant's head, with long, curved, white tusks and a segmented black plastic tube forming the trunk. The large helmet is mounted onto black shoulder pads, like those used in football, which help to hold the headgear up on his massive frame. In addition, he has on a black singlet, with a crimson M across the front; black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads, and a pair of black boots with crimson trim.]

SING ME A SONG, YOU'RE A SINGER

DO ME A WRONG, YOU'RE A BRINGER OF EVIL #
THE DEVIL IS NEVER A MAKER #
THE LESS THAT YOU GIVE, YOU'RE A MAKER #
SO IT'S ON AND ON AND ON #
IT'S HEAVEN AND HELL #
OH WELL

[Maximus balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him. As he comes down the aisle, the big man pays little attention to the fans on either side of him.]

PW: Hailing from the San Bernardino Mountains, weighing in at 420 pounds, he is...

MAMMOTH MAAAXIIMUSSS!!!

[MAMMOTH Maximus comes to a stop at the end of the entrance aisle. He removes the helmet to reveal a black mask, with crimson markings around the back resembling a blood moon emerging from behind two bloody peaks. Maximus places the headgear in front of him, the trunk and tusks pointing towards the ring. He holds his fists together, then throws out his hands to either side of him, just as red smoke begins to pour out of the trunk attached to the elephantine headgear. He approaches the ring, ascends the ring steps and steps through middle and top ropes. He balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him. As the music fades, Maximus brings his fists together in front of him and backs into his corner. He throws a couple of punches into the air, as he awaits the start of the match.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sweet yet eerie melody of "Kagome Kagome" by Hatsune Miku and Megurine Luka begins to play over the P.A.]

PW: Accompanied to the ring by "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett... from the Kimon or Demon Gate and weighing in at 514 pounds...

KING ONI!!

[The melody is undercut by an accompanying synthesizer that sounds like it's straight from a 1950's horror movie as "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett walks through the curtains, raising his gem up high for all to see.]

GM: The fans in New Orleans are certainly letting their feelings be known about this massive force of nature and his twisted manager.

BW: Twisted?! The good Doctor is a man of great moral standing and fine citizenry!

GM: Give me a break... and you can see that mysterious jewel... that crystal being held into the air. We've seen it so many times since Fawcett has arrived here in the AWA but few - if any - know its purpose. It seems to be some sort of inspiration for the men that Fawcett leads.

BW: You know... over the past year or so, the Doctor and I have become friendly and I know some of his secrets... but not that one, Gordo. He keeps that one pretty close to the vest.

[The curtains part once more, and out stomps the gargantuan KING Oni. He's clothed in an all black robe and a kabuki-style mask/headdress in the style of the oni from folklore. Wild eyes, long teeth poking out of a wide maniacal grin and wild red hair.]

BW: And at a moment like this, you have to wonder if MAMMOTH Maximus and Louis Matsui are rethinking this plan.

GM: I don't think so. Nothing I've ever seen out of Maximus made me think that he was afraid of anything, Bucky.

[Oni follows Fawcett y into the ring, removing the mask... revealing the same design painted on his face, along with a black mohawk. He then removes his robe, wearing a black singlet with a dark red mawashi (the belt or loincloth that sumo wrestlers wear during training and combat) worn over the singlet. Fawcett hands both the robe and the mask to a ringside attendant... never lowering his gem as he steps out onto the ring apron, just as Oni likewise never takes his eyes off of it.]

GM: Fawcett giving some final words to Oni, pointing at Maximus...

[Oni turns, grabbing the top rope with both hands, leaning forward, suddenly fuming with rage as he stares across at Maximus who is shuffling his weight from foot to foot, throwing air punches as the crowd gets ready for No Disqualification action...]

GM: The buzz is in the air! The crowd here in New Orleans has been waiting months to see this one! Annnnd... HERE! WE! GO!

[The referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The two massive forces come stampeding out of their respective corners, heading straight towards the center where they collide like two herds of buffalo!]

GM: OH!

[Maximus doesn't budge, swinging for the fences, lighting up KING Oni with a series of rights and lefts, swinging his massive arm in hook shots to the ears of the Demon!]

GM: Maximus coming in hot, trying to take the head off the larger man!

[Maximus' blows are catching Oni, some skimming the target, some landing with impact. They don't seem to be doing much damage though as Oni holds his ground...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and returns fire with an overhand chop across the chest, bouncing off the sternum and causing Maximus to drop to a knee!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: We've all heard the saying - "when you mess with the bulls, you get the horns!" Well, when you mess with the Demon who Hell itself belched out of its belly because he was too much of a monster, what do you get then?!

[Maximus pushes up off the mat, wrapping his arms around the massive waist of Oni, stampeding back across the ring...

...and shoving him back against the turnbuckles!]

GM: Maximus drives him back to the corner!

[The American Mastodon steps back, squaring up on Oni, throwing a quick one-two right-left combo to the temple. He lowers his shots, going for the ample midsection of the Demon.]

GM: And again, Maximus is a blur of motion in there, landing those brutal strikes to the head and body.

BW: But look at Oni! He's not-

[Maximus grabs Oni by the hair, smashing his own skull into the Demon's!]

GM: Headbutt!

[The blow snaps Oni's head back, his eyes going wide from the shock of the impact...

...and then Oni reaches out, grabbing Maximus by the mask to deliver one of his own!]

GM: Oni returns fire!

[The headbutt by Oni sends Maximus staggering back a few steps, allowing Oni to push off the buckles, heading towards the 420 pounder...

...who surges forward, connecting with a big clothesline across the collarbone!]

GM: Ohh! Clothesline!

[Oni, for the first time all match, takes a step back on the clothesline, steadying himself as Harrison Fawcett shouts from the floor at his charge.]

GM: Obvious concern on the face of Harrison Fawcett as he looks on from ringside...

[Maximus turns to the crowd, nodding his head as he swings his right arm around and around, building up momentum as he approaches Oni again...]

GM: Another clothesline!

[But this time, Oni raises both of his arms, absorbing the blow across them. Maximus spins away, grabbing at his arm as Oni approaches from behind. He raises both arms over his head, giving a tremendous bellow...

...and SMASHES them down across the back of Maximus, sending him falling towards the ropes!]

GM: Nothing fancy about that one, fans. That was pure brute strength.

[With Maximus leaning against the ropes, Oni moves in, ducking down...

...and upends him over the top, dumping him down to the floor!]

BW: That's it! It's all over!

GM: What?

BW: Wasn't this under Battle Royal rules?!

GM: No! It's No Disqualification... and with Oni stepping through the ropes, we might be about to see them take advantage of that.

[Oni kneels on the apron, climbing down onto the floor where Maximus is trying to get back to his feet. Oni grabs him by the singlet, yanking him into another headbutt!]

GM: Another headbutt by Oni, using his massive skull as a weapon out on the floor!

[He pushes Maximus' back against the ring apron, wrapping his hands around the throat of the 420 pounder.]

GM: A blatant chokehold applied by Oni but there's no disqualifications so that's totally legal in this one!

[Maximus is gasping for air as Oni digs his fingers into the fleshy neck of his opponent, Fawcett shouting from around the ringpost, keeping his distance from the action.]

GM: Maximus is fighting to get free but- oh! He goes to the eyes!

[Digging his fingers into Oni's eyes forces the Demon to break the hold, staggering away and trying to wipe his vision clear as Maximus pushes off the apron.]

GM: Even the biggest guy will go down to a jab to the eye as we're seeing right now. Maximus is- oh my stars, he just snatched up a folding chair from the timekeeper's table!

BW: And this is Maximus' only chance if you ask me. He got outgunned in Japan and the only way he's going to beat Oni is if he gets the weapons involved!

GM: They're totally legal in this one as he winds up!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK!

[Oni stumbles forward, not falling, but wobbling across the ringside area where he slumps against the ringpost. The New Orleans fans are roaring for MAMMOTH Maximus, cheering him on as he looks to them, gesturing for them to get louder as he winds up with the chair again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN ACROSS THE BACK! Doctor Harrison Fawcett is beside himself!

BW: The good Doctor wants the DQ and who could blame him!

GM: Oni's clinging to the steel post, trying desperately to stay on his feet and this might possibly be the biggest trouble that we've seen KING Oni in since his debut here in the AWA!

BW: Only because of that chair!

GM: The chair is legal, Bucky! The tables are legal! The railing, the post, the bell is legal! If he wants to pick you up and swing you like a baseball bat, that's legal too! If Fawcett doesn't like it, he shouldn't have put his name on the contract!

[Oni holds up the crystal, shouting to his monster, begging him to get back into the match...]

GM: Oni's hanging on to the post, turning around finally...

[Maximus winds up a third time... but this time, he's got more sinister intentions.]

GM: Oh my god, he's going to club him over the head with that chair!

[Maximus approaches, chair held high over his head...]

GM: STEEL CHAIR!

[...but Oni raises his arms, grabbing the chair in his hands!]

GM: ONI BLOCKS!

BW: They're fighting over the chair!

[The two monsters are down on the floor, struggling to take control of the steel chair trapped between them!]

GM: Who's going to get the edge?! Who's going to get that chair?!

[Suddenly, Oni pitches forward, DRIVING his skull into the middle of Maximus' face!]

GM: OH!

[Maximus crumples backwards, immediately reaching up to his face as Oni snatches the chair away...

...and then flings it away, throwing it dangerously close to flying into the front row before it bounces off the barricade!]

GM: Look out!

[Oni steps closer to Maximus' exposed back, the big man still grabbing at his face. Oni grabs him by the mask, giving it a yank, tearing it right off the face of Maximus.]

GM: The mask gets torn right off! Oni's got Maximus back on his feet and-

[Oni SLAMS Maximus facefirst into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Maximus collapses to the floor down to all fours as Oni stands over him. Fawcett nods approvingly, shouting at Oni to "FINISH HIM NOW!"]

GM: Oni dragging Maximus off the floor, rolling him back inside the ring...

[Oni pulls himself back up on the apron, ducking into the ring...

...and takes three short steps before leaping up, dropping his leg down across the face of Maximus!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Oni rolls to the side, taking a knee as the referee leans in to check on Maximus who now has blood streaming from his nose.]

GM: Uh oh. It looks like MAMMOTH Maximus may have a broken nose in this one and that can't be a good sign as KING Oni looks to follow the orders of Doctor Harrison Fawcett and finish off the man who believes the world is his.

[Oni pushes to his feet, looking to the corner where Doctor Harrison Fawcett raises the crystal over his head. The Demon leans down, pulling Maximus up by the singlet, using it to fling him into the corner.]

GM: Maximus in the corner... Oni backs off...

[Rushing across the ring with a bellow, KING Oni CRUSHES Maximus beneath 514 pounds with an avalanche before flinging him down to the mat. Oni raises his fists to the air, looking out to Fawcett who shouts "BLESSINGS GO OUT... ONI GOES IN!"]

GM: CRACKED EARTH!

[Oni takes three steps, leaping into the air...

...and CRUSHES Maximus beneath him with a leaping MASSIVE splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Oni pushes up, planting his palms on the chest of Maximus.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Wow.

BW: Maximus had a shot and he took his best shot... but against the Demon, his best shot just ain't good enough, Gordo!

GM: KING Oni with a victory... an impressive victory... and while we've heard The Gladiator's calls to face KING Oni, so far Doctor Harrison Fawcett hasn't seemed too eager to make that happen, Bucky.

BW: Hey, when you're a KING, you don't lower yourself to face mere commoners. What's in it for Oni to face The Gladiator? What does he get if he beats a man he so obviously overmatches?

GM: Are you kidding me? The Gladiator and KING Oni are on two of the hottest streaks in all of wrestling. Both men are unbeaten... both men are dominant forces... and if they met, it would be a clash for the ages... a true super clash!

BW: Oh, that's real clever, Gordo, but the fact of the matter is that the good Doctor informed me that the Championship Committee's refusal to put KING Oni in a title match at SuperClash may result in Oni not even showing up in Houston!

GM: That would be- wait a second!

[With Fawcett shouting instructions, holding his crystal in the air, Oni turns back towards the downed Maximus, stomping him into the mat.]

GM: The match is over! There's no call for this!

BW: The doctor is sending a message now!

[Fawcett starts gesturing with the crystal, calling for Oni to do something...]

GM: Oh no, oh no, oh no... OHHHHHHH!

[Gordon's reaction comes to another Cracked Earth splash on the downed Maximus!]

GM: FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS DOWN ON THE CHEST AGAIN! GOOD GOD!

[Oni pushes up to a knee, looking up at Fawcett who holds the crystal high, nodding his head approvingly with a big smile on his face...

...a smile that vanishes when a war horn sounds!]

BW: WHAT?!

[The crowd ERUPTS as a shocked Fawcett turns towards the entranceway and a deep, ominous wardrum follows, accompanied by further trumpets and the sounds of many footsteps marching in lockstep.

That is when the man known as The Gladiator comes out through the entranceway. He is dressed in black trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots, and wears a gladiator helmet on his head. He stops before the entranceway, removing his helmet and dropping to one knee. He sets the helmet to the side, then bows his head down, and takes his right hand, placing it on the ground before him, as if he is feeling out his surroundings.]

GM: THE GLADIATOR IS HERE!

BW: This guy is NUTS! He's heading right into the killing den!

[KING Oni climbs to his feet, staring down the aisle with barely-controlled rage at the man who dares to interrupt his moment.]

GM: If I'm Fawcett and Oni, I'd think about getting out of there!

BW: Evacuate? In their moment of triumph? I think you overestimate the Gladiator's chances!

[As the wardrum and trumpets come to a climax, a ram's horn blasts, drowning it all out, and immediately the Gladiator's head snaps upwards. His eyes gaze at the ring as if looking through it to the universe beyond. Wild speed metal plays over the PA, replacing everything that came before (though, notably, the chord is the same as the trumpets from earlier). Leaving his helmet laying in the aisle, the Gladiator sprints down the aisle towards the ring, diving headfirst under the bottom rope, coming to his feet where Fawcett bails out, leaving The Gladiator staring eye to eye with KING Oni!]

GM: THE GLADIATOR IS IN THE RING... AND LISTEN TO THESE FANS!

[The announcers lay out as The Gladiator and KING Oni stand in the middle of the ring, staring one another dead in the eye as the fans are going absolutely NUTS at the idea of this epic encounter!]

GM: The fans are on their feet! They're hanging from the rafters here in New Orleans! What a moment as these two are nose to nose, eye to eye!

[The Gladiator can be seen off-mic speaking to Oni who silently responds. The Gladiator's words become more and more animated as he speaks, his entire body moving and shaking...]

GM: The roof's about to come off this place!

[The Gladiator is literally shaking now, his entire body trembling with anticipation as Fawcett screams at Oni from out on the floor...]

...who suddenly reaches out, wrapping his massive paws around the throat of The Gladiator!]

GM: That's a choke!

[Oni's eyes glaze over Fawcett stands on the apron, shouting at the Demon, raising the crystal to the air. Oni digs his fingers into the windpipe of the Gladiator, forcing him down to his knees in front of him!]

BW: Yes! Yes! Kneel before the KING, daddy!

GM: The Gladiator's having the life force drained out of him with that chokehold! Oni's strangling the air out of him, putting him down on his knees!

BW: We haven't seen ANYONE do this to The Gladiator yet, Gordo!

GM: No we haven't... not at all.

[The fans in New Orleans are screaming and shouting, cheering on The Gladiator as he lifts his arms towards the sky, pumping them up and down...]

GM: The Gladiator's trying to pull that energy... to pull that power from the crowd, from the fans here in New Orleans, from the Gods above...

[The Gladiator pumps his arms faster... and faster...]

...and then lowers them, grabbing the wrists of KING Oni!]

BW: What the...?!

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[The crowd somehow gets louder as The Gladiator climbs back to his feet, holding the wrists...]

...and PUSHES UP!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!

[The Smoothie King Center is ROCKING as The Gladiator is shaking, pushing the powerful hands of KING Oni off his throat, shoving the arms up into the air as Oni tries to get the chokehold reapplied. A stunned Harrison Fawcett looks on, shaking his head in disbelief...]

GM: THIS IS INCREDIBLE! THE POWER OF THE GLADIATOR IS IN THE AIR!

[Suddenly, Oni lashes out with a knee into the gut, doubling up the Gladiator.]

BW: So much for that, Gordo!

[Grabbing the Gladiator by the back of the head, Oni flings him towards the ropes, twisting to throw a knife-edge chop at the rebounding Gladiator...]

...who ducks right under the chop, hitting the far ropes, coming on strong towards an off-balance Oni!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!

[The first shot stuns Oni, sending him stumbling back two steps, his arms pinwheeling around!]

GM: He stuns the Demon!

[The Gladiator is running in place, high-stepping, pumping his arms towards the ceiling before dashing to the ropes a second time, coming off again...]

GM: ANOTHER CLOTHESLINE!

[Oni goes back another step, nearly losing his balance as The Gladiator pumps both arms up and down towards the sky...]

...and dashes to the ropes again, charging back...]

GM: HERE HE COMES AND-

[The Gladiator leaps into the air, connecting with a flying shoulder tackle, driving Oni back into the ropes...]

...and sending him falling through the ropes and down to the barely-padded floor below!]

GM: OH MY STARS! THE GLADIATOR CLEARS THE RING! THE GLADIATOR HAS KNOCKED ONI FROM THE RING!

BW: I can't... this can't... how?

GM: Bucky Wilde is stunned into silence!

[The crowd is going absolutely crazy as Oni is down on the floor, flailing about as the Gladiator runs around the ring like a madman, throwing his arms around, shouting to the sky, bellowing loudly...]

GM: The Gladiator has done the unthinkable and driven KING Oni from the ring! He's driven KING Oni right out of the squared circle and out to the floor!

[A furious Oni climbs back to his feet, slamming his hammock-like arms down on the ring apron. He reaches up, grabbing the middle rope to get back inside the ring as Doctor Harrison Fawcett, shouting "NO!" jumps in front of him, hoisting the crystal over his head.]

BW: Oni wants a piece of the Gladiator!

GM: But Fawcett wants none of it! He's trying to get Oni to back off! He's trying to-

[Oni swings away from Fawcett, red in the face as he SLAMS his arms down on the timekeeper's table, sending the timekeeper and Phil Watson scurrying away.]

GM: Look out!

[The Demon grabs the table, lifting it off the floor with ease and essentially delivering a suplex to it, throwing it down on the barely-padded floor, just barely missing Doctor Harrison Fawcett who dives out of the way!]

BW: If he comes over here, I'm leaving, Gordo, and I may never come back!

GM: You stay right there!

[Oni swings around, delivering a clothesline to the ringpost, causing the entire ring to shake. He slams his arms down on the ring apron again... and again... and again...

...and then RIPS the ring apron right off that side of the ring, exposing the underside of the ring as he hurls it to the floor!]

GM: KING Oni has snapped! We've never seen this side of the Demon!

BW: We never wanted to!

[Oni pivots around, marching over towards the first row.]

BW: If I were those fans, I'd get the heck out of town, daddy!

[The front row goes fleeing away as the fuming-mad Oni grabs the ringside barricade with both hands... yanking once... twice... and the third time, a loud "SNAP!" is heard as he pulls the steel railing off its hinges!]

GM: My god, he's got the barricade!

[Oni lifts it over his head, walking towards the ring with the steel barricade in the air...

...and FLINGS it over the top rope, sending it clattering down to the mat as The Gladiator waits, waving Oni back inside the ring!]

GM: KING Oni is destroying the ringside area and Doctor Harrison Fawcett, always in control, seems very much NOT in control right now, fans!

[Oni grabs the second rope again, looking to climb back into the ring as Fawcett desperately rushes towards him, clutching the crystal in white-knuckled hands...

GM: Fawcett's trying to stop him! He's got that crystal doing... whatever it does and-

[The crowd inside the Smoothie King Center collectively gasps as Oni reaches out, grabbing Fawcett by the throat with both hands!]

GM: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

BW: AHHHHH!

[Fawcett is helpless in the grasp of KING Oni as he violently shakes his master, swinging him back and forth, his arms and legs flailing about as the Demon looks to claim an unexpected victim!]

GM: FAWCETT IS CAUGHT! HE'S CAUGHT AND-

[Fawcett desperately swings the crystal up, shining it right into the eyes of KING Oni who hesitates for a moment...

...and then drops Fawcett to a seated position on the apron, slumping down to a knee!]

GM: What in the...?

[Fawcett grabs at his throat with one hand, using the other to grasp the crystal, holding it over Oni with an enraged look on his face, sweat pouring down his brow...

...when suddenly a loud scream rings out from off-camera.]

GM: What the-?!

[The camera cuts, showing Anton Layton grabbing at his head with both hands, howling in pain as he tumbles over the ringside barricade onto the mats surrounding the ring!]

BW: What the HELL is going on here?!

[We cut back to Fawcett, his face growing more red and labored as he mutters something under his breath, slumping to a knee next to Oni but making sure to keep the crystal in the gaze of the Demon. He ignores Layton's shrill cries as the ringside officials start waving to the locker room.]

GM: Something's happening to Anton Layton! He's screaming... he's in terrible pain! The medical team is heading out here... what in the world have we just witnessed?! What in the...

[The camera cuts back to Layton, still howling in pain, clutching his head as he flails about on the floor...

...and a trickle of blood leaking from his ear down his face 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. Fade through black...

...and up to backstage where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: All right, fans, just moments ago...

[He stops right there because The Gladiator has burst onto the interview set. Gladiator starts rambling immediately, causing Sweet Lou to jump back a step.]

G: THEY HAVE PROCLAIMED THAT ONI IS THE ONLY KING WHO WALKS AMONG THESE LANDS, BUT WHAT THEY HAVE FAILED TO UNDERSTAND IS THAT HARRISON FAWCETT AND HIS FAMILY HAVE AWOKEN A SLEEPING GIANT! TONIGHT, ONI MAY HAVE PREVAILED OVER THE MAMMOTH, BUT NOW HE MUST DEAL WITH A LEVIATHAN THAT IS COMING HIS WAY!

[He turns to the camera, raising his finger toward it.]

G: HARRISON FAWCETT, YOU TRIED TO TEAR ME DOWN, YOU MADE ME TASTE MY OWN BLOOD, YOU THOUGHT YOU HAVE PREVAILED, BUT NOW YOU MUST REALIZE THAT THE ONLY UNSTOPPABLE FORCE IN THESE LANDS IS THE MAN WHO IS ADDRESSING YOU RIGHT NOW! YOUR LOST BOY COULD NOT GET THE JOB DONE, YOUR PRETTY PORTER COULD NOT GET THE JOB DONE, AND NOW THERE IS ONLY ONE OPTION THAT YOU HAVE LEFT! YOUR KING ONI, YOUR IMMOVABLE OBJECT, HE AVOIDED FACING ME IN THE RUMBLE MANY MONTHS AGO, BUT NOW, THE INEVITABLE CONFRONTATION MUST TAKE PLACE!

[He has a wild look in his eyes.]

G: LAST YEAR AT SUPERCLASH, THE GLADIATOR TORE THROUGH AN INFIDEL WHO PROCLAIMED HE WAS THE ONLY REAL ATHLETE IN THESE LANDS! NOW, THIS YEAR AT SUPERCLASH, JUPITER AND JUNO HAVE MADE ME REALIZE THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE MAN TO STAND BEFORE ME. YOU, KING ONI, YOU COME FACE ME EYE TO EYE, FACE TO FACE WITH ME AND MY GLADIATORS, AS WE PROVE TO THE WHOLE WORLD THAT EVEN THE GIANTS IN THESE LANDS WILL FALL BEFORE OUR MIGHT, AS THE LEVIATHAN BEFORE YOU SWALLOWS YOU WHOLE!

[He raises his arms skyward, growling, and walks off the set.]

SLB: Oh my, The Gladiator has laid down the challenge to King ONI! I wonder if Harrison Fawcett will accept! Let's get back to ringside!

[Fade back to the ringside area where Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde are seated amidst an absolute mess.]

GM: Well, fans... as you can see, KING Oni did his share of damage out here... the timekeeper's table, the ringside railing, the ring apron...

[The camera pans around the all the wreckage.]

GM: But in the end, it was KING Oni down on his knees and Doctor Harrison Fawcett standing over him with that crystal... that gem.

BW: What in the heck happened to Layton?!

GM: I have no idea, Bucky. He was screaming... one of the EMTs said he was bleeding from the ear. I have no idea what in the world happened. He was taken

out of here on a stretcher during our commercial break, back towards the locker room and... whew, what a night we've had here so far in New Orleans. Remember, fans, still to come is the James Gang in action, Charisma Knight taking on Julie Somers for a spot at SuperClash, the sitdown interview between Shadoc Rage and Supernova, and so much more including Ryan Martinez taking on La Fuerza.

BW: Yeah, but Hannibal Carver bailed out! He was supposed to be on commentary and he left the building to go drinking instead!

GM: He did indeed. It's an exciting night down on the Bayou and...

[Gordon looks up into the ring, chuckling softly.]

GM: Again? Alright, let's give it a try. Phil Watson, take it away!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my right, from Belmar, New Jersey, and weighing 230 pounds... PAULIE ITALIANO!

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

PW: And his opponent...

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

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

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

GM: Twice now Matt Rogers and Paulie Italiano have had a match interrupted. As I understand it, Rogers really raised a fuss with the front office about getting this match booked again.

BW: Can't blame the guy, Gordo. All he wants to do is climb up the ranks of the AWA and people keep getting in the way.

GM: I'm sure Paulie Italiano feels the same way.

BW: Bah, nobody cares about that guy.

[Rogers turns to the corner of the ring and jaws with the fans. But then his eyes are drawn to the aisle and he takes up a defensive stance.]

GM: Hold on... don't tell me we have another interruption!

[Down the aisle comes "The Professional" Dave Cooper. He is dressed in a black polo shirt and khakis. He holds up his hands, as if he doesn't plan on causing any trouble.]

BW: Hey, it's The Professional! You know he's had an eye on Matt Rogers.

GM: He sure didn't seem interested in helping Rogers when Johnny Detson interrupted the match the last time.

BW: Eh, he and Johnny have a mutual understanding.

[Cooper steps into the ring and takes the mic from Phil Watson. He motions for him to leave the ring. Cooper turns to Rogers.]

DC: Now, settle down for a minute... I'm not out here to hurt you. I'm out here to watch you, because I think you got some potential. In fact, I did you a favor... I talked to President O'Neill and got a special stipulation added to this match. I'm just out here to announce it.

[He turns to the aisle.]

DC: President O'Neill has declared that if anybody interjects himself into this match, for whatever the reason may be, he will suspend that person from the SuperClash card and, if he happens to hold a title belt, he will be stripped of it.

[There's a mixed reaction to that.]

GM: Really? How in the world did Dave Copper get that arranged?

BW: Who cares, Gordo? All that matters is that Cooper got it done. Now who wouldn't like to have this guy by your side, knowing he'll get done what's right!

GM: What's right... I'd beg to differ with that.

[Cooper turns back to Rogers.]

DC: You can thank me later, son... now show me what you've got.

[He turns to Italiano, who is smiling.]

DC: What are you happy about, son? Wasn't it about time you got a haircut?

[The fans boo and Italiano holds his arms to the side, saying "What's your problem?" Cooper waves him off and exits the ring.]

GM: Well, it looks like we will have Matt Rogers versus Paulie Italiano tonight, fans.

[The bell rings and Rogers and Italiano circle and lock up. Italiano backs Rogers into a corner.

And outside the ring, Cooper walks toward the broadcast table and puts on a headset.]

GM: And now Dave Cooper joining us... you sure seem to have taken interest in Matt Rogers, haven't you?

DC: [sitting down] Gordon, I'm not discussing any details with you. Do you think that an NFL scout is gonna tip his hand about what player they want to draft? Or a baseball manager telling you anything about the prospect they are thinking of calling up to the big leagues?

[Back in the ring, the referee has called for a break and Italiano backs off, but Rogers catches him with a kick to the gut.]

GM: It just seems odd to me that you'd go out of your way to make sure that Matt Rogers got this match he had agreed to.

DC: All I'm looking for, Gordon, is a chance to scout some of the talent here, and just like if a college recruit had to cancel a visit because of a family emergency, I'm going to make sure I get my chance to see the talent I'm interested in up close.

BW: And look at the guy you're considering, Dave! Look at those chops and side kicks!

GM: Indeed, Rogers going to work on Italiano, striking him with those martial arts blows.

[Rogers backs Italiano into the ropes and whips him to the other side.]

GM: Irish whip by Rogers... here's a clothesline but Italiano ducks.

BW: He's coming off the other side... hiptoss by Rogers...

GM: No, wait! Italiano with a reversal!

[Italiano biels Rogers to the canvas. He gets to his feet, but Italiano leaps up and plants his feet into Rogers' chest.]

GM: And a nice dropkick by Paulie Italiano! Rogers caught off guard!

BW: Rogers getting to his feet... here comes Italiano!

[Italiano extends his arm and connects with Rogers, sending him through the ropes.]

GM: Clothesline takes Rogers to the outside! And he doesn't look too happy.

[Rogers gets to his feet and slaps the apron in frustration.]

GM: And Rogers not too happy about the way things are going. Dave, any observations?

DC: Hey, I'm not gonna judge him just yet. Besides, not everyone gets off to a good start. What, you expect Rogers to just dominate this match?

BW: Yeah, Gordo, don't sell Paulie Italiano short!

GM: I'm not the one who said that nobody cares about Italiano, Bucky.

[Rogers turns and jaws with ringside fans, then turns back to the ring, where he sees the official putting the count on him. He climbs up to the apron and points at Italiano, asking the official to keep him back.]

GM: Rogers none too happy with Italiano.

BW: Can you blame him? He got embarrassed by the guy.

GM: I'd hardly call what Italiano did embarrassing... now Rogers back into the ring and he's jawing with Italiano.

[Rogers and Italiano are nose to nose. Rogers says something to him the camera can't pick up. Italiano's eyes widen and he shoves Rogers back.]

GM: Whatever Rogers said, I don't know, and to be honest, I don't think I can repeat it... oh, come on!

[Rogers pokes Italiano in the eye, causing him to stagger backwards. Once again, Rogers works over Italiano with chops and side kicks.]

BW: Hey, that's was nothing more than the Greco-Roman eye pull, setting up that martial arts attack!

GM: Greco-Roman eye pull.

BW: Yeah, Dave Cooper told me about it.

GM: You can't be serious.

DC: Gordon, there are some things Bucky and I have discussed that you just don't understand.

[Rogers grabs Italiano by the hair and delivers a headbutt.]

GM: Headbutt by Rogers... now he's sending him into the ropes... oh my, look at that chop!

[Rogers leaps into the air and flips his right hand forward, catching Italiano across the chest.

DC: Now that's impressive. That jumping cross chop took Italiano off his feet.

GM: Italiano getting back up, though... Rogers with a headscissors takedown!

BW: Now the Anarchist is in control! See, Dave was right... you can't rush to judgment about this kid!

GM: Rogers dragging Italiano off the canvas... sends him into the ropes again... OH MY!

[Rogers bounces off the opposite side, somersaults, and leaps to his feet, taking Italiano down with a clothesline.]

GM: My goodness, what a move by Matt Rogers!

DC: I like what I'm seeing.

GM: Enough to consider him for Lion's Den membership?

DC: Like I told you, Gordon, I'm not giving you any hints. A good scout never divulges his secrets.

BW: Yeah, Gordo, stop being so nosy!

[Rogers gets to his feet and leaps at the downed Italiano, extending a leg.]

GM: A legdrop by Rogers, right across the chest. And... oh boy, look at this.

[Rogers waves his arms at the crowd, saying something the camera doesn't pick up. The fans boo, likely not caring what he said.]

GM: I can't imagine somebody with a mouth like Rogers would be the kind of guy you are looking for to join the Lion's Den, Dave.

DC: It's not what they say that matters, Gordon, it's what they do. And Rogers is doing some pretty good things right now. Give the man some credit.

[Rogers turns back to Italiano, who has pushed himself to his knees.]

GM: Rogers moving in... Italiano with a shot to the midsection.

BW: He doesn't have a lot behind that blow, though.

GM: Maybe so, but it's doubled Rogers over. He turns back to him... another shot by Italiano!

[The fans swell as Italiano backs Rogers into the corner, firing off forearm smashes.]

GM: Italiano showing some fire! Here's an Irish whip to the corner...

BW: Rogers goes to the second rope... he leaps...

GM: Italiano dropped down and... no, wait.

[Rogers is still on the second rope, having only bobbed his head. Italiano gets to his feet and Rogers leaps off, extending his leg and catching Rogers across the chest.]

GM: OH MY! Leg lariat by Matt Rogers and Italiano is down!

DC: That's a heads up move by Rogers... that shows you he was thinking before he made his move.

GM: But it is enough for Lion's Den membership?

DC: You can keep on asking, but you aren't gonna get an answer. You're more pushy than a used car salesman.

BW: Yeah, Gordo, stop kissing up to The Professional!

[Gordon sighs as Rogers brags to the crowd, then turns to Italiano, who pulls himself to his feet. Rogers rushes toward him.]

GM: Matt Rogers coming after Italiano... OH MY!

DC: Now that's an impressive move! Look at that jumping, spinning hook kick to the face.

BW: He calls that the Scythe Kick!

GM: He does indeed... this one may be over!

[Rogers drops across Italiano's chest and hooks the leg, the referee drops down and hits the mat three times.]

GM: And that's it! Rogers gets the win!

[Rogers gets to his feet and yanks his arm away from the official when he attempts to raise it.]

PW: The winner of the match... "THE ANARCHIST" MATT ROGERS!

[Rogers taunts the booing crowd, before ducking through the ropes and exiting the ring. He motions over to Dave Cooper.]

MR: You like that, huh?

[He heads up the aisle, arms raised in the air.]

GM: And it's Matt Rogers coming away with the win... Dave Cooper, anything else to add?

DC: Still trying to get me to divulge secrets, huh? Well, you can forget about it, Gordon... this is the end of the discussion! [He turns to Bucky.] As always, it's been a pleasure.

[He extends his hand to Bucky, who takes it.]

BW: Always like to have you lend your expertise, Dave!

[Cooper removes the headset and walks up the aisle, leaving the announce team behind.]

GM: Matt Rogers FINALLY scores a win over Paulie Italiano after two failed attempts to even get the match in. Bucky, what do you think? Would the Anarchist make a good member of the Lion's Den?

BW: With Dave Cooper guiding him, ANYONE would potentially make a good member of the Lion's Den.

GM: A fair point, I suppose, as Cooper has quite the background of success during his career especially here in the AW- what the-?!

[Suddenly, the crowd begins buzzing... and then roaring in dismay at the sight of someone sliding into the ring, diving on top of Paulie Italiano!]

GM: THAT'S LAYTON! THAT'S ANTON LAYTON!

[Layton is down on his knees, savagely pounding Italiano with a clenched fist, hammering it down into the head and face.]

GM: Layton's all over Italiano bit why?! Why in the world is he... what's he saying, Bucky?

BW: I can't quite...

[And then, it becomes clear as day as Layton continues to pound Italiano, screaming...]

"FAWCETT! FAAAAAAWCEEEEEETT!!!"

GM: He's... my stars, Anton Layton is screaming Harrison Fawcett's name!

BW: Why?!

GM: I have no idea!

[Layton drags Italiano off the mat by the hair, draping his throat over the middle rope as he plants a shin on the back of the neck, pushing down to strangle the air out of Italiano as he screams back up the aisle.]

"FAAAAAAWCETT!"

[Layton rocks back and forth, putting more pressure on the throat.]

BW: If Layton thinks that Fawcett is going to come out here to save a goof like Italiano, he's got another-

GM: OH MY STARS! FAWCETT IS HERE... AND HE'S NOT ALONE!

[A furious Harrison Fawcett appears at the top of the aisle, crystal in hand, shouting at the two men trailing behind him...]

BW: The Lost Boy is here! Porter Crowley is here!

[The Handsome Family comes charging down the aisle towards the ring where Anton Layton sees them coming, HURLING Italiano over the ropes and down at their feet!]

GM: Ohh! Italiano hits hard and... here comes the Family!

[The Lost Boy slides under the bottom rope as Layton dives on him with a clubbing blow between the shoulderblades, hammering away as Crowley slides in to aid his partner!]

GM: The Lost Boy is under assault at the hands of Anton Layton and-

[Crowley grabs Layton with two hands full of blonde hair, dragging him off his partner and hurling him bodily towards the corner.]

GM: Layton gets pulled off!

[Crowley charges in but runs right into a raised knee to the sternum by Layton.]

GM: Ohh! Layton caught him coming in!

[Layton grabs Crowley by the back of the head, smashing his face into the top turnbuckle. He spins him around, wrapping his hands around the throat of "Pretty" Porter!]

GM: He's choking him in the corner! Fawcett has come down the aisle, shouting at both of his men!

[The Lost Boy stumbles to his feet, winding up and SMASHING a double axehandle down into the base of the neck!]

GM: The Lost Boy strikes and strikes hard!

[Two more clubbing blows land before The Lost Boy grabs Layton by the arms, pulling them back and allowing Crowley to dig his fingers into the eyes of Layton!]

GM: Crowley's just scratching and clawing at the face of Anton Layton!

[Crowley grabs a handful of hair, smashing his skull into Layton's.]

GM: Headbutt! And another!

[The second blow causes Layton to sink to a knee where Crowley continues to rain down blows on him as Fawcett climbs the ringsteps, evil intentions on his face as he steps through the ropes, gem in hand.]

GM: Layton's down and Fawcett's in the ring... what is he...?

[Fawcett instructs his men, causing Crowley and The Lost Boy to each grab an arm, holding Layton at bay as Fawcett inches closer cautiously.]

GM: What's going on here?

[Layton sees Fawcett approaching, clenching his eyes tight as Fawcett speaks to him.]

GM: Layton's closing his eyes... he's-

[The Lost Boy grabs a handful of hair, yanking Layton's head back, forcing his eyes open...]

GM: He's got-

[Fawcett begins speaking faster, jamming the crystal into the gaze of Layton.]

GM: He's...

BW: He's making him look at the crystal!

[Layton is struggling hard, trying to break free from the Handsome Family as Fawcett continues to speak...

...until Layton goes limp, his head drooping forward.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: What happened, Gordo?

GM: I don't... I don't know, Bucky. Layton just stopped fighting...

[Fawcett winces in pain, leaning against the ropes, holding the crystal aloft as he breathes heavily.]

BW: Anton Layton looks like a broken man!

GM: Fawcett doesn't look so hot himself, Bucky!

[Fawcett leans over, head against the ropes, obviously in pain...]

GM: Fans... we're going to take a quick break. Sweet Lou is on his way down to the ring to talk to Harrison Fawcett but... I'm not sure he's in any shape to be talking to anyone. We'll be right back.

[Fade to black.]

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

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

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

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

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

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

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

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

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

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

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

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

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

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

"And now their stories can be told."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[We fade back through black up on the ring where Sweet Lou Blackwell has joined Fawcett's Family inside the ring. The Lost Boy is roaming the ring, barking at the random fan. Doctor Harrison Fawcett is still leaning against the ropes, in better condition but looking much like someone who has just finished a workout. He's sweating, he's flushed, and he looks like he needs a nap. Porter Crowley is standing by his side, making sure the other man in the ring doesn't attack again. That man, of course, is Anton Layton who is on his knees, hollow-eyed and silent, looking up with glazed eyes at Fawcett who is still holding the crystal.]

SLB: Gentlemen, gentlemen... if you please... what in the world is going on here tonight?

[Fawcett takes a few deep breaths.]

"D"HF: I don't expect a simple man like you to understand, Blackwell. But what you've seen - what the WORLD has seen - here tonight is a show of...

[He raises the crystal in front of Blackwell's eyes.]

"D"HF: ...power.

[Blackwell's eyes lock on the gem... and then he blinks a few times, turning his head away, shaking it back and forth.]

SLB: Power? Was it power that you showed off when KING Oni wrapped his hands around your throat? Was it power when you sic'd your dogs here on Anton Layton?

[Fawcett smiles, an unsettling grin.]

"D"HF: Yes. Yes, it was power when I reminded KING Oni who is TRULY the ruler in our relationship. It was power when I sent my soldiers into war without hesitation... without fear or concern of their own health or wellbeing.

And yes... it was power when I came eye to eye with Anton Layton.

[Fawcett pushes off the ropes, lowering himself to a knee to look at Layton.]

"D"HF: You. You are the one they all fear. You are the one they speak in hushed tones of... the Darkness... the Unholy Alliance... the battles you fought... the wars you waged... the blood you drew...

And now... you belong to me.

[He rises again, holding the gem high.]

"D"HF: My family grows by the day, Blackwell. It grows in numbers and it grows in strength. And soon... soon, I will land the biggest prize of all.

The Gladiator.

[The crowd jeers the thought of that.]

"D"HF: For too long, I feared the idea of the power of the Gladiator meeting my KING. The irresistible force meeting the immovable object. But no longer. Because at SuperClash, that clash will happen... the greatest of all clashes.

But I do not seek to destroy the Gladiator's body.

Instead... I want to control his mind.

[Fawcett chuckles.]

SLB: Mind control?! What in the world are you talking about?! What have you done to Anton Layton?! What did you offer him to turn him into... into this?!

[Blackwell gestures to Layton.]

"D"HF: Again, your mind fails to understand. I did not have to bribe Anton Layton or threaten him. I simply had to provide a path to enlightenment... to show him the way to true... absolutely... undeniable power.

[On the word "power", Fawcett raises the crystal again, holding it high so all can see...

...when suddenly the PA system rings out with some very familiar lyrics as the New Orleans crowd goes CRAZY!]

#A modern day warrior
Mean, mean stride
Today's Tom Sawyer
Mean, mean pride#

GM: That music can only signal the appearance of one man, Bucky!

[Dr. Fawcett looks towards the entrance way, utter disgust and contempt upon his face as the "Texas Heartthrob" begins to emerge. The fans in New Orleans cheer wildly as Travis slowly makes his way to the ringside area.]

GM: The AWA National Champion, Travis Lynch, is in the house and Doctor Harrison Fawcett looks quite irritated by this interruption!

BW: Can you blame him?! Can't we get through one edition of Saturday Night Wrestling without having to see one of the Stenches! I know, Gordo, I know. They're cockroaches and will be here well after the world ends! Imagine it... a world with only Lynches. Man oh man, I'm glad I'll be long dead by the time that happens.

GM: Bucky!

[The reigning AWA National Champion walks around the ringside area to the wrecked timekeeper's table and grabs a microphone from Phil Watson. Dr. Harrison Fawcett motions for the Lost Boy and Porter Crowley to keep their distance as the youngest of the wrestling Lynch boys begins to ascend the ring steps, speaking as he does.]

TL: Fawcett, you're ranting about this power like it's something we should tremble before.

[The good Doctor nods his head, once again raising the crystal for all to see. Lynch shakes his head.]

TL: Well, I hate to break it to you, but that crystal doesn't make me tremble. And whatever back alley voodoo you're trying to scare the AWA with doesn't make me tremble.

[The crowd cheers as Travis stares directly at Harrison Fawcett.]

TL: Because the only power I recognize is the Lord Almighty above and I got a feeling he's not a fan of yours!

[Big cheer from the fans down on the Bayou!]

TL: And he's not the only one... 'cause I ain't a fan of yours either!

[Travis pats the AWA National Championship belt around his waist.]

TL: Ever since I won this championship belt, you've dragged my name through the mud... spread lies about me to the great fans of the AWA... hell, you've tried to convince anyone who'd listen that I'm not a man!

[Travis paces for a few moments, his gaze never leaving the Fawcett Family.]

TL: And it's all 'cause the Fawcett Mansion doesn't have a golden belt resting in the glass cabinet next to that crystal of yours. But you know somethin' Fawcett, it's you who isn't a man! It's you who has done despicable things since you've arrived in the AWA! You taken the Lost Boy, a man who stood by my side when I needed an ally, and you've turned him into your personal lapdog... a pet.

[Fawcett grins evilly, patting The Lost Boy's wild hair as Lynch grimaces with disgust.]

TL: That's just what I mean, Fawcett. He's no animal... he's a MAN!

[Big cheer before Travis continues.]

TL: He's not a creature you can just throw scraps off the table to when it pleases you.

[The crowd cheers in agreement and the Lost Boy just tilts his head to the side.]

TL: But you call that power, don't you? Your little parlor tricks to make him bark when you want him to... that's power to you too?

[Fawcett nods.]

TL: Lots of power... but while you've spent the last year here in the AWA building up your army, I can't help but notice that none of your soldiers have even thrown a cock-eyed glance in the direction of this.

[Lynch slaps the title belt on his waist.]

TL: You see, night after night since I won this title, I've been defending it against anyone the AWA would put in front of me. Last night in Shreveport against Willie Hammer. Last weekend in Mississippi against Cain Jackson. Knoxville, Tennessee where I took on Wes Taylor... any one of which might get picked to be on the second volume of the Best of the AWA Live Events...

But there's something wrong with that list, Fawcett... something missing...

[Travis snaps his fingers, looking as if he's trying to figure it out.]

TL: Oh yeah... not a single one of your family was on it. And that ain't because I'm hiding from them because in case you haven't noticed, I'm standing right here... right now... and I'm waiting for someone to show me just how strong that the power you possess is.

[The crowd ROARS at the idea of an impromptu National Title match.]

TL: Now, in four weeks time I have a match with Juan Vasquez on the biggest show of the year, SuperClash, in front of all my fans in the great state of Texas!

[Another cheer... less so for Texas.]

TL: But tonight? Well, my dance card is open tonight! So what do you say, Fawcett? Can your little games and your so-called power send one of your soldiers into battle with the AWA National Champion? Or has that crystal ball cracked?

[Lynch lowers the mic as Doctor Harrison Fawcett eyes him warily. He raises his own mic.]

"D"HF: Ah, the arrogance of youth. I would have thought your old man would have taught you better than that... but then again, he has the arrogance of senility so-

[Travis responds by making a lunge at Fawcett who drops back as The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley envelop the National Champion, pounding him with forearms across the broad and muscular back.]

GM: Oh! Sneak attack by the Handsome Family!

BW: Sneak attack?! They were right in front of the dumb kid!

[The Lost Boy starts kicking at the kneeling Lynch as Crowley grabs his arms, holding him in place.]

GM: Travis Lynch challenged any member of the Fawcett Family to a match but this isn't a match! This is a fight and Travis Lynch is fighting for his life!

[The Lost Boy pulls Lynch off the mat, scoring with a leaping headbutt that sends Travis staggering towards the ropes. Porter Crowley pursues, pushing Lynch back against the ropes...]

GM: The Handsome Family trying to do a number on Travis Lynch as Anton Layton and Harrison Fawcett bail out to the floor.

[Each with an arm, The Lost Boy and Crowley whip Lynch across the ring...]

GM: Double whip sends him across...

[The rebounding Lynch ducks under a double clothesline attempt, bouncing off the far side...]

...and toppling them both with a leaping crossbody!]

GM: TRAVIS TAKES 'EM DOWN!

[Lynch pops up to his feet, ready as The Lost Boy comes to his, throwing a dropkick that sends him staggering back.]

GM: Dropkick on one man! And there's one to the other!

[With both men stunned, Lynch rushes forward with a clothesline that sends Crowley flipping over the ropes to the floor. Lynch promptly yanks off his t-shirt, drawing a big cheer from the females in the crowd before he hurls it aside, landing a big left hand on a dazed Lost Boy who is coming towards him...]

GM: Big right! Another! A third!

[The third haymaker backs the wild Lost Boy up against the ropes where Lynch goes into a full spin...]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH!

[...and sends The Lost Boy flipping over the top rope and down to the floor!]

GM: OH MY! TRAVIS LYNCH HAS CLEARED THE RING, FANS!

[A furious Fawcett rushes to the sides of the Handsome Family, Anton Layton staring vacantly off into the distance from the spot he's been standing in since going to the floor.]

GM: Harrison Fawcett is beside himself!

BW: This just isn't his night, Gordo.

GM: It's certainly not... and as the Fawcett Family looks to regroup on the floor, we're going to take a quick break and we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

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

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

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

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

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

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

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

Because you light up the path

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

Fade back to live action where we see The Lost Boy choking Travis Lynch up against the turnbuckles, barking and snarling in his face.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, where we've got an impromptu challenge match with Travis Lynch taking on his former ally in The Lost Boy!

BW: Another dumb kid move. Why would you take a match like this four weeks before the biggest match of your life? Dumb, dumb, dumb.

[The Lost Boy breaks his choke, swinging his knee up into the midsection once... twice... three times before backing out at the referee's orders. The wild-eyed Lost Boy barks loudly into the face of the official, causing him to jump back in fear.]

GM: Doctor Harrison Fawcett has NOT been having a good night but right now, he's hoping to turn all that around with a win here in this one.

[Moving back in, The Lost Boy grabs the top rope with one hand, smashing the back of his elbow into the ear of the National Champion.]

GM: The Lost Boy has been dominating this one since the outset and you have to wonder how Travis Lynch feels taking on a man who actually HELPED him in his wars with Sunshine not that long ago.

BW: Don't give the kid excuses, Gordo. Don't forget that before The Lost Boy helped him, those two warred for years including back in Texas when he took the orders from Ghazi Hassan instead of Doctor Harrison Fawcett.

GM: So, what you're saying is that between Hassan, Sunshine, and Fawcett, The Lost Boy has done the whims of some of the most wicked individuals in the history of our great sport?

BW: That would be accurate, yes.

[The Lost Boy grabs Lynch by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Big whip sends him across... and The Lost Boy follows him in!

[Into a raised boot to the mush!]

GM: Ohh! The Lost Boy might have his teeth re-arranged after that!

[Fawcett's wild animal staggers backwards as Lynch hops up to the second rope, steadies himself...

...and leaps off with a flying crossbody, taking The Lost Boy off his feet!]

GM: Oh my! Flying crossbody - taking a page out of his brother, James', playbook.

BW: James Lynch's playbook is more of a pamphlet, Gordo.

GM: Would you stop?!

BW: The back page of it talks about the care and feeding of invalids.

GM: BUCKY!

[Travis, having rolled through the crossbody back to his feet, is ready and waiting as The Lost Boy climbs off the mat, catching him with a left hand downstairs.]

GM: Big left to the breadbasket!

[Grabbing his challenger by out-of-control hair, Lynch marches him towards the corner where he RIFLES him headfirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh!

[Lynch looks out to the crowd who decides to count along with the attack as Lynch continues to drive his head into the top turnbuckle.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

GM: The Lost Boy is on Dream Street after ten shots to the corner and Travis Lynch sends him for the ride!

[The Lost Boy slams into the buckles, staggering out towards Lynch who doubles up, sending The Lost Boy flying through the air, crashing down to the canvas courtesy of a backdrop.]

GM: HIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP BY TRAVIS LYNCH!

BW: The only thing shorter than James Lynch's playbook is Blackjack's which is actually on a business card.

GM: What is with you tonight?

[Lynch holds his left hand aloft, drawing big cheers from the capacity crowd.]

GM: Travis is calling for it! He's got that Discus Punch armed and ready for launch!

[Travis crouches over, waving his right arm, calling for The Lost Boy to get back to his feet...

...when suddenly, Porter Crowley hops up on the apron!]

GM: Crowley!

[Lynch spins to the side, BLASTING Crowley with a haymaker between the eyes, sending him falling off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Crowley and-

[That gives The Lost Boy the chance to make a lunge, smashing a double axehandle down between the shoulderblades of Lynch, sending him flying through the ropes and out onto the floor next to Crowley!]

GM: Crowley with the distraction and The Lost Boy makes him pay for it!

[The Lost Boy starts to pursue but the referee steps in, forcing him back...

...which gives Doctor Harrison Fawcett the chance to rush in, stomping and kicking the downed Travis Lynch.]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: You should've heard the disgusting things that Stench just said to Harrison to provoke that!

GM: I heard nothing!

BW: Well, they say the first thing to go is your ears, Gordo.

GM: Fawcett backs off before the referee spots him and... now it's The Lost Boy coming out after him, pulling Lynch off the floor by the hair...

[Using that same grip on the hair, The Lost Boy HURLS Lynch into the ringside steel barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The National Champion gets put into the steel!

BW: Juan Vasquez has gotta be sitting back there loving this, Gordo. He's watching the guy he's going to face in about four weeks' time for the National Title on the biggest show of the year take a beating that he didn't even have to take!

[The Lost Boy drags Vasquez off the railing, scooping him up in his powerful arms...]

GM: Look out! Look out!

[...and SLAMS him down on the barely-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BIG SLAM ON THE FLOOR! Good grief!

[The Lost Boy lets loose a howl as Fawcett nods approvingly, shouting at his beast to put Travis Lynch back inside the ring. He obliges, rolling Lynch under the bottom rope before climbing up on the apron...]

GM: Lynch is down... the Lost Boy is up and looking for his next plan of attack.

BW: I don't think someone like The Lost Boy ever plans his attacks... he just kinda... does them.

[The Lost Boy steps back into the ring as Travis tries to stir off the mat, planting a boot into the back of the head... and another... and another, causing Lynch to flip over onto his back where the wild one steps down on the throat!]

GM: Oh, come on, ref! That's a choke!

[The referee is shouting at The Lost Boy, counting quickly as the Fawcett Family pet strangles the air out of the National Champion.]

GM: The Lost Boy's gonna get disqualified here!

[But at the count of four - and a shout from Fawcett - The Lost Boy backs off, wandering around the ring, hitting himself in the temple with an open palm.]

GM: This guy is sick in the head, Bucky. I don't know what Fawcett did to him in his den of despair but...

BW: Den of despair? I like that! I bet Harrison will too. I'll have to discuss it with him over dinner.

GM: Ever the unbiased announcer, fans... Bucky Wilde.

[The Lost Boy drops down to all fours, barking and snarling as he crawls towards Travis Lynch who grabs his throat, rolling over to his hands and knees...]

...where The Lost Boy propels himself forward, smashing his head into Travis', sending him flailing back to the mat.]

GM: The Lost Boy climbing to his feet after that headbutt and... wait a second... he's going up!

[Wandering to the corner, The Lost Boy grabs the back of his own hair, smashing his face into the top turnbuckle three times...]

GM: What kind of human being hits himself into the corner like that?!

BW: He's more animal now than man... twisted and evil.

GM: I'm sure. And now he's climbing up on the second rope... looking for that so-called Caveman Crunch!

[The Lost Boy stands tall on the second rope, raising his arms over his head...]

GM: SWANDIVE!

[...but he finds nothing but canvas as Travis Lynch rolls to the side, drawing big cheers from the New Orleans crowd!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Lynch staggers to his feet as The Lost Boy does the same, throwing a left hand to the jaw... and another... and another...]

GM: Travis Lynch hammering away at his opponent...

[Ducking under, Travis lifts The Lost Boy over his shoulder, setting him down in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Ohh! That'll leave The Lost Boy howling all night!

[Backing into the ropes, Travis rebounds, leaping into the air to connect with a flying forearm smash! Lynch crawls into a cover, hooking a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But The Lost Boy powers out, shoving his way out of the lateral press.]

GM: No, no! Two count only there for The Lost Boy as he powers out in time!

[Lynch claps his hands together in frustration as he climbs off the mat, dragging The Lost Boy up by the arm and rocketing him towards the corner...]

GM: Whips him in... and A CLOTHESLINE FOLLOWS HIM IN!

[The blow staggers The Lost Boy as Travis pivots, hooking a side headlock...]

GM: Out of the corner and DOWN with a running bulldog!

[The Lost Boy lies facefirst on the mat as Lynch climbs to his feet, holding his left hand aloft again...]

GM: And again, Travis Lynch is calling for that Discus Punch!

[Travis backs off, clapping his hands together over his head... and again... and again, getting the fans to do the same, clapping their hands and stomping their feet in rhythm as The Lost Boy pushes up off the mat, trying to get back to his feet...]

...where Lynch goes into a full spin and BLASTS The Lost Boy with a left hand to the jaw, sending him flying through the air and down to the mat!]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH CONNECTS!

[Lynch dives across The Lost Boy, hooking both legs deeply as the referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[But before Travis can even celebrate, he gets smashed with a diving forearm to the back of the head by Porter Crowley!]

GM: Oh! Come on!

[The referee protests as Harrison Fawcett shouts from his spot on the floor. Crowley grabs Lynch by the hair, dragging him to his feet where he slams his skull into the eyesocket!]

GM: Headbutt!

BW: Crowley's gonna make this kid so ugly, these idiot girls that cheer for Lynch will be cheering for Pretty Porter instead!

[He sinks his teeth... literally... into Travis Lynch, gnawing at his forehead as the crowd recoils in horror.]

GM: Crowley's biting him, fans!

[He throws Lynch into the corner, kicking away at his body as the crowd continues to jeer...

...when suddenly, the crowd EXPLODES in cheers!]

GM: VASQUEZ! JUAN VASQUEZ!

[The People's Hero makes a wild sprint down the aisle, diving headfirst under the bottom rope into the ring. The crowd reaction spins Crowley towards the incoming Vasquez...

...but Vasquez keeps on coming, taking Crowley off his feet with a double-leg takedown. He slides right into the mount, pummeling Crowley with closed fists as the New Orleans crowd loses it!]

GM: Can you believe it?! Juan Vasquez came out here to SAVE the man he'll challenge for the National Title in four weeks at SuperClash!

[Vasquez is hammering Crowley into the mat when The Lost Boy gets back to his feet, staggering towards him...

...but gets before he can get his hands on Vasquez, The Lost Boy gets dropped with a running clothesline by Travis Lynch drawing another big cheer!]

GM: LYNCH DROPS THE LOST BOY!

[On opposite sides of the ring, Lynch and Vasquez quickly dispose of their dance partners, sending Crowley and The Lost Boy out to the floor to the cheers of the New Orleans fans!]

GM: THEY'VE CLEARED THE RING! ALRIGHT!

BW: Talk about being unbiased. You're too much, Gordo.

[Lynch throws his arms up, shouting outside towards Doctor Harrison Fawcett who is trying to regroup and get his guys away from the ring. Vasquez is shouting at Anton Layton from the second turnbuckle as Lynch turns around, marching across the ring towards him...

...and pulls him down by the arm, sticking a finger in Vasquez' face!]

GM: What the...?

BW: What an ungrateful little toad!

GM: Travis Lynch is telling Vasquez that he didn't need his help... that he had it under control!

[Vasquez points outside the ring to the Fawcett Family, trying to justify his actions as the words get more heated between the two competitors.]

GM: Uh oh! This is getting to be a problem, fans.

[Lynch shoves Vasquez in the chest, sending him back against the ropes. An irate Vasquez returns fire, shoving the National Champion and getting back into his face.]

GM: Lynch and Vasquez are nose to nose and this might break down at any moment.

[A handful of AWA officials and security hit the ring, trying to keep the two men back away from another as they shout at each other.]

GM: We've got some help in there, trying to restore the peace but...

[The referees are talking to both men, trying to calm everyone down.]

GM: Some hot heads inside that ring right now... some really hot tempers.

[After a few more moments, Travis Lynch steps forward...

...and extends his hand towards Juan Vasquez to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Oh yeah! That's what I like to see!

[Vasquez stares at Lynch for several long moments. Travis insistently sticks out his hand again...

...and Vasquez accepts it, drawing big cheers from the crowd.]

GM: There's the handshake! And these two men - two of the most popular competitors in the AWA - manage to keep the peace just four weeks before their big showdown in Houston, Texas!

[Vasquez breaks away from Lynch, doing the "belt gesture" towards him. With a grin, Lynch gets the title belt handed to him, holding it up into the air.]

GM: And that's what it's all about, fans... the AWA National Title. That's what it's about right now and that's definitely what it'll be about on Thanksgiving Night at SuperClash! We're going to take a quick break but we'll be right back with another member of the Lynch family, Jack, who has a lot on his mind after what went down two weeks ago. Don't go away, we'll be right back!

[A black screen slowly fades to a graphic that reads as follows, accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[And then we cut to a grainy handheld camera, walking around the ringside floor of a small arena. Dimly lit and filled to capacity, the arena boasts a crowd that is loud and rowdy.]

VOICEOVER: The whole world has its eyes on Dallas, every Saturday Night.

[We get a couple of quick clips from Saturday Night Wrestling, of major stars in action. Juan Vasquez hitting the right cross on Stevie Scott. Alphonse Green nailing Dave Cooper with the Hunger Strike. Jack Lynch chasing Demetrius Lake in an effort to Claw him. After this, we go back to the handheld. The user is climbing the ring steps, giving us a first person view of what it must be like for a wrestler to enter that ring.]

VOICEOVER: But what about those two weeks in between? You hear us promote the great action all over Texas and nearby states. And every summer, we travel all around the world. No TV production; just a gala featuring the AWA stars and a few thousand of their closest friends.

[The cameraman walks around the ring, filming the crowd. There are about five thousand here, and a sign that bids all welcome to the Cal Farley Coliseum in Amarillo, Texas.]

VO: What great matches have we never seen? How much blood was spilled in the pursuit of a dream, and we never knew?

[Now more clips... in less professionally-produced areas. The clips feature not only current, but former AWA stars. We see Rick Marley with a flying headscissors taking down Shadoe Rage. We see The Rave diving out of the ring at the Blonde Bombers. We see MAMMOTH Maximus pressing Kolya Sudakov overhead. We see Calisto Dufrense using the ringpost to free himself from the grip of Glenn Hudson. And we see Hannibal Carver slugging it out with Hercules Hammonds.]

VO: They're called "house shows". Classic matches, held in arenas all over the United States, seen only by the fans in attendance. But the AWA did have cameras at some of these events... and captured some of these intense battles. And now, for the first time ever, you can witness them too.

[We get a product screen featuring a DVD Set: AWA Signature Series Volume Three: House Show Classics. The cover features a montage of images from each clip shown above.]

VO: The AWA Signature Series, Volume Three. House Show Classics, featuring unaired matches from the entire AWA run.

[As each match below is mentioned, we get a clip of it...]

VO: See... From 2013, Calisto Dufrense defends the AWA World Heavyweight Championship against the World Television Champion Glenn Hudson.

From 2012, James Monosso defends the very same title against Dave Cooper.

From 2009, a 15-man West Texas Bunkhouse Battle Royal.

From 2010, Stevie Scott defends the National Title against Vernon Riley.

From 2013, Dave Bryant defends the World Television Title against Mr. Sadisuto.

From 2011, Nenshou defends the same belt against James Lynch.

From 2013, The Blonde Bombers defend the World Tag Team Titles against The Rave.

[Back to the product splash.]

And besides these seven great matches, there are eleven other great contests. Eighteen matches in all, on a two DVD set. Special features include...

[A clip of a variety of young wrestlers setting up a ring... some of whom we recognize as stars today.]

VO: ...a behind the scenes documentary on the travels and travails of life on the road...

[And then another of a training session at the Combat Corner.]

VO: ...and an exclusive look inside the Combat Corner over the years. See some of the friendships and rivalries that formed before they were stars!

AWA Signature Series Volume Three, House Show Classics. Available today from Amazon, Best Buy, and AWAsShop.com. Get yours today!

[One last look at the product screen, and the commercial ends...

...and as we come back up, the opening notes of the Black Keys' "Hard Row" blares over the loudspeakers and the screams of the New Orleans fans threatens to drown out Auerbach and Carney entirely. The roar only grows louder as the curtain is pulled aside, and out steps the distinctive long and lanky figure of Jack Lynch. As he always is, the King of Cowboys is dressed all in black, from the cowboy hat atop his head to the long black duster that covers his black t-shirt and black jeans. As the camera zooms in on Lynch's face, we can see that his expression is troubled, and he remains haunted by what happened two weeks ago.]

GM: There, Bucky, is a man with a lot on his mind.

BW: You're a damn liar, Gordo. No Stench has ever had a lot on his mind. The last time a Stench had an idea, it died of loneliness!

GM: Bucky! Show some respect. Jack Lynch has endured one setback after the other this year, and what happened two weeks ago with Matt Lance... who we found out is actually Matt Lynch... would be enough to break just about any man.

BW: Couldn't happen to a better Stench, if ya ask me!

[Lynch enters the ring and moves to its center. Microphone in hand, he looks out over the crowd, and waits for their cheers to settle.]

JL: Bear with me, 'cuz I'm gonna tell a story.

[There's a cheer that comes from the crowd at that. Who doesn't love a Jack Lynch story?]

JL: But I'm gonna warn ya right now – this one ain't got a happy endin'.

It starts with a young kid, sittin' on a hard plastic chair in the "world famous" Sportatorium. Now, lemme tell y'all somethin', that place mighta looked fancy on the outside, but it was nothin' but a damned sweatbox on the inside. Somehow, the owners never got told about air conditionin'. And when ya pack a thousand or more people into a tin box with no air circulation? Well, the results ain't pretty.

But there I was, young Jack Lynch, sittin' up in the cheap seats, because son or not, Blackjack Lynch ain't compin' no one tickets and he damn sure didn't give me enough allowance to afford ringside seats.

[The crowd chuckles along with Jack at this.]

JL: Watchin' my daddy take on one challenger after another. And I saw 'em all fall before him.

I grew up in those stands. And I knew that, someday, I was gonna be in that squared circle, raisin' hell and kickin' ass.

And that's what happened.

Now, I ain't ever been what you'd call someone with extravagant tastes. I'm a simple man, and for most of my life, I ain't ever had to do anything but wander from town to town, livin' the life I wanted to live, doin' the things I wanted to do.

All I ever needed in my life was a bottle of cold Lone Star beer and a bowl of Texas Red. Which, as y'all know, don't have any damn beans in it.

[Lynch cracks a slight smile, getting cheers from the crowd.]

JL: And in wrestlin', all I ever needed was a place to do what I do best. I've been everywhere in this world, and ain't never needed nothin' more than to be told what city to go to next. It was the life I chose, and I tell ya what, I've had a damn good time livin' it.

But then, a couple of years ago, life started to change.

I left Missouri and came back to Texas. Not to PCW, but to the AWA. Me, Jimmy and Trav all made our debut, and afterwards, we all headed out to the bar. And what did I see but Miss Texas herself, Tamara Kay Bradshaw, in all her big haired glory.

By now, y'all know we got married, and wild eyed Jack Lynch settled down, just a little bit. I'm still kickin' ass, but I raised just a little less hell, if ya know what I mean.

But one thing didn't change about me. I was still just doin' whatever I felt like in the ring. Me and Jimmy took the Stampede Cup and the National Tag titles, and it never mattered to me that I had to share the winner's purse, because what made me happy was wrestlin' with Jimmy at my side.

I spent a year chasin' those damned Bullies because the only thing I wanted was revenge what they did to Jimmy. And I never thought about all the title opportunities that slipped by me, never thought about all the things I coulda done to improve my standin', because none of that mattered as much as pursuin' my own interests.

Then Demetrius Lake showed his big ugly mug here in the AWA, and I let even more opportunities pass me by, because I was blinded by how much I hate that low down son of a...

[Lynch self-censors, shaking his head.]

JL: Nothin' mattered to me more than takin' him out.

And through it all, Tammy Kay never said nothin'. She never pointed out how much better it'd have been if I'd been just a little selfish, if I'd focused more on my career and less on goin' to war.

But just before last year's SuperClash, things changed.

That's when my beautiful baby girl, Jamie Christina was born.

[As the crowd cheers, Lynch removes his hat, running his fingers through his hair.]

JL: And after SuperClash was over, when I got home, Tammy Kay was sittin' there with that look on her face that every husband knows, and she said the words that every husband dreads.

"We gotta talk."

Which meant, she had to talk, and I had to listen.

And what she said was real simple. My world had changed. I wasn't just livin' for myself. I needed to more than put food on the table. I had a daughter now, and that meant I had to stop thinkin' about the moment and start buildin' for the future. She told me that I'd always stood for family, but now, the family I had to stand for was her and Jamie Christina. It was time for to stop bein' big brother, and start bein' dad.

And she was right.

So I made a promise to her that night. I told her that, from here on out, it'd be business. Oh, I wasn't quittin' wrestlin', hell no. But I had to make it about business. I had to stop gettin' sidetracked, and start focusin' on gettin' ahead. It was time for me to start thinkin' about the prize.

So I vowed that there would be no more endless blood feuds. I promised that every match would be about gettin' the World Title that no Lynch has ever won. I swore that I'd never pass up an opportunity to help my family in order to get vengeance or make a point. I swore that me and Bobby would win the Cup, and that every cent of that million dollar prize I was splittin' with him would be put in a place that ensured little Jamie Christina never had to want for anything in life.

And Supreme Wright, you made a damned liar out of me!

[Lynch is shaking with the intensity of the emotions he's feeling.]

JL: I was ready, Wright, to stop bein' the man I was.

All I wanted was to get in that ring and take care of business. What I wanted, Wright, was to leave everything in the arena, and not take any of it home with me.

I wanted to be a father, Wright!

I wanted to go home at the end of the night, read my baby girl her bedtime stories, tuck her in, and focus on bein' the best father I could be.

And you dragged me into this twisted little war that you've waged on Ryan Martinez!

You damn near crippled me, almost ruined my arm. You know how many weeks I had to sit at home, unable to hold my beautiful little girl in my arms? You have any idea how it feels, havin' to watch your baby cry, and know that ya can't even hold her to comfort her?

You took that away from me, Supreme Wright, and I'll never forgive ya for that.

But more than what ya did to me physically, it's what ya did to my mind that crossed the line. Because even after I recovered, I wasn't able to enjoy bein' a father. I'd get home, and all I could think about was you. I'd be out in the park with little Jamie Christina, and I'd find myself thinkin' about all the ways I wanted to hurt ya.

I shoulda spent this year lovin' my new daughter and provin' to my wife that I can be a good husband and father, and all I've been able to do is obsess about endin' another man's career.

I lost my chance to win the Rumble. I lost my chance at winnin' the Cup.

And thanks to you, I've lost my brother.

[Lynch pauses, letting the crowd buzz over that statement.]

JL: I don't what you did to Matt. I don't know how you twisted his head around. But you stole the most important thing from me, my family.

And ya did it twice!

From now on, every time the family gets together, all I'll see is the empty chair where Matt used to sit. From now on, every time I think back on the early years of my daughter's life, it'll be tainted by the hatred I feel for you.

You put a hole in my family, Supreme Wright, and there ain't no way to fix it. The damage you've done is permanent.

But there is somethin' I can do about it.

Because two weeks ago, when I looked up into Matt's face and saw how twisted he'd become, and especially when I heard your words, I realized that you were more correct than you even imagined.

It has been about family this whole damn time.

It started out that way... and it'll end that way too.

I can't undo the damage that's been done. I can't take back the fact that, because of you, I broke my promise. I can't get back those early days with my daughter.

But I can damn sure put an end to this once and for all.

At SuperClash... in Houston, Texas... with the entire world watching, I'm comin' for you, Supreme Wright. I'm comin' for you, I'm comin' for Cain Jackson, I'm comin' for all of Team Supreme, and you bet your ass that means Matt too.

And I'm puttin' every single one of you down!

Me and you, in Houston, Wright. One last time. In front of the whole world. You step into that ring and you give me my chance at endin' this.

[Lynch throws the mic down after this, as the crowd roars.]

GM: Wow! Jack Lynch laying his soul bare before the millions of people watching this show! Telling the world how he feels about his war with Supreme Wright and what it's done to his family... to his wife... to his daughter.

BW: Gotta love a good ol' fashioned Lynch sob story but the fact is, he can blame Supreme Wright all he wants... but this is on him. Matt Lynch... I've talked to Matt Lynch, Gordo... I've heard the stories. This is on the Lynch family... NOT Supreme Wright.

GM: Nevertheless, the challenge has been issued. Jack Lynch. Supreme Wright. One more time. And do you think Wright will accept the challenge, Bucky?

BW: You're damn right he will... and if Jack Lynch thinks the last year has been hell, wait until he steps into the ring with the man who just might be the greatest professional wrestler in the world today. The past year's been a walk in the park compared to that, daddy.

GM: We're going to do our best to get a response from Supreme Wright before we go off the-

BW: We're not gonna have to wait, Gordo!

[The cheers quickly shift to an explosion of boos, as "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play over the PA system, announcing the arrival of Supreme Wright, with Cain Jackson and Matt Lance in tow.]

Wright is dressed in a three-piece Herringbone olive green tweed suit with a maroon silk tie and a plaid overcoat worn atop his shoulders. He stops at the top of the aisle, not making any attempt to move closer to the ring. Staring at Jack Lynch with an expression-less face, Wright brings the microphone in his hand up to his lips.]

SW: That was a real nice story, Jack. A beautiful testament to just how far you lost your way. And it proves without a shadow of a doubt why you should be grateful to have me in your life.

[Inside the ring, we hear Lynch shouting, "GRATEFUL!?! THE HELL I AM!"]

SW: Because Tammy Kay is an idiot and you're a damn fool.

[Lynch's eyes grow wide with rage at Wright's statement, but he keeps as calm as best he can, not wanting to fall into another trap...yet. Wright simply smirks at Lynch's restraint.]

SW: What did you call it? A..."business"? Did you and your shrew have the damn NERVE to call this sport I love and cherish just a business?

[It's Wright's turn to have eyes grow wide with anger as he screams into the microphone, losing whatever control he had over his own emotions.]

SW: YOU THINK THIS IS JUST A BUSINESS!?!?!?!?

[And just as quickly, the mask returns, Wright becoming the absolute picture of calm.]

SW: No, Jack. This is life.

THIS.

IS.

LIFE.

[He speaks the words with every ounce of hate in his body. Venomous syllables aiming for Jack Lynch's ears.]

SW: And it's a damn insult to think I've wasted nearly a year of my life on a man that doesn't even have the respect to treat the most important thing IN his life as nothing more than a cash grab. You can't become a World Champion... You can't win a Stampede Cup... You don't become a millionaire by treating this merely as a "business." And it makes me sick to my damn stomach to think you tried to.

You lie to yourself and say it's all about family, Jack...but your "family" isn't Tammy Kay or Jamie Christina. Those are distractions. Those are diversions. Those are burdens holding you back from the things truly important in life. You hate me because you couldn't hold Jamie Christina in your arms?

[Wright laughs. As odd as that sounds, Supreme Wright laughs.]

SW: No, you should hate me because I prevented you from being able to step into MY ring. You should hate me because I made you realize just what an abomination you'd become. You should hate me, because you hate yourself for forgetting that professional wrestling isn't something you can just take off and leave in the locker room while you travel back home. And I swear boy, if I have to travel down to Dallas and slap a Sugar Hold on Jamie Christina to make you understand that, then I will!

[The crowd roars with boos as Jack grabs the top rope, using every fiber of his being to stop himself from charging up the aisle.]

GM: Jamie Christina...Jamie Christina is just an infant! Not even a year old! This is vile and disgusting! Supreme Wright is sick in the head!

BW: Oh come on, I'm sure Jack was younger than that when Blackjack first slapped the Claw on him!

GM: Will you stop?

[Meanwhile, Wright points a finger into the air, circling it around the arena.]

SW: This...

...THIS is everything to a professional wrestler. And almost took it all away from me.

So isn't it only fair that I try to take away everything you THINK is important to you?

[A smirk.]

SW: You want to settle this in MY ring, Jack Lynch? In front of God, country, Texas and BlackJack Lynch?

[Supreme turns to Matt Lance and the two smile at each other before Wright turns his attention back to Lynch.]

SW: I'll give you that opportunity.

[The crowd roars...]

SW: BUT...

...only if you wrestle under MY terms.

[...and then begins to jeer.]

SW: I'll give you the chance to end this. But ONLY if I get to decide the brand of Hell you'll have to go through to do it.

Take it or leave it.

[Inside the ring, Jack Lynch has an unsure look on his face. He looks around at the crowd and then stares down at the canvas, before finally looking at Wright, full filled with conviction.]

JL: Name your terms...and I promise, I'll drag you down straight to Hell!

[Big Pop!]

JL: Well? What are they, Wright?

What are they!?

[Wright stares at Lynch for a long time, before grinning...]

SW: I'll see you in two weeks, Jack.

[...and walking away, leaving to a roar of boos from the crowd.]

GM: In two weeks? What does that mean?

BW: I think it's pretty clear, isn't it? Supreme Wright intends to let Jack Lynch know in two weeks exactly what stipulations he wants on their final showdown!

GM: More mind games being played by Supreme Wright but nonetheless, we've got ourselves another HUGE addition to the SuperClash lineup as Supreme Wright and Jack Lynch collide for perhaps the final time but right now, we wanted to inform you that there will be no Top Ten Rundown this week or next as the AWA Championship Committee has elected to freeze the rankings where they are until after SuperClash. The Top Ten Rundown will return after Thanksgiving but right now, we're going back up to the ring for more Saturday Night Wrestling action!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring, from Beverly Hills, California... "PIN UP BOY" KENNETH DOLLLLLLL!

[Doll poses for the crowd to little reaction.]

PW: And his opponent, hailing from Avery Island, Louisiana. Former AWA Tag Team Champion. Former AWA National Champion. Former AWA World Champion... "LADYKILLER" CALISTOOOOO DUUUUUUFREESSSSSSSSSSNEEE!!!!

["Sharp Dressed Man" by ZZ Top comes blaring through the Smoothie King Center as many in the crowd jump to their feet and Calisto Dufresne appears in the entryway.]

GM: Is that...?

BW: I never thought I'd see the day where these knuckleheaded fans are CHEERING Calisto Dufresne. They should have been doing it for years like I have!

GM: Perhaps it's the home state fans. Perhaps it's the recent turn of events with Johnny Dets-

BW: Turn of events? TURN OF EVENTS?! You mean when Dufresne ROBBED Johnny Detson of his shot at the World Title at SuperClash?!

GM: I thought they should cheer him like you have.

BW: I have... I have... in the past! But Calisto Dufresne, in my opinion, crossed a line two weeks ago when he interfered in that battle between Johnny Detson and Casanova. Detson DESERVES that shot at SuperClash... he belongs in that match at SuperClash...

GM: But he's not in it... and that's thanks to Calisto Dufresne and could be a very big reason why he's hearing the cheers here tonight.

[Dufresne doesn't seem to care one bit about the cheers from the crowd. The hometown boy is clad in long black trunks with his blond hair pulled back into a pony tail, focusing his hawk-like features. He does not look the least bit happy as he marches towards the ring.]

GM: Nobody has ever accused Calisto Dufresne of not being focused and that certainly remains the case tonight, Bucky.

BW: He should have his head on a swivel after what he did to Johnny Detson!

GM: For what Johnny Detson did to him!

[Dufresne climbs up the ring steps and through the ropes as the crowd calms down a bit.]

GM: Dufresne is clearly still fuming over Johnny Detson's betrayal.

BW: Calisto should be more pragmatic about the whole thing. His employer didn't find his advice to be sound and replaced him. Simple as that!

[Doll saunters out to the middle of the ring, where Dufresne stares at him completely unimpressed. Doll gyrates his hips (which elicits a shriek from a female Louisianian in the crowd) before reaching back and open-hand slapping Dufresne across the face!]

GM: Oh my! Kenneth Doll with a blatant show of disrespect to Calisto Dufresne!

[Dufresne looks shocked for a moment as he turns his head from the blow. His nostrils flare a bit before turning back to look at Doll who looks at the Ladykiller smugly.]

BW: I know what the old Ladykiller would do right here, daddy!

[Apparently the old Ladykiller is still in there somewhere because Dufresne quickly drops to one knee and...]

GM: LOW BLOW FROM DUFRESNE!

BW: That's the Ladykiller we know and love!

[Doll's eyes nearly bug out of his head as the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: That was before the bell so it's totally- wait a second!

[Dufresne quickly hooks him and lifts him into the air...]

BW: WHAM, BAM, THANK YOU MA'AM!

[It's elementary at this point as Dufresne quickly hooks a leg for an easy three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Dufresne pushes off of Doll, a furious expression still on his face as he climbs to his feet, dragging an unconscious Doll with him...

...and unceremoniously tosses Doll out of the ring as "Sharp Dressed Man" kicks in over the PA system.]

PW: Your winner of the mat-

[Watson gets cut off as Dufresne motions at him to toss him the house mic. The crowd is still buzzing a bit, not quite sure what to make of Dufresne at this point. Dufresne paces around the ring, looking none too happy.]

CD: Johnny. Detson.

[Heel pop.]

CD: I can see why Hannibal Carver enjoys dropping you on your head so much. Johnny, did you REALLY think that I was going to slink away and never be heard from again? That I would let you get the best of Calisto Dufresne and just call it a day? I'm not Eric Somers. I'm not some schmuck from Phoenix, my man.

While you were wasting your career away in the desert, I was backstabbing and double-dealing before I could legally drink a beer. There's no trick I don't know and there's no dirty tactic that I won't employ to get to the top.

[Dufresne begins pacing around the ring.]

CD: I admit, I misjudged your lack of foresight. I assumed you knew what it would take to make it to the top of the mountain. Having been on top of the mountain numerous times myself, I assumed you would take my sage advice and run with it. But no, you wanted to do things Johnny's way. We can see how far that's gotten you.

[A snort of derision from the former World Champion. He turns, looking out on the crowd who are reacting with a mixed response to his words. Dufresne points to them.]

CD: These fans and I have never seen eye to eye. And I certainly don't expect that to change anytime soon. But they're going to treat me like Juan Vasquez 2-point-0 when I send you packing back to selling out high school gyms!

[That gets a cheer! Dufresne nods.]

CD: There's only one man who's been at every single SuperClash. And that man doesn't seem to have anything to do that night, so what I recommend – check that – DEMAND is that the stiffs upstairs book a date for you and I in Houston for SuperClash VII!

[Big pop!]

CD: These fans have never appreciated my way of doing business from day one. But when that way of doing business cleans up the waste of space that is Johnny Detson, I assure you they'll look the other way.

Because Johnny, while I may have taken you under my wing and taught you every underhanded tactic you know, I didn't teach you every underhanded tactic that _I_ know-

[And before Dufresne can finish speaking, Johnny Detson comes sliding underneath the ropes from behind, steel chair in hand. He comes to his feet, winding up the seat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK!

[The blow knocks Dufresne down to his knees, crumpling to all fours as a fuming Detson looks down at the Ladykiller.]

GM: Johnny Detson out of nowhere with the chair!

BW: Where the heck did he even come from?! I didn't even see him!

GM: Detson will sink to any depth, drop to any level, in order to do his dirty work!

[With Dufresne on all fours, Detson winds up a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! ANOTHER SHOT TO THE BACK!

[Dufresne flattens on the canvas as Detson stands over him, chair still in hand. He suddenly opens up the chair, setting it down on the mat. He sits down in it, glaring at Dufresne.]

JD: You...

[The crowd JEERS! Detson looks agitated at them.]

JD: You... think you deserve a match with ME?!

[Detson angrily shakes his head.]

JD: This is what you deserve from me, Dufresne. This is ALL you deserve from me. All the time... all the effort... right here is all you get.

[Detson stands up, pulling Dufresne by his blonde hair to his knees...

...and SLAMS the end of the mic down on the forehead!]

GM: Oh!

[Detson steps behind Dufresne, jamming the metal end of the mic repeatedly into the forehead over and over and over...]

GM: Detson's snapped! He's come after Dufresne like a madman!

[Throwing Dufresne down to the mat, Detson climbs atop him, holding a handful of blonde hair with his left hand while repeatedly slamming his right hand's knuckles into the forehead.]

GM: Detson's pounding him into the mat! Just beating the tar out of him with-

[Pulling Dufresne up by the hair, Detson turns him around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and SLAMS his face down onto the open steel chair seat!]

GM: Good grief!

[Dufresne falls flat on his face on the chair, arms up over his head as Detson stands over him.]

JD: Let this be a lesson to anyone who thinks they can stand between me and the World Title. NO ONE gets in my way. NO ONE is safe! Hannibal Carver is down in some bar on Bourbon Street thinking he's safe... he's not. Ryan Martinez is in the locker room thinking he's safe... he's not either!

[Detson uses his boot to flip Dufresne off the chair, putting him on his back on the mat. The crowd gasps as a stream of blood is now coming down the forehead of the Ladykiller clear as day.]

GM: Oh! He's been busted open, Bucky.

BW: Hey, Johnny said no one's safe if they get between him and the World Title! He's proving that right about now!

[Detson smirks as he steps closer to Dufresne who has rolled to all fours.]

JD: And now? Now, we're finished, Dufres-

[Dufresne HURLS himself into a double-leg takedown, taking Detson off his feet. Blood is streaming down the head of the Ladykiller, the crowd roaring as he starts pounding Detson into the mat!]

GM: DUFRESNE! DUFRESNE'S NOT DONE YET!

[Dufresne is hammering the head of Johnny Detson whose arms are promptly up over his head, trying to defend himself!]

GM: CALISTO DUFRESNE ISN'T DONE WITH JOHNNY DETSON! THEY'RE NOT FINISHED AT ALL!

[Dufresne is pummeling Detson with the crowd now solidly behind him...

...but Detson is able to slip a hand up between the arms, sticking a finger into the eye of Dufresne!]

GM: Oh! Detson goes to the eyes!

[Detson climbs back to his feet...

...and BOOTS Dufresne in the groin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Kenneth Doll sends his regards!

[Dufresne crumples down to the canvas, clutching his groin as Detson falls to the mat, rolling out to the floor. He's shouting angrily at Dufresne as he stalks back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: Johnny Detson may think this is over but I don't think so, Bucky! I don't think this is over at all!

BW: It should be! Dufresne should've learned his lesson here tonight. NO ONE gets between Johnny Detson and the World Title! There is NOTHING he won't do to get his hands on that World Title!

[Detson is still laying the badmouth on Dufresne from a distance as he makes his exit... and we fade to black.

We cut from black on the opening note of Thin Lizzy's "The Boys Are Back In Town" on a shot of Travis, Jack, and James Lynch backstage at an AWA event, cowboy boots up on a table as they play cards and laugh.

On the next power chord, we cut to a shot of Juan Vasquez pointing towards the ring next to Eric Preston, miming throwing a right hand. They appear to be in the old WKIK Studios.

The next one brings a cut to Supreme Wright inside a rundown industrial warehouse. He's running in place before dropping down flat on his stomach on the mat, pushing up to his feet and doing it all over again. Nearby is Todd Michaelson, whistle dangling from his mouth.

The third one in the set cuts to Air Strike at a fan event, signing autographs and posing for pictures with the assembled masses. Cody Mertz grins as two girls sandwich him with kisses on the cheeks.

A fourth power chord and cut reveals Brian James, drenched in sweat and shadowboxing against a wall of an empty Crockett Coliseum.

The next goes to Dave Cooper standing in a corner with Eric Matthew Somers, obviously some older footage as Calisto Dufresne stands nearby, a smile on his face as Cooper is regaling them with some story.

Another cut - this one to Hannibal Carver popping the top on a beer and handing it over to Derrick Williams who clinks beer cans with the veteran before they throw them back in tandem.

The next cut shows Supernova in front of a mirror, applying his own facepaint as Jason Dane stands nearby, talking to the young lion.

Back to the next series of chords and another cut, this time to Skywalker Jones, Hercules Hammonds, and Buford P. Higgins arriving at a venue. Jones is wearing dark sunglasses and waves a dismissive hand at the camera as Hammonds proceeds to rip off his t-shirt and strike a double bicep pose while Higgins mugs for the camera in the background.

Then to Bobby O'Connor standing with his grandpa Karl while Karl has some poor backstage worker by the upper body, grabbing an arm as Bobby nods in understanding.

The next one goes to Doctor Harrison Fawcett and Brian Lau peeking through the curtain at a live event, watching the action inside the ring from the backstage area.

And one final power chord in the intro takes us to Ryan Martinez, sitting in a pair of folding chairs with his legendary father. The two men are deep in conversation as workers walk around them.

The lyrics kick in with a shot of "Diamond" Rob Driscoll flipping Hercules Hammonds over the top rope to eliminate him to win the Brass Ring Battle Royal!]

#Guess who just got back today?#

[Tony Donovan leaps into the air, catching his own father flush on the chin with a leaping superkick!]

#Those wild-eyed boys that had been away#

[Andrew Sterling, clad in a Derek Jeter jersey, delivers a baseball slide dropkick onto a Tree of Woe'd Donnie White!]

#Haven't changed, haven't much to say#

[Former World Champion Dave Bryant locks the Iron Crab on a screaming Larry Doyle.]

#But man, I still think them cats are great#

[Travis Lynch gives the NYC crowd a thrill as he spans Sunshine in the middle of the ring.]

#They were asking if you were around#

[A barrage of quick highlights from the annual Steal The Spotlight showcase - Bobby O'Connor dropping Terry Shane with the Fear the Reaper lariat, Derrick Williams hitting the spinebuster on Joshua Barnes, Callum Mahoney shatters the Catch Wrestling trophy over the head of Sultan Azam Sharif!]

#How you was, where you could be found#

[Johnny Detson ducks down, causing Supernova to hit his head on the steel ringpost with a Heat Wave attempt... and then coldcocks Calisto Dufresne with that Black Beauty glove to win the match.]

#I told them you were living downtown#

[Shadoc Rage starts his record-settling World Television Title reign, delivering a running knee strike to the head of Tony Sunn.]

#Driving all the old men crazy#

[Hannibal Carver breaks a hockey stick across the back of Wade Walker!]

#The boys are back in town#

[Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes HURL Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons through the air into one another out of powerbomb positions!]

#The boys are back in tooooooown#

[Jack Lynch uses a leather strap on Demetrius Lake, wearing out the Black Tiger... and then a quick shot of Casey James and Tiger Claw using the Syndicutter on TORA!]

#The boys are back in town#

[From there, we get an early exchange between World Champion Supreme Wright and challenger Ryan Martinez as they tear into each other with a barrage of open-handed strikes... then Supreme Wright getting Yakuza kicked off the ring apron through the Spanish Announce table... and finally, the Brainbuster that wins the World Title for the AWA's White Knight.]

#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 - 26 days"... and we fade to black...]

We cut to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by.]

SLB: We are back here LIVE in New Orleans... LIVE on The X for Saturday Night Wrestling where I am hoping to get a word with Johnny Detson about what has just transpired.

[With that, Detson comes hustling into the picture, not really noticing Blackwell as he is too busy looking over his shoulder.]

SLB: Johnny, a word? Johnny? Johnny Detson!

[Detson stops looks at Blackwell and then over his shoulder before back at Blackwell. Detson is disheveled and out of breath.]

JD: What?!

SLB: Surely after what has transpired here tonight, you have a different opinion of Calisto Dufresne?

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: I do not. I think I proved who was superior in the ring out there just now...

[Detson trails off as he looks over his shoulder.]

SLB: Well, as fate may have it, I have just been informed that based on what has gone down these past couple of weeks that President O'Neill has made the match for SuperClash – Johnny Detson versus Calisto Dufresne!

[Detson stops looking over his shoulder and glares at Blackwell.]

JD: HE WHAT?!

SLB: The match has been made–

[Detson cuts off the interviewer.]

JD: Oh no, no, no! Perhaps that senile old fool O'Neill wasn't listening last week. Johnny Detson is a Main Event talent and, therefore, shall only be in the Main Event! To lower myself to a match like that would be unthinkable. So if you want Fox's favorite son and the hottest thing going in this industry at SuperClash, it's going to be in a World Title match! And it definitely, DEFINITELY, would have to be a whole heck of a lot better than Calisto Duf-

[From off-camera, a bloodied Calisto Dufresne comes tearing into view, throwing himself into a full body tackle on Johnny Detson. Blackwell scampers off as Dufresne hammers Detson with a fist between the eyes.]

"BETTER THAN ME?!"

[He drills him again.]

"BETTER... THAN ME?!"

[And again. Dufresne pulls Detson off the floor, the latter flailing his arms trying to get away...]

...and gets HURLED headfirst into the wall that he was standing in front of!]

GM: OHH!

[Detson collapses in a heap at the foot of the wall as Dufresne goes to kneel down, looking to batter Detson again...

...but a sea of officials and security come rushing in from off-camera, creating quite the chaotic scene as they try to keep Detson and Dufresne away from one another!

We abruptly cut to another part of the backstage area with Mark Stegglet, who stands in front of an AWA backdrop. With him is Julie Somers, dressed in her wrestling attire which consists of a red halter top and matching Spandex shorts coming above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. Her wavy brown hair falls over her shoulders.]

MS: It's a wild night down here on the Bayou and Julie Somers, in just a few minutes you will be facing Charisma Knight. She has already scored a pair of wins over you, once in the first-ever mixed tag match in AWA history, and one on one. You have a spot in the SuperClash match riding on the line. Do you believe that the third time will be the charm?

JS: Third time's the charm, huh? Hey, I'm not as concerned about how many times Charisma Knight and I have faced each other as I am about the opportunity that's before me... the chance to wrestle at SuperClash. Yeah, getting the win over Charisma would be really sweet, but sweeter still is wrestling at the greatest event ever, where legends have made their mark and so many memorable moments happened. To appear on SuperClash for the first time, in a match that would give me the chance to prove, once and for all, that the women deserve their chances, would be a wonderful thing, Mark.

MS: Still, Julie, you know that Charisma Knight has had her hand raised twice at your expense. How are you going to counter the technical expertise and cunning ability of your opponent?

JS: I'm not gonna deny that Charisma Knight is a great wrestler, but the one thing I've got going for me is motivation. Motivation to earn myself a spot in a SuperClash match. Motivation to show everyone that I have what it takes to beat Charisma Knight. Motivation to prove to Charisma Knight that I'm no pushover, that I'm not going to just walk away with my head hanging down, but that I'm going to come back, stronger than before, and get a different outcome.

[She points her finger at the camera.]

JS: Every time you've opened your mouth, Charisma, you've only added more fuel to the fire that burns within me. A fire that drives me, not only to prove that I can beat you, to prove that I have what it takes to be the best at what I do, but to prove to the AWA front office, to Landon O'Neill, and to all the skeptics and eye rollers out there, that the women can put on a great show as much as the men can! And when all is said and done, I'm aiming to be part of that match at SuperClash and ensure that fire doesn't get snuffed out!

MS: All right, fans, that match takes place later tonight. Fans, we'll be right back with more action right here on The X so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

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

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking

brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

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

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

We cut to the elevated interview stage where Mark Stegglet is standing. Next to him stands Paul Von Braun who is wearing a purple button-down shirt, black dress slacks, and a black sports coat. Behind him stands Victor Von Braun, wearing a white button-down shirt and black dress slacks. Victor scowls into the camera as the elder Von Braun doesn't look too thrilled.]

MS: We are back here LIVE in the Smoothie King Center on Saturday Night Wrestling... and at this time, I'd like to welcome my guests... the Von Brauns!

[PVB shoots a glance at Stegglet.]

PVB: Last time I was out here, we ended on a sour note, Mark. Emotions ran high because the lack of respect my family gets is a very sensitive subject to me.

MS: Why do you feel the Von Brauns get a lack of respect? When the greatest families in wrestling are mentioned, the Von Braun name is mentioned right with them.

[PVB scoffs and steps away from Mark, turning his head to look the opposite way. He looks back at Stegglet with disdain.]

PVB: Are we?

[He steps in closer.]

PVB: ARE WE!?

I've stood in your shoes, Mark. I've stood there and had to interview wrestlers. I've sat behind an announce table and called matches. I wish I could be back in that seat again. I wish I was sitting over there with Bucky and Gordon calling matches. But I have to RIGHT the miscarriage of justice that has befallen my family.

[Paul points a finger at Mark.]

PVB: If you're going to stand there with a microphone and ...

[He makes the air quotes.]

PVB: ... "ask the tough questions", then at least make sure you've done your homework.

The Von Brauns get respect? Let me give you an AWA history lesson, Mark. Let me draw a parallel to recent events. Hannibal Carver put his hands on Gordon Myers. Landon O'Neil saw fit to suspend Hannibal Carver indefinitely. Regardless of intent, Hannibal Carver was done in the AWA.

Are you with me?

MS: Yes, but I don't see how this has anything to do with the Von Brauns.

PVB: Let's rewind to November in 2011. "Sweet" Stevie Chiles dives off the top turnbuckle onto a group of wrestlers and an AWA official. An AWA official by the name of Scott Von Braun. That dive cost the man his job as an AWA official.

Fast forward to SuperClash III that same month, when that very same man, Scott Von Braun, an ex-AWA official, is being honored by the AWA. He is viciously ATTACKED by Stevie Chiles and Danny Tyler while everything was orchestrated by Percy Chiles. Not only was he injured into retirement, he was HUMILIATED in front of THOUSANDS in attendance and MILLIONS watching at home.

What happened to Chiles and Tyler? They were given a FINE and PROBATION.

I want to be clear, this attack and humiliation was pre-meditated. You don't sneak up on someone and lock them in a devastating submission hold by accident, Mark.

Their intent can't be argued.

[Paul holds up two fingers.]

PVB: Two official AWA employees attacked. Gordon Myers is back after a few weeks of rest. Hannibal Carver is suspended indefinitely until O'Neill's ruling was overturned.

The Aces and Percy Chiles are simply given a fine and probation. If you don't call that a lack of respect for the Von Braun family, then you're either an idiot or don't have the SLIGHTEST amount of respect for the Von Brauns. So which category do you fall under, Mark?

[Stegglet is silent for a moment.]

MS: AWA was under different management four years ago, Paul. You can't compare the management style of Landon O'Neill to "Cowboy" Jim Watkins.

[Paul snorts and laughs loudly.]

PVB: Oh, that's great. So what you're saying is the AWA has no expectations of those who are called the President? I find the lack of consistency disturbing, Mark. VERY disturbing.

[Mark goes to say something, but Paul cuts him off.]

PVB: You're going to say that was ONE incident. Do you even remember the history of the company name on your paychecks?

Percy Chiles had his charges injure my brother's leg twice. Not ONCE, but TWICE. Where was his punishment? Was he fined and put on probation too?

Let me guess, that was Jim Watkins or whatever presidential flavor of the month happened to be at the time. Let's talk about Jim Watkins.

Jim Watkins had the AUDACITY to call my father a friend. He gave the Von Brauns restitution in the form of a tag team match against the Aces.

Jim Watkins didn't give us what we rightfully deserved, Mark. Percy Chiles and the Aces should've been fired and barred from competing in the AWA forever. They should've been denied the ability to make a living, just like they denied my father the ability to put food on the table and keep a roof over his head.

Why else do you think we got lawyers and had to form the Occupy AWA movement? Jim Watkins was a conniving, manipulative, low-life scumbag who put the Von

Brauns over the proverbial barrel. He called my father a friend on television while he kicked and spat on his legacy in private.

While Landon O'Neill isn't Jim Watkins, and I don't know enough to objectively or accurately comment on his turn as President, I can comment on the pattern of the lack of respect the AWA has given the Von Brauns.

MS: The Von Brauns have been given chances in this ring, Paul. Brian has graced the AWA on more than one occasion and has been given a fair shake. Jim Watkins gave you a chance against the Aces in the ring. He said ANYONE from the family could compete. You chose.

PVB: You bring up a good point, Mark. Some of this is the fault of the Von Brauns. Our standard, our benchmark, Scott Von Braun, set a very high expectation for the rest of us. Most of us have failed to live up to that standard.

[Round of boos from the crowd. Stegglet looks honestly surprised.]

PVB: Brian came in and failed to capture any championship belts.

MS: I don't condone the actions, but Brian got revenge on the Childes family, Steven in particular. He put Steven in the Von Braun Leglock and broke his leg. He put Steven Childes out of the AWA.

PVB: He didn't have the stomach to do it on his own, Mark. Anton Layton convinced him to do it, when he never should've hesitated in the first place. He failed the Von Braun legacy in that respect, Mark. And he failed miserably.

[More boos. Paul continues on.]

PVB: Calvin and Caleb couldn't get it done in the ring against the Aces. You have two currently down in Combat Corner Wrestling who can't get past their own antics to make it to the big show. And Tulsa?

[Paul chuckles.]

PVB: He was given what he said he wanted. Where is he now?

The Von Brauns forgot who we were and forgot the talent and divine blood we have flowing through our veins.

Until...

[He points to Victor.]

PVB: Until this man, my middle child. My most beloved son decided to become a professional wrestler.

[Paul looks over at Victor.]

PVB: The day you were born, you were destined for greatness. Destined to be the greatest among us.

[Paul looks back to Stegglet.]

PVB: This man was named for what he was destined to become, Mark. His middle name is Augustus. That means conqueror. That's exactly what he is. He's a conqueror, Mark. He's the conqueror of the Von Brauns.

Victor? Victory. That's exactly what he'll bring the Von Brauns. Victory.

The Legacy Killer will conquer every legacy. He'll conquer Dallas. He'll conquer South Laredo. He'll conquer Los Angeles. He'll conquer the Outlaws.

And when the smoke clears, you'll see Victor sitting atop his throne on the broken and piled masses of every second rate legacy calling the AWA home. Then? Then you'll be calling him your World Heavyweight Champion.

[Paul motions for Victor. The two begins to walk off, but stop short at the edge of the stage, when they see that three men have appeared at the top of the entranceway. Rex Summers, whose chiseled frame is covered in a sequined covered red robe and as always is accompanied by his Summers Sweetheart of the evening, Kerry Kendrick, wearing a blue satin dress shirt with the first three buttons undone, his masked bodyguard in the orange hoodie shadowing closely, baseball bat clutched tight, and Callum Mahoney, dressed in a black T-shirt, with "KEEP CALLUM AND ARMBAR" in a white, blocky font on it, and a pair of blue jeans, stand at the top of the entrance ramp, applauding Paul and Victor Von Braun, with wide grins on their faces. Mahoney pulls out a mic from behind him, as the three men make their way towards the interview stage.]

CM: I could not have said it better myself, Mister Von Braun, and I have no doubt that Victor has what it takes to fulfill that destiny. He's already impressed for the very short time that he's been here. However, we also know that it's going to be a long, arduous task, especially when you've got the odds stacked against you.

RS: Yet those odds don't have to be stacked against you at all. 'Cause you are in the presence of "Red Hot" Rex Summers, a man who has battled the scum of the Earth Lynch family all throughout Texas. A man who made Travis a bloodied mess in the AWA ring and the man Jack has ducked for his entire career.

[Rex lets out a throaty chuckle.]

RS: A trait he seems to be teaching that young puppy he has riding his coat tails, Bobby O'Connor. But let's be honest, if Bobby didn't have his grandfather in charge of the AWA he would have never entered the AWA ring. And once granddaddy stepped down, he needed a family to protect him.

And Rex Summers isn't the only one Blackjack has ruffled the feathers of.

[Rex slaps the shoulder of Kerry Kendrick.]

KK: You see, Victor, I'm in the same spot you are; a while ago, I got shipped off to CCW to be "taught" by the "master" Blackjack Lynch...

[Kendrick makes air quotes with his left hand.]

KK: ...And all I learned was how to ride a bench when he gives other people opportunities that they got no right to! Opportunities that should be yours, Victor! Opportunities that should be mine, and opportunities that should be Rex's, and should be Callum's! I'm in agreement with you guys: the Lynch family is so crooked they don't lace their boots, they screw them on! Well, we've got one shot to put an end to being screwed by the Lynches and by the O'Connors of this business..

CM: You see, Mister Von Braun, short of winning the Rumble, nothing gives you a leg up against such nepotism and cronyism than Stealing the Spotlight, and my partners and I would be glad, no, we would be honored to have the Legacy Killer on our team at SuperClash!

[PVB holds chin as he thinks about what was said to him. He looks over to Victor who nods his head.]

PVB: We're in.

[The Von Brauns make their way down the stairway, moving over to the top of the aisle to trade handshakes with their new allies.]

MS: Wow! How about that, fans? That means that Victor Von Braun has joined the Steal The Spotlight team of Summers, Kendrick, and Mahoney! What a team that's shaping up to be! One spot left on that squad while Derrick Williams, Caspian Abaran, and Cesar Hernandez are looking for two more to join them. This one keeps getting more interesting all the time in my estimation, fans. Now, let's go backstage and hear from Charisma Knight moments before her clash with Julie Somers!

[The camera cuts to the AWA backstage interview area where, standing, wearing her black zip up hoodie up covering her head is Charisma Knight, by herself, already in her gear and arms folded..]

CK: It's taken a lot to get to this point. Yelling, screaming, everything, to get to the point, that there's a single Women's Match at SuperClash that counts. A match that'll be make or break. But how we're getting there is insulting honestly. We have to "prove" ourselves to O'Neill and the Board that we're "worthy" of the shot. That we're worthy? I haven't worked my tail off, getting to be the wrestler I am, to have to prove I'm worthy. I had a classic with the Golden Girl, I beat Somers TWICE, and now I need to prove that I should be in the SuperClash match? Please. That this all needed to occur is outright insulting. Handpicking opponents from a list of people you'll never see in the AWA again isn't proving anything. So yeah, I wanted this match, this week.

Poor Julie. It's not your fault, honey. We could've been friends, two women against the world... two women that want Women Wrestlers taken seriously and to have their place in real competition, not working in some dirty pit like animals clawing out each other's eyes and throwing each other down stairs, beating each other with chains to get attention. I could be nice and say that in another time, this could be your shot, but you're clearly the third best out of the three of us, and that makes you the odd woman out. That's just the way it is.

I know we're having this match, but I've beaten you twice, middle of the ring, no issues. Now you're just becoming an annoyance. You should be a bump in the road, but you just keep coming back, and sadly for you Julie, is that I have to beat you again. And I'll keep on beating you... because I can and because I have to. You see, this story we've been having, is mine. It's mine and mine alone. This is MY climb to glory, my run to revolutionize the AWA by making a Women's Division stick after The Great Melissa failed twice. My time to stand triumphant at the biggest Wrestling Show of the Year, in front of the biggest crowd of the year, starting a legacy that will stand the test of time, to succeed where others have failed.

[Knight unfolds her arms, pointing to the camera]

CK: But Julie, unfortunately for you, you won't be there. You'll be watching from the back, sitting with your hot headed brother and his idiot friend, while I make history. Tonight, we chalk up another statistic, we firmly establish our pecking order, and you're at the bottom. Tonight I beat you, and I "impress" the suits that think we women need to prove ourselves, and I go on to SuperClash and my place in history. And I am finally rid of you, crushing you like the annoying little gnat you are. You've distracted me from my prize long enough. Tonight, it's my time, and I make you realize that, sadly for you, it'll never be yours.

[Knight walks off camera as it cuts away to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit! The winner of this match will earn themselves a spot in the Women's Match that will be featured at SuperClash VII!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

["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" JULIE SOMERS!

[After a moment, she struts down the entranceway, reaching out to slap hands with fans. Upon reaching the ring, she slides underneath the ropes, rolling to her feet and heading right to the corner. She climbs onto the second turnbuckle and raises her arms, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans' cheers again.]

PW: And her opponent...

[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, here is CHARISMA KNIGHT!

[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 condensing laugh or two toward the fans in the aisle way.]

GM: Charisma Knight oozing confidence as she heads down the aisle for this match. Remember, a win here tonight puts you in the match at SuperClash. A loss means you face Melissa Cannon two weeks from now in a "Last Chance" match to make the big show lineup.

[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 bell to ring.]

GM: Both women taking their time right now... no one rushing anything. No attacks before the bell.

BW: There's too much at stake in this one, Gordo. A major mistake can be too costly.

[Somers tugs at the top rope a few times before referee Davis Warren signals for the bell.]

GM: The bell sounds and here we go!

[Julie Somers moves out of the corner, sidestepping, darting in, sliding in a single leg attempt but Knight pulls her leg back, wagging a finger at Somers.]

GM: An attempted takedown goes nowhere as Knight backs off.

[Somers climbs back to her feet, wiggling her fingers before locking up with Knight. Knight promptly grabs a handful of hair, using it to walk Somers across the ring to the ropes.]

GM: Backed in to the ropes... get her off the hair, ref!

[Knight suddenly breaks her hairpull, swinging a forearm shot that Somers ducks under, throwing a quick one-two combo to the ribcage. Knight takes another swing but Somers dances away... and then pulls up, wagging a finger in response to Knight as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Heheh.

BW: Oh, that's real funny.

GM: I thought so.

[Knight pushes off the ropes, stomping across the ring...]

GM: Knight makes a lunge at her, Somers using her speed to avoid her.

[Knight spins away, lunging again, but this time Somers does a front roll to avoid it, popping up to her feet out of reach.]

GM: Charisma Knight showing some signs of frustration here, fans.

[Knight shouts, kicking the bottom rope as she glares across the ring. Somers is bouncing from foot to foot, keeping her eyes on Knight from a safe distance.]

GM: Somers has a definite speed edge. A definite quickness advantage.

[Knight slowly moves towards Somers this time, edging her way towards Somers, trying to keep her trapped in the corner.]

GM: Knight's methodically moving in...

[Somers makes a lunge to get past but Knight grabs her, throwing her back into the corner. Knight storms forward, lashing out with a side kick to the body.]

GM: Knight traps her in the corner!

[Grabbing the top rope, Knight unloads with a series of roundhouse kicks to the body, trying to cut some of the wind out of Julie Somers!]

BW: Look at the ferocity behind those kicks. She's trying to kick Somers' liver into another zip code!

[As the referee counts to four, Knight steps out, grabbing Somers by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip sends her across...

[Somers leaps up, landing on the second rope as she nears the corner. Knight comes charging in after her...]

...but a quick head fake by Somers causes Knight to bottom out on the mat.]

GM: Knight fell for the fake out! Back to her feet!

[Somers leaps off with a rana, snapping Knight over to the canvas, and sending her rolling out to the floor!]

GM: Knight bails out!

[Back on her feet, Somers grabs the top rope and with a shout, she catapults herself over the top, wiping out Knight with a plancha!]

GM: OHHH! Slingshot dive to the floor by Somers and she's got Knight in trouble early on in this one!

[Somers drags Knight off the mat, shoving her under the ropes inside the ring...]

GM: Somers puts her back in... and look at this! Julie Somers is going up top!

BW: She's gonna try and end it early, Gordo!

GM: We're only a couple of minutes into this thing and Julie Somers is climbing the ropes, looking for that Moonsault to finish this match and cash her ticket to SuperClash!

[Somers steps to the top rope, facing out on the crowd...

...and takes flight, flipping through the air!]

GM: MOONSAULLLLLLLLLLT!

[Somers floats gracefully through the sky, aiming at the torso of the downed Charisma Knight...

...who suddenly raises her legs, causing Somers to SLAM down on her knees!]

GM: OHHH! KNIGHT GOT THE KNEES UP!

BW: Of course she did, Gordo! You've got a young, impulsive kid in there against a veteran! I wouldn't be surprised if Knight suckered her into going for that move right there!

[Knight shoves Somers off her legs, climbing to her feet...

...where a wicked grin crosses her face as she points to her temple, earning jeers from the New Orleans crowd.]

GM: You're right, Bucky. She set the trap on that one! And you called Julie Somers impulsive... that's a great word to describe her.

[Knight uses the flat of her boot to kick Somers a few times, taunting the young Spitfire as she tries to get off the mat.]

GM: Somers is trying to get off the canvas but Knight's not having it, pulling Somers into a front facelock...

[She slings Somers' arm across her neck, powering her off the mat...]

GM: Knight's got her up... and DOWN with a spine-rattling suplex!

[Knight floats over the vertical suplex, applying a lateral press.]

GM: Knight with the cover - but she only gets a two count.

[Knight slides from side control to the mount, grabbing a handful of Somers' hair, and BLASTING her with a short forearm to the temple!]

GM: Charisma Knight teeing off on Julie Somers, landing forearm after forearm to the side of the head, trying to daze the youngster!

[Knight breaks off her attack at four, drawing jeers as she slowly walks around the ring, keeping an eye on Somers as the fan favorite tries to battle her way to her feet to continue her fight to go to SuperClash.]

GM: Somers up to a knee, trying to get to her feet...

[The Ohio native approaches, reaching her arms out towards Somers...

...who BURIES a right hand into the midsection!]

GM: Somers goes downstairs!

[A second blow to the gut has Knight backpedaling, gasping for air as Somers climbs to her feet. She gives a shout to the fans, ready to dash to the ropes...

...when Knight reaches out with both hands, grabbing the hair of Somers, and YANKS her down to the canvas, bouncing the back of her head off the mat!]

GM: OHH! Come on!

[The crowd is all over Knight as she backs off, taking a verbal smackdown from the referee.]

GM: Charisma Knight with a blatant breaking of the rules, pulling that hair and yanking him down to the mat.

[Knight pulls Somers off the mat by the hair, shoving her back against the ropes. She grabs the top rope, swinging her boot around into a roundhouse kick to the ribs.]

GM: Big kick... and another... and another!

[A spinning back kick to the gut doubles up Somers who clings to the top rope, trying to stay on her feet.]

GM: Knight's got Somers reeling against the ropes...

[Pulling Somers off the ropes, Knight hooks a front facelock again...]

GM: Another suplex on the way... up she goes!

[...but Knight steps forward, hanging Somers out to dry over the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GUT FIRST ACROSS THE TOP!

[With Somers reeling over the ropes, Knight gives a shout, running to the far side, bouncing off...]

GM: HERE! COMES! KNIGHT!

[Building speed, Knight throws herself into a spinning heel kick, connecting firmly on the jaw of Somers, sending her sailing off the apron and down to the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: TO THE FLOOR!

[Knight uses the ropes, pulling herself up to her feet as the referee steps over near the ropes, looking down at Julie Somers who is laid out on the barely-padded floor at ringside.]

GM: Knight’s backing off... she’s telling the referee to count Somers out and send Charisma Knight to SuperClash!

BW: And hey, if you’re Julie Somers, you’ve gotta think about staying down.

GM: What?! Why?!

BW: Because even if she loses this one, she gets another shot two weeks from tonight against Melissa Cannon! If you lose quick and early, you’ll be fresh for Cannon. If you fight a drawn-out war, you’ll be shredded when it comes time for Cannon in two weeks.

GM: It’s a valid point, I suppose, but I can’t envision that Julie Somers, the Spitfire, is going down without one heckuva fight, Bucky!

[Somers is still down on the floor as the referee’s count gets up to two...]

GM: Davis Warren’s count is underway and the fans here in New Orleans are on their feet, cheering on Julie Somers, trying to get her back to her feet and back inside that ring!

BW: Knight’s telling the ref to count faster.

GM: Davis Warren’s count is perfectly fine if you ask me as the count gets up to four. Julie Somers is still down on the floor.

[The count goes to five as Somers starts to stir on the floor...]

GM: Somers is starting to get up to her feet as Knight shouts at the official again... and the referee breaks the count! Her bullying attitude cost her there!

BW: Warren should keep doing his job! He’s supposed to be counting!

GM: Knight interrupted him! He IS doing his job, Bucky!

BW: I don’t think so.

[Knight brushes past the referee as Somers slides under the bottom rope into the ring. She gets a running start...]

GM: Running kic- no!

[Somers suddenly pushes up to her knees, causing Knight to swing and miss on the soccer kick to the ribs. She swings her arm to the back of Knight’s knee, sweeping the leg out from under her, diving across into a lateral press.]

GM: Legsweep gets her one! Gets her-

[With a shout, Knight BRIDGES out from under the pin attempt, coming to her feet as Somers pushes up quickly, getting up to hers. A low roundhouse comes towards Somers who jumps over it.]

GM: Whoa!

[Knight keeps on spinning, going right around into a high kick aimed at the head...

...that Somers ducks under, causing Knight to fall off-balance as Somers leaps up, hooking Knight's head between her legs...]

GM: HEADSCISSORS...

[...and DRAGS her over the top rope, sending both women crashing down to the floor!]

GM: WHAT A MOVE BY JULIE SOMERS! BIG TAKEDOWN TO THE FLOOR!

[The crowd is buzzing for the highlight reel move by Julie Somers as both women lay on the floor, breathing heavily after the hard fall.]

GM: Somers with a daredevil move right there to turn things in her favor.

BW: Oh yeah? She looks like things are really in her favor right now, Gordo.

GM: Both women are down on the floor... and Davis Warren will start a ten count on BOTH of these women!

[Warren stands near the ropes, holding up both arms as he shouts "TWO!"]

GM: A hard-fought battle for these two women so far here tonight, trying to earn themselves a spot on the show in Houston, Texas on Thanksgiving Night. Everyone wants to be a part of SuperClash... tonight, one of these ladies will earn their place there.

[The count is up to "FOUR!"]

GM: Both of them still down.

BW: What happens if neither of them beat the count?

GM: I don't know. An excellent question.

[Somers rolls over to her chest as the count reaches "FIVE!"]

GM: Julie Somers making her move... trying to get to her feet...

["SIX!" rings out as Somers pushes up to her knees, breathing heavily.]

GM: Somers trying to get up! Desperately trying to stay in this thing!

[As Somers climbs off the floor to her feet, Knight rolls to her hip, trying to do the same.]

GM: Somers is up and...

[Somers makes a lunge for the ring, trying to pull herself back into the ring to break the count...

...but Knight hooks her from behind!]

GM: Somers is trying to get in but Knight won't let it happen!

[Somers rolls to her back, lashing out with a kick to the jaw of Knight, breaking her grip and sliding in as the count hits "EIGHT!"]

GM: Somers is in!

[Knight makes a desperation dive for the ring, diving under the bottom rope as "NINE!" rings out!]

GM: They're both back in!

[But Knight slides back out, pulling Somers with her...]

BW: Now they're both back out!

[Grabbing Somers by the hair, Knight spins around, heading for the ringpost with her...]

GM: Knight's gonna put her into the post like she did in Vegas!

[But Somers brings up her arms, blocking the slam into the steel!]

GM: Somers blocks it!

[She throws a pair of elbows to the jaw, battling free. She grabs Knight by the arm, giving a shout to the front row of fans as she goes for a whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[But as Somers gets sent towards the barricade, she leaps over it, landing on her feet in the front row!]

GM: Oh my! What a counter by Somers!

[Somers spins around as Knight rushes forward. The Spitfire leaps up on the railing, ready to spring off...]

...but Knight drops down, throwing a dropkick into the railing, causing it to jerk underneath Somers! She loses her balance, falling from the railing and JAMMING her knee into the exposed concrete!]

GM: Oh my stars! What a hard fall to the floor for Julie Somers!

BW: Right down on the knee... and it's Christmas on Halloween night for Charisma Knight!

GM: Charisma Knight's hold of choice is the figure four leglock and if Somers injured her knee, you're right, Bucky.

[Knight stomps the leg a few times before hauling Somers up by the hair, rolling her under the ropes inside the ring. She climbs up on the apron, leaning through the ropes to pull the leg over the middle rope...]

GM: What in the...?

[Knight turns, smiling dastardly at the jeering fans...]

...and then DROPS off the apron, yanking the leg down on the middle rope!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Somers crawls towards the middle of the ring, violently flailing about on the canvas from the devastating blow to her leg.]

GM: What a horrifying attack to the knee right there!

[With Somers crying out in pain, Knight rolls under the ropes, slowly getting to her feet. She leans down, grabbing the leg, giving it a hard yank!]

GM: And Charisma Knight has drawn a bullseye on that injured leg, going right after it!

[She swings the leg down to the mat, standing on the ankle to pin it to the mat as she stomps it with her free leg...]

GM: Hard stomp to the knee! And another! And another!

[Somers is wincing and crying out in pain with every blow to the limb...

...and then really screams as Knight drops all her weight down in a kneedrop on the trapped limb!]

GM: OHHH!

[Somers sits up, face ravaged in pain...

...until a short forearm from Knight knocks her back down to the mat.]

GM: Hard shot there by Knight puts Somers back down as she gets back to her feet...

[Leaning down, Knight grabs the leg...]

GM: She's calling for the Figure Four!

[Knight spins the leg around into a spinning toehold...

...but Somers uses her free leg to plant a boot on the butt, shoving Knight out of the hold attempt and chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Somers with the counter, saving herself!

BW: For now.

GM: Absolutely... because Knight isn't done with her.

[Somers crawls away, trying to create some space as she nears the ropes, using them to pull herself up in the corner.]

GM: Somers is trying to keep that leg back, trying to protect it...

[With a bellow, Knight charges across the ring for a running avalanche...

...but Somers twists into it, throwing a back elbow up under the chin!]

GM: Oh! Somers lands the elbow!

[Somers backs up, climbing slowly up onto the second rope.]

GM: Somers trying to get back in the fight here... on the middle rope and-

[She gives a shout, leaping off for a second rope dropkick attempt...

...but Knight swats it aside, sending Somers crashing to the canvas. She quickly grabs the bad leg, tucking it under her arm, and flipping the Spitfire over into a half Boston Crab!]

GM: Oh my! Knight with a counter of her own and this might do it, fans!

[Knight leans back, crouching down as she screams, "ASK HER!"]

GM: Davis Warren checking to see if she wants to give. Julie Somers has a hard decision to make, risking damage to that leg to try and stay in this battle to earn a spot at SuperClash!

[Knight grits her teeth, trying to apply more pressure.]

"ASK! HER!"

[Warren obliges again but Julie screams "NOOOOO!"]

GM: Julie Somers is hanging on, trying to fight down the pain that's shooting from her knee through her entire body at this point!

[Somers pushes herself up, throwing a glance to see how far she is from the ropes.]

GM: And look at this, fans! Julie Somers is making a move for the ropes!

[An irate Knight wobbles backwards as Somers drags them towards an escape. Knight suddenly spins, still holding the leg while raising her own...

...and STOMPING on the back of Somers' head!]

GM: Oh!

[She repeatedly stomps the back of the head, trying to cut off Somers' escape!]

GM: Somers is fighting a two-front war, trying to absorb this punishment and get to the ropes to force a break!

[The New Orleans fans are on their feet, cheering madly as Julie Somers stretches and reaches and...]

GM: SHE'S GOT IT!

[Somers grabs the bottom rope tightly as the referee calls for the break. Knight, ever the opportunist, hangs on, getting a few more seconds of punishment in before she breaks the hold, walking away from the downed Somers.]

GM: Charisma Knight can't believe it, fans. She can't believe that Julie Somers managed to hang on in that half Crab...

BW: I can't believe it either. I thought she was done.

GM: Maybe you - and Charisma Knight - will learn to never count out the Spitfire!

BW: And maybe you'll learn that when Charisma Knight sets her mind on something, she always gets it!

[Knight turns back to the downed Somers who is using the ropes to pull herself up to one foot, not wanting to put weight on the injured leg...

...which makes it easy for Knight to hook her around the waist, grabbing the injured leg.]

GM: Knight lifts her up... SHINBREAKER DOWN ACROSS THE KNEE!

[Using the momentum from the shinbreaker, Knight lifts her right back up, dumping her on the back of her head with a back suplex!]

GM: Oh! And that might do it, fans.

BW: No, no... that's just the beginning of the end.

[With Somers laid out on the mat, Knight steps over to her, leaning down to grab her leg. She looks out at the jeering crowd, sneering at their reaction as she shouts "SUPERCLASH, HERE I COME!" at them...]

GM: Knight's going for the figure four... she wraps up the leg and...

[But when she leans over to grab the other leg, Somers reaches up, hooking her around the head...

...and DRAGS her down into a small package!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: SOMERS WINS! SOMERS WINS! SHE'S HEADED TO SUPERCLASH!

[And Somers quickly rolls from the ring, raising her arm in victory as she holds onto the apron with the other hand to steady herself. Charisma Knight is on her feet in a flash and is overcome with rage, shouting first at the official... then at Somers... then at the fans...]

GM: Charisma Knight is beside herself! She can't believe she lost this match!

BW: Can you blame her?! She had it won!

GM: And that's why they fight the matches, Bucky. She might have "had it won" in your eyes but Julie Somers believed otherwise and in the end, she's the one walking out of New Orleans with her ticket punched to Houston, Texas and SuperClash! Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling so don't touch that dial!

[Somers is still celebrating out on the floor as we fade to black.

The words "December 1994" appears in white scrawly text. The black screen fades to reveal the founder of the EMWC, Adam Thompson. Thompson's years are showing at this point. He leans towards the camera.]

"In the mid-90s, getting anyone to bankroll pro wrestling was a hard sell. The whole business was in the toilet so if you wanted to stand a chance, you started small and put in the work."

[A black and white still photo of a bloodied Colt Patterson - then known as Narcissus - battling Lorenzo Vasquez appears. The word "Extreme" etched in a deep crimson is "written" across them as the voice of Patterson is heard.]

"Extreme was the thing. Hell, my dad had been doing extreme down in the South for years - cages, bullropes, Texas Death, whatever. He just didn't know it had a name. Did I like the idea of going through tables almost every night? Not really. But I was the champ. I was the guy. It was either do it or they'd find someone else who would. Ultimately, my career paid the price but it was a good run while it lasted."

[The shot of Patterson fades to a still photo of Chris Blue standing in a ring with Adam Thompson. Blue looks much younger than his modern counterpart who we see a moment later.]

"I bought out Adam Thompson as soon as I put the money together. I had a vision, he had a vision... too many cooks in the kitchen. I'll always be grateful to him but I think history has shown that he made the right call to take the money and let me run the place."

[A series of stills flash by - Casey James, Tiger Claw, Steve Kowalski, Creed, Brody Thunder, Serge Annis, and JW Hardin. Blue appears again.]

"It was a war. It was a total war between us and Portland. Talent, territory, ratings, buyrates... you name it, we fought over it. I fought a lot of those kinds of wars over the years but none of them were as fun as the fight that Spreadbury put up."

[More stills. This time with some of the most famous names in EMWC - men like Mark Langseth, Alex Martinez, Kevin Slater, Jeff Matthews, "Dreamlover" Trey Porter, Curtis Hansen, Eddie Van Gibson, Simon Ezra, Luke Kinsey, Chris Courtade, and others flash by in rapid-fire before fading back to Blue.]

"You know what they don't tell you? It's a hard fight to get to the top... but when you get there, sometimes it gets a little boring. I was constantly fighting with myself to stay motivated. I'd pick fights with promotions just to try and get my competitive fires burning. It was just never the same though."

[And then another series of shots - this time with some of the names synonymous with the end of the EMWC - names we'll choose not to name to protect the innocent... and the guilty. Back to Blue.]

"The writing was on the wall long before I shut the doors, I think. It was... I don't know. Bad timing? We were fighting to stay afloat for a while. We were having financial troubles, creative difficulties, you name it. Then out of nowhere, one of my best friends got leukemia and died. That was..."

[Blue pauses, turning his head to the side as we fade to black as a title comes up - "The Rise And Fall Of The Empire - available on DVD and Digital Download now. The shot of a smiling Blue comes back up.]

"Damn. It was a good run though, wasn't it? A hell of a run. Maybe the best ever. But even the best things have to end."

[Blue smiles, staring off-camera, daydreaming of days gone by as we fade to black...

...and then back up to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY." Mark Stegglet is seated in a leather chair, a wooden coffee table in front of him holding three glasses. On either side of Stegglet are two AWA competitors shooting daggers at one another with their eyes.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, we are just 26 days away from SuperClash VII at Minute Maid Park in Houston, Texas in what promises to be one of the greatest nights in the history of the AWA. Thank you for joining me for a very special sitdown interview with the champion and the challenger in the hotly contested climactic match for the AWA World Television championship between the challenger to my left...

[He gestures to Supernova.]

MS: ...and the champion.

[He gestures to an absolutely fuming Shadoe Rage.]

MS: Gentlemen, thank you for agreeing to sit down with me today and talk about this upcoming match.

[Supernova is dressed in a black Supernova T-shirt and blue jeans. His face is painted yellow and black. This contrasts with Rage who is dressed in a hot pink linen blazer, white dress shirt and has amber lensed sunglasses. He wears his dreadlocks tied up into a beehive.]

S: Thank you, Mark, it's a pleasure to talk to you.

[He looks at Rage.]

S: Even under these circumstances.

[Shadoe Rage starts mumbling something. The syllables keep issuing in his rasping tongue, unintelligible for a while as he stares through Supernova behind his honey-colored sunglasses. Stegglet glances nervously towards the champion.]

MS: I'm sorry, we're having trouble hearing you. What are you saying?

SR: (never taking his eyes off Supernova) I'm gonna kill you. I'm gonna kill you. I'm gonna kill you.

MS: Please, we don't want any trouble on the set. We're all here to talk about this upcoming match. There's no need for threats.

SR: (snapping out of his trance) Stegglet, there was no threat in those words. There were only promises. This man put his hands on my AWA World Television championship. He molested her. He soiled her. That will not be tolerated. When I say I'm going to kill you, Supernova. I mean just that. You should have stayed out. You should have stayed gone. Now you've crossed the line! And now you're going to die.

[Supernova takes a deep breath.]

S: Let me make something perfectly clear. Time and time again, you and I have met in that ring, and while I haven't beaten you, you haven't beaten me. And while you keep saying I can't beat you, you have yet to prove you can beat me. And when you walked out on that match at Rising Sun Showdown, you proved to me you weren't really interested in settling any scores with the Dead Man's Party, or

putting aside any differences to accomplish a single goal. You were only interested in feeding your ego.

[Shadoe Rage's body becomes rigid. He chews his lip. His hot hazel eyes shine through the lenses of his glasses. Supernova keeps his composure, but his voice gets louder.]

S: Now you want to sit here and threaten me?! I'll tell you something, Rage... the last time somebody put me on the sidelines, sent me to a hospital bed and forced me to sit back and watch, I knew I was going to come back and right those wrongs. And that's exactly what I did... The Wise Men were taken down and, one by one, they all disappeared. While I won't take all the credit, I will say that when somebody puts me on the shelf, I come back off that shelf, harder at them than before. And it's no different with you, Rage... I'm coming at you harder than the last time we met, and this time, I'll make sure I finish it, just like The Wise Men were finished.

[Rage takes a slow deep breath. He turns his attention to Stegglet.]

SR: You're supposed to be in charge of this thing, aren't you? We've heard this jackass run his mouth and lie and deceive the people for too long now. Why don't you ask me a question? Why don't you say something before I punch this lying fool in the mouth!

MS: (clearing his throat) All right. What about Supernova's comments that he's going to come after you for putting him on the shelf?

SR: That's a bad question, Stegglet. That's a very very bad question. Do I have to do your job for you? Ask me this question. How can I just sit here and listen to these lies!

MS: Okay, since you asked yourself the question, why don't you answer it and enlighten us?

SR: Watch yourself, Stegglet. I don't like that sarcastic tone. I'm the AWA World Television Champion. And before that I am Shadoe Rage! That deserves respect!

[Stegglet looks concerned by the erratic champion.]

SR: Now, since I'm answering my own question, listen closely, because I will not be repeating myself.

[He stares straight at Supernova.]

SR: Supernova, you're nothing but a coward and a liar hiding behind a face-painted mask. You always trot out this boogeyman of the Wise Men. The Wise Men never did anything for me. The Wise Men ignored me. When I got unfairly counted out against Tony Sunn in LA, Percy Childe backed the referee even though I'd broken the plane of the ring! So don't pretend like this is about the Wise Men.

Don't pretend that it's about Japan because you're the one who hit me with the Heatwave when I was putting everything on the line for Team AWA. You're the one who knocked me out of the Battle Royal when we were working together to eliminate the Dead Man's Party! And you're the one who tried to do everything in your power to break my back with the Solar Flare.

Why? Because you want what I have... the championship. That's all that motivates you, Supernova. I know it. You know it. You're a swarthy opportunist, a yellow-bellied coward, a lily-livered blackheart green with envy that I have something that you will never have... the AWA World Television championship. Until you admit

that, you'll never get one ounce of respect from me. I haven't beaten you? Don't make laugh. I'm the champion. You're not! You can't take this from me!

[Supernova's eyes hardened. You can tell he's about to cut loose. Mark Stegglet looks at him.]

MS: Supernova, I take it you have a response.

S: You know, when Shadoe Rage said that the World Television Championship motivates me, that's the first thing he said that wasn't some delusion of grandeur!

SR: Delusions of grandeur? I've spoken nothing but the truth. You want what I have, you coward, and you can't take it from me. Not in this or any other lifetime.

S: You know, you seem pretty confident that there isn't any way that I can beat you for the title. So why not prove it beyond any shadow of a doubt? We've gone 10 minutes, we've gone 15 minutes... we were supposed to go 20 minutes until the Dead Man's Party got involved. But can you actually hold me off if you can't rely on the clock to save you? Can you actually hold me off if you can't just duck and dodge for 10, 15, 20, 30 minutes and haul tail out of there? Because I don't think you can.

SR: (to Stegglet) He didn't just say that.

MS: He did.

SR: (to Supernova) You're even stupider than I thought. You really believe I can't beat you (snapping his fingers) like that?

[Shadoe Rage laughs slowly... mirthlessly... insanely.]

SR: Mark Stegglet, tell this idiot that after SuperClash the AWA World Television title is coming home around my waist. Tell him that it doesn't matter how long it takes, I'm going to put him down for all his deceit, all his cowardice and his assault on the most important World title in the AWA. She matters. I matter. Supernova, doesn't matter. Doesn't matter the stipulations. At SuperClash, I'm going to kill him!

[Stegglet starts to speak but Supernova interrupts.]

S: So, in other words, you're fine with no time limit? Then let's make it so! You. Me. No time limit. For the TV title.

[Backed into a corner, Rage has no choice but to mumble.]

SR: Fine.

[This time, it's Stegglet interrupting.]

MS: You're saying you agree to the stipulation for no time limit in this match?

S: It sure sounds like it to me, Mark! I'm sure Landon O'Neill is watching... he can make it official! And this time around... there won't be any excuses when I beat you (points a finger at Rage) for the World Television Championship!

SR: (standing up, ripping off his microphone) You think you made it to the big time, Supernova. Think you got everything you wanted?

[Rage pounds his chest.]

SR: You're stepping into the ring with Black Excellence! I promise you, you're going to die!

[Rage turns to Stegglet.]

SR: No more questions!

[Rage storms off the set, pulling his hair free from the behive.]

MS: There you have it, fans! Not only will the match for the World Television Championship have a special guest referee, but it will be no time limit! Supernova, any other thoughts?

[Supernova rises to his feet.]

S: The only other thing I'm gonna add is, at SuperClash, I'm gonna be bringing the heat, and Shadoe Rage, you might just burn alive!

[He cups his hands to his mouth and howls...

...until another howl rings out. Mark Stegglet gets a "LOOK OU-" out before Shadoe Rage comes bursting into view, blasting Supernova in the back of the head with a running double axehandle!]

SR: You think you got the best of me?! You think you got one over on me?!
WRONG!

[Stegglet is pleading with Rage to stop as the champion grabs Supernova by the back of the head, pulling his face up into view...]

SR: SHUT UP, STEGGLET OR YOU'RE NEXT!

[...and SLAMS Supernova's face down on the wooden coffee table, sending the cups scattering off of it onto the floor!]

SR: Show me, Supernova... show me what you hide behind the makeup!

[He slams Supernova's face down on the table a second time!]

SR: Show me the coward behind the makeup! WHAT ARE YOU HIDING?!

[The maniacal World Television Champion pulls Supernova up again, staring into his barely-conscious eyes.]

SR: You're nothing. You're no one! I'm the man! I'm the champ! I'm the best in the world!

[Rage suddenly pulls Supernova to his feet, scooping him up into his arms...]

MS: NO!

[...and SLAMS him down onto the wooden coffee table, causing it to crack and splinter underneath the challenger!]

SR: YEAH! DONE! OVER! YOU'RE NOTHING, CHUMP! NOTHING!

[He plants his foot on the chest of Supernova, holding his arm aloft in the air as AWA officials swarm onto the scene, begging him to back off as we fade to black...

...and then up to Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: Absolutely deplorable conduct by the World Television Champion earlier today, fans!

BW: Well, Supernova was egging him on. He had it coming if you ask me.

GM: Had it coming?! You're unbelievable. Fans, I'm happy to say other than some scratches and soreness, Supernova was fine after that attack and has sworn that he WILL be at SuperClash and he WILL compete for the World Television Title... in a match that - thanks to Shadoo Rage's temper - now has NO time limit.

BW: That's not right, Gordo, and you know it. The TV Title is always under a ten minute time limit!

GM: Unless the competitors agree on something longer... which is what happened in that interview.

BW: Rage got tricked. He was deceived by that rat Supernova. It's not fair at all but it ain't gonna matter at SuperClash when Rage takes as much time as he wants to punish Supernova for putting his hands on the World Television Title two weeks ago!

GM: That remains to be seen... just like it remains to be seen how violent the six man tag team encounter pitting the Dogs of War against the James Gang will get.

BW: I can't wait for that.

GM: 26 more days and you won't have to... but right now, we're going to see the James Gang in action so let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

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

PW: The following six man tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... the team of Willis Potter, Lance Steele, and Nelson Morris!

[The trio plays to the crowd to very little response.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The sound of Bruce Dickinson's "The Zoo" comes to life over the PA system to a burst of boos from the New Orleans crowd.]

PW: Being accompanied to the ring by Brian Lau... the team of WES TAYLOR, TONY DONOVAN, and BRIAN JAMES... THE JAAAAAAAAAAMES GAAAAAAAAAANG!

[The boos intensify as the aforementioned quartet walks into view. Brian Lau is the first one through, dressed as we've seen him all night. He stands at the top of the aisle, beaming proudly before he jerks a thumb over his shoulder. Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan are the first to enter, clad in matching black and gold trunks. Taylor is already insulting the crowd within a few feet of the aisleway. Finally, Brian James walks out in his ring gear, ready for action.]

GM: The Dogs of War have been undefeated in six man tag team action since arriving here in the AWA over a year ago... but many feel this trio right here will be their toughest test to date, Bucky.

BW: And what does that say about the James Gang? It says that people think they're a tougher test than the team that the Dogs beat last year at SuperClash -

that they're tougher than Alex Martinez, Hannibal Carver, and Juan Vasquez who many thought were a dream team of sorts.

GM: Brian James to any expert at all is a future champion in the waiting... and Taylor and Donovan have already declared themselves the Tag Team of the Year for 2016. Yes, don't doublecheck your calendar... it IS October of 2015 and they're already looking ahead.

BW: It's good to have goals and Taylor and Donovan feel that their goal is to wear those World Tag Team Titles at some point in 2016. If I'm Air Strike or Violence Unlimited, I'm watching out for this team who gets better every time I see them.

[The quartet reaches the ring as Wes Taylor pulls himself up on the apron, running his mouth in the direction of the trio waiting for them. Tony Donovan climbs up next to him, patting his partner on the back as Brian James takes the ringsteps, staring across coldly at their opponents for the night.]

GM: The James Gang set for action here tonight, hoping to get in a warmup and win as a unit to build some momentum as they get ready for SuperClash.

[The trio huddle up in the corner for a moment with Brian Lau, each extending a closed fist to the center to bump knuckles for a moment before turning back to the ring as the bell sounds. Wes Taylor bounces out of the corner, swinging his arms across his chest to loosen up.]

GM: It's going to be Wes Taylor starting things off for his squad again... I believe this is Nelson Morris, the former NCAA All-American at the University of Nebraska.

[Morris, clad in a blue and white singlet, comes out of the corner leaning over, arms extended as he walks towards Taylor who looks a little surprised...

...and simply backs off, ducking between the ropes.]

GM: Oh, come on.

BW: Wes didn't like what he saw there so he decided to get a clean start. Do-over, Gordo... a do-over!

GM: I see.

[Taylor waits until the referee backs Morris away before he comes back through the ropes, eyeing the former amateur star. Morris comes in quickly again but this time, Taylor responds by throwing a sloppy headbutt at him.]

GM: Oh! Right to the eyesocket!

BW: The thing about that headbutt by Taylor that I've noticed is that he never really seems to care where he connects with it... just as long as he does...

GM: And it's very effective, sending Morris down to his knees.

[Taylor grabs a handful of jet black hair, pummeling Morris with short right hands to the same eyesocket as the referee shouts at him. Taylor breaks off at the count of four, raising his hands and glaring at the official...

...and then delivers a hard front kick to the mush, knocking Morris down to the canvas.]

GM: Wes Taylor is not above bending or breaking every single rule in the book to get an advantage over an opponent...

[Taylor reaches back, slapping the hand of Tony Donovan.]

GM: Quick tag from Taylor to Donovan, bringing his frequent tag team partner inside the ring.

[Each grabs an arm, backing Morris into the ropes, whipping him across...]

GM: They send him in... and take him down with a double back elbow up under the chin!

[Taylor ducks out through the ropes, earning the praise of Brian Lau as Tony Donovan stays on the attack, stomping the ear of Morris as he tries to get across the ring to his corner.]

GM: Tony Donovan cutting the ring here, not allowing Nelson Morris to make an exchange.

BW: No exchanges allowed, daddy. All sales are final in this one.

[Donovan stands in between Morris' outstretched hand and the corner, taunting Lance Steele and Willis Potter...]

...before spinning around and burying an overhead elbow down between the eyes of the kneeling Morris!]

GM: Oh!

[Grabbing a handful of trunks, Donovan drags Morris back towards the center of the ring, pulling him to his feet before rifling him into the nearest corner.]

GM: Morris hits the buckles... in comes Donovan!

[A big running avalanche in the corner seems to stun Morris as Donovan's 260 pounds crush him against the buckles. Donovan grabs Morris by the back of the head, racing across the ring, and SLAMMING his head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst into the corner!

[Donovan wheels around, running to the far corner, hopping up and pushing off the middle buckle with his foot, charging all the way back across...]

...and throws a big boot to the jaw of the cornered Morris!]

GM: OHHH! Tony Donovan taking a page out of the book of the World Champion with that running boot in the corner!

BW: Nah, nah... that's his tribute to his old mentor, Cain Jackson.

GM: Whoever he got it from, he's got Morris out on his feet after that one!

[Donovan grabs Morris around the head and neck, using a biel throw alongside the ropes to toss Morris into his own corner.]

GM: Donovan throws Morris into his own corner... and there's a tag to Willis Potter!

[Potter slingshots over the top rope, rushing Donovan with a series of rights and lefts that gets the crowd behind him...]

...until Donovan buries a boot into the midsection, cutting off the offensive flurry long enough for him to go into a full spin and OBLITERATE Potter with a discus lariat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE FLIPPED HIM INSIDE OUT WITH THAT! GOOD GRIEF!

[Donovan kneels on the mat, having thrown himself to the canvas in exertion. He stares out at the jeering crowd - some of which is cheering the incredible blow. He nods his head, pulling Potter to his feet.]

GM: Tony Donovan walking him across the ring... and there's the tag to Brian James.

[James steps in as Donovan shoves Potter back into the James Gang's corner, backing off as the son of the Blackheart unleashes a series of stiff palm strikes to the body, causing Potter's entire body to shudder at the impact of the blows...

...when Brian steps up on the second rope, springing up to SLAM his shin into the cheek of Willis Potter!]

GM: Good grief! Brian James with a devastating series of strikes in the corner and-

[Grabbing the arm of Potter, James turns his back, using a judo throw to swing Potter up, over, and down to the canvas. He promptly leaps up, dropping a knee down on the sternum.]

GM: Big kneedrop by Brian James... telling the ref to count...

[The official gets to two before James pulls him up by the hair, shaking his head.]

GM: Total disrespect being shown by the James Gang as Brian James refuses to pin the man.

[James gets up to his feet, reaching out to tag Wes Taylor back into the ring.]

BW: Look at those quick tags, Gordo. Beautiful.

GM: Brian James wasn't in there very long at all but the fresh Wes Taylor is back in, diving on top of Willis Potter!

[Taylor starts pummeling Potter into the mat with closed fists, earning the admonition of the official. The son of the Outlaw climbs to his feet, shouting at the jeering fans before pulling Potter off the canvas...

...and jacking his jaw with a STIFF uppercut that sends Potter falling back into the neutral corner!]

GM: What a shot that was, right on the chin!

[Walking over to the corner, Taylor pulls Potter into a side headlock before balling up his fist and smashing it into the face a half dozen times, earning another tongue-lashing from the referee.]

GM: Wes Taylor showing no regard for the official or the rules in this one.

[Pushing Potter back into the corner, Taylor leans on him and throws a back elbow to the ear. A few more land before the referee gets to four on his count and Taylor backs off, walking to the corner where he tags in his partner.]

GM: The tag is made... Tony Donovan back in...

[Taylor grabs Potter by the arm, shooting him into the ropes as Donovan slides in...

...and uses a drop toehold that causes Potter to pitch throatfirst over the middle rope!]

GM: Ohh!

[Donovan scampers to his feet, planting his shin on the back of the neck, pushing down to choke the air out of Willis Potter!]

GM: Come on, referee!

[After a three count, Donovan backs off with the official shouting at him. With that action going on, Taylor approaches the ropes, grabbing the top...]

GM: Taylor slingshots to the floor and-

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[He CRACKS Potter with an uppercut to the jaw that sends him falling back to the mat. Taylor blows on his knuckles out on the floor, smirking at the jeering crowd as Donovan moves back in on Potter, dragging him up to his feet by the arm, firing him into the ropes...]

GM: Potter on the rebound...

[But Donovan catches him, lifting him by the upper thighs, pivoting...

...and DRIVING Potter down into the canvas!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! OH MY!

[Donovan swings his arms apart in the “it’s over!” gesture before floating into a pin attempt, not bothering to hook a leg as the referee counts one... two... and...]

GM: Oh, come on! He pulled him up again!

BW: Well, technically it was Brian James who did it before so...

GM: You know what I mean!

[Donovan smirks at the official as he climbs to his feet, reaching out to slap the hand of Brian James.]

GM: The tag is made again...

[Donovan pulls Potter up, whipping him into the ropes, throwing himself at his feet which causes Potter to hurdle over, barely landing before Brian James leaps off his left foot and BURIES his right into the sternum, causing Potter to flip backwards and crash chestfirst down to the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Donovan chuckles as he gets up, trading a high five with Brian James as he exits the ring. James looks down coldly at Potter, leaning down to pull him up by the hair. He grabs the left arm, folding it back...

...and BURIES his right fist into the chest!]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH!

[Potter crumples back down to the canvas as James plants his shin on the chest, waving for the official to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd GASPS as Lance Steele bravely runs in, trying to save his partner by attacking Brian James. Three blows land before James gets back to his feet, catching another haymaker by trapping the arm with his own, securing a half nelson...]

GM: Uh oh!

[James UNCORKS a dangerous half nelson suplex, dumping Steele on top of his head. Wes Taylor reacts, cringing as he grabs at the back of his own neck as Donovan gleefully hops up and down on the ring apron. James rises to his feet, dusting off his hands as he slaps the hand of Tony Donovan who in turn slaps the hand of Wes Taylor.]

BW: Tags all around! Everyone gets a tag! YOU get a tag! YOU get a tag! YOU get-

GM: Would you stop?!

[Taylor and Donovan quickly step in. Donovan pulls Potter off the mat, lifting him over his shoulder as Taylor taunts the jeering fans before stepping into the front facelock...

...and the duo DRIVES Potter skullfirst into the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: DOUBLETEAM DDT!

[Taylor is all smiles as he flips the unconscious Potter onto his back, leaning across in a cover...]

GM: That’s all she wrote - one... two... and there’s the three.

“DING! DING! DING!”

BW: Like `em or not, Gordo... THAT was impressive.

GM: It absolutely was... and when you consider the undefeated streak of the Dogs of War in six man action, you have to wonder if that streak just might be coming to an end in 26 days at SuperClash.

BW: These guys are ready to make history, daddy!

GM: You could be right about that... and speaking of history, one of the most feared World Champions in wrestling history, Tiger Claw, is backstage continuing the process of putting together the roster for the Legends Royale. Let’s go backstage and see where he’s at!

[Cut to our documentary crew located backstage. Leaning against a wall, looking at his cell phone, is Tiger Claw. The documentary producer is apparently trying to coax some words out of the legend.]

P: Soooo... Do you have some comments about that situation between Casey and Brian James?

TC: ...

P: Are you calling more people for the Legends Royale?

TC: ...

P: Okay, sir, I'm sorry. You're going to have to work with me here. We can film you just fine, but if you're going to stand there and be silent, we can't really use any of the footage. It's boring. We need... _something._

[Claw, nearly rolling his eyes with irritation, looks up from his phone and blankly stares at the Producer.]

TC: There. Better?

P: Well, it's a start. So do we have more Legends Royale participants? I've noticed you've been on your phone for a while.

TC: Hmm? Oh, yes... Nothing I can report just yet.

P: Anyone you're close to signing? Any juicy rumors?

TC: You'll find I'm not the rumoring type. At this point, my main negotiator, Kenny Tanaka, is with Casey. From the looks of it, he's doing a pretty good job of signing people who share my interests for this match... For example, from the sounds of it, O'Brien is going to come in looking to kick the crap out of Casey when he hits the ring.

Aside from that, though, there's nothing to report. A lot of those I've signed are better revealed as... surprises... The night of the match.

P: Surprises? Good surprises or... like, turkey jumping out of an egg surprises?

TC: Good surprises, I assure you... I'm sure one of them will...

[Before Claw can finish his statement, he suddenly finds himself trapped against the wall, encircled by three very upset-looking individuals - Isaiah Carpenter, Pedro Perez, and Wade Walker - also known as the Dogs of War.]

PP: Well, well, well... look who we've got here.

[Perez smirks.]

PP: The most dangerous man to ever step foot in a wrestling ring. I've heard him called that... haven't you?

[Carpenter nods.]

IC: The list of people that he's either knocked out or choked out is like a Who's Who in the business. Eddie Van Gibson.

[Claw nods.]

IC: Simon Ezra.

[Claw bows his head, nodding.]

IC: Even his own best friend, Casey James.

[Claw nods again.]

IC: But he hasn't done it to us.

[Claw arches an eyebrow.]

WW: That's right... and after the CRAP that your boys Lau and James pulled two weeks ago on me, it seems like we owe them...

[Walker looks to Perez who shrugs.]

PP: At least one. We owe 'em at least one... and I don't know about you guys but I'd like to make it a good one.

[Perez takes a step towards Claw who doesn't budge... yet.]

PP: Hey camera guy... keep rolling. I want them to be able to watch this.

[Perez is about to step forward again when Claw responds to the threat with an amused look.]

TC: I see. And you figured you'd make an example of _me,_ did you?

[Perez chuckles.]

PP: Not exactly. I mean... you're not the man you used to be, old timer.

[Claw bristles.]

PP: You might've beaten up four nobodies last year at SuperClash but you were nowhere to be found when we were sending old man Martinez to the hospital and making Carver and Vasquez wish they'd never looked twice in our direction. It's been a long time since someone was actually...

[Perez steps closer, within reach now.]

PP: ...afraid of you. So kicking your ass doesn't prove anything to anyone...

[Perez grins.]

PP: But I'm going to bet that it's gonna feel REAL good.

[Claw interrupts.]

TC: Allow me point out the one flaw in the plan to "kick my ass"...

[Claw steps in so that he and Perez are nose to nose]

TC: ...You can't. And as for not being afraid of me... Good. It saves me the trouble of having to chase you down.

[Claw cracks a bit of a smirk]

TC: Now, which two of you am I sending to the emergency room?

[There's a commotion off camera, and Casey James comes barging into the shot, drunk and belligerent. He takes a position between Claw and the Dogs of War.]

CJ: So... What? I heard you guys want a workout, huh? Throw down? With the Syndicate? You guys have to be frickin' nuts!

[Claw shrugs]

PP: Oh, this is too much. I mean... I was happy with how sad Lau and James would be after we beat up this fossil.

[He gestures to Claw.]

PP: But adding you to the mix? There's going to be tears for days.

[Casey shakes his head.]

CJ: Kid, you have no idea. Just because we've been around for a while, that don't make us used up. And we might be a few weeks from beating the hell out of one another in the Legends Royale... But we're still Syndicate tonight! And if you want to get your hands on Claw, you gotta go through me first!

[Claw raises an eyebrow which Casey seems to detect despite not looking directly at him.]

CJ: Sorry, dude... You know what I mean... If they wanna fight you, they fight me too!

[The five men square off as the cameraman backs off, ready to capture this moment...

...when suddenly Brian James, Wes Taylor, Tony Donovan, and Brian Lau break into view, coming in fast off their match. Taylor and Donovan are very obviously hanging back as Brian James storms right into the middle of everything, jumping right into the face of Wade Walker.]

BJ: LET'S GO! LET'S DO THIS RIGHT NOW!

[But before any fists can fly, security rushes onto the scene... a LOT of security, trying to wedge themselves between the Dogs of War and everyone else. Shouted words are exchanged.]

PP: This isn't the end of this! In fact, two weeks from tonight, I think the Dogs of War want a SuperClash warm-up!

[Perez points to Claw and Casey.]

PP: AND WE... WANT... YOU!

[The crowd inside the arena ERUPTS in cheers as Perez shouts at the two Hall of Famers...]

CJ: YOU WANT THE SYNDICATE!?

[Casey glances at Lau and Claw, who nod. Casey lunges forward, held back by security but stabbing a finger at Perez.]

CJ: YOU _GOT_ THE SYNDICATE!

[The crowd again explodes into cheers as the challenge is accepted. With the entire backstage area a mess of shouted threats, we fade to 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 up on the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing by.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen it's my honor and privilege to welcome my next guests for you tonight. They are the 2015 Stampede Cup Champions, Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons – AIR STRIKE!

[Mertz and Aarons come into the picture. Both members are wearing green and white tracksuit with the Combat Corner logo on the jacket. Michael Aarons is holding the Stampede Cup for the full display of the camera. Both members are smiling ear to ear.]

MS: Gentlemen, how does it feel to be the newest members of the Stampede Cup Champions club?

CM: It's humbling, Mark. It's an honor for sure. To go through the talent we did... from Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, to Youth In Asia, to great competitors in Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor and finally to win this Cup against a legendary team in Strictly Business... it's mind numbing if you stop to think about it.

MA: At the end of the day Stegs, if I may brag a little...

[Aarons smirks as Mertz just laughs and shakes his head.]

MA: We did everything we said we were going to do. Every odd that was stacked, we climbed even higher. Every obstacle laid out, we dug even deeper. Everything and everyone they put in front of us – got put down.

[Aarons slaps the Cup.]

MA: And in the end, we earned this here Cup. We said it last year, you put an intact Air Strike in the field and there's no stopping us! This here proves that.

CM: For Michael, it's been two Stampede Cup finals... for me, all I wanted was another chance to not let my tag team partner down. In the end, we came out victorious and we couldn't be prouder.

MS: But not without some controversy as Violence Unlimited stated two weeks ago that they would put their AWA World Tag Team Titles on the line against the winner of the Stampede Cup and then it seemed they went out to prevent you from doing just that.

[Mertz nods briefly.]

CM: Mark, after what happened in Japan a few months back, we decided that we weren't going to let talk and questionable decisions define who we were. We were going to let our actions show what we were. And what we thought was that Air Strike was one of the best tag teams in the world today! And what we decided was that the Stampede Cup was just the place to do that, so our fight with Violence Unlimited was put to the side.

MA: But never for one second, were they ever forgotten. And we know, in their heart of hearts, that they never forgot about us. That's why they only started showing up when we were neck deep in this tournament. That's why they challenged the winner and then went down to make sure the winner wasn't us. But just like always, Violence Unlimited failed. Just like they fail to realize that the best tag team in the world is the high flying, death defying Teenage Dream Team – Air Strike!

[The duo exchange a fist bump.]

MA: A fact that we will be more than happy to remind them of at-

[Just then, Danny Morton and Jackson Hayes, the duo known as Violence Unlimited, make their way onto the scene. The champions are in street clothes, but they wear the tag team titles around their waists. The much larger duo get right up in Air Strike's faces, trying to intimidate the Stampede Cup winners.]

JH: Well look at what we have here, Danny...we got ourselves a couple of little kids runnin' around playin' make-believe professional wrassler callin' themselves Stampede Cup champions!

[Morton and Haynes share a laugh as Mark Stegglet motions for Air Strike to keep their emotions in check, not wanting to be caught in the middle of the fight between the two teams.]

JH: And if that ain't enough, these two let their dang imagination run wild and free! 'Cause if I heard right, these two just called us a couple of failures!

DM: They didn't actually say that, did they!?

[Morton turns to Stegglet.]

DM: Little buddy! Tell me that they didn't actually call the most accomplished, successful, winningest tag team in the history of professional wrestling a couple of FAILURES!

MA: You better believe we did!

[Morton nudges Haynes with his elbow.]

DM: You hear that, Jack? We're a couple of failures!

[Morton suddenly throws his head back, cackling.]

DM: FAILURES!? Kid! We've won enough tag team gold to fill Fort Knox! We've beat you two from pillar-to-post and all points in between! I mean...

...LOOK AT MY WAIST!

[He points to the Tag Team title belt he wears.]

DM: THESE don't belong to failures! These belong to WINNERS! These belong to CHAMPIONS! These belong to Violence Unlimited!

[Haynes pokes a finger into Cody Mertz's chest, but Mertz slaps his hand away. Haynes merely grins an ugly grin at the youngster's moxy.]

JH: Get it through that puberty-rattled brain of yours, kid! Nuthin' belongs to you two! We've out-fought, out-toughed, and out-classed you two at every turn! And this time, it won't be any different!

[Haynes unstraps the belt from his waist and holds it up into Cody Mertz's face. Morton proceeds to do the same with his and holds it up into the face of Michael Aarons.]

JH: These belts? The Stampede Cup? The title of "World's greatest tag team"? Those all belong...

[Suddenly and without warning, Jackson Haynes SMASHES the belt right across Mertz's face!]

"SMACK!"

JH: ...TO US!!!

[Mark Stegglet quickly runs off camera, shouting for help, as Danny Morton does likewise and blindsides Michael Aarons with a shot right between the eyes with fifteen pounds of gold. The duo proceed to put the boots to Air Strike, before Haynes bends down, pulling Mertz back up to his feet...

"CRASH!!!"

...and tossing him right into the AWA backdrop of the interview area, knocking it over!]

JH: We could've done this like civilized people! But ya' had to keep runnin' yer damn traps 'bout us! Well look at'cha now! Ya' don't look like Number One contenders! Ya' don't even look like a couple of wrasslers! Ya' just look the same as ya' did the night we WON these titles!

[Morton bends down at the knees, taunting Air Strike.]

DM: YOU LOOK LIKE VICTIMS!

[Security and backstage officials then run onto the scene, trying to get Violence Unlimited away from the downed Number One Contenders. Morton and Haynes back down, slowly walking away backwards as they're directed to leave by security, the two of them holding up the titles into the air as Air Strike begins to receive medical attention. Fade back out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

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

Introducing first, already in the ring, from Rocky Mount, North Carolina... weighing 225 pounds... Amos Carter!

[Carter gives a friendly wave to the crowd.]

BW: Look at that shiner on Carter. Shadoc Rage sure left him marked after that handicap match.

[There is a woman's scream, right out of a horror movie, before "Twist of Cain" by Danzig starts its sinister beat and on cue, Canibal stalks through the curtain.

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

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

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

GM: The bizarre luchador celebrates his entrance in his ... unique way.

BW: Hey, Canibal has to live up to his peers.

GM: You mean the legendary luchadors of-

BW: No, no, no. I am talking Michael Myers, Jason Vorhees... that Chucky doll...

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Canibal advances on Carter but the latter keeps his distance. The luchador lunges forward but Amos dodges that attempt. Another lunge, another avoidance.]

GM: Young Amos Carter is on his toes tonight.

BW: Hey, we have seen how Canibal has mauled his previous opponents. If you ask me, Amos should just run out of the ring and jump onto the next bus to North Carolina just to be sure.

[Frowning, Canibal seems to hesitate for a moment, then rushes towards Carter with a series of kicks. His opponent manages to block the first one. The second one hits him straight in the ribs and third one impacts flush on the shoulder. Carter yelps out in pain and is doubled over. Canibal accepts that invitation and grabs him to execute a...]

GM: Spinning pumphandle slam! Canibal got some good elevation on that move.

BW: Amos shouldn't have made him angry.

[Dazed, Amos scrambles back to his feet but Canibal is right there and brings him back down with a belly-to-belly suplex.]

GM: Another high impact move!

BW: Amos weighs as much as a wet pillow, Gordo. Of course, Canibal can fling him about at his pleasure.

[As if he has heard Bucky, Canibal hauls Carter up and straddles him onto the top rope. There is a mixture of a shock-and-sympathy pop from the crowd. The referee argues with Canibal who backpedals, his head cocked to the side.]

BW: Oh, I don't like the looks of this.

GM: Canibal deposits him in a bad way on that top rope, showing all the disrespect in the world as- CANIBAL WITH THE THRUST KICK!

[Indeed, the backpedalling seemed to have been only to gain some momentum as he rushed past the ref and knocked Amos to the outside.]

BW: Wow, and I thought straddling him on the ropes was vicious. This was brutal.

[Ignoring the protests of the referee, Canibal slides to the outside. He drags the stunned Carter up by the hair before he grabs him by the throat and executes a very quick chokeslam on the outside.]

GM: OHH! Right down on the thin padding on the floor!

BW: And while it might be padded, that's not saying much. There's not much there, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not and the only reason Amos Carter isn't in need of an ambulance right now was that Canibal went for speed and not height on that chokeslam out on the floor.

[Canibal slithers back in. The referee hesitates for a second, then starts a ten count. Canibal makes no move to stop him but instead performs his double cutthroat gesture again, finishing it just as the bell rings.]

PW: Here is your winner, as a result of a count-ou ... CANIBAL!

GM: I am not sure if he just wanted to show off another side of his ring style or if Canibal wanted to humiliate Amos Carter. Either way, it was... decisive.

[Canibal rises to his feet, allowing the official to raise his hand in triumph as his music blares over the PA system.]

GM: This bizarre luchador continues to impress here in the AWA and at this point, you start to wonder what it'll be like when he takes on some of the upper echelon of the AWA locker room.

BW: More of the same, I'd wager. This guy is double tough and dangerous to boot.

GM: The sick and twisted-

[Gordon is interrupted.]

VOICE: CUT THE DAMN MUSIC!

["Twist of Cain" abruptly cuts out, and six figures are quickly making their way down the aisle...]

GM: Oh, not these guys again...

[Callum Mahoney, Rex Summers, Victor and Paul Von Braun, the thug in the orange hoodie, and the man the voice belongs to, Kerry Kendrick, all make their way down the aisle and into the ring. Canibal steps back, arms raised and at the ready in case he needs to defend himself.]

GM: What in the world is all this about?

BW: If you shut your piehole, I'm guessing we're about to find out.

[Settled in, Kendrick begins to speak.]

KK: What I'm looking at right now is someone who doesn't give a damn about politics in this business, north or south of the border. I'm looking at a man who doesn't give a damn about that debacle that took place between the AWA and...

[Kendrick grins as he looks right into the camera.]

KK: ...SWLL.

[He chuckles before continuing.]

KK: What I'm looking at is someone sees what he wants, and takes what he wants. And what I'm looking at is the perfect person to join my Steal the Spotlight squad for SuperClash!

[Canibal cocks his head to the side and looks at the men before him with no readable expression. He reaches out his hand and Kendrick hands him the mic.]

C: I observe a group... a flock... who does not yet comprehend how everything is changing. You desire me among your ranks, holding your hands, covering your backs, owning your trusts?

You do not even begin to conceive how unfathomable that would be, do you?

[He tosses the mic back to Kendrick and quickly rolls out of the ring without another word or glance at the gathering. The fans cheers the abrupt dismissal - even though it came from someone they're not fond of. Kendrick seems agitated as he raises the mic again.]

KK: Hey pal, I don't know if you get what I'm saying here; let me spell it out for you what this means-

[Rex Summers interrupts.]

RS: The "Red Hot" One thinks he heard you wrong, Kerry. 'Cause this being YOUR Steal the Spotlight team doesn't sound just right.

[Rex Summers does not appear happy at all as rubs his chin with his right hand.]

RS: In fact, that doesn't sound like anything that was agreed upon at all. Unless Rex Summers, the man the spotlight was made for, wasn't invited to a meeting.

[Rex glares at Kerry for a moment... but before things can escalate, Callum Mahoney snatches the mic away from Summers.]]

CM: "Just let me do the talking..." Those were your exact words, Kendrick, although I still don't know why you think you'd be the best person to negotiate with that... Freak. How about from now on, fellas, you let me make the decisions for the team?

[Paul Von Braun grabs the mic away from Kendrick, interjecting.]

PVB: We don't even have a full team and we're already breaking down? We were meant to break the old barriers and establish a new set of rules. That's not going to happen when egos get in the-

[Just then, "All I do is Win" by DJ Khaled begins to play as the crowd roars with boos at the sight of Skywalker Jones and Buford P. Higgins emerging from the entrance way. Jones is dressed in a full-length grey furcoat, a black pinstriped tailored suit, and designer sunglasses. Higgins, as usual, is dressed to the nines in an all-white suit and tie. The two make their way down to the ring, as the others stare at him incredulously in the ring.]

SJ: My o' my, well ain't this a conumdrum? Skywalker Jones was sittin' there in the back looking spectacular and being amazing with his existence, when he saw you six get shot down like the fat chick looking for a date to the Homecoming dance!

[The crowd goes "OHH!" at the insult. Jones holds up his hands, as if to say he means no harm as all the men stare daggers at him.]

SJ: Now, as insulted as Skywalker Jones should be that you'd consider that Lucha jiggadolt for inclusion on your team before him, outta' the goodness of his own heart, Skywalker Jones believes he's got a solution to ALL your problems. 'Cause after all, what's a Steal the Spotlight match, without...

...MISTER Steal the Spotlight?

[A chorus of jeers comes from the crowd as Jones makes his intentions known.]

SJ: Now, Skywalker Jones understands your hesitation! Skywalker Jones understands your apprehension! After all, it wasn't too long ago when Jones went ahead and damn near separated his ex...

[Air quotes.]

SJ: ..."best friend" Hercules Hammonds' head from his body. So you might be thinking I'm treacherous! Untrustworthy! But I assure you, that was only because Skywalker Jones needed to pop that jive turkey's over-inflated ego! He thought he didn't need my help! He brought me out there to be his tag team partner and then he waved me away like I was a piece of trash! Well, look where that got him!

[In the background, Higgins screams, "HERC HAD TO BE HUMBLLED!"]

SJ: But if you people got enough humility to put your egos aside and not think you're above receiving Mister Steal the Spotlight's help, if you're all as smart as I think you are... then Skywalker Jones is more than willing to be your partner at SuperClash!

"THIS MAN WAS HIS OWN TEAM LAST YEAR, PLAYAS! His OWN team!"

SJ: So whatta' ya' say?

[As the crowd boos, Jones flashes a million-dollar smile at the group as they all huddle together to talk it over.]

KK: Alright, we've decided. You're in! Welcome to... OUR team.

[Everyone in the ring shares commiserations, shaking hands and fistbumps, all except the thug in the orange hoodie.]

BW: Now that's one of the most stacked Steal the Spotlight squads I've ever seen, Gordo!

GM: Callum Mahoney! Rex Summers! Kerry Kendrick! Victor Von Braun! And now Skywalker Jones! I am hard pressed to disagree, Bucky.

[The five members lock hands and all raise their arms to show their unity to the audience.]

GM: Whatever Derrick Williams, Cesar Hernandez, and Caspian Abaran have planned to round out their team, they'd better get to it... and fast. Fans, let's go backstage to get some words from Casey James and Tiger Claw about the challenge from the Dogs of War!

[Cut to the James Gang dressing room, which has apparently been commandeered by Casey James and Tiger Claw. Claw sits calmly on a folding chair while Casey paces back and forth, periodically taking swigs from the can in his hand. He's sort

of in the middle of a rant. Brian Lau and Brian James are also present, watching Casey carry on. Lau has an amused look on his face, having seen this sort of thing before. Brian James, on the other hand, watches with a look on his face that's one part amazement and one part concern. Kenny Tanaka is there too.]

KT: Sirs, the AWA would like you to-

[Tanaka tries to point to the camera when he almost gets mowed down by a pacing Casey James.]

CJ: Can you believe that? Buncha kids talking crap to us? Back in the day, we woulda eaten them whole and crapped them out a day later. They don't know who we are... DO THEY KNOW WHO WE ARE!?

BL: The Dogs are... ambitious. You know how it is, Casey... When you want to make a name for yourself. Do you remember?

CJ: I remember, but this is different. When we did it, WE were the badasses! We weren't trying to make a name for ourselves, we were taking the name that was rightfully ours! And Claw and me ain't done with our names yet!

BL: I see your point, but...

CJ: And we ain't ready to go out to pasture yet! Claw here is a better fighter than he was even back in the day! And me?

TC: Yes... And you?

CJ: Don't you worry about me. I can still go. I don't need no springboards or roll ups or whatever... The second I punch one of those jamokes in the face and knock his teeth down his throat, the three of 'em ain't gonna feel like fighting any more.

TC: So you're taking my moves now, are you?

CJ: [shrug] Seems to work for you... Why not?

[After a slow exhale, Brian James steps forward, glancing from his father to his trainer.]

BJ: Master Claw...

[James exhales again, as he looks to Casey James.]

BJ: Father.

[Casey looks around, then realizes that "Father" was intended for him.]

BJ: Please, let me join you.

You need a third man. I am the obvious choice. Let me fight alongside you.

CJ: Yeah! Brian can be our third! That'll be perfect! Look at how well things went last year!

TC: While I would gladly have you at my side in this fight, Brian, fighting in this match would only give the Dogs information on your tactics and training. No, you'll have your chance at SuperClash.

BJ: But I know them. I know them better than you. I know what they can do.

You both need me. You have to do this.

[Tiger Claw raises an eyebrow and gives his student a stare that brings the AWA's Engine of Destruction to an abrupt and complete halt.]

TC: Your enthusiasm is appreciated, but you lose sight of the larger picture.

BL: No, he's right, we save you for SuperClash. We want to keep you as fresh as possible. Let's not throw away the war on this one battle.

CJ: So, what, it's just me and Claw? [Thinks for a moment.] Fine. I'll take two of 'em on. I don't even care.

TC: That wasn't my plan either. I've been in contact with someone for the Legends Royale, and I think he might be interested.

CJ: Someone we can trust?

[Claw shrugs.]

CJ: Right... Forget I asked that. [To Brian James] Can't trust anyone, kiddo. Number 1 lesson in this business. [To Claw] Okay, okay... Who is it?

[Claw hands his cell phone to Casey, whose eyes widen as he looks at the screen.]

CJ: No. [BLEEP]king. Way.

BL: LANGUAGE!

CJ: Right, right, I forgot. Sorry. Seriously, though. Him?

TC: Absolutely.

CJ: I... I like your style, Claw. Yeah, I like the way this is shaping up. Ha! This is gonna be good!

[Casey passes the phone over to his son, Brian, who takes a look. He looks at both Claw and Casey with a look of surprise on his face.]

BJ: No. [BLEEP]king. Way!

BL: The both of you with your filthy mouths!

CJ: Genetics, man.

BL: Now I know I know why I keep you two separated.

[Casey gives Brian James a nudge on the arm with a chuckle. He seems to take pride in Brian's propensity for swearing.]

BL: So tell me, who have you got?

[Lau gets the phone off of the younger James. He raises an eyebrow.]

BL: I see. This would be... Yes, this is good. Claw, if you don't mind making the call?

[Claw shrugs as if to say, "Sure, I was going to anyway".]

BL: Good, good. Yes, I think this would be the direction to go in.

CJ: Aw yeah, it's gonna be like old times! The Syndicate running things! These kids aren't gonna know what hit 'em!

TC: I'd prefer they never forget what hit them.

CJ: That too!

[Dastardly heel laughter!]

...and we cut to another part of the locker room area where we see Johnny Detson frantically throwing stuff into a duffel bag. He stops, looks around, and then continues throwing things in his bag. Sweet Lou Blackwell approaches.]

SLB: Johnny Detson.

[A startled Detson jumps back a second before realizing who it is. He glares at Blackwell before struggling with the zipper on his bag and throwing over his shoulder.]

JD: Excuse me, Blackwell... no more interviews... I have a plane to catch.

[Detson begins to walk away.]

SLB: Johnny Detson, surely after everything that has happened tonight you will accept the match at SuperClash against Calisto Dufresne?

[Detson, hand on the exit door, clenches his jaw and spins around.]

JD: Are you deaf, Blackwell? Are you as stupid as everyone else out there? No, no, a thousand times no. I'm Fox's favorite son, I am the bona fide rating draw of this Company – I am in World Title matches at SuperClash, or I am not in SuperClash!

[Detson drops his bag and fishes some business cards out of his pocket.]

JD: You see these? This is my lawyer...

[Detson tosses the card at Blackwell.]

JD: ...my agent... Executive Vice President of Programming for Fox Sports here on The X, the greatest sports network in all the land. You give them all a call and tell them that Johnny Detson isn't competing until I get what I deserve! And if you think I'm—

[Detson's rant is interrupted by a phone ringing. Detson stops and out of his other pocket produces his cell phone. He looks at the number and immediately answers in a hostile tone.]

JD: President O'Neill... you have a lot of nerve calling me!

[Detson pauses while he listens.]

JD: No matter, because I can tell you right now what you can do with your so-called match you made for me! You can take that match and stick...

[Detson stops in mid-sentence.]

JD: What?!

[Pause.]

JD: Uh-huh.

[Pause.]

JD: Uh-huh.

[Long pause. As he listens, the anger melts away and a smile forms on his face, getting bigger and bigger.]

JD: I understand.

[Detson hangs up the phone and slides it back in his pocket. He turns to Blackwell and claps his shoulder.]

JD: Blackwell, I accept the match. SuperClash... Johnny Detson will take on Calisto Dufresne.

[Detson turns towards the camera.]

JD: Dufresne, I'll see you there!

[With that, Detson walks right past the exit and out of the locker room area leaving his bag and the confused Sweet Lou behind.]

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: It's getting closer by the second - 26 days and counting until the biggest night of the year! SuperClash VII will be coming to you LIVE on PAY PER VIEW on Thanksgiving Night at Minute Maid Park in Houston, Texas and moments ago, we got the big news... this show is SOLD OUT, fans! Completely SOLD OUT! Not even a ticket left for Bucky Wilde's mama which means if you want to be a part of the biggest show of the year, you've GOT to join us on Pay Per View. Now, let's run down the card for this tremendous show!

[The graphic highlighting "Steal The Spotlight" appears with photos of the participants.]

MS: The annual Steal The Spotlight showcase returns in Houston and what a match this is shaping into. On one side, we've learned we'll see Callum Mahoney, Rex Summers, Kerry Kendrick, Victor Von Braun, and Skywalker Jones. On the other, Derrick Williams, Cesar Hernandez, and Caspian Abaran... and we've just learned that WILLIE HAMMER has asked to be added to this team so he can get his hands on Jones! That makes four with only one spot still to be filled. Who will fill it? That remains to be seen but whoever it is will earn their shot to be a part of this elimination tag team spectacular and to walk out of Houston, Texas with a guaranteed contract for the match of their choice in their pocket.

[The graphic changes to showing Maxim Zharkov alongside Jackson Hunter.]

MS: The Proletariat Challenge continues to draw interest from the sports world. We've seen the list of those who will be in attendance to take their shot at the Tsar

- competitors from the NHL, NBA, GFC, and more... but it's been quite some time since we've seen Maxim Zharkov himself who continues to train for this spectacle back in Russia. We received another video tape this week with Zharkov in action... let's take a look...

[From 16:9 HD, the picture goes to 4:3 video, with many compression artifacts present, obviously converted from video tape.]

CAPTION: Будьте в своей тарелке.

CAPTION: Там теперь следует сообщение для американского альянса по борьбе.

[Fade to the darkened, but very much not empty arena where Maxim Zharkov won the incredible 196-man tournament to become Soviet Champion.]

CAPTION: Его первым претендентом.

EXCITED VOICEOVER: Yego zavoyevaniya polnoy, Maxim Zharkov dolzhen stoyat' pered yego pervym pretendentom!

[The massive Zharkov stands in the middle of the Russian ring, his dark teal cape covering his massive frame. The ring itself still looks hastily assembled in the grand Russian tradition: the ropes look too loose to be useful, it's too low off the ground, it seems to be slightly wider than it is long.]

Cut to Ivan Kostovich in a talking heads style interview.]

KOSTOVICH: S Zharkov nyne uvenchalas' Chempionom SSSR , teper' on dolzhen podgotovit'sya k nomu ispytaniyu

[Subtitle: "With Zharkov now crowned Soviet Champion, he must now prepare for a real test."]

Cut back to the arena, where two weedy-looking Russian men wheel a very large cage toward the ring.

Cut to Ivan Petrov.]

PETROV: Eto ne obyazatel'no , konechno . My chuvstvovali, chto eto budet sobstvenno psikhologicheskiy eksperiment .

[Subtitle: "It's not necessary, of course. We felt it would be a proper psychological experiment."]

Cut to Zharkov throwing his arms in the air; his cape flies up behind him in magnificent slow-motion.

Cut to Vladimir Velikov.]

VELIKOV: Kak politik, otvechayushchiy, ya chuvstvoval, chto obyazan nayti mistera Zharkov podkhodyashchuyu problemu, prezhe chem on vozvrashchayetsya v Ameriku; Ya dumayu, chto mne eto udalos'.

[Subtitle: "As the Undersecretary of Sport for Magadan Oblast, I felt obligated to find Mr. Zharkov a suitable challenge before he returns to America; I think I succeeded."]

Cut to a magnificent 9-foot tall grizzly bear being released from its cage into to the ring. Cut to the shot opposite, coincidentally from the bear's perspective. Zharkov roars, echoing the bear growl, and charges.

Abruptly cut to Kolya Sudakov. From his demeanor over previous weeks, one gets the feeling that he is not as enthusiastic as the subtitles would have us believe.]

SUDAKOV: Eto absurdnaya fars. Ya rasstroyen i razdrazhen, chto eto proiskhodit. Eto nelovkosti k sebe i k moyey gordoy strany. Pozor.

[Subtitle: "It was spectacular. Our country's champion against the greatest beast the world could muster. No human athlete in the world could hope to defeat The Tsar. Glorious."

Cut back to arena, where the suddenly tamed bear is abruptly being loaded back into the cage. Zharkov seems to have only suffered slight redness and minor abrasions from his fight with the grizzly bear. He raises his hands as the apparently massive Russian crowd stands in the darkness and sings the "Soviet March."]

Nash Sovetskiy Soyuz pokaraet
Ves' mir ot Evropy k Neve na vosto-ok
Nad zemleoy vezde budut pet':
Stolica, vodka, Sovetskiy medved' nash!

[Zharkov stands at attention in the center of the ring, arms locked behind his back. Cut to an extreme close-up of his stoic face as a single masculine tear falls from his eye.]

EXCITED VOICEOVER: Da! Sil'nyye muzhchiny tozhe plachut! Ibo net patriot, kak i Maxim Zharkov!

[Fade to a wide shot of the darkened arena, the audience standing and singing in incongruous unison.]

EXCITED VOICEOVER: Teper' vy dolzhny ostavit' svoy narod , moy Tsar'. Idi, i mozhet vam prevratit' Ameriku v pepel!

CAPTION: Предыдущее заявление было доведено до вас Магаданской коалиции.

[Cut back to 16:9 HD and Mark Stegglet who looks agitated.]

MS: A bear?! A BEAR?! That jackal Jackson Hunter expects us to believe that Maxim Zharkov battled a bear?! Unbelievable. Fans, I always do my best to remain impartial but in Houston, Texas, I'm going to be sitting there chanting "U-S-A" with the rest of the world when Maxim Zharkov puts his so-called Soviet Championship on the line. Remember, to win, one of the athletes needs to survive five minutes with Zharkov... that's it! Fifteen thousand dollars and the Soviet Championship is on the line in that one!

[The graphic shows the James Gang and the Dogs of War.]

MS: This one has gotten more heated by the week as the James Gang and the Dogs of War are set for... well, war. We've seen sneak attacks, mind games, and now the Dogs of War have issued a challenge to take on The Syndicate - Brian James' own father and trainer - in a six man match two weeks from tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling.

Well, I'm here to inform you that match will NOT be happening on Saturday Night Wrestling...

[Stegglet grins.]

MS: However, thanks to our broadcast partners at FOX, it WILL be happening on a very special pre-SuperClash edition of ALL-STAR SHOWDOWN! That's right - two weeks from tonight, with just days until SuperClash, we will be LIVE in PRIME TIME on the FOX Network for what promises to be an electric atmosphere as we walk the final steps on the road to Houston!

[The graphic changes again.]

MS: This one got a little more personal earlier tonight when "Flawless" Larry Wallace and his mentor, Hamilton Graham, put their hands on Cameron O'Connor, the father of "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor. I can assure you that Bobby simply can't wait to return the favor in Houston! But with all the drama with the TexMo Connection, does Bobby O'Connor have someone watching his back at SuperClash? If he doesn't, he certainly should!

[And again.]

MS: The ladies of the AWA will be on display when Julie Somers - who won her match earlier tonight - will be taking on either Melissa Cannon or Charisma Knight who will collide at All-Star Showdown in two weeks' time to see who earns the final spot!

[And again, this time showing off the Legends Royale graphic.]

MS: The Legends Royale continues to draw interest from all over the pro wrestling world as Casey James and Tiger Claw look to fill the ring with their allies and enemies from the past. Two weeks ago, we learned that Tommy Stephens, Ron Houston, Otto Verhoeven, and Rob Donovan would be joining the two Hall of Famers in the ring in Houston. Tonight, we've been informed that former tag team great Chris O'Brien will be there... as will the mysterious Mister Honeydew! And now, we just learned from Kenny Tanaka that Casey James has scored a major coup - he has landed the man who ENDED Tiger Claw's career so many years ago. That's right...

[A picture appears on the screen of the newest addition to the match.]

MS: DEVON CASE is in the Legends Royale!

[Stegglet grins.]

MS: Nine men in the Legends Royale so far and more to be added in the days ahead, I'm sure... and according to Tiger Claw, he's got some surprises that may not be announced until the night of the show! What a night it's going to be in Houston, Texas, fans!

[The graphic changes again.]

MS: How about this one that we learned about here tonight? Supernova will be challenging for the AWA World Television Title against the champion Shadoe Rage... in a match with NO time limit! These two have battled to the limit on several occasions in the past but this time, that won't be an issue.

[Another graphic change.]

MS: Earlier tonight, we heard The Gladiator make the challenge... and now we know that Doctor Harrison Fawcett has accepted! It'll be the irresistible force meeting the immovable object when The Gladiator takes on KING Oni at SuperClash!

[And yet another, showing the World Tag Team Titles.]

MS: The World Tag Team Titles will be on the line in a rematch one year in the making when Violence Unlimited defends the titles against Air Strike. Fans, these are - without a doubt - the two greatest tag teams in the world right now. Remember, Air Strike won the Stampede Cup just two weeks ago while Violence Unlimited is the only two-time winner of that tournament. This is going to be a happening!

[The National Title appears - flanked by champion Travis Lynch and challenger Juan Vasquez.]

MS: The National Title will be on the line in Houston when Travis Lynch defends the gold against a man who has worn that title on two occasions - the People's Hero, Juan Vasquez. But you have to wonder if Vasquez will have the crowd on his side in the great state of Texas when he takes on the Texas Heartthrob and a member of Texas' favorite family.

[Another fade.]

MS: Another match confirmed here tonight as Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright take their very personal war into Houston, Texas to settle things once and for all... but what kind of match will it be? Supreme Wright agreed to take the match... but only if he gets to name the stipulation which he'll do two weeks from tonight.

[And again.]

MS: And just moments ago, we heard it... Johnny Detson has accepted the match for SuperClash! He'll take on Calisto Dufresne! But you have to wonder what President O'Neill offered him to make it happen.

[And then finally, the big one.]

MS: And of course, the Main Event of the evening will see Ryan Martinez defend the World Heavyweight Title he won last year at SuperClash VI against Hannibal Carver. The crowd in Houston may be split right down the middle of this battle of two of the most popular men in the entire AWA. And don't forget the HUGE news we got two weeks ago that says that EVERY title match on this show will have a special guest referee that will be announced right before the match takes place! That could have major impact on the entire night!

[The graphic fades, leaving Stegglet behind.]

MS: SuperClash VII: The Rising is almost upon us and I can't wait to spend my Thanksgiving Night at Minute Maid Park letting the wrestling gods know everything that I'm thankful for!

But that's where we'll be this year on Thanksgiving... where will we be next year?

[Stegglet grins as the SuperClash VII logo behind him changes... to SuperClash VIII.]

MS: We started this process many weeks ago and now we're down to a Final Four. The last four cities being considered to host SuperClash VIII in 2016 are... Toronto, Boston, Chicago, and right here in New Orleans. It's time to eliminate one more city right here tonight...

[Stegglet lifts a sealed envelope, tearing it open and withdrawing a sheet of paper from inside.]

MS: The city being removed from contention to take us from four to three is...

[Stegglet waits... and waits... and waits...]

MS: Chicago is out! So long to the Windy City!

[Stegglet tosses the paper aside.]

MS: And then there were three as we whittle down the list to SuperClash where the host city will be announced. But who will it be? Can Toronto make history by becoming the first international SuperClash? Will New Orleans get another historic AWA moment? Or will Boston bring SuperClash back to the Northeast? Make sure you join us on All-Star Showdown in two weeks where we'll unveil the final two cities duking it out for SuperClash VIII!

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... 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 "Diamond" Rob Driscoll flipping Hercules Hammonds over the top rope to eliminate him to win the Brass Ring Battle Royal!]

#Guess who just got back today?#

[Tony Donovan leaps into the air, catching his own father flush on the chin with a leaping superkick!]

#Those wild-eyed boys that had been away#

[Andrew Sterling, clad in a Derek Jeter jersey, delivers a baseball slide dropkick onto a Tree of Woe'd Donnie White!]

#Haven't changed, haven't much to say#

[Former World Champion Dave Bryant locks the Iron Crab on a screaming Larry Doyle.]

#But man, I still think them cats are great#

[Travis Lynch gives the NYC crowd a thrill as he spans Sunshine in the middle of the ring.]

#They were asking if you were around#

[A barrage of quick highlights from the annual Steal The Spotlight showcase - Bobby O'Connor dropping Terry Shane with the Fear the Reaper lariat, Derrick Williams hitting the spinebuster on Joshua Barnes, Callum Mahoney shatters the Catch Wrestling trophy over the head of Sultan Azam Sharif!]

#How you was, where you could be found#

[Johnny Detson ducks down, causing Supernova to hit his head on the steel ringpost with a Heat Wave attempt... and then coldcocks Calisto Dufresne with that Black Beauty glove to win the match.]

#I told them you were living downtown#

[Shadoe Rage starts his record-settling World Television Title reign, delivering a running knee strike to the head of Tony Sunn.]

#Driving all the old men crazy#

[Hannibal Carver breaks a hockey stick across the back of Wade Walker!]

#The boys are back in town#

[Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes HURL Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons through the air into one another out of powerbomb positions!]

#The boys are back in tooooooown#

[Jack Lynch uses a leather strap on Demetrius Lake, wearing out the Black Tiger... and then a quick shot of Casey James and Tiger Claw using the Syndicutter on TORA!]

#The boys are back in town#

[From there, we get an early exchange between World Champion Supreme Wright and challenger Ryan Martinez as they tear into each other with a barrage of open-handed strikes... then Supreme Wright getting Yakuza kicked off the ring apron through the Spanish Announce table... and finally, the Brainbuster that wins the World Title for the AWA's White Knight.]

#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 - 26 days"... and we fade to black...

...and then up on a panning shot of the New Orleans crowd before cutting down to ringside to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: It's been an exciting night of action here in New Orleans as we stand just 26 days away from Thanksgiving Night and SuperClash... and now we know in two weeks' time, we'll be LIVE in prime time on the FOX Network for another All-Star Showdown!

BW: Move aside Cookie Lyon... Papa Bucky is takin' yo spot!

GM: I have no idea what that means. But right now, fans, we've got Ryan Martinez taking on La Fuerza in a non-title match.

BW: La Fuerza made that challenge two weeks ago for tougher competition. I'd say he got it, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely... but this match has a missing element to it. If you recall, Hannibal Carver, the man who will face Ryan Martinez for the AWA World Title in 26 days, was supposed to be out here with us on commentary. However, earlier tonight, Mr. Carver elected to leave the building and go out...

BW: He's getting drunk as a skunk down on Bourbon Street. Some SuperClash Main Eventer he is.

GM: I'm sure the AWA front office wasn't pleased by that development... and I'm sure Ryan Martinez is feeling a bit of disrespect from Carver because of it but he's going to compete nonetheless and I can't wait to see it. Phil Watson, take it away!

[Cut to the ring where the ring announcer awaits.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

["This is Halloween" by Danny Elfman begins to play over the PA system as the crowd cheers in response.]

PW: From Parts Unknown... weighing in at 250 pounds... LA FUERRRRZAAAAAA!

GM: Here we go! One of the most popular competitors to ever come from South of the border, La Fuerza, is on his way to the ring!

[The masked man steps out from behind the curtain, raising his trademark 2x4 up into the air to another cheer. He lowers it, aiming it down the aisleway at the ring like it's a rifle and "pulls the trigger" before starting to walk quickly down the aisle.]

GM: La Fuerza made headlines two weeks ago by making an open challenge of sorts. He's looking for stiffer competition.

BW: And there's nothing stiffer than the World Champion.

[Yeaaaaah, we'll let that one sit there for a bit as La Fuerza reaches in the ring, his body covered in a solid black outfit with a skull outline in the middle of his chest. His face is covered in a very detailed mask that looks like a skull. He slides the board into the ring before ducking down, pulling up the ring apron.]

GM: What's he looking for?

BW: Who knows? There's all sorts of weird stuff under there and this is a weird dude so...

[La Fuerza stands tall, holding a steel chair over his head. He slides it under the ropes as well to a confused reaction.]

GM: Well, this certainly isn't a No Disqualification match like we saw earlier between Oni and Maximus so I'm not sure what's with the chair.

[Opening up the chair, the luchador stands atop it, facing down the aisle towards the locker room. He lifts his board up, playing a riff or two of air guitar to laughter from the crowd as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[There is the light tinkling of heavily synthesized music, which begins to grow in intensity, as Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" blares over the loudspeakers.]

PW: Coming to the ring now, hailing from Los Angeles, California...

[As the song builds, the heavy percussion of drums shakes the arena, only for the sound to be drowned out by the sound of thousands of fans stomping their feet and clapping their hands in unison.]

PW: Weighing 255 pounds...

[A chorus of singers belts out the opening words of "Vox Populi" until they two are drowned out by the White Knight's legions of fans.]

#This is a call to arms, gather soldiers
Time to go to war#

PW: He is the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION!

This is RYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAAN...

[Once more, the choir of singers unites to repeat the chorus]

#This is a battle song, brothers and sisters
Time to go to war#

PW: MAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRTIIIIIIIIIIIIINEZ!

[Ryan Martinez emerges at the top of the entrance ramp. He wears an off-white, cream colored satin jacket, black trim at the wrists and neck. Over his heart are stitched the letters "RM" in gold lettering, and as the camera circles around him, we see there is a golden logo on the back of a pair of swords crossed over a shield, all done in gold on a red background. The jacket is open, and around his waist is the AWA World Heavyweight title belt.]

GM: The roof is about to come off the place here at the Smoothie King Center as Ryan Martinez, the AWA's World Heavyweight Champion, is in the house!

BW: What?! I can barely hear you, Gordo! These people love this kid!

[The AWA's White Knight moves halfway down the ramp, and then pauses, looking out over the crowd, arms thrown out wide, fingers flexing as the fans scream for their hero. As the crowd continues to cheer wildly, Ryan gives them a single nod, and then races down to the ring, pausing only at the apron, before stepping between the top and middle rope. Entering the ring, Ryan sheds his jacket, and hands it to a ring attendant. Fittingly, the White Knight's gear is predominantly white – on his hands he wears a pair of tight fitting white gloves that extend from fingertips to wrist. The palms of the gloves are black and each has, embossed in gold, half of a knight's helm, so that the entire helm is formed when his hands come together. On his right elbow is a long elbow pad, also white in color, which goes from just below his shoulder to the middle of his forearm. His long white ring pants have on the right leg a pair of silver swords imposed over a shield of gold, while on the left leg are the letters "RM" in red, and done in an ornate, stylized gothic style script. His boots are white with white laces, though the soles are a glossy black color.]

GM: 26 days away from the biggest challenge - the stiffest challenge - to the World Title reign that began at SuperClash last year when he defeated the last remnants of the Wise Men in Supreme Wright. We haven't heard any word on whether or not Martinez will be competing at All-Star Showdown in two weeks' time so this could be the final time we see him in action as the World Champion, Bucky.

BW: In an age where people want instant gratification... where they jump on the Internet to get the scoops on their favorite TV shows... where they skip ahead to the last page in their e-books... where they go on Twitter to read the review of the movie they're about to see... this is one that people have gladly been waiting for. Hannibal Carver and Ryan Martinez have been set to explode for over a year - well over a year... and in 26 days, we're going to see these two collide in one of the biggest World Title matches of all time... and when I say that, I'm not just talking about AWA World Title matches... I'm talking about the history of this great sport, daddy.

[Martinez removes his belt, bringing it to his lips and kissing the face plate before handing it off to the referee. Just before the bell rings, the chorus of "Vox Populi" the last of his music reverberates through the arena.]

#This is a call to arms, we own the night
This is a battle song, we own the night#

[Martinez looks across the ring at La Fuerza who has dropped the chair to the floor and then placed his 2x4 on the canvas in the corner. La Fuerza turns back, looking over his shoulder at Martinez...

...and then comes tearing across the ring, leaping into the air to land a forearm to the jaw of the World Champion as the bell sounds!]

GM: Wow! La Fuerza out of nowhere with a running forearm in the corner!

[The masked man backs off, teeing off on the World Champion with haymaker after haymaker, looping them in on the temple.]

GM: The luchador starting off hot! He was determined to make an impact here tonight and that's exactly what he's doing at the outset of this one!

[La Fuerza grabs Martinez by the arm, whipping him across the ring, sending him crashing into the turnbuckles. The World Champion staggers out towards the luchador who doubles over...]

GM: HIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP!

[Martinez bounces off the canvas, clutching his lower back as La Fuerza is instantly in pursuit, coming out of the corner with a running stomp to the back that sends Martinez over onto his hands and knees.]

GM: Martinez seems to be caught by surprise by the ferocity of La Fuerza's attack here tonight as the luchador pulls him back to his feet... big knife edge chop sends Martinez back into the corner..

[The luchador swings a fist around, climbing up on the second rope.]

GM: La Fuerza's got Martinez in some trouble in the early minutes of this one!

[The fist swings down as the crowd counts along... in Spanish!]

"UNO!"

"DOS!"

"TRES!"

"CUATRO!"

"CINCO!"

"SEIS!"

"SIETE!"

"OCHO!"

"NUEVE!"

"DIEZ!"

[La Fuerza jumps down off the ropes, grabbing Martinez by the arm again...]

GM: Irish whi- no, reversed!

[Martinez whips the luchador towards the opposite corner before slamming on the brakes, whipping him back HARD into the original corner!]

GM: Ohh! That'll shoot lightning bolts down your spinal column!

[The World Champion storms towards the corner, connecting with an impactful clothesline that lifts La Fuerza's feet off the canvas before setting him back down on the mat.]

GM: Big clothesline by the champion, trying to turn the tide!

[Martinez leans over, lifting La Fuerza up and setting him down on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Uh oh! The World Champion's going for the end quickly here!

[The AWA's White Knight steps up on the second rope, pounding La Fuerza's masked head a few times before hooking a front facelock, slinging the luchador's arm over his neck...]

GM: Martinez is setting for a superplex early!

[...but La Fuerza seems to be ready for it, rifling a pair of left hands into the exposed ribcage, causing Martinez to let go of the facelock. La Fuerza swings his arms together, clashing them on the ears of the champion!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: He rang his bell right there!

[The luchador piefaces Martinez, shoving him off the second rope and down to a knee on the mat.]

GM: Double axehandle off the secon-

[But the World Champion EXPLODES off a knee, catching La Fuerza flush with a spear tackle that DRIVES him back into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Grabbing the arm, Martinez sends La Fuerza flying across the ring with such force, the White Knight drops to a knee from the effort.]

GM: La Fuerza hits the corner hard!

[The World Champion slams his arm down on the top turnbuckle, spinning around, and giving a charge...]

GM: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUZ-

[...but La Fuerza sees it coming, ducking through the ropes to the apron...

...and flashes a middle finger in the direction of the World Champion!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: Heheh... better than the ol' point to the head gimmick, right?

[Martinez doesn't seem to agree with Bucky, charging towards La Fuerza who uses the top rope to slingshot himself into a stiff forearm shot to the jaw that stuns Martinez, sending him staggering back as La Fuerza steps back through the ropes inside the ring...

...and Martinez greets him with a stiff forearm of his own, sending La Fuerza falling backwards through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! La Fuerza thought he had Martinez reeling but the World Champion proved him wrong with that forearm to the jaw... and the champion's going out after him! He's out to prove a point... to send a message to Hannibal Carver who is watching from a bar on Bourbon Street, I'm sure.

BW: Think so? Hey, Carver... save some for the rest of us, ya bum!

[Out on the floor, Martinez grabs the rising La Fuerza by the mask, bouncing his face off the ring apron.]

GM: Facefirst... check that, maskfirst off the apron...

[La Fuerza staggers away towards the announce table.]

BW: Uh oh... we're about to be turned into the Spanish Announce Team, Gordo.

GM: Si.

[But as the World Champion approaches, the luchador catches him with a mule kick to the midsection.]

GM: Oh! La Fuerza caught him coming in... handful of hair and- look out!

[The crowd roars as the luchador slams Martinez' head down on the space of wooden table in front of Bucky Wilde, knocking over his soda.]

BW: Hey! That's my drink, you goof!

[La Fuerza begs off, shrugging at Wilde before he suddenly climbs up on the table. Gordon and Bucky both back away.]

GM: It looks like we're being displaced.

BW: Maybe we oughta build a wall like Donald Trump says but around our table, Gordo!

[La Fuerza steps forward, rattling a stiff kick off the chest of Martinez, sending him falling back towards the ringpost. The luchador steps off the table onto the ring apron, walking down it towards the dazed World Champion.]

GM: La Fuerza is really bringing the fight to Ryan Martinez here tonight, perhaps showing the AWA front office what he's truly capable of inside the squared circle.

BW: We certainly haven't seen this side of La Fuerza before, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not.

[Grabbing a handful of hair, La Fuerza hauls Martinez up onto the ring apron with him, throwing a series of short forearms to the jaw, pushing the World Champion back against the post.]

GM: La Fuerza's got Martinez in trouble on the apron - a dangerous spot for both competitors to be in if you ask me.

BW: At least they got away from our table...

GM: For the moment at least.

[La Fuerza backs off, throwing his head back and giving a sort of version of his usual cry before charging in towards Martinez...

...who turns his body slightly, doubling up...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[...and sends La Fuerza sailing through the air, crashing down HARD on the barely-padded floor at ringside!]

GM: BACKDROP OFF THE APRON TO THE FLOOR! MY STARS!

BW: La Fuerza's going to need La Traction after that, papa!

GM: Ryan Martinez with an impactful counter and that might be it for La Fuerza right there, fans.

[Martinez slumps down to a knee on the apron, taking a few deep breaths before dropping down to the floor.]

GM: But the World Champion looks like he wants to finish this inside the ring.

[The AWA's White Knight pulls La Fuerza off the mat, shoving him under the ropes inside the ring. He pulls himself up on the apron, stepping through... when referee Davis Warren steps in front of him.]

GM: What's going on here?

[La Fuerza appears to be in a lot of pain on the mat, clutching his lower back, shouting.]

BW: What's he saying?

GM: I can't quite tell...

[The announcers lay out for a moment as La Fuerza continues to shout.]

BW: Did he just say "no más?"

GM: I believe you're right! Just like Roberto Duran against Sugar Ray Leonard right here in New Orleans at the Superdome!

[The referee pushes Martinez back, turning to move in to check on La Fuerza.]

GM: La Fuerza may have suffered a severe back injury off that backdrop on the floor. Referee Davis Warren is kneeling down next to him... it looks like the luchador is trying to get up, on his hands and knees now...

BW: Martinez is completely puzzled.

GM: He's asking the referee if it's over... he's asking the official if-

[But as he asks, he drifts a little too close to La Fuerza who suddenly uncoils, leaping up into the air, securing a three-quarter nelson on Ryan Martinez...

...and DRIVES the World Champion's skull into the canvas with a very familiar move!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: LA FUERZA JUST BLACKED OUT RYAN MARTINEZ! THAT WAS THE BLACKOUT, GORDO!

GM: It certainly was but... I don't-

[La Fuerza suddenly dives across the World Champion, cradling both legs securely...]

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

GM: I don't understand!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[La Fuerza, fresh off the biggest win of his career, rolls swiftly to the floor before the official can raise his hand. He stands at ringside for a moment, the shocked New Orleans crowd in stunned silence...]

GM: La Fuerza just beat the World Champion! It's a non-title match but-

BW: Gordo, don't you get it?! That's NOT La Fuerza!

GM: Huh?

BW: The change in style... the temperament... hell, the middle finger salute! And then the Blackout?! That's Carver! That's Hannibal Carver!

GM: If that's Hannibal Carver, then he just violated the Zero Contact policy and-

[Suddenly, La Fuerza rushes towards the barricade, leaping over it, and running like hell through the crowd towards the exit before any of the AWA officials now rushing down to the ring can get there.]

GM: We've got officials out here! We've got security out here! But La Fuerza... or Hannibal Carver if you believe Bucky Wilde-

BW: It's him, Gordo! It's gotta be him!

GM: I don't... I don't know what to say. If it's him, he's out of here! He's gone! He's run off like a thief in the night and left Ryan Martinez out COLD in the center of the ring!

BW: We got duped, Gordo! He said he was going to Bourbon Street but... this was a plot! He had this planned all along! Heck, he may have had this planned two weeks ago! Four weeks ago! Six months ago!

GM: I... well, you're making some valid points, Bucky... I have to admit it. That Blackout was expertly executed and we've only seen one man use it to that degree of success. Hannibal Carver. Carver's never been one for rules so... would he risk EVERYTHING to get in one shot at Ryan Martinez here tonight?

BW: Absolutely.

GM: I... I think I agree with you, Bucky... and I think you may be right. But he's gone! And not a single soul can prove that it was him! Unbelievable! Fans... I don't even know how to describe what we just saw!

BW: Hannibal Carver just pulled a fast one on Ryan Martinez and the whole AWA, Gordo! And he lit outta here like someone had just set his backside on fire!

GM: There's no other way to describe than just that way. Hannibal Carver... at least... we THINK it was Hannibal Carver dressed up like La Fuerza... he has stolen a victory from Ryan Martinez.

[The camera cuts back to the ring where Davis Warren is kneeling next to Ryan Martinez, helping the World Champion sit up on the canvas.]

GM: There you can see the champ...

BW: He's still loopy, Gordo. That Blackout did a number on him.

GM: He might not even know what hit him yet.

[Davis Warren seems to be trying to explain that right now, mimicking “La Fuerza” grabbing at his lower back. He mimes the three-quarter nelson as Martinez shakes his head in disbelief.]

GM: The official is trying to tell him what just happened and...

[Martinez’ expression turns from disbelief to anger, shouting at the official. The latter claps one hand against another three times, to inform Martinez that his shoulders were down for a full three seconds. Martinez is yelling at the referee, protesting the decision, trying to puzzle out what happened as he slowly gets up off the canvas.]

GM: Martinez is as shocked as we all are. He didn’t see that Blackout coming - not for a second.

BW: Well, look... in all fairness to Martinez - as much as it kills me to say it - but he SHOULDN’T have seen it coming. He got duped... and not in his usual dumb kid fashion. We ALL got duped this time. Carver pulled a fast one on all of us.

[Finally, in frustration, Martinez kicks the bottom rope. The fans watch on in stunned silence, still processing what’s happened.]

GM: Ryan Martinez can’t believe what happened. Frankly, I can’t believe what’s happened. Everyone has waited a year - OVER a year - for this match. And we all just saw it, but none of us knew.

BW: I’m not the kid’s biggest fan, but come on Gordo, that wasn’t the match we’ve been waiting for. No way that Ryan Martinez was prepared to take on Carver. No way that match would’ve gone down the way it did if he knew what he was getting himself into.

[The referee hands a still upset Martinez the World Heavyweight Title.]

GM: Despite his loss, Ryan Martinez remains World Heavyweight Champion, as this match was scheduled to be a non-title match.

[Martinez takes the title belt, but holds it at arm’s length, staring at it, unwilling, it seems, to accept it.]

GM: You have to wonder what’s going through Ryan Martinez’ mind right now. He has to feel like maybe he doesn’t deserve the title, Bucky.

[After a moment, Martinez puts the belt on his shoulder, and then rushes after the referee, grabbing him by the shoulder and spinning him around. Martinez shouts at the referee, loud enough to be heard.]

“Get him back out here! Ring that bell again and get him back out here!”

[That gets a cheer from the crowd.]

BW: The kid wants to do this for real. He may not have a brain in his head, but that kid’s got guts!

GM: But the referee is refusing. I can’t say I blame him, Bucky. Who knows what the status of Hannibal Carver is right now. Who knows if he’s even still in the building?

[An angry Martinez shouts at the referee for a few more moments before he finally realizes he’s not going to get a chance at redemption. Angrily, Martinez storms out

of the ring, and as he does so, Gordon Myers comes out of his chair, microphone in hand, rushing to meet up with Martinez.]

GM: Ryan, if I could have just a minute?

[Martinez comes to a stop, and moves towards Myers. His face is red, his hands tremble in anger.]

GM: Obviously you're upset, but...

RM: Upset! Gordon, upset isn't the word! I'm pissed off, and I'm not going to stop being pissed off until I get my hands on that miserable, no good piece of garbage!

GM: You're angry and... well, I understand but... what we saw tonight was...

RM: What you saw was complete bull-

GM: Ryan!

[Martinez cuts himself short, and shakes his head.]

RM: I'm sorry, Gordon. But what you saw, that's what I've been talking about!

This is exactly the sort of person Hannibal Carver is. He had the match, Gordon! All he had to do was wait until SuperClash. But did he wait?

No, he pulled this garbage!

Hannibal Carver doesn't have it in him to fight like a man!

I said it all along. I said that he's nothing but a lowlife. I said that, in a fair fight, he knows I beat him ten times out of ten. And there's the proof right there. Do you know why he did that? Because he knew he couldn't beat me straight up!

All the backstabbing he's done, all the chairs, all the can openers, that's the kind of garbage human being Hannibal Carver is! That's the man so many people cheered!

Well, I didn't sweat and bleed to save the AWA so that people like Carver could ruin it! Eric Preston didn't sacrifice his career for a dirtbag like Hannibal Carver.

GM: You seem confident that the man who just pinned you was - indeed - Hannibal Carver however we have no proof of that.

[Ryan starts to respond but Gordon lifts a hand.]

GM: Now, Ryan... we have no proof. I know that you got hit with the Blackout but the man who did it was wearing the mask of La Fuerza and...

[Gordon gestures towards the crowd.]

GM: He's gone, champ. He's out of here and I'm guessing he's not coming back. So, it may be Carver... it may not be... but I have to ask... what's next?

[Martinez' eyes narrow.]

RM: What's next is the next time I see Hannibal Carver, and there will be a next time, the gloves are off. You want to play it this way, Carver?

Well, next time I see you, it's not going to be anything but a straight up ass kicking!

Count on it, you scumbag!

[An irate Martinez storms off, leaving a concerned Gordon Myers behind as we cut to a very abrupt black.]