

Saturday Night Wrestling

on...

The



February 21, 2015
Crockett Coliseum
Dallas, Texas

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

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

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

[Supernova comes tearing across the ring from corner-to-corner, flinging himself into the air and crushing someone with a Heat Wave splash turns into Aaron Anderson throwing Cody Mertz up into the air for the pop-up European uppercut which Mertz counters into a title-winning hurracanrana on the way down.]

#And everywhere I go it's shining bright#

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

#Alright,
Alright, all right#

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

#Alright,
Alright, all right#

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

#Alright,
Alright, all right#

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

#Alright,
Alright, all right#

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

#Alright,
Alright, all right#

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

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

GM: It is the start of a new era here tonight on the premiere broadcast on Fox Sports X! We are the first ones to the dance and fans, we could not be happier to be here! We are LIVE on The X and WE... ARE... LIVE from the Crockett Coliseum in downtown Dallas, Texas for what promises to be another exciting night of American Wrestling Alliance action, fans!

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

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

GM: The wars of SuperClash have written their way into the history books and tonight, here in Dallas, we start a new chapter in the history of the greatest pro wrestling company on the planet - the American Wrestling Alliance!

[Another cut gets us down to ringside where we find two members of our announce team. The Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing, Gordon Myers, is smiling as though a giant weight has been lifted off his shoulders over the past couple of weeks. He sports a black sportscoat and matching slacks with a white dress shirt and a red tie - very professional and very by-the-book for the senior play-by-play man in the industry. By his side, as always, is the colorful Bucky Wilde. Wilde is about as different from his colleague as you can get, sporting a dazzling orange coat over a hot pink dress shirt. He's opted for a bright purple bowtie on this night as he turns his back to the camera, jerking a thumb at a new and improved "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 featuring all the stars of the AWA galaxy. I'm Gordon Myers and by my side for the next two hours, as always, is the one and only Bucky Wilde.

BW: Gordo, Gordo, Gordo... it's been awhile, old friend, and I've gotta say I'm a little surprised to see you here.

GM: Oh? Why is that?

BW: After all the lobbying I did to get you replaced with Gus Johnson, I-

GM: Would you stop?! It's a brand new day - a brand new era - here in the AWA! We've got a new network in Fox Sports X and we've got a new World Heavyweight Champion in Ryan Martinez!

BW: The dumb kid struck gold at SuperClash but from what I'm hearing, it's just a matter of time before we've got a NEW new World Champion.

GM: From what you're hearing? What are you talking about now?

BW: I'm talkin' about the line out the front door and down the street of people gunnin' for the World Title. I'm talkin' about the former World Champion Supreme Wright. I'm talkin' about that lunatic Hannibal Carver. I'm talkin' about Jack Lynch. I'm talkin' about Demetrius Lake. And most of all, I'm talkin' about the 2014 Steal The Spotlight winner, Johnny Detson!

GM: Ryan Martinez certainly has a bullseye painted on his back perhaps unlike any World Champion in the AWA's history... and you didn't even mention the legendary Caleb Temple who appeared at the end of SuperClash and assaulted the new World Champion!

[Suddenly, the arena fills with the soft tinkling of synth music, and as it does, a hush falls over the crowd. But that hush is momentary, for a moment later, the drums kick in, and in the next instant, the stomping begins. And with that sound, "Vox Populi" kicks into full force.]

GM: And it looks like our new World Champion is wasting no time in coming out here! Fans, at SuperClash VI, we saw the beginning of a new day. The crowning of a new World Champion. We saw a man's dreams come true.

BW: And then we saw them go up in flames!

GM: Bucky! I can't believe you said that!

[As the crowd roars its approval, at the top of the entrance ramp appears the new AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez. The AWA's White Knight is shirtless, and already in his gear, similar gear to what he wore at SuperClash.

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 the same logo that flashed on the video screen, 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. He's shirtless, and around his waist is the top prize, the AWA World Heavyweight title belt.]

GM: And there he is, fans. The man who fought the Wise Men. The man who spent almost fifty minutes in one of the greatest wrestling matches I've ever seen. The man who defied the odds and, at twenty four years old, became only the fifth man to ever hold the World Heavyweight title in this company.

BW: Say anything and everything you want, but that right there is a dead man walking.

[As the fans' cheers reach a frenzied pitch, Martinez enters the ring. As he does so, stepping to the center, the camera zooms in on his face. At the corners of his eyes, and at his hairline, we can see evidence of Caleb Temple's heinous attack, wrinkled and scarred skin, the permanent reminders of what wrestling's most sinister man did to him. Microphone in hand, Martinez looks out over the crowd.]

RM: Supreme Wright said I didn't deserve this. He said I couldn't beat him. Now I could say it, but I think the message is going to come across much more clearly if five thousand voices say it all once.

What was Supreme Wright?

[Martinez holds the microphone aloft, and five thousand fans scream one word in unison.]

"WRONG!"

[The World Heavyweight Champion nods his head.]

RM: Cody Mertz said it best. He said that this is OUR ring. That this place. This squared circle that I've bled and sweat in, this sacred place where my father and my best friends have sacrificed everything in. All of this belongs to us.

This right here...

[Martinez reaches his free hand behind his back, and unhooks the title belt. Gripping it in his hand, he holds the belt aloft, its black leather strap wrapped around a tightly clenched fist.

It's a beautiful belt, with a large golden faceplate, the letters "AWA" emblazoned across it, and the word "Heavyweight" above that and the word "Champion" below. On either side, along the black leather strap, are golden plates, a crown embossed over a series of smaller plates bolted into the side. On five of those smaller golden plates are names. James Monosso, Callisto Dufresne, and the names Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright appear twice, all of the former AWA World Heavyweight Champions.

There's another thin strip of a plate, just below the word "champion," and the name etched there is the man who currently holds the title – Ryan Martinez. After holding the belt long enough for the fans in the arena and at home to drink in the sight of it, Martinez sets it upon his shoulder.]

RM: This is our title!

[More cheers from the crowd.]

RM: I will never forget SuperClash. It was the greatest night of my life. But it wasn't the triumph it could have been. Early in the evening, I had to watch my father be taken away in an ambulance.

[Cheers of support fill the arena as Ryan mentions his father.]

RM: I want you all to know that he's resting comfortably. Two months later, he's still feeling the effects of what happened. But you haven't heard the last of Alex Martinez.

And then there's Caleb Temple...

[The crowd's reaction takes a dark turn, and as it does, a more somber expression comes to Ryan's face.]

RM: I could spend a year talking about you, and never come close to adequately describing what kind of man you are. You're sick, twisted, depraved. And you poison everything you touch.

Well, this is our place, Temple.

And I won't let you desecrate it.

I won't listen to you. I will never follow you, Temple. I came this far without you, and I won't ever entertain anything you have to say.

But what I will do...

[Ryan's expression has gone from somber to seething.]

RM: ...is end you, once and for all.

[Martinez exhales, and then shakes his head.]

RM: But not tonight. Tonight, I've got, if you'll pardon the expression, unfinished business.

I made a promise. And I always keep my promises.

So... Hannibal Carver?

[BIG CHEER!]

RM: Why don't you come out here?

[Just then, the opening guitar riff to "Milk of Human Kindness" by Clutch plays as the fans get to their feet in anticipation of the arrival of their favorite madman. The drums kick in, and the crowd goes insane as the man who walks out, already dressed in his ring gear as if he was already on his way out to the ring before the champ called his name... the Boston Brawler... Hannibal Carver.]

GM: The last time we saw him was amidst an absolute war with the Dogs of War... but as our World Champion eluded to, he also made it clear that Ryan Martinez is now in his sights!

BW: And unlike Martinez, he didn't get turned into Shake n' Bake!

GM: Will you stop?!

[Carver looks around at the assembled fans, nodding wild-eyed as they give him a deafening response. He then makes his way down the ramp, never taking his eyes off the World Champion. Likewise, as Carver approaches, Martinez has paced back and forth, his eyes never leaving Carver. The Boston Brawler reaches the ring, staring at Martinez as he raises his fists to the sky as the crowd EXPLODES. He picks up a microphone that lays on the ring apron.]

HC: Yer damn right yeh got a promise to keep, Ryan. I got here tonight, and first thing I did was get dressed for battle. Because whether yeh called me out or not?

[Carver nods.]

HC: I was coming out here to hand yeh yer lesson. Because Hannibal Carver goes where he wants when he wants, no matter what yeh or anyone else has to say about it!

[Carver gets right in Martinez's face, lowering the microphone to say a few things to the champ that are not TV-friendly.]

HC: Regardless of that, and regardless of what I think of yeh... I'll admit it. I can respect that wearing that gold gives yeh the stroke to avoid meeting me in a ring and I wouldn't have anything I could do about it...

[Carver grins.]

HC: Except wait ALL NIGHT by yer car and greet yeh with a fist to the face when yer ready to drive to the hotel.

[Big cheers for that from the Carver fans in the crowd, as Martinez clenches his fists.]

HC: But I can respect that fact that yeh came out here to settle yer problems like a man. I can respect yeh have a laundry list of guys in the

back that want a shot at that gold. I can respect yeh had some lunatic set yer damn face on fire.

But I can also respect...

[Carver nods, a look of dead seriousness on his face.]

HC: ... that I'm gonna TEAR. YEH. APART.

[Martinez gives a single nod of his head.]

RM: You know what they say about getting what you wish for, Carver?

Well, you're about to find out why they say it.

[With the reverence usually reserved for a holy relic, Martinez lifts the belt off his shoulder, folds the straps one over the other, and then hands it to a ring attendant, before giving the nod to the referee, who turns to the timekeeper. Ryan leans forward, hands on his hips, chin lifted and jutted forward, staring a hole into Carver.

Carver is bouncing from foot to foot, punching himself in the face for some damn reason, staring right back at the World Champion, ready for the fight to come.

And as the two men stare at one another, the crowd suddenly comes to life, not in unison, but in disharmony, as two chants fill the arena.]

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HANN-I-BALL!"

[Over and over.]

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HANN-I-BALL!"

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HANN-I-BALL!"

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HANN-I-BALL!"

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HANN-I-BALL!"

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HANN-I-BALL!"

GM: I've got goosebumps, Bucky!

BW: I do too, Gordo! It feels like we've been waiting forever to see this! And we're about to see it right now.

GM: And if you're tuning into the AWA for the very first time tonight, this is what it's all about, fans! This IS the AWA on The X!

[Just when the anticipation seems like it can't get any higher...

...it's cut as "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin begins to play throughout the arena.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Yes! It's the man who stole the spotlight at SuperClash VI and locked down a future shot at that strap of gold and leather sitting down here at ringside by us!

[The crowd immediately begins to show their displeasure at this interruption as Carver and Martinez turn towards the entrance ramp in unison, glaring at the man whose music leads the way for him. Of course, out from the back saunters Johnny Detson. Wearing black slacks, with a maroon button down shirt and smirk plastered on his face. He raises a single finger with his left hand, showing that he needs to interrupt and his right hand raises the microphone to speak.]

JD: I think I've let this go on long enough, don't you?

[The crowd boos Detson as they disagree vehemently.]

JD: Don't get me wrong it gets me all warm and fuzzy when you guys want to fight over who loved little ol' Eric more...

[Carver's eyes go wide with anger at the mention of the name as Martinez shouts something off-mic in the direction of the intruder.]

JD: ...but really who are you people kidding?

[Detson begins to walk down to the ring, pointing at Carver.]

JD: You have no business being here seeing how you LOST your match at SuperClash, and you...

[Detson points at Martinez.]

JD: ...won the World Title but not the ability to make matches. That honor is mine, and mine alone.

[Detson again smirks.]

JD: So excuse me, if this future World Champ...

[The smiling Detson jerks a thumb at himself.]

JD: ...gets upset when the two of you start encroaching on my territory. Now, I really should be putting an end to this little charade...

[He pauses, rubbing his chin.]

JD: ...however I have been advised that maybe the two of you tearing each other apart might be the way to go. So I'm not out here to stop the match, but rather to watch, as a vested party of course.

[Nodding, Detson reaches the ring ropes however he wisely chooses not to enter.]

JD: So, I'll just say that I won't use my contract for a World Title match until AFTER the two of you fight.

[Gordon Myers interrupts for the folks at home.]

GM: Of course he won't! He can't! The Steal The Spotlight contract can only be cashed in by announcing your called shot in advance! Detson can't just make a match whenever he feels like it!

[Detson seems not to know - or care - about that as he leans over the ropes.]

JD: You're welcome.

[Detson walks down the steps to the floor, walking around the ring, still talking of course.]

JD: You're welcome because neither of the two of you would have amounted to a hill of beans if Eric Preston wasn't removed from the picture.

[The crowd "OOOOOOHs" as Carver steps towards the ropes, pointing a threatening finger at Detson while keeping an eye on Martinez behind him.]

JD: Because we all know that Ryan Martinez would have been hitching a ride on daddy's moped next to his new stepmom, and Hannibal Carver, the only thing that's kept you relevant is avenging poor little Eric.

[Detson mockingly mouths "Mar Tih Ez" while lightly tapping his chest.]

JD: Or maybe it's jealousy? After all, it wasn't too long ago that Da Carvah failed trying to put Eric Preston in the ground. And like always, Johnny Detson succeeds where Hannibal Carver fails.

[Detson mimes swinging a chair over his head, the very blow that ended Eric Preston's career at the Battle Of Los Angeles...]

...and as he follows through, the crowd erupts at Hannibal Carver charging across the ring, sliding under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: CARVER'S GOING AFTER HIM! CARVER'S HEARD ENOUGH!

[The smug look of Detson has quickly changed to fear as Carver bears down on him.]

GM: DETSON WENT TOO FAR TALKING ABOUT ERIC PRESTON AND-

[The crowd ROARS as Carver drills Detson with a right hand, knocking him backwards into the timekeeper's table. The Boston Brawler throws himself onto Detson, hammering away with right hands to the skull as the Crockett Coliseum crowd goes nuts!]

BW: Detson wasn't here to fight! He was here to watch the match!

GM: Well, he's got a fight now.

[Detson frantically tries to cover up, trying to protect himself from the rock-like fists being pounded into his face and head. Detson tries to shove him off, looking for an escape!]

GM: There's nowhere to go! Detson is trapped and he may finally have to answer for a few things!

[With Detson being worn out by Carver, the fans begin to boo the sight of a sea of AWA officials pouring from the locker room area, rushing down to the ringside area.]

GM: There's a bunch of help from the back, trying to break up this melee out here at ringside!

BW: This isn't how you impress your new network partners, Gordo!

GM: It is if you ask me!

[Soon, the officials flood into the ringside area, trying to get in between Carver and Detson as the World Champion stands in the ring, still ready for his fight.]

GM: Ryan Martinez is still in the ring - he can't believe what he's seeing out here. He came out here to take on Hannibal Carver but Carver had other ideas when he heard what Johnny Detson had to say! Detson pushed the wrong button this time!

[Detson wriggles out from under Carver who is being held back by AWA officials. He throws his arms up, begging off as Carver tries to fight his way free.]

GM: Detson wants no piece of Carver and he's backtracking and begging for mercy.

BW: I think Hannibal Carver's fresh out of mercy, daddy!

[Carver rips his arm away from one official before throwing the other down to the floor, breaking away and charging towards the retreating Detson who sees him coming...

...in plenty of time to jab a thumb into the eye of the Boston Brawler!]

GM: Ohh! Detson goes to the eyes!

BW: The best way to protect yourself from ANYONE! Remember that, kids! Or anyone who plans on dating Travis Lynch.

[Carver falls back, rubbing at his eye as Detson backs off again, patting his pants pockets.]

GM: What is Detson doing?

BW: I think that criminal Carver might have stolen his wallet, Gordo!

GM: He did NOT!

[Detson seems to find what he's looking for, hunching over as a partially-blinded Carver approaches, grabbing him by the shoulder, spinning him around...

...and gets CRACKED with a right hand from Johnny Detson, a blow that lands so solidly, Carver immediately collapses backwards, flat on his back from the shot!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: What a shot! ONE PUNCH KO, DADDY! Johnny Detson just knocked him out just like he did to Calisto Dufresne at Steal The Spotlight!

GM: EXACTLY like he did at SuperClash! He's got that loaded glove on again!

BW: The whaaa?

GM: The loaded glove! He pulled that loaded leather glove out and he just COLDCOCKED Hannibal Carver with it!

BW: Juan Vasquez, eat your heart out! Johnny Detson is the Knockout King, daddy!

GM: Bucky, he's got the glove on! Surely, you can see the glove!

BW: I don't see any glove but I sure see Hannibal Carver knocked out cold on the ground!

GM: You're unbelievable.

[Detson flees to the safety of the entrance ramp, backpedaling up the aisle as Ryan Martinez steps over to the ropes, ready to go after him before security intervenes. A cackling Detson does the belt gesture at Martinez, nodding confidently.]

GM: Folks, we have officials and security and now medical personnel is coming down but the damage is done. Johnny Detson has ruined this potential match between the new World Heavyweight Champion and Hannibal Carver. We need to take a break and we'll be right back here on the X so don't you dare go away!

[Down at ringside, the medical staff is attending to Carver before we cut to where Detson stands at the top of the ramp, that loaded black glove in a closed fist, smiling at the carnage as we fade to our first commercial of the night.

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

The voiceover is from Lake himself.]

DL: It's hard to be the King.

[He's suddenly attacked by a couple of unknown wrestlers, who fail to harm him as he stands up and starts beating on them.]

DL: You got uprisings...

[The next scene shows Lake, still inexplicably in his "King attire", leaving an arena late at night, looking around at several restaurants which all say "CLOSED". he slumps his shoulders.]

DL: ...you got famines...

[The next scene shows him behind the wheel of a large cadillac, pulled over and angrily tapping his wristwatch as a police officer is writing a ticket. he shows the officer a billing that clearly reads "WRESTLING! 8PM BELL TIME!", but the officer is still going slowly. Also: he's still in his ring attire, or at least the robe and crown.]

DL: ...you got paperwork...

[And after that is a scene of Lake walking down a busy city street while everyone around him boos, throws trash, and shouts out at him. Demetrius is still in his same King ring attire, because how else will the people watching this commercial know he's a pro wrestler?]

DL: ...and all the peasants command my attention 24 hours a day.

[Back to the initial scene, where the "Black Tiger" is polishing off his last assailant by bashing his face into the back of his throne. He then sits back on the throne, which is funny because the opponent's head and upper body is still on it (and he flails helplessly for the rest of the scene), and returns to the "Thinker" pose.]

DL: It's a tough job, but if there is one thing that a King must never do, it is to allow his circumstances to make him sweat.

[Lake reaches behind him and pulls out an aerosol can of Right Guard deodorant. He applies it to himself as the voiceover continues.]

DL: Right Guard. Used by true ath-e-letes, the King Of Wrestling Demetrius Lake, and anybody with both armpits and sense.

[He then reaches over to one of his assilants who is just trying to get up, and sprays it right in the man's eyes.]

DL: Or just armpits. It works regardless.

[Cut to the product screen...]

DL: Right Guard. For The Win.

[...a bell rings, and then out.

As we come back, we see the World Champion still in the ring, pacing back and forth angrily.]

GM: We're back, fans, and as you can see, the World Heavyweight Champion is still in the ring... and he's still hot under the collar! Martinez wants a fight after what he just saw and...

BW: ...and Hannibal Carver, believe it or not, is still aching to give it to him!

[We cut to the floor where Hannibal Carver, obviously a bit woozy from the loaded glove right hand, is shoving a doctor away from him, pointing at the ring where Martinez is standing.]

GM: You've got that right! Hannibal Carver is ready for a fight!

BW: I don't know if he's ready after that right hand from Detson but ready or not, he's comin'!

[Carver shoves a second medical attendant away, stepping towards the ring. Martinez leans over, waving both hands to call Carver into the ring. The crowd is getting louder and louder, roaring with delight at the idea of still seeing this fight anyways...

...when suddenly the lights cut out.]

GM: Oh god... oh my god, no...

BW: This is what happened at SuperClash, Gordo! Get your abestos mask on!

GM: Caleb Temple struck in the darkness at SuperClash - a brutal, violent assault on the World Champion who-

BW: There's... something's going out here by us, Gordo!

GM: I can't see a thing. No one can. Can we get the damn lights back on for the love of-

[The lights come back on...

...and the crowd is stunned by what they see.]

GM: What the-?! What the he...?

BW: Carver's down!

GM: I can see that but-

[Martinez looks around wildly, ready for a fight...

...but sees none coming.]

GM: The lights went out and Hannibal Carver got... I have to assume he was assaulted by Caleb Temple, Bucky!

BW: CARVER?! Why?!

GM: I don't-

[Suddenly, a voice rings out over the PA system. The long-since-heard trademark calm, Southern drawl fills the air. Rasping, almost whispery, yet still filled with equal parts authority and menace.]

CT: Ryan... it doesn't have to be like this.

[Martinez looks around frantically, shouting "COME ON! COME GET ME!" at the air.]

CT: All I wanted to do... was help you.

Protect you.

[The World Champion steps up on the middle rope, looking towards the entryway. He waves an arm towards the back as the medical team goes back to work on Hannibal Carver.]

CT: Be the guiding light you needed. Your very own guardian angel.

[Martinez cringes, dropping down off the middle rope. He snatches up a mic off the mat, shouting into it...

...to no success. The mic has been cut as Martinez angrily throws it down, pacing around the ring.]

CT: What's getting in the way? Is it your pride, Ryan? Do you believe that being the "White Knight" imbues you with a suit of armor? Hmmm?

From the very Beginning, in the Garden, only one thing has ever come as a result of pride, Ryan.

The Fall.

[The World Champion shouts again, begging Temple to come for him.]

CT: So I offer my hand one more time, Ryan. Come. Take shelter under my wings before the very gates of Hell are flung wide open.

[Ryan Martinez screams "NEVER!" in a rage, stepping through the ropes, dropping down next to the medical team working on Carver.]

CT: I'm a gracious man.

You have until the end of the hour, Ryan.

Walk with me... or what happened at SuperClash will feel like one of your daddy's Sunday barbecues.

[A dark chuckle punctuates the sentence as Martinez stares up into the crowd, his eyes suddenly cold.]

CT: Trust me.

[The final words of the King of the Death Match echo, leaving Martinez staring off at nothing as the medical team works on the downed Carver at ringside. We slowly crossfade to a stunned Gordon and Bucky who are looking down at Carver as well.]

GM: Fans, I... I can't believe what we just saw. First, Johnny Detson coldcocks Hannibal Carver with that loaded glove and then Caleb Temple assaults the Boston Brawler as well?!

BW: Temple offering his hand to Ryan Martinez one more time... offering one more time for the World Champion to be his ally.

GM: But why?! Why in the world would Caleb Temple - a man who spent YEARS tormenting and battling Ryan's father, Alex Martinez - want Ryan on his side?

BW: Maybe that's exactly why, Gordo. Maybe it's a final blow to Hollywood Martinez.

GM: That's... that's...

BW: Sick? Disturbing? Twisted? All words we've heard to describe Caleb Temple over the years. This could be his way to get at Alex Martinez one more time.

GM: Whatever his motivation is, I highly doubt Ryan Martinez is going to accept it. Look at the fire in the eyes of the World Champion... look at him, Bucky.

BW: I see him... but I also saw him at SuperClash with his face burned to a crisp. You know what else I see? Hannibal Carver laid out unconscious on the floor by us. Caleb Temple is not a man to take lightly, Gordo. If Martinez had a thimbleful of sense, he'd take the offer and run.

GM: Fans, we'll try to get some comments from Martinez in a short while here as the medical team continues to work on Hannibal Carver. What a wild start to our very first broadcast here on The X! We invite you to stay tuned tonight after Saturday Night Wrestling for SWLL's premiere broadcast LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA! as well as Tiger Paw Pro presenting highlights from last weekend's King Of Combat show on their new show Wrestle Galaxy. There were some fantastic bouts that night that you will not want to miss. Then tomorrow night, the Global Fighting Championship takes to the airwaves with a night of five tremendous fights including Kenta Watanabe battling Eli O'Haire in the night's Main Event inside the Hexagon! But right now, we're talking AWA Saturday Night Wrestling where we've heard from the World Champion already... so let's hear from the FORMER World Heavyweight Champion, Supreme Wright, in this pre-taped footage!

[The words "Previously Recorded" flash across the top of the screen, as we fade into a shot of a dark room. Here, we see the former two-time AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Supreme Wright, illuminated only by the blue glow of a television off-screen. Wright is dressed casually in a sweater, dress shirt, and jeans, with a sullen look on his face, staring straight ahead at the screen.]

SW: Ryan Martinez would have you believe he holds the AWA World Heavyweight title because I don't possess any heart or passion. Because I'm a cold, indifferent machine incapable of emotion driven only by my greed for fifteen pounds of gold symbolizing NOTHING.

[There's a brief moment of silence, as Wright scowls.]

SW: Because his spirit is STRONG while mine is WEAK. Because he is Ryan Martinez and I am Supreme Wright and I don't have...

..."the fire."

[He says those two words with disgust, holding his emotions in tightly.]

SW: I...RESPECTFULLY disagree.

[Wright lowers his head, slightly shaking it to himself, his voice filled with resentment.]

SW: There's a lot of reasons why you have the AWA World Heavyweight title right now, Ryan Martinez, but it sure as hell isn't because I lacked any heart or passion. It isn't because you are a better man than me or whatever delusional line of crap you've told yourself. And it sure as hell isn't because you broke me.

[His anger flares for a brief moment...]

SW: I KNOW why I lost, Ryan Martinez.

[...and he regains his composure. His control.]

SW: And I know the moment I step back into the ring with you, the AWA World Heavyweight title will be mine again.

[He speaks slowly now. Calmer. In measured tones, so the meaning of his words and what he says are perfectly clear.]

SW: But what I want right now isn't the World Heavyweight title. I once waited a lifetime to hold that title.

I can wait a little bit longer.

[He closes his eyes and takes in a deep breath before exhaling.]

SW: What I want right now...

...is for you to suffer.

[There's no outwards change in his expression or change in his voice when he says this. He says it simply.]

SW: Because for these past two months, this hatred in my heart and anger in soul refuses to leave me. Because I want you to feel the same exact misery that I feel right now. Because for all your arrogance and hubris, Ryan Martinez, I want your friends and loved ones to understand that what's about to happen is YOUR fault.

[There is restraint in his voice, but the bitterness and rage in his words are evident.]

SW: You think you won because of the fire inside your heart and the strength you drew from your allies, Ryan Martinez? Then I wonder, just how strong that fire will burn, when your heart is broken time and time again. Will that flame ignite and roar? Or will it grow weaker each and every time, until it's nothing more than a flicker, ready to be stamped out beneath my feet?

[There's a long moment of silence from Wright, intermittently interrupted by the sounds of the television.]

SW: You made a vow to me once, Ryan Martinez and now I'll make this one to you:

Until I choose to regain MY World Heavyweight title, I will not hunt you. I will not chase you. I will not talk of you. I will not even speak your name.

But I will HURT you.

[A beat.]

SW: You took the most precious thing in the world to me...and now I will take away the things most precious to you.

[The slightest of smiles creases his lips...]

SW: And I know exactly, where to begin.

[...as the camera pans over to the television, where we see a scene from "Unfinished Business" of Ryan Martinez, gathered around a large table at a barbecue with his friends and family. Fade back out to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Wow.

BW: That is NOT a man I'd want gunnin' for me, Gordo.

GM: That is not the Supreme Wright we're used to seeing - a man who was all business, focused on his goal of being the best in the world... period. This is a man with a grudge. This is a man with a new focus and that's gotta be concerning for anyone who falls into his gaze. The former World Champion seems to have spent the last few months obsessing over losing the title and obsessing over the man who took it from him, Bucky.

BW: Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez beat each other within an inch of their lives at SuperClash and that was when it was all business for Wright. Imagine now that it's personal.

GM: I shudder at the thought. Fans, it's time for the first match for us here on The X so let's head up to the ring and Phil Watson for tonight's opening contest!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing in his Saturday splendor.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest - the first ever on The X - is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the corner to my right... from Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 244 pounds... BRUCE "WILD AND CRAZY" GUUUUUUUYYYYYY!

[A decent amount of cheers goes up for the light-brown haired man with a slightly receding hairline. He wears black thigh-length trunks and is removing his black jacket as he throws an arm up to salute those cheering him.]

GM: Bruce Guy with a great opportunity to be a part of the first ever match on The X but he's going to have his work cut out for him against a fantastic opponent here tonight.

[Phil Watson continues.]

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

[The crowd cheers as the music builds. When the famous guitar of Santana begins to play about fifteen seconds in, Caspian Abaran splits the curtain and jogs out to the approval of the crowd. 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: Alright! Caspian Abaran is in the house as this young luchador looks to start 2015 off with a bang, Bucky

BW: They tell me he's been impressive on the live events in January.

GM: I've heard that as well.

BW: I think standing next to Hernandez, ANYONE from Mexico would look impressive.

GM: Would you stop?!

[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...

...when suddenly a voice breaks out over the PA system.]

Voice: Cut the freakin' music! Stop it! Cut it off!

GM: What in the world?

BW: I don't know, Gordo...this is...

[A confused murmur passes through the crowd as AWA "newcomer" Kerry Kendrick appears at the entryway with a wireless mic in hand. Glaring up into the ring, he makes a slashing motion across his throat while looking back behind him...and Caspian Abaran's music suddenly cuts off.]

KK: There is NO WAY that I'm going to sit in the back and let this travesty occur! This...this is NOT what these fine fans here deserve...nothing personal to Alberto Caspian here, but THIS is the AWA, not some fly by night bit of backyard wrestling nonsense.

GM: He doesn't even know Caspian Abaran's name and this man - Kerry Kendrick, a recent signee to the AWA - is going to come down here and insult him?

BW: Kendrick's right, Gordo! We're not just a group of idiots with no pedigree...

[Caspian Abaran points at Kendrick, saying something that doesn't get picked up by the mic as the blond haired Philadelphian starts his way down to the ring as he talks.]

KK: This is the place that thrives on tradition. This is the place that honors its past. This is the place that cares about what's happened before inside of that ring more than ANYTHING else in the world... to the exclusion of anything else!

GM: That's simply not the case! AWA is VERY careful to honor achievements from all across the wrestling world while-

[Kendrick interrupts.]

KK: That's right...and with this being a HISTORIC night for AWA...the very first show on Fox Sports X...what better way to celebrate that tradition...to celebrate that incredible history than to bring things full circle?

[Kerry Kendrick arrives at ringside and enters the squared circle and begins pacing around the ring, addressing the crowd and all but ignoring an increasingly angry Caspian Abaran as the crowd becomes increasingly confused.]

KK: And THAT is why I'm here! *I* was in the very first match in AWA history... the very first match in Saturday Night Wrestling's history... which is why I'm GOING to be in the very first match here on The X...

[Kendrick lowers the mic, staring at a protesting Abaran.]

GM: The man's telling the truth. He WAS in the first match in AWA history but not as Kerry Kendrick. He was in that match using the name Keith Smith against "Spitfire" Buddy Lambert.

BW: That makes him an AWA institution, Gordo - completely worthy of being in the opening match here on The X instead of this guy so ugly that when he took his mask off, they were too busy throwing up to put it back on him.

GM: He hasn't been here in years, Bucky! Kendrick was too inexperienced. He needed seasoning and experience out in the territories before he was ready for another shot here.

BW: Another shot nothing. From what I hear, he learned under the wing of Marcus Broussard and in my book, that gives him all the pedigree he needs to kick off this new era in AWA history.

[Abaran glares at Kendrick, then turns towards referee Ricky Longfellow to try to get some sort of clarification...which gives Kendrick his opening to charge in from behind, smashing the mic hard into the back of the head, sending Abaran pitching forward into the turnbuckles with the crowd jeering loudly.]

GM: Kendrick with the sneak attack from behind!

[He charges back in, sandwiching Abaran into the corner with a clothesline.]

GM: Get him off the man, ref!

[The referee is loudly protesting as Kendrick grabs the arm of Abaran, twisting it around, tucking his head under Abaran's chin...]

GM: OH MY STARS! JAWBREAKER THAT SENDS ABARAN HARD TO THE MAT!

BW: That's right! Defend our tradition, Kendrick!

GM: He's not defending anything, Bucky... he's just trying to steal someone else's thunder, plain and simple!

[Kendrick quickly pulls Abaran to his feet... locks his arms around him...]

GM: Ohh! He drops him on the back of his head with a back suplex!

[Kendrick climbs to his feet to a chorus of boos, ignoring them as he stomps Abaran viciously, driving him under the ropes and out to the floor. He whips around angrily, snatching up the dropped mic to address referee Ricky Longfellow.]

KK: Now that Alberto down there isn't able to continue, let's do this the right way...

And introducing his opponent: weighing in at 235 pounds and hailing from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania...KERRY KENDRICK!!!!

...Now ring the bell!

[The crowd boos more heartily. Longfellow looks unconvinced but a shouted acceptance of the challenge from Bruce Guy seems to change his mind as he waves for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Well...I guess we're underway here on The X with Kerry Kendrick in the ring against Bruce 'Wild and Crazy' Guy...

BW: It's history, daddy! History!

[Kerry Kendrick and Bruce Guy lock up with a collar and elbow tie up in the center of the ring and jockey for position. Kendrick shifts, slapping on a side headlock and winking to the crowd, who burst into a chorus of boos.]

GM: Kendrick quickly into the side headlock. As we mentioned, Kerry Kendrick was in the very first match in Saturday Night Wrestling history as a rookie by the name of Keith Smith. A lot has changed for this young man since then, Bucky.

BW: No doubt. The kid's wrestled all over the world, made one heck of a name for himself, and now he's back where it all started for him to show the AWA front office why they made a mistake waiting until now to bring him back.

[Guy struggles to free himself, shoving Kendrick off into the ropes.]

GM: Guy fires him off... backd- no! Kendrick slams on the brakes and puts the boot to him!

[The blow stands Guy up, allowing Kendrick to surge in, scooping him up, and slamming him down hard to the canvas. He straightens up and immediately snaps off an impactful legdrop across the chest!]

GM: Ohh! What a legdrop by Kendrick!

BW: You gotta be impressed, Gordo.

GM: I'm impressed by the hard work the Talent Relations division has put in as of late. We're seeing why the best in the world are here in the AWA night after night.

BW: Including Kerry Kendrick.

GM: That remains to be seen.

BW: Psssh, I've seen enough, Gordo. First match ever on The X with the same guy as our first ever match PERIOD! This is a moment people will tell their kids about.

[Kendrick comes quickly to his feet, hoists Guy up and hits an inverted atomic drop...]

GM: Atomic drop stuns him...

[...and Kendrick dashes to the ropes behind Guy, rebounding back into a vicious running clothesline to the back of the head causing the crowd to groan as Guy's face slams down into the mat!]

BW: All kidding aside, Gordo, Kerry Kendrick is putting on a wrestling clinic out there.

GM: Bruce Guy hasn't been able to put together a lick of offense at all so far... and it looks like Kerry Kendrick has put his time away from the AWA to good use.

[Kendrick stays right on top of Guy, pulling him back up to his feet once again...peppering Guy with a couple of right hands before hoisting Guy up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry and walking around the ring jawing at the crowd for a moment...]

GM: Kendrick's got him up... what's he got in mind here?

[Getting a running start, Kendrick flips forward in a rolling somersault Samoan Drop that leaves Guy splayed out in the center of the ring!]

GM: Ohh! What a devastating maneuver!

[Kendrick stands above the prone wrestler looks out to the crowd, making a motion for cheers and then holding his hand to his ear and waiting. He's rewarded with a large chorus of boos, which brings a large smile to his face as Kendrick stands and applauds himself, mouthing "thank you" to the crowd.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick is... well... there seems to be nothing wrong with his self esteem, Bucky.

BW: It doesn't matter if the crowd likes Kerry Kendrick...Kerry Kendrick likes himself enough for all of 'em, daddy!

[After taking some time for taunting, Kendrick walks past Guy once more... only to have Guy reach up and roll him up into a school boy rollup!]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[The crowd deflates as the surprised Kendrick kicks out at two and change.]

GM: Whoa my! Kerry Kendrick almost had his night spoiled for him right there and-

[Kendrick scrambles back to his feet, locking his arms around the torso of the rising Guy, pops his hips...

...and PLANTS his victim with a crushing twisting belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: Ohh! A page right out of the playbook of the San Jose Shark!

BW: Marcus Broussard would be real proud of 'im after that.

GM: This one is academic now with the one... two... and three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here is your winner... KERRRRRRRRY KENNNNDRICK!

[Kendrick pushes up to his knees, ordering the referee to raise his hand as he climbs to his feet.]

GM: The three count was easy after the belly-to-belly and a very different result this time around for Kerry Kendrick on the AWA's debut here on The X.

BW: I got a feeling we may be saying a lot of that in the future, Gordo. This kid's got something special.

GM: Hold on! Hold on!

[The crowd is buzzing as Caspian Abaran slides into the ring, Kendrick completely unaware as he turns around...]

GM: Big chop by Abaran!

[The knife edge blow knocks Kendrick down to the canvas as does a second one that follows a few seconds later..]

GM: Abaran's comin' for payback!

[Abaran is ready for Kendrick as he gets up, scoring with a dropkick that sends Kendrick sailing through the ropes, crashing down hard on the barely-padded floor at ringside...

...and as Abaran gets up, pumping a fist in the air, the crowd goes nuts!]

GM: Abaran's not done, Bucky!

BW: How can you endorse this, Gordo?! A completely cheap sneak attack after the match!

GM: Just like Kendrick's cheap sneak attack BEFORE the match!

BW: Well, that's completely different!

GM: HOW?!

BW: Abaran saw him coming!

[As Kendrick staggers up to his feet on the floor, Abaran comes tearing across the ring, diving BETWEEN the top and middle ropes with a front flip...

...and WIPES OUT Kendrick to a HUGE CHEER from the crowd!]

GM: OLE!

[Abaran climbs up, leaning back against the railing where the Crockett Coliseum fans reach over to slap his back and shoulders, some even giving him a hug as he smiles at his handiwork. Kendrick crawls away from Abaran, heading back down the aisle towards the locker room as the fans celebrate his embarrassment.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick may have gotten the win here but Caspian Abaran is the last man standing!

BW: Oh, we haven't heard the last of this one, Gordo! Abaran is a dead man walkin'!

GM: We shall see about that... but right now, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet has caught up with the World Heavyweight Champion! Mark?

[Cut to backstage where Mark Stegglet stands with a visibly upset Ryan Martinez. The World Heavyweight Champion remains in his ring gear, the golden title belt resting, for the moment, on a wooden bench. Martinez' face is red and his fists are clenched.]

MS: Just moments ago, Caleb Temple made another offer to you, Mr. Martinez.

[The AWA's White Knight shakes his head.]

RM: No, Mark, he didn't make me an offer. He told me I had to choose. My body, or my soul. Either I give in to him, either I join him, or he'll do to me what he did to me at SuperClash. What he did to my father so many years ago. Temple wants me to sell him my soul, or he'll destroy me physically.

[The camera closes in tighter on the determined face of young Ryan Martinez.]

RM: I want you to listen to me very close, Temple. I'm not going to say this again.

I

AM

NOT

FOR

SALE!

There is _nothing_ you have that I want. You're a rabid dog, Caleb Temple, and you need to be put down. I watched you tear my father's life apart. I LIVED through the way you destroyed my family! It took years for my father to get himself out of the place _you_ put him in. And it was years after that before we were truly a family again.

Do you honestly think I'd join you?

I'm not a helpless ten year old boy anymore. I'm not afraid of you, you're not the thing that haunted a boy's nightmares. You don't frighten me, let's get clear on that. I'm a grown man, and the only thing I'm going to give you is a one way ticket back to the hole you crawled out of!

But I will go out there, because I have a message of my own.

MS: And what...

[The sound of a door being flung open interrupts Mark's question, and Stegglet jumps slightly as Hannibal Carver storms into view of the camera as Ryan tenses up, ready to defend himself.]

MS: Hannibal Carver, I was told you were under medical supervision after the attack at the hands of Johnny Detson and then Caleb Temple earlier tonight.

[Carver interrupts.]

HC: First of all, ain't no doctor in the world is gonna tell me what to do. And second of all...

[Carver glares at Stegglet.]

HC: I ain't here to talk to yeh.

[Stegglet goes pale, backing off a bit as he turns his attention to the camera.]

HC: And old man... d'yeh think I'm scared? Scared of the dark?

[Carver spits on the floor.]

HC: I AM WHAT BUMPS IN THE NIGHT! When yeh were making the big bucks in the city of angels, I was doing whatever I had to... just to put food

on the table. So come on, gramps. Yeh think this Casper The Friendly Ghost crap is gonna scare me?

Slice me open?

[Carver rubs a hand over his scarred forehead.]

HC: Oh no, I've never had that happen before.

Throw a fireball at me? I USED TO DO THAT TO MYSELF.

[Carver points a finger at the camera, his hand shaking violently with rage.]

HC: Yeh try that crap again, try it like a man. Leave the damn light switch alone and bring all yeh can muster right to my door.

And I'll shove yeh back in yer grave myself.

[Carver lowers his hand, now directing his attention towards Ryan.]

HC: Now as for yeh...

[Carver takes a step towards Ryan, who has his hands now balled into fists... ready for the brawl that he's sure will happen any second now.]

HC: ... seems to me that we each got one hell of a full plate right now. I've let Detson run around here with hardly a slap on the wrist for way too long... and tonight is what I get for going easy on that dirtbag. And yeh...

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: ... yeh have yer family problems. So I say we put this thing between us, and place it on the shelf until these two motherless sons get put in the damn ground.

[Ryan and Stegglet look similarly shocked as Carver extends his hand towards Ryan for a shake.]

RM: You have yourself a deal, Carver.

[Just then, Carver pulls Ryan in so the two are nose to nose.]

HC: But don't let it get in yer head for one second that this means we are okay... or that thing between yeh and me is even close to being over.

[Carver tears his hand from Ryan's and steps back into the hallway.]

HC: Now there's a certain empty head that has an appointment with my damn boot.

[Carver storms down the hallway. Stegglet and Martinez turn towards each other.]

MS: Well, if not a truce, then at least a ceasefire between you and Mr. Carver.

[Martinez nods his head.]

RM: What happened tonight won't happen again. Hannibal is going to take care of Detson. And I'm going to end Caleb Temple. It won't happen tonight, but it will happen. And Mark?

You can count on it!

[Martinez pauses to pick up the World Title, before stepping away from the camera, heading out of sight...]

We crossfade backstage to a closeup of a pink frosted mirror. If we look closely, we can catch a glimpse of the man known as Casanova applying some purple lipstick.]

C: Ahhh, youth.

[A giggling Mickey Cherry can be heard in the background.]

C: Young people never have any fears... any worries... any concerns. Take my young opponent tonight... please.

[Cherry giggles again.]

C: Derrick Williams is fresh out of wrestling school with the world in front of him. He's not afraid of pain... he's not afraid of failure... because anything that happens to him, he's got plenty of time to recover from it. A broken leg? It'll heal in time. A horrible loss? He's got time to get the wins back to make everyone forget.

Time is the best friend of the young believer.

[Another stroke of lipstick.]

C: Wait... Mickey, do you hear it?

[Mickey Cherry's beard covered face pops into the shot of the mirror.]

MC: What is it, baby?

C: It's... it's... ticking.

Tick... tock... tick... tock... tick... tock.

[Casanova waggles a finger back and forth in rhythm to the ticking.]

C: Do you hear it, Derrick? Do you hear the clock ticking down? Counting the seconds until you and I come together...

[Casanova inhales sharply.]

C: Your young body will impress. The ladies will swoon and the gentlemen will envy. They will shudder as I lay my hands upon you. They will squirm when I make you feel... pain. And when I wrap my beautiful arms around your neck, squeezing oh-so-tightly...

...and lay you down to sleep at my feet, helpless like a small child...

[A toothy grin flashes, recently bleached no doubt.]

C: Your time will be up.

[He leans forward, planting a purple kiss on the mirror as Mickey Cherry cackles in the background.]

C: Toodles.

[Fade to pink.

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

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

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

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

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

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

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

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

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

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

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

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

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

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

"And now their stories can be told."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade to black.

We fade backstage where Colt Patterson is standing alongside Andrew "Flash" Tucker and "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian, better known as Strictly Business. Sebastian shields his baby blue peepers behind his familiar Prada shades and sports an ensemble consisting of burgundy Gucci loafers, designer jeans and a beige and aqua patterned Tommy Bahama shirt; the top two buttons noticeably unfastened. Tucker is clad in a pair of light blue jeans, a gray shirt that reads "DENIM JUNGLE" across the front and a pair of camo-patterned high top Chuck Taylors. His blond hair is pulled back underneath a gray beanie.]

CP: I'm here with the most legendary tag team in the history of the sport, Strictly Business. Fellas, what's the reaction been since your victory over Tiger Claw and Casey James – and I guess TORA and Brian James – at SuperClash.

AT: Well, Colt, I'd be lyin' to ya if I said I remembered half o' what's gone on since SuperClash. It's been one long bender it feels like. The co-eds, the bottles o' single-barrel Jack... It's been a blur to say the least.

MS: When you suggested we party like it's 1999, you weren't kidding. The Frats be damned. Nobody has seen a blowout like that since the time we convinced that security guard to let us backstage at Staples because Piper Evans was one of the Laker girls...

CP: There's no doubt that beating those two old dinosaurs is quite the feather in the cap.

AT: Now hold on, Colt. Old or not, Claw and Casey are bonafide _legends_ o' the sport. They should be afforded respect for everything they've done in this business. Unlike most of the rabble we got runnin' around this joint now.

MS: The whole Muppet baby act has gotten real old, real fast. We take this business as serious as a heart attack. Always have. And look where it's gotten us. Certainly not the Hall. But having us perform the equivalent of wiping the chins of the so-called future of this sport somehow makes good business sense.

CP: What's next for Strictly Business, then, with the lack of real competition?

AT: I guess we're gonna have to go back to babysittin'. It feels like Romper Room 'round here, to be honest. Everybody we know from the glory days has a kid or a nephew or a third-cousin twice removed, bein' a blood-suckin' leach on the careers of somebody else.

These guys are gettin' a shot not based on their resume, but by a DNA tests. And frankly, we're sick of it.

We didn't bust our tails for years, criss-crossin' the country in a mid-size sedan goin' from Podunk town to Podunk town, workin' 300 plus days a year to watch these kids come in here an' get their face splashed across national television based on the blood that somebody else shed.

The only faces anybody tunin' in to The X tonight recognizes are ours. And that's because o' what _we_ did, not what our daddies did.

MS: All these fossils whose names keep getting tossed around? This time a year ago, they were rocking their offspring to dreamland to tales of their days in the sun. And we can comb through the names till the sun comes up and - Thunder, Hardin, Reed, Kauffman, Annis, Myers...

[Seemingly for effect, he pauses to add to the drama.]

MS: And then we can hit up the Waffle House and conjure up all the relics whose names didn't spring to mind five single malt scotches ago - Langseth, Daniels, Martinez, Bryant, Van Strife, Keening, we could be here for days. The simple fact being this:

All these entrails running amok do nothing other than serve as a constant reminder just what a raw deal Strictly Business has been given. Yeah, it

makes all the sense in the world to keep rolling out the retreads from yesteryear because it creates a buzz, drives business and flows through to the bottom line. If I'm CFO of this ship, all I'm worried about is my next Bugatti test-drive.

But when you're Mike Sebastian and Andrew Tucker? When you're the two stalwarts who took the forgotten art of tag team wrestling, tossed it on their backs and set the standard?

[Sebastian can simply shake his head in disgust.]

MS: I guess just wheel out the Killing Box and we'll make sure Ezra's kid catches the carpool to the next town.

[We fade away from Strictly Business to...

...our own "Sweet" Lou Blackwell standing in the interview area with the AWA logo in the background.]

LB: Welcome back, fans... a great night of action here so far, and more to come tonight as well. Right now, getting ready for his Brass Ring Tournament qualifier match, the young Derrick Williams! Derrick, if you'd come here a minute...

[Derrick Williams comes into view, looking a little different from last we saw him. His hair has grown, its natural curl starting to show as its sitting a little shaggy. Also present is the beginnings of a beard on his face. The camera is only showing his upper body, which is covered in an AWA T-shirt and his white wrist tape is already on.}

LB: Tonight, you face Casanova in a qualifier. A ring veteran, who'll be a large challenge, in more ways than one.

DW: That's right Sweet Lou, tonight I qualify for the Brass Ring Tourney, winner gets the AWA National Title, a title that'd look real good around my waist. I can't think of a better way to start off the new year in the AWA than to get that title. And I start with Casanova.

You know Lou, Casanova isn't exactly his former self, he's a bit larger. But that's not stopping me. You see, I have had to do a bit of work on dealing with problems that are, "bigger" than me, if you catch my meaning. So Casanova's 400 or so pounds is perfect for me right now. Because size doesn't matter for me, if Casanova was 300 pounds, 400 pounds, or 500. I'm confident, that I WILL Spinebuster him, and I will get into that Tournament next month.

LB: You did reference your "bigger" problem, and that would be with KING Oni, that's something you'll have to deal with sooner or later.

[Williams looks a little flustered at bringing up the monster but quickly collects himself]

DW: KING Oni is an issue...

[He pauses with an uncertain look on his face.]

DW: ...but it's an issue that I will address when the time comes. Right now, my focus is totally on the Brass Ring Tournament. This is a big deal for me, Lou. The time for being a wide eyed newcomer is over. I've been in AWA for a few months now, I've been in a featured match at SuperClash. Standing around the back, being overwhelmed isn't going to cut it anymore. I spent the month off getting my head together, training, focusing, remembering what it is I came here for.

The small fish in a big pond Derrick Williams is over with. This is my year to break out. This is my year to show I belong in the big time. I'm not satisfied with being in the start of the show anymore. This is where I make my mark. This is the year I become a player in the AWA, and it starts with the Brass Ring Tournament.

[Williams balls up a fist, then points to the camera]

DW: This is where I start, where I grab the Brass Ring, and what better way to become the breakout star this year, than to win the AWA National Title. Count on that, Lou.

LB: Alright, confident words from the young man as he looks to topple the veteran Casanova and earn his spot in the Brass Ring Tournament coming up in just about one month's time. Can he do it? Let's go down to the ring and find out!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit and is a Qualifying Match for the Brass Ring Tournament! Introducing first... in the corner to my right... accompanied to the ring by Mickey Cherry...

[Boos rain down on the scrawny manager who lets everyone hear the sound of his high-pitched voice.]

PW: From the Sunset Strip... weighing in at...

[Watson does a doubletake at his cards.]

PW: ...an undisclosed amount...

[Cherry shouts, "THAT'S RIGHT, BABY! THAT'S RIGHT!" as Casanova pulls his pink and purple satin robe tighter around his plump frame.]

PW: He is...

CAAAAAASAAAANOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[The boos pour down on the controversial grappler as he throws his robe apart with a flourish.]

PW: And his opponent...

["I Won't Back Down" by Tom Petty begins playing through the arena to a decent-sized cheer.]

PW: Coming down the aisle... from Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 265 pounds...

DERRRRRRRRRICK WILLLLLLLLLLLIAMS!

[Stepping through the curtain is Derrick Williams, a well built, tanned young man. He sports his usual maroon tights with white kneepads and boots and white wrist tape, his brown hair cut short. He walks to the ring with an air of seriousness, but still taking some time to raise his hand out toward the fans, acknowledging them as he enters the ring...

...and gets jumped by Casanova as the referee frantically signals for the bell!]

GM: Casanova attacks before the bell! Williams didn't even get inside the ring yet!

BW: This is for a chance at a championship, Gordo! What did you expect?!

[The... enigmatic Casanova beats on Williams, raining forearms down on his back. The youngster from Brooklyn only has his head inside the ropes, with his feet still on the ring apron and his torso halfway in the ring. Mickey Cherry cackles on the outside with excitement as Casanova takes a step back, and then rams his right knee into the exposed head of Derrick Williams, causing the rookie to fall into the ring!]

BW: I won't take nothin' away from this greenhorn, Gordo, he's got some moxie and a little bit of skill. But when you're trying to get into a tournament that is going to bring the winner thousands of dollars and a big gold belt, beginner's luck ain't gonna cut it, daddy. There's a whole bracketful of hungry veterans who would kill to be in this thing!

GM: Casanova might be one of them!

[The strange veteran boots Williams into the corner, and then an uppercut straightens the rookie up.]

GM: Casanova is a bizarre, confused- well, he's something fans. But somewhere in there is a vicious wrestler.

[Casanova lays in an elbow as Mickey Cherry cheers on the outside. Nodding at some advice from his manager, Casanova sends Williams to the far side with an Irish whip, and follows in. Williams hits the buckle backfirst and bounces out, just as Casanova winds up for a clothesline...]

GM: Williams ducks the clothesline! Casanova whirls around-

"WHAAAAM!"

GM: A big right hand, all the way from the Red Hook section in Brooklyn!

[Another right hand from the youngster finds the mark, and Williams turns and sprints to the adjacent rope... and runs right into a scoop up from Casanova.]

BW: Scoop and a slam from Casanova, this is a man who is dialed in tonight, daddy. The gold and the money will do that.

GM: He has been one step ahead of Derrick Williams thus far into the match, that is for sure. None of his usual mindgames and questionable tactics. He wants a win and he wants to be in that tournament. The veteran Casanova brings Williams to his feet, sends him for the ride...

[Williams rockets off the ropes and gets thrown high into the air with a back body drop. Mickey Cherry screams for Casanova to cover, and the getting-larger-everyday wrestler turns around and dives for a cover.]

GM: One! Two! Quick kickout by Derrick Williams, who gets his shoulder up in plenty of time.

BW: There's gonna be a sense of urgency here, Gordo, maybe one that's not usually there. This Brass Ring Tournament is the talk of the wrestling world, everybody who is anybody wants to be in it.

GM: Derrick Williams certainly wants to be involved in the prestigious tournament. Casanova grabs his hair- but a big elbow to that big gut slows him down!

[Williams gets to his feet and goes to strike, but Casanova is wily and reaches out with a quick left that chops Williams in the throat. The youngster begins to cough and grabs at his throat instinctively, allowing Casanova the time to grab his opponent by the head and RAM him facefirst into the nearest turnbuckle.]

GM: Derrick Williams just can't seem to get on track here.

BW: And you've got to give Casanova his credit!

GM: He's right on top of Derrick Williams, no doubt about it. Even if his tactics aren't exactly legal.

[A second face to the turnbuckle sends Williams reeling, but the bizarre veteran grabs him in a headlock and then runs Williams' forehead along the top rope! The crowd boos as Mickey Cherry cackles and Casanova turns to celebrate!]

"OOHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Welcome to the big time rook, this is called getting the business!

GM: Referee Ricky Longfellow followed Casanova as he walked away, and that gave Mickey Cherry an opening to slap a kneeling Derrick Williams right in the face!

[Enraged, Williams lunges in between the ropes to grab a hold of the manager... but Casanova ends that a moment later, planting a big knee to the back of Williams, causing him to fall back into the ring. The former "Playboy" bounces off the ropes and winds his right arm up, dropping a big elbow onto the Brooklynite, and going for the cover!]

GM: Here's the cover! One! Two! Williams with the kickout again, and he's being just smothered here.

BW: Why let him get a breath? Solid strategy by Mickey and Cass!

[Casanova looks up and shouts for Ricky Longfellow to count again, and as the referee slides into position the veteran hooks the near leg and presses Williams' arm down with his near hand.]

GM: One! Two! T-Williams gets the kickout again!

BW: But he's done nothing but expend energy, Gordo, nothing but kickout and fight from underneath.

GM: A veteran move from Casanova and Mickey Cherry, no doubt.

[Casanova makes a weird face as he gets to his feet, and mutters, "Smelly, smelly, smelly" when he gets up. He gives a sign to Cherry, then pulls Williams to his feet and shoves him towards the middle rope. A kick to the back of the leg ends up with the rookie hanging over the middle strand, and the bizarre veteran leans over and CHOKES out Derrick Williams with the middle rope!]

GM: Come on ref, get him off of there!

BW: He's got five seconds, Gordo, he's got plenty of time.

GM: Casanova waits until four and a half to break the choke, and still Ricky Longfellow has to pull him off.

[Casanova puts his hands in the air and backs off, bringing the referee with him as Mickey Cherry scoots over and sprays perfume in Williams' face. Cherry runs away as Williams begins to cough and wave his hand in front of his face, getting to his feet with his eyes still closed.]

GM: Right in the face with that perfume! He might've even gotten some in the eyes!

BW: I could smell Williams' stank breath from here. Good job, Mickey!

[Casanova spots the rising (and blinded) Williams and moves Ricky Longfellow out of his way, then grabs Williams from behind...]

GM: Back suplex by Casanova! Here's the cover! One! Two! T-Williams gets the shoulder up again! But this dog and pony show from Casanova and Mickey Cherry has got to be taking it's toll.

BW: You might call it a dog and pony show, daddy, but where I come from it's a heck of a game plan.

[Casanova says, "Much better!" toward Williams as he brings him to his feet and shoots him into the ropes... the veteran ducks his head a second too soon, and the rookie leaps off with a sunset flip! The crowd cheers as Williams attempts to rally!...]

GM: Sunset flip!

[Casanova holds his ground, his arms pinwheeling around as Williams tries to drag him down into the pinning predicament...

...and then SITS DOWN with a thud!]

GM: No! Casanova brings all his weight down on the chest of the rookie! That's well north of three hundred pounds free falling on the chest cavity.

BW: And good luck kickin' out after over three bills falls right on top of ya!

[Casanova tells Ricky Longfellow to count and the referee does just that, slapping the mat twice before Williams shoots a shoulder up at the last second. Mickey Cherry is on the outside gloating, screaming out "WRASSLIN' BABY! C-A-S-A-N-O-V-A SPELLS WRASSLIN'!" as Casanova gets to his feet.]

GM: Mickey Cherry, get your loudmouth away from me!

[Cherry can be heard cackling as Casanova looks down at Williams, nodding his head as he rushes to the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: Off the ropes!]

[...then leaps into the air for a big splash... that hits an empty pool!]

GM: No one home! Derrick Williams moved out of the way!

[With the crowd roaring, the youngster rolls to his feet, bending over and clutching his chest for a moment... and then hitting a hard European uppercut on Casanova, who just stood up himself.]

GM: That European uppercut might have rattled some teeth! And a second surely did!

[Williams bounces off the ropes and ducks a wild right hand from Casanova, then stops on a dime and crouches... and FLOORS the veteran with a third European uppercut when he turns around! The crowd cheers as Williams goes back on the attack.]

GM: Derrick Williams, off the ropes, here we go... big knee drop across the forehead! Big air on that move from the young man, and here's a cover! One! Two! No sir, kickout by Casanova!

BW: You gotta hook there leg, there, junior. Greatness is in the details.

GM: Derrick Williams will learn that down the line, Bucky, there's no limit to his potential.

BW: Potential don't buy the groceries, daddy, potential don't get ya into the Brass Ring Tournament!

[Williams brings this opponent to his feet, and goes to scoop him up for a slam...]

GM: He's going for the slam!

BW: No chance, daddy!

[But the combined weight of Casanova and a forearm club across the back puts a stop to that, so Williams instead opts to hit the ropes...]

GM: Williams to the far side- MICKEY CHERRY GRABBED HIS FOOT! How many times will he involve himself?

[The crowd boos as Williams gets held up, but then instantly start to cheer as he turns around, leans over the ropes and grabs the manager by the scruff of the neck, bringing him up onto the apron!]

BW: Hey! He's got no business doin' that, Mickey Cherry's a manager, not a licensed wrestler! What's he thinking?

GM: He's thinking about putting an end to having someone grab his foot and interrupt him around ringside!

BW: Yeah, big man you are, hitting a defenseless manager!

[The youngster from Brooklyn goes to hit the meddlesome manager, but senses that something is afoot and just manages to move out of the way as Casanova comes barreling in, accidentally slamming into his manager! Casanova squeals in terror as Cherry crashes off the apron, holding his hands up to his face, giving Williams plenty of time to capitalize...]

GM: Williams from behind... biiiig atomic drop!

[Casanova hops around in pain, alternating clutching at his front and then his back, and this time Williams grabs him from the front...]

GM: He's got him again... inverted atomic drop! That's gotta hurt! Casanova is hopping up and down...

[The crowd is laughing at Casanova as he grabs at his "lower abdomen", squealing in pain as Williams hits the ropes, charging all the way across the ring to where Casanova is leaning on the ropes...]

GM: BIG CLOTHESLINE FLIPS CASANOVA OVER THE ROPES TO THE OUTSIDE!

[The youngster fires up, pumping his fist in the air and spying Cherry trying to pull Casanova to his feet on the outside...]

BW: Casanova picked up the seven ten split when he went over the ropes, daddy, he just about made Mickey Cherry a grease stain.

GW: That offensive outburst has thrown Casanova totally off track, and his manager is trying to calm him down!

[As Casanova is in the midst of a freak out, Mickey Cherry scrambles to his feet and holds his hands up, shouting out, "You're okay! You're okay, baby! Just calm down, here we go now!" Whether it has any effect is debatable, but it gets the veteran to start climbing onto the ring apron, putting one knee on the apron and looking at Cherry... not at all paying attention to Williams motoring around ringside...]

GW: Here comes Williams, Casanova not paying attention...!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The crowd goes banana as the youngster from Brooklyn turns the corner to where Casanova is entering the ring, takes to the air and DRILLS him with a basement dropkick, neatly landing on the apron while Casanova is knocked silly!]

GM: Oh my stars and garters! That is some kind of agility, some kind of dexterity by Derrick Williams!

BW: He's a grown man, Gordo, he's every ounce of 265. This is a side of him we haven't seen.

GM: Casanova, rolls into the ring, struggling to get to his feet. He's trying to crawl away, trying to crawl across the ring but Derrick Williams has got him by the boot!

[The youngster pulls on the boot, turning him onto his back and then holding Casanova's foot as he shakily gets to a vertical base... and then ducking out of the way as Casanova takes a wild swing, turning himself around in the process!]

GM: Williams, he's got him hooked from behind- big back suplex! Here's a cover! One! Two! Th-no sir, Casanova is able to get a shoulder up just in the nick of time!

BW: This is where Casanova needs to stem the tide. He's gotta cut that momentum off that Williams is building, no questions asked.

GM: Derrick Williams is feeling it right now, Bucky, he's gotta be feeling like a victory is just around the corner.

BW: Great, kid, don't get cocky!

[Williams gets to his feet, in the ready position, and as Casanova huffs to his feet the young New York native scoops him up for a slam... then has his eyes gouged at the top of the lift! Williams falls back, and Casanova hangs on for dear life, hooking a leg for the cover!]

GM: One! Two! Thr- Williams rolled the shoulder up! Casanova almost stole that victory!

BW: Stole, my foot! You do what you gotta do to move on, Gordo, you worry about style points later!

[Mickey Cherry beats on the apron as Casanova holds up three fingers to Ricky Longfellow, making sure it wasn't a pinfall victory. After getting rebuffed, Casanova hits the far ropes, looking to put Williams away, barreling right into...

...Derrick Williams popping to his feet, picking up, pivoting and PLANTING Casanova into the mat with a gorgeous spinning spinebuster! The crowd jumps to their feet at the move, and Williams floats into a cover!]

GM: LEG IS HOOKED! ONE! TWO! THREE!

[The fans cheer their head off as the bell rings, and Derrick Williams rolls to the side.]

BW: Out of nowhere, out of nowhere with that spinebuster!

GM: Derrick Williams gets the victory, and Bucky Wilde, that means this young man from Brooklyn, New York is going to get a chance to win the Brass Ring Tournament and take home that AWA National Title next month right here on The X!

[Williams gets to his feet, and Ricky Longfellow raises his hand as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: The winner of the match! And moving on into the Brass Ring Tournament!

DERRICK WILLLLIIIAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMSSSSSS!

[Williams climbs up on the midbuckle, pointing to the cheering fans who've grown louder after his big victory. He grins at their reaction, nodding his head in tribute to them as the Tom Petty music blares over the PA.]

GM: What a win for Derrick Williams - a win that some might even deem as a bit of an upset!

BW: I'd definitely call it an upset, Gordo. Casanova may be a weird dude but he's also a veteran who has been all over this sport and has been very successful at everything he does. He's won singles titles. He's won tag team titles. But he won't be winning the National Title next month at the Anniversary Show.

GM: No, he will not. But Derrick Williams certainly might as-

[Suddenly, Williams' music cuts off. He looks around, a bit puzzled as a thunderclap echoes over the PA system.]

GM: What is that all about?

[The lights flicker a few times as the video screen lights up. The PA system is overtaken by someone speaking/singing the same phrase in Japanese over and over again as the video screen reads what we can only presume is the English translation...]

BW: Who surrounds you everywhere?

GM: What in the world does that mean? I don't-

BW: Hey, Gordo... is it just me or does this music sound a lot like KING Oni's entrance music?

GM: It... I think you're right, Bucky. I think that's exactly what it is.

[Williams points at the video screen, shaking his head as the song abruptly cuts off, replaced by the dark and ominous laughter of Doctor Harrison Fawcett.]

GM: Dear god.

[Williams continues to look around, making sure there's not a sneak attack coming from him. He looks completely freaked out - as you might expect - as we cut down to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Well, ominous warning or not, Derrick Williams scores the victory and earns himself a spot in the Brass Ring Tournament, standing right alongside Rob Driscoll in this big event coming up next month that became even bigger when the National Title was brought back into the mix. Later tonight, we'll see Cesar Hernandez take on Kyle Houlder in another qualifying match for that tournament.

BW: Oh, I can't wait to see that one, Gordo.

GM: You can't wait to see Cesar Hernandez in action? That's... unusual.

BW: I got a hunch that Hernandez is in for a rough night - one he's had comin' to him for a long while now.

GM: I see... well, fans... let's go over to Mark Stegglet who is standing by with a special guest! Mark?

[We cut to the interview podium where Mark Stegglet stands.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon... a special guest indeed! She has been working for the AWA for a number of years as part of our Talent Relations department, but most of you will remember her as the first manager for the tag team of Rough N Ready. Please welcome Sarah Sharpe!

[There's a polite reception for the former manager of Rough N Ready. Sarah, who has brown hair cut shoulder length and wears a navy blue blouse and white dress slacks, walks out to the podium, shaking hands with Stegglet.]

MS: Sarah, let's talk for a moment about what you have been doing in the AWA for some time... you've been responsible for a number of wrestlers who have made their way to the AWA. What has it been like spending your time with Talent Relations?

SS: Mark, it's a job that involves a lot of work because the AWA has built a reputation for having the best talent in the business. Now, I don't really like to talk about the wrestlers who I have scouted and brought here, because I'd rather let the wrestlers do the talking about what they can do. But tonight, I've made an exception for the latest wrestlers I have helped bring to this company.

MS: Well, what can you tell us about these new wrestlers?

SS: They hold a special place in my heart, because I, along with a few others, helped train them when they said they wanted to wrestle. They've already gained experience in another wrestling promotion, and then they were spending time on the independent circuit, when I contacted them and told them there were new opportunities here in AWA. So I was allowed to formally introduce these individuals, and they are here tonight.

MS: So who are they, Miss Sharpe?

SS: It's my pleasure to introduce to the AWA fans... Howie and Julie Somers!

[There is a polite reception as two young individuals make their way to the podium. Howie is a muscular man with a little bulk around his midsection, with short brown hair, brown eyes, and dressed in jeans and a Boston Red Sox T-shirt. Julie is a short woman with long, wavy, brown hair and brown eyes, and is dressed in a red blouse and jeans. The two acknowledge the fans as they reach the podium, where Howie shakes hands with Sarah and Julie gives her a hug.]

MS: Howie and Julie Somers, I have heard a little bit about the two of you... if I am not mistaken, the two of you are related to one half of Rough N Ready, Eric Matthew Somers.

HS: Yes, sir, Eric is our uncle.

MS: [nodding] And as I understand it, the two of you actually formed a tag team at one point... but while the promotion you were in was known for doing things differently from others, what is that going to mean for you in the AWA? Julie, there isn't even a women's division here!

JS: Mark, I'm not gonna deny that I'm a little disappointed that the AWA hasn't gotten a women's division going in its near seven years of existence... and if the AWA ever did decide to get one going, I'd be one of the first to sign up! But regardless, I'm still as happy as I can be to come to the AWA and stay by my brother's side. Because, even if I can't wrestle here, I can be a part of the AWA, and that's why I've signed on to be a manager. And you can probably guess, Mark, that I'm gonna be managing my brother Howie, and you can bet that we're going to straight to the top of the AWA tag team division!

MS: Wait a minute, Julie, you say you are his manager, yet you speak about the tag team division... just who is going to be teaming up with Howie?

HS: Sir, I can address that. You see, when it became clear that I wasn't going to be able to team with my sister any longer, I knew the time had come to close that chapter and start a new one. See, the one thing I've learned is that, while you can acknowledge your past, and even celebrate it, you can't continue to live in it. And that means, for Julie and I, we needed to close that chapter we had, and begin that next one while finding a way to stay together. And with that said, when Miss Sharpe called me and asked about me coming to the AWA, and told me the tag team scene was where I could fit in, I knew I'd have to find a new tag team partner. And he's here tonight, and just as excited to be part of the AWA as I am.

MS: So who is this tag team partner of yours?

HS: He's the son of a Hall of Famer, sir.

[There's cheers for that.]

MS: Another Hall of Famer with an offspring in the wrestling ranks? That is big news! Please don't delay and let us know who this is man is!

HS: Allow me to introduce my new tag team partner... Daniel Harper!

[There's cheers again, with some fans recognizing the last name, as now a young man with short, black hair and brown eyes, dressed in a black polo shirt and khakis, makes his way to the podium. He exchanges a high five with Howie, then with Julie, then a handshake with Sarah.]

MS: Daniel Harper... now this is a surprise. Don't tell me you are the son of one of the women who was named to the Hall of Fame, the son of Stephanie Harper, who happens to be from El Paso, Texas!

[There's a pop for the mention of Texas.]

DH: That's exactly who I am, Mark! And I know some people might have never heard of anyone who was the son of a legendary woman's wrestler, much less that son making his way to the AWA. But it wasn't just my mother who had wrestling in her genes. Because I also got trained by my uncle, Ted Titus, who was one of the finest men's wrestlers around back in the Portland and Seattle area, just like his father-in-law before him was. And when I finished my training and my mother and uncle were confident that I was ready to step into the ring for real, that's when I got the call from Howie Somers. See, he and Julie know Stephanie pretty well, and when Howie told me that he needed a new tag team partner, I wasn't gonna turn him down!

I may be just 19 years old, Mark, and yes, this is going to be my first time stepping into a wrestling ring! I know I've got a lot of work ahead of me, and I have quite a reputation to live up to, especially knowing that Howie has already had several years of experience in that ring. But believe me, I will prove myself, and I couldn't be happier than to be doing that alongside Howie Somers, with Julie Somers right by our side!

JS: You see, Mark, you've got three people right here who are proud of our families and where we come from! We're proud to be part of that next generation of wrestlers looking to accomplish the same things that our uncle, and Daniel's mother, accomplished as well! But while we certainly take pride in being second-generation wrestlers, we sure aren't going to live in the past, be it the past Howie and I had, or the past that our elders before us had. We are going to set the tone as the next gen of professional wrestling.

[She stops there, then turns to Howie and Daniel.]

JS: As a matter of fact, that's what we are... we'll just call ourselves Next Gen! And the three of us together are gonna make our mark here in the AWA! We're not gonna promise anything overnight... but we are gonna promise that we will eventually be recognized among the best in the AWA, among the best in professional wrestling... and yes, Mark, I want to see these guys here become the World Tag Team Champions!

[Howie and Daniel smile and nod at that remark, then exchange another high five.]

JS: And next Saturday Night Wrestling, Mark, I'm gonna get that first match signed for Next Gen!

[There's a polite crowd response for that.]

MS: There you have it, fans... Next Gen has arrived in the AWA and we will see them in action for the first time on the next Saturday Night Wrestling! But right now, let's head back up to the ring for tag team action!

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

PW: The following tag team contest has a ten minute time limit and is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, hailing from Anderson, South Carolina... they are the team of Nick Crick and Miles Giles!!!!

[Mild applause from the crowd]

PW: And their opponents, making their return... hailing from Relesville, New York and weighing in at a combined weight of 610 pounds...accompanied to the ring by their brother Nailz, they are

THE ROWDY RELES BOYZ!

Deep Bass Voice: Greetings from Relesville!

[The PA systems roars to life with "Bodies" by Drowning Pool as two massive men (and one substantially shorter one) wearing matching black and blue tie dyed t-shirts under pairs of faded blue overall shorts, along with black knee pads and wrestling boots.

The largest of the trio is an African American standing over 6 1/2 feet tall and pushing 350 pounds, the middle is a blond white guy standing between 6 feet and 6 1/2 feet tall and weighing in the 250 pound range, while the smallest doesn't even hit six feet tall or 200 pounds and sports blond hair and a goatee.

The three men pause at the entryway, their eyes locked on the ring and then stride forward, jawing at the fans in attendance...the concession guys...the security guards, and anyone else that happens to be within earshot.

Reaching the ring ropes, they each step into the squared circle, still jawing at the fans before Eddie Reles points at the announcer's table and shout "Say nice things about us!", then slap hands with his half brothers as the two larger Reles Boyz stand ready in the ring and the third exits.]

GM: The Rowdy Reles Boyz are back and it appears that they've managed to pick up a... well... a mascot?

BW: That's no mascot, Gordo... that's another brother from another mother! That's another one of the Releses... this one is named Nailz!

GM: Nailz? Did his mom lose a bet?

BW: I don't think I want to answer that...

[Eddie Reles and Miles Giles both step out of the ring, leaving big Jim Reles with Nick Crick. The larger man looks down at the MUCH smaller man as

they go for a collar and elbow tie up... which ends with Nick Crick getting forced back into the corner, where he takes a series of punches that leaves him leaning. Jim slaps on a side headlock and brings Crick over into Relesville, where Eddie tags in as Nailz pounds the mat in encouragement.]

GM: The Reles Boyz in control early as they isolate Nick Crick on their side of the ring. Big Jim Reles hoists Nick Crick up...

["Big" Jim sets for an atomic drop...

...but Eddie CRACKS him with an uppercut on the way down!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: They call that "Welcome To Relesville" but I think it's "Welcome to your dentist" time for Nick Crick.

[The official moves in to chase Jim Reles out of the ring, leaving Eddie in with the prone Nick Crick. Eddie stalks around him as Crick struggles to his feet.]

GM: The Reles Boyz are as aggressive of a tag team as you'll find... ohh!

[The crowd groans as Eddie Reles charges in, catching Crick with a running bulldog, driving him facefirst into the canvas.]

GM: Crick hits facefirst hard right there... but there's no rest for the weary as Eddie brings him right back up... and then puts him right back down with a snap suplex!

[Eddie Reles slowly climbs to his feet, looking out at the jeering crowd.]

GM: The Reles Boyz were attracting some serious attention here in the AWA for a time before they up and vanished... and from what I understand, they were sent on a brief tour of Tiger Paw Pro AND SouthWest Lucha Libre to get some more experience under their belts.

BW: I heard they actually ASKED for the overseas tour. They wanted to become the next Violence Unlimited... and from their attitudes and aggression, you'd have to guess they may be well on their way to making that happen.

[Eddie reaches out, slapping his "big brother's" hand, bringing Jim back in. Jim gives a nod before shouting "BOMBS AWAY!" Eddie rushes towards him, allowing Jim to press him overhead in a military press...

...and then gets thrown facefirst down on a prone Nick Crick, dropped down in a modified splash!]

GM: OHHHH! What a doubleteam by the Reles Boyz!

[Crick rolls from the ring as Eddie Reles gets back to his feet, getting chased from the ring by the official as Jim Reles stomps across the ring, punching Miles Giles in the head, knocking him off the apron!]

BW: Things are getting chippy in there, Gordo!

GM: Chippy nothing! The Reles Boyz are starting to throw the rulebook out the window...and for what?

BW: Fun and profit?

[The referee is up in Jim Reles' face, reprimanding him for attacking the man on the apron...

...which allows Nailz Relez - the little brother - to pull Nick Crick off the floor, hooking a side headlock, running up the ring steps, kicking off, twisting around, and DRIVING him facefirst into the barely-padded floor, leaving Crick twitching on the floor!]

GM: OH MY STARS! THAT WAS UNCALLED FOR, BUCKY!

BW: He calls that move the Reles Revamp...and I think he just KO'd Nick Crick with it!

[Nailz is smiling as he pulls Crick off the mat, rolling him back under the ropes into the ring where Jim Reles stomps across the ring, tagging in Eddie.]

BW: I think things are about to get even worse for Nick Crick, daddy!

GM: This is disgusting...the referee should call this match! The man is completely out!

[Jim quickly hoists Crick up onto his shoulders and brings him smashing down as Eddie jumps and catches his head on the way down for the combination powerbomb/neckbreaker.]

GM: GOODNESS! Reles Traction Bomb on the defenseless Nick Crick, Bucky!

BW: I think you can count to 100 now, daddy... and we might need a stretcher down here...

[The referee swiftly and easily counts to three as the fans jeer.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

PW: Here are your winners... THE ROWDY RELES BOOOOOOYZ!

[Nailz joins Eddie and Jim inside the ring, celebrating the victory with a round of high fives as Miles Giles steps in, kneeling over to help his destroyed partner...

...as Eddie turns to look at him, his eyes going wide. He turns back to his brothers, pointing at Giles.]

“BOYS, TIME TO TAKE OUT THE TRASH!”

[Giles’ first clue that there’s a problem is when Jim’s massive hand falls on his shoulder, swinging him around into a boot to the gut. He hoists him up into the air, turning towards Eddie who leaps up, hooking the head...]

GM: AND ANOTHER TRACTION BOMB! GOOD GRIEF!

[With both men laid out on the mat, the trio stands over them, arms raised as the crowd goes nuts with jeers, raining down on the group.]

GM: That... that was just uncalled for, Bucky.

BW: If you step into the ring with the Rowdy Reles Boyz, then you've better bring the fight, Gordo... otherwise it looks like they'll send you out with the garbage.

GM: Air Strike may have their eyes on Japan and their kidnapped World Tag Team Title belts but their minds better be here at home or one of these fantastic tag teams will make them pay for it. But speaking of tag teams from Japan, I think we have quite the treat for the fans now. It seems that another tag team has entered the AWA scene, and it’s a good one from the Land of the Rising Sun.

BW: I can’t disagree, Gordo. We’ve seen these two once before, and they were very impressive.

GM: Let’s take a look at two very special individuals who come to us from Tiger Paw Pro!

[The camera fades to black. “Grace” by Apocalyptica featuring Tomoyasu Hotei begins playing as quick shots of two individuals cloaked in shadow are shown hitting high-impact moves on other shadowy wrestlers.]

VO: From The Land Of The Rising Sun...

[As if on cue, the light rises and we see the actual wrestlers themselves in various stages of action.]

VO: A team seemingly destined for greatness arrives.

[Shots of the two men in question fly by way too fast to get a good look at them.]

VO: Tiger Paw Pro’s hottest young team.

[One man, an average-looking individual with a very short haircut dressed all in black stares across the ring, while checking his wrist tape.]

VO: Shigehiro Ishikawa.

[Shots of Ishikawa in action play by, including a supremely strong lariat and a magnificent powerslam.]

VO: The amateur wrestling star turned into an unstoppable wrecking ball.

[Ishikawa stands up to a very tall individual, showing no signs of fear.]

VO: The man now known by his fans as “Firecracker King” for his blistering chops.

[Quick shots of Ishikawa delivering said chops to opponents, cringe-inducing as the sound of the chops blare over the song. Shots of many men with raw chests as a result of these chops fly by.]

VO: He brings his impactful offense to the AWA.

[Cut to a shot of another man, with blonde hair with his dark roots showing, sticks out his tongue at the camera.]

VO: Jun Komachi.

[Shots of Komachi in action now play, showing the youngster slingshotting himself into the ring with a diving headbutt and a corkscrew enzuigiri.]

VO: Known to many as one of the fastest men on the planet...

[Shots of Komachi running the ropes at an astoundingly fast pace.]

VO: The former baseball player who has quickly ascended to the upper echelon.

[A shot of Komachi wearing a Hanshin Tigers jersey, smiling as a result of hitting a baseball slide dropkick, declaring himself “SAFE!”]

VO: Wildly popular with Tiger Paw Pro fans for his infectious personality.

[Komachi shouts “Come on!” and the fans roar in response.]

VO: He brings his insane speed and technical know-how to the AWA.

[Cut to shots of the two men executing double-team moves with precision.]

VO: Two men selected by many to be breakout stars making only their second appearance on US soil.

[A shot of the two men celebrating a victory.]

VO: They come to the AWA with only one goal in mind.

[A shot of the AWA World Tag Team Titles glistening.]

VO: The time has come for a new force to arrive.

[Suddenly, the music is interrupted by a strong taiko drum beat. The scene changes back to the two men in shadow walking towards the entrance to the ring area. The drums beat again as we see them raise their hands in victory. The drumming picks up speed as more shots of the team in action go zooming by. The drumming reaches a furious crescendo, before coming to a halt as the screen is filled with a brilliant white light. The name of Shigehiro Ishikawa appears on the screen, in English and in Kanji. Then the name of Jun Komachi joins in, in the same languages. Then, a gong strikes as the name Team SAMURAI appears in golden lettering.]

VO: On the next AWA Saturday Night Wrestling, Team SAMURAI makes their official return!

[The AWA logo appears on the screen next to the Team SAMURAI name. The white light dissipates and a shot of Ishikawa and Komachi posing for the camera appears in the background. The words "HE WHO WALKS THE FIRE BREATHES!" are shouted as the shot slowly fades to black.

A black screen slowly fades to a graphic that reads as follows, accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[And then we cut to a grainy handheld camera, walking around the ringside floor of a small arena. Dimly lit and filled to capacity, the arena boasts a crowd that is loud and rowdy.]

VOICEOVER: The whole world has its eyes on Dallas, every Saturday Night.

[We get a couple of quick clips from Saturday Night Wrestling, of major stars in action. Juan Vasquez hitting the right cross on Stevie Scott. Alphonse Green nailing Dave Cooper with the Hunger Strike. Jack Lynch chasing Demetrius Lake in an effort to Claw him. After this, we go back to the handheld. The user is climbing the ring steps, giving us a first person view of what it must be like for a wrestler to enter that ring.]

VOICEOVER: But what about those two weeks in between? You hear us promote the great action all over Texas and nearby states. And every summer, we travel all around the world. No TV production; just a gala featuring the AWA stars and a few thousand of their closest friends.

[The cameraman walks around the ring, filming the crowd. There are about five thousand here, and a sign that bids all welcome to the Cal Farley Coliseum in Amarillo, Texas.]

VO: What great matches have we never seen? How much blood was spilled in the pursuit of a dream, and we never knew?

[Now more clips... in less professionally-produced areas. The clips feature not only current, but former AWA stars. We see Rick Marley with a flying headscissors taking down Shadoe Rage. We see The Rave diving out of the ring at the Blonde Bombers. We see MAMMOTH Maximus pressing Kolya Sudakov overhead. We see Calisto 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 as we fade back to Saturday Night Wrestling.]

Fade in to a pond on a sunny day, perhaps in a game preserve or a park. The pond is surrounded by gentle hills, with benches every few dozen feet or so. Children sit with their parents, running or playing or feeding the ducks, and on one bench the camera finds Carl Riddens. The ever-casual Riddens wears a grey, red and blue flannel shirt, left halfway unbuttoned with the sleeves rolled up, and khaki pants that seem to have been walked off rather than hemmed. In his hands is a Maier's bread bag, half filled with torn up pieces of bread. Riddens reaches in and throws some bread into the pond, then begins to speak.]

CR: I apologize fer not makin' it to the X, and not makin' it to the big celebration. But my head's been swimmin', see.

Things just ain't always what they seem.

[Riddens reaches into the bag and throws a piece of bread. A duck swims up, eats the bread and swims away.]

CR: Behold the duck. Calm above water, regal you might say. Looking far more like royalty than it truly is.

But then, who could blame it? We all know a duck ain't nothin' but a trash eatin' cretin on the bottom of the list. But above water, a duck makes you think...

Boy, ain't he someone? Below water, well, we all know that story. Struggling, swimming, paddlin' for his life to keep up the appearance. It's all about keeping up appearances. Gotta look good. Gotta try to be someone I'm not.

Now, ain't that a familiar story?

[Riddens flicks a piece of bread and leans back.]

CR: Man like Caleb Temple. A man of depth, a man of knowledge. Of wisdom.

He offers his hand out, he tries to pass on the trials and tribulations of the universe. Tries to help a little duck paddle up stream. And he gets rebuffed. Little duck don't want no help. He knows it all. So a man like Caleb, out of the goodness of his heart, he reaches out anyway, and he teaches that little duck a lesson. Just one.

About not playing with fire.

That little duck, he didn't appreciate that lesson either. Can't say I was surprised.

[Riddens runs a hand through his hair and lets out something akin to a sigh.]

CR: Many a man has come and gone in the AWA. Men of power, men of knowledge. Men not ashamed to show the world that they was strugglin', men who didn't worry about how they appeared above water. But they were never appreciated. They never got the acclaim they deserved.

MAMMOTH Mizusawa. A giant among men. Kicked back to the Orient, tail 'tween his legs. Because a little duck sent him on his way.

Kolya Sudakov. A creature of unnatural talent and ability. A standout in a world filled with stand-ins. Spendin' his days using potatoes to make go-go juice. I think we know why.

Percy Childes, Larry Doyle, little Miss Sandy Hayes, people of merit and valor and wisdom... and we've seen the last of them. Ruffled too many feathers on the pond. Kicked out for pointin' out that the little ducks were just as dirty as the people they was tryin' to fight.

But it didn't hit me until Temple lit up the world of a certain little duck.

[Riddens looks straight at the camera.]

CR: It don't matter what ya do below water. It don't matter whose head you step on and whose bones you walk on. Ignorance is bliss. Perception is reality.

It just don't pay to be a villain in a world full of heroes.

[More bread. More ducks. Some of the ducks who have been eating the bread begin to slow down as Ridden speaks.]

CR: But the great thing about ducks is, they can change course in mid-stream. They can adjust.

And so can I.

I've seen enough vilifications of good men. I can learn the lessons from other people's mistakes. I am dedicating myself to fighting the good fight, to walking the path of righteousness.

An' I'm willing to open my arms, and my heart, to anyone who wants to do the same. I will lead us through the desert. I will help you find your heart's desire.

[One of the ducks begins to honk louder and louder, a nasally, rasping undertone. It tries to flap its wings, frantically trying to move.]

CR: Because we can all change. And things ain't always what they seem.

[We abruptly cut back to a grinning Riddens just before we one more loud honk before the duck falls silent as Riddens continues to throw the bread into the water and the camera fades back to Gordon and Bucky...]

GM: Did he... did that lunatic just POISON that duck?!

BW: I... well, I wouldn't really want to speculate, Gordo.

GM: He talks about fighting the good fight... about walking the path of righteousness... he's sick! He's sick in the head!

BW: Seems like there's a lot of that going on around here lately. Maybe the so-called White Knight's ascension to the throne has brought the true monsters out of the darkness and into the shining light.

GM: A terrifying thought... yet there may be something to that, Bucky. You think back to SuperClash and a night where we saw what seemed like stunning betrayal after stunning betrayal. Wes Taylor betraying Robert Donovan who hasn't been heard from since. Brian James stabbing his own partner in the heart. And of course, Callum Mahoney's shocking turn on Sultan Azam Sharif.

BW: I'm pretty sure Sharif had that one coming, Gordo. He laid his hands on the man!

GM: He was trying to stop him from getting any more members of his team eliminated!

BW: How'd that turn out for him?

GM: Not well at all. But we've got a big announcement to make on that in just a little while but before we do, let's go the ring!

[Phil Watson is standing by in the ring alongside a pale-skinned man with brown curly hair. He wears full length silver tights with a scale pattern, matching boots, and green elbowpads.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, hailing from Wichita, Kansas and weighing in at 230 pounds, he is...

GEORGE TALBOT!!!

[Talbot raises his right arm, pumping his fist in the air, which causes some of the fans in attendance to cheer.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The Chieftains' "Brian Boru's March" starts to play over the arena speakers.]

GM: We have not heard this music before, I don't think, but we do know who it is for.

[An athletically-built man, with a sandy blond crew cut and lightly-tanned skin, strides through the entranceway, as the arena erupts in a chorus of booing.]

GM: It's Callum Mahoney! It's the Armbar Assassin!

BW: And he does not look happy, Gordo.

[He is dressed in a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels of the jacket, over a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. In addition, he has on black knee pads and black laceless boots. He stands with his hands on his hips, a sneer on his lips, soaking in the reaction from the crowd.]

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

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[Mahoney holds his arms up aloft and the jeers grow louder, which only causes him to regard the crowd with greater disdain, as he makes his way down the aisle. He stops midway, exchanging words with the fans. He threatens to backhand one of the more vocal members of the crowd, but walks on, as we hear him tell the fan, "You're not worth it!" Reaching the ring, Mahoney steps through the ropes. He shrugs off the jacket, walks over to his corner and drops the jacket to the outside. As the music fades, he paces the ring, awaiting the start of the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and we're underway, seeing Callum Mahoney in action for the first time since his shocking actions at SuperClash VI in New York City.

BW: Were you really THAT shocked, Gordo? I mean, Mahoney's had a mean streak in him since Day One. He's never been Mister Nice Guy.

GM: No, but I thought he had honor... I thought he had respect for his fellow competitors.

[The initial lockup sees Talbot pushing Mahoney back as the Fighting Irishman leans back into it, dragging Talbot back into the corner.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow's right there, calling for a break...

[We see Longfellow getting between both men and backing Talbot away, as Mahoney waves Talbot off.]

GM: Perhaps a surprising clean break from Mahoney there.

[Warily, he approaches Talbot in the center of the ring and both men again lock up in a collar-and-elbow tie-up which Mahoney quickly transitions into a side headlock.]

GM: Mahoney pulls him into the side headlock, establishing control over his opponent... or not as Talbot shoves him off into the ropes... leapfrog up and over!

[Mahoney comes charging back and gets armdragged down to the canvas. The crowd cheers as Talbot dives into a lateral press, earning all of a one count before Mahoney rolls him off.]

GM: Talbot showing some fire early on in this one...

[But the rally is short-lived as Talbot gets up, trying to stay on his man, and Mahoney hooks the ankle, taking him down in a drop toehold, scrambling over the top of him.]

GM: Mahoney wrapping his arms around the head of Talbot...

BW: That's called a crossface, Gordo... even you should know that much.

GM: Yes, I-

BW: Now, if Mahoney slaps on the inverted Indian Deathlock too, we'd have the move that he calls the Celtic Knot.

GM: And the match would probably be over.

BW: That's right. He might be the Armbar Assassin, but Mahoney has a sound grasp of many other submission holds.

[Talbot slips his arms under him, pushing hard as he struggles to get up onto his knees. Mahoney breaks the hold, blasting Talbot across the bridge of the nose with his forearm a few times.]

GM: Ohh! That's gotta put tears in your eyes!

[Mahoney pulls Talbot's head back, driving the point of the elbow down across the same spot, sending Talbot back down, wincing in pain as he grabs at his face.]

GM: An absolutely vicious move out of Mahoney. You can't tell me he's not hoping to break the man's nose with something like that.

BW: I wouldn't even try to tell you that. Of course that's what he wants.

[Mahoney grabs the kneeling Talbot in a side headlock, wrenching down on him before using his leverage to snap him over onto his back with a headlock takeover...

...that Talbot rolls into a cradle!]

GM: Talbot rolls him over for one... but right back down goes Mahoney, hanging onto that headlock.

[He shakes his head at the crowd, shouting "I DON'T THINK SO!" before he goes wide-eyed with shock at Talbot rolling him onto his shoulders again, earning another one count as Mahoney shoves himself back the other way...]

GM: A pair of one counts for George Talbot, getting dragged up onto his feet here and - whoa! Reversal by Talbot, spins out into a side headlock of his own!

[There's a smattering of cheers for the impressive counterwrestling out of Talbot but Mahoney simply muscles out, shoving him off into the ropes.]

GM: Talbot off the far side...

[As Talbot rebounds, Mahoney buries a boot into the gut. He hooks a handful of hair, slapping Talbot lightly on the cheek a few times before BLASTING him with a European uppercut!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot by Mahoney!

[A second one sends Talbot falling back into the ropes where Mahoney just winds up and PASTES him with a left hook to the cheekbone, sending him falling through the ropes to the floor. The referee is immediately on Mahoney's case but the Fighting Irishman blows him off, stepping through the ropes.]

GM: Mahoney's out on the apron... ohh! Hard stomp to the head! And another!

[The third stomp puts Talbot down on his back on the floor as Mahoney measures him...

...and leaps off, stomping down on the sternum of Talbot!]

BW: A simple move but so effective right there. We're so used to seeing that double stomp these days but if you want to keep your balance and minimize the risk, a one-footed stomp to the chest off the apron is effective AND safe.

[Mahoney drags Talbot off the floor by the hair, hurling him backfirst into the ring apron.]

GM: Goodness. That mean streak of Mahoney on display here tonight.

[He plants his hand on Talbot's chin, pushing his head and neck back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Three clubbing forearms to the chest sends Talbot slumping down to his knees on the floor. He throws a few knees to the chest of the kneeling Talbot, knocking him back under the apron, buried under the ring.]

GM: Mahoney rolls in to break the count... and then right back out to the floor, dragging Talbot back out where we can see him...

[He pulls Talbot up by the arm, turning him slightly...

...and lifts the arm up to full extension before SLAMMING it down on the ring apron!]

GM: Good grief!

[Talbot is screaming in pain as he falls to his knees again. Mahoney turns to yell "SHUT UP!" at a vocal fan at ringside, earning more jeers from the crowd as he rolls Talbot back into the ring.]

GM: Talbot back in and Mahoney's coming in after him...

[He grabs the wrist, pulling Talbot's arm to full extension before he kicks the limb once... twice... three times... four times...]

GM: Give me a break, ref!

[The referee steps in, forcing Mahoney to step back as the official checks on Talbot. Waving for the match to continue, the referee moves aside as Mahoney grabs the arm...]

GM: Here comes the armbar!

[But Mahoney pauses, looking down on him. He drags him up by the same arm, hooking it around Talbot's own neck...

...and DROPS him down in a reverse neckbreaker, using Talbot's own arm for added leverage!]

GM: Ohh! That's gotta be it!

[He flips him onto his back, grinding his forearm into Talbot's cheekbone for the three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The Chieftains' "Brian Boru's March" starts to play as the ring announcer makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winner... CALLLLLLLUUUUM MAHOOOOOOONEYYYY!

[Mahoney promptly rolls under the ropes, raising his arms in the air even as the crowd rains boos over him, as he makes his way up the aisle.]

GM: A dominant victory here for Callum Mahoney over George Talbot with that devastating neckbreaker.

BW: I think Mahoney wanted to show the world that he's not just about that armbar. It's a devastating weapon - the great equalizer against any opponent. But he's got other ways to put you away as well.

GM: If that was the message he was trying to send, consider it received, fans... and right now, the Fighting Irishman is on his way to join Mark Stegglet at the interview platform. Mark?

[We crossfade to Mark Stegglet who is standing alone, waiting for his interview subject.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. An impressive victory right there for Callum Mahoney whose status as the Number One Contender to the World Television Title would seem to be safe after that victory... but that's not what I want to ask him tonight...

[Stegglet's bought enough time as Mahoney steps up on the platform, glaring at the interviewer.]

CM: You got something to say, Stegglet?

[The interviewer nods.]

MS: As a matter of fact, I do... at SuperClash, you were eliminated from the Steal The Spotlight match by countout, thanks in no small part to Cain Jackson. You tried to reinsert yourself into the match, but were stopped by Sultan Azam Sharif. That was when you decided to cost your own teammate his shot at the Steal the Spotlight contract by shattering your All-Europe Catch Wrestling tournament trophy over the back of his head. How could you do such a thing? How could you betray your partners like that?

[Mahoney shakes his head, placing a heavy hand on Stegglet's shoulder.]

CM: Betray my partners, Mark? No, no, no, it wasn't I who betrayed my teammates at SuperClash. If anybody was betrayed, it was I who was betrayed by a man whom I thought knew the meaning of honor. Mister Myers might try to spin it as me attacking my teammate at SuperClash for virtually no reason but he knows full well what the reason behind my actions was and it is not a shallow reason. I expect someone with Mister Myers' experience to know better.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Well, as expected, Sultan Azam Sharif wants revenge for what you did to him at SuperClash in the Steal The Spotlight match. And he wants you to come at him like a man, not from behind like you did during the match. And the Sultan has promised that he will break you and humble you for your disrespect and your betrayal. What have you got to say to that?

[Mahoney seems to scoff at the implied threat.]

CM: Sharif wants to talk about the "old country way"? Well, back in the Old Country, you do not get between a man and his revenge. You've heard of the proverb, "The enemy of my enemy is my friend", Mark? Well, back in the Old Country, an ally who would tell you to stay your hand against your enemy is no friend at all. And the Lord thy God shall have delivered them to thee, thou shalt utterly destroy them. Thou shalt make no league with them, nor show mercy to them... That's the Old Country way.

But let us not dwell on what's old. Let us not dwell on the past. I meant no disrespect, Sharif... That would require that I respect you in the first place, a man holding on to past glories...

[The crowd jeers the verbal shot at Sharif.]

CM: See, I had no problems shattering the All-Europe Catch Wrestling trophy over the back of your head, because I'm not the type of guy to hang on to past glories. The breaking of the trophy neither changes my status as the best in Europe nor the fact that I beat you for it. You might have been the best in Europe once, but no longer; your Asian Games championship is a thing of the past and your days of Olympic glory are broken, much like the trophy you and I once held.

Unlike you, Sharif, I won't be hanging on the past glories. Unlike you, Sharif, I plan on moving on... To the Brass Ring tournament... And becoming the NEW AWA National Champion!

[The jeers begin anew, as does The Chieftains' "Brian Boru's March", as the Armbar Assassin holds his arms aloft, before turning to leave the interview platform as we crossfade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Callum Mahoney with some bold words directed at Sultan Azam Sharif.

BW: He sounds pretty disappointed in you too, Gordo.

GM: I'm crushed... I truly am. But if Callum Mahoney plans to move on like he says... to the Brass Ring tournament... to the AWA National Championship... then he DOES have to deal with Sharif!

BW: What are you talking about now?

GM: I was just informed during our last break that in two weeks' time, when we're right back here on The X from the Crockett Coliseum, Callum Mahoney

will be facing Sultan Azam Sharif in a Brass Ring Tournament qualifying match!

[The graphic fills the screen, getting a big cheer from the crowd.]

BW: WHAT?! That's not fair! Callum Mahoney says he's moving on!

GM: Not yet he's not. If he wants his shot at that title, he's going to have to beat Sharif to do it, Bucky. He's going to- hold on... wait a second... fans, we're being told that-

[We abruptly cut to the top of the aisleway. This time, as Ryan Martinez steps out, there's no music to accompany him. There's nothing but the cheers of the fans and the look of fiery intensity on the face of the World Heavyweight Champion.]

GM: The hour that Caleb Temple gave Ryan Martinez to make his decision - it must be over because the World Champion is coming to the ring and I'd say he's made his choice loud and clear, Bucky.

BW: I always knew he was a dumb kid... I just didn't know he was THAT dumb.

[He moves with determined strides, entering the ring quickly and all but snatching the microphone out of Phil Watson's hands.]

RM: No more lights are going out. No more children are coming out.

The time for your games has come to an end, Temple!

You gave me a choice earlier. Well, in case it wasn't clear, I will NEVER stand by your side. I will NEVER submit to you!

[A HUGE roar of approval from the crowd.]

RM: What I will do, however, is offer you a choice of your own.

Your first option is to leave, right now. Go home, Caleb Temple. Go home and crawl back into your hiding hole. And stay there. Don't ever come back. Don't ever peek your head out. Go and stay gone.

That's option number one.

Or, you can come out here.

[Another cheer from the crowd, this one in anticipation of the violence that Temple's appearance would surely cause.]

RM: But understand that if you come out here now, I'll do to you what Simon Ezra couldn't do. I'll do to you what Casey James couldn't do. I'll do to you what even my father couldn't do.

I'll end you once and for all.

You set one foot in that aisle, and you'll be walking to a well-deserved end. And normally, Temple, I'd tell you to count on it. But this time?

I'm telling you to trust me!

[Martinez throws down the mic, waiting and watching to see if his challenge is accepted...

...and the lights fall to black once more, causing a ripple to wash over the Crockett Coliseum crowd.]

GM: Not again.

BW: Martinez- get out from under our table, you coward!

GM: Would you stop?!

[As the sounds of "Carmina Burana: O Fortuna" fills the air, a single spotlight hits the top of the aisleway as the image of a single silver cross on a black background fills the video screen. The spotlight illuminates the man known as the King of the Death Match... Evil Incarnate... perhaps the most feared individual to ever step foot inside a wrestling ring.

Caleb Temple has arrived on The X.]

GM: Oh my god! He's here!

BW: God ain't the one to be callin' for right now, Gordo!

GM: Caleb Temple has arrived and-

[The crowd ROARS as the lights come on to reveal Ryan Martinez is halfway down the ramp and his 24 year old legs are carrying him fast, closing the distance with each every step. Temple, dressed eerily similar to how we saw him at SuperClash, seems ready for this...]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO! HERE! WE! GO!

[And on the last "GO!", Temple and Martinez collide in a horrific clash, fists flying from both men as the Crockett Coliseum crowd comes to their feet in tribute of this epic moment.

The announcers lay out, watching themselves as the Hall of Famer and the World Champion tear into one another at the top of the ramp. Temple comes on strong, years of aggression fueling his every blow as he lands them on the skull of his longtime rival's son. The fans are concerned, groaning with every blow landed and fearing even more for their hero's safety as his head snaps back under the impact.

But it isn't long before the White Knight is battling back with the furor that earned him the World Heavyweight Title, landing blow after blow without defense by the legend. Martinez' blows seem to have more impact, his youthful vigor driving the King of the Death Match back... and back... and back. The crowd is growing louder with every blow landed, cheering on Martinez to finish the job started by men like Jeff Matthews, Casey James, and the champion's own father years prior - the end of Caleb Temple.

Martinez has him on his heels, reeling from every blow...

...when Temple reaches out, digging his fingers into the eyes of Martinez and raking HARD, sending him staggering away rubbing at his eyes!]

GM: Cheap shot! What a horrific cheap shot! Temple was in trouble and he knew it and he went right to the eyes!

BW: He's a sick and twisted maniac. You think he gives a damn about a sportsmanlike fight?!

[The World Champion is staggering away, still rubbing at his eyes as Temple approaches, a demonic smile on his face as he grabs Martinez by the back of the tights...]

GM: NO!

[...and HURLS him off the elevated platform, sending him flying through the air before he CRASHES down in a heap on the floor, the crowd falling to an instant hush as they witness it.]

GM: My... my god, no.

[A split second passes before the curtain leading to the locker room opens. Tommy Fierro, an AWA backstage employee and former World Champion in his own right, comes tearing through it first, shoving a grinning Temple aside. Sweet Daddy Williams is mere steps behind him, followed swiftly by several unnamed AWA officials. A sharp-eyed viewer might catch a quick glimpse of former AWA competitors like Vernon Riley, Soup Bone Samson, and Clayton Shaw along with names from wrestling past like Bobby "Blues" Moody and Ghazi Hassan. Half the sea of officials floods around Caleb Temple, preventing him from doing any further harm while the other half runs to tend to the downed Martinez who hasn't moved since hitting the floor.]

GM: We've got AWA officials out here en masse... we've got- look out, Bobby!

[Bobby O'Connor comes tearing into view, fire in his eyes as he makes a lunge at Caleb Temple who backs off, grinning at the new attacker who is being restrained by several members of AWA security. Jack Lynch is the next one through, screaming at Temple as his younger brother, Travis, comes into view as well.]

GM: This is... fans, we've got a problem... we've got big trouble here in Texas and its name is Caleb Temple. The World Champion is down. He's hurt... God only knows how bad he's hurt. We... okay, we're being told that the medical team is coming... we're... uhh... okay, I'm not entirely sure where we're...

[Gordon pauses, letting the scene unfold in front of us as Bobby O'Connor tries to fight his way free to get his hands on the man who just brutally and callously assaulted his friend.]

GM: Okay, I'm being told we're going to take a break... let's... yeah, go ahead, guys. If you can hear me in the truck, let's go ahead and-

[We abruptly fade to black.]

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

VOICEOVER: The home of champions.

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

VOICEOVER: The home of legends.

[More: Graham. The Epitome Of Cool. Martinez (the elder). Spector. Watkins.]

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

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

VOICEOVER: And now... to you.

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

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

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

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

VOICEOVER: Rated E for Everyone.

[Cut.]

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.

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. Every time we went to Boston, I quit the business. Billy's hair started to fall out...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[We cut backstage where a very concerned Mark Stegglet is standing by with the TexMo Connection of Jack Lynch and "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor and Travis Lynch. Bobby is wearing a red and white flannel shirt, blue jeans and a pair of black and white cowboy boots. As always, Jack Lynch is dressed head to toe in black, capped off with his black cowboy hat, this time worn tilted back, showing the look of anger and concern on the King of Cowboy's face. Travis Lynch sans the protective mask is wearing a super smedium

plain black T-shirt, blue jeans and a pair of black cherry ostrich cowboy boots.]

MS: On the heels of the vicious attack on Ryan Martinez, I'm here with the three men who may be the closest to our World Champion in the whole AWA. Bobby, what is the status of Ryan as of right now?

[Bobby shakes his head.]

BOC: Well, Mister Stegglet... he's in stable condition as of right now, but there's only so much they can do for him here. So he's about to be taken to an area hospital... and as much as I'd like to tell all of Ryan's fans where he is so they can send their support, for now that has to be kept under wraps until the doctors over there have the whole story as far as his health goes.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: I think I speak for everyone here when I say I wish him the speediest recovery possible. Given that Caleb Temple has attacked Ryan twice now, in addition to his attack on Hannibal Carver, what are the three of you thinking right now?

BOC: Anger is clearly there. Worry for our friend is clearly weighing heavy on my mind as well. But the most important thing I want to let all the people out there know is this...

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: ... we will not let hope die at the hands of a deranged mind that uses the good word of the Lord for his own twisted agenda. He did a horrible thing... and then he did it again. But I know Ryan Martinez nearly as well as I know myself, and I know he will not let this stand.

We have all made it too far to let that monster tear it all down. We just saw Air Strike beat the odds and defeat Violence Unlimited. We just saw Brad Jacobs inspire everyone in that arena and everyone watching on Pay Per View. And we saw Ryan Martinez achieve his dreams by becoming the World Heavyweight Champion.

I don't care what Caleb Temple thinks, this is not his personal playground and we will NOT go quietly into that good night. If I have to face him down myself I will do it, no matter WHAT the consequences. He can burn my flesh and he can shed my blood... but he will NOT win in the end.

[Travis pulls Stegglet's arm closer to him, so that the microphone can better pick up his voice, higher pitched cheers are suddenly easier to hear.]

TL: Hope...

[A faint smile crosses the lips of Travis and those high pitched cheers become just a bit louder.]

TL: After Royalty, after Layton's reign of terror, after the Wise Men... it's finally nice see hope. The AWA has a champion it can be proud of... one everyone of those fans out there in the Coliseum can embrace and be proud of... a champion Jack, Bobby and myself helped train.

[A hint of pride can be seen upon the men's faces.]

TL: SuperClash was a night for celebratin' and I was lookin' forward to doin' just that with Ryan, Bobby and Jack. The big man here rid himself of the shadow of Demetrius Lake, and I finally have sunny days ahead as Kingsley and his hired guns are gone... and on top of that what could have been better than celebratin' Ryan's new championship and the birth of my niece Jamie with these men, Mark? Wait, I can't forget that Bobby here ran Terry Shane the third out of Texas, just like Blackjack did to his daddy. So I'll ask you again Mark, what's better than all that? Not a darn thing!

[The look have pride has become one of anger.]

TL: But that didn't happen! No, we spent the night in the hospital checkin' on Ryan cause a demon from his father's past surfaced from the depths. The madman caused our flight...

[Travis motions to himself and Jack.]

TL: To see beautiful little Jamie be delayed as we comforted Ryan's family.

[Travis lowers his head.]

TL: The Lynches... well we're now very used to injuries so we can relate. But we shouldn't have had to! Temple, you've crossed lines and you will have to answer for each and every single action!

[Travis turns to face Bobby.]

TL: You know damn well you aren't going to have to face that madman on your own... The Lynches walk through hell for family!

MS: Mr. Lynch, your thoughts on this?

[The Iron Cowboy takes in a breath, exhaling slowly.]

JL: 2014 was a hard year. A very hard year, but one that ended with me standin' over the man I hate more than anything. It ended with Air Strike holdin' four title belts between them. And it ended with Ryan Martinez holdin' the biggest prize of 'em all. And it ended that way because we all learned the same lesson in 2014.

We gotta stand together.

Where one of us goes, the others follow. When one of us is down, the rest of us stand over him and defend him.

I wasn't happy about it, but Bobby did just that on Thanksgiving night, as he stood between Caleb Temple and our World Champ. And he went right back out there and tried to do it again tonight.

So ya want my thoughts Mark? Here's what I'm thinkin'. Me and my friends are gonna head on down to the hospital and stand there with our friend.

What I'm thinkin' is, I'm leavin' right now, to get the car warmed up.

[Travis and Bobby look at each other.]

TL: Actually Jack, no you're not.

[Jack tilts his head, giving his brother a "what the hell are you talking about?" look. Stegglet looks similarly surprised as Bobby begins to speak.]

BOC: Me and Travis have got this, Jack. We need to be there in case Caleb Temple tries anything again. But just as much, maybe even moreso?

[Bobby slaps his hand on his friend and tag team partner's shoulder.]

BOC: You need to hear that snake in the grass stand in the middle of the ring and admit that you were the better man. For a year he made your life...

[Bobby's eyes go wide for a split second as he stops himself.]

BOC: ...heck. He disrespected you, your family...

[Travis nods.]

BOC: ...and you made it end by beating him clean in front of all those great fans. So let me and Travis handle this while you go out there and TAKE your moment.

[Another exhale from the King of Cowboys, his eyes narrowed as he looks from his close friend to his brother. Finally, reluctantly, he nods his head.]

JL: You're right. I don't like it, but you're right.

If I'd lost, ain't no chance Lake woulda let me get outta this. And I would like to put that man outta my life for good.

You two take care of Ryan, and you make sure he knows my thoughts are with him.

[As both Bobby and Travis nod, Jack double high fives his brother and his tag team partner as Bobby and Travis head to a nearby door marked "EXIT". Alone now, Lynch tips his hat to Stegglet and then moves away, back to the locker room, waiting to be called out by the Black Tiger.]

MS: Well fans, there you have it. Our World Champion is in good hands, while Jack Lynch closes the book on more than a year-long chapter. Back to you at ringside.

[We crossfade back to the ring where, right away, the piano-and-drum open to "Mack The Knife" by Louis Armstrong starts to play over the PA. The fans immediately erupt, many in boos... but many others cheering. Not for the man whose music this is, but because they know what he must do.]

BW: Oh, no. This shouldn't happen, Gordo. This is a national tragedy.

GM: This is justice, plain and simple. Demetrius Lake is going to have to do the very last thing he would ever want to do, and that is to admit that someone else is the better man.

BW: So not only did he have the indignity of losing, but he has to lie too? Shameful. Just shameful.

[The big screen is showing Lake's entrance video, but nobody emerges.]

GM: No doubt that the "Black Tiger" is finding it difficult to find the resolve to come out here and face this Dallas crowd. Much like the end of the Texas Death Match, actually.

BW: Careful, Gordo. He... there he is... no, wait. Who is that?!

[Eventually, the curtain is parted by a dark-skinned man in a dark grey business suit. He carries an attache case, is short with greying short curled hair, and seems very tentative as if he doesn't really want to be here. He peers around at all the people, and seems awed for a moment before someone behind the curtain nudges him forward. He then walks towards the ring. The fans are confused, and the reaction quiets.

And then Lake emerges, and they erupt anew. The self-professed King is garbed in a black business suit with white pressed undershirt, and a dark-blue-white-and-gold striped tie... and above all else, a plastic horsecollar neck brace. A horrid scowl on his face, Lake walks towards the ring. At several places, he points at a fan and seems about to lip off... but restrains his tongue. Doing so seems to make him look even more miserable. The six-nine black man with the round afro and conical beard marches slowly on down behind the man in front, who walks to the ring without interacting with the crowd at all.]

GM: I do not know, but as you can see, fans, Demetrius Lake still feeling the effects of the Texas Death Match.

[The camera zooms in on a scar on Lake's forehead, which wasn't there before.]

BW: Don't think Jack Stench got out unscathed either.

GM: Absolutely not. It was as physical an encounter as you will see, and both men tore into each other more or less barehanded without resorting to weapon play. Though Lake resorted to some spurious tactics, such as submitting to a headlock to catch a break.

BW: In other words, he fought smart.

[The unknown man is now in the ring, getting the microphone from Phil Watson as Demetrius Lake steps over the top rope. This is itself unusual, as Lake normally climbs through the ropes like most other wrestlers. He clutches the brace and grimaces.]

GM: Lake may be hurt here, but Bucky... I don't remember a neck injury in that match. He lost to the Iron Claw. And I do not know who this person is that he has brought with him. A new manager? I've never seen him.

BW: Definitely not a manager. That guy does not want to be here. Any good manager has a confident demeanor.

GM: We're about to find out, I suppose.

[As the music dies down, the unknown person speaks into the microphone in a strong voice with an accent not dissimilar to Lake.]

?: May I have your attention please?

[The crowd actually does pipe down, because they want to know what is going on. Lake stands next to the man, arms folded in front of him.]

?: I am Mr. Demetrius Lake's personal attorney, Mr. Louis Pohler. And I have been asked by my client to explain his legal status and then read a statement.

GM: What?

LP: On November 27, 2014, my client Demetrius Lake suffered a very severe injury when he fell from a throne some six feet in the air. The front of his neck landed on the support structure and he suffered a crushed trachea.

GM: WHAAT?!

LP: Due to this injury, Mr. Lake cannot speak at this time. It was amazing that he somehow fought through not only a career-threatening, but a life-threatening injury to wrestle Jack Lynch at the SuperClash VI show. However, as Mr. Lake's attorney, I am here tonight to verify that the contract for the match on that evening specified that the loser of the match had to come out and admit that the winner of the match was the better man...

[Cheers!]

LP: ...UNLESS they were physically unable to do so. And I have here a physician's affidavit, certified and notarized by the state of New York, that affirms that Mr. Lake is not physically able to speak tonight.

[BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! The crowd is going NUTS, and throwing garbage. Lake's frustrated anger turns to a smug sneer as he nods his head to agree with his lawyer. Mr. Pohler seems even more nervous and uncomfortable than before.]

GM: THAT'S A LIE! Bucky, Demetrius Lake wouldn't shut up all match! He spoke on the mic! There is no way in the world that this is true!

BW: Adrenaline, Gordo! It makes people perform impossible feats!

GM: Ridiculous! He's worming his way out of this!

[A chant starts up in some rowdier sections of the building - a chant that the King of all Sports Broadcasting, Vin Scully, would refer to as being all about "manure." It gets louder and louder as The X's censors try to cover it up. Pohler looks around the chanting crowd, and turns to Lake. He speaks away from the microphone in a non-projected voice, but is still audible.]

LP: Mr. Lake, this crowd seems agitated, and I advise against potentially incendiary...

[Lake frowns, and pushes a stapled group of papers into his lawyer's chest. Pohler takes them, gives Lake an "are you sure" glance, which is met by Lake pointing at the papers with a clear indication to read them. Pohler turns back to the camera, and dons a pair of reading glasses from his suit pocket.]

LP: Very well. Ladies and gentlemen, please remain calm. I have a prepared statement written by Mr. Lake that he has directed me to read.

[BOOOOOOOOO!]

LP: *ahem* On this night, when the AWA returns to television on our new network, it is truly a night of disappointments, just as SuperClash VI can only be described as a travesty and a sham. I suspected there was foul play the moment I heard boos in New York City, indicating that once again... Old Yeller...

[Pohler slows down in surprise, because he lacks the context to understand why Lake is talking about a fictional dog.]

LP: ...brought in a carload of Me... do you mean Texans?

[Angrily, Lake glares at Pohler and thumps his finger on the page.]

LP: Mexans. Brought in a carload of Mexans and probably had some fans shipped in from Philadelphia because they are tasteless enough to cheer for Jack Lynch.

[Somehow, this also makes Lake angrily, and he again jabs his index finger into the paper.]

LP: That's not a misprint?

[Lake vehemently shakes his head 'no'.]

LP: ...Jack Lunch.

[BOOOOOOOOOOO! Pohler goes on, slowing down with uncomfortable hesitation every time he gets to some typical Lake grammar, attempting to read it straight.]

LP: Everyone saw that the referee was as biased as could be, giving Jack Lunch an extra thirty seconds of recovery time after I whipped him good. Whipped him, sorry, whopped him good. And when I got tired from kicking too much fanny, and tapped out just to get a minute breather, the referee started counting after forty seconds. I was fighting through a crippling injury that would kill most men, but I am the King Of Wrestling and a crushed trachea is like a paper cut to me.

So there I was, whopping Jack Lunch, when he put the illegal Iron Claw on me. The referee stopped it because he knows that illegal hold is dangerous and that I would not submit, but also that I was about to break right out of the hold and drop Jack Lunch for good. And then, after the alleged fall, he did not send Jack Lunch back to his corner by the rules, but let him stand over me illegally. He allowed Jack Lunch to take a position where he could reapply that illegal hold, so of course I did the intelligent thing and waited for the referee to move him back. I thought the referee was putting a count on Jack Lunch to go back to his corner. It had only been twenty seconds, so how could I have imagined that the referee was so blatant about his bias that he was counting me down?

[The crowd is enraged over these lies and excuses. Lake puts a finger to his lips to shush them, but they continue to boo.]

LP: So now that liar is going around telling people I gave up... oh dear.

["Oh dear" is because the crowd has found a new chant... one inspired by weeks and weeks of social media campaigns by the AWA front office and the AWA Faithful.]

"NO MAS!" "NO MAS!" "NO MAS!"
"NO MAS!" "NO MAS!" "NO MAS!"
"NO MAS!" "NO MAS!" "NO MAS!"
"NO MAS!" "NO MAS!" "NO MAS!"
"NO MAS!" "NO MAS!" "NO MAS!"

[It's a reference to the infamous Sugar Ray Leonard vs Roberto Duran fight, where Duran basically submitted by backing off and saying "no mas", forever being labelled a quitter. And Lake is infuriated. He walks to the ropes and is

on the verge of screaming at the crowd... before clutching his neck and recoiling in pain. A very exaggerated recoil, at that. He glares in frustration, clearly wanting very much to tell them all what he thinks of them. Finally, he goes back to Pohler and makes gestures for him to continue.]

LP: So now that liar is going around telling people I gave up when I did no such thing. The King Of Wrestling would never do that. And since the cowardly pre-match sneak attack where Jack Lunch knocked me off of my throne and the fluke accident caused this to happen, I will never give him the satisfaction of lying about who the better man is. I, Demetrius Lake, am and will always be the better man.

[BOOOOOOOOOOO!]

LP: But as the King I must always look forward. And since I no longer have to worry about Jack Lunch, he will fade into obscurity alongside his worthless brothers while I commit my full energy on the thing that would be mine today had I not become sidetracked... the World Heavyweight Championship.

We all saw how Ryan Martinez...

[Lake again pounds on the paper with his index finger.]

LP: Marktinez? We all saw how Ryan Marktinez had all kinds of outside interference to steal the belt, and got what he deserved at the end from a man of true character, Caleb Temple. No doubt Supreme Wright will whup that boy in the rematch, or Johnny Detson will do the same if he goes first, maybe even right here in the Detson Center. But he also has to contend with the King. I, Demetrius Lake, am hereby not requesting, but demanding a championship match in the very near future. Whether against Marktinez, or Wright, or Detson, I expect to be awarded the title match. I whupped ten men in one night in Los Angeles, whupped everybody else that every stepped in the ring with me one-on-one, and was clearly cheated at SuperClash to the point of embarrassment for the AWA. Aside from Wright or Detson, no one else has a legitimate claim to-

[The lawyer is suddenly interrupted by AC/DC's "Big Gun", shortly followed by a loud pop and the emergence of a man who begs to differ.]

GM: Dave Bryant is here, and he looks none too pleased with the King's declaration that nobody else has a legitimate claim, Bucky!

BW: The King's word is law, Gordo! Bryant's waited too long, it's time for him to step aside and allow the rightful challenger his shot!

[Bryant is powerwalking to the ring, dressed in slacks, a white dress shirt and dark blue tie, looking sharp as ever and mad enough to spit nails. Lake is kicking the bottom rope in frustrated anger, and plugs his ears because he doesn't care to hear the cheers of the crowd. The Doctor of Love wastes little time, stepping into the ring and yanking the microphone from the hands of

Mr. Pohler. Bryant immediately, and obviously dismisses Pohler, locking his eyes on the King of Wrestling briefly before raising the microphone.]

DB: Legitimate claim? Is that what you call this horsecrap, Lake?

[Bryant pauses, then gives Lake half a smirk as the King starts to respond... but stops himself with a look of immense frustration on his face.]

DB: Oh, that's right, you can't actually answer me. Well, that's pretty unfortunate for you, "your Majesty", because I have a live microphone and I can say anything I want about you and there's nothing you can do about it.

[The fans cheer, and Lake waggles a warning finger at Bryant, with one of his fists clenched. The warning is patently ignored by the former two-time AWA World Champion.]

DB: First of all...let's stop all the nonsense, and let's educate both you, your lawyer, and everybody in that locker room as to what's what in regards to the World Heavyweight title.

[Bryant holds up two fingers, dangerously close to the face of the Black Tiger.]

DB: There are two men in the AWA who have held that title and not had their rematches. One of those men, as you correctly stated, is...

[Bryant's features crease into a look of disgust, but just for a moment.]

DB: ...Supreme Wright. Yes, he lost at SuperClash... again... but hey, guess what? When you're the champion, your rematch clauses are absolute, inviolate. He WILL have his rematch for the World Heavyweight title... despite the fact that he stole the title from the other man who's still owed a championship rematch...

[Bryant jabs his thumb towards his chest.]

DB: Me. Everybody else lining up, all the other pretenders trying to shove their way ahead of the two of us?

[Bryant actually takes a step back, turning and glaring towards the entrance curtain.]

DB: They don't matter. They can come out here and call out the champion all they want, and the champion can make any promises he wants, but at the end of the day, those are the ONLY two men with a real claim on any championship match.

[Bryant turns back towards and then steps nearly into Demetrius Lake, glaring up at the bigger man who has his hands on his hips glaring at Bryant.]

DB: They don't matter, and neither do you, Demetrius Lake. I didn't come out here and thump my chest about it earlier because I didn't need to. Ryan Martinez knows for a fact that he's going to have to deal with Wright and he knows he's going to have to deal with me.

[Bryant pauses.]

DB: He sure as hell doesn't have time to deal with some spineless pretender like you, Lake.

[The Black Tiger seethes as the crowd pops, and Lake extends a finger to interrupt Bryant right there. But again, he stops himself, clutching at his throat. He goes over to Pohler and points at some lines in the statement, as if wanting the lawyer to re-read them, but Bryant isn't giving any opening for such a thing.]

DB: All this talk about contractual obligations, and you come out here and dodge yours in public? You think a man who hasn't even got the courage of his own convictions, a slimy snake of a coward like you, is going to be able to slither into a title match after getting one of the most epic beatings anybody has ever seen at SuperClash?

[Lake is gesturing furiously at Pohler, who just shrugs and steps out of the ring. A lawyer isn't dumb enough to get between two wrestlers. The Black Tiger angrily kicks the bottom rope again in a rage.]

DB: See, Lake, you signed a deal. That deal says that the man who lost the Texas Death Match would come to the ring during the first show of the new year and proclaim that their opponent was the better man. I didn't sign a damn thing that said I'd stand up and shake Brad Jacobs' hand if he beat me, but you didn't see me faking an injury to get out of that, did you? No, I swallowed my pride, stood up, and shook the hand of the better man on that night.

[Bryant pauses as Lake, fuming, gestures towards his throat.]

DB: You know, I'm not Jack Lynch's friend or anything, but I respect the hell out of what he did at SuperClash. He took everything you had to dish out and kept standing up, while you...you just gave up, Lake. You just gave up, let yourself lose the biggest, most important match of your career on the grandest stage of them all. You lost, and now you won't even live up to the deal you signed?

[Lake shakes his head, pointing at his throat, smirking at Bryant.]

DB: Oh, that escape clause you added for yourself from the beginning. Well, that doesn't sit well with me, Lake. I think you're a snake, a scumbag, and a liar...

[Bryant eyeballs the microphone briefly, then glares at the Black Tiger.]

DB: ...and I think I know how to prove it.

[THUD!!!]

GM: Dave Bryant just clobbered Demetrius Lake with the microphone!

BW: That scumbag! The King is injured -- what does Bryant think he's gonna prove?

[Lake is staggered by the shot from the microphone, and Bryant immediately moves in, sweeping the Black Tiger's legs out from under him and quickly turning him over into the...]

GM: The Iron Crab is being applied to Demetrius Lake!

BW: He can't even yell that he gives up, Gordo! This is a travesty! This is a sham! This is an INJUSTI --

[The fans are roaring, and some referees come down to try and get Bryant off of Lake. At that point, Lake starts screaming in a frantic agony.]

DL: GET HIM OFF ME! GET HIM OFF ME! GET HIM OFF ME!

GM: DID YOU HEAR THAT?!

BW: Well, of course he's screaming! This lunatic put him in the Iron Crab! Dave Bryant should be stripped of his title rematch for this disgusting assault!

GM: Demetrius Lake should be stripped of his wrestling license for trying to get out of his deal! Bryant lets go of the Iron Crab... he knew that if he put the Iron Crab on, that phony would expose himself!

[Bryant raises his hands to absorb some cheers as Lake rolls out of the ring and flops to the floor, clutching his back.]

BW: Expose himself?! He was screaming in pain! You can still do that with a crushed trachea, Gordo. The King probably reinjured it. Dave Bryant should be fined and suspended!

GM: Demetrius Lake should be fined and suspended for violating the terms of the contract he signed for SuperClash! That man can speak and everyone here knows it!

BW: I... no!

GM: Cat got your tongue, Bucky? Because it certainly didn't have Lake's tongue when he got locked in that Iron Crab!

[A fuming mad Lake is backing down the aisle, holding his lower back while angrily pointing at Bryant who is grinning, cupping a hand to his ear to "hear" Lake better.]

BW: And Bryant thinks this is hysterical!

GM: Jack Lynch is still back in that locker room, Bucky, and you better believe he's going to have something to say about what we just witnessed! Demetrius Lake has a deal to live up to here tonight!

BW: No, no, no! He can't... and he won't! You can stuff Stench in a sack and toss him into the Rio Grande for all I care! Demetrius Lake will NEVER admit that piece of garbage is better than him!

GM: We'll see about that. Right now, let's go backstage to Sweet Lou!

[We cut to backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop. Standing next to him is Supernova, who is dressed in an AWA T-shirt and blue jeans, his face painted black and yellow.]

LB: All right, fans, joining me at this time is Supernova, who I am sure hoped for a better outcome than what happened at SuperClash. Supernova, let's go back to Steal the Spotlight... I'm sure you have plenty to talk about what happened there.

S: Lou, you can definitely believe I have a lot to talk about there. I was this close to overcoming two-on-one odds and I didn't get it done, I'll admit that. And I know Ryan Martinez has a lot on his plate, but all I can tell him is that I know exactly what Johnny Detson wants his match to be, and I look forward to that day, because I believe the White Knight has what it takes to get the job against Detson!

LB: I must say, Supernova, that's quite interesting you would talk more about that expected meeting between Detson and Martinez, than what you would think would happen in another showdown with Deston, or perhaps Dufresne.

S: All I'm gonna say about those two for now, is that if I ever get either one of them back in the ring, I'll guarantee them that I won't make the same mistakes I made at SuperClash.

LB: That brings up another issue, Supernova, and that's what happened between Callum Mahoney and Sultan Azam Sharif. You had specifically chosen Mahoney to be the final member of your Steal the Spotlight team, and then Mahoney destroyed that All-Europe Catch-Wrestling tournament trophy over Sharif's head, right in the middle of the match, and cost you a couple of team members. What about that clear violation of trust on Mahoney's part?

S: Believe me, Lou, to say that I'm not happy with Callum Mahoney would be an understatement! I thought him to be a man of honor, but his actions showed me anything but that! Hannibal Carver showed that he could put personal differences aside to team with Alex Martinez, and if Mahoney can't put aside any differences he has with Sharif to focus on a common cause, then that falls on Mahoney's shoulders!

[He pauses momentarily.]

S: I'm especially disappointed in myself because I consider Sharif to be a close friend! But when I talked to Sharif, he told me the right way to do it was a one-on-one matchup against Mahoney, and he wanted that for himself. I understood where he was coming from, so I'm going to allow Sharif to deal with Mahoney. That doesn't mean there won't be a day when I want get my hands on Mahoney... it's just not gonna happen right away.

LB: Supernova, I have to make an observation here... it seems to me you are a little reluctant to take care of some unfinished business that might be in front of you. Why wouldn't you want to focus your energies on Detson, Dufresne, or Mahoney, knowing that there is some unfinished business with all of those men?

S: Don't get me wrong, Lou, I understand where you're coming from. But I had a conversation with my good friend Jim Watkins the other day... and believe me, he's still watching AWA even if he's not involved in day-to-day operations... and he told me that, as eager as I can be to jump right into the thick of things, that maybe I need to step back and reassess what I'm doing. And more importantly, to focus on something that I haven't focused on since SuperClash III, and that's on becoming a champion!

LB: You understand, though, that there are a lot of men lined up in front of you for that World title... you already mentioned Detson, there's Supreme Wright, Demetrius Lake, Caleb Temple... that's a lot of men you'd have to get past for a shot at that title.

S: Lou, let's back up for a second. When I talked about becoming a champion, it's not just about being the World Champion. Hey, everyone wants the top prize, and I'm no exception. But that doesn't mean the other championships in this company don't carry importance. And is there any championship that holds more importance to these TV shows than the AWA Television title?

Think about it, Lou... we're now on Fox Sports X. We're going to be a cornerstone of this new network. And what better way to represent this network than to be its champion! The wear the World Television Title - a title that wrestlers covet and want to win, want to defend, and want to promote. And the guy who just won it, Shadoc Rage... I'll admit it, I don't like the guy, and Lou, I would assume the feeling is mutual.

LB: Well, the man has proven himself to be one of the best in the business, but some might say he's a few cans short of a 12-pack, perhaps.

S: [slight laugh] That aside, all Shadoc could talk about was how important the Television title was to him. Well, that title belt is also important to me, and it's especially important to this company now that we have are on The X! So what better way for me to focus on a championship run, than to focus on the TV title?

LB: Are you saying that you want to get Shadoe Rage in the ring, Supernova?

S: I'm saying, Lou, that I am gunning for the TV title, and when I get my shot, it doesn't matter whether it's Shadoe Rage or anybody else who is wearing the title. All that's gonna matter is I want the title, and my focus is gonna be on getting the title, and making sure everyone knows that the TV title is the title that's going to be the centerpiece of Saturday Night Wrestling on Fox Sports X! You can count on that, Sweet Lou!

[Supernova then cups his hands to his mouth and howls, then he walks off the set.]

LB: All right, it looks like Supernova wants that World Television Championship, and wants it to be what everyone talks about on Saturday nights! Now, let's go back to the ring for more action!

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

PW: Wrestling fans, the following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania...

THE SOUTH PHILLY PHIGHTER!

[Tonight, the Phighter is wearing a T-shirt that has Dallas fans particularly displeased -- it says "DEZ CHOKED!" in big black lettering. He's also holding up a yellow handkerchief, which he drops, then points to it and says, "IT WAS P-I!", drawing even more boos.]

GM: The Phighter not making too many fans here at the Crockett Coliseum.

BW: I'm a fan, Gordo!

GM: Well, that goes without saying.

[A single trumpet blasts a loud fanfare over the PA as the crowd turns toward the entranceway. A deep, ominous wardrum follows shortly thereafter, accompanied by further trumpets and the sounds of many footsteps marching in lockstep.]

GM: And here's another guy for which you are definitely a fan, right, Bucky?

BW: [sarcastically] Oh, you're a real comedian, Gordo.

[That is when the man known as The Gladiator comes out through the entranceway. He is dressed in black trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots, and wears a gladiator helmet on his head. He stops before the entranceway, removing his helmet and dropping to one knee. He sets the helmet to the side, then bows his head down, and takes his right hand, placing it on the ground before him, as if he is feeling out his surroundings.]

PW: Introducing, from parts unknown, weighing in at 270 pounds...

THE GLADIATOR!

GM: What an impact this young man has made on the AWA!

BW: Yeah... an impact on my migraines!

[As the wardrum and trumpets come to a climax, a ram's horn blasts, drowning it all out, and immediately the Gladiator's head snaps upwards. His eyes gaze at the ring as if looking through it to the universe beyond. Wild speed metal plays over the PA, replacing everything that came before (though, notably, the chord is the same as the trumpets from earlier). Leaving his helmet laying in the aisle, the Gladiator sprints into the ring at top speed and dashes off the ropes like a human missile.]

GM: We saw The Gladiator make short work of Frankie Farelli...

BW: Hey, that match never counted, Gordo! It wasn't sanctioned, Farelli never agreed to it, and he never got a chance to prepare for him!

GM: I'm sure Farelli wants to pretend that as much as you do, Bucky, but it goes down in the record books as a win for The Gladiator.

[The referee calls for the bell and the Phighter approaches Gladiator, jawing at him, and then suddenly tossing the yellow handkerchief at him.]

BW: Unsportsmanlike conduct on The Gladiator! That's a 15-yard penalty!

GM: Be serious, Bucky. What does the Phighter think he's doing?

BW: You're right. Gladiator can't count to 15!

GM: You're a real piece of work, you know that, right?

[And as Phighter continues to talk trash, Gladiator stares back at him and then...]

G: SNORT snarl SNORT!

[...that happens, causing Phighter to step back and hold his hands up.]

GM: Not a wise move on the Phighter's part to antagonize this man.

BW: Men who consume too much caffeine should certainly never be antagonized.

[As Gladiator advances, though, Phighter lashes out with several forearm smashes.]

GM: The Phighter on the attack! He's hammering away at The Gladiator!

BW: He's hitting him in the head, though... you can't hit that guy in the head, because there's nothing there to hurt!

[Gladiator takes a step or two back, but otherwise, Phighter's offense has no effect, and that's when Gladiator lashes out with hard forearms of his own.]

GM: Gladiator's blows do have an effect, though! The Phighter staggering... Gladiator now picks him up...

[Gladiator hoists Phighter up by the waist, then extends his knee and drives Phighter's spine right into the bent knee, as pain is now etched on Phighter's face.]

GM: And there's the inverted atomic drop! That will hurt your spine and... WHOA!

[Gordon stopped in his tracks because Gladiator just came off the ropes and flattened Phighter with a clothesline. Then Gladiator looks up and reaches skyward, drawing cheers from the crowd.]

BW: How can anybody take a guy seriously when he gets his advice by talking to the ceiling?

GM: Gladiator's methods may be unique, but they are effective, Bucky.

BW: You mean, they may be effective, but they are the sign of a lunatic!

[Phighter slowly sits up as Gladiator drags him back to his feet, then hooks him up for a suplex attempt.]

GM: Gladiator has him by the trunks... and look at that vertical suplex! He lifted him with ease, Bucky!

BW: Oh, I won't deny that the man is strong but... oh no, here we go again!

[Gladiator gazes and reaches skyward once again, then growls a bit as he turns back to Phighter.]

GM: Gladiator dragging the Phighter up once again... he sends him into the ropes... OH MY!

[Gladiator catches Phighter coming off the ropes, then spins him around briefly before driving him hard into the canvas with a big side slam.]

GM: The tilt-a-whirl slam! Phighter has got to be out of it!

BW: He's not done, though!

GM: I think we know how Gladiator wants to finish this, Bucky!

[Indeed, Gladiator is now dragging Phighter up once more, then presses him overhead, turning around in the ring to face each side of the arena.]

GM: Look at the power being displayed by The Gladiator... OH MY!

BW: What a powerslam, Gordo!

[That's when Gladiator drops Phighter right into a powerslam, then covers his opponent, nodding his head each time as the referee counts to three.]

GM: Another win for The Gladiator! Let's get the official word!

[The fans cheer as Gladiator rises to his feet and allows the referee to raise his arm in victory.]

PW: The winner of the match... THE GLADIATOR!

[The Gladiator raises his arms above his head, soaking in the cheers and then ducking between the ropes.]

GM: Gladiator continues his winning ways... let's go back to the replay.

[We cut to the replay of Gladiator catching Phighter off the ropes in the tilt-a-whirl slam.]

BW: Look at this, Gordo... Gladiator catches the Phighter off the ropes and spins him around in the air like he was a pillow... then drives him down into the canvas for that tilt-a-whirl slam.

[We then cut to the replay of Gladiator pressing Phighter overhead and then driving him into the mat with a powerslam.]

BW: And I don't like the guy, but this is an impressive move... when he presses the man over his head and drives him down with that powerslam, it's certainly over, daddy!

GM: Let's go to Mark Stegglet who wants to get a few words from The Gladiator!

BW: Oh, great, do we have to hear him try to put a coherent sentence together?!

[We cut to Mark Stegglet at the interview podium.]

MS: Fans, this man has taken the AWA by storm... The Gladiator continues his winning ways and we all are wondering what might be in store for him next... and here he is, fans!

[The Gladiator walks onto the podium, briefly taking the mic from Mark, then addressing the crowd.]

G: SOUND THE BATTLE CRY, MY GLADIATORS!

[That must be the cue for the fans to cheer, because that's what they do.
Gladiator hands the mic back to Mark.]

MS: Gladiator, you have been on a roll since your arrival in AWA, but a lot of fans are asking what could possibly be next for you? After all, there is a lot of competition here in AWA, and people want to know how you will measure up to it.

[Gladiator raises his finger and his voice as he answers Mark.]

G: EVERY YEAR IS A NEW BEGINNING, MARK STEGGLET, JUST AS JANUS HAS ALWAYS MADE CLEAR, AND WHILE THERE ARE INDEED MANY CHALLENGES THAT AWAIT THE GLADIATOR, THOSE CHALLENGES WILL COME ONCE JANUS OPENS THE DOOR AND ALLOWS ME TO CONTINUE MY JOURNEY!

[He then turns to the crowd, his finger still raised.]

G: I LOOK AT MY GLADIATORS WHO STAND BEFORE ME, KNOWING THAT THEY EXPECT TO ME TO BLAZE A PATH THROUGH THESE LANDS AND WATCH AS I ACHIEVE THE GREATEST GLORIES THAT ONLY THE FINEST IN COMBAT CAN HOPE TO ACHIEVE!

[The crowd cheers in response as Gladiator turns back to Mark, his voice lowering slightly.]

G: But what comes for me in this new year, Mark Stegglet, only Jupiter and Juno know for sure. Yet they have put their trust in me, and they will expect no less than I going into battle each time, doing them honor, as I achieve more and more accolades! But wherever that path is blazed, Mark Stegglet, I will see to it that it ends in one result...

[His voice rises as he looks and points skyward.]

G: TOTAL VIIIIICCCCTOOOORRRYYYYY!

[The speed metal music plays as Gladiator leaves the podium, still looking and pointing skyward as we cut back to ringside.]

BW: You get that?

GM: Total victory - you better believe it! The Gladiator has come on strong in a really short period of time here in the AWA as have several other newcomers to the roster.

BW: You're talking about guys like KING Oni.

GM: Well, I was thinking more of Derrick Williams and-

BW: Oh, you're talking about Rob Driscoll!

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: Yes, Rob Driscoll certainly has been impressive in his short stay in the AWA so far, winning that Brass Ring Battle Royal to kick off SuperClash-

BW: And don't forget about the search! The search for-

GM: Will you stop interrupting me?! I can't-

[The breezy opening to "Millennium" by Robbie Williams hits the Crockett Coliseum and the fans boo the hell out of the song, and the man who comes out to it.]

#Some say that we are players
Some say that we are pawns#

#But we've been making money since
The day that we were born#

["Diamond" Rob Driscoll walks out into the view of the crowd, dressed for success and smirking as far as the eye can see. The Brass Ring Battle Royal winner wears black dress pants and ridiculously shiny black dress shoes, along with a long sleeved, light blue button down shirt. As the camera gets close to him, Driscoll makes sure to point at the huge gold watch he's wearing, and yells out, "This is from the battle royal! Rolex time, baby!"

He methodically makes his way to the ringside area, letting the fans watch his every move. When he gets onto the apron, he wipes his feet on the outside of the ring and then steps inside, putting his hands out and running them down the outside of his body, showing off the duds.]

BW: Rob Driscoll certainly looks the part, daddy, ain't no confusion about that.

GM: Everyone is wearing their Sunday best for our first broadcast here on Fox Sports X, that's for sure.

[Driscoll holds out his hand and grabs the microphone from Phil Watson, and then waits for Watson to leave before starting.]

RD: Welcome to the first edition of Saturday Night Wrestling on the X, brought to you nationwide by the AWA. Now in more homes and on more cable plans than ever before... and what a coincidence it is that the AWA can now be viewed by more people than ever before...

...because brother, if you couldn't tell, the AWA has got something special to showcase, each and every week.

[Driscoll waves the camera in with both hands, welcoming the closeup.]

RD: I told ya when I first walked through the door that you were looking at the genuine article, the Diamond In the Rough, the Crown Jewel of Professional Wrestling. And I told ya that I would lay the groundwork right in

front of you, that week by week I would show you ALLLL what a professional athlete at the top of his craft looks like.

And what a thrill it was to open up SuperClash with a win in the battle royal, what a thrill it was to punch my ticket into the Brass Ring Tournament.

But a man's got to wonder as he walks out here tonight, just what he's done to be so lucky. Because the most important part of SuperClash was yet to come. Chris Blue walked out from behind the curtain, he shook the hand of that walking bag of botox, and he put a prize down at the end of the rainbow.

He re-instated a twenty pound piece of gold, and said to the victor go the spoils.

Christmas came early for "Diamond" Rob Driscoll, because the AWA National title was dropped right into my crosshairs and the only fat man I wrote a letter to was my accountant.

[Driscoll stops and nods for a second, biting his lip before he continues.]

RD: I have told you all from day one that I would set the standard for what a professional wrestler was. I told ya all from the minute I parked my car that I staked my claim as the best thing going, on seven continents and in fifty different languages.

But I have always known that the only way to walk the walk when you talk the talk like I do is to wear the gold. Until I had a piece of gold to call my own, it was only just that.

Talk.

But what to my wondering eyes should appear, but the very championship that the AWA was built on. The very title belt that men like Broussard and Vasquez and Scott called their own. And maybe someone else in my position would come out here and tell you what an honor it would be to wear that belt, how they are humbled to be in the same conversation as those others.

But when you're Rob Driscoll, humility isn't on the menu. When you lace up these boots, when you look this good, you either go big or you go home.

[Driscoll waves the camera in and stares right into the lens.]

RD: When I win the Brass Ring Tournament and take that AWA National championship belt with me, you're looking at a man who belongs in that class of wrestler. You're looking at a man who won't back down from the lineage, because that's where I belong. The best of the best, the greatest of the great!

Broussard, Scott, Vasquez, Dufresne and soon to be, "Diamond" Rob Driscoll. I am next in line!

That's the class I was born into, that's the line I am meant to carry on. When ya lace my boots, when ya look like I look, when you shine like I shine, there's no such thing as waiting in line and waiting your turn. You skip to the head of the class because nature and genetics and God put you there. I'm not the man to look for handouts, I am not the man to punch the clock and hope for the best.

I'm the man who shows up and takes it ALLLLL home. Because I can.

[Hook the thumb, big fella.]

RD: Rob Driscoll's the horse you put your money on, Rob Driscoll's the hand you go all in on. Because when you're the Crown Jewel of Professional Wrestling, when ya make 'em wait and ALWAYS leave 'em wanting more, you get to call your own shot.

And as God as my witness, whether you like it or whether you don't, I will beg, I will cheat and I will steal to win the Brass Ring Tournament. I will press every button, I will cross every line and I will take that National Title home. I will add my name to the top of that list and I will redefine what it means to be a great National Champion.

Rob Driscoll is next in line to take that title to new heights, and there ain't but two things you can do about it.

Nothing. And like it.

AWA, Fox Sports X, Crockett Coliseum, it has been your plea-

"Hold on, hold on, hold on. Wait a minute here."

[Driscoll is shocked that someone would interrupt his diatribe and turns to find Rene Rousseau walking down the ramp, in his ring gear.]

BW: What does HE want?

RR: You talk so pretty, Driscoll man, but we all seem to know something you care to forget.

[Driscoll says, "Oh is that so?" off mic, but loud enough to be heard.]

RR: Every time you come down to this ring, you find new ways to escape by the skin of your teeth. You had to cheat and grab the ropes to beat me in our match. Or did you choose to forget that too?

[Driscoll smirks.]

RD: I'm just trying to give you some dignity, little man, but you wouldn't know anything about that.

[Rousseau ignores the jab, continuing on.]

RR: If you're half the man you say you are, you'll grant me a rematch.
Tonight. Right here, right now.

[Big cheer! Driscoll looks around at the crowd in annoyance.]

RR: Let's see how great the self proclaimed Crown Jewel of Wrestling is on a moment's notice. Because I'm looking at you right now, and all I'm seeing is pocket change. Crown Jewel, my foot.

[Driscoll looks annoyed at Rousseau now, getting closer to the ropes.]

RD: Rousseau, if you can cough up the fifty frog legs to get a referee out here right now, I'll beat you right here in my wing tip shoes.

[Driscoll unbuttons his shirt and then begins to take it off, as Gordon's voice comes back into the fray.]

GM: Fans, I'm getting word right now that Davis Warren is being-

[Myers is interrupted by the fans cheers as the referee jogs down the ramp.]

GM: There you have it! Davis Warren is being sent out here to get the particulars underway, and we're about to have a match! We've got to go to a quick commercial break, but don't you go anywhere fans, Rene Rousseau and Rob Driscoll will go toe to toe, as soon as we're back, right here on The X!

[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.

The scene cuts back to the ring, where Rene Rousseau is being given last minute instructions by Davis Warren, while Rob Driscoll bounces on his toes in the other corner.]

GM: Welcome back to SNW on the X, and what a treat we have here! Rob Driscoll, the first man in the Brass Ring Tournament-

BW: And a heavy favorite!

GM: -and a heavy favorite in some people's eyes is about to take on Rene Rousseau in a return match from a few weeks ago here on Saturday Night, and Driscoll isn't even dressed to wrestle!

BW: Rob Driscoll has been on a heck of a roll since SuperClash, Gordo, he was on fire at our AWA live events all throughout the Southwest during the interim and as you can see is in tip-top condition here tonight.

[Driscoll takes off his watch and calmly hands it over the ring ropes, just as the bell rings. The crowd cheers for the unexpected surprise and cheers even louder as both men greet each other with fists!]

GM: There's obviously been some bad blood here! Both competitors throwing haymakers to start! Lefts, rights, lefts, rights, Rob Driscoll is getting the brunt of it! He backs into the ropes, Rousseau presses the advantage...

[The Northern Light sends Driscoll in for the ride, but Driscoll stops on a dime and reverses, throwing Rousseau in for the short ride and then following in with a kneelift to the breadbasket!]

GM: Kneelift stops Rousseau dead in his tracks! Driscoll winds up-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

BW: Chops are served, daddy, buy one get one!

[Another knife edge chop straightens Rousseau up, and a third one makes such an echo that Driscoll turns away to gloat, dusting himself off and sneering at the crowd... but when he turns around...]

GM: Oh my! Big dropkick on the button, and Rob Driscoll goes down to the mat!

BW: There's an underlying issue here with these two, no doubt about that. Driscoll has brought out the best in Rene Rousseau for sure.

GM: Driscoll gets to his feet, Rousseau is there to greet him with a hiptoss! Back up, another hiptoss by Rousseau.

[The Brass Ring Battle Royal winner scrambles into a corner and sees Rousseau charge in after him and is smart enough to lift a size 11 wing tip to stop the charge.]

GM: Ohh! Rousseau runs headlong into a boot!

BW: That's no boot, Gordo. It's a dress shoe!

GM: The point still stands.

[The Cincinnati native rushes out of the corner and jumps to deliver a knee right between the shoulder blades of Rousseau, shooting the French Canadian into the ropes. Rousseau goes with it and bounces off the ropes, leaping over Driscoll, who has dropped down, then rebounds off the far side into a leaping Driscoll, who repays him with a standing dropkick right on the money. The crowd boos as Driscoll pops back up, now properly ticked off.]

GM: A bit of tit for tat from Rob Driscoll-

BW: We can say that?

GM: Looks like I just did, and Driscoll just repaid that dropkick in kind. Driscoll pops up, and bends over to bring Rousseau up, now hooks him for a suplex - and snaps him over to the canvas, expertly done.

BW: The snap suplex gets forgotten a lot by people who only use moves with fancy names, but when you do it like Rob Driscoll does, it sends a jolt through your whole spine and can possibly slip a disk from the impact.

GM: We saw Driscoll employ something of a new finisher at SuperClash, and it certainly targets the spine.

[The Brass Ring top contender gets to his feet and goes to the nearest corner, where he hops up onto the second rope and swiftly plunges off with a fist that strikes Rousseau right between the eyes.]

GM: Driscoll scores from the second turnbuckle and maneuvers into a lateral press. One- kickout at one by Rousseau, but Driscoll stays right on top of him.

[Figuratively, not literally. Rob Driscoll drags Rousseau to his feet and sends the Northern Light for the ride, catches him in a side slam position and then CRASHES down onto one knee, bending Rousseau in half an eliciting a scream of pain.]

GM: My oh my, that is spot on execution of the side backbreaker.

BW: It cracks a man in half, Gordo, that'll mess with your breathing and effect the way you walk for days.

[Rousseau slides off onto the mat, landing on his stomach and turning around onto his back to sit up, leaving him in perfect position for Driscoll to somersault over top, grab the head and snap the neck when he lets it go.]

BW: There it is, daddy, the name of the game is execution. Who does it better, Gordo, tell me right now?

GM: Rob Driscoll doesn't have to take a back seat to many people when it comes to execution in the wrestling ring.

BW: You could count 'em on one hand, even if you had a tragic mishap with farm equipment.

[Driscoll bounces off the ropes and deposits a wing tip shoe right into the face of a rising Rousseau, putting him down again. Driscoll dives for the cover, hooking a leg this time, and gets a two count from Davis Warren.]

GM: Another nearfall for Rob Driscoll, who is punishing Rene Rousseau right here, really making him work.

BW: We are watching a man grow week by week, match by match. Rene Rousseau's had that same hair style since 1997. Rob Driscoll couldn't be any more different since the last time these two wrestle.

[The Cincinnati native brings the French-Canadian to his feet, grabs him as if for a belly to back suplex, then lifts his legs hiiiiiiigh into the air... and SLAMS the down into an atomic drop.]

GM: Another way to jolt the spinal column!

[And as Rousseau grabs his rear end in pain, Driscoll bounces off the ropes behind him, gains speed, grabs Rousseau by the neck and in one felt swoop leaps OVER the ropes and snaps Rousseau's neck on the top strand, sending him bouncing high into the air. Driscoll lands on his feet, then scrambles into the ring... and poses for the crowd, who hate him for it.]

GM: And this, this is why the fans are quickly turning against this man, Bucky Wilde, what's the purpose of the preening and the self congratulations?

BW: I'm gonna have to go with because he's proud of himself at what a magnificent wrestler he is? He's doing this all in suit pants and wing tips, you know!

GM: And now here we go, Driscoll has wasted valuable time going for the pin here- one, two, Rousseau gets his shoulder up in time.

BW: Does Rob look worried to you?

[That'd be a no. Driscoll drags Rousseau up by his feathered hair and turns to the crowd for a moment, throwing his hand in the air and turning his wrist in the signal for the Queen City Cinch...

...but as he turns back, he gets caught with a right hand to the midsection!]

GM: Rousseau firing back!

[The 227 pounder out of Montreal throws a few more shots to the gut, keeping Driscoll from going back on the attack. He leans over, hooking a gutwrench...]

GM: Gutwrench!

[...and takes "Diamond" Rob down hard with a suplex, rolling into a pin attempt of his own!]

GM: Rousseau gets one! He gets two!

[But Driscoll's shoulder comes flying off the canvas to the disappointment of the Crockett Coliseum crowd. Rousseau promptly gets up, backing into the corner where he lifts himself onto the second rope, raising an arm to cheers from the crowd...]

GM: Driscoll slow to get up...

[...and the Canadian comes flying off the top, busting a double axehandle down between the eyes, knocking Driscoll back down into another lateral press!]

GM: Rousseau again to cover - ONE!! TWO!! T-

[Driscoll kicks out again, the shoulder flying free before the three can come down.]

GM: Rene Rousseau, the veteran out of Montreal, seems to be stringing together a rally here and he's got Rob Driscoll, the youngster, in some serious trouble. Driscoll may be headed to the Brass Ring Tournament but a loss here could seriously damage his momentum, Bucky!

BW: I'm not nervous! Do I look nervous?!

GM: Actually, yes... you're sweating quite heavily.

BW: Shaddup, Gordo! I'm trying to focus!

[Rousseau stands up, leaning over to grab the legs of his opponent...]

GM: He's going for the Quebec Crab! If he hooks it-

[...but Driscoll kicks off hard, sending Rousseau falling back hard into the buckles, his spine jolting from the impact!]

GM: Ohh! Big time counter out of Driscoll!

[Driscoll crawls off the canvas, slipping in behind the staggering Rousseau...]

GM: He's going for it again! The Queen City Cinch - that crossface chickenwing he uses to submit his opponents. He's get the left arm chickenwinged, let's see if he can secure it, can he-

[Rousseau knows what's coming and immediately throws his body into the nearest turnbuckle, jostling free of the hold. He turns around and goes to send Driscoll across the ring, but Driscoll reverses the whip and then steps through a short arm... grabbing the head of Rousseau as he goes behind, then dropping to a knee as he hits the neckbreaker!]

GM: There it is! The neckbreaker dropped to one knee! Driscoll with the cover! One! Two! Three! Impressive win for Rob Driscoll, right here on the X!

BW: This is a man whose confidence is soaring, daddy, Rob Driscoll sees his opportunity to be a shining star and you know he's gonna grab that Brass Ring.

[The bell rings as Driscoll gets to his feet, letting Davis Warren raise his hand as the winner before brushing off his pants as Phil Watson announces him...]

PW: YOUR WINNER! "DIAMOND" ROOBBBBB
DRISSSSSCCCCCOOOOOOOOOOOLLLLLLLL!

[The crowd boos like crazy as Driscoll calls for the mic and straightens up to talk.]

RD: That move right there, I call that the Blank Check... 'cause every time I use it, it lines my pockets with cash.

And as for you, Rene Rousseau... the pleasure has been all yours.

[Driscoll flips the microphone away from him as "Millennium" strikes up again and we cut back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Rob Driscoll with the victory... in his street clothes no less.

BW: You gotta be impressed with that, Gordo!

GM: Of course. The man is quite the impressive athlete and I'm not alone in looking forward to seeing what he can do on March 21st right here in the Crockett Coliseum on The X when the Brass Ring Tournament takes place. And speaking of the Brass Ring Tournament, in just a short while, we'll see Kyle Houlder collide with Cesar Hernandez in a Qualifying Match to see who moves on to the tournament.

[Bucky chuckles.]

GM: What is going on with you?

BW: Huh? I'm just happy that Rob Driscoll picked up the win. He's a good kid. I'm proud of him.

GM: Right. I'm sure that's it. Fans, earlier tonight, we were talking about SuperClash betrayals and right at the top of that list was Wes Taylor turning on Robert Donovan and apparently allying himself with Tony Donovan. Colt Patterson is backstage with these two young men to find out exactly what they're thinking in the wake of SuperClash. Colt?

[We fade up backstage where Colt Patterson is standing between two young men who couldn't possibly look happier.]

On the left is Wes Taylor, the son of the Outlaw, in a black t-shirt with "OUTLAW" written in plain white block text and a pair of jeans. On the right is Tony Donovan in a dark blue t-shirt and black jeans.]

CP: Gordon, Bucky... it is my esteemed pleasure to be standing back here right now with two men who, quite frankly, are the future of this business and they proved it at SuperClash when they kicked old man Donovan to the curb like the piece of garbage that he is. Tony, I gotta know... as someone who wanted to give my old man the ol' one-two a time or two, how did that feel?

[Tony chuckles, rubbing his hands together.]

TD2: Colt, let me first say that it's truly an honor to be interviewed by a man...no, by a champion as knowledgeable and respectable as yourself...

[Colt grins.]

TD2: And second, let me say that driving the heel of my boot into the old man's jaw under the brightest lights there are in this sport is one of the greatest moments of my life! All the frustration over knowing what he could have been, all the resentment I ever felt when he wasn't around, EVERYTHING I ever wanted to tell him for all the years of my life where I only ever saw him for maybe a month out of twelve, driven straight into his face, and it knocked him out cold. Knocked him out, Colt! The allegedly legendary giant, the seven foot monster, out cold at MY feet!

[Tony smirks.]

TD2: Excuse me...OUR feet.

[Tony nods at Wes, and Colt turns to him.]

CP: Wes, when you offered to be at ringside for the match, I smelled a rat... and it turned out that I was right!

WT: Of course you were, Colt. You're an intelligent man. And a truly intelligent man would realize that I would never... NEVER... back a decrepit piece of garbage like Robert Donovan. That old man has been a constant thorn in my side for my entire life. Whenever my dad would get going somewhere, here came "Uncle Rob" to drag us down. Whenever my dad would take some time off, here came "Uncle Rob" with the phone call to drag Dad back into some hole in the wall company with no money and no future.

The best thing... scratch that... the ONLY thing good to ever come out of Robert Donovan...

[Wes slings an arm over his friend's shoulders.]

WT: ...was Tony Donovan.

CP: Did you and Tony come up with this plan all along?

[Tony and Wes exchange a brief look, then both nod, laughing.]

TD2: You hit the nail square on the head, Colt! Wes and I have known each other for nearly our entire lives. We both watched our fathers make their way through the world of professional wrestling, we both watched them get used by people who weren't worth the spit it would've taken to shine their boots. A long, long time ago we decided that wasn't going to happen to us. We wouldn't be thrown into a meat grinder by scumbag promoters whose checks bounced higher than they got off of the money they were supposed to pay out. We were going to be the ones in control of our destinies!

[Tony pauses briefly.]

TD2: ...and that's why, last year, we decided to find a way to make some noise, to take our share of the spotlight, and to stick it to our dear old dads at the same time. Wes called me up, told me he'd be in Dallas on October 11th, so we put our extraordinarily handsome, gifted heads together and figured out a way to do it all at once.

WT: That's right! And Daddy Dearest played his part to perfection, Colt. I knew he wouldn't be able to resist trying to protect his poor little son. So, we baited the hook... and he sunk his teeth right on there. Tell 'em, Tony.

TD2: It's actually really simple, Colt. You see, our old men, they come from the old school. If you had a problem, you dealt with it -- either in the ring, or in the locker room. So, we gave them both a problem, one almost impossible to solve for old Rob Donovan, and just let things happen from there. I had a real good idea that despite everything he said about not wanting to get in the ring with me, he'd rather be the one who "set me straight" than old man Taylor, so he'd choke down his reluctance and do it anyway. We were also pretty sure that if all went according to plan, my dad would be out the door...and that means I'm totally free of his shadow, Colt. I beat my old man, I sent him packing, and now, the only Donovan left standing is ME!

[Tony slaps himself in the chest, laughing.]

CP: That's fantastic. So, old man Donovan has hit the bricks just like you guys wanted. I'm guessing your dad isn't too pleased with you, Wes.

[Taylor shrugs.]

WT: Not my problem. When I came to the AWA, I told him I wanted to be my own man and he said he wouldn't have it any other way. Well, he got his wish, didn't he?

[Colt chuckles.]

CP: I gotta ask the question that EVERYONE'S been asking. Tony, what does this mean for your status in Team Supreme? Is Wes joining up with the former World Champ and the rest of the gang?

[Tony is shaking his head before Colt even finishes the question.]

TD2: Team Supreme are a group of men I'm proud to call friends, men I'm proud to say helped make me the wrestling machine that stands before you today, Colt...but eventually, no matter how much gratitude you feel to those who brought you somewhere, you eventually have to go off on your own, take hold of your own reins. It's time for the two of us to seize our destinies, our dynasties, and we can't do that as members of Team Supreme.

[Wes Taylor leans in, nodding briefly.]

WT: Look, Colt... as much respect as I have for Supreme Wright, I've done my time with an overbearing teacher.. and quite frankly, I'm not about to endure any more of it. I'm my own man. Tony is his own man. We don't need someone hanging around telling us what to do. We don't need Supreme Wright's help... and we don't want it. Like you said at the beginning, Colt... you're looking at the future of this business... two guys who were born to be here, bred to be great, and are ready to surpass EVERYTHING that their fathers ever did inside the squared circle. Don't get me wrong... I appreciate everything that my father and my uncle, Shane, ever-

[Taylor is interrupted by the appearance of Johnny Detson. Detson is still dressed the same as earlier in the night only a little more disheveled and one can definitely notice as he is obviously looking over his shoulder. Despite everything he tries to put on a brave face and smiles.]

JD: And I can appreciate everything you've done so far for me!

CP: Johnny Detson, what are you talking about?

JD: Well, I'll tell you, Colt. SuperClash, Steal the Spotlight... pretty big match for Johnny Detson, a match that I won by the way. Well, right before this big match who shows up but this man right here!

[Detson rests a hand on Wes Taylor's shoulder.]

JD: I'm not going to lie, Colt, I was a little apprehensive about it. I mean, our paths haven't crossed...

[Detson shoots Taylor a quick look.]

JD: ...in the past. I heard of his father but we were never in the same circles. But this kid here comes to me with an offer... a present if you will.

WT: The gift that keeps on giving you might say.

[Detson smiles.]

JD: Well, Mr. Taylor held up his end and I just wanted to return his "property" back to him. It should have been sooner, but earlier events...

[Detson trails off as he looks over his shoulder again.]

JD: ...let's just say it was a good insurance policy to hang on to.

[Detson reaches out, almost trying to shield it from the camera, places something in Taylor's hand. Taylor looks at it for a moment, holding up the leather glove with glittering studs all over it. He nods, staring at it for a few moments.]

WT: You know, Mr. Detson... when my Uncle Shane gave me Black Beauty here, he made me make two promises to him. One, always keep it safe... and keep it safe you have. And two, make sure you cause a LOT of problems with it...

[Taylor chuckles.]

WT: And as eager as Tony and I are to stir things up around here, I'd have to say that at this moment in time... you're in a much better position to live up to that promise to Uncle Shane.

[Taylor grins, extending the glove back towards the Steal The Spotlight winner. Detson receives the glove back and looks at it. An almost sinister smile forms on his face as you looks back up at the duo.]

JD: I can see the two of you are going to go real far. Gentlemen, its been a pleasure. If you'll excuse me, I'm late for a meeting.

[Detson walks off with a quick glance over his shoulder as he stuffs the glove back in his pants pocket. Taylor and Donovan trade a few hushed words as we fade back to the ringside area.]

GM: Well, Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor have apparently declared their independence from Team Supreme but what in the world was all that with Johnny Detson, Bucky?

BW: You know, back at SuperClash, I thought I recognized that glove and now I know where I saw it. Shane Taylor and I used to run a lot of these old Southern towns together and I saw that glove many a time, Gordo. He apparently gave it to his nephew and Wes Taylor let Johnny Detson borrow it.

GM: He let him borrow it and is now apparently letting him keep it as well.

BW: Seems more like a long-term loan to me, Gordo.

GM: What kind of interest do you get on a loan like that?

BW: Well, every thing's got a price, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure. Fans, during that interview, "Concrete" John Yeates came out here to the ring...

[The camera helpfully cuts to a shot of the ring, where the aforementioned Yeates stands, idly adjusting the leather support on his left arm while he chatters at the audience.]

GM: ...but we haven't got an opponent listed for him.

BW: Are you sure you just aren't reading that wrong, Gordo? Maybe they just don't want to feel the wrath of the Concrete Clubbing Clothesline!

GM: No, I'm pretty sure there just isn't a name here, so who-

[Myers is interrupted by a somewhat familiar tune -- "Ritmos Satanicos" by Brujeria.]

GM: ...oh, my.

BW: Now we know why there was no name listed, Gordo! There was a time when people would just walk out of the building if they were gonna have to face THIS!

[As the opening notes of "Ritmos Satanicos" rumble through the arena, none other than the Robfathah steps through the curtain. The big man takes a few steps down the aisle, stops, turns, points at the curtain...

...and the Kraken emerges.]

GM: We haven't seen the Robfathah since he made his bid for the Presidency of the AWA, and it's been even longer since we've seen the Kraken!

BW: The big man seems to have dropped a few pounds since the last time we saw him -- maybe his manager should give that a shot!

[Bucky laughs at his own joke, because of course he does.]

GM: I don't know how loud I'd make fat jokes with Kraken rumbling up the aisle, Bucky.

[Sudden silence as Phil Watson once more raises the microphone.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, coming to the ring, he hails from Cripple Creek, Colorado, stands 6 feet, 4 inches tall, and weighs in at an even 300 pounds...he is accompanied to the ring by the Robfathah, Rob Christie...

He is...

KRAKEN!!!

[The Colorado native gets a pretty good reaction from the crowd as he approaches the ring. Kraken's dressed in his usual deep purple and black trunks with a black double-strapped singlet, the mask made of dark purple strips of leather, and black boots. His manager, just a few steps behind, is wearing a most likely custom-tailored suit in the same deep purple as Kraken's ring attire, and a grin wide enough to make the Cheshire Cat jealous. Kraken looks like he's spent a lot of his time off in the gym, and he stops near the ring, staring directly at Yeates. Kraken suddenly bellows, flexing both arms, leaving Mr. Yeates looking...slightly nonplussed.]

GM: John Yeates is looking a little bit intimidated in there, and I don't blame him one bit.

BW: There's been some questions asked about Kraken AND his manager over the years, but that's still three hundred pounds of anger and mostly muscle climbing into the ring, Gordo, and that ain't a place most of us want to be...well...ever.

GM: Indeed.

[Kraken makes his way into the ring as Watson makes his way out -- and Yeates wastes no time, charging the big man from Colorado, peppering him with fists and forearms!]

BW: Hah! Yeates isn't scared at all, Gordo, he's going right in after him!

GM: And that might be the best idea for the New Brunswick native. Kraken hasn't been in the AWA for awhile, catching him by surprise just might --

[Gordon is interrupted by a loud THUD -- also known as the sound of "Concrete" John Yeates being roughly shoved backwards onto his back.]

GM: ...Or maybe not! Kraken reaches down and helps Yeates to his feet...

BW: ...and into a wicked short-arm clothesline! He's not letting go, either!

[Kraken yanks the Canadian back to his feet and drops him to the mat again with another short-arm clothesline! The Robfathah nods in approval, pointing to the prone yet still moving form of Yeates and yelling, "No mercy! Remember why we're here!"]

GM: Kraken yanks Yeates back to his feet again...and sends him into the corner with a hard Irish whip!

BW: Did the ring shake there, Gordo, or was that just me?

GM: If it didn't before, this might do it -- HUGE avalanche by Kraken! Yeates staggers out only to be scooped up by Kraken...and planted with a huge running powerslam!

BW: That might be all she wrote, Kraken's staying on for the pin...one...two...thr -- whoa! Yeates kicked out!

[Kraken gets up, staring down at Yeates, then he nods at the Canadian, pulling him up to the feet and shoving him hard towards the corner.]

BW: I'm not sure Yeates did that on purpose, Gordo -- and I'm REALLY not sure it was a good idea!

GM: Kraken's got Yeates in the corner now, and he's just battering him with forearms! Left, right, left, right, and Ricky Longfellow has to get in there to break this up.

[Kraken backs off, and immediately moves back in, pulling Yeates out of the corner and, using the ropes for leverage, pushes him off into another Irish whip.]

GM: Yeates rebounds off the ropes -- and gets absolutely obliterated in the middle of the ring by another avalanche-style attack by Kraken!

BW: I think this one's about to come to an end, Gordo! Kraken's signaling for something, and if it's what I think it is...

[Kraken reaches down, pulling Yeates to his feet and putting him in the powerbomb position.]

GM: Kraken flips Yeates up --

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: Oh my! He nearly drives the Canada native through the mat with a devastating power bomb!

[Kraken leans forward, keeping Yeates' shoulders on the mat while glaring around at the crowd.]

BW: And that's the one, two, three, Gordo!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Kraken looking strong in his return to the AWA, Bucky.

BW: He looked strong against John Yeates, Gordo...and I admit, he definitely looks better physically than he maybe ever has. The question with Kraken has never been physicality, because that's a violent man capable of doing violent things. The real questions have always been about his heart and his mind. If he gets those in order...well, the rest of the boys better watch their backs.

GM: Honestly, the notion of a focused Kraken is a little bit frightening...and if the mind behind the man can maintain that focus as well, it makes a dangerous man just that much more dangerous.

[The Robfathah has made his way into the ring and he stands beside the Kraken, patting the big man on the back as Ricky Longfellow raises Kraken's arm in victory.]

GM: Now we're being told that we have some pre-recorded comments from The Robfathah himself. Let's take a look...

[We cut to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where we find ourselves in the back of the building with a pair of very large men. Standing significantly taller between the two is Kraken, in his ring attire, staring into the camera. Standing in front of Kraken is the purple-suited Robfathah, who is all business as he raises the microphone clutched in his hand.]

RC: I really, really want to stand here and yell at you, AWA. I want to yell at you because you never called me back about the Presidency...I want to yell at you for letting that Robfathah-wannabe Percy Childes nearly drive you to ruin...and I can't.

[The Robfathah shrugs.]

RC: You didn't take me or my offer seriously, and I can't even be mad about it. When was the last time I earned that kind of respect? ...have I ever?

[Christie pauses, then shrugs again.]

RC: I suppose it wouldn't have mattered, in the end, but that got me to thinking. There was a time when I and my charge here weren't just the butts of any number of jokes, when we weren't used as a cautionary tale to anybody buying too much into their own press. There was a time when this man behind me was a terrifying entity, a name that struck fear into opponents' hearts, a name that on at least one occasion caused some young man to walk out of the building, away from this business, because he didn't want to have to face THIS.

[The Robfathah jerks a thumb back at the Kraken, who snorts.]

RC: Now...now, not so much. Nobody's afraid of you anymore, old friend, nobody gives a damn. That just leaves one thing for us to do...

[The Robfathah sighs deeply, pauses...then grins.]

RC: Beat the holy hell out of anyone willing to step up. Go out there every night we can, leave everything in that ring, and EARN that respect back. That's the only reason we're here, AWA. No nonsense, no more screwing around. Kraken was once one of the most feared men in professional wrestling, I one of the greatest minds of it. That kind of recognition..that kind of respect? It's the only thing that lasts forever in this sport, and it's worth more than any title, worth more than any other accolade...and that's what we're coming for.

[Kraken slams one meaty fist into an open hand, and the Robfathah nods.]

RC: If you don't buy it, if you doubt us, want to test us?

[Christie grins.]

RC: We're easy to find.

[Fade to black.]

We cut to Supernova standing before the camera. He is dressed in a tuxedo. He has his face painted as well, which makes it all the more amusing he's dressed in a Tux.]

S: My name is Supernova.

[We cut back to a wider shot. Behind Supernova, on the wall, is a lifelike facsimile of himself, which he motions back to.]

S: And this is a Fathead. A lifelike wall decal. People keep mistaking the Fathead for me, and it's ruining my life.

[Mark Stegglet enters the shot, mic in hand. He approaches the Fathead Supernova.]

MS: Supernova, you've got a title shot coming up. Are you ready for it?

[Mark seems puzzled that the Fathead doesn't respond. We go back to Supernova.]

S: I'm not the only one who is experiencing this problem. Every day, Fatheads are being mistaken for all kinds of AWA wrestlers.

Ryan Martinez.

[Cut to a shot of a Martinez Fathead, in the room of a child who is pumping his fist like he just won the World title.]

S: Supreme Wright.

[Cut to a shot of a Wright Fathead, in the room of another child, his index finger raised and mouthing "Best in the World!"]

S: Travis Lynch.

[Cut to a shot of a Travis Lynch Fathead, in the room of a teenage girl, who is jumping up and down.]

S: Even Frankie Farelli.

[Cut to a shot of a Farelli Fathead, on the wall of a New England Patriots fan's living room. We know he's a Patriots fan because he wears a Tom Brady jersey. We cut back to Supernova.]

S: A Fathead is a great addition to any room, but please remember not to confuse one for the real thing. The easiest way to tell the difference between a wrestler and a Fathead is to just ask them how they are doing. A real wrestler is going to say they are lonely, because they aren't being talked to any more. But a Fathead will not respond, because it's a wall decal.

[Cut back to Stegglet, still standing in front of the Supernova Fathead.]

MS: Supernova, you aren't mad at me, are you?

[Fade to black.

We fade back up a shaky shot of the parking lot outside a nondescript looking warehouse. The sun is shining bright as the camera stabilizes to reveal Pedro Perez, Isaiah Carpenter, and Wade Walker standing in front of it. They're in street clothes - black pants and midnight blue shirts, each in a different style.]

PP: The holidays are over. You and yours nestled in front of those burning chestnuts and gave each other cheap pieces of plastic that'll break before next Christmas.

[Perez grins a sadistic smile.]

PP: We gave ourselves the best gift we could imagine - the hospitalization of Alex Martinez.

[Perez cackles, throwing himself back on the hood of a car, kicking his legs wildly in the air, flailing his arms at the same time. Carpenter gives a shake of the head as he steps forward.]

IC: Now, they tell us he'll live...

[Carpenter twists his mouth, shaking his head.]

IC: They eventell us he'll probably walk again and... for the love of God, I pray this one's not true... that he'll even ACT again!

[He throws himself into a fake shiver.]

IC: Did you people even SEE Taken 3? No, no... I saw the box office so I know none of you did either.

[Perez sits up on the hood, giving two thumbs down with a chuckle as Carpenter continues.]

IC: But while the rest of the world were wrapping themselves up in sentimental garbage and emotional blackmail, the Dogs Of War decided the time was right to reward ourselves...

[Perez tilts his head towards Carpenter.]

IC: Alright, alright... an old friend decided the time was right to reward us. By the way, a wise man sends his regards.

[The second generation Perez throws his arm up in a mock salute, mouthing "Miss ya, Percy!" at the camera lens.]

IC: While we were basking on the beaches of the Bahamas, the Super Bowl came and went as well... and everyone wanted to know where the MVP of the game was gonna go.

Funny. No one came up to me after SuperClash and said, "You just defeated a team no one thought you could beat... now what are you going to do?"

[Perez hops off the hood, pointing at the camera lens.]

PP: I'M GOING TO DISNEYLAND!

[Wade Walker physically pulls Perez back by the arm, revealing Carpenter once again.]

IC: We put Alex Martinez on the shelf. We took the legendary Juan Vasquez and made him nothing but an afterthought. And we survived the Boston Brawler who had visions of White Knights bleeding from their ears dancing through his head.

We beat them.

[Perez shakes his head, shoving Carpenter back a step, standing sideways as he turns to point a pistol-shaped hand at the camera.]

PP: We... destroyed... them.

[He "pulls the trigger" as Carpenter leans in.]

IC: And no one asked what we were going to do or where we were going to go.

[His eyes twinkle, the corners of his mouth arching into a smile.]

IC: But they're ALL asking now. Now that vacation is over. Now that the AWA is embarking on a brand new journey. The fear is in the air... the fear of what the Dogs just might do next.

Are we done with Carver?

[He looks at Walker who shrugs.]

IC: Your move, creep. Are we done with Vasquez?

[Carpenter throws a glance at Pedro Perez whose eyes go cold.]

PP: Never.

Are we done with Alex Mart... no, no, no... check that. Are we done with House Martinez?

[Carpenter's smile grows.]

IC: World Champion Isaiah Carpenter. I like the sound of that.

[Walker shoves Carpenter, glaring at him.]

IC: Okay, okay... World Champion Wade Walker works too.

[Walker nods, smugly crossing his muscular arms in front of him.]

IC: Gold may be in our future on our own... gold may be in our future as a team. I don't read tea leaves and I don't own a crystal ball.

[He shrugs.]

IC: But what I can tell you is that you can line them up... three at a time... and we'll knock 'em all down. The Lights Out Express?

[Walker throws a fist at the camera.]

PP: Down.

IC: Martinez, Lynch, and O'Connor?

[Another air punch.]

PP: Down.

IC: Air Strike and...

[Carpenter smirks.]

IC: I guess that ship's sailed.

[One-two air punch.]

PP: The point is that anywhere in the world... any place in this business. Mexico, Japan, Europe, or right here in the good ol' A-Dubba-A... you put any three men together to face us... and we will...

[Walker leans in.]

WW: Knock... them... down.

[Perez grins, slapping his much-larger partner on the back of the neck.]

PP: Oh, and if there's any question... any doubt in your pretty little heads about what that means?

[Carpenter steps forward, pointing a finger at the lens.]

IC: Consider this an open challenge. Anyone. Anywhere. Anytime.

[Perez chuckles.]

PP: I feel like the big man needs a red glove, Carp.

[Laughter all around... well, except Walker. He's staring into the lens as Carpenter and Perez walk away, still joking as Walker reaches out, palming the lens to black.

Which turns into a live shot inside the ring of the Coliseum where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following match is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, from the Underground... weighing in tonight at 354 pounds...

GARTH GNARLY!

[The gigantic 6'8 rocker-slash-wrestler holds both hands up, an electric guitar clutched in the right hand, and lets the crowd take a look at him. He wears a black singlet that goes into camo pants, wrists taped up from first knuckle to mid forearm and black combat boots over his faux-tigues. He's got a full black beard and a lion's mane of blonde hair with a black streak going right down the middle. The fans don't know what the hell to do as he rears back and lets out a roar.]

GM: My goodness, he is a monster of a man is this Garth Gnarly, and he looks like he could take down an armored truck.

BW: I dunno how well he plays that axe he brought with him, but he's got the kinda size you just can't teach, and I'm willing to bet a dollar that he ain't a nice guy either.

[Gnarly hands the guitar over the ropes and backs into a corner as...]

#THERE ARE SEVEN KNOWN WONDERS OF THE WORLD...

#YOU ABOUT TO WITNESS THE EIGHTH

[The thumping bassline of "It Takes A Nation" by Ice Cube screams to life in the Crockett Coliseum and the crowd erupts in cheers! Brad Jacobs stalks out onto the entrance platform as Phil Watson makes the introduction.]

PW: And his opponent! From Miami, Florida... weighing 282 pounds...

BRAAAAAAD JAAAAACOOOOOOOOOOOBBBBBBS!

[Jacobs has his game face on, sweat dripping off his scowling face as he stomps to the ring. Jacobs has on red bicycle style tights that go to the top of the thigh, with what looks like a patch depicting a pitbull standing up straight with his arms crossed on the side of either leg. He's got red kneepads, elbowpads and boots to match. Jacobs also has a thick industrial chain around his neck, and the chain sways back and forth as the former tag champ makes it to ringside. No sooner does Jacobs make it in the ring than does Garth Gnarly attack, reigning down big forearms across Jacobs' back as he enters the ring!]

"DING DING DING!"

GM: Garth Gnarly's not afraid, he's taking the fight right to Brad Jacobs!

BW: When you're that big and that mean, you don't have to take a backseat to anyone!

GM: Gnarly scores with a big right hand across the head. Irish whip to the farside--

[Jacobs flies off the ropes, ducks underneath a knife edge chop, comes firing off the otherside and HURLS himself into the air, pasting Gnarly right across the clavicle with a jumping clothesline that staggers, but doesn't drop, the big man!]

BW: Garth Gnarly's still standing! Most men would fold in half after a big clothesline like that!

GM: Brad Jacobs is thinking the same thing. Jacobs tries again, off the ropes...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Another one, but Garth Gnarly is still standing!

BW: And what a sound it made Gordo, right off Gnarly's chest! That thing sounded like a gunshot!

GM: One of those clotheslines would have knocked out any other man, let alone two.

[Gnarly windmills his hands around to keep his balance as Jacobs looks side to side at the crowd. After a moment he winds his right arm up in classic Muhammad Ali fashion, kisses his fist and SMASHES Garth Gnarly in the face with a short right hand that knocks the hard rocker down to the mat, and drawing a huge cheer from the crowd.]

GM: My oh my, he calls that the Hand of God, but there's nothing holy about that punch.

BM: If the left don't get ya, the right one will, Gordo.

GM: Garth Gnarly got knocked for a loop and his knees are certainly weakened. Jacobs helps him back to his feet, but you can see Gnarly's a little shaky.

[Jacobs underhooks both arms and goes to work, rapidly firing off repeated headbutts that hit the head and chest of Garth Gnarly, staggering the big man into the far corner.]

GM: This is a new, more aggressive Brad Jacobs. He's not looking for advice, he's not unsure of what to do, this is a man with confidence in himself, Bucky Wilde, and that is dangerous for the rest of the AWA, end of story.

BW: When you beat a former two time World Champion in Dave Bryant, Gainesville Gyp or not, you gain a lot of faith in your abilities. This is a man who could have made Larry Doyle MILLIONS of dollars!

GM: He blew that chance! Gnarly is in the corner, here comes Jacobs- !

[Running at full speed, Jacobs crashes into his opponent with a HUGE avalanche, ramming all of his body weight into the already staggered Garth Gnarly. Jacobs takes a step back and watches his opponent hobble out of the corner... then takes off!]

GM: JACOBS OFF THE ROPES, HERE WE GO!

Crowd: SPEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAR!

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR BY BRAD JACOBS! GARTH GNARLY GETS CUT IN HALF!

[The crowd on its feet, rather than go for the cover Jacobs gets right back up, looks at the crowd for a millisecond and then points up. The crowd cheers at the idea as Brad Jacobs brings Gnarly up by his streaked hair.]

BW: No way, there ain't no way he's gettin' this big ol' boy up. That's like suplexing a buffalo, or my Aunt Milly!

GM: Brad Jacobs is gonna try it! We're going to watch him do it!

[And with the crowd in full rise, Jacobs gets Gnarly into a suplex position, then lifts... and keeps the 350 plus pound wannabe rocker in a perfect vertical suplex position for well past five seconds... then drops and twists into a THUNDEROUS powerslam, completing Jacobs' Hammer and covering for the pin.]

GM: Oh my! Oh my stars, that was unbelievable! One, two, three for Brad Jacobs, and what a statement on our first SNW back!

BW: Garth Gnarly is one big, bad, scary looking, mean dude and Brad Jacobs threw him around like a ragdoll.

[Referee Davis Warren raises the hand of Jacobs as the fans cheer. Jacobs waves in acknowledgement as Lou Blackwell gets into the ring, and begins to speak into the microphone after a few seconds.]

LB: Brad Jacobs, a few months after your big win at SuperClash and life is awfully good, isn't it?

BJ: Sweet Lou, first things first, SuperClash was a big night for me. I got that damn Doyle out of my life, I took control of my contract and my career, and I did it all by beating a man who should be World Champion.

[Jacobs turns to the hard camera and looks right into it, turning the microphone with him.]

BJ: Dave Bryant, you're a man's man, and I ain't got nothin' but respect for you. You coulda laid down and gave me an easy win, you coulda handed me the biggest win of my life, and I wouldn't have known the difference.

But you were hard on me, you made me work, you made me PROVE that I could be a man. You made me PROVE that I deserved to stand on my own two feet. That has made all the difference in my life, because I know I earned my way out. I beat a champion, and that's what Dave Bryant is.

I know we just crowned a new champion, and he a man's man too. But Dave Bryant, you need to go collect what you're owed. Get things straight, and go do ya thing, boy. An' if you need someone to watch your back, you ain't gotta look real far, 'cause I owe you one, homie. Now go get your gold.

[Jacobs nods as the fans clap in response, even joining in for a moment.]

LB: Now Brad, we have been informed that during the AWA's down period, as the corporate side of the company needed to be ironed out, you started a charity for at-risk youths that you'd like to tell us about.

BJ: That's right, Lou. You all know where I came from. You all know that I wouldn't be here right now if I didn't have help. I'm in this ring because someone took the time to gimme a hand and help me up. I was just another poor kid from the ghetto, livin' in section 8 housing, until someone reached out and let me know that I could succeed.

Without those good people, I might not be here. Lord only knows where I mighta ended up. Probably face down in the street, probably jumpin' fools for they watches, and maybe six feet under. And because someone reached out to me, the ball's in my court to pay it forward.

I know what it's like to wear hand me down shoes, I know what it's like to eat mayonnaise sandwiches, I know what it means to go to school for free lunch. I lived that life. I survived that life because someone held they hand out and said, "It don't have to be like that."

I started this Big Dog Foundation so kids in the inner city know, it don't have to be like that. I knew too many kids in the same situation as I was that DIDN'T get out. Too many kids who dropped out, who got locked up or who got buried long before it was their time. We can't have that. We need to start helpin' each other, we need to start lendin' a hand instead of turnin' away. There are millions of kids who think like they ain't got a chance, and if we can make even one feel like they can make it out, then we made a difference.

And as for me, I haven't done my job until I pay forward what the good people at Miami Northwestern Senior High School and the Miami-Dade Boys and Girls Club did for me. They let me know there was somethin' better out there, that there was more to life than boarded up windows, gunfire and crack houses. I could make it out, I could do better.

We can ALL do better, we can ALL make it out, we just need a helping hand, and that's what we gonna offer with the Big Dog Foundation.

[The audience breaks out into applause, and even Blackwell claps before continuing on.]

LB: That is a truly admirable effort on your part, Brad, and one that I'm sure the AWA will be thrilled to support.

BJ: Well thank you, brother, but don't get it twisted, see.

It's called the Big Dog Foundation. Not the Stay Puft Marshmallow Foundation or the White Girls and Red Wine Foundation. The Big Dog Foundation.

Because I am the Big Dog around here, this ring is my yard, and I rule my yard, y'hear? I will shake your hand and look you in the eye outside my yard, but once you step inside these four ropes, it's game on, and the only thing that'll pull me off is a bell or a doctor. I dealt with Larry Doyle and his mess for too long, and when that chance came to break free you know I would snatch the LIFE out that chance if I had to.

An' if someone drew inspiration from that, I think that's great, but you got to know that SuperClash was just the beginning.

You have got to know-

[Jacobs points at the audience.]

BJ: That you have always had my back, and I will never forget that. And you have got to know that this Big Dog right here will ALWAYS have your back, I will ALWAYS make you proud an' I was ALWAYS bust my tail in here for you, win, lose or draw. You fixin' to get the very best of Brad Jacobs, the AWA is about to see the very best that Brad Jacobs has to offer, an' I'll be damned if this Big Dog don't have his day real soon.

[And as the thumping bass to "It Takes A Nation" by Ice Cube plays Jacobs slaps Blackwell on the back and leaves the ring, circling the retainer to tag hands as he makes his way to the ramp...

...and we cut to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing by with the Tiger Pro Global Tag Crown Champions AND the AWA World Tag Team Champions, Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons. Mertz is wearing a black Tiger Pro shirt with blue jeans and Aarons has a white AWA shirt on with black jeans. They have a sour look on their face probably to do with the missing hardware around their waists.]

MS: I'm standing here with Air Strike, the AWA World Tag Team Champions as well as the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions. Gentlemen, welcome back, I heard you spent some time overseas during the break.

MA: Steggs, we jumped on the first flight we could get over to Japan! Tiger Paw heard we were coming and they bump us up to first class, they had a limo waiting for us at the airport; put us up in the finest hotel! And none of that mattered, because we were there for Violence Unlimited.

[Aarons frowns.]

MA: They offered to suspend Morton and Haynes until they gave the titles back. Well, that ain't gonna fly either. Cuz Air Strike didn't hop the pond to wait out a VU suspension. Don't send them home, send them to the ring!

[Aarons shakes his head.]

MA: Every turn they ducked us! For two months we wrestled in Japan and not once did Violence Unlimited meet us in the ring. The ring they're supposed to "own". The Immortal team that can't be beat in Japan would not face us in Japan! Does that make sense to you, Steggs, cuz it sure don't to us!

MS: What does this mean for the actual AWA tag titles?

MA: Well, you're looking at the actual AWA World Tag Team champions. Whether it be here or Japan, you can bet Violence Unlimited hasn't seen the last of the high flying, death defying, tag belt soon to be reacquiring team in Air Strike!

[Stegglet turns to look at Mertz.]

CM: Mar, what Michael said was true. For the past two months, officials from Tiger Paw and AWA have come to us and said they would do whatever it takes to get the titles back to us. They would fine them, suspend them... even reissue new belts to us and fine the cost to them.

[Mertz shakes his head.]

CM: Each time we said no. We don't want brand new belts. We already have title belts. We don't want them to get our belts back, we want to take them back! And we will take them back!

[Aarons demonstratively nods in agreement.]

CM: But Mark, we didn't just go over there to get our titles back. We went over there because we have a commitment to Tiger Pro as their Global Tag Crown Champions. Because if we didn't defend our titles over there – well, then we're no better than Violence Unlimited. Violence Unlimited did what they said they were going to do. They took the titles and ran. Air Strike did what they said they were going to do–

[Aarons jumps in and cuts his partner off.]

MA: AND WON!

[Mertz flashes a smirk.]

CM: Indeed. Not only that but being a champion has a bigger sense of responsibility. The honor and respect we have for the AWA, we now share with the TPP in our short time there. And we will continue to represent both companies as the champions. We will take on all comers here in the AWA as well as in TPP because our time in TPP is far from over because that's who we are and that's what we do. So Haynes, Morton... you may have the titles but everyone knows you're not the champions, and sooner or later you'll have to face us, but Air Strike – we're going to keep on fighting. Because you don't have to have something here...

[Mertz makes a belt motion.]

CM: To be a champion here...

[Mertz points to his heart.]

CM: Air Strike always has and always will be fighting champions. Anytime, anywhere. That's as true in Japan as it's true here home in Dallas. And as much as we loved Japan, it's good to be home!

[The duo exchange a fist bump.]

MS: If I could just get your comments then on Brian James and his actions two months ago at SuperClash? He had some comments directed at Air Strike especially you, Cody.

[Whatever cheer the managed to gather is lost immediately upon hearing the name. Shaking their heads, Aarons starts to say something but Cody just holds up his hand and shakes his head. Stopping, the tag team just walk off without saying anything on the matter.]

MS: Fans, I guess that's an unofficial no comment from the Double Crown Tag Team Champions. Now, let's head back to the ring for tag team action!

[We open up to a ringing bell, and Phil Watson in the ring about to announce another match. Two wrestlers are already in the squared circle. One is a stocky man with short brown hair, and a green singlet with the Italian flag on the front. He wears white kneepads and boots. The other is a well put together young man in his late 20s. He is curiously well tanned for this time of year, has perfect teeth and spiky blondish-brown hair. He wears multi-colored trunks and knee pads, with black boots and a black T-Shirt that says "WATCH THE HAIR" in golden-yellow lettering. He wears a yellow headband that says "PAULIE" in orange, and cheap sunglasses.]

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

Introducing first, already in the ring. For Catania, Sicily and Belmar, New Jersey, respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred eighty pounds... the team of THE SICILIAN STUD and PAULIE ITALIANO!

[The Stud raises his hand calmly, while Italiano fistpumps wildly as if he's listening to some strange techno beat that only he can hear. Which is possible. The fans cheer mildly, until the now-familiar sound of a group of people chanting in unison is heard over the PA.]

#WE! ARE! IN! CON! TROL!

[The techno-rock open of "Vengeance" by The Protomen opens up over the PA as the fans boo.]

PW: And their opponents...

[After a short time, the curtain parts to reveal two figures. The taller of the two, Matt Ginn, stands about six-seven, with a slender build. He has reddish-brown hair in a Caesar style, a thin-cut goatee and mustache. He sports black trunks with large white triangular patterns on each hip, running from waist to legline, and black-and-white boots, elbowpads, and kneepads. The boots, pads, and triangular parts of the trunks feature the three-circle biohazard symbol. He's wearing a dark red polo shirt with a yellow Starfleet

Academy logo on the right breast and heavy wrist tape, which he's adjusting.

The athletically built man alongside him, Mark Hoefner, has light brown skin and short black hair in a slightly receding hairstyle. His attire is a mirror to his partner, though with red in place of the white. He's wearing a chocolate-brown T-Shirt with "LET'S BE BAD GUYS" written in orange-yellow print (and some Firefly iconography in the text). The two men stop at the top of the aisle and survey the scene, conversing a bit before proceeding down the aisle.]

PW: Coming down the aisle... from Cambridge, Massachusetts and Shenandoah, Pennsylvania respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred eighty-seven pounds...

...MATT GINN... MARK HOEFNER... they are DICHOTOMY!

[The duo take their time proceeding to the ring. Ginn gives several of the fans disgusted looks and dismissive gestures while Hoefner shouts insults and makes threats. They stop a couple times on the way to do this, taking their sweet time.]

BW: Awright! Now here's the Real Number One Contenders, daddy!

GM: I thought you said that was the Lights Out Express.

BW: Uhm, well, the Lights Out Express is due a title shot from their beating the Epitome Of Cool at SuperClash, Gordo. So I'm counting them separate. But Dichotomy already proved that they should have gotten the title shot that TORA stole, plus they beat SkyHerc, plus they beat Casey James and Tiger Claw at SuperClash! What more credentials do you need?!

GM: Whoa. First, you missed Brian James in there...

BW: But you're not denying that their title shot was stolen. Good, that's an admission.

[In the meantime, Dichotomy arrives at ringside. They keeping a wary eye on their opponents, making referee Ricky Longfellow force them back. Both men then step through the ropes, and proceed to center ring. Ginn immediately starts accosting the referee while Hoefner continues to the corner and hops to the second turnbuckle to yell at the booing fans some more.]

GM: Second, while they eventually did stabilize in the SuperClash match and hold their own against the legends, it was TORA who ultimately made the mistake and was pinned...

BW: And you also agree with Brian James that TORA was the weak link. Okay, glad we're all cleared up.

GM: Bucky!

BW: Nonetheless, the record is what the record is.

GM: I can't deny that Dichotomy has made tremendous strides, and is a threat to Air Strike for the World Tag Team Championships down the road. But Air Strike has the Lights Out Express in front of them, and their belts were stolen by Violence Unlimited. So while the Quixotean quest to prove that they were robbed of being the Number One Contenders because Lenny Strong flubbed a lottery in Las Vegas was a ridiculous concept, it ended up helping them come close to earning that appellation legitimately. But they're not quite there yet.

[The music has died down, and both teams are divesting themselves of their to-ring attire.]

BW: Says you. It just proves that the champions don't deserve the belts that were taken from them. I bet VU wouldn't duck Dichotomy.

GM: I'm sure they wouldn't.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: There's the bell, and Matt Ginn is starting off with the Sicilian Stud. A go-behind by the Stud, who has some solid amateur credentials... but so does Ginn, who slides backwards with a nice drop toehold to take down the Sicilian. And maintaining the toehold, where many competitors only use the takedown portion.

BW: Ginn might be a top five mat technician.

GM: He's no Supreme Wright, but he's not extremely far off, either. It is extremely impressive considering that two years ago, Dichotomy was where the Stud and Italiano are now... the preliminary ranks. They are still very, very young and have a long career and much improvement ahead of them, so rushing to the World Title Shot may not be doing them a service, Bucky Wilde.

BW: You've never been a wrestler, Gordo, so sometimes I have to let dumb comments slide. Not that one. You never, never, NEVER turn down a World Title Match. There's no such thing as "rushing". You win, great, you get the money and fame and everything you ever worked for. You lose, and you learn a heck of a lot about what it takes so you can use it next time.

[While Gordon and Bucky discuss the realities of championship opportunities, Ginn transitions the toehold into a kneebar on the left leg, and drags the Stud with the kneebar to his corner. Hoefner reaches over the ropes and slaps Ginn's back, then slingshots himself over the top rope into a stomp on the Stud's exposed leg. He delivers several more stomps to the leg before Ginn relinquishes the kneelock and Hoefner snatches that leg, tumbling to the mat with a hamstring pull.]

GM: I suppose. It seems that Dichotomy is targeting the left leg of the Sicilian Stud. Hoefner again wrenching the leg, using his athleticism to inflict extreme stress on the hamstring. Sound strategy as per usual, Bucky Wilde. I take it you're still advising them?

BW: Yeah, I am. But they don't need me to come up with match strategy no more. I help more with the big picture and specific opponents. That's why they were able to stand face to face with Casey and Claw and not be intimidated.

[Hoefner scissors the leg of the Stud and drops a knee directly into the side of the Stud's knee, drawing a yelp. Hoefner then tags Ginn and holds up a leg. The lanky Massachusetts native strides in, grabs the other leg, and the duo makes the proverbial wish with a wishbone legsplitter as the fans boo them.]

GM: It's because they didn't know who they WERE, Bucky. Dichotomy's ignorance of wrestling history is embarrassing.

BW: And an advantage. When push came to shove, they weren't scared. I kept them in the dark for a reason, and it paid off. Obviously, I knew Casey wasn't dead. I ain't stupid, daddy, but I like to play the fool when it suits me.

GM: And sometimes when it doesn't.

BW: Yup.

[Beat.]

BW: Wait, what was that supposed to mean?!

GM: Ginn is now in, and hooks his man for the vertical suplex. The Sicilian Stud is way up there as the six-foot-seven inch Ginn uses his height to his advantage. A long delay here.

BW: He lets all the blood flow to the man's head.

GM: A very shrewd move for a man that disdains his own sport. And down to the mat with a crashing vertical suplex.

BW: There you go again. "Disdains his own sport"?

GM: Dichotomy has made it very clear that they hate professional wrestling, and are here solely for the money. And they plan to leave as soon as they have enough money.

BW: Gordo, during our winter break, Gordo, Ginn and Hoefner went to the Georgia territory instead of takin' the 40 days off. They did it because they knew they had to get better. That ain't the action of somebody who hates what they do. I think they're bitter about life not goin' the way they wanted

at first, but I think they've learned a bit about pro wrestling. I think it got some hooks into them now.

GM: That would be refreshing. If only they'd learn to respect the sport and their opponents more... look at this!

[After having dropped a knee to the chest of the Stud to keep him down, Ginn walks to the Stud's head and casually plants his heel into the man's eyesocket. He does a slow and deliberate version of the twisting bootscape to the hatred of the crowd.]

BW: Hey, if he didn't respect the man, he wouldn't feel a need to try and blind him.

GM: You and Dichotomy have much in common... you're both full of excuses. Tag is made to Hoefner, and Dichotomy sending the Stud off the ropes. Double back elbow! The Stud is down, and Ginn with a spinning toehold... Hoefner off the ropes, and a dropkick to the twisted knee of the Stud!

BW: Haven't seen that one before! Dichotomy doesn't have a leg finisher that I know, but you break down a bulky guy's knee and you can do whatever you want to him. The Sicilian Stud is barrel-chested and top-heavy, so a knee injury would mess him up pretty bad.

GM: Hoefner with the Mongolian Chop, and the Stud is down and just about out. The man from Shenandoah is running off the ropes, and a high jumping splash... KNEES UP!

[The fans cheer as the Stud finally gives himself an opening, and Hoefner rolls on the mat in pain!]

BW: The Stud got the knees up, but he hurt his own knee more doin' it!

GM: But that won't stop the Sicilian Stud from rolling on the mat... tag to Italiano!

[The fans cheer for Paulie Italiano, who slingshots himself over the top rope, does a crazy dance, yells "HOO HOO HOO!" and gives Hoefner a running jumping shoulderblock!]

BW: I... what the heck?

GM: Paulie Italiano is fired up, Bucky!

BW: Paulie Italiano couldn't SPELL "fired up", Gordo. Everything he does looks like he does it because he lost a bet.

GM: Paulie firing Hoefner to the turnbuckle, and a running avalanche! Hoefner down in the corner, and now what is Italiano doing?

[He's repeating his "HOO HOO HOO" call to the fans before running at the downed-in-corner Hoefner... who explodes to his feet and smashes his face

in with a running jumping haymaker! Boos ring out as the tide turns back in Dichotomy's favor.]

BW: WOW! I tell you what he's doin', Gordo... countin' his teeth! And now he can do it because he'll still have fingers left over when he's done counting!

GM: Just when you think you have Dichotomy where you want them, you find out that you don't. Tag is made, and Matt Ginn in. Gathering up Italiano from behind...

[*THUD!*

GM: ...and a BRUTAL belly-to-back suplex! Ginn using his full height and driving Paulie onto the back of his head and shoulders! After those two violent shots, there could be a pinfall here!

BW: Maybe, but Ginn's gonna make sure. Italiano is flat on his face, and he's goin' up for review.

[The team technician of Dichotomy steps between Italiano's shoulder blades and grasps his wrists, pulling up in a painful submission hold.]

GM: REVIEW BOARD IS APPLIED! This is extremely punishing. And as always, Ginn taking steps while in the hold to make it even more nasty than it already was.

BW: Paulie's bein' used like an Italian loafer right now!

GM: Ginn really making Italiano suffer... and the Stud runs in with a meaty forearm to break it up! He couldn't stand by and let his partner be literally walked all over here!

BW: Huge mistake, daddy. That's just gonna divert the ref.

[Indeed it does. As Ricky Longfellow pushes the Stud back to his corner, Hoefner runs into the ring. He runs off the ropes, and Ginn back body drops him onto Italiano for a high elevated senton bomb! The fans try to get Longfellow's attention, but by the time he turns, Hoefner has rolled out under the bottom rope.]

GM: Dichotomy with a devastating double team as Longfellow was diverted!

BW: And they know when to do risky moves, daddy. If Hoefner missed, he'd have been laid out... but not the legal man.

GM: True. Ginn gathering up Italiano, and applying the abdominal stretch. A hold he executes better than perhaps anyone in wrestling right now... those long legs let him hook properly around his opponent's leg and really stretch the man out.

BW: Might be the only guy in the world right now that could get a submission out of this. You know, without beating a man to within an inch of his life first.

GM: Italiano trying to hip toss him off, but you can't do that when the hold is properly applied. You have to decouple the hook leg first.

BW: Kids these days don't know that stuff. Italiano spends too much time makin' Internet videos and not enough training.

[Ginn reaches back with his free arm, and Hoefner grasps it, pulling for additional leverage. The fans again try to call the ref's attention to this, but it doesn't work. Italiano starts screaming... and after about five seconds of that, taps. Longfellow pulls out to turn to call for the bell, but spots Ginn and Hoefner's cheating first. So he does the right thing and calls for the break instead of the submission.]

BW: HEY! He tapped out!

GM: But only because of the illegal leverage, Bucky! Ricky Longfellow making the right call as a submission does not count if the man applying the hold is doing so illegally.

[Longfellow counts, and Hoefner blatantly enters the ring, winds up his foot, and boots Italiano in the gut as hard as he can. Ginn releases and the kid from Jersey crumples to the canvas.]

BW: Well, if Longfellow's such a stickler for the rules, he'd realize what Ginn and Hoefner were REALLY doing... tagging.

GM: That would count as a tag, yes, but we all know what their purpose was. Hoefner whips Italiano to the Dichotomy corner. What is he doing now?

[The Pennsylvanian lifts Italiano's legs and sets them on the second rope on one side of the buckles. He slugs Italiano in the forehead and sets his upper body on the second rope on the opposite side of the buckles. He then grips the top rope, jumps high, and smashes down with both knees into the exposed wide-open ribcage of Paulie Italiano, sending him violently to the mat as the crowd reacts for the exceedingly vicious maneuver.]

GM: WHAT IN THE WORLD WAS THAT?!

BW: Ha ha ha ha! Whatever it was, it was great!

GM: Paulie Italiano taking a tremendous beating. Hoefner tagging Ginn, and rushing across the ring... knocking the Stud off the apron with that running haymaker! They're going for the kill!

[Ginn gathers up Italiano on his shoulders in electric chair position, and walks him towards the corner where Hoefner is climbing up. Ginn turns

away from his partner, who leaps with the flying bulldog off of Ginn's shoulders alllllll the way down in a sickening crunch!]

BW: ___APOCALYPSE NOW___!

GM: And whatever else they may or may not be, Dichotomy perhaps has the most lethal maneuver in tag team wrestling. You can count to a thousand. This match is over.

[And after a Ginn cover, that does prove to be true.]

BW: Social media weeps, daddy. Salty salty tears. I love it.

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: The winners of the match... MATT GINN and MARK HOEFNER...
DICHOTOMY!

#WE! ARE! IN! CON! TROL!

["Vengeance" begins anew as Ginn dumps Italiano out of the ring like a sack of potatoes. Hoefner knocks the Stud off the apron again, out of simple malice. And then Dichotomy steps into center ring, haughtily demanding that the referee raise their hands.]

GM: A dominant victory for Dichotomy, who have a massive surge of momentum. They have collected some major scalps in 2014, particularly near the end of the year. But the major question is what is next, Bucky. Air Strike has a full dance card, even though this team believes themselves to be the just Number One Contenders.

BW: Simple. Just win, baby. Keep beating everyone who is anyone.

GM: I wonder...

BW: I don't like when you wonder.

[Dichotomy goes around ringside berating fans and smugly declaring themselves winners and number one contenders as Gordon and Bucky continue.]

GM: Since they need to continue gaining wins, and you're their advisor... I'm sure you could broker a match between them and another tag team to whom you are connected.

BW: Oh no. Nonono. Don't even THINK it. I said "everyone who is anyone", not "nobodies who are only related to somebodies". Don't you dare drag my idiot nephews into the same sentence as Dichotomy.

GM: I know the Wilde Bunch wants some competition. When they find out that you're an advisor to a top contending tag team.

BW: DON'T TELL THEM.

GM: We have monitor feeds backstage, Bucky.

BW: They're not very bright, Gordo, as long as nothing is directly spelled out, we'll be okay.

GM: You mean, like this? "Bucky Wilde is the advisor to Dichotomy, who is a top contending tag team. So the Wilde Bunch could probably ask Bucky to have Dichotomy sign to wrestle them."

BW: DAMMIT, MYERS!

[Gordon chuckles as the camera cuts back to he and a fuming Bucky Wilde at ringside.]

GM: We're going to have more action in this ring in just a moment, Bucky, but let's talk about the Brass Ring Tournament again for a moment.

BW: Driscoll's in! Houlder's gonna be in! Derrick Williams is in! What more is there to say?

GM: Why don't we talk about the rest of the Qualifying Matches to be held over the next two weeks? Of course, we mentioned earlier that we'll be seeing Sultan Azam Sharif collide with Callum Mahoney here on Saturday Night Wrestling in two weeks but I've just been informed that next Friday night in San Antonio at one of our live arena events, Jericho Kai will be taking on Hercules Hammonds. In addition to that, on Sunday afternoon in Oklahoma City, Pedro Perez will meet Brad Jacobs in a Qualifying Match.

BW: That should be a good one. Fans in OKC should buy their tickets ASAP.

GM: We'll see some highlights from both of those matches in two weeks' time here on The X. But along with Sharif and Mahoney, we'll also be seeing Travis Lynch taking on the muscle of Team Supreme, Cain Jackson in our final Qualifying Match. After that, we'll know seven of the eight competitors in the tournament. And right here, in two weeks' time, we'll also learn who the head of Empire Sports - Chris Blue - has selected as the eighth and final participant in the tournament! And right now, let's head back up to Phil Watson with one of the men we just mentioned in action!

[Cut back to the ring where the ring announcer is standing.]

PW: The following match is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, from Colorado Springs, Colorado... weighing 233 pounds...

ALBERT SHOWENS!

[Showens puts his hands together and bows to the crowd, then stretches his legs out, showing off his white gi pants.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The lights in the arena then go out, as the opening hook to "The Baddest Man Alive" by The Black Keys and RZA begins to play.]

#I could take the pitchfork from the devil
#Keep a super suit like I'm incredible
#From the deep, blue sea to the dark blue sky
#I'm the baddest man alive

[The crowd roars with boos, when they see Cain Jackson stepping through the curtains with members of Team Supreme in tow. Although missing their namesake and leader, the members of Team Supreme are all dressed in their trademark red and black tracksuits, with the exception of Jackson, who wears a sheer black version of the tracksuit, signifying his status above the rest of the pack.]

#I'd grab a crocodile by his tail
#Handcuff the judge, and put the cops in jail
#Make the meanest woman break down and cry
#I'm the baddest man alive
#I'm the baddest man alive

PW: ...he hails from Goose Creek, South Carolina....weighing two hundred and eighty-five pounds...he is...

"THE BEAST"

CAAAAAAIIIIINNNNN JAAAAACCCCCKKKKKSSSSSOOOOONNNN!!!

[Jackson is a large African-American male with a heavy beard and dreadlocks tied back into a high ponytail. Once he reaches the ring, he barks some orders at the other members of Team Supreme, who proceed to surround the ring. Removing his tracksuit, Jackson reveals black compression shorts with metallic blue and silver flames running along the sides and black and blue kneepads and boots.]

GM: As we saw earlier, Supreme Wright had some very ominous words to say regarding his loss of the AWA World Heavyweight title, but I wonder how the rest of Team Supreme has been holding up during the AWA's hiatus.

BW: I talked to Jackson earlier today, Gordo, and he told me that they've been training non-stop since SuperClash! In fact, Cain said he upped his training!

"DING DING!"

GM: And here we go!

[Showens circles around Jackson, looking hesitant to lock up with the massive Jackson. Cain goes to grab him, doubling the Judoka over with a kneelift to the gut. Throwing Showens into the ropes, Jackson scoops him up

for a sidewalk slam, but instead of immediately completing the move, he holds onto a struggling Showens and looks around with a smirk on his face...

...before leaping into the air and DRIVING him down into the canvas!]

GM: OHH!

BW: A sidewalk slam with impact like that'll drive the air outta' your lungs real quick!

GM: Jackson's not following up though, he's motioning for Showens to get back up!

BW: He wants Showens to put up a fight, Gordo. A man like Cain Jackson can't enjoy his work when they don't fight back!

[Jackson motions for Showens to get back to his feet as the martial artist slowly gets back to his feet, still looking reluctant to fight the much larger Jackson head on. They circle once again, before Jackson shoots in, but Showens slips behind him, firing off three forearms that seem to have minimal effect, before running into the ropes...]

GM: Showens trying some stick and move offense, into the ropes...

[...and ducking underneath a clothesline, jumping onto Jackson's back and latching on a rear-naked choke!]

GM: Showens is taking a page right out of Supreme Wright's playbook and attempting to choke Cain Jackson out!

BW: If you can lock that hold in deep enough, you can put anyone to sleep with it! But I bet this ain't the first time Jackson's ever been locked in this hold!

GM: At SuperClash, Cain Jackson had no answer for The Sultan's Camel Clutch and was forced to submit. Will he be forced to submit here?

[We see Jackson fighting off the choke, using his left arm to prevent the choke from being locked in fully around his throat. With one swift motion, Jackson drops down, taking Showens to the ground with him and rolls over, ending up on top of Showens in a half-mount!]

GM: Jackson breaks the hold!

BW: That was slick as heck, Gordo. You can tell Jackson's been putting in work at the dojo, 'cause he knew exactly how to counter that!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Jackson raises his right fist...

...smashing it into Showens' face five times in rapid succession!]

GM: WHAT BRUTAL PUNCHES!

BW: That'll leave a mark!

[The referee admonishes him for closed fists, as Jackson ignores him and pulls Showens up to his feet. Jackson then wraps his arms around Showens and lifts the judoka off his feet, clamping on a bearhug. Holding Showens up in the air, Jackson throws him over his shoulder and walks him to a corner, where Matt Lance yells, "YOU GOT HIM, MAN! YOU GOT HIM!" right before...

"OHHHH!!!"

...he circles out, running nearly across the length of ring with him and then diving forward, SLAMMING him down!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A SLAM!

BW: That might've knocked Showens out! He almost drove him through the mat with that one, daddy!

[Showens looks hurt, but is still conscious. Holding on, Jackson picks Showens off the canvas and lifts him into the air for another double leg, turning away from the corner...

...and SLAMS him into the canvas once again!]

GM: OHH!!! Cain Jackson is just wearing out Albert Showens with these slams!

BW: If the first one didn't get him, that one had to! He almost put him through the ring!

[Jackson nails a stiff elbow to the jaw as he gets off Showens' prone body, spinning away and throws his arms and head back before unleashing a primal roar that draws boos from the crowd and chants from his Team Supreme brethren.]

"BEAST!"

"BEAST!"

"BEAST!"

"BEAST!"

"BEAST!"

BW: He's going into "Beast" mode, Gordo!

[Dragging a limp Showens back to his feet, Jackson stands him up, before suddenly running to the ropes. He lets loose another massive scream as he rebounds off, going into a full spin and OBLITERATING Showens with a discus lariat!]

GM: WHAT IMPACT! Cain Jackson turned Albert Showens inside out with that lariat!

BW: He tried to separate the man's head from his body is what he was doing, Gordo!

[Backing into a corner, Jackson slaps his leg, waiting for a VERY dazed Showens to get back to his feet.]

GM: Cain Jackson's calling for that devastating Big Boot!

BW: If Showens knows what's good for him, he'll stay down!

[As Showens gets back up, Jackson charges out of the corner like a runaway train...]

"SMMAAACCK!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM and BW: OHHH!!!

BW: I've seen a whole lotta' men throw a big boot in my time, Gordo, but I don't think there's many that ever threw one like Cain Jackson!

GM: I'd have to agree with you, Bucky. When Cain Jackson hits that Big Boot, it's usually lights out for his opponent!

[However, instead of going for the pin, Jackson glares down at Showens...

...and then pulls him up by the hair.]

GM: Wait a minute! He's got Showens beat! What's he doing???

BW: You might think he's got Showens beat, but Cain Jackson ain't done with him yet!

[He turns to the Team Supreme members at ringside, yelling...]

"HAS HE HAD ENOUGH!?!"

[And all the members of Team Supreme respond with a resounding: "NO!!!"]

GM: We've seen this before! When Jackson had that match with Tony Donovan last year, he asked Team Supreme if he should show him mercy and Team Supreme said "No"!

BW: And we never got to see what he was gonna' do to Donovan, 'cause his daddy came out to save him! Maybe we'll get to see what happens now!

[Jackson drops Showens down in the middle of the ring and steps out onto the apron, where he begins to climb up the turnbuckles!]

GM: Wait a minute, he's going to the top rope!?

BW: Remember what you said about Cain Jackson a while ago, Gordo? You said we ain't even begun to scratch the surface of what he's capable of! Well, I think we're gonna' see a little bit of what he's capable of right now!

[Jackson places one foot onto the top turnbuckle, before holding out his arms and imploring the crowd to make some noise, bringing about a roar of jeers! Meanwhile, the members of Team Supreme begin beating their fists onto the apron in rhythm, as Jackson steps up to the top rope and grins...

...before sailing through the air and CRUSHING Albert Showens beneath him with a massive Frog Splash!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SPLASH!

BW: He crushed him flatter than a pancake, daddy!

GM: And there's the pin! ONE! TWO! THREE!

["I'm the Baddest Man Alive" begins to play, as Jackson raises his arms in victory. On the outside, the members of Team Supreme applaud him, while the rest of the crowd boos him viciously.]

GM: A very impressive win by Cain Jackson.

BW: He showed things in that match that we ain't ever seen from him. Supreme Wright's gonna' make this kid into a champion.

GM: Speaking of Supreme Wright, Lou Blackwell will try to get some answers from Cain Jackson regarding what we heard from the former World Champion earlier tonight!

[We cut to a shot of Cain Jackson walking to the back with the rest of Team Supreme following behind him, as we see "Sweet" Lou Blackwell suddenly appear in their way.]

LB: Cain Jackson! Cain Jackson! May I have a word with you, sir!

CJ: No.

[Jackson goes to walk away, but Lou is persistent.]

LB: You've gotta' give me more than that! Your employer Supreme Wright-

[Cain glares at Blackwell, slightly annoyed.]

CJ: MENTOR.

LB: Teacher, employer, mentor...whatever! Supreme Wright basically declared war on Ryan Martinez's friends and family! What do you have to say about that?

CJ: What do I have to say about that?

LB: Yeah! Give us the inside scoop!

[Jackson strokes his beard in thought for a moment, before looking down at Lou.]

CJ: I guess you could say, he has some...

[A smirk.]

CJ: ...unfinished business.

"YEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"

[That was Matt Lance suddenly coming up from behind Blackwell and screaming that, not Pete Townshend. And with that, Team Supreme walks off., leaving behind Blackwell, who shakes his head at them]

LB: Cain Jackson and Team Supreme might not be saying anything, but The Hotline's heard plenty about this situation! Want to hear what my sources have told me? Then call the brand new AWA hotline at 1-900-505-5500! It's \$1.99 for the first minute and 99 cents each additional minute - kids, get your parents' permission before dialing! We'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Fade to black.

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

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

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

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

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

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

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

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

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

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

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

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

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

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

"And now their stories can be told."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade to black.

We cut back to the ring, where Phil Watson looks a bit flustered... due to the presence of "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett and his monstrous charge, KING Oni.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. We'd love to proceed with our show, but apparently "Doctor" Fawcett has other plans in mind.

BW: He told me he knows where some pirate gold is buried, quiet down Gordo!

[Fawcett smiles, nodding at the crowd.]

"D"HF: My most sincere apologies for this intrusion.

[The crowd boos Fawcett's trademark insincerity.]

"D"HF: I am merely here to help celebrate this illustrious company's incredible achievement. The ability to be seen in more homes and by more people than ever before!

[The crowd begins a slow, sort of cautious applause. As if they're uneasy because Fawcett has said something they can actually agree with.]

"D"HF: Even more importantly, the ability for one such as myself to spread the good word of our sovereign lord to more supple minds than ever before!

[And now they much more comfortably begin to boo him.]

"D"HF: Distilled in a format that even the most unformed of minds can comprehend and absorb...

[Fawcett flashes a momentary look of disgust.]

"D"HF: ... the music video. So, beloved friends, join me in gazing upon true splendor.

[Fawcett gestures towards the video wall as we cut to--]

[The haunting melody of "Kogame Kogame" by Hatsune Miku and Megurine Luka begins to play as we open on a tight shot of schoolchildren playing some sort of "Ring Around The Rosie" type schoolyard game, laughing as they dance and skip by. As the Japanese vocal begins, subtitles in English appear at the bottom of the screen.]

#An old building out of the sun's reach#

[We cut to a view of the house "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett was first seen in before discovering KING Oni.]

#Hallways with decay starting to leach#

[Another cut, to the cave opening at the base of the mountain which Fawcett entered to discover Oni.]

#Is a room, inside which, forsaken children dwell#

[Fawcett and several workers enter the cave, a hazy mist laying heavy in the air.]

#We have been waiting forever for you#

[Cut to the scene of Oni emerging from the water behind Fawcett, who raises his gem to the sky.]

#We're so happy! We're so happy!#

[And to Fawcett bursting out with maniacal laughter.]

#Let's play nicely, shall we?#

[Cut to Oni crushing a hapless victim in the corner.]

#Kagome, Kagome - Just so that you can't escape#

[And we return to the playing children, panning back to see they are indeed skipping around someone... or something.]

#Kagome, Kagome - What games will we play?#

[We pan all the way back, and now see they are skipping in a circle around a snarling KING Oni.]

#Before the moon sets again, you can play with us until then#

[Back on the beach, as Oni slaps his massive hands together... seemingly crushing the full moon.]

#Kagome, Kagome - Who surrounds you everywhere?#

[Oni steps in between "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett and Kevin Slater.

A maddening instrumental interlude of synth keyboard and toy piano, as we see rapid fire cuts of Oni destroying opponents with open handed slaps and headbutts.]

#Orphanage deep in the forest greens, so no one would find the dark machines#

[Fawcett grins cruelly at his glowing gem.]

#Made from a little child's brain - Immortality built from children's pain#

[A cut of a laughing, skipping boy of no more than five... and then a pan up of a bellowing KING Oni.]

#Children at the orphanage circle the teacher with a smiling face#

[We zoom out a bit more, revealing "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett nodding in approval as he wields his gem at monster and children alike.]

#Kagome, Kagome - Children, you just lost the game#

[Another quick cut of Oni crushing opponent after opponent with the Cracked Earth.]

#Kagome, Kagome - Please don't run, you're the same#

[Cut to a bonfire at night, as children in Cub Scout uniforms run screaming in the night as Oni steps into view.]

#Before the moon sets again, cut their necks as they cried#

[Cut to Oni working over "Outback" Zack Kelly in the corner with the Demon Hammer, battering him senseless with a series of vicious forearm chops to both sides of Kelly's head.]

#Kagome, Kagome - Who surrounds you everywhere?#

[Cut to Oni's debut at the Rumble, snarling like a rabid dog at the men surrounding him in the ring.

Cut - Oni delivers a massive headbutt to the back of Tony Sunn's head, sending the former World Television Champion to the mat instantly.

Cut - To Oni slapping a charging Supernova across the face, causing the colorful fan favorite to flip in the air before dropping to the canvas.

Cut - To Jack Lynch raining down blows on Oni's head that have no effect... other than causing Oni to hurl the King of the Cowboys off the ropes and to the mat.]

#Even if your arm is taken#

[Oni gnaws on a hapless opponent's arm as Fawcett distracts the referee.]

#Even if your head is crushed#

[Oni grabs "Outback" Zack Kelly by the head and delivers a brutal headbutt... and then continues to hold him up so he can deliver a second skull-crushing headbutt.]

#The children smile at you sweetly#

[Cut back to the playing children skipping a circle around Oni.]

#Kagome, Kagome - Don't run away, you'll be missed#

[Oni suddenly shakes his head violently, swiping at a passing schoolboy. He grabs the boy by the back of the shirt as the other children run for their lives.]

#Kagome, Kagome - Please drink with us, we insist#

[Fawcett walks over with a dark smile, raising his gem directly up to Oni's face. The beast releases the child, staring with blank wonder at the shining gem.]

#Kagome, Kagome - Play forever with us#

[Fawcett then lowers the gem and stares directly at the camera... grinning from ear to ear like a Cheshire Cat.]

#Kagome, Kagome - Who surrounds you everywhere?#

[Oni follows his gaze, and then with a bellow charges at the camera as the scene is quickly and violently replaced with static.]

We cut back to the ringside area as Gordon and Bucky look stunned.]

BW: That was...

GM: Disturbing. Speaking of disturbing, I can't help but notice that these two have yet to exit the ring, even after presenting their "message".

[Cut back to the ring.]

"D"HF: You are welcome. It was entirely my pleasure. Although, sure you cannot expect to be given such a gift and not have the good grace to return it in kind.

[Fawcett nods at his KING.]

"D"HF: We can wait all night long if needed. But I really do hope and pray that such a distasteful display will not be necessary.

Your minds, every last one, have drank deeply of our vision of truth.

[Fawcett raises his gem towards Oni, who grits his teeth.]

"D"HF: And now, anyone of you in the back... FEED THE BEAST.

[Fawcett lowers the mic.]

GM: What the... "Feed the beast"... what in the world does that even mean, Bucky?

BW: I think Fawcett wants competition for his monster, Gordo!

GM: Just like that? He wants someone to agree to face this behemoth on ZERO notice? Who in the world would even think of doing such a thing? Who would...?

[The curtain parts... and the crowd buzzes with surprise.]

BW: Now, wait a second...

GM: Oh yeah! If Fawcett wants his monster to be challenged, he may be about to get his wish!

[The buzz grows louder as Solomon Shock and Alexander Awe - the duo known collectively as Shock and Awe - make their way down the aisle.]

Fawcett looks... a little more concerned than his usual expression as the two men draw nearer.]

BW: Which one of them is accepting the challenge?

GM: I'd wager that BOTH of them are! We've heard talk as of late that Solomon Shock and Alexander Awe have been on a bit of a hot streak on the live event circuit and that Shock even gave a recent interview to the Wrestling Watcher saying that 2015 was going to be a big year for him.

[The 6'4" Shock stands about 270 pounds, thick and muscular, his hair having grown out into a ponytail since we last saw him. He points at the ring, swinging his powerful arms back and forth across his chest as his partner walks close behind. Awe rocks a mohawk and has his beard shaved into a chin spike. His eyes are wild as he sticks out his tongue, growling at the ring.]

GM: Now, this could be VERY interesting, Bucky.

[Shock and Awe turn towards one another just beyond the ramp, giving one another a high ten, shouting loudly before they turn towards the ring where Awe climbs through the ropes, coming quickly towards KING Oni as Fawcett vacates the ring.]

GM: Alexander Awe is in... big right hand! And another! And another!

[But the blows don't seem to be bothering the 514 pound beast as Awe throws one after another, letting loose a powerful "AGGH!" with every swing. He grabs an arm, looking for an Irish whip...

...but Oni is going nowhere. Awe sets, trying again...]

GM: Alexander Awe is 260 pounds of solid muscle and he can't even budge this monster!

[Awe goes for it a third time before Oni simply pulls his arm back, sending Awe flying across the ring, crashing down on the mat. He quickly gets up...

...and wishes he hadn't as Oni comes stampeding in, crushing Awe against the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AVALANCHE IN THE CORNER!

[Awe comes wobbling out...

...and a devastating knife-edge chop across the throat lays him out on the canvas. Oni stares down at the man who dared to attack him, slowly lifting his eyes towards Solomon Shock, beckoning the man to come join his partner in the ring.]

GM: Oni's not done! He wants Shock as well!

[Oni plants a foot on the chest of Awe, staring out at Shock as he steps up, putting all his weight on the sternum of the smaller man who cries out, screaming in pain from the simplest of moves...

...and then steps back down to the canvas, eyes still locked on Shock who shakes his head, waving a dismissive gesture towards the ring.]

GM: Wait a second! Is Solomon Shock walking out on his partner?!

BW: It certainly looks that way.. and can you blame him?!

GM: Well, I certainly wouldn't want to get in the ring with KING Oni if I were him either but... that's his partner! They've been partners for years now! He's just walking away from him!

[Fawcett can be heard loudly cackling - that deep, dark laugh as Oni stands and watches Solomon Shock walk out of view before he turns towards a grinning Fawcett who shouts...]

"BLESSINGS GO OUT, ONI GOES IN!"

[...just before Oni DEMOLISHES a prone Alexander Awe with a KING-sized splash!]

GM: Good god almighty.

[Oni stays on top of Awe, waiting as Fawcett orders a nearby official who is waiting for the next match to slide in, slapping the mat three times.]

GM: That wasn't a match! That wasn't a sanctioned match!

BW: You want to tell Oni that?

GM: Certainly not.

[Fawcett re-enters the ring, holding the gem close to Oni's eyes, forcing him to rise off the motionless Awe.]

GM: Alexander Awe is completely motionless. He might be... who knows what kind of damage KING Oni just did to him? Broken ribs?

BW: If he's lucky.

GM: No one's lucky when it comes to KING Oni.

BW: Except Doctor Harrison Fawcett.

GM: Fans, let's... let's go over to Colt Patterson.

[We fade to the interview platform and Colt Patterson standing with a microphone in hand. Patterson gets his cue and raises the microphone to his lips and begins.]

CP: Thanks, Gordon... and I've got a treat for everyone tonight! I'd like to welcome a man who needs no introduction, considering his face hangs from the rafters, but I'll do it anyway for new viewers. Former PWR Champion. AWA National Tag Team Champion. Stampede Cup winner. AWA National Champion. AWA World Champion.

Ladies and gentlemen... "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne!

[ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" fires up on the Crockett Coliseum PA system and the crowd responds with a healthy collective jeer as the curtain parts and from it emerges Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne is clad in a pair of gray slacks and a red v-neck sweater that covers a gingham dress shirt and black tie; his hair pulled back into a tight pony tail. He takes a deep bow to the jeering crowd before heading towards Patterson in the interview area.]

CP: Calisto Dufresne, welcome back to Dallas, and more importantly, welcome to the X!

CD: Honestly, Colt, it still looks like the same dump that I remember. A new TV deal is great and all – a bigger audience to buy my merchandise never hurt – but a new TV deal isn't going to change the fact that we still come to this God-forsaken city way too often.

[Dufresne looks out at the crowd as they continue their booing.]

CD: What is it that you inbreds say? Lipstick on a pig or some such nonsense?

[A snort of derision from Dufresne.]

CP: You requested interview time tonight...

CD: I want to talk about SuperClash.

[Patterson nods.]

CP: You were oh-so-close to winning Steal the-

[Dufresne cuts Patterson off with a wave of dismissal.]

CD: Not Steal the Spotlight. I told Johnny Detson that it was his time to shine and I made sure it happened, just like I said I would. I eliminated the competition for him and then willingly got out of his way so that he can eventually have his moment of glory since I've had too many to count already as you mentioned before I came out here.

Calisto Dufresne is a man of his word.

[Patterson cocks an eyebrow at this version of the match.]

CD: Steal the Spotlight is not what caught my interest at SuperClash. It was the fact that I saw something that belongs to me. Something near and dear.

That which was lost has now been found.

CP: I'm not sure I gather what you're saying...

CD: The National Title. The title that was _stolen_ from me years ago at Westwego by that _criminal_ Mark Langseth. It seems like Chris Blue found out what hole Langseth has been hiding in for the past four years and managed to buy it back from him.

Well, I'm here tonight to receive my title back now that the AWA brass has had it returned.

[Dufresne turns to the entryway, waiting expectantly. Patterson stammers a bit.]

CP: Uh, Calisto, I don't think they're going to be giving you the National Title back...

[Dufresne turns to Patterson.]

CD: Why not? It belongs to me. I want it back.

CP: Landon O'Neill has decided that the winner of the Brass Ring tournament will be the new National Champion.

[Dufresne looks utterly confused.]

CD: Who is Landon O'Neill?

CP: The new AWA President...

[An exasperated Dufresne stares at Patterson.]

CD: Another one? This place goes through management like I go through Playboy bunnies. No wonder he's talking about a ridiculous tournament. He must not know the history behind the National Title and the travesty that occurred to me.

[Not wanting to set Dufresne off, Patterson nods slowly.]

CP: Yeah... that must be it.

[Dufresne stares at the camera, speaking directly to Landon O'Neill.]

CD: Well, Lincoln O'Neill, this is your chance. You have two weeks to return my belongings to me. We're not going to hold a tournament, a battle royal, a

random lottery or a game of duck-duck-goose to see who the new champion is.

I am the AWA National Champion, and two weeks from now on Saturday Night Wrestling, I will be looking forward to my coronation, returning Calisto Dufresne to his proper place in the pantheon of champions.

See ya then, boss.

[And on that note, "Sharp Dressed Man" kicks in over the PA system once again and Dufresne turns on his heel and marches back through the curtain, chased by boos from the Dallas faithful. Fade to black.]

We fade to Supernova standing before the camera. He is dressed in a tuxedo. He has his face painted as well, which makes it all the more amusing he's dressed in a Tux.]

S: My name is Supernova.

[We cut back to a wider shot. Behind Supernova, on the wall, is a lifelike facsimile of himself, which he motions back to.]

S: And this is a Fathead. A lifelike wall decal. People keep mistaking the Fathead for me, and it's ruining my life.

[Mark Stegglet enters the shot, mic in hand. He approaches the Fathead Supernova.]

MS: Supernova, you've got a title shot coming up. Are you ready for it?

[Mark seems puzzled that the Fathead doesn't respond. We go back to Supernova.]

S: I'm not the only one who is experiencing this problem. Every day, Fatheads are being mistaken for all kinds of AWA wrestlers.

Ryan Martinez.

[Cut to a shot of a Martinez Fathead, in the room of a child who is pumping his fist like he just won the World title.]

S: Supreme Wright.

[Cut to a shot of a Wright Fathead, in the room of another child, his index finger raised and mouthing "Best in the World!"]

S: Travis Lynch.

[Cut to a shot of a Travis Lynch Fathead, in the room of a teenage girl, who is jumping up and down.]

S: Even Frankie Farelli.

[Cut to a shot of a Farelli Fathead, on the wall of a New England Patriots fan's living room. We know he's a Patriots fan because he wears a Tom Brady jersey. We cut back to Supernova.]

S: A Fathead is a great addition to any room, but please remember not to confuse one for the real thing. The easiest way to tell the difference between a wrestler and a Fathead is to just ask them how they are doing. A real wrestler is going to say they are lonely, because they aren't being talked to any more. But a Fathead will not respond, because it's a wall decal.

[Cut back to Stegglet, still standing in front of the Supernova Fathead.]

MS: Supernova, you aren't mad at me, are you?

[Cut backstage to Colt Patterson standing in front of the AWA banner. He's center screen with a mic in one hand and around him a trio of men who are instantly recognizable; the Lights Out Express. All we can of them are their upper bodies and Lenny Strong has a black and gold track jacket on zipped up to the collar with his shoulder length hair spilling out over it. Anderson's jacket is unzipped shown' off his tanned and chiseled physique which is still evident despite the hair that is peppered across his chest. To the other side of Patterson is Donnie White lookin' a bit out of place in his sleeveless silver duster and his mohawk flattened underneath a Memphis Grizzlies cap as he's moments away from his final preparation before his match with Shadoc Rage in just a short while.]

CP: I am standing here backstage with the Number One Contenders to the World Tag Team Titles. The men who walked into SuperClash and upset the Hall of Fame duo known as the Epitome of Cool. The men –

[Strong nudges his head over the mic.]

LS: Im'ma gonna go ahead and stop ya right there, Colt. Now I know you've probably got yer Coolio sunglasses on your bedside table seein' as how you spent some time in Los Angeles with Thomas and Sterling but an upset? Nah, nah, brother. It was an upending. It was the Lights Out Express doin' what nobody in the world does better than us. It was tag team poetry in motion when Anderson, White, and myself proved that them old-timers need to let the legacy be just that...

...some'em of the past. 'Cause that's what them boys are. Past their prime. I'd love to sit here and tell ya that we put Thomas and Sterling down when they were on top of their game but we all know that them boys are just a shell of what they once were and that's a fact, jack.

Now don't get me wrong, what we proved at SuperClash was anything short of epic. Them boys are former champions of everything tag team wrestling and Hall of Famers...no doubt. They've still got some good moves left in em' and against Dichotomy or Strictly Business or some strung together tandem they probably woulda rode off into the sunset. Problem is, there weren't no more horses to hand at SuperClash after the White Knight raided Blackjack's

ranch and the sun seems to have already set on their careers. The message should be as clear as Alex Martinez' decision to leave Hollywood was bad. In order to take down this locomotive...if ya want to derail the Lights Out Express? Ya gotta be better than good. Hell ya gotta be better than great, brother. Because that's what ya see in front of your eyes. Greatness personified.

CP: There's no question in my mind that you have been on quite a hot streak over the past year. You had an impressive run in Japan...

[Anderson huffs at the mention of Japan.]

CP: You won the World Tag Team Titles from Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds. And if it wasn't for the blemish of Air Strike beating you at –

AA: I'd suggest you select your words a bit more carefully, Colt. Mertz and Aarons didn't [miming quotes] "beat us", my man. They didn't even pin the right man. If it weren't for Jagger's ignorance we'd still be holding the tag team titles around our waist where they belong. Now we could have whined and cried and argued our case with the boys in the suits but we learned an important lesson in Japan.

The suits, they aren't on our side. They don't look out for the Lights. Ya know who does?

CP: Who?

[Anderson gestures to Lenny, Donnie, and himself.]

AA: You're lookin' at them, Colt. We're tired of relying on other people to make sure our best interest is there top priority. Karl O'Connor didn't have our back. The Wise Men didn't have our back. The officials don't have our back. And Sandra Hayes...

[There's a long, lingering pause.]

AA: It was time for us to kick her to the back.

CP: Since you brought it up, why the change in direction? After all, Sandra Hayes played a pivotal role in getting those titles around your waist in the first place.

LS: Did she now? Did Sandra Hayes run the gauntlet two years in a row to get us in the Stampede Cup? Did Sandra Hayes lift Hercules Hammonds up onto her shoulders and throw him to herself and slam him down with a powerbomb?

OF COURSE NOT! Sandra Hayes had a purpose. It wasn't winnin' matches and it sure wasn't winnin' championships. What ya saw at SuperClash was the straw that snapped the camel's back, Colt. Ya heard, Aaron. We've been done wrong by this company not once, not twice, and fact is a third, fourth, and fifth time is inevitably on its way. Our "manager" is supposed to

ensure that kinda crap doesn't happen. Our manager is supposed to make certain to right those kinda wrongs. But the moment she became more of a liability than a luxury it was time to send her packin' to whatever dump Terry Shane dragged her outta.

[Strong gestures to all three members of the Lights.]

LS: We got our own back now. We got our own game plan. We got our own way of goin' 'bout things and we got Air Strike dead in our sight. Ya want to address the events of SuperClash then lets lay it all out there.

We are the number one and ONLY contenders to the World Titles. Mertz, Aarons, this is your notice. It's the only one yer gonna get. You can go back to playin' hookie and hopscotch with Morton and Haynes when we're done with ya but it's in your best interest to quit this cat and mouse charade in Japan and get yourselves into the ring right in front of ya. Cause that's where the Lights are gonna be and we've only got one thing on our mind and that's reclaimin' the titles ya stole from us.

Kinda ironic how things played out for ya, ain't it?

But that's how things work around here and now that you're at the top it's time you realized it. It ain't always about who deserves it and half the time it ain't even about who earned it in that ring. It's 'bout who wants it most and who ain't afraid to do whatever is necessary to keep those titles around their waists. Ain't that right, big fella.

[Anderson nods, arms folded against his chest.]

LS: Now ya can keep on runnin' if ya want but lemme tell ya straight up, we're gonna catch up to ya. When we do? We're gonna make ya pay for what happened at All-Star Showdown. We're gonna show the world that there's only one team that deserves to be called the very BEST this world has to offer and it starts with LIGHTS...

[Strong lifts his elbow up and drives it into his other hand creating a loud "SMACK!" sound.]

LS: ...and ends with us knockin' your teeth out.

AA: And there ain't no way around THAT.

[Anderson sneers at the camera as a voice calls out from out of sight.]

"Did I hear these three right, Cody?"

[Air Strike storms into the picture, both members with sour looks on their face.]

MA: We're on notice? We've been wrestling as the Tag Team Champions of the World for the past two months, we've been representing both the AWA and TPP over in Japan and we're on notice?

[Aarons looks at Mertz, then at Colt, and then at the trio, shaking his head.]

MA: No, no. Let me tell you three jacks something... that top of the mountain, that apex, that summit you're trying to reach? All that's right here... in the high flying, death defying, dual tag team champions... AIR STRIKE!

[Aarons points at Anderson.]

MA: Not you.

[Aarons points at Strong.]

MA: Not you.

[Aarons points at White.]

MA: And not you. You stole those titles from SkyHerc. Cry all you want, but we beat you for those titles. Like we were told, you don't like it; do something about it!

[Mertz walks into the picture.]

CM: You three seem to think we're hard to find. We've never hid from you and were not going to start now. You guys "missed" us so much let's make it easy for you. We'll be out there in that ring in about two minutes.

[Mertz points towards the ring area.]

CM: You want a shot at us? Come find us.

[With that, Air Strike storms out, presumably heading towards the ring. The Lights Out Express looks a bit surprised, breaking out into a huddle of their own as we fade from backstage...

...out to the interior of the arena, showing a panning shot of the crowd.]

GM: What in the...? Did Air Strike just challenge the L-O-E to a fight?!

BW: Mertz and Aarons are getting big heads if they think they can just up and take someone on in a fight. Those two in an actual tag team wrestling match against the Lights Out Express? They stand a chance. In a fight? No chance... that's what they've got.

GM: Well, so far, there's no sign of-

[The crowd ROARS as Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons march into view, heading straight down the ramp without even acknowledging the cheering fans.]

GM: Wow. Air Strike is all business here - not even looking to the fans they love so much.

[Mertz and Aarons step through the ropes into the ring, turning immediately to shout down the aisle, waving their foes towards the ring...]

GM: Air Strike, the AWA World Tag Team Champions and the Global Tag Crown Champions are in the ring, ready for a fight against the team they beat to win those AWA titles back last September...

[Suddenly, the crowd breaks into jeers as the Lights Out Express - all three of them - come walking down the aisle into view.]

GM: Here they come, Bucky!

BW: Did you think that the Lights Out Express were AFRAID of Air Strike?! They're gonna come down here and kick their teeth right down their stinkin' throats!

[Aaron Anderson is the first one through, ducking through the ropes as Michael Aarons storms him, throwing a series of right hands as Donnie White catapults over the top rope. He and Mertz collide in a clash of haymakers as the crowd roars to life!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands!

BW: Look at the courage of Donnie White to come out here even though he's got a World Television Title match still coming up later!

[White and Mertz are still trading shots when Lenny Strong steps in, winding up, and clubs Mertz between the shoulderblades with a double axehandle!]

GM: Strong from behind!

[Strong spins Mertz around, throwing three short forearms to the side of the head as Michael Aarons knocks Anderson down into a seated position in the corner, stomping the heck out of him.]

GM: Aarons is all over Anderson but Strong and White have Mertz in trouble!

BW: The numbers game, daddy!

[Strong pulls Mertz' arms back behind him, holding him as Donnie White throws right hand after right hand to the midsection. White finally pulls him away, grabbing an arm...]

GM: White with the whip....

[The two men set for a double backdrop but Mertz turns, backflipping over the duo to cheers. He leaps into the air, lashing out with a split-legged dropkick that sends them both down to the mat.]

GM: Down goes Strong and White!

[Mertz turns his attention to the corner where Aarons is working over the Axeman...]

GM: Air Strike's pulling Anderson up off the floor...

[A double whip sends Anderson across the ring, throwing a double dropkick that knocks him down to the mat.]

GM: Down goes Anderson off the double dropkick!

[Aarons turns back to the recovering Strong, pulling him up by the hair. He grabs an arm, looking for a whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[And as Aarons hits the ropes, Donnie White reaches up, pulling down the rope to send Aarons sailing over the top rope, crashing down to the floor!]

GM: Aarons over the top and down HARD on the floor!

[A shocked Mertz tries to attack Strong, knocking him back to the corner where he slams shoulder after shoulder into the body...]

...but Strong fires back with a trio of short knees, straightening up Mertz, sending him staggering back...]

GM: Mertz is dazed and-

[Strong goes into a full spin, throwing a rolling elbow into the side of the head, sending Mertz spinning away...]

...into Aaron Anderson who twists around, throwing a big boot into the side of the head!]

GM: CYCLONE KICK CONNECTS!

[Mertz collapses on the mat, Anderson and Strong standing over him. Strong marches over to the ropes, giving a signal to the ring announcer, getting a handheld mic.]

LS: And that takes care of that!

[Anderson and Strong share a high five as Donnie White slides back into the ring, jumping up and down as Strong speaks again.]

LS: We've proven we can beat you whenever we want! And while we can't get the belts for beating you, we CAN still be the champs!

[The crowd pours down boos on him.]

LS: These people may not like it but we don't care. We want our shot that we won fair and square... we want our shot that we've got coming to us... and we want it in two weeks' time with the whole world watching!

[Strong stands over Cody Mertz, staring down at him.]

LS: I'll take it by your silence that you accept.

[He smirks, dropping the mic on Mertz' prone chest. The crowd boos wildly as the Lights Out Express make their exit from the ring as we fade to black.]

A black screen slowly fades to a graphic that reads as follows, accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[And then we cut to a grainy handheld camera, walking around the ringside floor of a small arena. Dimly lit and filled to capacity, the arena boasts a crowd that is loud and rowdy.]

VOICEOVER: The whole world has its eyes on Dallas, every Saturday Night.

[We get a couple of quick clips from Saturday Night Wrestling, of major stars in action. Juan Vasquez hitting the right cross on Stevie Scott. Alphonse Green nailing Dave Cooper with the Hunger Strike. Jack Lynch chasing Demetrius Lake in an effort to Claw him. After this, we go back to the handheld. The user is climbing the ring steps, giving us a first person view of what it must be like for a wrestler to enter that ring.]

VOICEOVER: But what about those two weeks in between? You hear us promote the great action all over Texas and nearby states. And every summer, we travel all around the world. No TV production; just a gala featuring the AWA stars and a few thousand of their closest friends.

[The cameraman walks around the ring, filming the crowd. There are about five thousand here, and a sign that bids all welcome to the Cal Farley Coliseum in Amarillo, Texas.]

VO: What great matches have we never seen? How much blood was spilled in the pursuit of a dream, and we never knew?

[Now more clips... in less professionally-produced areas. The clips feature not only current, but former AWA stars. We see Rick Marley with a flying headscissors taking down Shadoe Rage. We see The Rave diving out of the ring at the Blonde Bombers. We see MAMMOTH Maximus pressing Kolya Sudakov overhead. We see Calisto 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.]

We fade to the interview area, where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing by.]

LB: Tremendous action here in our debut on The X, with much more to come, don't miss it! And speaking of more to come, what a crop of recent contract signings in the past two weeks by the American Wrestling Association! I've got the full rundown, including an exclusive on a man who is a household name the country over and his upcoming arrival here in the AWA, on the AWA Hotline. 1-900-505-5500. \$1.99 for the first minute, kids get your parents permission.

[As the shill is given, the number shows up on the bottom of the screen in chryon. During that, the reddish-brown bisht and white kaffiyeh that always adorns the Persian superstar, Sultan Azam Sharif. Sharif has an extremely sour look on his weatherbeaten face.]

LB: Come on in, Sultan Azam Sharif. Pahvlani keshvar out of the nation of Iran, where wrestling is truly the number one sport.

SAS: Dot's ogzackly right, Mistair Lou Sveet, ontollEgunt AmerEcun dot you are.

LB: A man with credentials a mile long. Silver medalist at the 2002 Asian Games, and an Olympian in 2004. The last holder of the European All-Catch Championship before the current champion, one Callum Mahoney, who had some unkind things to say about you earlier this evening.

SAS: You know, Mistair Lou Sveet, I hear vat Collum Muchoney say, but he vas hypocrat! Vat you diddunt know ven I told you I vas Olympic shampwon, Ashun Game shampwon, Europea shampwon, dot is my... vat did you call it? CRADENTIAL!

LB: Your resume, if you will.

SAS: OGZACKLY! Sultan Azam Sharif is here! Now! Two tousun fifteen! Un I say vat I had done because dot is my cradential to say vat I will do now! But you diddunt raspec my cradential! You said you vont to be deh Bross Ring, but if you hod no cradential from being European shampwon, you wouldn't hof deh shance to be deh Bross Ring. You smosh deh beautiful All-Cotch trophy dot all Europe know is vun of biggest honair in deh vurld. You spit on all European peepell ven you smosh deh trophy on my head, un I vasn't gunna let you spit on beautiful Eurpean peepell dot vas so nice to me.

LB: Sultan, most guys I know would be livid that they were attacked by their own tag team partner during a match. But it sounds like you're more upset that he broke the trophy!

SAS: Mistair Lou Sveet, I om vat I said I vas! Olympic shampwon, Ashun Game shampwon, European shampwon, pahvlani keshvar varzesh-e pahlavani! Dot is not deh past, dot is who I om, un dot is vhy you hit me vid trophy un I diddunt care about me. You not gunna stop me vid trophy! You not gunna hurt me vid trophy! But all deh time I vas in Europe, you know, all deh time verever I go, some peepell, dey hate me because I om Muslim.

But in Europe un here in USA, I meet so many beautiful peepell, Barakallah! Dey accepted me! Un dey love deh All-Cotch shampwonship because it vas deir shamwponship of deir country!

LB: Europe is a continent, Sultan, but I know what you mean... the All-Catch championship absolutely revered all throughout Germany, Italy, France, Austria, and all parts in between.

SAS: Now! Collum Muchoney, maybe you got some old country vay in Ireland about ravenge. But Stole Deh Spotlight wasn't for ravenge. You could hof got a motch vid Mistair Cain Jockson any time. But you jump in ring, un get in MY vay! Den by your own vurd you are still wrong! Un den you smosh deh trophy un broke deh heart of all European fans, all beautiful Iranian peepell. You gunna learn to be humbail un not to spit on all Europe un all Iran!

BUT RAMEMBAH! I diddunt forgot you cost me deh Stole Deh Spotlight! So by your own vurd, you gunna be deliver to my hond un I vill dastroy you! So den I vill get deh Bross Ring to made up for deh STole Deh Spotlight dot you took from me. AWA National Shampwonship is raspec by all ontollEgunt AmerEcun fans like vas deh All-Cotch Europe shampwonship to beaultiful European fans, un if I let you get dot, you gunna just break dot too! So I gunna break you first! CAMARAMAN, ZOOM IT!

[Sharif flexes the guns, only you can't see them under his bisht. He doesn't seem to notice or care.]

LB: Alright, fans, the big matchup in two weeks, don't you dare miss it when Sultan Azam Sharif takes on Callum Mahoney. It'll be a classic! But right now, we're going to see who else will be joining the Brass Ring Tournament field when Kyle Houlder takes on Cesar Hernandez who is standing by with my colleague Mark Stegglet! Mark?

[We open up at the interview stage, where Mark Stegglet is standing by with Mexican star Cesar Hernandez. Hernandez is a tall, rangy Mexican man with a lean but defined musculature. Cesar has voluminous shoulder-length black hair, slightly curled, a protruding nose, and a dusky skin tone. He's clean-shaven, and still looks pretty good for a forty-year-old man... though the scars of battles past do appear on his body. The veteran wears a yellow-and white voluminous ring jacket, white trunks, kneepads, and black boots.]

MS: Thanks, Lou! With me at this time, Cesar Hernandez, who in just a few moments is going to be taking on Kyle Houlder in a qualifying match for the Brass Ring tournament. Cesar, you had a rough end to 2014 as you defended the honor of the sport of professional wrestling against an outsider by the name of Frankie Farelli.

[Hernandez winces as this is recalled.]

MS: We have some footage, and I know you don't want to see it...

CH: You're wrong, Mark. I want to see it one more time. Put it up on the screen.

[We cut to footage, labelled NOVEMBER 8, 2014 - SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING. We see Hernandez, in purple trunks, in the ring with "First String" Frankie Farelli, a muscular man with shoulder length blonde hair and blue wrestling trunks featuring the New England Patriots logo and the number 73. The match is in progress.]

GM: Farelli gathers up Hernandez... bear hug! Punishing the back!

BW: Oh, this is punishing enough... but he's walkin' to the corner. Linin' up the Blitz! If he hits that, we're gonna see a Touchdown, and the end of Cesar Hernandez. He's gonna let all pro wrestlers down and never show his face again!

GM: Farelli running to the turnbuckles...

[Correction... limping to the turnbuckles. Frankie Farelli cannot get a full head of steam to smash Hernandez in the corner with the first part of the Blitz, which lets Cesar Hernandez take advantage by kicking the bad leg in mid-stride as he nears the corner! Hernandez falls out of his grip and drop toeholds his man on the way down, causing Farelli to barrel face first into the second turnbuckle! The crowd loudly cheers his misfortune!]

BW: OH NO!

GM: WHAT A COUNTER! FARELLI IS STUNNED!

BW: NO, STOP HIM!

[Hernandez jumps up, clutches his back briefly, but slaps his fist for the cheering crowd before dashing to the ropes. He runs off at top speed as Farelli turns around, and leaps into his famous flying knockout punch...]

GM: _MISIL DE JALISCO_!

[...but is interrupted with a loud whap as Farelli counters with the palm strike, snapping his head and neck back and dropping him out of the sky.]

BW: ZONE BLOCK COUNTER! INTERCEPTION, DADDY!

GM: Farelli indeed intercepted the Misil De Jalisco, and he's hooked Hernandez in a schoolboy rollup... AND HE HAS THE TIGHTS!

[Cesar Hernandez arches his back to kick out, but with the weakened back, Farelli's tight pull keeps his shoulders down as Hernandez's back merely straightens from the effort. He has to revise his approach and roll to the side... but at that point, the three count has just been made.]

BW: YES! JUSTICE IS DONE!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: THAT WAS AS FLAGRANT AS IT GETS!

BW: It was not! Farelli was using his body to shield it from the ref.

GM: Shameless! Frankie Farelli just stole the match with a handful of trunks!

PW: THE WINNER OF THE MATCH... "FIRST STRING" FRANKIE FARELLI!

[The flashback ends, and we return to live action at the interview stage. Hernandez has a grim, solem expression on his face. He points his finger at the camera, waving his hand up and down to punctuate his words.]

CH: I made a bad mistake. That man, Frankie Farelli, was trained by someone in professional wrestling. I don't know who, but somebody heard what he had to say about our sport and still trained him. But we all saw exactly what he learned. How to cheat, how to steal matches, and he's no different than many, Mark. I will have my day with him again. I'm ready for him anytime, anywhere. More ready than he is, I guess, after what we saw at SuperClash, ey?

[Hernandez briefly cracks a grin before continuing.]

CH: But you are correct, Mark, it was a bad way to end the year. And to open it up, I'll be atoning in the only way fitting. By keeping another disrespectful young mocoso, a punk, from getting his hands on a piece of our sport's great heritage. And that is the AWA National Championship.

Mark, it has been the dream of so many to hold that title. Men like Stevie Scott, though he used underhanded means to keep it. Men like Juan Vasquez. Men like Marcus Broussard, who has given to this sport in ways most fans do not realize. Men like Kolya Sudakov. These people, you may love them or hate them, but they respect professional wrestling. Even Calisto Dufresne, with the tactics he uses, at least he has some respect for this sport and what made it great. But Kyle Houlder, I see and hear how he says that it's all meaningless!

Houlder, just because you don't understand something doesn't make it meaningless, and just because nobody understands you doesn't make you a genius. I'll teach you a lesson in respect tonight, my friend, but whether you learn it or not is up to you. In any case, I'll be on to the Brass Ring tournament, because I want the belt that has meant so much to so many. It means the world to us. It means the world to me. And I will not let someone like you cheapen it by so much as looking at your reflection in it! Orale!

[Hernandez fistpumps, and the crowd cheers as the trumpet fanfare leading into "Himno del Chivas de Guadalajara" plays over the PA. Hernandez starts jogging off the interview platform and down the elevated aisle. As he jogs confidently down the aisle, he waves to the fans, fistpumps and claps, exhorting and greeting the fans on both sides of the aisle.]

GM: Alright, Bucky! Cesar Hernandez is refocused and ready to make a run at the Brass Ring. For all the right reasons... unlike his opponent, Kyle Houlder.

BW: You know what, Gordo? If you win it, that justifies you. Not your reasons, not doin' it the so-called "right way". Kyle Houlder wants to win the Brass Ring because he thinks it's funny that wrestlers care so much about championships. I don't agree with him on some of that, but I do say this: if he wins it, he earns the right to say whatever he wants about it. Because he'll have a shiny gold belt and paychecks that'll teach him why people want titles so much.

[It takes him little time to cover the distance to the ring, and he hops the rope, coming up in a big uppercut fistpump as the fans cheer.]

GM: That is a massive if, considering his opposition. Cesar Hernandez is a former PCW champion, a former Internacional Lucha Libre Champion, which was a precursor to South West Lucha Libre with which the AWA has a working agreement, and has also held gold in San Francisco. The protege of the legendary Jose Liriano. Hernandez is a contender to any championship he lays his eyes on, and if he should gain the AWA National Championship, he will be a fitting and deserving champion who fits in with the names who have held that belt in the past.

BW: Yeah? He's also a bully who abuses managers!

GM: Just you, and you were asking for it.

BW: Watch it, Myers...

[The music dies down, and Phil Watson begins the introduction.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and a fifteen minute time limit, and is a Qualifying Match in the Brass Ring Tournament!

[Cheers!]

PW: Introducing first, in the ring. From Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico... weighing two-hundred forty-two pounds... CESAR HERNANDEZ!

[Hernandez takes a slow jog about the ring, pumping his legs to limber up, as he greets and urges on the fans on each side.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The extremely dissonant piano and vocal slow open to "Schadenfreude" from the musical Avenue Q starts up...]

#Right now you are down and out, and feeling really crappy.
#And when I see how sad you are, it sorta makes me... HAPPY...

[At the word "Happy", the music picks up (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=t9B-ZoS0wvU>). The fans boo, but the curtain doesn't move.]

GM: Kyle Houlder is making Hernandez wait. That is a futile strategy against a veteran this seasoned.

BW: You have no idea what Houlder's planning, Gordo. Nobody knows what he's planning. The kid thinks on a different wavelength than everybody, and I don't think his schemes are gonna be real predictable.

[Finally, through the curtain comes Kyle Houlder... on a pair of crutches. He's wearing a dark grey longcoat which is open, revealing a black T-Shirt that reads "PROFESSIONAL TROLL" in white block letters, black cargo pants, and sneakers. There is a big cast on his right leg. Despite that, Houlder is smirking in bemusement as the crowd boos him roundly.]

GM: I'm calling eighty percent odds that this is a trick.

BW: Could be, Gordo.

[Houlder makes his way down the aisle via crutches as a good clip. When he gets to the ropes, he waves for the mic, which is handed to him by Phil Watson. Hernandez is standing very close, pointing at Houlder and chiding him for trying such an obvious trick.]

KH: Hey, everybody. Hail, Caesar.

[Hernandez angrily protests the disrespectful pronunciation of his name.]

KH: Okay. I don't care. Look, you think this is a fake injury I'm using as an excuse to kick you with a cast, dontcha?

[Hernandez nods.]

KH: Nope, wrong play. The injury's legit, because I... might have put a picture of the World Title on the side of Supreme Wright's carton of milk last week. How was I supposed to know I was gonna wrestle him the next day? Oh, well. Worth it!

[The fans cheer and boo at the same time, because to them that's actually pretty funny. Hernandez folds his arms and glares.]

KH: Anyway, I wanted it to be our little secret, because I know how much you were looking forward to, what was it, making sure that somebody disrespectful to wrestling didn't win the Brass Ring? Wow. That's some high level sanctimony right there. That's Chris Choisset level self-righteousness. You're like the Mexican Ryan Martinez except you might give a whit about your friends. Seriously, give yourself a round of applause because you reached new levels of being a tool.

[Now Hernandez is waving him on, yelling that he knows the injury is fake.]

KH: That IS my style, isn't it? Fake injury, to get an advantage on somebody? Yup, I'd do it. That's why this is hilarious! You're going to lose to someone who disrespects wrestling, if that is even a thing, because I'm using a REAL injury to my advantage. I've already gone to the AWA promoters and named a surrogate.

[And cue "A New Game" by Tom Hedden. The crowd goes bananas with boos, for a number of reasons, and Hernandez looks up towards the top of the aisle in shock...]

GM: CESAR! BEHIND YOU!

[And with the suddenness of thunder, Frankie Farelli (having run in through the crowd) jumps at Hernandez from behind, wrapping his neck and falling back to bend him backwards sharply over him, spiking his head to the mat on the way with the Horsecollar Tackle!]

BW: HA HA HA! This is poetic, daddy!

KH: That's my sub, ref, ring the bell!

GM: You can't be serious! Hernandez wasn't ready!

BW: And Farelli was? At SuperClash, when you said it was so great?!

GM: Frankie Farelli stomping away...

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: ...and I can't believe this! It was a setup!

BW: This is great! Frankie Farelli is on the biggest winning streak in sports history... who's going to stop him in the tournament?!

GM: He lost at SuperClash!

BW: Did you watch ANY sports during January?! Farelli off the ropes... now THAT is a spear, Gordo!

GM: The blindside attack left Cesar completely offguard, and Farelli breaks him in half with the spear! Shades of what Gladiator did to him at SuperClash!

BW: What's the matter? Don't like it now, Gordo? These fans don't like it all of a sudden?

GM: And now Farelli has Hernandez up in the bear hug... BLITZ!

[Farelli bullrushes Hernandez into the corner with the bear hug, then overhead belly-to-belly suplexes him out with vicious authority! Unlike usual, Farelli wastes zero time showboating before getting up on the second turnbuckle.]

GM: ALREADY?!

BW: Hernandez got blindsided in every way... __TOUCHDOWN__!

[There is a loud sickening CRACK as Farelli launches himself into the flying front elbow shot, lacing into Hernandez at high speed and smashing him to the canvas. Farelli hooks the leg in a tight amateur-style half nelson cradle... and gets the shocking three count as the crowd is stunned into near-silence for a moment. After that, they boo intensely.]

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: WOO HOO! This is the greatest match I have ever seen! Five stars, daddy!

GM: This is sickening! Cesar Hernandez did NOT levy an open challenge! Kyle Houlder set him up!

BW: He's gonna be out for at least four months, Gordo. If you're gonna go out, go out in style!

[Houlder is exiting on his crutches, laughing the whole way as "Cheerleader" Chastity Chamberlain is now bounding down the aisle with a large duffel bag to meet Farelli in the ring. Farelli has the biggest self-absorbed grin on his face that you can imagine as referee Davis Warren raises his hand. The fans are in full rage mode.]

PW: The winner of this match... qualifying for the Brass Ring Tournament... "FIRST STRING" FRANKIE FARELLI!

GM: I can't believe it!

BW: Believe it! Everyone was mocking Frankie Farelli after SuperClash! Well, mock him now! If you were laughing after SuperClash, you can't complain about this!

GM: They were not the same situation! Cesar Hernandez was ambushed from behind with no idea that a different opponent than the one he trained for was coming. Frankie Farelli was attacked head on after challenging anyone. And now he has a microphone... Lord help us all.

[The boos pour out as Frankie has the mic. Chastity, in her blue New England Patriots cheerleader outfit, has set the big duffel bag down and is jumping all over the ring leading the cheers. The normal catcalls for the busty blonde bombshell are much fewer than normal as Farelli stands in center ring, mic in hand.]

FF: Bow down.

[BOOOOOOOO!]

FF: Oh, you KNOW why! BOW DOWN!

[BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!]

FF: I am the only man... the ONLY MAN... in human history to win an NCAA championship, a Super Bowl, and a Brass Ring qualifier in ninety days.

GM: HE didn't win the football championships! His former teams did!

FF: Chastity... the rings.

[Farelli holds his right hand out, and the Head Cheerleader slides his Super Bowl ring and his NCAA Championship ring onto his hand. The former offensive lineman slowly raises his hand as if it were the Holy Grail itself, and Chastity falls to her knees and worships the rings.]

FF: The state of Texas cannot ever understand what this is. This is WINNING. Pure, unadulterated victory. THE Ohio State Buckeyes, NCAA National Champions. Texas got one in fifty years and thinks they're the best. We ARE the best and your pathetic program is garbage. Garbage. Garbage. Your fat ignorant redneck boosters who can't speak English sit there with fifty gallon hats tugging on their Boss Hogg suspenders wondering why their dirty politics money can't buy a winner, when the answer is simple... money CAN'T buy a winner. You're either a winner or a loser in life, and nothing ever changes it. Ohio State... WINNERS. Woody Hayes on down the line. Texas? LOOOOOOSERS. We crushed Alabama, and Alabama wouldn't even consider you people a pothole on their road to a REAL game. Don't ever, ever, EVER claim to be a top program again. If I took a sip of Columbus Ohio tap water, I'd spit a better football team than you.

[Oh, these fans are beyond irate. They're throwing things and raging.]

FF: But times do change. The AWA is on national TV now, right? Because they finally have a mainstream star. ME. And that brings me to the glory. The glory that is YOUR NFL World Champion New England Partiot's, hallowed be their name.

[BOOOOOOOOOOO!]

FF: Ya know, a long time ago, a winner played in Dallas.

[Some cheers for the memories of Cowboys teams gone by.]

FF: Yeah, back then, America's Team played here. And you know why the Dallas Cowboys wanted to be America's Team?

Because they didn't want to be Dallas' Team!

[BOOOOO!]

FF: The Cowboys did what the AWA did... they were embarrassed to be locals, so they went national. And top players bought into that and suffered

this hellhole, with the stink of losing clinging to every loser in town, because the Cowboys really were the America Cowboys. But even though they had success a few times because of that, the fact remains that they still play in a dump.

No, not the stadium. I mean OUTSIDE the stadium.

So the AWA is now trying to be America's Team, right here on The X. That's a good move, but what they really SHOULD have done was packed up the whole Crockett Coliseum, and moved the entire operation to the land of milk and honey. Where WINNERS live... Boston, Massachusetts.

[BOOOOOOOOO!]

FF: The Patriots don't have to go around claiming that we're America's Team! America HATES the Patriots. And we wouldn't have it no other way, baby. Your salty tears of jealousy are all we ever need... along with you bowing down to the greatest dynasty in NFL history. The greatest coach in NFL history. And the greatest quarterback in NFL history, bar none.

[BOOOOOOOOO!]

FF: We murdered the team that murdered your team, so bow down to the truth. Chastity, the bag.

[Happily, Chamberlain, who had been standing there with hands on hips nodding assent to everything Frankie said, zips open the duffel bag to pull out an Ohio State Buckeyes helmet and a New England Patriots helmet. She lays them gently in center ring as if they were babies.]

FF: Bow down to the truth! YOUR CHAMPIONS. Ryan Martinez isn't the World Champion... Tom Brady is. Ryan Martinez didn't have his face on every newspaper in the country... Tom Brady did. If the AWA was in Boston, just like the Patriots, they wouldn't have to be America's Team. They wouldn't need Fox Sports X. They'd be winners. WINNERS. But the only true winner in the AWA is me. Super Bowl, National Championship... and I talked to Bill, I talked to my guys in Columbus... I'm getting rings this year, baby. Which brings me to four. And you know what that means?

One for the thumb. One for the thumb. And that last ring is gonna be a bit different. No gold, no diamonds... just brass. But that fits, because wrestling can't compare to football anyway. It'll just remind you all of who the real winners in sports are.

[Now the fans have recovered and are starting a chant. It starts small, and spreads. Now Farelli hears it, and stops. He glares around the arena as the chant spreads like a virus.]

Croad: GLAD-I-A-TOR! *clap clap clap-clap-clap* GLAD-I-A-TOR! *clap clap clap-clap-clap* GLAD-I-A-TOR! *clap clap clap-clap-clap*

FF: Aw, no. Aw, no. THAT DID NOT COUNT.

[BOOOOOOO!]

FF: I wasn't ready! I never took my ring jacket off! In football, you line up before the ball is snapped... that freak shoulda got flagged for false start, encroachment, and that ref never should have counted!

GM: WHAT?! After he just did the same thing to Cesar Hernandez, but much dirtier, and to steal a tournament spot?

FF: So never, ever bring that up again. You wanna know what counted? The NCAA National Championship, the Super Bowl, and real real soon... the Brass Ring. Get an eyeful, Dallas. And get an eyeful, all you people on The X. This is what winning looks like.

[Farelli closes by lifting the two helmets up over his head in one hand, clutching the facemasks together. His other hand displays his rings for the world.]

FF: RECOGNIZE.

["A New Game" starts back up, and the boos rain down as Farelli holds the pose.]

GM: I can't believe that hypocrite! He bushwhacks Cesar Hernandez to steal a spot in the Brass Ring, in a perverse mirror of what Gladiator did to him at SuperClash... but his win counts and Gladiator's doesn't?

BW: Gordo, think of it this way. If him beating Hernandez don't count, then the Gladiator match don't count either.

GM: As I said... there are big differences between the two incidents, but nonetheless, apparently Frankie Farelli has Kyle Houlder's spot in the tournament and will advance. And Bucky... how did you know how many months Houlder would be out for?

BW: Because I knew about all of this three days ago when I was helping Houlder make arrangements to hide his injury.

GM: BUCKY!

BW: AHAHAHA! TAKE THAT, HERNANDEZ! Break my leg ten years ago, will ya. It took me ten years but vengeance is mine!

GM: Ugh! I should have suspected.

BW: You also shoulda suspected that Caleb Temple would ruin Ryan Martinez but you didn't say anything there, either. So I guess we're both capable of getting somebody hurt real bad by not saying anything.

GM: ...

BW: Aw... man, you're takin' that serious, aren't you?

GM: Let's go to commercial.

[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.]

As we fade back in, we get a nice panning shot of the Crockett Coliseum crowd before "They Reminisce over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begins to play over the PA system as the crowd erupts with a HUGE roar!]

GM: We are back here LIVE on The X and out of nowhere, here comes Juan Vasquez!

BW: And maybe for the last time!

GM: What do you mean by that?

BW: Haven't you been keepin' up with the news, Gordo? I heard that after that beatin' the Dogs of War gave him at SuperClash, Vasquez is ready to call it quits!

[From the entrance way, emerges the former two-time AWA National champion, Juan Vasquez, with microphone in hand. The Hall of Famer is dressed in a black hoodie and an old school EMWC Alex Martinez "BURNED!" tshirt. He steps through the ropes and enters the ring, attempting to speak, only to be drowned out by cheers.]

JV: I...

[He stops himself and basks in the applause for a couple seconds more, before once again beginning to speak.]

JV: I'm sure you've all heard the rumors. After what happened at SuperClash, word on the street was that I was on my last legs and on the way out.

[He frowns.]

JV: Honestly, I don't blame anyone for saying that. After all the ring wars that I've been through, I don't expect anyone to think that my body can hold up with the three hundred nights a year, day in, day out grind of being a professional wrestler. After seeing what The Dogs did to Alex Martinez at SuperClash, it would only be natural for someone like me to consider leaving while I still had my health. So as 2015 came rollin' around, more than just a few people were telling the world that Juan Vasquez was gonna' finally make it official and walk away.

[Juan lowers his head, shaking it slightly.]

JV: Well, that's the reason why I'm here tonight.

[The crowd gasps.]

JV: I'm here to declare...

...THAT I AIN'T GOING ANYWHERE!!!

[A HUGE POP!]

JV: It's been a rough few years, but what have I always told you? What have I always said?

[He points to himself, with a fiery look in his eyes.]

JV: Too proud to quit! Too stubborn to die!

[Juan rips off his hoodie and throws it down onto the mat, driving the crowd into further frenzy.]

JV: Because the day that Juan Vasquez calls it quits is a day I can't even BEGIN to imagine! I've got too much love for this sport and I've got too much ego to just let myself walk off into the sunset!

[A chuckle.]

JV: You think I can just walk away when I hear garbage like Calisto Dufresne telling the world that he's the rightful National Champion? There's only ONE man on this planet that can say he was cheated out of his National Title and you're lookin' right at him, amigo!

You think I can just walk away when I've still got unsettled business with the Dogs of War? They might've got the win at SuperClash, but this ain't over between us! We are FAR from done!

And you actually think I can live with myself without taking at least one last shot at becoming a World Champion!?

I've still got too many things left to do in this sport and I'm gonna' make damn sure I do them all!

[POP!]

JV: 'Cause this ain't the end of the road for Juan Vasquez, people! This is just the beginning! And if you thought what you saw from me before was pretty damn good...

[A big grin forms on Vasquez's face.]

JV: ...you ain't seen nothing yet!

[And with that, Juan drops the microphone and takes a running leap up onto the second turnbuckle of the nearest corner, raising his arms triumphantly into the air as the crowd cheers him on. The camera drifts across the crowd, showing the screaming fans before settling in on Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Wow! A big announcement by Juan Vasquez! He's going nowhere, Bucky!

BW: That may not be his choice, Gordo. Juan Vasquez - champion or not - is one of the pillars that this company was built on and whenever he's here... whenever he's around... whenever he's in the building, he will ALWAYS have a bullseye on his back, Gordo.

GM: What a night it's been for us here tonight - the very first edition of Saturday Night Wrestling on The X! It is a great honor for us to be the very first broadcast on this brand new network - Fox Sports X - and we hope we're doing everyone proud here tonight.

BW: It's a big night, Gordo. Walking through the backstage area tonight, through the locker room, was like walking through it before a big Pay Per View. The wrestlers were jacked! They couldn't wait to get out here and show the entire world what they do better than anyone else.

GM: You're absolutely right about that. But this was a show where the AWA also was fielding lots of phone calls from competitors of AWA past... or even beyond that... guys looking to get that one last payday or the like but we at the AWA are committed to bringing you the best talent in the world and that's exactly what we intend to do week in and week out here on The X.

BW: But that don't mean we don't have a few surprises up our sleeves.

GM: What are you talking about now?

BW: Have you checked your sheet yet? You know what's coming next?

GM: We're going to see Brian James in action.

BW: That ain't all we're going to see. My sources tell me that Brian James has got one heck of a surprise in store for everyone here tonight, Gordo.

GM: A surprise? No one told me anything.

BW: Then it wouldn't a surprise, would it?

[Gordon shakes his head as we fade to Phil Watson in the ring. Already in the ring, waving his hands to the crowd is the wonder from Down Under, "Outback" Zack Kelly. Kelly begins to stride back and forth, arms scissoring in front of him, as he prepares for his opponent.]

PW: The next contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first and already in the ring, hailing from Wagga Wagga, Australia and weighing in tonight at two hundred and forty seven pounds....

"OUTBACK" ZACK KELLY!

[The cheers increase slightly for Kelly's introduction.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The heavy guitars of The Scorpions' "The Zoo" interrupts Watson momentarily.]

PW: First, the manager...

GM: Manager? What is he talking-

BW: Just wait for it, Gordo.

PW: He is a multi-time Manager Of The Year... he is regarded throughout the sport as perhaps the greatest manager in the history of our sport... he is a member of the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame...

[The crowd is buzzing with anticipation now. They know who is coming as the curtain is pushed aside and out strides none other than Brian Lau.]

PW: BRIIIIIIIIAAAAAAN LAAAAAAAAAAAAAU!

[The Crockett Coliseum fans ERUPT into cheers for the Hall of Famer sighting!]

GM: BRIAN LAU?! ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

BW: Did I call that one or what, Gordo?! What a surprise! The Hall of Fame manager is comin' out of retirement to manage the son of the Blackheart! You gotta love that!

GM: I can't believe it! We've been led to believe over the years that Brian Lau was done with pro wrestling... that he had no desire to get back into the business... that he was satisfied with the career that he's had...

BW: That's before the opportunity to manage Brian James came about!

GM: Wow! What a coup for Brian James!

[Lau is dressed to the nines, wearing a shimmering grey sharkskin suit, with a neatly pressed white shirt beneath and a black tie around his neck. Lau's eyes are shielded from the harsh overhead lights in the arena by the green flash lenses of a pair of Ray Ban aviator sunglasses. He moves with a confident gait, arms out wide, flashing quite the smirk as the audience begins to boo. The Hall of Famer looks over his shoulder, and gives a single nod of his head, as the music continues to blare. A moment later, a shadow falls over both Lau and the aisleway.]

PW: Hailing from Portland, Oregon, and weighing in tonight at two hundred and ninety five pounds...

[A mountain of a man steps out, striding out with great purpose. Standing six foot six, with a body made entirely out of muscle, he cuts one of the most imposing figures in the AWA.]

PW: Here is...

BRIIIIIIIIIIAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMES!

[As the boos rain down upon the son of the Blackheart, Lau and James fall into a matching pace as they march down to ringside. James has a white towel over his head, which covers the majority of his face, revealing only the shadow of a scowl on clean shaven face.]

James' chest is bare and well oiled, the muscles rippling under the overhead lights. Both of his hands are wrapped in heavy black tape, leaving only the space between his fingertips and the first knuckle of each finger bare. The tape extends to mid-forearm. On his right hand is a black compression glove type elbow pad, with a red stripe that runs along the underside. His left arm is covered in black tattoos, each a letter of the Kanji alphabet. These tattoos extend from the top of his shoulder all the way down, terminating in a much smaller line that goes all the way down his middle finger.

He wears a pair of red and black Muay-Thai style shorts. The fit over the legs is baggy, but elastic bands at the bottom cinch them tightly just over James' knees. The right leg is black, with a golden tiger embossed over the thigh, while the left side is red, the words "BRIAN JAMES" done in a highly stylized font. Across the back of the shorts is the word "CLAW ACADEMY" again done in gold. Each knee is covered in a black knee pad, with a tribal style tiger image done at the very center of the knees. Eschewing wrestling boots, James' legs are instead tightly wrapped in the same black tape that covers his fists.

Where Lau is brimming confidence, James is all stoic menace. The pair make their way to the ring with Lau entering the ring first, making a big show of shooing Kelly away from the center of the squared circle.]

GM: I can hardly believe it, but the man you see is in fact, Brian James. A far cry from the beloved young man AWA fans spent a year cheering.

BW: Personally, I love it. We've got enough milk drinking baby kissers around these parts!

[At last, James enters the ring. Reaching up, he pulls the towel off his head, revealing short, dirty blond hair that's been slicked back. James hands the towel to Lau, and Lau reaches into an inner pocket of his jacket, producing a plastic box. Opening the box, Lau pulls out a half black, half red mouth guard, with the same golden tiger across the front. With James opening his mouth, Lau puts the mouth guard in place. There's a final grimace, and then James closes his lips. As Lau exits the ring, James drops down into something that looks like a sumo stance. Feet flat on the mat, legs open, body bent forward until his back is nearly parallel with the mat, fists turned downwards so that his knuckles are pressed into the canvas. James stares straight ahead, offering a lip-curling snarl to his unlucky opponent.]

GM: As soon as the referee finishes his instructions, we'll be getting underway.

BW: Looks like we got company, Gordo!

GM: It would appear so. Mr. Lau, welcome.

[Putting on a spare headset, Brian Lau settles between Bucky and Gordon.]

BL: Oh, you're very welcome, Gordon Myers! It is a great honor for me to be sitting alongside a Hall Of Fame-worthy broadcaster as I'm sure it's an indescribable honor for you to be sitting next to a Hall of Fame manager like myself.

[Before Myers can respond, the referee signals for the bell. And the moment the bell is rung for the third time, Brian James comes out of his quasi sumo stance as if he'd been shot out of a cannon. He moves with surprising quickness, hurling himself at an unsuspecting Kelly. Arm cocked back, its launched forward, where it nearly takes Kelly out of his boots.]

BW: BLACK MASS! BLACK MASS! And this thing is over already!

BL: Not to quibble with you, Mr. Wilde, but while it COULD be over, it won't be over until Mr. James is finished. Brian James is here to have a little fun. After all, we're on The X! Why come all this way, just to end things in ten seconds?

GM: This is certainly not the Brian James the fans have come to know, and who they once loved!

BL: A truer statement has never been spoken, Gordon Myers. This is NOT the Brian James who ANY of you have come to know. This is a young man who came to me last summer and said - "I need to be better. I need to be bigger. I need to be stronger. I need to be tougher." My response? You're right. Because I come from the Kingdom of the Giants, Gordon Myers. I come from the Land of Titans. I've been in the tall trees of Portland where men like Steve Kowalski, Brody Thunder, and our old friend John Wesley Hardin reigned like kings and I've stood in the Pantheon of the Immortals in Los Angeles where Caleb Temple, Alex Martinez, Steve Spector, Jeff Matthews, and so many others stood like Gods over mere mortals. I know what Brian James needs to succeed and deep down, you and Mr. Wilde here know it as well.

BW: You know it! I've said for nearly a year that this kid needed a killer instinct. And I've got no doubt it's there now.

[With Kelly already half unconscious, James brings him up by the hair and whips him hard into the corner turnbuckle. This time, James doesn't rush forward, but instead moves more deliberately, tilting his head from one side to the other, eyes narrowed as he measures just the right distance. When he judges he's in the right distance, James unleashes a flurry of hard kicks. First to Kelly's gut, and then, when he doubles over, to his chin, to knock him back up, then to Kelly's exposed midsection, then to the chin again. Over and over, using Kelly's prone position in the corner to keep him trapped between the alternating high and mid-level kicks.]

GM: Let's talk, for a minute, about you, Mr. Lau...

BL: Gordon Myers! You really need to get your hearing checked! Because when that ring announcer said "Brian Lau," somehow, you heard "Larry Doyle." You see, I'm not here to talk about myself. I'm here to talk about

the man you see in the ring, Brian James - the best pure striker the sport has seen since the man who trained him... the most genetically-gifted competitor the sport has seen since the man who so graciously donated his DNA to him...

GM: But it's been years since anyone has seen you. There were even rumors-

BW: Let's not start with the rumor mongering!

BL: Learned your lesson, did you, Bucky?

BW: I... yes!

BL: I thought so. You know who else learned his lesson at SuperClash? The man who tried to cling desperately to Brian James' coattails. I hesitate to even call him a man, gentlemen. He's more like a boy. A small child with ambitions that just don't fit his frame. He wanted to ride with the big dogs. He wanted to walk amongst men of greatness. But when you walk with men of greatness, the wash is too much for mere mortals to bear.

GM: You have a lot to say tonight.

BL: Why wouldn't I have a lot to say? Are you watching this, Gordon Myers? Are you witnessing the dawn of a new era for the American Wrestling Alliance? Are you paying attention to Brian James who has spent every waking hour since that first phone call in the gym... in the video room... in the weight room... trying to hone his weapon into something worthy of belonging to the legacy of the Syndicate? Just look at the man! He was already cut. By following my advice, he was absolutely ripped by SuperClash. And with three months to do nothing but train, we have turned this man into the physical monster you see before you right now.

[While the hype was reigning, the referee was warning Brian James against trapping the Australian in the corner, forcing him to step back for a few moments while the officials checks on Kelly...

...and then comes right back in, reaching forward to lace his hands behind Kelly's head, pulling him forcefully out of the corner and at the same time bending him in half. With Kelly trapped in the clinch, James unleashes a series of vicious knee strikes, alternating his blows between the head and chest.]

GM: Knee Fury! Shades of Brian James' teacher, Tiger Claw!

BL: That's right. And just you remember this, Gordon Myers. There have only ever been TWO people that Tiger Claw has graduated from the Claw Academy. One of them is Casey James. And the other is the man you see right there.

GM: If you won't talk about where you have been all this time, perhaps you can shed some light on where Brian James has been. At the end of

SuperClash, after filming a scene that left me more than a little unsettled, he just vanished. Tonight is the first night he's been seen in the AWA. He was not a part of any live events nor did he participate in any publicity for the company as part of this launch on The X.

BL: Because, in order to become the man you see in the ring, Gordon Myers, Brian James had to go places. Dark places. Places that people like you don't speak about. Where has Brian James been? He's been in Singapore. He's been in Malaysia. He's been in Bangkok. He's been in all the little holes in the world, places that the AWA would never think to hold an event. I took Brian James to every place you can't find on a map, and I gave him one instruction – win. And that's what Brian James has been doing for the last few months. Winning one deadly tournament after another.

BW: That explains what we're seeing tonight.

[And as the trio have been bantering, what we've been seeing is one violent incident after another. With Kelly back on his feet, James grips him by the back of the neck, and begins to drive his forearm directly into Kelly's face. This is followed by a series of vicious judo throws. James using his strength to toss Kelly repeatedly onto the mat, and each time Kelly bounces up, he's caught in another tight grip and thrown again. After the last throw, James circles back, waiting for a groggy Kelly to slowly get up. As soon as Kelly is seated, James races to the ropes, crossing behind and then in front of Kelly. With momentum gained from the rebound, James lifts his leg, driving it directly into Kelly's chest with a sickening thud.]

GM: Dear god! What a kick!

BW: Zack Kelly has got to be wondering what he's gotten himself into tonight!

GM: Mr. Lau, you're Brian James' manager, why don't you tell him to end this?

BL: Tell him to end this? That'd be like shouting into the wind of a hurricane, begging it to stop. That'd be like standing at the foot of Mount Vesuvius and asking if it would relent. You cannot stop Brian James once he has been unleashed - you can only hope that he shows you mercy and ends it of his own accord.

[James brings Kelly back up, sending him to the ropes again. But, perhaps sensing his imminent demise, a fire comes into Kelly's eyes, and as he bounces off the ropes, he suddenly charges James, striking him with a hard chop to James' chest.]

GM: Ohhhh! Hard chop!

BW: That did nothing!

[Bucky is right. The only thing that happened was the tilting of Brian James' head, and then the faintest of smirks. James puts his hands on Kelly's chest, pushing him back a half step. And then James points to the ropes.]

GM: What is he doing?

BW: I think he wants Kelly to try something else.

BL: And why wouldn't he? The James family has always been very giving - just ask Brian's mother how much Casey gave her.

GM: Careful now. We may be on The X but this is NOT an X-Rated show.

BL: I was talking about the financial support for Brian over the years, Mr. Myers. Get your mind out of the gutter please.

[Kelly goes to the ropes again, and this time, he hits a clothesline. Without pausing to see what effect it had, Kelly goes to the ropes, and hits another clothesline.]

GM: A pair of clotheslines but Brian James is standing his ground, just absorbing these blows to-

BW: To NO effect! Look at this!

[Over and over, Kelly hits his clothesline. And what happens to Brian James? By the fourth clothesline, James has taken a half step backwards. His only other reaction? To shake his head and smirk a little more.]

GM: Boomerang! That is Kelly's go to move, and it had no effect!

BL: You see the strength of Brian James? You see the toughness of that man? Do you see what he has become now that he has squeezed every bit of the kindness and mercy out of his heart? He TRULY is the Son of the Blackheart now.

BW: I also see his incredible sense of balance. Any man who got hit with that many clotheslines should be on his butt just from momentum alone.

BL: You're right, Bucky. Most men don't have the spatial awareness and equilibrium that comes naturally to Brian James. They don't have the raw talent and genetic gifts. Tiger Claw was not born to be a pro wrestler. He was born as a smaller man with a chip on his shoulder and he became a Hall of Famer through sheer force of will, determination, and hard work. Casey James was not born to be a pro wrestler. He was born a punk with an attitude who decided he could beat people up in the ring and make money or he could do it on the streets and go to jail. He took that attitude and honed it to become a Hall of Famer. Brian James? Brian James was BORN to be a pro wrestler... and you still want to know why I came out of retirement?

[With Kelly frustrated, James again pushes him back. This time, James lifts his chin, and then strikes it with his own fist.]

BW: Brian James telling Kelly right where to hit him!

GM: I can't believe the arrogance of Brian James! He's just asking to be hit!

BL: I can't believe that you don't recognize just how great Brian James truly is, Gordon Myers. You've been chained to an announce table since you were barely old enough to drink. You've seen the greats come and the greats go and you watched Brian James before your very eyes for months without realizing what you were seeing.

GM: I've never doubted Brian James' skill. But this man we see before us... it's not the Brian James that I used to know. He's not a person I even want to know.

[Kelly strides forward, and begins to hit James with a series of elbows, directly in the spot on James' face at the larger man indicated. This blows have more of an effect, sending James backwards, causing him to lose ground.]

GM: Kelly's got him stunned! He's got him staggered!

BW: It took a wide open shot to do it but you're right, Gordo. He's backpedaling a bit now...

BL: Ever seen a bear stick his paw right into a trap?

[Nothing is enough to take James off his feet. A final elbow staggers James, causing him to bend over. Kelly goes to the ropes again, but this time, the clothesline is ducked. James spins his body around, and extends his fist, driving it directly into Kelly's nose.]

GM: Spinning backfist! And again, Zack Kelly is down. In my estimation, this match is over and Brian James should pin the man and call it a night. This is sick! Brian James turned his back on his fans, on his partner, TORA. For what? So he could become this?

BL: Your desire to only listen to yourself speak staggers me, Myers. I haven't seen an announcer so completely self-absorbed in his own reputation since Steve Roberts was still employed.

[James circles around Kelly, who has rolled over onto his chest. Slowly pushing himself up, Kelly's progress is impeded by a series of kicks to the face. But these kicks are not designed to put Kelly away so much as to taunt him. Glancing kicks to the forehead, or to the side of his head. Each one a sort of "slap" intended to let Kelly know just how little Brian James thinks of him.]

GM: How much longer do we have to watch this? I get it. Brian James is vicious, and he's outclassed Zack Kelly. Hasn't he made his point yet?

BL: Brian James made his point when he carried Michael Aarons to the Stampede Cup finals. Brian James made his point when he earned himself a shot at the World Television Title. Brian James made his point at SuperClash when he destroyed that useless lump called TORA. Brian James doesn't need to make any more points. But if he WANTS to go in there and kick a guy into oblivion? Well, who is going to stop him, Gordon Myers... you?

GM: I don't think so.

BW: Not me for sure, I'm loving this!

[Kelly is lifted by the hair and sent to the ropes. James catches him on the rebound, lifts him, spins him around...]

GM: SPINEBUST... NO!

BW: Oh, that'll bust up your spine for sure!

[Instead of driving Kelly into the mat, James carried him across the ring, driving him back first into the corner turnbuckle.]

GM: James taking a step back, surveying the damage he's done.

BW: He's got his hand on Kelly's chin, tilting it up. Now he's running backwards towards the opposite corner...

BL: Mr. Wilde, I believe you will truly enjoy this.

[James comes charging at Kelly, and then, with a display of quickness, agility, and balance one wouldn't expect from a man of James' size, he jumps up onto the middle rope, balanced on one leg, as the other whips forward, his shin driven into Kelly's face. James bounces back, somehow landing on both of his feet, as Kelly slumps into a boneless heap at his feet.]

GM: I... I don't even have words.

BW: You have to have been impressed by that!

GM: Oh, I won't deny Brian James' skill, Bucky. But I...

BL: You'll just sit there and be amazed, Gordon Myers. You and the rest of the world.

[James uses his foot to basically roll Kelly out of the ring, and then reaches down, grabbing him by the nape of his neck. As fans boo, James begins to stalk towards the announcer's booth.]

GM: Brian James coming this way!

BW: Hey! You just stay there. We already settled the thing about your dad!

BL: Don't worry, Bucky. Brian James is over that.

[James slams Kelly's head into the corner of the announcers' booth and then, standing behind him, reaches forward, reaching forward, putting his finger into the corner of Kelly's mouth and pulling backwards, sadistically fishhooking him.]

BL: Excuse me a moment, gentlemen.

[Lau stands up and leans forward.]

BL: Shh... shh, Mr. Kelly. No need to apologize. It is not your fault. You are not to blame for this. Do we blame the poor deer by the creekside with some neanderthal with a rifle blows its brain into the crystal clear water? Do we blame the third world parasites when the smart bombs turn their villages into parking lots? You simply were in the wrong place at the wrong time.

GM: Is this really necessary?!

[Lau turns to glare at Myers as Kelly coughs violently, sending saliva onto the Hall of Famer's expensive suit. He turns, looking with disgust at the wet spot.]

BL: This suit costs more than your car!

[Lau reaches back, and slaps Kelly right across the face.]

GM: That was uncalled for! Sit down, Mr. Lau!

[Lau straightens his suit, before he takes a seat.]

BL: Fine, fine. Don't get so worked up.

[The referee begins to lay the count on James and Kelly. After a vicious forearm across the face, James throws Kelly under the bottom rope and into the ring, before he comes in after him.]

GM: Both men back inside the ring now as James drags Kelly off the mat by the hair...

BW: I'm surprised Kelly can even stand, Gordo.

BL: That is by choice, Mr. Wilde. If Brian James desired, he'd turn that leg into a splintered excuse for a limb.

[Very carefully, James positions Kelly so that he's down on all fours. James steps back, going to the ropes.]

GM: What's he going to do?

BW: Nothing nice, that's for sure.

[James comes forward, lifting his foot, and stomping down on the back of Kelly's head, forcing Kelly to bounce facefirst off the mat.]

BW: CURB STOMP! Shades of Edward Norton!

GM: Absolutely devastating... and still, Brian James isn't going for the pin. Is this really necessary?

BL: Yes, it is necessary. The entire world needs to know who Brian James is. They need to know that he isn't just some kid off the street. He is Brian James. He's a graduate of the Claw Academy. He's the son of a World Champion Hall of Famer. He's the student of a World Champion Hall of Famer. And he is not to be overlooked!

[Kelly is brought to his feet, and James grabs hold of Kelly's arm, lifting it up over his head, and bending it, using his left hand to keep Kelly's arm bend over his head and then trapped behind his back. James swivels his body, lifts his right hand, curls his fingers into a tight fist, and then, with a force one wouldn't think possible from such a short distance, drives his fist into Zack Kelly's heart!]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH!!

BL: Now, it's over.

[Kelly collapses on his back, his arms sprawled out at his sides. James looks down at him, and then casually plants his foot in the center of Kelly's chest, pressing it down, contemptuous in the way he refuses to drop down for a "real" cover as the referee slaps the mat three times.]

BW: Wow. You've GOTTA be impressed by that, Gordo.

GM: All I feel is uneasy. Uneasy and afraid.

BL: Fear is good, Gordon Myers. It means you were paying attention. Now, if you'll excuse me, gentlemen... I take my leave of you.

[Lau drops his headset and enters the ring, just as the referee is preparing to lift James' hand. James refuses the referee however, throwing his arm down. Lau is quick to step in, lifting James' hand himself.]

PW: The winner of the match... BRIIIIIIAAAAAN JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMES!

[Boos rain down on the duo, but Lau is all smiles, as he celebrates by applauding. Meanwhile, Brian James stands quietly, a figure of glowering menace. A vicious man who seems to be considering his next violent act.]

GM: Brian James is victorious... and frighteningly so. Fans, our World Television Title match is up next so let's go to some pre-recorded comments from the challenger!

[Fade to a previously recorded segment...

The screen dissolves and re-opens on the spike haired Blonde Phenom, Donnie White. His Mohawk is as magnificent as ever, shaved around the scalp and stretched as high as the eye can see. White's hazel eyes have gold claw-like streaks inked around them and across his cheeks. Several gold studs line his ears while a sleeveless silver duster covered in fur and metal studs dresses all but his arms from the neck on down. White's stare is fixated on the camera in front of him.]

DW: There was a day, a time, and a place where the Atomic Blonde went by another name. His mama, god bless her, called him Donald and he was young, naïve, full of spunk and wired like a spring chicken. Donald, that boy, had a heart pure as gold and nothin' and nobody could ever change that. Donald was a good boy for his mama. He did the dishes, he picked up after himself, he came inside when the street lights came on, and he made sure his homework was done every night before he went to bed. He did this cause he loved his mama but he also made sure to do a little bit extra every time his birthday rolled around cause he knew his mama would notice.

One year, when he turned nine, he came runnin' home from school and made sure not to stop along the way like he usually did. He didn't play stickball in the park, he didn't race his older brother Devondre through the neighborhood on his bike, he didn't do nothin' cause he wanted to make sure he got home fast and nothin' got on his school clothes cause mama didn't like none of that.

Well when he got home he ran in with the biggest smile and his mama said. "Boy, ya got homework?" And he nodded. So she made him do it and so, well, he did...cause ya ain't ever question mama. When he finished he walked out to the kitchen and his mama looked him in the eyes and said, "Donald, didja do yer chores?" Donald hadn't, so, well, he did them. He scrubbed the floors, soaped the dishes up, took out the trash, and by the time Donald finished all that his mama had her shoes off and was sittin' on the rocker so he crept up slowly and started to rub her feet and his mama gave him one last look and said, "That's my boy, now then, didja open your present yet?" Donald shook his head no and his mama smiled and said, "well then, watcha waitin' for. Get at it." Mama pointed to the backyard and Donald was confused. She said, "Donald, that gift ain't gonna get itself." So, Donald ran outside, nearly knockin' mama's coffee over and ripped open the screen door. Outside, starin' at him with big old brown eyes, was a puppy. Now, not just any puppy, but a black lab with floppy ears and big ole paws that didn't match his little self. Donald chased that dog for hours that night and had the biggest grin on his face for days and Donnie, well...

...he ain't ever forget that night.

[White flashes a hint of a grin.]

DW: Fast forward ten years later. Donald goes by Donnie, he's the star tailback of Melrose High School but that ain't sayin' much cause we weren't much good. No we weren't Manassas High School bad but that was before Hollywood got them hands on lil' OJ Brown and made a movie 'bout him and

the boys that brought recruits in droves to them. But at that school, in that year, Donnie White may have not been no movie star but he sure was a big deal. All-conference, All-State, All-Awesome. To top that off...Donnie White dated the prettiest girl in school, Marissa Garrett. She sure was fine cause that's just how Donnie White rolled back then and still does to this day. One night after we's won our homecomin' game Donnie White and Marissa Garrett decided we'd take her daddy's car out.

Marissa told her old man that we's were headin' to Levitt Shell to watch one of them movies they put on in the park but we both knew we weren't ever gonna see that big ole screen. Well, sure as pickles go with peanut butter, Donnie White took the lead on this rollercoaster evenin' and steered us off to another destination for whoooooole 'nother reason that high school boys dream 'bout every night as long as they can breathe. Now the Mohawk ain't one to kiss and tell but after a whole lotta grabbin' and two thirds of a Color Me Badd song later...some'em pretty awesome happened that changed Marissa Garrett and D-White's life forever.

A night like that? Donnie White ain't ever forget.

[His grin, white as we remember it, stretches a little bit wider now.]

DW: Fast forward a few years later, D-White broke a whole bunch records at Delta State, he listened to a whole lot more of Color Me Badd, and got himself a diploma that made his mama smile for three weeks straight. A whole lotta life was smackin' this boy right in the face and he tried his hand at a lot of things but the one place he found out real fast that he was sure damn good at was wrestlin'. D-White can still smell the sweat of the arena, taste the air, picture the cheap fog screens and tell ya what at least fifteen fans were wearin' when he stepped into the ring in Mid-South Wrestlin' for the first time.

He can still feel the aches from getting' hurled around like a haystack by Junebug Walker's boy. That hillbilly sure was strong but as dumb as they come and didn't know his way around the ring too well. A bloody nose, a bruised shoulder, and heck of a headache later the Atomic Blonde was born and man...

...D-White ain't ever forget that night.

[White nods.]

DW: Now a lotta things happened to get Donnie White to where he is today. Some good, some bad. Some things like Mid-South Wrestling shuttin' her doors ya just can't help and gotta keep truckin' forward from. Donnie White went a handful of places thereafter, needed checks to cash and had to take care of his mama. He wrestled in everythin' from school gymnasiums to sportin' arenas to even once at a Hotel Lobby cause sometimes that's just what needs to be done to make it in this business. Through all them nights, all them bumps and bruises, he ain't never experienced nothin' like he did on Memorial Day weekend in 2014.

A man so possessed, so angry, so evil stared him in the eyes. Him and D-White popped the roof off the buildin' that night, put on one helluva fight, but none of that mattered. This fight wasn't no fight at all. It was a war. It was a confrontation 'tween two men who hated one another and wouldn't have pissed on the other man if they's was on fire. A lot happened, all of it twenty feet in the air on top of a scaffold for that matter, and D-White remembers hangin' on for dear life when that man slammed his heel on his fingers. Donnie White remembers that smile as he held on for dear life, that sick, twisted, devilish smile, as his boot smashed down 'tween the Blues City Blonde Bomber's eyes and his life flashed before his very eyes. Twenty feet D-White fell, twenty feet before ya could snap your middle finger against thumb felt like eternity, free fallin' with nowhere to go and nobody to save ya and SMASHING leg first into the ring that might as well have been concrete floorin'.

And that man, that monster, looked down at Donnie White while the medics attended to him, looked down at him as his girlfriend stood over him, looked down at him like a dog would look at a porterhouse steak, looked down at him with the intent...

[White lets out a big exhale.]

DW: ...to kill. Donnie White...

...he ain't ever forget that night.

[The grin is gone, replaced by narrowed eyes and tightly pursed lips.]

DW: Donnie White ain't ever forget you, Shadoe Rage. He ain't ever forget what you did to him. He ain't ever forget the way you tried to end his career and end his life. He thought about it while he laid in the hospital, he thought about it before they put him under to repair his torn quadricap, he thought about it the next few nights as he stared out of room 206 at the North Florida Regional Medical Center in Gainesville, Florida.

Donnie White thought about it as he was pushed around on a wheelchair chewin' ice chips one at a time, hobbled through his home with a walker, and rehabilitated his leg with doctor after doctor so he could regain his strength just to walk again. But that wasn't good enough. Donnie White needed real power, real speed, real agility if he was ever gonna return to bein' the Sultan of the sky and the King of top rope dives. Donnie White didn't forget none of that Shadoe and he didn't forget what went through his head every day and night as he waited to get his hands around your throat.

Tonight, Donnie White is walkin' into that ring with nothin' to lose and everythin' to gain. Pride. Glory. Revenge. And most of all...

[The smile returns.]

DW: Gold. Your gold, Shadoe. The title you fought tooth and nail, blow for blow for with Tony Sunn on the grandest stage of them all. Cause if there's one thing the Atomic Blonde would love more than repayin' you for what you

did to him it would be to take EVERYTHING that matters to you. Donnie White knows what that title means to you, Shadoe. He knows how hard you worked to crawl out from behind your father's name, out of your brother's name, out of the stigma that you couldn't make it on your own. At SuperClash you finally eclipsed that hurdle, you finally crawled out of the family shadow that has haunted you since ya first broke into this business. And tonight...

...Donnie White is gonna take it all away from you and you ain't EVER gonna forget it.

[We fade to the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands before the interview set, microphone in hand.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, SuperClash VI is in the books and in what can only be deemed a shocking outcome after nearly ten minutes of brutality, my guest at this time became the new undisputed AWA World Television champion. Ladies and gentlemen... Shadoe Rage.

[Sweet Lou Blackwell looks a little concerned as Shadoe Rage enters the shot from stage left. Rage is dressed in a shiny silver metallic leather cape, silver and pink sunglasses and a dark pink bandana holding his locs in place. He turns to face the camera for a moment, chewing on his lip. He exhales sharply.]

SR: Shocking outcome? Shocking outcome?? Shocking outcome??? Sweet Lou, I'm going to give you a minute to consider what you just said to me. Do you know who I am?

SLB: Shadoe Rage.

SR: That's right, my name is Shadoe Rage and I am the ultimate winner. Don't degrade me and don't degrade my championship. Do you understand me?

[Rage snaps his fingers. Sweet Lou is startled by the crisp snap of the digits. Marissa Monet, dressed in a black leather jumpsuit, enters the shot holding a wooden trophy case with a plexiglass lid. Sitting inside the case is the World Television championship. The traditional silver face plate has been set on a hot pink leather strap. Rage takes the belt from the case and cradles it in his arm. He moves to block most of Monet's length from the shot and put her firmly in the background.]

SR: What's going on here, Sweet Lou Blackwell, is that I am the World Television Champion. That's right, I am a WORLD Champion! Like it or not. And I know you don't, do you Sweet Lou. Nobody likes this. Nobody wanted this to happen, did they?

[Sweet Lou is hesitant to answer. He stumbles over his words. Shadoe Rage barely notices the hesitation because he has become enthralled with the World Television title. He gazes deeply into the engraved title plate and when he speaks, he speaks to the belt.]

SR: Don't be afraid, Sweet Lou. I know the answer is no. No, they didn't want me to be their champion but they couldn't stop it. When I want something I get it, Sweet Lou Blackwell. I'm a World Champion and the best thing on TV. And I've proven you and everybody else who doubted me wrong. This championship and I are a match made in Heaven!

[Marissa lowers her head a little at that remark, but betrays no other emotion. Rage is oblivious of that as well, still speaking to Blackwell through the belt.]

SR: I've been degraded in the AWA, Lou Blackwell. I've been degraded just like the AWA has tried to do to MY TV Title from the moment I won it. They talk about the World Title. The World Tag Team Titles. Even the title without a champion, the National Title. But they don't talk about me and MY title. But people want us... people want us both... Yes, they do. Yes, they do. Yes, they do.

So bring on my challengers, Sweet Lou. Bring on anybody with aspirations of being a World Champion and watch me kill their dreams, yeah!

[Rage kisses his nameplate and crushes the title tightly to his chest. He squeezes it for a moment before he loosens the embrace and gazes into the silver again, murmuring incoherently.]

SLB: Speaking of challengers, your challenger for your first televised title defense is a man you have a great deal of history with, a man whose career you also tried to end... the Mile High Mohawk, Donnie White.

[At the mention of the name, Shadoe Rage looks up from the World Television title and whistles in astonishment. He meets Blackwell's gaze for a moment before the lure of the championship belt is too much and he's drawn back to it.]

SR: I don't even know why this match would be made. A rematch from Heaven and Hell with the World Television Title on the line?

Donnie White, you escaped death once when it was just personal. Do you really want to face it again with me protecting MY World Title? Donnie White, think about your future, man. Think about it real real hard because this time I'm not just going to break your leg this time, man. I'm gonna chop your head off.

You think you're going to take my World title from me? YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO BEAT ME FOR THE AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONSHIP?!

[Rage quiets down a notch.]

SR: Donnie White, you're nothing to me. Do you understand? Less than nothing. I don't like you. I don't care about your health. I don't care about your well being. I don't care about your career. You're stepping into the ring with the World Television champion. You think I'm going to let you even

think about putting one of those dirty black nails on MY precious title? No, man. Once again, you're Icarus flying too close to the sun on wings made of wax! Your fall from grace on top of the scaffold will be nothing compared to your total annihilation when we get in that ring this time. You aren't half the man that I am. You aren't half the contender.

SLB: I beg to differ, Mr. Rage. Donnie White is an accomplished athlete and he knows you inside and out. I would suggest your reign is in jeopardy right from the very beginning.

[Shadoe Rage stares at his reflexion in the faceplate of the World Television title. His breath is coming in fast, ragged gasps and his eyes burn with intensity.]

SR: Marissa Monet, who's the AWA World Television champion?

MM: You are, Shadoe.

SR: And whose straight right knee sent Tony Sunn to the infirmary?

MM: Yours did, Shadoe.

SR: And who is degrading the most dangerous wrestling champion in the world?

MM: Sweet Lou is, Shadoe.

SR: And should I do something about that, Marissa? Like I did something about Tony Sunn?

[Marissa is quiet on that point. Sweet Lou's eyes pop a little bit as Shadoe Rage draws a deep, sighing breath and turns his full attention back on Blackwell. Rage uses his left hand to lever his sunglasses from his face and stare through Blackwell with those laser-focused hazel eyes.]

SR: You're degrading the champion, Sweet Lou.

[He kisses the World Television title.]

SR: You're degrading the belt. That makes us very angry, Blackwell. That makes us very upset. So I think it's time for you to go. I think it's time for us to end this interview. And Marissa Monet, I think it's time for you to walk that aisle and lead us to victory!

[He jabs his finger in Sweet Lou's face.]

SR: What happens to that boy out there is your fault. Yeah, if Donnie White survives with just a broken leg this time, he can be called a very lucky lucky man. And for degrading the champion and surviving, you're a lucky lucky man. You've used up all your credit with me.

SLB: Now wait a minute, Shadoe, I was just-

[Rage immediately cuts him off as he gets into his face, his insane glare cutting through Blackwell's resilience.]

SLB: (sheepishly) Thank you. Thank you very much.

[Rage has already turned his attention back to the World Television title. He cradles the belt to his forehead and kisses the plate.]

SR: (to the belt) Forgive him for he knows not what he does. I promise you, I'll never let them hurt you. I'll never let them degrade you. I'll never let them touch you. I love you. Marissa, down that aisle. Sweet Lou, goodbye.

[Lou Blackwell waits until Rage is out of ear shot and out of sight before he speaks again.]

SLB: That man is the very definition of obsession. What will happen if Donnie White takes that title tonight? What Rage is capable of, I don't want to know. Let's go down to the ring with the World Television Title on the line!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and it is for the AWA WORLD TELEVISION TITLE!

[Big cheers from the crowd for the title defense!]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challengers...

[The eclectic hard-hitting beat of "The Music" kicks into gear, echoing throughout the arena before the rhythmic drawl of Memphis' very own Al Kapone cuts through the riff and begins narrating the life of a man growing up on the streets of the Capital of the Mid-South.]

PW: Hailing from Memphis, Tennessee ... weighing in at 208 pounds ... he is the Atomic Blonde, the Last of the Mohawkins, the Buck and Jook of Beale Street... he is...

DONNIEEEEEEEEEEE WHIIIIIIIIIIITE!!!!!!!

[There's a mixed response from the crowd as the Memphis Mohawk bursts through the entrance portal. A few faint cheers for the return of a familiar face are mostly lost in a chorus of boos for White who stands on the elevated ramp cloaked in a sleeveless leather jacket from neck to toe with a hand rolled into a fist held in the air. Even with the black choker around his throat, black fingernail polish, studded leather wrist bands, and a bit of man-scara under his eyes it's the sky high blonde Mohawk that grabs everyone's attention.]

GM: Always an interesting spectacle... and interview, White is.

BW: I think entertaining is the real word you are lookin' for, Gordo. The man talks and walks a good game and I for one am excited to have him back in the ring after what Shadoe Rage did to him at Memorial Day Mayhem. Seeing him in tag action at SuperClash was one thing but getting him back in singles action tonight is a real treat.

GM: It was nine months ago that we saw Donnie White take an awful fall from the scaffold in front of the entire world and broke his right leg in the process as he crashed down into the ring beneath him. The man standing between him and the World Television title tonight - well, to say he had something to do with it would be the real understatement of the century.

[White catapults himself into the ring. He quickly flips his leather coat off and races against the ring ropes several times as he readies himself for the entrance of his opponent.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The crowd also greets the World Television champion with jeers and derision as the synthpop beat of "Fame" starts up and the curtains part. Shadoe Rage emerges first, arms thrust outward as the fans in the Crockett Coliseum boo.]

PW: Coming down the aisle, weighing in at 242 pounds... he is accompanied by Marissa Monet... he is the Sensational One ... He is the King of Rage Country ... he is the World Television Champion ...

[Phil pauses as he reads what's next on his cards.]

PW: ...he is the man who eclipsed Tony Sunn and the new face on the banner hanging above your heads...

He is...

SHAAAAAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[Rage points to the new banner hanging with his arrogant image smirking down at the crowd. He is adorned in a metallic silver leather cape. His bandana is a deep vibrant pink and his pink tortoiseshell glasses have silver lenses. Behind him, Marissa Monet emerges, dressed in a simple black leather jumpsuit. She carries a trophy case by two handles with a wood base, a pink velvet interior and a plexiglass cover. She marches silently behind the champion who pauses halfway to the ring to deliver his address to the masses with a handheld mic.]

SR: Dallas, Texas ... your King ... your World Television champion is here! Never before has this title meant so much as it does right now! Never before have you had a World Television champion to look up to and respect. Look to the rafters.

[Rage points to the banner of his smirking arrogant and cruelly handsome visage staring down at the arena.]

SR: See me smiling down on you and know that you are in the presence of greatness!

GM: He certainly is full of himself, isn't he?

[Rage stares hard at Donnie White in the ring.]

SR: And you, you piece of Memphis trash. I don't know how you managed to come back the first time I put you down, but this time... you'll be lucky if you only end up like the last guy who sullied this belt!

[White spits towards Rage who bats away whatever bit of saliva comes shooting his way.]

GM: And Shadoe Rage wasting no time proving what kind of man he is! Listen to these fans boo Rage's first televised World Television title defense. Since SuperClash, this man has done nothing to endear himself to the fans.

BW: Gordo, I've never seen a man so focussed on winning the Television title before like we saw with Rage. We saw a man at SuperClash who seized every opportunity to take that belt and ended up putting Tony Sunn out of the AWA to get it! That big knee put Sunn in a world of hurt, daddy. Can a smaller man like Donnie White survive Rage's madness and desperation to hang onto that belt?

GM: These two have a history. Donnie White was put out of wrestling for a long time by Shadoe Rage in the Heaven and Hell scaffold match at Modern Day Mayhem. The title is obviously the biggest prize in this one but this is also a personal issue between these two. White's coming into this one with a big chip on his shoulder about that injury and he just might be able to match the champion's fury here tonight.

[Rage gets to ringside and Marissa Monet sets the trophy case down on the timekeeper's table. As Rage disrobes, he displays the World Television title's silver face on a new strap made of hot pink leather. He unfastens the belt, holds it up to the fans, and kisses it before setting it down in the trophy case held by Marissa Monet.]

GM: What has he done to the belt?

BW: Personalized it a little bit. That's all.

GM: And Shadoe Rage has Marissa Monet lock that championship in the trophy case before he takes the ring. Normally the referee would handle the belt, Bucky.

BW: Shadoe ain't lettin' nobody get their grubby fingerprints on that silver, Gordo. You can see he's obsessed with it already.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're underway as these two competitors renew hostilities. This is a fabulous opportunity for Donnie White. Before his injury at the hands of Shadoe Rage he was a top contender for the World Television title. Imagine what a boost this would be for his career and the Lights Out Express if he could capture gold here tonight.

BW: It'd be a huge feather in his cap. And it's a distinct possibility. He gives up nothing to Shadoe Rage in that ring there. Donnie's very very dangerous. He gave Shadoe Rage everything he could handle before he took that tumble from the top of the scaffold.

GM: Donnie White looked good at SuperClash against the Epitome Of Cool - showing no signs of losing any speed or agility after suffering that broken leg falling from some 30 feet in the air during that Heaven and Hell scaffold match.

BW: A singles match could be a different story though. We're about to find out, I think.

[The two athletes rush at each other and feint away.]

GM: Both men had the same idea there... trying to size up their opponent before diving into the mix.

[Rage hits the ropes, bouncing off towards a lockup again but White squares up, fist pulled back, ready to drill him in the eyes. The World Television Champion pulls up short, looking out to the crowd who cheers the near haymaker.]

GM: The fans seem to be a bit more in the corner of Donnie White than Shadoe Rage tonight... and I do mean "a bit."

[Rage shouts at White, pointing at him as the crowd jeers... and then White returns fire, shouting back at Rage.]

GM: A war of words in progress here as-

[White turns, pointing at Marissa Monet, shouting something at Rage that makes his eyes go wide, charging in blindly as his self-control is shattered!]

GM: RAGE ATTACKS!

[The Atomic Blonde catches the incoming White, dragging him down to the mat by the arm.]

GM: Armdrag by the challenger!

[Rage pops back up, charging in a second time, and gets armdragged down to the canvas a second time. The crowd is rallying behind White as Rage climbs back to his feet...

...and gets caught squarely on the chin with a standing dropkick, knocking him back down to the mat!]

GM: Dropkick by White stuns Rage!

BW: But he gets right back up!

[A second dropkick sends Rage flying backwards, crashing back against the turnbuckles. White climbs back to his feet, pointing to Monet before turning his back and swaying his rear end from side to side to a cheer from the crowd...]

GM: Well, I don't know if that's the best thing to do when you've got the champion on the ropes but-

[Gordon's words prove to be prophetic as Shadoe Rage tears out of the corner, dropping White with a left-handed clothesline.]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot by the champion! In these TV Title matches with the ten minute time limits, you will often see both champion and challenger compete at a hurried pace.

BW: If I'm the champion, I hook a side headlock and stay there. Can't win the title on a time limit draw, daddy.

GM: Nor on a countout or disqualification for that matter. It's gotta be a pinfall or submission under that ten minute time limit.

[Rage measures the downed White, raising his arm to point his elbow down, dropping to his knees as White rolls to the side, causing Rage to slam his elbow down into the mat!]

GM: Rage missing the elbow as White is showing off his quickness early on in this one... both men back up to their feet now...

[On their feet, they come together in the first lockup of the match.]

BW: Donnie White's showing that he's got maybe a little more speed than Rage... a fact that might drive the TV Champion over the edge. White's broken leg ain't botherin' him at all in my estimation, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not but Rage is using his strength advantage to shove White back into the buckles, holding him there as the referee starts a five count...

[Rage plants his open hand on White's chin, pushing his head back as Rage drops back, throwing a wild right hand...

...but White ducks and avoids it, causing Rage to slam ribsfirst into the buckles!]

GM: He missed! White avoids another shot from Rage and that'll get under the skin of the champion for sure!

[White shoves Rage back into the buckles, opening up with a series of short chops to the chest. The referee protests as White backs off... and then steps back in, throwing alternating rights and lefts to the ribcage - blows that have Rage hopping on impact!]

GM: White's taking the fight to Shadoo Rage in the corner! And as these fans in Texas cheer him on, I'm surprised to hear any cheers during this match, Bucky. These are two very unpopular athletes competing in the ring. Did you think the people would get behind Donnie White in this match?

BW: I think they can relate to him a little more than a crazy man like Rage, Gordo. So the people go with what they can relate to in a match like this. And as unpopular as these two athletes may be they can definitely go in that ring. So the crowd will appreciate their athleticism and their passion to beat each other with that World Television Title on the line.

[White gets forced back by the official again. He nods, moving back in...

...and gets caught with an overhead elbow down between the eyes!]

GM: Oh! Rage caught him coming in!

[He grabs a handful of Donnie's bleach blond Mohawk and uses it to drag him into the corner.]

GM: Rage turns him around and-

[The official steps in again, trying to get the two men out of the corner. Rage shoves past him as White ducks down, yanking the legs out from under him, folding the legs into a jackknife cradle...]

GM: CRADLE!

[...and slips his feet over the second rope for leverage as the referee drops down to count!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Rage kicks out, breaking the pin attempt before he rolls to his feet, complaining loudly.]

GM: Neither one of these men are above bending the rules - or possibly out-and-out breaking the rules - in order to walk out of here with the World Television Title.

BW: Fightin' fire with fire. Do unto them before they do unto you. Anything to get an advantage!

[As they lock up again, Rage goes back to the hair, dragging White towards the corner, turning his back against the buckles. He again breaks the grip, throwing a wild right...

...but White avoids it again, showing off his speed advantage as Rage crashes back into the buckles. White promptly leaps up, planting his feet on the upper thighs before executing a monkey flip, sending Rage flipping through the air and down to the canvas!]

GM: Beautiful execution by Donnie White... and Rage is heading to the outside. He's had enough of this!

[Out on the floor, Rage angrily slaps the apron.]

GM: Shadoe Rage showing some frustration that he can't get a sustained offense going against the challenger in this - the first World Television Title match televised on The X... and what's this all about?

[An agitated Rage walks over to Marissa Monet, pointing and shouting at her.]

GM: Why is he berating Marissa Monet, Bucky?! What did she do to deserve this?!

BW: Nothing, Gordo... but that's the problem. She did NOTHING! What the heck is she out here for if she's not going to help her man?!

GM: If she's... you're kidding me! You've gotta be kidding me! You're saying that if she's not actively interfering in the match, she's got no purpose out here!

BW: Sounds about right.

GM: You truly are unbelievable. And as we close in on the five minute mark of this matchup, Shadoe Rage seems to be taking an awful lot of time out there on the floor. He's checking on the title belt now. It hasn't gone anywhere, I assure you.

BW: Hey, but it's worth checking, right?

GM: I have to believe that Shadoe Rage knows that Donnie White is a real threat to take the title here tonight and he can take it just like that. This might be stalling a bit, inching closer to that time limit...

[Rage pulls himself up on the apron, shouting at White again as he ducks through. He promptly hits the ropes, rebounding off towards White who catches him coming in with a boot to the gut.]

GM: Oh, the challenger goes downstairs on him!

[White hooks a front facelock, trying to drag Rage towards the corner but as they get there, Rage hooks his arms around the ropes, preventing the Atomic Blonde from getting any further. There's a brief tug of war as White tries to pull him free.]

GM: Whatever Donnie White had planned Rage definitely had it scouted and was afraid of what was coming next.

BW: I think Rage knew Donnie White was going for the Tennessee Tornado. That would have changed the complexion of this match quick, fast, and in a hurry, Gordo. It might have even got him the three count or set up that Flying Mohawk finish of White's. Rage saw that title slipping from his grasp and reacted on pure panicked instinct.

[Still hunched over, Rage throws himself forward, driving a shoulder into the midsection. He grabs the arm, looking for an Irish whip...]

GM: Big whip to the corner by Rage!

[The champion comes tearing in after him, leaping up to drive a knee into the point of the chin. He falls back, using the mohawk to hurl White down to the canvas where he dives in for a cover, only getting a two count.]

GM: Two count only off the knee in the corner as Rage grabs the hair... ohh! Facefirst into the mat!

[Rage gets up, leaning over to slap White in the back of the head, earning some more jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Hard slap to the head - there's no call for that in my estimation, Bucky.

BW: Remember these two men hate each other, Gordo. Their rivalry last year was REAL personal. You add the World TV title to the mix and I wouldn't be surprised if we had to get extra security down here for this one.

[The World Television Champion stomps White's head a couple times before muscling him to his feet, taking him down with a snap mare before leaping up, dropping a big knee into the sternum!]

GM: Ohh! High leaping kneedrop by the champion gets one! He gets two! He's- no! White's out at two!

[Rage slams the mat in frustration, climbing to his feet as he looks out at the jeering crowd and shouts "I AM YOUR KING!" to even louder boos.]

GM: Shadoo Rage seems to be losing a bit of focus here, Bucky, much like Donnie White did earlier as we're closing in on the seven minute mark of this match where both of these men need to turn up the pace if they're going to stand a chance of winning his showdown.

[The champion turns back towards White, eating a right hand to the underside of the chin!]

GM: Oh! What an uppercut!

BW: Was that a tooth that just went flying?

GM: I really don't want to know and-

[The blow sends Rage falling back but he comes right back in, grabbing the hair, pulling the head back and driving an elbow down between the eyes, causing White to fall back to the canvas in perfect position for another cover, again only getting two.]

GM: Rage is certainly turning up the pace like we just said.

[The champion gets back up off the mat, going into a full spin, arms spread to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Rage is again wasting time here.

BW: He's got all the time in the world to waste. The title won't change hands on a draw like we said earlier.

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

GM: And you hear it right there. Three minutes to go in this World Television Title showdown as Rage hits the ropes, leaps high... ELBOW!

[But White again rolls to the side, causing Rage to slam down hard into the canvas!]

GM: He missed! Rage misses the elbowdrop! And that creates an opening for the challenger to get back into this thing and win the World Television Title right here on opening night on The X!

[White is slow to get up but Rage is slower, allowing White to lift him into the air, dropping him down on a bent knee!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: He's gonna be singin' soprano tonight, Gordo!

[White's inverted atomic drop has Rage cringing in pain... and then his eyes snap open wide as White lifts him, dropping him down a second time... and a third one sends Rage falling back, clutching at his groin as White comes in fast, scooping him up...]

GM: Big slam down on the mat!

[The Atomic Blonde turns back to the corner, hopping up on the middle rope. He again shakes his butt from side to side, drawing a cheer from some, before leaping off, burying the point of his elbow down into the heart of the champion before attempting another pin.]

GM: White's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[Rage's shoulder comes flying off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: He almost had him there but Shadoo Rage just barely got that shoulder up in time, fans!

BW: White's building momentum but it may be too late. We're just a hair over two minutes left in this and I don't know if White can get the job done in that amount of time, daddy.

[White climbs back to his feet just as Rage rolls under the ropes, dropping down to the floor near Marissa as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Rage is making a run for it! He heard the time announcement earlier and he may be trying to run out the clock!

BW: I've heard worse ideas!

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

[White rolls out to the floor after him as Rage stares at the title belt in the wooden case, shouting "YOU CAN'T TAKE IT FROM ME! IT'S MINE!" White comes up quick behind him...

...and the crowd ERUPTS in boos as Shadoo Rage grabs Marissa Monet, yanking her in front of him to serve as a human shield. White keeps his hand cocked back, looking surprised at what just happened!]

GM: Oh, come on! What kind of a man does that?!

BW: A man determined to keep his title!

[White shakes his head, looking out at the jeering crowd...

...which gives Rage the opening to shove his manager aside, catching White with a lunging right hand!]

GM: Cheap shot by the World Television Champion!

[With White reeling, Rage pulls himself up on the apron, quickly climbing the turnbuckles, standing tall with his arms raised before leaping off, dropping a double axehandle down on the skull of the challenger!]

GM: OHH! DEATH FROM ABOVE FROM THE CHAMPION!!

[Rage drags a stunned White off the ringside mats by the mohawk, hurling him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: The challenger's back in and... and Rage is going up top again!

[Back on the apron, Rage does the belt gesture at the jeering crowd, shouting "NO ONE CAN HAVE IT! IT'S MINE!" before he turns to climb the turnbuckles.]

GM: The World Television Champion is on his way up with just over a minute to go in the time limit for this one.

BW: I'm tellin' ya, Gordo. A sane man takes the countout here but this guy is at least a One Eyed Jack away from a full deck!

[Rage perches on the top rope, arms raised over his head as he leaps...

...and as he sails through the air, Donnie White springs to his feet and leaps up too, spinning in the air.]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[The crowd ERUPTS at White taking Rage out of the sky with a spinning leg lariat!]

GM: RAGE IS DOWN! RAGE IS DOWN!

[White dives across the prone champion, not bothering to hook a leg!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Rage kicks out at the last moment, obviously stunned by the countermove out of the challenger who angrily covers again, this time grabbing a leg.]

GM: He covers again! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But again, the World Television Champion kicks out in time, causing White to angrily slam a fist down into the mat.]

GM: Two near falls there - a half count or less away from a new Television Champion as Donnie White staggers to his feet.

"ONE MINUTE REMAINS! SIXTY SECONDS!"

[White desperately drags Rage up by the arm, flinging him towards the ropes. As Rage bounces back, White ducks down, lifting him up across his shoulders...

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

GM: OHHH!

[The challenger skillfully kips up to his feet, throwing himself up into the air, driving himself backfirst down onto the chest of Rage!]

GM: MEMPHIS MASH-UP BY WHITE! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[White flips over into a lateral press, hooking a leg this time!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He almost had him! My stars, he almost had him!

BW: We were SO close to a new champion right there!

"THIRTY SECONDS REMAIN!"

[The camera catches a closeup of Shadoe Rage rolling to all fours, trying to get out of the ring.]

GM: Shadoe Rage came that close to losing his title. You can see the desperation blooming in his eyes.

[But White cuts him off, grabbing a handful of hair to drag the champion up to his feet.]

GM: Rage- ohh! To the eyes!

[The eyerake causes White to fall back as Rage staggers back, leaning against the ropes. He takes two deep breaths, charging in towards the blinded White...]

"TEN SECONDS!"

[...who hears Rage coming and on instinct, crouched, shoving Rage straight up into the air, jumping up after him to catch him flush with both feet in the chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A SHOT! WHAT A SHOT!

[White dives across as the referee drops down, counting once... twice... and ALMOST a third time before Rage's shoulder flies up!]

GM: HE GOT HIM! HE GOT HIM!

BW: I DON'T THINK SO!

[The referee leaps up, holding two fingers in the air as the crowd deflates on the near-miss title change...

...and then the bell sounds.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Donnie White rolls to his knees, burying his face in his hands for a moment...

...and then angrily grabs Rage by the hair, slamming a fist down between the eyes... and again... and again...]

GM: The bell has sounded, the match is over, but these two aren't done yet, Bucky!

BW: When personal issues add titles to the mix, all hell can break loose at any given moment!

[White is hammering away at Rage's head as the referee signals for the bell again.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: You can ring the bell all night and it won't matter to these two!

GM: The official result is a time limit draw according to our timekeeper but these two are still fighting!

[The referee steps in, grabbing White by the arm, which gives Rage a change to dig his fingers into the eye from his back, raking hard and causing White to fall back down to the mat. Rage scrambles to his feet, throwing himself into a double axehandle to the back of the head!]

GM: And now it's the champion fighting back!

[He grabs a handful of mohawk, slamming Rage's face repeatedly into the canvas, shouting after each slam...]

"YOU!"

"THUUUUUUUD!"

"CAN'T!"

"THUUUUUUUD!"

"HAVE!"

"THUUUUUUUD!"

"IT!"

"THUUUUUUUD!"

[The referee again steps in, pulling Rage off of White, dragging him bodily off the downed challenger as the bell sounds again.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Rage wheels around, grabbing the official by the shirt and shoving him back into the corner. He angrily spins back towards a rising White who catches him coming in with a mohawk to the gut!]

GM: Ohh!

[White pops up, slamming a forearm down into the back of the head, using a few more to club Rage down to the canvas. He flips Rage over onto his back, winding up and throwing a heavy elbowstrike to the temple!]

GM: Oh, what a shot!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: We’re going to need some help out here if we’re gonna split these two apart!

[On cue, the floodgates open and we see a handful of AWA officials followed by some of the locker room.]

GM: Here comes the cavalry!

[As they make their way down the aisle, White lands two more big elbows before someone pulls him off Rage!]

GM: Well, this is quite the spectacle for the first World Television Title match on The X!

BW: You want chaos? You want insanity? You want action? You got it, daddy!

GM: Donnie White’s being dragged back to the corner... and it looks like Shadoo Rage is getting up now. Somebody grab hold of him before he can-

[Too late. Rage breaks away from the pack, charging and leaping up to smash White back against the buckles. They each grab a handful of hair, throwing bombs at one another as the crowd roars in response and the locker room brigade tries to rip them apart...

...and Sweet Daddy Williams is able to do exactly that, dressed in street clothes as he rips Shadoo Rage off of White by the arm, throwing him down to the mat to a big “OHHHHH!” from the crowd!]

BW: Hey! Get your hands off the champ, fat man!

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams is out here trying to break this up as well and-

[Rage pops back up, fire in his eyes as he shoves an official aside, pointing a finger at Sweet Daddy Williams...]

GM: Rage doesn’t seem to be too thrilled by being torn off of White and-now he’s shoving Sweet Daddy! Come on! Get some control over this maniac!

[Several more security officials intervene and pry Rage back towards the corner who continues flinging his legs and arms around in the air. Sweet Daddy shouts out at Rage who screams violently in his direction. The Atomic Blonde leaps back up and is immediately pinned into the corner by several officials.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

BW: Can someone stop ringing that bell?!

GM: Bucky, they're trying to get control out here! They're trying to get fans, we've got to take a break! Get us out of this mess! Let's... let's go backstage right now!

[Cut to backstage, where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands, microphone in hand.]

LB: Joining me right now is Brian Lau, and a man who has undergone an unbelievable amount of change, Brian James.

[Into the frame step Lau and his new charge, the hulking Brian James. Lau is still in his shiny sharkskin suit, his sunglasses now sitting low on the bridge of his nose. James has put on a plain black t-shirt, and once again, the white towel is over his head. Lau walks in front of James, the manager all grins and smirks as he approaches "Sweet" Lou.]

LB: Brian James! I have a lot of questions for you!

[Both men come to a halt, and Lau begins to shake his head and wave his arms.]

BL: No. No. No. No. No!

You, Mr. Lou Blackwell, are allowed to ask my man Brian James one, and only one question. And you don't get to ask it until I say you can.

You got a problem with that, Lou?

LB: You're darn right I do. People have been calling the hotline for months demanding to know what's going on with Brian James, and you're telling me I only get to ask him one question?! What sort of outrageousness is this?

BL: Me? I'm not saying anything.

[Lau points to himself and then holds up his hands in mock apology.]

BL: You have a problem with the rules, you have to take it up with the man who made them. You want something more than you're getting, then you have to ask it up with the big man.

Though I have to say, it wouldn't be my recommendation.

[Cut to Brian James, who is menacingly cracking his knuckles. Reflexively, Blackwell takes a step back.]

LB: I'll have you know I'm a journalist!

BL: Yeah, but not much of one. So you get one question. Next time, have them send me someone with real credentials like Patterson. Here, Blackwell, hold these.

[Lau whips off his sunglasses, and then deposits them in the front of Blackwell's coat, patting him twice before Lau drapes an arm over Blackwell's shoulders, leaning in as if they're the best of friends.]

LB: Well, am I allowed to ask you questions, Mr. Lau?

BL: Sure. Shoot!

LB: It's been years since we've seen you. You wouldn't answer Gordon Myers' questions, but the world still wants to know where you've been and why you're back?

BL: It's simple. Where I've been is retired, enjoying my impeccable record, and keeping to myself.

LB: Impeccable record?

[Lau's expression goes from jovial to irritated instantly.]

BL: That's what I said! Listen. I've essentially managed two men. First one was Tiger Claw. World Heavyweight champion. World Tag Team champion. Hall of Famer. And I also managed Casey James. Stop me when this sounds familiar - World Heavyweight champion. World Tag Team champion. Hall of Famer.

No other man has ever managed two men to both the World Title AND the Hall of Fame. You don't think that's impeccable?

LB: Well, with a resume like that, there's no one that can argue. But why the return? Why are you back?

BL: I came to SuperClash because Brian James is my family. I already said that. But when I was there, when I was standing ringside, I realized something. It hit me like a lightning bolt, Blackwell! Because, while no one other than Brian Lau has ever managed two men to the World Heavyweight Title AND the Hall of Fame...

Only -I- could ever take THREE men to the World Heavyweight Title and the Hall of Fame!

But not just any man. This man right here...

[Lau points to James, and as he does so, the camera pans over the imposing form of the son of the Blackheart.]

BL: Six foot six. Two hundred and ninety five pounds of destruction. Quick as a cat, but as hard hitting as a freight train. There's no man in the AWA, hell, there's no man on earth that has what Brian James has! There's no one alive who has what he brings to the table.

So when Brian James asked me to manage him, do you know what I did?

LB: What did you do?

BL: I sold my house!

LB: You sold your?.... Wait, what?

BL: I sold my house, and I sold every other thing I owned! Because I'm in the Brian James business, and it's a full time job. From here on out, I don't have anything that doesn't come from this man right here. From now, everything I get is because I helped him get to where he belongs! Do you understand? The only thing I have in life now is my ten percent!

This fine suit...

[Lau runs his hands up and down over his chest.]

BL: These beautiful Italian shoes!

[Lau pulls on his pant leg, as the camera zooms in.]

BL: Brian James bought me these!

See Blackwell, where I've been isn't important. It's all gone now. There's only one thing that matters. It's where I'm going. And because I'm with Brian James, where I'm going is all the way to the top!

So now, you ask your question of Brian James, Mr. Blackwell!

[Lou turns to look at James, who pulls the towel off his face, and then growls at Lou.]

BJ: You only get one, so you better make it count.

LB: Well, ultimately there is only one question that needs to be answered – why did you turn on TORA at SuperClash?

BJ: Because.

[Both men pause a beat. Lou because he's waiting for more, James because he thinks he's said enough.]

LB: "Because" That's your answer?!

[Scowling, James takes hold of the microphone, muscling his way in front of Blackwell, who still has hold of the microphone, given that James has wrapped his fist around Blackwell's. But all we see of "Sweet" Lou is his hand. The rest is blocked out by James' massive form.]

BJ: I did it because I wanted to.

[Another pause, as Lau steps to the microphone.]

BL: Let's make this clear. If Brian James were a lesser man, he would have destroyed TORA because he dropped the ball and embarrassed him in front of his teacher and his father. But that's not what motivated Brian James. He didn't do it because some idiot fans cheered for a man who did nothing but get in Brian James' way and ruin what should have been the best night of his wrestling career. He didn't even do it because Casey James and Tiger Claw told him to.

He did it because that's what he wanted to do. And nothing can stop Brian James when he decides he wants something.

There are a lot of men in this industry who'll tell you that they're WILLING to do whatever it takes to make it to the top. There are a lot of men in the locker room who, if push comes to shove, can bring themselves to hurt a man or destroy a career. But when it comes to Brian James? He isn't just willing to go to the dark places.

He WANTS to go there.

That's what separates Brian James from everyone else. He's not just willing to break someone's bones. He wants to! He's not just willing to put someone in a wheelchair. That's what he's aiming for, every time he's in the ring.

You can forget the past. You can forget the boy with the long hair who ran around like a moron and slapped the dirty hands of a bunch of stinking fans who'll never actually accomplish anything in their life. You can forget the smiling child who was content to stand on the apron and cheer for an idiot who thinks jumping high is a way to win a fight.

He's gone, and what you see now is something that truly defines the word "awesome."

This is Brian James, the son of the Blackheart. A graduate of the Claw Academy. He's better than every other man whose name is on an AWA contract. And he doesn't answer to anyone! He does what he wants, when he wants, to who wants to do it to.

There's an entire roster filled with great wrestlers. Tough men. Ryan Martinez, Jack Lynch, Bobby O'Connor, Hannibal Carver, Dave Bryant, Brad Jacobs. Champions, former champions, and future champions, one and all.

But there is only one Brian James. And that means there's only one man that matters here in the AWA.

[Blackwell has finally managed to get out from behind James, and he pulls on the microphone to get it back to his mouth.]

LB: You're putting a lot of faith in Mr. James.

BL: Why shouldn't I?

Do you understand what's happening here? There are lot of men who might be good. There are few who are great. You can call the good ones wrestlers. You can call the great one superstars. But there's only one man who is the best of the best.

His name is Brian James.

[The camera cuts to the scowling face of Brian James.]

BJ: And no one can stop me!

[James and Lau step away, leaving a slightly flustered Blackwell in their wake as we crossfade back to the ringside area.]

GM: Whew. Brian James and Brian Lau... what a pair those two make.

BW: And you've just gotta wonder what those two are going to do next time we're here on The X, Gordo.

GM: Two weeks from tonight, we've got the final Brass Ring Qualifying Matches - by the end of that night, we'll know the eight men moving on to March 21st right here in the Crockett for the tournament itself. Believe me, fans, you do NOT want to miss that. What a wild night it's been so far!

BW: Get used to it Gordo, this is the AWA on The X!

[And just as Gordon is about to reply, the Black Keys' "Hard Row" kicks in, and out steps Jack Lynch. The eldest Lynch brother is, as he always is, dressed head to toe in black. A tall man, with a lanky build, Lynch comes out to a huge roar from the fans.]

GM: You can call him the Iron Cowboy, you can call him the King of Cowboys...

BW: Or you can call him a damn dirty Stench who perpetrated a national tragedy!

GM: Bucky! What are you talking about?

BW: I'm talking about silencing the golden voice of the King of Professional Wrestling?

GM: Bucky! Will you... ? We all know that Demetrius Lake is perfectly capable of speech! And I'm guessing that's exactly why Jack Lynch is out here.

[Lynch makes his way into the ring, and stands in the center, motioning for Phil Watson to hand him the microphone. As his hand moves, Lynch is seen wincing slightly, apparently still feeling lingering damage from his war on Thanksgiving night. As the microphone is lifted to his mouth and his cowboy hat is pulled off his head, we see another, more visceral reminder of that war - an angry red strip of scar tissue across his forehead.]

JL: I ain't a man that needs my ego stroked. All I really want in life is to come out here and slap the claw on some poor fool who needs his skull cracked. And the only real validation I need comes from gettin' a pat on the back from my friends and my brother.

And of course, hearin' the cheers of you great fans.

[As the fans cheer, a slow grin spreads across Lynch's lips and he nods his head gratefully, enjoying their adulation.]

JL: But tonight, I'm gonna make an exception.

Because I didn't fly all the way to New York City, I didn't put myself through hell, just so that the Black Tiger could come down with a case of laryngitis!

[More cheers from the crowd.]

BW: That's a lie and you know it! The King has a legitimate injury!

GM: The only thing injured is Demetrius Lake's pride. He demanded the stipulation, it's about time he lived up to it!

JL: Now, I already know I'm better than Demetrius Lake. I already proved to the world that I'm tougher than him. Hell, everyone knows the answer to this question – what does Demetrius Lake want from Jack Lynch?

[Lynch looks expectantly to the crowd, who are quick to answer, having been prodded by a social media campaign that the AWA has run for a few months now.]

"NO MÀS! NO MÀS! NO MÀS!"

"NO MÀS! NO MÀS! NO MÀS!"

"NO MÀS! NO MÀS! NO MÀS!"

[A grinning Lynch nods his head.]

JL: But! As Henrietta Ortiz Lynch used to say when Trav didn't want to eat all his peas – uno más. One more.

So one more time, Lake, get your butt out here and keep your word!

[Cue up the piano and drum back-beat of "Mack the Knife" by Louis Armstrong, and the fans boo loudly. As of yet, there is no action at the curtain. The big screen above the entrance shows a dark purple screen with a "KING OF WRESTLING" logo on it, all green-screened behind a clip of Demetrius Lake glaring menacingly at the camera.]

GM: Is this actually happening? Is Demetrius Lake actually going to come out here and admit Jack Lynch is the better man?

BW: No way, Gordo! He's not medically cleared to do that!

GM: Well, he's not coming out yet, but...WHAT!? What's he doing out here!?

[The boos become gasps of shock and confusion, when the crowd sees Supreme Wright stepping out from behind the curtain with a microphone in hand. The former two-time AWA World Heavyweight champion is dressed in his usual dapper fashion, wearing a double breasted, three-piece, wool grey retro British-style tweed suit. As the music stops playing, the crowd roars with boos, but Wright ignores them, bringing the microphone up to his lips.]

SW: Mr. Lynch...

[A smirk forms on Wright's face.]

SW: ...this is a diversion.

[A look of realization crosses Jack's face as he quickly spins around...]

"SMMMMAAAACCCKKK!!!"

"OHHHHHHH!!!"

[...RIGHT INTO A BIG BOOT FROM CAIN JACKSON!!!]

GM: JACKSON! CAIN JACKSON JUST JUMPED OVER THAT GUARDRAIL AND AMBUSHED JACK LYNCH! THIS WAS A SET-UP!

BW: We saw Supreme Wright earlier tonight! We saw what he said! He said he was gonna' make Ryan Martinez suffer...and I think this is exactly what he was talkin' about!

[Cain Jackson stands over a prone Jack Lynch, staring him down, while the crowd breaks out into a panic, when they see Wright removing his blazer. He then proceeds to walk down the aisle, rolling up his sleeves along the way.]

GM: This is bad, this is REAL bad. Jack Lynch is at the complete mercy of Supreme Wright.

BW: And if you think there's any mercy in Supreme Wright, then you don't KNOW Supreme Wright, daddy!

[Wright steps through the ropes, as the crowd boos him voraciously.]

SW: And THIS, Mr. Lynch...is a victimization.

[He looks at Cain.]

SW: Cain...

[A smirks]

SW: ...uno más.

[Smirking, Jackson pulls Lynch to his feet and grabs a handful of hair, spinning around and THROWING him through the turnbuckles, where he hits the ringpost shoulder-first!]

"OHHHHH!!!"

[Lynch cries out in pain, as he staggers out of the corner, only to be lifted off his feet by Jackson, who holds him up into a bearhug. However, Jackson grapples Lynch's arm behind his back into a hammerlock...

...and falls forward, DRIVING him into the canvas!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!! Right onto his right arm!

[As Jack Lynch rolls around the mat, grabbing his arm in pain, Wright motions for Jackson to step aside. He picks up Lynch's cowboy hat and tosses it over to Jackson, before springing into action, grabbing the wounded limb and turning the King of the Cowboys over, sitting across his shoulderblades and pulling him back into a shoulder-mounted keylock!]

GM: Dear lord! Supreme Wright's trying to seriously injure Jack Lynch!

BW: I've seen this move before! Wright used it Japan to tapout Kenta Kitzukawa! It's his grand daddy's hold!

GM: Someone has to stop this!

BW: There's NO ONE that can stop this, Gordo! Anyone that'd want to ain't even in the building!

GM: That's not true! The locker room is full of- NO! Fans, we're being informed that Team Supreme... Team Supreme is back there keeping everyone back in the locker room! They're not letting anyone down here while-

[The cries of agony only intensify, as Wright stands back up and laces his feet over Lynch's, before he falls back, drawing a HUGE groan from the crowd as he arches Lynch across his knees into a bow-and-arrow version of the submission hold!]

BW: This hold could break an arm! Tear a rotator cuff! Dislocate an elbow! And I'll bet you my next paycheck, Wright ain't releasing it 'til one of those things happens!

[However, just then, a small army of preliminary wrestlers, led by a chair-wielding Michael Weaver rush out from behind the curtain! Wright breaks the hold and makes a quick exit out of the ring with Jackson, as Weaver narrowly misses with a wild swing of the chair! The other wrestlers circle around Jack Lynch, checking on his condition, as the Texan grabs his right arm, screaming in pain.]

GM: Thank heavens for Michael Weaver!

BW: Who the heck would've ever thought that would ever be said!

[Supreme Wright backs up the aisle with a satisfied look on his face, raising his arms into the air to a massive roar of boos from the crowd, as a worried-looking Michael Weaver checks on Jack Lynch. Fade out.]

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

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

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

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

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

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

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

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

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

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

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

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

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

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

"And now their stories can be told."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade to black.

As we fade back up, we find AWA fan favorite Sweet Daddy Williams, looking more than a little fired up, standing alongside Sweet Lou Blackwell in the backstage area.]

SLB: Welcome back, fans... just a little while ago, Sweet Daddy Williams, you came out to the ring to help break up the fight between Shadoo Rage and Donnie White and... well, to say things got a little out of hand would be an understatement.

[Williams shakes his head.]

SDW: Hey, I wasn't even booked tonight... I wasn't even wrestling tonight. I was here to help out backstage on one of the biggest nights in the history of this company and that piece of garbage, Shadoo Rage, decided to further disgrace a title that needs to get on someone else's waist right quick.

SLB: I've been told that ever since you laid your hands on Rage tonight, he's been looking for you. Are you concerned?

SDW: Concerned? There ain't been a day in Sweet Daddy's life that he shied away from a fight with nobody. If Shadoo Rage wants him a piece of Hotlanta's finest, ol' Sweet Daddy's about to walk hisself down to catering and pick up a ham sandwich. He can find me there.

[An off-camera shout is heard just before Shadoo Rage stalks into view. The World Television Champion is pointing a threatening finger at the AWA veteran, carrying the title in what appears to be a pink velvet bag.]

SR: Think I don't know what you're doing? Think I don't know you weren't out there trying to steal my World title?

[Rage jabs his finger into Sweet Daddy's face. This provokes a violent slap from Sweet Daddy as he swats Rage's hand away.]

SDW: You want me to come for ya? You stick your hand in my face again and let's see what happens, son!

[Rage steps back, his finger drifting from side to side.]

SR: It's those eyes, man! Those eyes lust for the AWA World Television Title!

[Williams looks at Blackwell who has slid to the side.]

SDW: This guy's nuttier than a whole can of cashews, baby. Look at him!

[Rage doesn't even seem like he heard, still waving his finger around.]

SR: No, I can see it in those eyes! You want this, don't you? I see it in your eyes. Don't lie!

[Williams shakes his head.]

SDW: Son, I been in this joint since Day One and I ain't never had a piece of gold around this pretty lil' waist. You think I want your title? You're DAMN right I want your title. And so does every other man in this locker room. That's what this business is about! If you don't want the championship, go teach gym down at the junior high!

[Rage nods, having had his theory proven.]

SR: So then ask me for a shot! Don't sneak up on me again, man. Don't even try that. I'll knock you out, man-to-man.

[Williams seems to be getting angrier.]

SDW: You gonna knock me out?! You gonna knock me out?! You ain't gonna knock Sweet Daddy Williams out in that damn video game we both in! You want a piece of Sweet Daddy? You want to put that title on the line?!

[Rage doesn't even hesitate.]

SR: You want to be humiliated? No problem. She's mine! You can't have her! And I'm gonna hurt you in that ring. I'm going to put an end to all your illusions. You're a loser and that's all you'll ever be.

[Williams tries to come at him, making a lunge but a handful of AWA officials storm into view, wedging themselves between the two.]

SDW: You keep thinkin' that! You keep thinkin' Sweet Daddy ain't got nothin' left! I'm gonna take that title, man! I'm gonna rip it right off your waist!

[Rage is stung by the line. He clutches his precious title to his chest, shaking his head as he backs away.]

SR: You ain't gonna do it, Sweet Daddy. You ain't gonna do it!

[Sweet Lou creeps back onto the scene now that coast is clear.]

SLB: Gordon, Bucky, can you hear me? I think we have an official World Television title defense for the next Saturday Night Wrestling. Sweet Daddy Williams versus Shadoe Rage in a clash for the silver. Back to-

[Before Blackwell can throw it back to Gordon and Bucky, the cameraman gets bumped... HARD by the looks of it as he pitches to the side, nearly toppling over before straightening back up.]

SLB: What the-?!

[As the lens finds its focus again, it comes to rest on a wild-eyed Hannibal Carver who has grabbed Blackwell by the collar.]

HC: Where is he?

[Blackwell doesn't respond, obviously stunned into silence.]

HC: WHERE... IS... HE?!

[Blackwell finally snaps out of it.]

SLB: Detson? Detson's been... he's been hiding out in the parking lot most of the night according to what I've-

[Carver shoves him back against the wall, stalking away...

...until Blackwell calls after him.]

SLB: But I heard he's in a locker room down there right now...

[Blackwell points the opposite direction that Carver was going. The Boston Brawler slowly turns, nodding at Blackwell as he stomps down the hallway, lifting a piece of piping off an equipment case.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Johnny Detson, if you can hear my voice, get the heck out of town!

[Carver stops in front of a pair of locker room doors...

...and spins to the side, kicking one open. A scream is heard within but Carver turns away annoyed.].

GM: Carver's working through these doorways, trying to find Johnny Detson in one of these locker rooms...

[Carver kicks open a second door, staring inside. With a shake of his head, he continues walking down the hallway, the cameraman trailing behind him. He stops again, kicking the door open...]

HC: YOU!

[The Boston Brawler lunges through the doorway, the cameraman following him through. As the camera's shot stabilizes, we see Carver taking a full-on baseball swing at the head of Detson who just BARELY avoids it, causing the metal locker behind him to get a horrible dent in it.]

GM: OH!

[Carver wheels around as Detson makes a break for the door, shoving the cameraman down to the floor as he sprints through into the hallway, making a run for it!]

GM: Detson's running for his life and Carver's going after him!

[The camera on the floor sees Carver going through the doorway as well, blasting off a round of shouts as he pursues the Steal The Spotlight winner. We stay on that shot for a few moments before cutting back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Hannibal Carver's in hot pursuit, trying to catch up to Johnny Detson and get his hands on him!

BW: He knocked down our cameraman, Gordo!

GM: Detson did, yes. And that means we're flying blind here at ringside as we try to get another cameraman up on his feet back there in the locker room to find out what's going on for us. Fans, it's been a wild and action-packed night of action here on Saturday Night Wrestling on The X. And this is just the start for us here. We told you that two weeks from tonight, we'd find out the rest of the men competing in the Brass Ring Tournament... and now we can confirm that we'll also see the World Tag Team Titles on the line when Air Strike defends against the former champions, the Lights Out Express! The World Television Title will be on the line when Shadoc Rage defends against the veteran, Sweet Daddy Williams! Plus, the Brass Ring Qualifying Matches conclude! What a night it'll be in two weeks right back here in Dallas... right back here in the Crockett Coliseum... and right back here on The X.

BW: Two title matches plus the rest of the Qualifying Matches? Saturday Night Wrestling is getting hotter and hotter every week, Gordo.

GM: It absolutely is and-

[The crowd erupts in jeers as Johnny Detson comes tearing through the curtain, basically running down the elevated ramp, throwing glances over his shoulder as he heads towards the ring.]

GM: Detson's out here and he's running for his life!

[Detson gets about halfway down the ramp towards the ring when Hannibal Carver emerges from the locker room in hot pursuit.]

GM: HERE COMES CARVER! HERE COMES CARVER!

[Having dropped the piece of metal along the way, Carver is stalking down the ramp, pointing a finger at the fleeing Johnny Detson who is looking around frantically.]

GM: Detson's got nowhere to run! Detson's got nowhere to hide!

[Carver comes through the ropes, the crowd roaring as he stares across the ring at Detson who is shaking his head back and forth. The Boston Brawler steps across the ring towards Detson...

...but he never quite gets there as a masked man comes over the railing, sliding headfirst into the ring!]

GM: Who the-?! Someone's in the ring!

[The masked man nails Carver from the blind side, knocking him down to his knees. He opens fire, slamming fist after fist into the head of Carver.]

GM: What's going on here?!

BW: I hate to say it, Gordo, but it looks like Detson knew this was coming!

[Detson is shouting, pointing at Carver as the masked man continues to pound away. The masked man pops up, throwing his arms apart, taking the jeers from the crowd.]

BW: Who is that masked man?!

[The masked man nods to Detson, turning back towards Carver...

...who springs up off the mat, hooking a three-quarter nelson, and DRIVES the masked man's skull into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Carver rolls to a knee, looking across the ring at Johnny Detson whose jaw has dropped. The Boston Brawler pulls the masked man up by the eyeholes on his mask, tugging hard...

...and rips it clear off his head, throwing it aside to reveal...]

GM: CALISTO DUFRESNE! The Ladykiller was the masked man!

BW: After Steal The Spotlight and what went down between Dufresne and Detson, are you seriously trying to tell me that those two guys are on the same page?!

GM: Apparently so but-

[Carver climbs to his feet, pointing across the ring at Detson who is in the corner, shaking his head.]

GM: And now Carver's comin' for Detson again!

[Detson backs off, sticking his hand in his pocket, frantically digging.]

GM: Detson's looking for that loaded glove - that Black Beauty - given to him by Wes Taylor!

BW: Carver's coming for him! Carver's got him in his sights and-

[The crowd begins to buzz.]

GM: What the-?! Who the heck was that?!

BW: Another masked man! And this one's got size, daddy!

[The much-larger masked man steps up on the apron, climbing through the ropes into the ring. The crowd is roaring, imploring Carver to turn around and protect himself...]

GM: This big man is behind Carver and-

[As Carver turns, he gets hooked around the head and neck by the big man - who has to be a few inches shy of seven feet tall - as he gets lifted high into the sky, twisting around...

...and DRIVEN into the canvas with a thunderous uranage slam!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Detson is all grins from the corner as the big masked man stands over the prone Carver. The Steal The Spotlight winner slowly moves from the corner, warily checking out his downed rival to make sure he's not up and running...

...and then rushes in, pulling Carver up off the mat.]

GM: Oh, of course! Of course he wants a piece of Carver now!

[The former World Champion double underhooks both arms, looking out at the jeering crowd...

...and leaps up, DRIVING Carver facefirst to the canvas!]

BW: WILDE DRIVER!

GM: Disgusting.

[Detson slowly gets to his feet, stepping back with a wide grin on his face. Behind him, the larger masked man has helped Calisto Dufresne get back to his feet. The Ladykiller, dazed from Carver's big move, falls forward, patting Detson on the back.]

GM: And it's only fitting that these two... these two snakes in the grass... are allied together!

BW: But who is the big man, Gordo? Who is the big man?

[Detson grins, nodding as he points to the big man who reaches up, pulling the mask off...

...to reveal a face quite familiar to longtime AWA fans.]

GM: What the...?!

BW: IT'S ERIC MATTHEW SOMERS!

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! He's a former National Tag Champion - formerly one-half of Rough & Ready who many would put in the discussion of best team EVER in the AWA... and he's with these two?!

BW: We haven't seen Somers in... in years, Gordo!

[Detson proudly steps towards Somers, slapping him firmly on the chest. Somers nods, reaching down to grab the wrists of both Dufresne and Detson...

...and raising their arms into the air, the crowd roaring jeers down on both men!]

GM: Carver's out! He's been laid out again here tonight at the hands of Johnny Detson!

BW: Yeah, but now... now Detson's not alone against that psychopath!

GM: He's certainly not! Johnny Detson, Calisto Dufresne, and Eric Matthew Somers are standing tall, fans! What a way to end this - the very first episode of Saturday Night Wrestling on The X! We'll see you next time... at the matches!

[With Detson, Dufresne, and Somers standing over the unconscious Carver, the fans VERY loudly voicing their displeasure... we fade to black.]