

[We fade up from a black screen to a shot of AWA co-owner and the one true Outlaw of Professional Wrestling, Bobby Taylor. Taylor is wearing a black button up shirt and a matching black Stetson as he stands in front of a charcoal grey backdrop. The expression on his face can best be described as melancholy as he looks at the camera.]

BT: Earlier this week, we lost another important member of the pro wrestling family. Although he never appeared on camera, Scott Blair was a vital part of the backstage efforts in what many would call the best promotion of all time - the EMWC - back in the late 90s and off and on for a decade.

[Taylor smiles.]

BT: He was a brilliant man. A creative genius who I had the pleasure of working with on many occasions and never ceased to be amazed by the things I heard. He was a driving force behind many of the EMWC's most famous concepts including the legendary Killing Box - an idea that he himself created.

He had a cutting wit, an encyclopedic amount of knowledge, and was the kind of person you were truly proud to have as a friend. I know that I was.

Although Scott had been out of the business for many years when he passed away earlier this week, he left a giant footprint on the industry that we all know and love and will never be forgotten.

[Taylor reaches up, tipping his Stetson slightly.]

BT: Goodbye, old buddy... we'll miss you.

[Fade to black.]



# *Saturday Night Wrestling*

*September 19, 2015*

*State Fair Arena*

*Oklahoma City, Oklahoma*

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

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

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

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

#And everywhere I go it's shining bright#

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

#Alright,  
Alright, all right#

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

#Alright,  
Alright, all right#

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

#Alright,  
Alright, all right#

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

#Alright,  
Alright, all right#

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

#Alright,  
Alright, all right#

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BW: I gotta say, "Welcome back," Gordo. I'm glad you're here.

GM: Missed me?

BW: Not really but Dane's even worse than you are! Good riddance!

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Well, it's good to be back, Bucky, right here where I belong at ringside... although...

[He gestures to the neckbrace.]

GM: ...not entirely back at full strength yet.

BW: Carver's a friggin' animal, Gordo, and he should be put down.

GM: I will reserve my comments towards Mr. Carver for a later time, I think. But right now, Bucky... let's talk about this show!

BW: This show? We practically know NOTHING about this show! If you think back to Memorial Day Mayhem when Juan Vasquez won that Mayhem match, it gave him the right to play Match Maker for a night of AWA action and well, tonight is that night!

GM: For one night, Juan Vasquez is in control and who knows what he's going to come up with... but we do know two big title matches. In the first one, we'll see Shadoo Rage defend the World Television Title against "Red Hot" Rex Summers who won the shot by defeating Willie Hammer two weeks ago in Dallas, Texas.

BW: I like both of these guys, Gordo, but Sexy Remy has been on one heck of a "red hot" streak. He just might walk out with the title tonight!

GM: Also, in a match announced about a month ago, Travis Lynch will be defending the National Title against the man this whole show is revolving around - Juan Vasquez!

BW: Vasquez thinks he never should've lost the title to begin with. Travis Lynch never should've WON the title to begin with. I'd say it's a fair match, Gordo.

[Gordon chuckles, shaking his head.]

GM: It's good to be back... and right now, we're going to go up inside the ring where our own Mark Stegglet is standing by to introduce a very special ceremony!

[Crossfade into a wide shot of the ring, showing that a black carpet has been put down over the mat. A matching black wooden table has been set up in the middle of it. The whole thing just looks classy, you know. Classy. Mark Stegglet is in the midst of it all, mic in hand.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, at this time, I would like to present the two men who will be taking part in this ceremony. First, he is the AWA President...

[Most of the crowd ERUPTS into jeers instantly, hurling abuse towards the mere mention of his job title. There are still some cheers though, respecting the authority of the office.]

MS: ...LANDON O'NEILL!

[The jeers get louder as Landon O'Neill emerges from the locker room. He appears to be fresh off OKC's biggest and best golf course, sporting a golden sportcoat over a bleached white dress shirt and polka dot tie. He smiles that freshly-bleached grin at all the fans, not reacting to the dislike being thrown his way. O'Neill raises a hand that is almost orange from all the spray-tan, waving it politely as he makes his way to the ring, climbing the steps to show off his tan slacks and expensive Italian dress shoes, ducking through the ropes to shake the hand of Mark Stegglet with another dazzling grin.]

GM: The Oklahoma City fans don't seem to be fans of the AWA President, Bucky.

BW: Ten-four, good buddy.

GM: You have to wonder how much of that has to do with his recent decision to suspend...

[Gordon's words trail off as a chant starts throughout the crowd, building and growing with each moment. The camera cuts from one pocket of fans to the other, showing off the t-shirts we saw so many of two weeks ago.]

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

[O'Neill grimaces slightly as he hears it, still smiling... always smiling.]

MS: Before we introduce the other participant in this ceremony, Mr. O'Neill...

[Stegglet gestures to the chanting fans.]

MS: ...you can hear that chant as plain as day. The fans desperately want this suspension on Hannibal Carver to be lifted. With some time to consider it, have you changed your mind on suspending Carver for SuperClash?

[The still-smiling O'Neill takes the mic.]

LON: That's not what this night is about, Mark. Haha... don't make me think you're here to ambush me like your pal Dane now.

MS: That certainly wasn't my-

LON: The matter surrounding Hannibal Carver continues to be a topic of conversation in the arenas... on this show... and in the offices of the AWA. That's all I have to say about that.

[The boos pour down again.]

MS: Alright, fans... that sounds like we're not getting any more information about Hannibal Carver from this man... so, let's go ahead and bring out the man of the hour... the man with ALL the power tonight here in OKC... the one and the only...

JUAN VASQUEZ!

["They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begins to play as the crowd ERUPTS for the former two-time AWA National Champion. Juan is dressed in atypical fashion for himself, wearing a tailored black business suit with a solid silver necktie. He makes his way down to the ring, slapping the hands of the fans as he goes. Standing on the ring apron, Juan turns to the crowd and throws a fist into the air, drawing another round of cheers, before he steps in between the ropes and into the ring, shaking Landon O'Neill's hand.]

MS: Mr. O'Neill, the floor is yours...

[O'Neill takes the mic as the fans boo again.]

LON: As you all know, back at Memorial Day Mayhem, Juan Vasquez won the annual Mayhem Match and in doing so, he won a randomly-selected prize which ended up being the ability to be the Match Maker for the night.

[Cheers! Vasquez nods.]

LON: "Match Maker for the night." Such an odd term. Not very easy to put on a poster or anything. So, I've decided to do one better. I've had some documents drawn up by AWA legal...

[O'Neill is handed a stack of documents by an off-camera aide.]

LON: Thanks, Jackie... now... AWA legal has advised against this but I think that this is a night worth celebrating! It's a night where this man - Juan Vasquez - who has always been a man of the people, can give the people exactly what they want to see!

And therefore, I have this document for you to sign as we discussed, Juan...

[He places the documents on the table, producing a pen from a jacket pocket to Juan Vasquez who starts to read through them, pen at the ready.]

LON: I assure you... it's all in there that we discussed.

And as he puts his Juan Hancock... hah hah hah... on that there sheet of paper, then I can officially declare...

[O'Neill waits for Vasquez to finish skimming the papers, signing his name on the last page before placing the pen down on it...]

LON: That for one night only... Juan Vasquez is the AWA President!

[Big cheer!]

LON: I'm gonna take the night off... catch some local nightlife... and leave the running of this company in your hands tonight, Mr. Vasquez. Enjoy!

[O'Neill shakes Juan's hand and starts to exit the ring.]

JV: AWA President, huh?

[Juan calls after O'Neill.]

JV: So that means I can pretty much do whatever I want, right?

[O'Neill stops and turns around, chuckling.]

LON: Anything you want, Juan. You're running things now. But don't go too crazy, okay?

[A big grin spreads on Vasquez's face.]

JV: Anything?

[O'Neill begins to look a bit nervous, but hesitantly nods his head.]

JV: Well, you know me, Landon...

[Juan begins loosening his tie and unbuttoning his shirt.]

JV: ...I didn't get to where I am today just being a sheep and following the flock. I got to the top by being smart and unpredictable and getting all sorts of crazy ideas in my head...

[He throws down his tie and takes off his suit jacket...]

JV: ...and I just got the craziest idea of all! I mean, you said it yourself...I'm a man of the people and I know exactly how to give the people what they want to see...

[...and then pulls open his dress shirt to reveal a "FREE CARVER" t-shirt as the crowd ROARS!]

JV: So with my first act as AWA President, effectively immediately...

...I'M REINSTATING HANNIBAL CARVER!!!

[The crowd goes absolutely wild as O'Neill flips out, yelling, "No! You can't do that!" Juan smiles and shrugs, as a song suddenly blares over the PA system, bringing the crowd to further heights of euphoria.]

#GONNA BE A BLACKOUT#

[The familiar siren is heard, and as the opening guitar line to "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by Dropkick Murphys plays everyone in the crowd leaps to their feet.]

BW: Watch out, Gordo! He's back to finish what he started with your neck!

GM: I hardly think I am foremost in this man's mind, Bucky.

[The curtains fly open, and the cheers EXPLODE as out walks Hannibal Carver. He is wearing his usual ring gear along with a black zip-up hooded sweatshirt. He flings his head back, sending the hood flying off his head as he raises his arms to the heavens, eliciting an even greater response.]

#CUZ MY TOWN IS BIG AND MY TOWN IS BRIGHT#

#MY TOWN CAN WORK AND MY TOWN CAN FIGHT#

[Carver walks down to the ring, sarcastic grin very much evident on his face as he points a finger at Landon O'Neill.]

GM: Now THAT'S a man who actually is foremost on Carver's mind!

BW: He should be worried about ever getting another shot at-- OH GOD I TOLD YOU HE WAS COMING FOR YOU!

[Carver stops by the commentary table, nodding at Gordon. He then reaches into both pockets of his sweatshirt, taking out two cans of beer. He pops the tops off both, and hands one to Gordon... The lip readers in the audience clearly seeing that Carver says "Sorry about the mess, Gordon" as he does so. Gordon looks around, and finally accepts the can to a huge ovation from the crowd.]

BW: Don't you drink that, you're still on the clock!

[Carver quickly chugs his beer and tosses the can to the floor before finally leaping up onto the ring apron. He grins and smirks at Vasquez before entering through the ring ropes. He picks up a microphone from the apron before heading directly towards O'Neill.]

HC: Well, I'd say it's great to be back... But it's a little hard to say that when the first thing I see is this hunk of crap and his thirteen dollar haircut.

[O'Neill tightens up, hands balling into fists at his side.]

HC: What the hell, are yeh nervous? Here I am in my grand return, and yeh're sweating spraytan all over this damn ring!

[The crowd gasps, as Carver grabs at the silk handkerchief in O'Neill's breast pocket. He pulls it out, and begins wiping at the AWA President's forehead.]

GM: Oh my...

BW: I'd ask if he's nuts, but I already know he answer!

[O'Neill is now shaking with anger, as Carver begins putting the handkerchief back in his breast pocket.]

HC: Just hold still, dammit. Just trying to put this back--

[Then with one violent motion, Carver tears the breast pocket completely off the suit as the crowd explodes with cheers.]

LON: You... you...

HC: Come on and spit it out, Spraytan Sam. They got yeh in that fancy office and yeh can't finish a sentence?

[O'Neill shoots a glance over at Vasquez, one full of anger.]

HC: Oh that's right, yeh can't say a damn thing because tonight this here's the boss!

[Carver raises Vasquez's hand to big cheers and a big smirk on Vasquez's face.]

HC: I know yeh probably want to take a swing but be careful... Wouldn't want to get suspended, would yeh?

[Carver gets right back in O'Neill's face, grinning ear to ear.]

GM: One thing is certain, Hannibal Carver did not learn humility during his suspension!

BW: Well, what were you expecting, Gordo? He didn't learn it the other sixty five times O'Neill suspended him!

[Gordon's follow up thought is interrupted by the familiar sound of tinkling synth music. The tinkling begins to bleed out, and the song builds, the heavy percussion of drums shakes the arena, only for the sound to be drowned out by the sound of thousands of fans stomping their feet and clapping their hands in unison.]

A chorus of singers belts out the opening words of Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" until they two are drowned out by the White Knight's legions of fans.]

#This is a call to arms, gather soldiers  
Time to go to war#

[Once more, the choir of singers unites to repeat the chorus]

#This is a battle song, brothers and sisters  
Time to go to war#

[Ryan Martinez emerges at the top of the entrance ramp to a tremendous ROAR, as the AWA's World Heavyweight Champion is here!]

BW: And here comes Lord High Dumb Kid, out to do something dumb!

GM: Bucky! How can you say something like that?

BW: History, Gordo! When was the last time he didn't come out and make some bad decision? Ryan Martinez is banged up all to hell. He should be at home, licking his wounds after the beatings he got at the hands of KING Oni and Johnny Detson, and yet he's out here to get in the face of a maniac whose had a six week vacation! That's not what a smart man does!

[The truth of Bucky's words about Martinez' condition are obvious, as Martinez makes his way to ringside. He pauses more than one to grab at his ribs, and there's an obvious hitch in his step. Still, the expression on young Ryan's face is intense, and no matter what he's feeling physically, his fighting spirit is undiminished. Martinez enters the ring, moving the World Title Belt, which had been held in the crook of his arm, to let it lay over his shoulder. The White Knight looks first to Carver, glaring at him with open hostility, and then to Vasquez, offering the People's Hero a nod, before taking a microphone to his mouth.]

RM: Juan, I'm here to ask you for something.

I want a match.

[The crowd roars once more, as the Oklahoma City fans want to see the White Knight in action.]

BW: What'd I tell ya? Something stupid!

RM: I'm going to say something that I know you already know. Because you're a former champion, and tonight, you might be a champion again. And you were a great champion, and tonight, you very well may continue that legacy.

Now, there's one thing that every true champion knows in his heart.

[Martinez looks to Vasquez, one of the AWA's most beloved champions.]

RM: The meaning of a championship is measured by the battles you have over it. It's the sweat that pours down a champion's brow, and the blood spilled over the contest to hold the title that gives the reign meaning.

To be a champion, you have to win, but not just win, you have to triumph. You have to prove that you're better than every man you've ever faced. And on the day you can't make that claim, then someone else is champion.

In Las Vegas...

[Martinez ducks his head, about to speak a hard truth.]

RM: I could not beat KING Oni.

[Martinez exhales, the weight of his countout loss a burden that he still hasn't overcome.]

RM: Because of that, there will be a second match. That KING Oni will have the chance to take this title from me.

And that match, I guarantee, will have a clear winner. And that win will happen in the middle of the ring, and the champion will not be the champion through a quirk of the rules.

I will face The Demon again... but that's not the match I'm asking for tonight.

[The crowd is silent, waiting for the World Champion to announce who he wants to face tonight.]

RM: We just heard you reinstate Carver...

[The World Champion turns to Carver, but before Martinez can continue, the crowd divides itself.]

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[Over and over again.]

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[As the chant begins to subside, Martinez, energized by the fans' fervor, continues.]

RM: The Battle of Los Angeles happened a year ago. And ever since then, its been clear that I have to face and defeat Hannibal Carver. That I can't be what the AWA needs me to be until, in the middle of this ring, I put Hannibal Carver down and prove myself better than him.

But Juan, that's not the match I'm asking for either.

[Displeasure ripples through the crowd, but a determined Martinez continues.]

RM: It could have been tonight. And if things had happened different in Dallas, it would have been tonight. But what Carver did in Dallas demands an answer, and it demands a different match.

So what I'm about to ask for? Just remember Carver, this is your fault. You could have had your chance against me tonight, if you could've just stayed out of my way!

You gave me a win, Carver. But you took away my triumph.

Now, I know you think I'm being dumb, Carver. I know you think being honorable is the same as being stupid. And I know you have trouble understanding what people with morals do...

[There's a tense moment of silence, as it looks like the two might come to blows. But the tension, for once, does not lead to fists.]

RM: You gave Johnny Detson an excuse. You gave him a claim to my title. But what you gave Detson pales in comparison to what you took from me.

You took away my right to wear this title belt with pride!

I've had to spend these last few days with a question mark, not only over my title reign and over my name, but over everything about me! You took what was a sterling reputation, and you soiled it. I have to face the reality that what happened in Dallas happened because of you. That title is on my shoulder, not because of what I earned, but because what you did.

I haven't slept, I haven't been able to think about anything but this. I know that I could have beaten Detson without you. I would have beaten Detson without you! And now, I'm going to prove it tonight.

I know you understand what I'm saying, Juan. I know that if this happened to you, you wouldn't rest until you have a chance to prove yourself. I don't need Hannibal Carver to beat Johnny Detson, and I want to prove to myself and to the world by doing just that tonight.

So I'm asking you, give me Detson one more... one LAS-

HC: Now hold on a damn second!

[Ryan pauses, and slowly turns towards Carver.]

HC: I dozed off there somewhere between you spitshining Juan's ass and then the twelve hours of yammering that followed... But did I hear yeh just ask for a damn match?

[Ryan nods, anger showing in his eyes.]

HC: Hell, the way I see it?

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: Yeh needed me to save both yer ass and that shiny belt from Detson.

[Big time "Ooooooh"s from the crowd at that that.]

HC: Then our proud champion got smacked around by some big bastard. Hell, that wasn't enough... After the match that walking freighter damn near squashed yeh through the mat. So tell me, after all that...

[Carver walks right up to Ryan, nose to nose.]

HC: What makes yeh think yeh've got the right to ask for a DAMN thing?

[Carver backs up a step.]

HC: Yeh don't. On the other hand, I just got back here. Me, the guy that kicked every head in that I promised to kick. And I have someone in my crosshairs. They've been there for a long time.

[Carver holds his stare with Ryan for a few more tense moments, before breaking it and looking at Juan.]

HC: That's why I want a damn match tonight... And I want it with Johnny Detson!

[Shocked response from the crowd, as Ryan throws his arms in the air in exasperation.]

HC: This dumb punk needed my help to get the three on that spineless jellyfish. I know I've got this kid's number and I know I can get him to fight me any time and anywhere. But Detson is a damn coward. Detson has been running from me so long he's had to change sneakers more often than most people change underwear. I got to send him to Blackout City last time I was out but that ain't even close to enough. Tonight this war between me and Detson ends, and I'm ending it with his final breath!

[Martinez and Carver turn to Juan, who taps his finger to his chin in thought. As he does so, the dueling chants start up once again...]

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[A big grin forms on Juan's face as he shoots his finger up into the air, as if to say "Ah ha! I've got it!"]

JV: Gentlemen, you've both made compellin' arguments and I think I've come up with a solution that'll satisfy the both of you.

[He pauses and takes a look at the angered expressions on both Carver and Martinez's faces.]

JV: Well...maybe not.

[Shrug.]

JV: But I'm sure everyone else'll love it! Since you two are so eager to get your hands on Johnny Detson, since the both of you wanna' get your hands on that slimey bastard and take him apart, I say...

...you BOTH will get a shot at Johnny Detson!

[Confusion reigns as Vasquez makes his announcement, but he motions for everybody to calm down.]

JV: Woah! Let me finish! You'll both get your shot at Detson in a tag team match!

[He points at Martinez and Carver.]

JV: In tonight's Main Event, Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver team-up to face the team of Johnny Detson and Calisto Dufresne!

[The crowd roars, but Carver and Martinez just eye each other warily, staring daggers at each other.]

JV: Oh, and by the way...your special guest referee?

JUAN VASQUEZ!

[Carver and Martinez turn their stares towards Juan, who shrugs.]

JV: What? You didn't think I'd find a way to get myself in the main event?

[He turns to the camera, giving it a nice, big exaggerated wink, before tossing the microphone and exiting the ring, leaving Carver and Martinez to stare each other down. Meanwhile, an incensed Landon O'Neill quickly follows behind, yelling after Vasquez.]

GM: WHAT IN THE WORLD HAVE WE JUST WITNESSED?!

BW: Juan Vasquez certainly knows how to make an impact, daddy!

GM: Hannibal Carver reinstated! Landon O'Neill outraged! And in the midst of it all, a tag team Main Event with Martinez and Carver-

BW: Who can't stand each other!

GM: -taking on Detson and Dufresne... with Juan Vasquez - who may be the National Champion by then - as the special guest referee! Unbelievable! It's going to be a wild night here in Oklahoma City, fans, and when we come back, we're going to have our first match of the night so don't you dare go away!

[Martinez and Carver are staring at each other inside the ring, talking trash without the benefit of the mic as we fade to black...

...and fade in on a silhouetted shot of a burly man - not muscular, not well-toned at all - but big. As he speaks, he uses a heavy accented English - perhaps Russian? The title underneath him reads "Ivan Petrov."]

"For too long, big barking dog has been king of GFC. When I get these hands on him, that changes."

[We cut to shots of GFC Heavyweight Champion Rufus Harris shooting in for a double leg, lifting and slamming a nameless opponent time and time again before going back to the silhouetted shot.]

"He can bring the wrestle. He can bring the hands. But his hands are no match for mine."

[Cut again to footage of Harris dropping an opponent with a right hook... then a different one with an uppercut... then a third with a spinning backfist as the crowd goes nuts for each KO. Back to the Russian.]

"The crown rests uneasy on the head of the king. And I come to knock it off."

[Cut to footage of Petrov in the ring, physically dominating opponents as he shoves them back against the cage, hammering with fists to the skull. A bloodied opponent is down on the mat as he mercilessly drives hammerfists down onto him. What amounts to a German Suplex on a third foe, rolling right into the mount where he lands three brutal shots before the referee dives in to wave it off. The Russian is seen one final time.]

"It is time for the Rottweiler to be put down."

[Fade from the Russian to a fuming, seething Rufus Harris staring into the camera. He lets out a huge roar, taking a swing towards the camera as we cut to black.]

A title comes up showing all the information for the upcoming fight event which will apparently be broadcast LIVE on The X.

Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action in the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: We are LIVE back here on Saturday Night Wrestling on The X and-

[A cacophony of loud voices is heard off-camera, drawing Lou's attention.]

SLB: Here comes the man that I want to talk to... President O'Neill! MR. O'NEILL! Can I get a quick word?

[A fuming Landon O'Neill, surrounded by AWA officials, breaks into view of the camera. His orange-tinted brow is covered in a sheen of sweat as he looks at the camera, trying to flash his trademark smile but failing miserably.]

LON: Blackwell.

[He grumbles.]

LON: Sure. Make it fast.

SLB: Well, we all saw what just happened. Juan Vasquez - a man of the people as you called him - certainly put his new-found powers to great use in reinstating Hannibal Carver here tonight!

[O'Neill glares at Blackwell.]

LON: "Great use?"

[Blackwell nods.]

LON: GREAT... USE?!

[Blackwell shrugs this time.]

SLB: It's certainly a popular decision.

[O'Neill shakes his head.]

LON: You know why there's an AWA President, Blackwell? Do you have the slightest bit of understanding why my job exists? It exists because someone has to make the hard decisions! If we were just going to make decisions based on what the fans want, we'd just put up a poll on the website for every decision but that's not the way it works... it's not the way LIFE works! Because sometimes, you have to make a call you KNOW won't be popular.

[O'Neill looks down, seeing his torn jacket. He angrily pulls it off, throwing it down to the ground.]

LON: You think I didn't know the people would hate the idea of Hannibal Carver being suspended? Of course I did! Everyone and their mother could see the writing on the wall! The entire world wants to see Carver versus Martinez... hell, Blackwell, even I want to see that match happen.

But Carver went too far... again. Carver put his hands on AWA officials. Carver put his hands on Gordon Myers - a damned national treasure!

[O'Neill turns on Blackwell again.]

LON: So, you tell me, Blackwell. What would you do? Would you just ignore what Carver did and put him in a World Title match?

[Blackwell pauses.]

SLB: Well, I'm sure it's a hard decision.

LON: You're damned right it's a hard decision... and that's what I'm getting paid to do - make the hard decisions. So, I made one that I knew the people would hate because it was the RIGHT thing to do! Carver deserved to be punished for what he did... and more importantly, the entire locker room needed to see that behavior like that would NOT be tolerated.

Juan Vasquez is a man of the people... he gave the people what they wanted.

[O'Neill scoffs.]

LON: "Free Carver."

[He shakes his head.]

LON: Well, at 12:01 AM, Juan Vasquez turns back into a pumpkin and yours truly is back in charge. Anything Vasquez decides tonight...

[He smiles... finally... for the first time in this interview.]

LON: ...will be subject to review.

[He nods his head.]

LON: Good day, Mr. Blackwell.

[AWA President Landon O'Neill strides out of view, leaving Blackwell behind.]

SLB: You heard it, fans. Whatever Juan Vasquez decides tonight in his role as AWA President could very well be overturned when the clock strikes midnight here in Oklahoma City! Could Hannibal Carver be looking at a one night only return to action?! The answer remains to be seen! Now, let's go out to Mark Stegglet in the arena with a very special interview!

[Cut to the interior of the arena where Mark Stegglet is standing at the interview platform inside the arena, mic in hand.]

MS: Welcome back, fans. The crowd here in Oklahoma City is still buzzing over what they just heard and it's about to get a whole lot louder. Please welcome at this time a young duo that is making its mark here in the AWA tag team ranks... Howie Somers, Daniel Harper, they are Next Gen!

["Wake Up" by Story of the Year plays and the tag team of Next Gen approaches the podium. Howie Somers is dressed in a pair of khakis while Daniel Harper wears blue jeans. Each of them wear the same shirt, though: A T-shirt that says "FREE CARVER."]

MS: Thank you for joining me, gentlemen. Obviously, you guys heard what President O'Neill just said but it appears as you two have joined many of the AWA wrestlers in demanding that Hannibal Carver reinstated permanently.

DH: That's right, Mark. You see, I like Gordon Myers and what happened to him should not have happened, but anybody who watched it knows that it was an accident. And the whole thing that bothers me about it is that if Johnny Detson hadn't stuck his nose where it didn't belong, the whole thing wouldn't have happened! Detson reminds me of the guy who likes to torment a pit bull, then when the pit bull has enough and decides to bite back, and others try to calm it down and it accidentally bites them, too, the guy who started the whole thing says they need to put the pit bull down and everybody starts nodding in agreement because they say pit bulls are dangerous!

Yet what do they say about the guy who antagonized the whole situation? Not a word! Just like what President O'Neill is saying about Johnny Detson... not a word!

So you better believe we're going to stand up for a man who may not be our best friend, and who is definitely dangerous when he's provoked, but that doesn't mean he deserves to take all the heat while the antagonist runs around without even getting a slap on the wrist!

[Fans cheer that sentiment and Daniel acknowledges them.]

MS: Howie, your thoughts?

HS: Sir, I've always been taught that you need to be diplomatic about how you handle everything. Yeah, that might sound unusual when you consider who my uncle is, but let's just say my parents taught me the most, while my uncle taught me just enough to keep me on my toes. But to the point, Mark, I've tried to be patient. I've tried to understand that people in charge are just doing their jobs. And I've tried to be respectful to those who have been in the business longer than me.

But I can't just stand by and watch everything that has been going down. Johnny Detson not only humiliated my uncle, he kept ducking Carver, costing him matches, costing him opportunities and, now, he's costing Carver his livelihood. And to see Landon O'Neill spend more of his time complaining about Carver while remaining silent on Detson is somebody I start having a harder time being diplomatic with.

Then you have Strictly Business turning their noses up at everybody and daring to claim that the only reasons we, or anyone else from a wrestling family, has a job in the AWA is because of family connections, really bothers me. I was taught you earned everything you got, and I've talked to guys like Jack Lynch, Ryan Martinez, Travis Lynch and Bobby O'Connor enough to know they were taught the same thing. Everything they got in the AWA, they earned it. Just like everything Strictly Business got in their first few years in this business, they earned it.

The only problem is that Strictly Business forgot about what their first few years in the business were like. You pay your dues, you pay attention to what's going on, you learn from your mistakes, but most of all, you don't make claims you can't back up. And while Strictly Business can back up their claim to being one of the best tag teams of all time, they have no basis for backing up that claim that those of us with family ties in wrestling are just riding on those ties.

MS: Well, as you know, Strictly Business is headed to the semifinals of the Stampede Cup against the Rotgut Rustlers. The TexMo Connection faces Air Strike in the other semifinal, and you have to think the winner will be in line for a World Tag Team Title shot. And now that Violence Unlimited, the current champions, are back in the AWA, you know that those and other teams have their opportunity for the titles, something that hasn't happened for many weeks!

HS: You bring up a good point, sir. See, the whole thing about being a champion is that you stick around in the AWA, defending the title against all comes. I'm no fan of Shadoo Rage but I'm not gonna deny that the man has put that title on the line night in and night out. Right after Travis Lynch won the National Title, Juan Vasquez made the match for tonight, but I know Lynch will be here to defend it, and whoever wins, you can bet that man will face all challengers. And nobody can question that Ryan Martinez doesn't duck anybody. It could have been easy for him to take the night off after getting injured in his match with King ONI, but he still faced Detson and he still won.

[He folds his arms.]

HS: But Violence Unlimited... hey, they are perhaps the best team the AWA has ever seen, but for them to lose at the last SuperClash, then take off with the title belts and go MIA until they get Air Strike in Japan, and go MIA again after beating them, that just bothers me, sir. First they're in possession of title belts that weren't theirs to begin with and Air Strike is waiting around for an answer about what comes next. Then they win the titles, and they're still going off doing whatever.

So I'm starting to wonder if maybe Violence Unlimited is just a little bit worried about how strong the tag team scene is in the AWA now. But now that they are here, now that it looks like they actually will defend the titles in the AWA, all I can say to those two is that it's about time, but get ready for a line of teams waiting to get their chance, and while we may be at the back of the line, at least we are in line!

MS: Daniel Harper, I take it the feeling is mutual?

[Before Daniel can speak, though, he casts his eyes in another direction and his gaze narrows.]

Casually moseying her way toward the podium, hands clasped behind her back, is Charisma Knight. Her jet black and pink hair frames her face and matches the black AWA polo shirt she's wearing, along with black track suit pants and pink and black sneakers. She holds a mic in her hands as she reaches the steps, bringing it up to her mouth to speak.]

CK: Wow, am I hearing this right? You two boy scouts are out here giving your thoughts on the AWA? Actually talking about Violence Unlimited, like you stand a chance? You can't beat Strictly Business - what makes you think you'd last a minute with Morton and Haynes? Bah.

[She ascends the podium.]

CK: What I want to know is, why you two losers think you'd be anywhere sniffing the World Tag Team Titles? You always lose. You two act froggy now, I was laying open challenges for my Hounds for weeks that no one answered! I had to send them to England just to find people willing to step in the ring with them! I wish I had kept them here to face you... then they'd get a win. You guys are so bad...

[She sticks a finger in Howie's chest.]

CK: Your own SISTER even left you to pursue her own career. No manager, just like that, then Sebastian and Tucker just up and outclassed you. It's not surprising your manager moved on after-

[As if on cue, Julie Somers makes her way to the podium. She is dressed in a red T shirt with "NEXT GEN" printed on it in white lettering and blue jeans. She stands besides Howie and Daniel, grabbing the mic as she angrily addresses Knight.]

JS: First of all, I never really left these guys. They know if they ever need me at their side, I'll be there. Second, I sure don't recall what you're saying happened to the Hell Hounds to be how it really happened. After all, they were the ones who didn't even last one round in the Stampede Cup!

[She wags a finger at Knight while Knight shrugs and mouths "DQ'd for excessive violence!"]

JS: So they tucked their tails and took off like the cowards they are. Just like the coward you are. The coward who attacked me from behind. The coward who's coming out here and running her mouth at my brother and friend. And most of all, the coward who is ignoring my challenge to you.

So I'm going to lay that challenge to your face. You and me in that ring.

[She gestures toward the ring, getting a positive response.]

CK: Julie, Julie, Julie... I've said that I have some respect for you since unlike our spotlight hogging Princess, you've put in the miles, but you really want to do this?

[Daniel steps forward, his facial features intense.]

DH: I've about heard enough! Why don't we make this a little more interesting? The one thing the AWA has never had is a mixed tag team, men and women together on opposite sides of the ring. So let's make that happen tonight! We'll team up with Julie and you can find two men to team with you! Or is Julie right about you being a coward?

[Knight smirks at the challenge]

CK: Oh, you want to play that way, now that my partners of choice are an ocean away.

[Knight seems to consider the offer for a moment before nodding.]

CK: Fine, I'm game. I'm sure I can find pretty much anyone in the back to help beat you three.

[Harper shakes his head.]

DH: I seriously doubt that. Heck, I seriously doubt you'll find anybody who wants to team with you to begin with! Doesn't matter who you find, though, because we're gonna prove to everyone that Next Gen is not to be taken lightly!

[Knight starts to back off as Stegklet raises the mic.]

MS: Wow! A mixed tag team match has been challenged... and accepted! But will the AWA President for the night, Juan Vasquez, sign it? We'll try to find out in just a few moments but right now, let's head down to the ring for our first match of the night!

[Fade up on the ring where four wrestlers are already standing as the familiar sounds of "Himno del Chivas de Guadalajara" plays in the background. Phil Watson is in the middle of it all.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... at a total combined weight of 423 pounds... THE SHADOWS!

[Two masked men raise their arms to jeers.]

PW: And their opponents in the corner to my left... weighing in at a combined weight of 451 pounds... the team of Caspian Abaran and Cesar Hernandez!

[Cheers ring out for the two Mexican superstars as they wave to the fans.]

GM: Alright, fans... a little bit of a tune-up here for Hernandez and Abaran as they prepare to take on Rex Summers and Kerry Kendrick in about a month's time in Tupelo, Mississippi.

BW: They can get all the tuneups they want - doesn't fix a pair of junkers like them.

GM: We'll see about that. This match was requested of the AWA President for the night, Juan Vasquez, by Hernandez and Abaran and he agreed.

BW: Are you telling me Vasquez personally signed every match tonight?

GM: No, we're being told that Juan Vasquez - the challenger for the National Title later tonight - signed several matches on his own but has left the rest of the lineup at the discretion of the AWA Championship Committee. But this one? This one is all him!

[The bell sounds as Abaran stays in against one of the masked opponents.]

GM: It looks like it'll be Caspian Abaran starting things off against... well, let's call him Shadow #1.

BW: I think it's Shadow #2.

GM: How can you tell them apart?

BW: I can't. Just a hunch.

GM: Alright, we'll go with your hunch then. Abaran starting things off with Shadow #2 here in OKC!

[Abaran claps his hands together a few times, causing the fans to do the same thing in support before he lunges into a collar and elbow.]

GM: Tieup in the center... Abaran spins out into a hammerlock...

[The masked Shadow leans over, trying to grab a leg and then straightens up as Abaran keeps a wide base to avoid such a counter.]

GM: The Shadow's searching for an exit...

[The masked man suddenly spins out, twisting it over into an overhand wristlock on Abaran who grimaces as he's pushed back.]

GM: Nice reversal by the Shadow, showing off some upper body strength which he's got plenty of in comparison to the man from Montemorelos, Mexico!

[Abaran leans back, being forced back by the grip on the arm...

...and then sets his feet, backflipping away from the pressure, using the arm to drag the Shadow down to the canvas!]

GM: Abaran reverses and then goes right into the armdrag!

[The Shadow gets up quickly, charging at Abaran who again uses the armdrag, taking the masked man off his feet...]

GM: A pair of armdrags by Abaran has the masked man reeling...

[The Shadow gets up a third time, starting towards Abaran who sets for another armdrag... and the masked man backpedals away with a "Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!" The crowd laughs as Shadow #2 stomps across the ring, slapping the hand of his partner.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes Shadow #1...

[Abaran does the same, bringing in Cesar Hernandez on the tag.]

GM: Both sides make the tag now as Cesar Hernandez, the veteran, tags into the match.

[Hernandez meets the second Shadow in the middle of the ring with a tieup...

...that he abruptly breaks before driving a right hand into the bridge of the masked man's nose!]

GM: Oh!

BW: Hernandez is nothing but a no good lowdown cheater.

GM: Cesar Hernandez has been in a foul mood for several weeks now thanks to your pal, Rex Summers.

BW: If truth-telling is a sin, Sexy Remy is one heck of a sinner.

GM: I'm pretty sure he's a heck of a sinner anyways.

[Hernandez approaches the Shadow who has his back to him, grabbing a handful of mask and bouncing his covered face off the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Hernandez smashes his head into the corner... and a second time!

[He grabs the arm, twisting it around into an armwringer before slamming the point of his elbow down across the bicep once... twice... three times.]

GM: The veteran going right after that arm... and he slowly twists it around a second time. That's a whole lot of pressure on the arm that's not supposed to go that way.

[Hernandez tucks the arm under his armpit, walking him across the ring...]

GM: Hernandez backs him into the neutral corner... the referee calling for a break...

[The fan favorite obliges and then drops the masked man with a right hand on the jaw. He stalks away from the protesting official as the other Shadow gives him a hard time from the apron.]

GM: If I was Shadow #2, I might watch my mouth before Hernandez gives him one of those knuckle sandwiches too!

BW: He's cheating and you're supporting it!

GM: I'm not supporting it at all. Hernandez should be using the open hand if he's going to strike the Shadow... but after the things that Rex Summers has said about his family, I'm not surprised by what Hernandez is doing... that's all I'm saying.

[Hernandez slowly walks back in as the Shadow gets up off the mat, using a knife edge chop to put him back against the turnbuckles. The veteran grabs him around the head, using a snapmare to take him over into a seated position.]

GM: Snapmare by Hernandez...

[Stretching out the arm, Hernandez steps over it, pulling the limb back while using the leg to keep the torso steady.]

GM: Ooh, this is a painful hold applied by Hernandez!

[The masked man cries out as Hernandez cranks on the arm, shouting at the official to ask for a submission.]

GM: Cesar Hernandez does not have the highflying, risk-taking style of Caspian Abaran and to me, that's what makes them a great tag team. They have a very well-balanced offensive attack.

BW: Ain't gonna mean a thing when a Heat Check lays them both out.

GM: You're awfully confident in the chances of Kendrick and Summers in that match, Bucky.

BW: Look... Kerry Kendrick is a bit of a wild card but I know what Rex Summers is capable of inside that ring and he's capable of ten times what Hernandez and Abaran are capable of.

GM: Hernandez and Abaran are an experienced team with wins over teams like the Longhorn Riders, the Surfer Dudes, and many others. It'll be the first time for Kendrick and Summers teaming together.

BW: You can make the best argument in the world, you're not convincing me at all.

[The Shadow refuses to give up a few more times before Hernandez pulls him off the mat by the arm, walking across the ring where he slaps the hand of Abaran.]

GM: Quick tag to Abaran...

[Hernandez twists the arm again as Abaran steps up to the second rope, placing a foot up top a few feet out from the corner, leaping off the bring a forearm down over the arm.]

GM: Ohh! Right down across the arm!

[Abaran grabs the arm, twisting it before he slaps the hand of Hernandez who steps back in, hopping up to the middle buckle.]

GM: More quick tags... and OFF the middle rope with a double axehandle across the bicep!

[The Shadow staggers away, extending the off-arm towards the corner where his partner awaits him but Hernandez grabs him from behind, pulling him into a side waistlock...]

GM: Hernandez takes him up... and takes him DOWN across the knee with an atomic drop!

[With the Shadow reeling from the atomic drop, Hernandez hits the ropes, building up steam before dropping the masked man with a running clothesline!]

GM: The clothesline connects as Hernandez covers for one! For two! But that's all!

[Hernandez pulls the Shadow up with him as he climbs to his feet, reaching out to tag his partner.]

GM: Abaran back in as Hernandez shoots the Shadow across...

[The veteran throws himself at the masked man's feet, making him leap up to hurdle Hernandez' downed form...

...which makes him unable to avoid a picture perfect dropkick from Abaran!]

GM: Nice dropkick by Abaran!

[Abaran also covers, earning another two count before the masked man kicks out.]

GM: Shadow #2 out at the count of two.

BW: Shadow #2? I thought that was Shadow #1.

GM: I thought YOU could keep them straight!

BW: So did I.

[Abaran pulls the Shadow off the mat, shooting him into the ropes again, and SKIES through the air with a beautiful spinning leg lariat that takes the masked man down again!]

GM: Wow! Did you see that?! Kerry Kendrick may be counting his teeth if Abaran hits him with that a month from now in Tupelo!

[With the masked man down on the mat, Abaran rushes across the ring towards the ropes, throwing himself into a handspring into the ropes, his legs hitting the ropes and causing him to bounce back first into a standing position...

...where he leaps into the air, backflipping into a moonsault on the Shadow!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WOW! That might do it!

[The referee dives to the canvas to count!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[A diving save from the other Shadow breaks up the pin attempt...

...and brings in Cesar Hernandez who DRILLS him with a haymaker to the jaw, knocking him down to the mat where Hernandez uses a series of stomps to force him under the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Hernandez clears out one Shadow... and he's got the other...

[With a dazed Shadow on his feet, Hernandez hits the ropes, rebounding back...

...and BLASTS him between the eyes with a flying forearm smash!]

GM: EL MISIL DE JALISCO!

[Hernandez rolls out to the floor as Abaran rolls out to the apron, climbing to his feet and grabbing the top rope with both hands.]

GM: Abaran's setting up out on the apron!

[The 209 pounder leaps up into the air, springing off the top rope into a flying splash!]

GM: SPRINGING SPLASH!

[Abaran reaches back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd cheers as Abaran climbs to his feet, trading a high five with Cesar Hernandez who nods his approval.]

GM: Caspian Abaran and Cesar Hernandez with an impressive victory here tonight in Oklahoma City, getting ready for this big showdown in Tupelo against Rex Summers and Kerry Kendrick.

BW: They can beat up on all the masked goofs they want - probably reminds them of being home in Mexico... but all the El Guapo Locos in the world don't add up to one tenth of Rex Summers and Kerry Kendrick.

GM: Mark Stegglet has made his way out here to get a few words from these two men. Let's go over to him now. Mark?

[We cut to the ringside area where Abaran and Hernandez have made their way over to talk to Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. A good win here tonight in OKC for the two men that are my guests right now - Caspian Abaran and Cesar Hernandez. Gentlemen, congratulations on the win.

[Abaran nods.]

CA: Gracias, amigo. But we'll take our real congratulations in Tupelo when we get our hands on two guys who've been thorns in our sides since...

[The formerly-masked competitor shakes his head as Hernandez leans in, grabbing the mic wrist of Stegglet.]

CH: Too long. For too long we've sat back and listened to the garbage coming out of Kendrick's mouth... and even worse, the CRAP coming out of Rex Summers' mouth!

[Hernandez looks angry as he points a threatening finger.]

CH: And I can't wait for Tupelo to SHUT YOUR MOUTHS once and for all.

[Stegglet pulls the mic back.]

MS: Cesar Hernandez, you're obviously upset right now and I don't think anyone can blame you after what Rex Summers has said about you and your fam-

[Hernandez jerks the mic again.]

CH: My wife, Mark! My kids! You can talk all the filth you want about ME, Summers. That's your game. You try to get in people's heads with what you say and do and then you wait for them to make a mistake.

[He shakes his head.]

CH: There won't be a mistake in Tupelo. You went too far, Summers. You tried to embarrass my wife... my kids... and now I'm going to embarrass you.

[Stegglet turns to Abaran.]

MS: Caspian, two weeks ago, you were mere seconds away from defeating Maxim Zharkov's five minute challenge when Kerry Kendrick made his presence known.

[Abaran nods.]

CA: It's hard to imagine, Mark. Kerry Kendrick and I... we had our issues earlier this year but I thought they were over. We even crossed paths in CCW without any problems. But when Kendrick wanted to make someone notice him... he came after me again. And he did it on a night that- you know that night was supposed to be important to me, Mark. We were supposed to be in Mexico... my home. But that didn't happen... and then to have Kendrick do that on top of everything else.

[He shakes his head with disappointment.]

CA: I couldn't have been lower. But then this man put his hand on my shoulder...

[Abaran does the mentioned gesture, putting his hand on Hernandez' shoulder.]

CA: He told me he'd been where I was. He told me he'd been as low as I felt. And that the only thing that was gonna make me feel better was to get the guy who wronged me inside that ring and show him why he should've left well enough alone.

In Tupelo... we're gonna do exactly that!

[Hernandez throws an uppercut at the air.]

CH: Vamos!

[Hernandez and Abaran make their exit to cheers.]

MS: Now those are two men with something to prove... will they do it in Tupelo against Summers and Kendrick? We'll find out soo-

[There's a burst of static for a moment...

...and when we come up, we're in a dark room. We can see the silhouette of a person sitting in an arm chair.]

Male Voice: How quickly we're forgotten and dismissed into the past.

[The voice is vaguely familiar. The camera zooms in, framing the head and shoulders of the silhouette.]

Male Voice: A few years ago, we were put on display at SuperClash. We had a man being honored for his contributions to the sport of professional wrestling. His ceremony cut short, just like his career by a jealous legacy. Insult was added to injury when they ensured this man wouldn't be able to continue contributing to the sport he loved so much.

[There's a distinct click and a light comes on. Paul Von Braun is the man seated in the chair. He's aged since the last time he was seen on camera. His face shows new wrinkles. His hair sporting enough gray to give him the beginnings of a salt and pepper look.]

PVB: Once the AWA made amends, the Von Brauns were put out to pasture. Not once a mention. We were treated as relics of a bygone era and just a family.

[A snort followed by a sneer.]

PVB: The Von Brauns paved the way for family in the AWA, and how do we get treated? We get forgotten about, swept under the rug lest our most infamous moment become a black eye on the AWA. We're not the favored sons of Texas, the Lynch family. We didn't bleed all over South Laredo like a Donovan.

Or a Taylor.

Or a James.

We weren't national heroes like a Martinez.

We weren't plagued with megalomania like a Childes.

[Paul's sneers even harder, curling his lips.]

PVB: None of them are forgotten. Whether spoken with revered tone or in hushed whispers, these names and legacies are held as hallowed. Where is the Von Braun name?

[Paul inhales sharply and hisses as he exhales.]

PVB: We're not considered special enough to grace the tongues or thoughts of the AWA. Not since Scott Von Braun, our patriarch, was put out to pasture like an old race horse headed to the glue factory because he's no longer useful.

Unlike that horse, the Von Brauns will fight back. Now that I am the patriarch. Now that I am in charge. Like Dylan Thomas said, we won't go gently into that good night. We won't easily be forced into obscurity simply because we're a tainted mark on the AWA's history.

You want to forget the Von Brauns?

[Paul's sneer transitions into defiance.]

PVB: We won't let that happen without a fight.

Get ready, AWA. You just woke the sleeping monster from complacency. Everyone will understand why the Von Brauns are the ELITE legacy and not just another run of the mill wrestling family like those disgusting roaches currently littering the AWA.

Soon, the Von Brauns will be the ONLY legacy in the AWA once the Legacy Killer debuts.

[The camera stays on Paul Von Braun for a few more seconds before we fade back to live action. This time, we cut backstage to Colt Patterson, who is standing alongside Jackson Hunter, who looks quite a bit calmer than he did when he was last seen. He still has a briefcase with a red hammer and sickle decal in one hand, and his clipboard in another; it looks thicker than usual with papers.]

CP: Joining me now, advisor and liason to The Tsar himself, Maxim Zharkov: Jackson Hunter. I gotta give you a lot of credit, Jax. Maxim Zharkov is still undefeated, with no one able to last longer than five minutes in the ring with him.

JH: "...And when Alexander saw the breadth of his domain, he wept for there were no more worlds to conquer." Fans of the AWA, please attend carefully. It's become obvious to me as I'm sure it's become obvious to you, that there is not one North American wrestler who can withstand the superior Soviet training and conditioning. The wrestlers of the AWA have been given ample opportunity to prove their worthiness, and have chosen to shy away.

[He turns his clipboard to the camera, thick with a stack of documents.]

JH: So now, we're expanding the search.

CP: ...Those are blank contracts, right?

JH: Correct. Mr. Zharkov is presently in Magadan, meeting with the Oblast Undersecretary of Sport - I'm sure you've met Mr. Velikov, Colt.

CP: Velikov? As in Vladimir Velikov?

JH: The very same. I've been keeping myself busy preparing dozens of one-night-only blank contracts that will be sent to every major professional athletic association in North America. Athletes of North America, sign this contract and the requisite release, and we will fly you (one way) to Houston, Texas - the most obnoxiously American city in the most obnoxiously American state - where you will be given the opportunity to take the Proletariat's Challenge. Last five minutes with Zharkov...

[Hunter lowers the clipboard and raises the briefcase.]

JH: ...And you win fifteen thousand in cash... at SUPERCLASH.

[The camera zooms in on the briefcase, presumably filled with money.]

CP: Fifteen thousand and an open challenge to EVERY sport organization? Look out, NFL! Watch your back, NBA! Call timeout, MLB! Put your teeth in, NHL! The Proletariat's Challenge is coming to SuperClash, jack! Watson, the floor is yours.

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introduci-

[Before Phil can get another word out of his mouth, he goes flying out of the way as someone tears past, tackling his opponent back into the corner!]

GM: Whoa my! Here we go, fans!

[As the camera pulls back, we can see that it's Casanova, dressed in black trunks and boots and with a jet-black streak dyed into his bleached blonde hair, throwing fists as fast as he can at an unknown individual.]

GM: Casanova is beating the tar out of... did we even get this kid's name?

BW: The format says it's Davey Diggle.

GM: Davey Diggle it is as Casanova throws fist after fist at the skull of the young man!

[Casanova grabs an arm, shooting Diggle across where he slams hard into the corner, staggering out into a back elbow up under the chin, knocking him down to the canvas.]

GM: Wow! What an elbow! Casanova's showing some fire here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Of course he is! His manager, Mickey Cherry, is STILL laid up after that animal Carver bashed him over the head with a beer bottle! You oughta know what it's like to be victimized by that savage beast!

GM: Well, Mr. Carver does have a mean streak... that's for sure. But you realize there's no evidence that Carver did ANYTHING to Mickey Cherry at all, right?

BW: It was a beer bottle! What do you want? An engraved calling card?

[Casanova is stomping the hell out of Diggle, forcing him under the ropes to the floor. The bulky yet agile Casanova ducks between the ropes, grabbing Diggle by the hair and pulling his face towards the ring where he SLAMS his face down into the mat!]

GM: Casanova's got Davey Diggle reeling as he rolls out after him...

[Grabbing a handful of trunks, Casanova HURLS him over the barricade into the front row of seats!]

GM: OHH! The fans in OKC just got up close and personal with this match!

[The referee shouts at Casanova as he marches over towards the barricade, leaning over it to pull Diggle up, bashing him with a pair of right hands.]

GM: Casanova's setting up for something... a back suplex?

[Casanova lifts Diggle up off the concrete floor, holding him high...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROPS him crotchfirst on the steel barricade!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Diggle clutches at his nether regions as Casanova backs off, shouting at Diggle angrily.]

GM: Casanova has got a burr under his saddle and he's taking it out on Davey Diggle here tonight, fans.

[Casanova rolls back under the ropes, breaking the count...

...and then rolls right back out to the floor, shouting at Diggle as he approaches.]

BW: Did he just call this kid "Carver"?

GM: It sure sounded like it. Casanova may be suffering from a break in reality, Bucky.

BW: I'm not sure he can afford to get any weirder.

[Casanova grabs Diggle by the hair, pulling him off the barricade, shooting him under the ropes back inside the ring...

...and then ducks down, leaning to pull up the ring apron!]

GM: Wait a second! What is Casanova doing now?!

[With black eyeliner "dripping" down his cheeks like tears, Casanova yanks a steel chair into view as the crowd buzzes in response.]

GM: He's got a chair!

BW: This ain't no DQ, Casanova! You're gonna be disqualified if you use that!

[Casanova angrily slides the chair under the ropes, rolling in after it. The referee goes to grab it but Casanova steps on it, wagging a finger at him.]

GM: The official nearly got his fingers snapped off when Casanova stepped on the chair he'd already grabbed!

[The referee backs off, waving his hand in pain as Casanova lifts the chair off the mat, opening it up and setting it back down on the mat.]

BW: Casanova's going to take a mid-match break?

GM: I don't think so, Bucky.

[Grabbing Diggle by the arm, Casanova shoots him across the ring...

...and uses a drop toehold to send Diggle CRASHING facefirst down onto the open steel seat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FACEFIRST INTO THE STEEL!

[The referee immediately signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That's it. He's been disqualified and rightfully so!

[Casanova climbs to his feet, ignoring the shouts of the official as he stalks towards Diggle.]

GM: Again, he calls for Carver. Casanova's repeatedly calling for Hannibal Carver!

BW: He oughta stop or that lunatic might show up like Beetlejuice.

[Casanova grabs Diggle by the hair, lifting his head off the chair...

...and SLAMS his face down into the steel again!]

GM: Again into the steel!

[He drags Diggle off the chair by the hair, flinging him down to the mat.]

GM: Casanova going after the chair... folding it up... oh no.

BW: The referee better get out of his way or he's gonna get it too!

[The official steps back, protesting loudly as Casanova raises the chair over his head...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR DOWN ACROSS THE BACK!

[Casanova winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[Casanova, now with a dented chair in his hands, flings the chair down with enough force that it bounces off the canvas.]

GM: Casanova has snapped, fans! He's lost it!

[With the official still shouting at him, Casanova drags Diggle up by the hair, hooking a three-quarter nelson...]

GM: Uh oh. He's got him hooked and-

[...and DRIVES him facefirst down onto the dented chair!]

GM: BLACKOUT! Casanova uses Carver's own move on Davey Diggle here tonight in OKC!

[Casanova stays seated on the mat, the camera zooming on the black makeup on his face before he rolls out to the floor, stomping over to the ringside announce table.]

“CAAAAARRRRVEEEEERRRR!”

[Gordon Myers abruptly gets up, fumbling for a house mic to hand over.]

C: CAAAAAARRRRVEEEEERRRRR!

[Casanova’s got pain in his voice. Anguish as he screams the name of the man who he believes attacked his manager.]

C: Hannibal Carver has been freed by the graciousness of Juan Vasquez.

[Big cheer! Casanova looks around with disgust.]

C: That’s good news for them...

[He gestures to the fans.]

C: ...and bad news for you.

[He points angrily at the camera.]

C: Hannibal Carver is a big star. Hannibal Carver is a World Title challenger. Hannibal Carver has more important things to do than to sully his hands with the likes of Casanova.

[Casanova closes his eyes for a moment...

...and then snaps them open in a look of fury!]

C: I DON’T CARE! I! WILL! GET! MY! HANDS! ON! YOU!

[Casanova smirks.]

C: In the ring... in the locker room... in the parking lot, Carver... you and I are going to get together... and we’re going to settle this. And it might be settled with one of these...

[He holds up a clenched fist.]

C: ...or one of these...

[He reaches under the ropes, pulling the dented steel chair out and smacking the seat a few times.]

C: Or maybe we’ll get nostalgic, put on our finest formal wear, and declare...

[Casanova dips into a mocking bow, putting on his finest English accent.]

C: “Beer bottles at dawn, ol’ chap.”

[He flings the chair down to the floor.]

C: But however it happens... wherever it happens... whenever it happens... know that I don’t give a damn about beating you. All I want is you in my arms...

[He embraces himself, causing Gordon to lean backwards away from him.]

C: ...so I can choke the life out of you.

[Casanova holds his hands out in front of him, miming said choke...

...and then with a steely voice, glaring into the camera.]

C: Toodles.

[He storms out of view, leaving the jeering crowd behind as Gordon Myers shakes his head and we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

# I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

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

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

# Because you light up the path

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

We fade back up on a live shot of Mark Stegglet standing between two massive individuals - Chester O. Wilde and Buddy U. Loney - the duo known as the Wilde Bunch. As usual, Buddy is holding his adored pig, Mable, under his massive arm.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling and, gentlemen, the AWA tag team division is on the rise as we work towards the end of this year's Stampede Cup. With four teams left in the mix, who do you think will win?

[Buddy rubs his chin as Chester gives a loud "HAW!" before speaking.]

COW: You know, Mark... there's a lot of good teams left in the tournament. Air Strike - them boys have held a bunch of tag titles a heap o' times. Jack and Bobby are about as good of guys as you could even hope to meet. And y'all know how we feel about our pals in the Rustlers.

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: I notice you didn't have anything to say about Andrew Tucker and Mike Sebastian - Strictly Business. They're in the Final Four too, you know.

[Buddy nods.]

BUL: We know, Mark. But our mommas used to say all the time if you ain't got nothin' nice to say 'bout someone, don't say nothin' at all. So, ask me again.

[Stegglet shrugs.]

MS: Do you have anything to say about Strictly Business?

[Buddy just stares at Mark in response who chuckles.]

MS: Fair enough. But can you pick a winner for me?

[Before either can respond, a commotion off-camera gets their attention. After a moment, Charisma Knight enters into the frame, dressed as she was before, looking frazzled and anxious as she approaches the boys.]

CK: Oh good, good, Chester, Buddy...

[She looks at the pig, taken aback for a second, before continuing]

CK: ...Mable. You guys have to help me.

[Mable starts oinking wildly as Buddy pats his pet pig on the snout.]

BUL: You best get on out of here, little lady. Mable's got herself a snout for good people and bad people... and I'll give you one guess what she thinks about.

[Charisma sneers at the pig before turning on the charm again, turning towards Chester.]

CK: But it's those Next Gen guys, those horrible Next Gen guys. Harper and Somers, let me tell you, I was looking around for partners for tonight, and I ran into them, and the mouth on Harper! He called me all sorts of name, rude names, names not fit for repeating on Television!

[Chester shakes his head.]

COW: Are you sure 'bout that? That boy seems alright to me.

[Charisma begins pouring on the charm, holding her hands down low and batting her eyes, trying to appear innocent as she can, which is a great acting job on her part, really]

CK: Chester, I know they seem that way when the camera are on, but they were horrible. I'm hurt, I'm deeply hurt by what they said to me. I would go to President O'Neill, but he's busy, Juan Vasquez is running things tonight, and he wouldn't help me. But you two, I know you two will help, you two fine men would defend the honor of a lady, right?

[Chester throws a glance at Buddy who doesn't seem too convinced.]

COW: Well, now... I just don't know 'bout this. I mean... my mama always told that sticks and stones may break some bones but words... well, words ain't so bad after all, you know? I can't imagine what they'd say to-

[Charisma interrupts.]

CK: But, oh dear, this is embarrassing, but...

[Charisma leans in and whispers something into Chester's ear, then Buddy's.]

CK: That's all I can say, I'm just too embarrassed to repeat anything else!

[Both members of the Wilde Bunch see their jaws drop.]

COW: Wow! Danny kisses his Hall of Fame mama with that mouth?

[Chester looks at Buddy who looks Charisma up and down for a moment before nodding slightly.]

COW: Alright, lil' lady... you got yourselves some partners.

[Charisma grins, shaking the hands of Chester and Buddy... and even hiding her grimace as she pats Mable on the snout.]

COW: Come on, Buddy... let's go get ready...

[Chester and Buddy (and Mable) make their exit and the camera pans over to Knight, who drops the innocent act she's been doing for the past few minutes and puts on an evil smirk, having done her dirty work, as the screen fades out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Tulsa, Oklahoma... weighing in at 232 pounds... Xavier Tate!

[A young African-American lifts an arm to some cheers for the home state competitor.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The lights drop to black.

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

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

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

THE HANNNNNNNNNNGMANNNNNNNNNN!

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

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

GM: An eerie silence falling over this crowd in Oklahoma City as The Hangman has arrived.

BW: Chills, bawh. Chills.

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

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

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

GM: This young man, Xavier Tate, may have taken some bad career advice when he signed the contract to take on this competitor, Bucky.

BW: You know what it would take to get me in the ring with The Hangman?

GM: What's that?

BW: For him not to be there.

[Gordon chuckles as the referee signals for the bell and The Hangman tugs at his right glove, adjusting it in place as Xavier Tate stays unmoving, staring across the ring.]

GM: Xavier Tate isn't making a move.

BW: Can you blame him? Actually, check that. If I were him, I'd be moving... I'd be moving right out of that ring, down the aisle, out the locker room door, and onto the next town.

[The Hangman slowly strides to the center of the ring, staring at Tate who runs a hand over a set of cornrows, looking around anxiously...

...and then dashes forward, throwing a dropkick to the chest of The Hangman who takes a step back.]

GM: Dropkick by Tate!

[The Hangman steadies himself as Tate scrambles back to his feet, throwing a second dropkick...]

GM: That makes two!

[The Hangman again falls back a step as Tate gets up off the mat, leaving his feet for a third...

...that The Hangman simply slaps aside, sending Tate crashing down to the canvas!]

BW: Did you see that, Gordo?! He just swatted the dropkick away like he was a fly!

[Tate gets up off the mat, a little slower this time, as The Hangman wraps his massive paw around the throat of Tate!]

GM: Oh! He's got him by the throat!

[The Hangman pushes across the ring, bullying Tate backwards where he shoves him violently into the corner.]

GM: Right back into the buckles!

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

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

GM: Wow! The fisticuffs unleashed by the big man and Xavier Tate is reeling!

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

GM: That's a choke, ref!

BW: Pretty sure the referee's aware of that since he's counting, Gordo.

GM: Get him off the man!

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

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

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

GM: BIG CLOTHESLINE CONNECTS!

[The Hangman steps back, waiting as Tate staggers out towards him...

...and then lifts him up, pressing him slightly over his head before dropping him throatfirst across the top rope!]

GM: OH!

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

GM: I think that's quite enough. This one's over.

BW: This one's over when The Hangman says it's over, daddy. And it ain't over yet!

[The Hangman leans down, dragging Tate off the mat with a handful of cornrows, pulling him into a front facelock. He slings Tate's arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: A suplex coming up...

[He powers Tate up into the air, holding him upside down...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...]

GM: Look at the strength of The Hangman!

[The Hangman takes a few steps, still holding Tate, and finally brings him crashing down to the mat in a suplex!]

BW: Ohh! And that'll rattle the spine from the toupee to the toes, daddy!

GM: Toupee?! Xavier Tate's not wearing a toupee.

BW: No? Who actually would want their hair to look like that?

GM: Give me a break.

[Climbing back to his feet, The Hangman looks out at the crowd, staring with cold, dead eyes at all of them before he backs into the ropes, bouncing off with a slow, methodical walk...

...and leaps high into the air, showing off some athleticism, before DRIVING the point of the elbow down into the heart!]

GM: Big leaping elbowdrop by the Hangman and for the love of Pete, just pin the guy!

BW: Oh, he will. Give him some time.

[The Hangman sits up on the mat, rolling to a knee. He stays on a knee for a moment, looking out with a cold stare at the OKC crowd. Virgil Rockwell shouts something into his charge who rises off the mat, reaching down with his gloved right hand to grab Tate by the throat, deadlifting him off the mat to his feet in a chokehold...]

GM: Hangman lifts him right up off the mat!

[Switching his grip to the wrist, The Hangman slowly executes an armtwist, walking over towards the corner...]

GM: He's got the arm and... what in the world?

[The Hangman slowly steps up to the second rope... then to the top, still holding the wrist...]

GM: What is he doing, Bucky?!

BW: He's gonna... wow... look at that!

[The crowd buzzes as The Hangman simply walks down the ropes, taking a few steps away from the corner on the top rope before leaping off, sailing through the air, and smashing a forearm down on the back of Tate's neck!]

GM: Wow! The Hangman walking the ropes! A seemingly-impossible move for a man that size!

BW: It's seemingly impossible for a man HALF that size, Gordo!

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

GM: The Hangman calling for the big finish here!

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

GM: We've seen this before! He gets them up there and-

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

GM: OHHHHH!

BW: And Xavier Tate has met The Rope's End!

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

["Man With A Harmonica" begins to play again as The Hangman slowly rises off of his downed opponent as his cornerman enters the ring, a broad smile on his mustached face. He walks to the corner, lifting the noose from off the ringpost and walks over towards his charge who drops to a knee, looking up at the rope. The cornerman looks at the kneeling monster and shouts...]

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

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

GM: And just like we've seen The Rope's End on several occasions, we've seen this as well... and if you ask me, someone needs to do something about this!

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

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

GM: Enough is enough! There's no call for any of this!

BW: Hey, hey! They're dragging him over here!

GM: What?

BW: I think... we're going to hear from The Hangman?!

GM: Well, fans... I think... I guess someone needs to talk to these two... and I guess that someone - regrettably - is me.

[We hear a "CLUNK!" as Gordon puts down his headset, climbing to his feet as we cut to ringside where Virgil Rockwell, The Hangman, and a reluctant Xavier Tate come into view.]

GM: Gentlemen... please...

[Myers spreads an arm, getting them facing the camera.]

GM: Since this is the first time you two have elected to speak to the AWA fans, I suppose a welcome and a congratulations on your winning streak so far is in order.

[Rockwell chuckles, tugging at his wild black beard, streaks of silver spotting it.]

VR: "Welcome."

[Gordon looks puzzled.]

VR: Mr. Myers, do you know what I am?

GM: You're Virgil Rockwell.

[Rockwell shakes his head.]

VR: That's who I am. Do you know WHAT I am?

[Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: No sir, I suppose I do not.

VR: I am a fifth-generation lawman. My father... my father's father... and so on down the line have stood in the streets of America, serving Lady Justice. And so stand I... serving Lady Justice here in the AWA.

But the streets of America have changed, Mr. Myers.

[He strokes his beard as The Hangman stands by stoically.]

VR: We're in Oklahoma City tonight.

[The crowd cheers as Rockwell looks on with disgust.]

VR: Once, I would have agreed with you. I would have cheered with pride too. In 1889, when this city was founded, it grew to a population of over ten thousand within hours of being founded. It was a place to be proud of.

Now? Now it's a place known for crime. Overrun by the Mexican cartels... by the gangs... shootings and stabbings... one of the worst terrorist attacks in this nation's history...

[Rockwell shakes his head again.]

VR: It is a broken city... in a broken nation... all seeking the strong hand of Justice.

[He gestures to The Hangman for the first time in this conversation.]

VR: The streets of America are stained red from the blood of the innocent. But the cries of the innocent do not fall on deaf ears in my world, Mr. Myers. The weak and innocent call for justice... they beg for it.

[He smiles, placing a hand on The Hangman's shoulder.]

VR: And Justice has arrived.

Good day, Mr. Myers.

[Rockwell starts to whistle, making his exit as The Hangman follows, dragging a struggling Tate behind him as we slowly fade through black.]

We fade up on the bank of television monitors that can only mean the return of one of the AWA's most popular segments - the Control Center. After a moment, a voiceover is heard.]

"With your SuperClash Control Center, here's Sweet Lou Blackwell!"

[Fade to Blackwell standing in front of a similar set of monitors - a very large one flashing the SuperClash logo.]

SLB: Fans, we are just weeks away from the biggest night of the year - SuperClash VII - to be held in Houston, Texas at Minute Maid Park! Tickets are on sale and they're going fast! If you want to be a part of the Super Bowl of professional wrestling, you do NOT want to miss this night in Houston!

[Blackwell pauses as the graphic changes to show aerial shots of Minute Maid Park.]

SLB: It's going to be an exciting night in front of one of the largest crowds in AWA history - a history-making night with titles on the line, careers that can be made or crushed in an instant, and with the AWA, you just never know what might happen. But what you're really here to talk about are the matches.

[The screen behind Blackwell goes black and he chuckles.]

SLB: What matches? So far, we don't KNOW any matches but we CAN confirm that AWA officials have promised us the return of the annual spectacle known as Steal The Spotlight where teams of AWA superstars will compete in an elimination match with an open contract for the match of their choice hanging in the balance. Now, in the weeks to come, we'll be bringing you the participants for that match as well as many others but right now, we've got a very special challenge that has been issued via video tape.

[The video screen changes to show Yoshinari Taguchi, title belt held overhead.]

SLB: Recently, Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion Yoshinari Taguchi retained his title in Osaka in a hard-fought battle against Dead Man's Party member Elijah Wilde. After the match - during a press conference - he had this to say.

[We fade to subtitled footage of said press conference. A reporter is speaking - a translation appearing at the bottom - as we fade in.]

REPORTER: "Taguchi-san, after another successful defense, who are you looking to challenge next?"

[A sweaty and weary Taguchi smiles, his response also subtitled.]

YT: "The world."

[The reporters buzz as the original voice is heard again.]

REPORTER: "The world? Can you explain please?"

YT: "Earlier this year, the AWA came to Japan to show that they have best wrestling in the world... best champions in the world. I like Ryan Martinez. I respect Ryan Martinez. But Tiger Paw Pro..."

[He pats the face of the title belt sitting on the table in front of him.]

YT: "...has best champion in the world."

[Shouted questions are heard as Taguchi smiles again, pointing to another person.]

REPORTER2: "You challenge Martinez-san?"

[Taguchi tilts his head slightly.]

YT: "Ryan Martinez has..."

[He pauses for a moment.]

YT: "...open challenge... to meet for title anytime. My challenge for specific time..."

[Taguchi rises, flashbulbs popping as he reaches down to grab his title belt.]

YT: "AWA supershow... SuperClash."

[The reporters are buzzing again as Taguchi walks off, carrying his title belt with him as we fade back to Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: We reached out to our friends at Tiger Paw Pro and it's official! Yoshinari Taguchi wants to come to SuperClash and he wants to defend his title against one of the AWA's finest! How about that news, fans? And it didn't even cost you \$1.99 a minute! Who will the AWA pick to accept this open challenge? We'll find out in the weeks to come.

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: Now, that's enough about SuperClash VII. For just one moment, let's talk about SuperClash VIII!

[A SuperClash VIII logo appears on the screen.]

SLB: For weeks now, the rumors have been flying over just where in the world the AWA would be having the big event. We've heard West Coast... we've heard Mexico... we've heard Europe... we've even heard Japan. But where oh where will SuperClash land?

This week, it's time to start taking some steps towards answering that question.

[As Blackwell turns to look at the screen, a list appears. Upon closer inspection, it's a list of cities.]

SLB: After much begging and badgering, the AWA front office has allowed me to see the final ten cities that are still under consideration for SuperClash VIII's host city honors. Each and every time we come to you from the Control Center, that list will slowly be reduced until the week before Thanksgiving when we will reveal the final two. Of course, the big announcement will be held at Minute Maid Park on Thanksgiving night but right now, let's see who made the cut to the Top Ten!

[The list stays on the screen with each city coming up one by one large enough to be read.]

SLB: Leading off the Top Ten, we've got one of the largest cities in Canada - Toronto! If selected, Toronto would play host to the first international SuperClash and would actually mark the AWA's first trip North of the border!

[The next city appears.]

SLB: One of the AWA's favorite cities - New Orleans! Some of the AWA's most memorable moments have taken place in the great state of Louisiana and coming back to the Bayou for our biggest night of the year would be another great moment to add to that list.

[And the next.]

SLB: Ahh, the great city of Boston. Last year, the AWA went to the Northeast for the very first time, hosting SuperClash from New York City. It's only fitting that Boston be under consideration as well.

[Next!]

SLB: The Windy City! Chicago, Illinois! Chicago has always been a fantastic wrestling city and is yet another place that the AWA has yet to visit.

[Keep 'em comin'!]

SLB: London, England! The United Kingdom has been begging for an AWA event for some time now so a trip across the pond for the first international SuperClash would be a perfect fit!

[Neeeeeeext!]

SLB: Not long ago, the AWA visited the Pacific Northwest, hosting an edition of Saturday Night Wrestling in Portland, Oregon. Could we be on the way back to that area for SuperClash VIII in Seattle, Washington?

[Up next!]

SLB: The City of Brotherly Love and one of the hotbeds of hardcore wrestling - Philadelphia, Pennsylvania - is on the list as well! If the AWA comes to town, we might be putting another crack in the Liberty Bell!

[And then?]

SLB: New York City! The city so nice, we might visit twice! Could the AWA be returning to the Big Apple for the second time in three years?

[But what about...?]

SLB: The City of Angels! Los Angeles has already hosted a SuperClash as well as the Battle of Los Angeles so they're no strangers to the AWA coming to town. The West Coast would be rockin' if SuperClash comes to town again!

[And lastly...]

SLB: The Mile High City has put in their bid as well, looking to bring the AWA to Denver, Colorado for the very first time!

[The list drops back to the side screen as Sweet Lou holds up a sheet of paper.]

SLB: Now, this was handed to me moments ago and it has the names of TWO cities who have been removed from the list of possible host cities. The dreams of two cities full of AWA fans are about to be crushed. Let's take a look...

[There's a dramatic pause as the list comes up again, waiting for a name to be removed...

...and a line suddenly goes through one of the cities.]

SLB: Oh! New York City, the host of SuperClash V last year, is eliminated! Perhaps too many choices in the Northeast played a role in that one. So sorry, Big Apple! Maybe next time!

Nine cities left... one more to fall off here tonight...

[Blackwell again pauses, waiting and watching...]

SLB: And there goes Denver! The Mile High City won't be getting higher with the addition of SuperClash! Eight cities remain! Did yours make the cut? Tune in next time to the Control Center as we continue down the road to SuperClash!

[Fade to the shot of the bank of monitors before we fade to black.

We cut from black on the opening note of Thin Lizzy's "The Boys Are Back In Town" on a shot of Travis, Jack, and James Lynch backstage at an AWA event, cowboy boots up on a table as they play cards and laugh.

On the next power chord, we cut to a shot of Juan Vasquez pointing towards the ring next to Eric Preston, miming throwing a right hand. They appear to be in the old WKIK Studios.

The next one brings a cut to Supreme Wright inside a rundown industrial warehouse. He's running in place before dropping down flat on his stomach on the mat, pushing up to his feet and doing it all over again. Nearby is Todd Michaelson, whistle dangling from his mouth.

The third one in the set cuts to Air Strike at a fan event, signing autographs and posing for pictures with the assembled masses. Cody Mertz grins as two girls sandwich him with kisses on the cheeks.

A fourth power chord and cut reveals Brian James, drenched in sweat and shadowboxing against a wall of an empty Crockett Coliseum.

The next goes to Dave Cooper standing in a corner with Eric Matthew Somers, obviously some older footage as Calisto Dufresne stands nearby, a smile on his face as Cooper is regaling them with some story.

Another cut - this one to Hannibal Carver popping the top on a beer and handing it over to Derrick Williams who clinks beer cans with the veteran before they throw them back in tandem.

The next cut shows Supernova in front of a mirror, applying his own facepaint as Jason Dane stands nearby, talking to the young lion.

Back to the next series of chords and another cut, this time to Skywalker Jones, Hercules Hammonds, and Buford P. Higgins arriving at a venue. Jones is wearing dark sunglasses and waves a dismissive hand at the camera as Hammonds proceeds to rip off his t-shirt and strike a double bicep pose while Higgins mugs for the camera in the background.

Then to Bobby O'Connor standing with his grandpa Karl while Karl has some poor backstage worker by the upper body, grabbing an arm as Bobby nods in understanding.

The next one goes to Doctor Harrison Fawcett and Brian Lau peeking through the curtain at a live event, watching the action inside the ring from the backstage area.

And one final power chord in the intro takes us to Ryan Martinez, sitting in a pair of folding chairs with his legendary father. The two men are deep in conversation as workers walk around them.

The lyrics kick in with a shot of AWA original Sweet Daddy Williams laying in right hand after right hand on the skull of Vladimir Velikov before whipping him HARD into the opposite buckles!]

#Guess who just got back today?#

[From the DeSoto Civic Center, Anton Layton smashes a metal trash can down over the skull of Eric Preston.]

#Those wild-eyed boys that had been away#

[With Rex Summers reeling in the corner, Travis Lynch mounts the midbuckle and opens fire, raining down fists to the skull!]

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

[Stevie Childes comes sailing off the top rope, pumping his arms and legs to deliver a devastating frog splash on a downed Robert Baldwin of the original Blonde Bombers.]

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

[Melissa Cannon leaps onto the shoulders of Holly Hotbody who is seated on the top turnbuckle, flipping her off the top with a rana.]

#They were asking if you were around#

[Robert Donovan whips MAMMOTH Mizusawa into the steel barricade, breaking the fastenings and sending Mizusawa spilling into the front row of seats.]

#How you was, where you could be found#

[Sultan Azam Sharif locks in the Camel Clutch en route to winning the Steal The Spotlight match by submission over Marcus Broussard.]

#I told them you were living downtown#

[The revelation of William Craven as The Dragon that has been haunting Alex Martinez for so long.]

#Driving all the old men crazy#

[Jackson Haynes from Violence Unlimited counters a James Lynch top rope leaping rana into a thunderous sit-out superbomb.]

#The boys are back in town#

[It's Main Event time as Supernova stands in the aisle, soaking up the cheers of the AWA fans...

...when Calisto Dufresne comes tearing through the entrance curtain, actually ripping part of it down before driving his shoulder into the back of the challenger's knee!]

#The boys are back in tooooooooooown#

[Supernova counters the Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am into a backdrop, falling to his injured knees in the aftermath.]

#The boys are back in town#

[The final shot is of a returning Juan Vasquez standing in the ring with Supernova, raising the young lion's arm into the air as he gestures to him and the crowd goes wild.]

#The boys are back in town#

[As the lyric changes to a raucous guitar solo, a graphic comes up that reads - "SUPERCLASH VII - HOUSTON, TEXAS - 68 days"... and we fade to black.

And then back up to live action where Phil Watson is standing in the middle of the ring.]

PW: Wrestling fans, the following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from Oregon, Pennsylvania, and weighing 254 pounds, KELLY CHIPPOTA!

[A pale wrestler with a bushy brown baby fro, wearing a green singlet with a silver/gold lining in the shape of wings, hooks a thumb at himself and jaws at the crowd.

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.

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: And his opponent, from parts unknown, weighing in at 270 pounds...

THE GLADIATOR!

[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: And here we go... The Gladiator set for singles competition. He'll be facing The Lost Boy in two weeks' time!

BW: He wanted Fawcett's men, now he's gonna get one of them, and he's gonna find himself praying to his gods from a hospital bed!

GM: That remains to be seen. Right now, it's Kelly Chippota he's facing.

[Chippota tries swinging a forearm, but it's blocked and Gladiator hammers away.]

GM: And already Gladiator is taking control of this one.

BW: He's a powerful man, I won't question that, but he's not too bright.

GM: And you think The Lost Boy is smarter?

BW: Hey, that's why he's got Harrison Fawcett in his corner! You get a smart man to guide you and you'll go far in this business. All Gladiator has are these gods of his and all these idiots that cheer him.

[Gladiator sends Chippota into the ropes and throws him into the air with a back body drop, then stares upward and reaches out with his hands.]

BW: I mean, look at this, Gordo! Does he think there's something up in the rafters to inspire him?

GM: No more different than Fawcett using that jewel... that gem... to inspire the likes of King ONI.

BW: Of course it's different. Fawcett uses it to keep his men focused. You think you see any focus out of the Gladiator right now?

[Gladiator picks Chippota up and executes an inverted atomic drop. Chippota winces in pain, and Gladiator grabs him from behind, executing a regular atomic drop.]

GM: Gladiator with back-to-back atomic drops... now a clothesline and he sends Chippota out of the ring!

BW: Look at this... look at him pumping his arms to these idiots! That's not focus, Gordo, that's acting like a moron!

[Gladiator stops working the crowd long enough to exit the ring. Chippota is staggering around the apron and Gladiator grabs him by the hair and slams him face first into the apron.]

GM: All I see is Gladiator firmly in control of this match.

[Gladiator grabs Chippota by the hair again, holding him up toward the camera.]

G: THIS IS THE FATE OF THE LOST BOY! THE FATE OF EVERY MONGREL FAWCETT DARES TO SEND TO OPPOSE ME!

[Gladiator then clotheslines Chippota, who slumps to the ringside mat.]

GM: Gladiator sending a message to Fawcett and The Lost Boy.

BW: Yeah, every message he sends gets send back for insufficient postage!

GM: Look at this! Gladiator pressing Chippota overhead!

[The fans cheer as Gladiator hoists Chippota in a gorilla press, turns toward the ring and launches him through the ropes.]

GM: Gladiator sends Chippota back into the ring the hard way!

BW: Yeah, try doing that to The Lost Boy! Or better yet, try doing that to KING Oni! Try even taking that man off his feet!

[Gladiator slides back into the ring and drags Chippota up, pointing skyward and running in place.]

GM: Gladiator running into the ropes... across to the opposite side... back again at Chippota...

[Gladiator leaps at Chippota and flattens him with a vicious spear tackle.]

GM: SPEAR TACKLE AND DOWN GOES CHIPPOTA!

[Gladiator rises to his feet and presses his arm overhead, the fans cheering as they know what's coming next.]

BW: Yeah, we know he's finished... just get it over with instead of talking to the ceiling again!

GM: Gladiator pulling Chippota up... into a gorilla press again!

[Gladiator turns around to each side of the ring, before dropping Chippota into a powerslam.]

GM: DOWN TO THE CANVAS! This one is over!

[Gladiator kneels atop Chippota, raising his arms as the referee delivers the three count.]

BW: He may have made that one look easy, but it won't be so easy when he faces The Lost Boy!

[The bell rings and Gladiator rises to his feet, allowing the referee to raise his arm.]

PW: Here is your winner... THE GLADIATOR!

[The Gladiator turns to the camera and...]

G: SNORT snaaarri SNORT!

[...that happens, then he flexes his muscles and exits the ring.]

GM: We have Sweet Lou standing by to talk to Gladiator about that match in two weeks.

BW: We have to hear him talk? Where's my moron-to-English dictionary?

[We cut to Sweet Lou Blackwell who stands at the interview platform.]

SLB: All right, fans, The Gladiator puts down another one in the win column, and now I want to talk to this man about what awaits him in two weeks' time.

[Gladiator strides toward the platform, his arms raised above his head. He joins Blackwell and looks out to the crowd.]

G: SOUND THE BATTLE CRY, MY GLADIATORS!

[The fans enthusiastically cheer in response.]

G: FREE CARVEEEEEERRRR!

[He lets the last syllable hang for a while, which prompts the crowd to start chanting.]

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

To which the Gladiator pumps his fist and nods his head in time with the chant.]

SLB: My goodness, Gladiator, it looks like we have yet another man who is insistent that Hannibal Carver be permanently reinstated. I will say, though, that rumor has it that you and he have become... how shall we say... men with common goals and aspirations, perhaps?

[Gladiator turns to Blackwell, raising a finger toward him.]

G: THE PATHS THAT I HAVE TRAVELED SINCE MY ARRIVAL TO THESE LANDS HAVE BEEN VERY SIMILAR TO THOSE THAT CARVER HAS TRAVELED, AND THOUGH EACH OF US HAS A DIFFERENT METHOD OF INSPIRATION, OUR GOALS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN MUTUAL, AND THAT IS TO DEAL WITH THE MONGRELS AND CHARLATANS WHO DARE TO DESECRATE THE LANDS WE PRESENTLY SEEK COMBAT IN, ALL SO THAT THESE MONGRELS AND CHARLATANS CAN LAY CLAIM TO THEIR ILL-GOTTEN GAINS! AND WHAT WENT DOWN A MONTH AGO WAS A TOTAL DISGRACE, ALL SET INTO MOTION BY THESE SAME MONGRELS AND CHARLATANS WHO CONTAMINATE THESE PARTS!

[He turns toward the camera, raising his finger.]

G: YOU, HARRISON FAWCETT, YOUR PART IN THOSE MACHINATIONS IS WELL KNOWN TO ALL, AND I BELIEVE YOU HAD EVEN MORE SINISTER MOTIVATIONS BEHIND WHAT WENT DOWN. BUT AS WE SAW AT HOMECOMING, CARVER HAS RIGHTED THE WRONGS PERPETRATED BY JOHNNY DETSON, AND NOW, IT COMES TIME FOR YOU TO PAY YOUR PRICE FOR YOUR PART IN THE TRAVESTY YOU ENGINEERED! IT STARTS WITH YOUR LOST BOY, YOUR PUPPET ON A STRING, YOUR NORMAL THAT YOU HAVE SENT FORWARD TO BE SERVED JUDGMENT BEFORE ME, AS PASSED DOWN BY JUPITER AND JUNO ABOVE! TWO WEEKS SHALL PASS, AT WHICH TIME I WILL HAND THE JUDGMENT DOWN, WITH MY GLADIATORS SERVING AS MY JURY THAT HAS ALREADY WEIGHED ALL THE FACTS BEFORE THEM, AND THEN, HARRISON FAWCETT, IT WILL ONLY BE A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE YOUR KING ONI SHALL BE DETHRONED AND I FULFILL MY DESTINY!

[The fans cheer as he points skyward, growling, and then departs the platform.]

SLB: Fans, that match takes place in two weeks' time, Gladiator and The Lost Boy! I can't wait for that one! But right now, we're just a few minutes away from another match I can't wait for - the World Television Title showdown pitting the champion, Shadoe Rage, against the challenger "Red Hot" Rex Summers! Colt Patterson is standing by with the challenger right now! Colt?

[Cut to the interview area where the one and only Colt Patterson, who is decked out in a blue and white tie dyed T-shirt with the sleeves cut out, stands. His head is covered in a red and white do-rag, he flexes for a second before pulling his rose color glasses down to the tip of his nose. He looks at the camera and begins to speak.]

CP: That's former World Champion Colt Patterson to you, Blackwell, and the pleasure is - of course - all yours. In just a few seconds though, your pleasure will

be doubled as I'm joined by tonight's challenger for the WORLD Television Championship...

[The camera pulls back just a bit to reveal "Red Hot" Rex Summers and the Summers Sweetheart for the evening, walking into view. Summers is covered by his full length, sequin covered, blue robe. The raven haired Summers Sweetheart, who is wearing a cut out black crop top and a white mini-skirt, has her arm wrapped around his. She winks at the camera as Colt continues to speak.]

CP: "Red Hot" Rex Summers! As always Rex, it is an honor to be joined by the man with the best body in the AWA.

[Rex Summers chuckles as he nods his head.]

RS: "Cool" Colt, "Red Hot" always appreciates sharing the interview area with you. Unlike "Minuscule" Mark and "Loaded" Lou, you know how to appreciate a star.

CP: They just don't have the eye that I do, Rex. Time has passed Blackwell by and Stegglet... well, Stegglet hangs out with the Lynches, so that tells you all anyone needs to know about him.

[The Summers Sweetheart shakes her head in agreement.]

CP: As all these fans know, just two weeks ago you defeated Willie Hammer to earn a shot at the coveted WORLD Television Championship.

[Rex Summers rubs his chin with his right hand as Colt continues to speak.]

CP: Now I know the answer to this already, but these fans should... no, they NEED to hear it straight from you. So Rex, when tonight is all over, will you be the new WORLD Television champion?

[Rex Summers turns his attention to the camera.]

RS: Shadoe Rage, you got a lot of guts telling Rex Summers that he isn't ready for a shot at HER.

CP: Excuse me, Rex. Her?

RS: Yes "Her". You've stood next to Shadoe Rage as he's babbled on and on about "Her". Week after week, he tells anyone who will listen to his ranting and his raving that the WORLD Television title is his and his alone.

How he will never let anyone else touch "Her". But Rage, you have to remember she's already held me tight.

[Rex Summers chuckles.]

CP: For those fans whose memories are as short as a snapchat message, let me remind you that the WORLD Television Championship was once the Longhorn Heritage Championship. A title held by this very man. But I have to say Rex, Shadoe has had a death grip upon that title since he defeated Tony Sunn.

RS: Well "Cool" Colt, he's not facing just anyone tonight. It won't be the lowdown Latin cheater, Cesar Hernandez, it's not some face-painted freak, and it's sure not that muffin topped Willie Hammer! As you say "Cool" Colt, he's squaring off with the best body the AWA has to offer. Rage, you're stepping into the ring with Rex Summers!

So if you think SHE doesn't want to touch this again...

[The Summers Sweetheart unties the belt of Summers' robe allowing it open, revealing his sculpted mid-section.]

RS: Then Rage, you're sadly mistaken.

[Rex turns his attention from the camera for a second.]

RS: "Cool" Colt, what the champ needs to realize there isn't a "Her", who hasn't contemplated divorce from the sweat hog she shares a bed with after gazing upon this sculpted, chiseled, rock hard body! There isn't a "Her", who wouldn't sell her first born child just to glimpse at the "Red Hot" one in his birthday suit.

If you think for one moment that there is, Rage, then you're just as naive as Bobby O'Connor! 'Cause you see, there isn't a "Her" on God's green Earth that Rex Summers can't have!

And that includes your precious WORLD Television Championship belt.

[Summers with a throaty chuckle as the lovely Summers Sweetheart slides the robe from Rex's shoulders. As she places the robe over her shoulder, Rex strikes a double biceps pose. The Summers Sweetheart looks longingly at Rex before stepping behind him, allowing the camera to soak in the entire image.]

RS: I want you to take a good, long look Shadoe Rage. Look at what "She" longs for. Look at the very reason you don't deserve "Her" and understand that tonight, when that bell sounds for the final time...

[The hands of Summers' lovely escort for the evening begin to rub the rock hard abdominal muscles of Summers, almost as if she is making the universal gesture for the title being around Summers' waist.]

RS: Your precious girl will be leaving the State Fair Arena nestled snugly around the waist of a real man.

[Rex Summers blows a kiss at the camera.]

CP: Rex Summers - as always - is not lacking in the confidence department as he heads into this World Television Title showdown! But as the challenger walks out...

[Shadoe Rage saunters into the frame grinning and flicking his tongue at the camera. The flamboyant Rage is garbed in a silver-colored leather sleeveless robe over his fuchsia trunks. His back-length bejeweled and dreadlocked hair is held back by a matching fuchsia bandana. The Bohemian Beauty's eyes are half-hidden behind smoky grey lensed fuchsia tortoise shell aviator sunglasses. The outrageous outfit matches the fuchsia and silver AWA World Television title shines over his left shoulder. Rage pirouettes as he makes his entrance and throws his hands skyward, tossing confetti high in the air to shower around him in bits of silver and pink. Rage holds the pose until the paper settles and then he grabs the AWA World television title from his shoulder and kisses it obscenely.]

CP: ...the champion walks in! For those of you who weren't paying attention, today marks the 297th day since Shadoe Rage won the AWA World Television championship at SuperClash by knocking that bum Tony Sunn out of the business! He's the longest reigning World Television champion in AWA history! Sensational, I'm so happy and I'm so proud for you! We have a history making champion that everybody can look up to!

SR: That's right, Colt! Everybody should look up to me! I'm the greatest champion in all the land! Every day! Every night! I go out there and compete and I go out

there and conquer! And because of that this belt has never meant so much as it does right now!

[Rage proffers the belt to the camera. His tongue flickers in and out of his mouth like a lizard.]

CP: You erased a two-time World Champion and two time World Television Champion from the record books in Dave Bryant. The Doctor of Love was no slouch in that ring. That's an incredible feat!

SR: It is an incredible feat. No one else has ever been able to do it better for longer than I have! Dave Bryant was no slouch in this ring, Colt, that's true! He was no slouch! But too bad for him. He'll never be seen again and now I've erased his legacy. I have rewritten the history books. I've proven that I am the best of them all!

CP: You talk about the history books - let's look at some of the names in that book. Alphonse Green, the guy everyone cries in their soup about wanting him to come back from injury?

SR: Not even 100 days!

CP: Johnny Detson, the Number One Contender?

SR: 20 days!

CP: What about the World Champion, Ryan Martinez?

SR: 85 days!

[Colt shakes his head.]

CP: You've really outdone yourself, champ, as you're on your 297th day with the silver! You've gotta be on a such a tremendous natural high here tonight.

SR: Oh, I'm on one tonight! And I'm on one every night! I'm truly OUTRAGEOUS!!!

CP: Champ, I can't congratulate you enough, but I'm going to be honest with you. In the little over forty two weeks now that you've been World Television Champion and the AWA has been throwing everything at you week after week, I never doubted you'd win.

But tonight, you're going up against a real tough challenger in "Red Hot" Rex Summers. And he's a former holder of the predecessor to this belt around your waist.

[Rage stares at Colt, waiting for what's next, nodding his head with the former World Champion's statements.]

CP: No offense, champ, but you've gotta be at least a little bit nervous that tonight might be the night you lose the AWA World Television championship.

[Rage springs into talking quickly.]

SR: Ooooh Colt, let me tell you something, when you're a champion as great as I am, you're always on the edge. I ride the edge of a lightning bolt every day. When you're the AWA's greatest champion, you always have to feel nervous. You always have to feel paranoid. You always have to stay sharp because the AWA would love nothing more than to see me on my back for three seconds. But I won't let it happen. I stay ready all the time... because everyone wants to see me go down in

defeat! Every jealous wrestler in the back! Every man who sees me out there shining! Because they all know in their hearts I won't be beaten! Shadoo Rage cannot be beaten!

[Colt shakes his head.]

CP: I get what you're saying, champ. But if you're not careful, Rex Summers can CERTAINLY take you out!

SR: Colt, I'll be one hundred percent honest with you. That's why I'm looking forward to this match with a great deal of anticipation. I want the best to challenge me! Bring it on! Everybody wants to see the best go up against the best. And every woman out there wants to see Rex Summers and Shadoo Rage hook it up. It's their fantasy come true!

This match is sugar versus spice! This match is a better version of a Chippendales show! I look at Rex Summers and I'm excited to compete against him because I see ME!

When I look at him, I see a lean and hungry competitor. I see a man who approaches physical perfection. Six foot three just like me. He's got a little more weight but I've got a lot more speed. He's ripped and shredded, but let's not pretend like I don't have spectacular abs, too. Two hundred forty-four pounds of pure sexy savagery!

[Rage points to his well-defined six pack abdominals as he does a standing crunch to display the chiseled abs, obliques and the inguinal crease that means he's less than 10 percent body fat. Rage then points to his head.]

SR: I see cunning. I see ruthlessness. I see savagery. Yeah, Summers' every quality reminds me of me. It's like looking in a mirror. And I like what I see when I look in my mirror. I'm the champion! He's the challenger. And as similar as we are, that's a fundamental difference.

[Rage raises the belt high overhead.]

SR: He's gotta beat me! I have the champion's advantage. I have the experience. I have the belt. He's got to take it from me! I don't have to take it from him! So Rex Summers, I know you know what I'm talking about. You've been a champion before. You know all about how difficult it is to take the belt from the champion! You may have been surprised by Glenn Hudson, but I'm not looking past you! I'm not looking past anybody! You're trying to step up to the plate and take down the AWA World Television champion.

[Colt interjects.]

CP: But what about the Heat Check DDT? That can turn someone's lights out - even yours - in a hurry!

SR: The Heat Check may be the third most devastating finishers in this business, Colt. In a blink of an eye, Sexy Remy can turn your lights out. You've seen him do it. I won't lie to you and pretend that I don't know what it means to be caught in that double arm DDT. But let's not pretend, Colt. I can fly! I can fly higher than an eagle! I fly so high I touch the heavens!

Let's not pretend that me flying off the top and driving my elbow through your heart or into your throat doesn't mean a ride to the emergency room. Crushed trachea, right? Bruised rib cage, right? Complete physical devastation? EXACTLY! When I drop down from heaven with that Angel of Death Drop, there will be no need of a Heat Check!

Rex Summers, I respect you. I kind of like you. Keep it like that. We all know what happens, Colt, when someone puts me in a bad mood.

What happened to men like Donnie White who got on my bad side! (whistling)  
Weeeeeeeeeeeeeewwwwww... BOOM! Thirty feet off the top of the scaffold to the mat! Never the same again.

And Tony Sunn? A straight right knee from Sensational me put Tony Sunn in the infirmary. Never the same again!

Stupidnova? Not that he ever showed his face to begin with, but he took an elbow and a knee for daring to defile my robes! So if you want to get down and dirty, I'm your huckleberry. I'm the guy that can turn your lights out for good.

Come at me with the R-E-S-P-E-C-T and I'll give you the same right back. A great champion is defined by the quality of his challengers! Rex Summers is a great challenger! But if he wants to make this a bar fight... well, let's just say he doesn't want to do that. No, he doesn't. And if he doesn't then I won't. You get what I'm saying, Colt?

CP: I certainly do.

[Rage holds the title towards the camera.]

SR: Look at her. See how beautiful she is. Of course he wants her. Look at those curves. Look at her shining silver complexion. She turns heads everywhere she goes. She's a World Championship and if a man doesn't want her then there's something wrong with that man. He's in the wrong business. Want her all you want. It doesn't matter to me.

[Rage straps the belt over his shoulder. He stares directly into the camera and draws off his sunglasses so the full effect of his crazy hazel eyes is unleashed. He breathes slowly, deeply. Something is wrestling inside him now. Something dangerous.]

SR: Rex Ruthless, Sexy Remy, Red Hot, whatever you want to call yourself, you're going to have a lot of things in your career. You're going to have a lot of wins in your career. You already can have damn near any woman in the world that you want right now. Stick to trying to take Julio Hernandez's woman because you will never have a woman who's with me. I know it drives you crazy because she's just so sexy but too bad because she's mine. ALLLLLLL mine.

[Rage stares a hole through the camera. Insanity rages behind his eyes. His mouth twitches with a crazed tic. With that, Rage exits the screen. Colt stares after him for a while to make sure he's clear.]

CP: Much like the challenger, the champion is extremely confident. I don't blame him, but being the broadcast journalist that I am it wouldn't be fair for me to root for either man. And to be honest, I think this one might be too close to call. Back to you, Myers and Bucky!

[We fade from backstage to the ringside announce table.]

GM: Thanks for that, Colt Patterson. Bucky, we heard from the champion and the challenger... your thoughts on this World Television Title showdown?

BW: Rex Summers is no stranger to wearing a title belt. The PCW gold. The Longhorn Heritage Title. And he's also no stranger to being willing to do whatever it takes to WIN gold. Shadoo Rage is celebrating a history-making title reign here

tonight... but "Red Hot" will be looking to spoil that celebration in king-sized fashion, daddy.

GM: It's going to be a good one! Let's head up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

[Fade up 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 cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[Mickey Avalon's "Stroke Me" begins to play over the arena sound system. A sample of Billy Squier's classic 'The Stroke' is easily recognized...

"STROKE ME, STROKE ME"]

BW: It's about to become red hot in here, daddy!

[As Mickey Avalon finishes saying it's "As easy as one, two, three" the curtain opens and out walks the one and only "Red Hot" Rex Summers with his Summers Sweetheart from earlier. She has one arm intertwined with Summers' arm as she smiles for the camera.]

PW: He is the challenger! He hails from St. Paul, Minnesota, and weighs in at 251 pounds... He is being accompanied to the ring by...

[The next words are dripping with disgust.]

PW: ...the luckiest girl on the planet tonight...

"RED HOT" REX SUMMERS!

[Summers is dressed in a full length blue robe with white sequins running down both lapels and in a zig zag formation across the front. He walks slowly down to the ring, a cocky strut shows his arrogance and disdain the fans who are currently booing him. Summers simply smirks as he approaches ringside, and we catch the words "Red Hot" are spelled out in more sequins on the back of the robe as he walks past the camera, the Summers Sweetheart by his side, beaming at the camera.]

GM: Oklahoma City is letting the cockiest man in the AWA hear it right now.

BW: They are showing him love, the likes of which maybe only Johnny Detson hears on a nightly basis.

GM: Are you kidding me, Bucky? The disdain from these fans is not being hidden at all.

BW: Jealousy, Gordo... and maybe a lot of lust.

GM: I honestly don't know what to say to that, Bucky.

[They walk up the steps together where she sits on the middle rope, allowing Summers to easily step into the ring where he grabs at the mic.]

RS: Cut the music!

[The boos come louder from the crowd as the music stops.]

RS: Sweetheart, do you hear that? Do you hear these fans in the great state of Oklahoma...

[Cheers for their home state!]

RS: ...snorting and grumbling like bison?

[A long, loud chorus of boos comes from the Boomer Sooners.]

RS: Hoping against hope that "Red Hot" Rex Summers looks in their direction for just a fraction of a second. Thinking that maybe, just maybe... that they will be the next title Rex Summers claims.

[Summers smirks as the Summers Sweetheart nods and places her hand upon his chest.]

RS: Right now though there is only one title on the mind of Rex Summers and that's the WORLD Television Championship!

[There is a mix of cheers and boos as a good portion of the crowd despises the current champion as much as they do the challenger.]

RS: A championship that very shortly will be an imitation of dear, sweet Isabella as it's wrapped tightly around my waist!

[The small smattering of cheers are completely drowned out by boos over the insult aimed at Cesar Hernandez' wife.]

RS: Now I want all you obese, obnoxious, and obscene Sooner sweatogs to shut your mouths as I take off my robe and show you what a real champion looks like!

[The boos don't quiet, only getting worse as the Summers Sweetheart pulls the robe off, revealing the chiseled physique of Rex Summers who strikes a double biceps pose, showing off his muscles.]

PW: And his opponent...

V/O: CITIZENS OF RAGE COUNTRY!!!

[The boos pour out just as loud!]

GM: Oh, brother.

BW: Hush, Gordo!

[The voiceover continues.]

V/O: Please stand and place your hands over your hearts for the entrance of the longest reigning AWA World Television Champion in history and your current longest reigning AWA World Champion! Please join me in welcoming your champion...

THE SENSAAAAAATIONALLLLLLLLLLL  
SHAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOE  
RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

GM: Will you sit down?!

BW: This is a moment in history, Gordo! Get to your feet!

[The curtains part and out comes a horn section.]

BW: Live musicians! This is terrific!

GM: This is too much!

[Yes, Shadoe Rage has a live marching band performing John Williams "Olympic Theme." The arena lights are filtered into pink and white spotlights that wash over the crowd and the entrance way. The band of horns line either side of the aisle.]

GM: Apparently the champion felt a big entrance was necessary for this history-making night.

BW: And rightfully so!

[Finally, the curtains part and Shadoe Rage makes his entrance! Ballerinas come out first, dressed as vestal virgins. They toss rose petals along the entranceway as next comes the AWA World Television champion born aloft by some preliminary wrestlers on a royal sedan. Rage stands on the platform, the AWA World Television champion held high in both hands as he stares at the sky and turns the title towards his banner which hangs from the rafters. His silver robes flare out behind him and his muscles glisten with oil in the spotlights. Although his eyes are hidden by his glasses, he can clearly be seen muttering something into the air.]

GM: This is unbelievable!

BW: I know, it's remarkably tasteful.

[The sedan arrives at ringside and Rage is lowered to the ground. He drops to the ground and locks the AWA World Television title into its case at ringside. He alights up the ringsteps, pirouetting for the crowd as he displays his robes. The houselights return to normal as Rage throws his arms up and launches pink and silver confetti into the air.]

BW: Where does he keep that stuff, I wonder?

GM: Do you, Bucky? Do you?

[Those who thought the King of Rage Country was going to forego his usual address are proved wrong as Rage calls for a microphone. He signals to the dancers and the horn blowers to cut the celebration.]

SR: Citizens of Rage Country! We made HISTORYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!! November 27th in New York, New York... Tony Sunn didn't know what hit him, did he? No he didn't. Something great happened.

Shadoe Rage became the AWA World Television champion.

[Rage raises an arm, getting more jeers.]

SR: And no man has worked harder to defend this belt and make this title mean so much! SuperClash VII is just around the corner and I'm looking for a worthy challenger. Tonight, will be a special night. I face one of the greatest competitors in the AWA, Rex Summers. It's going to be a fight! It's gonna be beautiful and ladies get your cameras out because it's going to be hot! Yeah, you all know what I'm talking about! Tonight is a celebration! This is all for you! Citizens of Rage Country, without your King, you'd be nothing! Thank you!

[Rage bows for applause that don't really come. Instead there are a good number of boos that rain down on the Champ who looks around, completely confused.]

GM: I hope the arena has good air conditioning to handle all the hot air coming out of his mouth!

BW: Gordo!

[Rage removes his entrance gear and readies himself for competition, pulling against the ropes and shadowboxing to loosen himself up for the match as the referee steps out to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Another substitute referee joining us here tonight as local official Ricky Rison will be the man in the middle for this one - giving some final instructions to both competitors...

[Rison signals for the bell with a wild flourish, calling for the action to begin.]

GM: Here we go! Ten minutes for the World Television Title!

[Summers gives a tug on the top rope, slapping each of his biceps as he moves along the ropes, circling the ring as Rage does the same on the other side.]

GM: Neither man rushing right into anything... taking some time at the beginning to circle one another..

[After a couple spins around the ring, they end up in the center, coming together hard in a collar and elbow.]

GM: The lockup in the middle and I'd imagine Summers will have the power advantage in this one...

BW: You might think that but while Summers is shredded like all my mama's stock paperwork that the SEC was interested in, he's not a gigantic powerhouse like a Hercules Hammonds or The Gladiator. He and Rage might be on the same page in the strength department.

[But Summers does prove to have a little more power, pushing Rage back against the turnbuckles...

...and drops down, grabbing the middle rope to slam his shoulders into the midsection, driving it in again and again...]

GM: Summers wasting no time now, putting those shoulders into the ribs...

[Summers straightens up, moving swiftly as he grabs the arm, going to whip Rage across the ring...]

GM: Irish whi- no, reversed!

[The reversal sends the challenger crashing into the buckles, Rage barreling in after him, twisting to throw an elbow...

...but Summers vacates the corner, causing Rage to slam his own ribs into the turnbuckles!]

GM: A very quick pace at the outset of this one... the ten minute time limit always hanging over the heads of the participants in these World Television Title matches.

[Summers grabs the top rope, laying in a series of kicks to the ribcage of Shadoo Rage who curls up, attempting to shield his ribs from the onslaught with his arms.]

GM: Summers grabs the arm, maybe another whip...

[But as Summers goes for the whip, Rage slams on the brakes, pulling Summers into him like a short-arm whip...

...and SLAMS the back elbow up into the jaw, sending Summers staggering back into the corner!]

GM: Oh! Nice reversal by the champion!

[Rage winds up, smashing an elbow down between the eyes!]

GM: Overhead elbow by Rage!

[Grabbing Summers by the hair, Rage hauls him out to the center of the ring, driving a second elbow down - this one aimed at the back of the neck.]

GM: Another elbow by Rage!

[Twirling a finger in the air, Rage keeps a grip on the hair, rushing towards the ropes...]

GM: He's gonna snap his neck down on the top!

[...but as Rage leaps over, Summers extends his arms, grabbing the top rope and shows off his strength as he blocks one of Rage's signature moves, sending Rage down to the floor on his feet, looking up in surprise!]

GM: Wow! I've never seen that counter before!

[Rage quickly reaches under the bottom rope, taking a swipe at the ankle of Summers, tripping him up and yanking him under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Rage drags him out to the floor... right han- blocked!

[Summers throws a knee into the midsection of Rage, doubling him up as Summers smashes a double axehandle down across the small of the back, sending Rage staggers away. He leans against the ringpost, swinging around it as Summers advances.]

GM: The challenger, Rex Summers, as you may recall is a former Longhorn Heritage Champion - the title that is the direct predecessor to the World Television Title so some might call Summers a former TV Champion as well, Bucky.

BW: You need a flow chart to explain what you just said but the fact is that Summers is here to win the World Television Title tonight - whether it's the first or second time, we'll leave that up to the geeky historians like Jason Dane.

[Summers moves in on Rage who rolls under the ropes into the ring. The challenger grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron...

...but Rage rushes back in, ducking down to throw a tackle between the ropes into the midsection!]

GM: Oh! Rage caught him on the apron!

[Spinning Summers around, pulling his head back over the ropes, Rage SLAMS the point of his elbow down into the throat, causing Summers to fall down on his butt on the ring apron...]

GM: Summers down on the apron, facing the crowd...

[Rage gives his right knee a slap, causing the crowd to buzz...]

GM: Wait a second! He's looking for that Eclipse! The move that put Supernova in the hospital! The move that knocked Tony Sunn out of the AWA! Rage is looking to end this now!

[The World Television Champion races to the far ropes, rebounding back at top speed, racing towards Summers...]

...who rolls off the apron, turning to face the ring with a finger waggle.]

GM: Oho! Summers knew it was coming and got out of the way in time!

[The Summers Sweetheart runs to the side of her man as Summers backs out of range, shaking his head as Rage kicks the bottom rope in frustration, pacing back and forth...]

GM: Rage thought he had him dead to rights.

BW: Summers is smarter than a lot of people will give him credit for, Gordo. He didn't even see the knee coming but he FELT it coming. That's a veteran for you.

GM: Former multiple-time PCW Champion as well. Summers is a piece of work for sure.

[Summers takes a walk on the floor, keeping his eye on Shadoe Rage who is shouting at him from inside the ring.]

GM: Rex Summers taking some time to regroup.

BW: Takes a lot of air to feed all those muscles too. He might've been a bit winded by the quick pace at the outset.

GM: Summers pulls himself on the apron...

[Rage rushes in, not giving him a chance to react as he drills him with a short elbow to the jaw. He grabs a front facelock, stepping up to the middle rope...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: He might be able to do this to Summers! We've seen him try this before!

[Gritting his teeth, Rage muscles Summers up into the air, taking him up and over with a spine-rattling superplex off the middle rope!]

GM: SUPERPLEX! We're under five minutes into this one and Rage dropped him right down on his back!

[Rage floats over, applying a lateral press as he orders the official to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Summers' right shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Near fall there for the champion!

BW: He's got Summers in some trouble and he knows it, Gordo.

[Rolling into the mount, Rage grabs a handful of hair, smashing his fist down between the eyes once... twice... three times before he climbs to his feet, pointing to the corner...]

GM: Rage is heading outside and that means he's heading up top!

[The World Television Champion steps to the second rope... then to the top, raising both arms over his head as the flashbulbs fire all over the building...]

GM: OFF THE TOP!

[The double axehandle comes crashing down between the eyes of Summers, knocking him flat!]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOOOOVE!

[Rage slides into another cover, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Summers again kicks out in time!]

GM: No, no, no! The challenger is out in time!

[Rage angrily gets to his feet, putting a fist under the chin of the official, backing him across the ring to the corner. He lifts the other fist, threatening to punch the referee.]

GM: This lunatic is always bullying the referees!

BW: Well, that WAS a slow count, Gordo.

GM: It was not! And even if it was, there's no excuse for this under ANY circumstances!

[Rage twists around from the referee, heading back towards Summers who has pushed up to a knee...

...and throws a fist into the gut of the incoming Rage!]

GM: Summers goes downstairs!

[Grabbing Rage by the hair, Summers drags him down into an inside cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He almost got him! How close was that?! Summers almost plucked him into a match and title winning cradle out of nowhere, fans!

[Summers scrambles to his feet, greeting the rising Rage with a boot to the ribs...

...and pulls him into a double underhook! The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: HEAT CHE-

[But Rage feels it coming, spinning out of it, dropping to the mat, and rolling out to the floor, wagging a finger at Summers just as "Red Hot" did to him earlier in the match.]

GM: And this time, it's Rage's turn to show how well he had this challenger scouted!

[Rage is stalking around the ringside area, pulling at his own hair as Summers stands in the middle, holding two fingers an inch apart to tell the champion how close he came to ending it.]

GM: The Heat Check was coming and if he hit, we'd have had a new champion, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Nobody gets up from the Heat Check.

GM: Rage walking out at ringsi-

[The timekeeper's call cuts off Gordon.]

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: The halfway point has been reached as Shadoe Rage is stalking around the ringside area...

[Rage walks over to the timekeeper's table, telling them to open the case with the title belt in it.]

GM: What is this all about?

BW: I think the champion's had enough. He's calling it a night.

GM: He's WHAT?! He can't do that!

BW: Watch him!

[Rage pulls the title belt out, slinging it over his shoulder. He turns to the ring, shaking his head, waving off the match as the referee shouts at him to get back inside the ring.]

GM: The referee's trying to get him back in and...

[As Rage turns his back on the ring, Summers goes through the ropes, stomping down the aisle after him.]

GM: Summers is coming after him!

[His back to the ring... but his eyes on the video screen, Rage sees Summers coming, twirling around and burying a right hand into the gut of Summers!]

GM: Rage goes downstairs!

[He grabs Summers by the tights, twirling him around...

...and HURLS him into the steel barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE RAILING!

[Rage stands over Summers, taunting the downed challenger...

...and then breaks into a dash, diving headfirst under the bottom rope, still clinging to his title belt as he waves for the official to count Summers out.]

GM: He's telling the referee to count out Summers! Did he plan this whole thing?!

BW: I think he did! This is a setup, Gordo!

GM: A countout is as good as a pinfall when it comes to keeping the Television Title!

[The referee's count is up to three... then four as Rage climbs off the mat, title belt over his shoulder, shouting for the referee to count faster.]

GM: Rage is wanting a faster count as the referee gets to five!

BW: Rex is still down. The Sweetheart's down there on her knees...

GM: Don't even think about it.

[The Sweetheart pats Summers on the chest, encouraging him to get off the floor as the count gets to six... then seven...]

GM: Rex Summers is still down on the floor and he's getting VERY close to getting counted out, Bucky.

[Summers grabs the railing, pulling himself to a knee as the count goes to eight.]

GM: We're up to eight!

[The challenger staggers towards the ring, falling into the apron as the ref counts nine!]

GM: Nine!

[And Summers HURLS himself between the ropes, breaking the count to a smattering of cheers from people rooting for a title change!]

GM: He made it! He made it!

[A furious Rage kicks the bottom rope again, dropping his title belt as he throws himself into a falling double axehandle to the back of the head!]

GM: Rage is NOT a happy World Television Champion right about now!

[Rage grabs Summers by the arm, pulling him to his feet...]

GM: Short-arm clothesline!

[Rage pulls Summers back up, delivering a second one...]

GM: Another!

BW: He's going for the Hat Trick!

[The World Television Champion pulls Summers up by the arm a third time, going for a third clothesline...]

...but Summers ducks under, reaching back to snare Rage by the head, pulling his neck down against his shoulder...]

GM: REVERSE NECKBREAKER!

BW: Ohh! That'll be a rude awakening for the champion!

[But Summers is unable to take advantage of it, staying down on the mat by Rage.]

GM: Rex Summers with another big counter but this time, he can't do anything with it, fans! The challenger can't get that neckbreaker to pay dividends quite yet. We're down under four minutes left in the time limit though and time is running out for the challenger!

[With the Summers Sweetheart shouting encouragement, the challenger rolls over to a knee, pushing up off the mat. He grabs at the back of his head as leans over to grab Rage, dragging him up by the hair...]

GM: Summers pulls him up... and into the double underhook!

[Again, the crowd reacts to the idea of seeing the title change hands but Rage reacts as well, rushing forward to smash Summers back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: And again, Rage felt the Heat Check coming!

[The champion backs off, throwing a series of stiff jabs to the jaw...

...when Summers grabs him by the hair, spinning him around into the corner and SLAMMING his head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Summers firing back!

[The crowd cheers... sort of... as Summers repeatedly drives the head of the champion into the corner!]

BW: Summers bouncing the head of Rage off the turnbuckle like a pinball!

[The crowd is split as they like seeing Rage's head smashed into the turnbuckle but cheering Summers is a hard pill for them to swallow. Summers spins Rage around and delivers a very stiff uppercut that rocks Rage back into the corner.]

GM: Summers drilled him with that right hand and an elbow down into the top of the skull to follow! Maybe that will knock some sense into the lunatic.

BW: It's going to take more than an elbow to accomplish that, Gordo.

GM: Summers goes downstairs with a knee to the ribs!

[The referee steps in, forcing Summers to step back.]

GM: Summers backs off at the order of the referee and-

BW: This isn't smart, Summers! Stay on him!

[Rage staggers from the corner as the timekeeper gives the three minute call!]

GM: Three minutes left in the time limit as- OH MY!

[The crowd actually ROARS as Summers lifts Rage over his head, his arms fully extended!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[With Rage fully pressed overhead, Summers steps to the side...

...and then DROPS Rage down, sending him throatfirst into the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage flops around the mat like a fish holding his throat as Summers takes a step back and places his hands behind his head and begins to gyrate his hips.]

GM: No cover off of that?! Rex Summers is showing the same arrogance that cost him the Longhorn Heritage Title to Glenn Hudson!

BW: He's just giving the ladies of Oklahoma what they want. A lasting memory of what a real man looks like!

GM: He doesn't have time for that! We're under three minutes left in the time limit and he's shaking his-

BW: Easy, Gordo.

[Summers reaches down, dragging Rage off the mat by the arm, whipping him all the way across the ring into the far corner!]

GM: Rage hits the corner hard!

[With a shout, Summers goes charging across the ring at top speed...

...and Rage uses the top rope to pull himself clear!]

GM: Ohh! Summers hits chestfirst into the corner!

[Rage slips in behind him, leaping up, tucking his knees into the back as he grabs Summers' from behind...]

GM: OHH!

[...and DROPS down to the canvas, blowing all the air out of Summers' lungs!]

GM: Out of nowhere! That might be enough!

[Rage flips over, rolling into a cover, hooking the legs...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Summers' shoulder goes FLYING up off the canvas, breaking the pin!]

GM: Rage couldn't keep him down for three! It wasn't enough!

[Shaking his head, Rage climbs up off the mat, reaching down as he barks at the official.]

GM: Rage is giving the referee a hard time right here and-

[As he scoops Summers up for a slam, Summers takes advantage of the distraction...]

GM: CRADLE!

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: NO, NO! SHOULDER UP! MY STARS, HOW CLOSE WAS THAT?!

[Rage pops up off the mat, holding up two fingers. The referee agrees, nodding his head as Rage clutches at his chest.]

GM: Shadoe Rage thought he was done for! He got caught up in barking at the official and it almost cost him the World Television Title!

[Rage shakes his head as he stomps Summers a few times, keeping him down on the mat. He leans down, slapping Summers in the chest before leaping into the air...

...and DROPS a knee down into the sternum!]

GM: Leaping kneedrop connects! And we're down under two minutes, fans! Two minutes left!

[The World Television Champion leans down, dragging Summers off the mat by the arm...

...and a desperate challenger yanks his powerful arm, pulling Rage right into a short kneelift to the ribs!]

GM: Oh! Summers with the knee - HEAT CHECK!

[But as he hooks the arms, Rage rushes forward again...

...and runs right over the official, sending him crashing down to the mat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Down goes the official!

[Summers flings Rage aside, tossing him into the ropes, and dropping him on the rebound with a left-armed clothesline!]

GM: Summers drops the champion but with the referee down, I'm not sure it matters!

BW: The referee just got brushed though! He's down but he's not out!

[With a clap of his hands, Summers turns towards the Summers Sweetheart...

...who dips into her healthy cleavage with a grin, pulling out something wrapped in white tape.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Did you see where she got that?!

GM: I saw it!

[Summers grins as he nods to her, kneeling down on the mat to take the object...

...when suddenly, the crowd starts to ROAR!]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second!

[The source of the cheers is identified as Cesar Hernandez comes jogging into view, stepping in between the Sweetheart and a now-screaming Rex Summers!]

GM: Summers wants the foreign object - whatever it is!

BW: It's his! It belongs to him!

[Hernandez grabs the object, yanking it out of the Sweetheart's hand as she loudly protests. Summers leans through the ropes, grabbing Hernandez by the hair, pulling him back...]

GM: SUMMERS HAS GOT HERNANDEZ!

[But the Mexican superstar wheels around...

...and BLASTS Summers between the eyes with the object in question, sending him falling back...]

GM: WHAT A RIGHT HAND!

BW: A LOADED RIGHT HAND! THIS AIN'T RIGHT, GORDO!

[Summers staggers back towards a rising Rage who drops down, pulling him into a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: ROLLUP!

[And as the dazed official pulls himself into position to count, Rage reaches back to grab a handful of tights!]

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

BW: RAGE WINS! RAGE RETAINS THE TITLE!

[Rage rolls off of Summers, wearily throwing an arm into the air as the bell sounds.]

BW: Shadoe Rage keeps the title thanks to that no-good cheater Cesar Hernandez!

GM: Hernandez certainly did get involved - I can't deny that - however he was trying to prevent Rex Summers from winning the title-

BW: Aha! You admit it!

GM: -by using a foreign object! Oh, I'll admit that all day! Summers tried to use a weapon of some sort and Cesar Hernandez made sure that did NOT happen! Shadoe Rage keeps the title!

[Rage is already out on the floor, clutching the title he nearly lost to his chest as he staggers back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: Rage keeps the title and his history-making reign continues on here in Oklahoma City, fans! And if you're an AWA fan, you've got to wonder just who in the world will be able to beat this man in ten minutes and take that title off his waist. We've seen great competitors like Supernova... like Willie Hammer... like

Sweet Daddy Williams... and like Rex Summers all try... and all have failed. What will it take to beat this man for the title?

[The camera holds on Rage, wobbling his way back up the aisle, thrusting the title up into the air over his head as we fade to black.]

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

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

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

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

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

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

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

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

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

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

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

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

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

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

"And now their stories can be told."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade through black to Mark Stegglet in the ring.]

MS: Oklahoma City, let me hear you!

[Big cheer from the aforementioned fans!]

MS: All right, fans... if you would please join me in welcoming... Kerry Kendrick!

[The lights dim as "I Want It All" by Queen blares to life over the PA system as a young man emerges from the back. Well-built with a bleached blond buzzcut, he's a good looking guy with a tan, wearing a midnight green t-shirt with the phrase 'THE GLASS CEILING JUST GOT THICKER' on the front, sunglasses tucked in to the collar, and black jeans. Pausing at the top of the ramp he extends both arms out to either side, palms pointed at the sky.]

GM: Well, fans, I was most impressed with the performance of Caspian Abaran on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling. He showed a lot of courage and a lot of wherewithal when he tangled with "The Tsar" Maxim Zharkov. I believe he would have gone the distance and lasted the full five minutes had it not been for the actions of that young man entering the ring right now.

BW: Gordo, wrestling does not deal in "what ifs." All that matters is the checkmarks in the win column, daddy.

GM: Bit of new look here for Kerry Kendrick... And it looks like his attitude has gotten even worse if such a thing is even possible.

[In the ring, the music fades, and Stegglet begins the interview with a nonchalantly unimpressed and significantly surlier-looking Kerry Kendrick.]

MS: Mr. Kendrick... you've been in CCW for the past-

[Kendrick abruptly pries the microphone out of Stegglet's fist.]

K2: Y'know what? Why don't you let me take it from here, Stegglet? Let's not play the "I ask wrestler a softball question, wrestler replies with spittle and cornball threats" game, okay? I know what I want to say, so give me the damn room to breathe here.

[Stegglet shrugs and steps through the ropes to the floor.]

K2: There are some things that I absolutely need to get off my chest, and if the guys in the truck will give me a little leniency for once, I'll say them, and then you can get back to clutching your pearls over Ryan Martinez's critical hangnail injury or whatever.

[Already some boos are heard in the crowd, peppered with the occasional cheer.]

K2: I've spent the last four months back in CCW... AGAIN... rotting away, waiting for that phone call from the AWA - the one where they tell me, "sorry, Kerry. There must've been some mistake on some pencil pusher's end. We didn't mean to lump you in with a bunch of wannabes who haven't paid their dues. It was stupid and asinine of us to have done that to the very first face of Saturday Night Wrestling."

And do you know what?

[He chuckles joylessly.]

K2: That phone call... NEVER CAME. Why in god's name did it never come? I have been loyal to the AWA family for seven years. I have never stopped wanting to be a part of this promotion. Marcus Broussard promised the world to me and delivered precisely SQUAT. I know that I am BETTER than CCW. No offense to... quote/unquote... heavy sarcasm implied... John Law or Small Town Sid. Like it or not, I am the Heart and Soul of the AWA...

[That manages to draw some more booing, not to mention...]

GM: [muttering] Oh, PLEASE.

BW: Shush, you. Heart and Soul.

K2: ...Because I have sacrificed more and suffered more and worked harder than 99% of the people in that locker room. I. AM. OWED... by the American Wrestling Alliance for my tenure. So I go to Vegas, pick my spot and decide that I'm making my own "call-up," rather than rotting in wrestling purgatory, saying "ooh ooh! Teacher! Pick me!" And, y'know... Jackson Hunter may be a gnarled old twig who I wouldn't trust my wallet with, but he needed a favor, and hey, I obliged and helped him get his guy over the hump... It's pretty obvious by now that I'm a guy who cares too much.

[He smirks bitterly and shrugs.]

K2: And Caspian... Abaran. I know your name. It's been burned into my mind these past four months. In your time in the AWA, you have contributed a big, fat zero to this promotion. You have been given opportunities and spotlights that should be MINE. WHY?! Because... the AWA was more focused on cross-promotion with SWLL.

[He scoffs and smiles and empty, incredulous smile.]

K2: Yep. Gotta keep Caspian handy for Copa De Trios! Gotta attract that crucial Latino demographic! Oh, and the ladies and little kids will wring their hands to see if little Caspian can survive the onslaught of the big bad Russian bear!

[There's a buzz from the crowd.]

K2: Yeah, how that cross-promotion work out for ya, boss? Are the buyrates in for Copa de Trios yet? And instead of reciprocating the loyalty of people who have been here from day one, the gutless suits in the back hitch their wagon to a dead horse called SouthWest Lucha Libre and reward an unmarketable...

[Zoom out to reveal Caspian Abaran has suddenly appeared on the ring apron. Kendrick continues his rant, unaware of the presence.]

K2: ...Maskless... honorless... WASTE OF SP-

[Abaran springboards into the ring, and latches on a flying headscissors. Kendrick goes somersaulting over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: And Abaran has heard enough! I should've expected him sooner!

BW: You can't do that! That's the Heart and Soul of the AWA!

[Abaran dives through the ropes to the floor after Kendrick, mounting him and raining punches down. Kendrick begins scuffling right back, and the two men are surrounded by referees and backstage personnel.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick... he's been vocal before, but that was on his own time, not the AWA's.

[Tommy Fierro and Bobby "Blues" Moody each take an arm of Abaran and pry him clear of Kendrick, who squeezes in a couple of wild kicks to the abdomen before they are separated. Kendrick backs off down the aisle, making sure his invective to Caspian Abaran is shouted from behind a wall of referees and agents as we fade to a shot of the parking lot area. The footage appears to be pre-taped judging by the sun still up in the sky.]

The silence of the shot is interrupted by the sound of glass shattering followed by laughter. The handheld camera pivots, revealing the Dogs of War - dressed in street clothes - sitting in the back of a pickup truck.]

IC: Try it again.

[Pedro Perez nods, climbing to his feet with a fist-sized rock clutched in his hand. He looks, pats the rock a few times...

...and then HURLS it through the air. The camera pans to follow the trajectory of the rock that flies about twenty feet before connecting solidly with the windshield of another car in the parking lot, leaving a nasty spiderweb pattern in the glass. Perez chuckles, bumping knuckles with Wade Walker before sitting back down.]

IC: I suppose it's not the most productive use of time.

[Carpenter cracks a grin as Perez runs his hands over a box of rocks at his feet.]

IC: But what would the front office prefer - us breaking windshields like this...

[He gestures to the parking lot.]

IC: ...or the other way we do it? I'm guessing they'll gladly foot the bill for a few busted windows rather than paying some poor punk's hospital bills after the Dogs are unleashed on him.

See, O'Neill... I know you're all tied up with this drama around Hannibal Carver.

[Perez leans in.]

PP: Who we beat last year at SuperClash.

[Carpenter arches an eyebrow, gesturing at his partner-in-crime.]

IC: He's right, you know. We DID beat Carver last year. Remember that dream team the office put together to put down the Dogs - Carver, Vasquez, old man Martinez?

[Perez picks up two of the rocks, one in each hand, crashing them together.]

IC: That was your way to stop us. It was the great narrative drawn out for the people at home. The big, bad Wise Men were vanquished - sent scurrying from the AWA with their tails between their legs.

And for the most part, it was true. Hayes ran for it. Doyle too. Even Percy got shown the door ultimately.

[Carpenter's lips form a thin smile.]

IC: But not us. You couldn't get rid of us... god knows you tried. You threw everything you had at us but you couldn't get rid of us. So, you did the next big thing... you distracted us.

You knew that announcing Copa de Trios would get us locked on that goal all year... so 2015 saw the Dogs be your nice little house-broken pets. Good to get the crowd on their feet... exciting for the promo reels... but no real threats to your golden boys like Martinez and Carver.

[Perez cracks the rocks together again.]

IC: You even got us in the mix with those pretenders from Japan, knowing that would keep us occupied too. You trotted out Alana and the Wallaces and Wilde and the rest in front of our noses, telling us that THEY were the power in pro wrestling... that THEY were the ones to be afraid of.

[CRACK!]

IC: And then in one fell swoop, you ripped it all out from under us. Copa? Gone. The DMP? Well, they're sure nowhere to be found either. We told them we were waiting for them... they told us they were coming...

You see 'em, big man?

[Wade Walker silently shakes his head.]

IC: Me neither. And we've been lookin'. Trust me... we've been lookin'. But they're nowhere to be found... and OUR Copa trophy is nowhere to be found either.

No more distractions. Nothing to keep us occupied.

The Dogs of War are bored.

[Carpenter grins as Perez gets up, hurling another rock that ends in the tinkling of broken glass.]

PP: And when the Dogs of War are bored, we decide to break things.

Two weeks ago, we broke up that Battle Royal and sent all those little rats scurrying.

[Walker puts a hand on Perez' arm, shaking his head.]

PP: Right. Almost all of 'em went scurrying. See, we didn't much care who was left in the ring when we went out there. It wasn't personal. It could've been Williams, Hammer, and Summers. It could've been anyone.

It just turned out that it was Taylor, Donovan, and James.

[Carpenter speaks up again.]

IC: Brian Lau gets a lot of credit as being some sort of brilliant strategist. The only manager to ever make the Hall of Fame. That's saying something. But this... this is when we find out just how smart he truly is.

Because there are two paths to take here, Lau.

On one path, you forget what happened to your boys and you keep on doing whatever it is you're doing. Maybe you win gold... maybe you make money... but the important thing is that you keep walking and breathing.

On the other?

[He holds out an open hand.]

IC: Well... there's us. And there's a long list of people who will tell you that that? That doesn't end well for you... or your boys.

[He claps his hands together.]

IC: The choice is yours... and as our old friend might say, "Choose... wisely."

Because if you don't...

It's not going to be a rock that breaks the next windshield out here.

[Perez hurls another rock, shattering a window in the distance. Wade Walker rises off the truck bed, looking into the camera.]

WW: I love that sound.

[Walker gives a hint of a smile before reaching out to palm the camera lens, sending it abruptly to black.]

As we come back to the arena, we see Phil Watson in the center of the ring.]

PW: The following contest is a mixed six person tag team matchup set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first... in the corner to my right... the team of Julie Somers, Daniel Harper, and Howie Somers... NEXT GEN!

[Cheers ring out for the trio from the OKC crowd!]

PW: And their opponents... in the corner to my left... the team of Charisma Knight and Chester and Buddy... the WILDE BUNCH!

[More cheers for the gullible hillbillies and some boos for their manipulative partner.]

GM: I don't like this one bit, Bucky.

BW: Hey, I'm not fond of the smell coming off my nephews either.

GM: That's not what I meant and you know it! Charisma Knight has manipulated your nephews into teaming with her tonight against the siblings Somers and Daniel Harper!

BW: She outwitted them... but so can a stapler.

GM: What do you think she told them to get them involved in this thing?

BW: Oh, that one I can answer. All she had to tell them was that there was a damsel in distress and they'd leap right to her aid. Those two aren't exactly experienced with the womenfolk back on the farm if you catch my drift.

GM: I'm pretty sure we do.

[Julie Somers seems to be pleading with the Wilde Bunch, trying to explain what's going on but Charisma Knight loudly cuts her off, engaging in a shouting match...

...and then charging her, blasting her with a forearm smash to the jaw as referee Davis Warren signals for the bell!]

GM: We're off and running - making history here with the first-ever mixed tag team match in AWA history!

[At the sound of the bell, Julie Somers recovers from the forearm smash to throw one of her own but Knight is still coming, overwhelming Somers with a series of blows, shoving her back into the neutral corner.]

GM: Charisma Knight gets Somers up against the buckles!

[Grabbing the middle rope, Knight throws some rounding kicks into the midsection, landing a trio using a snapmare to take Somers down to the mat in a seated position...

...and drops down to a knee, jamming her other knee in between the shoulderblades!]

GM: Knee right to the base of the neck... and right into a chinlock!

[Knight locks her fingers under the chin of Somers, yanking back hard as Warren kneels down to check for a submission.]

GM: Knight's got the pressure on the neck, bending it back...

[Knight yanks back again, allowing the chin to slip forward before pulling back hard!]

GM: Charisma Knight putting extreme pressure on the neck of Somers, really stretching it out...

[As Somers refuses to give up, Knight climbs to her feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Hard kick to the spine!

[Knight sneers at the jeering crowd, looking across the ring to the corner where Chester O. Wilde is obviously cheering her on.]

GM: Knight dragging Somers off the mat by the hair...

[Using the wavy brown hair pulled back behind Somers' head in a ponytail, Knight flings her into the neutral corner again.]

GM: Charisma Knight moving in - and this may be a good time to go over the rules for this unique match-up, Bucky.

BW: We've been told that under a mixed tag-

GM: Somers reverses in the corner!

[The crowd cheers as Somers grabs Knight, spinning her back into the corner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big chops by Julie Somers in the corner!

BW: Ahem! Before I was so rudely interrupted, I was about to say that it's gotta be men versus men and women versus women. If Somers tags out to her brother, then Knight gets to exit as well.

GM: Rules like that would have to greatly affect the strategy for something like this, I'd think, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. In a tag match, you try to isolate an opponent and double team... make quick tags. If it's Somers or Knight in there, that won't happen.

[Grabbing an arm, Somers shoots Knight from one corner across to the other neutral corner, rushing in after her. She leaps up, planting her feet on the upper thighs, giving a whoop as she throws a hand in the air...

...and then drops back, using a monkey flip to toss Knight across the ring, dumping her down on the mat!]

GM: Oh my! Monkey flip by Somers has Knight down... but she's getting right back up!

[Somers rushes her, leaping up to secure a headscissors. Again, she gives a whoop to the crowd that they echo before she twists to the side, taking her down to the mat again.]

GM: Headscissors! Two very old school takedowns by Julie Somers who has Knight off her game as she bails out to the floor!

BW: Somers ain't done yet!

[Julie Somers, still fuming over Knight's assault on her in Las Vegas, steps out on the apron. Knight is busy shouting at a ringside fan, oblivious to Somers measuring her. The fan favorite dashes down the apron, leaping off the snare Knight around the head and neck...

...and keeps on going, swinging her down with a huracanrana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wow! An incredibly athletic display by Julie Somers - all of 24 years old - as she takes Charisma Knight down in Somers' first match here in the American Wrestling Alliance.

[Somers climbs to her feet, giving a shout of "COME ON!" to the cheering Oklahoma City crowd as she pulls Knight off the floor by her jet black hair, swinging her under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Somers shoots Knight back inside the ring and-

[The crowd jeers as Knight crawls across, slapping the outstretched hand of Chester O. Wilde. Somers pulls up short as Knight dives through the ropes to the floor. Julie looks on in disappointment as Wilde steps over the top rope, spitting in each hand, clapping them together enthusiastically as Julie walks across the ring to tag in Daniel Harper.]

GM: The tag is made to young Daniel Harper, keeping with the unique rules of this first-ever mixed six person tag - a match made by AWA President for the night, Juan Vasquez.

[Harper steps through the ropes, patting his manager on the shoulder as she moves out to the apron.]

GM: 19 year old Daniel Harper tagging in and boy, is he ever giving up a lot of size to Cousin Chester.

BW: My idiot nephew is about 280 pounds or so... close to 6'8 or 9. This kid is overmatched.

GM: But he's a fighter and he won't back down from a challenge - just ask Strictly Business as Next Gen gave the former World Tag Team Champions and possible

future Hall of Famers all they could handle in the Quarterfinals of the Stampede Cup tournament.

[Wilde continues to clap in rhythm, getting the fans behind him before they clash in the center of the ring. Harper quickly spins out of the tieup into a rear waistlock, hanging on for dear life as Wilde grabs the wrists, trying to escape.]

GM: Daniel Harper has that waistlock applied...

[Harper drops down, grabbing the ankle and knee of Wilde, pulling up to stagger and eventually trip Cousin Chester, sending him down facefirst on the mat.]

GM: Harper lands the takedown and when your bigger opponent is down on the mat, his size means absolutely nothing, Bucky.

BW: That's for sure but can the kid take advantage of it?

[Harper comes to his feet, cocking the elbow, going to drop it but Chester rolls to the side to avoid it as the kid hits the mat.]

GM: Daniel Harper coming up empty on the elbow.

[Chester rolls to a knee as Harper comes up, rushing in to secure a front facelock.]

GM: Into the front facelock by Harper, the young son of Hall of Fame women's competitor, Stephanie Harper, who actually helped trained him.

[Harper is hanging on tight as Chester pushes up to his feet...

...and then lifts Harper up over his shoulder, walking across the ring with him, and setting him down in the Next Gen corner. Chester gives a grin as he lightly pats Daniel on the chest.]

GM: Incredible strength on the part of Cousin Chester... and listen to the mouth on Charisma Knight, shouting at Chester that he should have done some damage there in the corner.

BW: Is she wrong?

GM: She's got the morality of a rattlesnake, Bucky.

BW: I'll take that as a no.

[Chester steps back, still grinning as Harper glares at him.]

GM: Daniel Harper's got a bit of a hot temper, Bucky, and you have to wonder if he'll think Chester was disrespecting him there.

[Harper starts to storm out of the corner but a word from Julie Somers gives him pause. The young man turns to his manager, giving a nod before he reaches out and slaps the hand of Howie Somers.]

GM: Harper makes the tag and in comes Howie Somers - the powerhouse of Next Gen.

BW: This kid's got some meat on his bones, Gordo. 6'5", 264 out of Boston, Mass. My idiot nephews won't be able to push him around like they did to Harper just now.

[Somers steps into the ring, nodding to his partner as he walks out to the middle of the ring, jawing at Chester O. Wilde... and then points to the ropes.]

GM: Oho... and it looks like Howie Somers wants to put that theory to the test.

[A grinning Chester is up for the challenge, breaking into a dash into the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Big tackle!

[But Somers holds his ground, shaking his head at Chester who is still smiling, slapping himself in the chest.]

GM: And this time, it's Somers' turn as he hits the ropes, coming back fast...

[Somers runs full steam into Chester, knocking him off his feet!]

GM: Whoa! Can you believe that?! Howie Somers just knocked him flat!

BW: THAT'S impressive, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is... and even Chester seems surprised.

BW: Chester was surprised to learn the daily newspaper comes out every day.

GM: Would you stop?

[Climbing back to his feet, Chester offers up his hand to Howie Somers who looks around at the crowd. Charisma Knight is hurling shouts at Chester from the apron...]

GM: Charisma Knight isn't too happy about this show of sportsmanship.

BW: Not her style. She'd rather kick someone in the mouth than shake their hand.

[Chester turns towards Charisma, looking puzzled at her.]

GM: Charisma's telling Chester to kick him in the gut... punch him in the face... anything other than shaking his hand.

[Chester shakes his head, turning back to Howie with his hand outstretched...

...but this time, Howie slaps it away, pointing at Charisma on the apron.]

GM: No handshake there. Apparently Howie Somers isn't too pleased with this development of Knight teaming with the Wilde Bunch... I'm not sure anyone is except Charisma Knight.

BW: You know, someone like Charisma might really get something out of my nephews. They should consider themselves lucky.

[Chester looks a little fired up at the refused handshake, rushing forward into a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Here we go again!

[Howie and Chester are both pushing hard, bouncing off the ropes, off the turnbuckles as they power one another around the ring...]

GM: Wow! Like two bulls going head to head!

[They plod back out to the middle, each pushing hard against the other...

...when Chester suddenly steps back, throwing Somers facefirst down to the mat!]

GM: Oh! Clever move by Cousin Chester!

BW: Those two words have never been in the same sentence.

[A fuming Somers pushes up to a knee, glaring at Chester who waves him back up, showing some fire of his own.]

GM: I think Howie Somers has pushed some buttons on Chester and got him fired up!

[Somers surges off the mat, rushing forward to hook Chester around the waist, driving him back against the turnbuckles...]

GM: Chester gets pushed back into the corner!

[Leaning over, Somers drives his shoulder into the midsection!]

GM: Somers with the shoulder to the gut!

[He does it again... and again... and again, leaving Chester doubled up as Somers straightens up, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whip sends the big man across!

[Chester hits the corner, rebounding back out...

...and steamrolls a surprised Somers with a clothesline, taking him off his feet!]

GM: Oh my! Big clothesline by Chester!

[Chester wheels around, charging a rising Somers with a second one but he ducks down, sending Chester racing past him into the ropes...

...where Buddy U. Loney slaps him on the shoulder.]

GM: Blind tag!

[Chester's long strides cover the ring quickly as he charges towards Howie Somers who is ready, scooping the near-300 pounder up in his powerful arms, doing a full spin before he SLAMS him down to the mat!]

GM: HOLY- what a slam by Howie Somers!

[Somers throws his arms back with a roar as Cousin Buddy steps in, walking up behind him. A shout from Harper makes Somers wheel around where he sees Buddy waiting for him...

...and he rifles a right hand into the head!]

GM: Somers wasting no time in taking the fight to Buddy as well!

[Somers lands a second and third right, leaving Buddy in a daze as Somers backs off, takes a breath...]

BW: You've gotta be kidding me!

[...and lunges back in, ducking down!]

GM: He's going for the slam!

[But Somers doesn't budge him as Buddy looks around, a big grin on his face.]

GM: Howie Somers can't get the big man off the mat!

BW: That's... what? 400 pounds? 500 pounds?

GM: Just over four hundred pounds and Somers can't budge it!

[Somers tries again... and again...]

GM: No chance!

[Buddy simply reverses it, lifting Somers up and throwing him down in a big slam of his own!]

GM: Big slam on Somers!

[Somers rolls to his hip, holding onto the small of his back as Buddy lifts his giant ham hock of an arm...]

GM: ELBOW!

[But he comes up empty, crashing down to the mat as Somers rolls out of the way in time!]

GM: He missed! Somers got out of there!

[Pushing to all fours, Somers crawls across and slaps his partner's hand.]

GM: Daniel Harper tags back in, coming in hot!

[Harper takes aim on the downed Buddy, winding up and DRIVING an elbow down into the throat!]

GM: Hard driving elbowdrop by Harper...

[The smallest man in the match grabs one of Buddy's giant legs, pulling with great effort into a pin attempt.]

GM: Harper's got him down for one... for two...

[But before we can ever see if Buddy will kick out on his own, Charisma Knight steps in and STOMPS Harper in the back of the head!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Heheheh.

GM: What is SHE doing in there?

BW: Breaking up a pin.

[Julie Somers storms through the ropes, coming for Knight who backpedals and exits the ring. The official cuts off the Spitfire, keeping her at bay as she loudly protests.]

GM: Charisma Knight bending the rules of this mixed tag and-

[Out on the apron, Cousin Chester is talking to Charisma Knight, asking her why she did that. Charisma fires back, creating a testy scene.]

GM: It looks like there may be some trouble in there.

[Climbing back to his feet, Harper stands over the downed Buddy who has rolled to all fours. Harper is hammering down forearms on the broad back of his opposition, reaching out to tag Howie Somers back in.]

GM: Another tag...

[Somers stands over Buddy, hammering double axehandles down across the back over and over.]

GM: Howie Somers is like a human jack hammer in there, pounding Cousin Buddy like he's driving in railroad spikes!

[Somers pauses, tagging his partner back in.]

GM: Quick tags on the part of Next Gen, pulling Cousin Buddy up by the arms...

[A double whip sends the biggest man in the ring across the ring, bouncing off the ropes. Next Gen charges him with a double clothesline which sends Buddy staggering across the ring but doesn't knock him down.]

GM: They couldn't get the big man down!

[Somers steps out as Harper takes aim, grabbing Buddy by the back of the head, SMASHING a European uppercut up into the jaw!]

GM: Harper lands the big uppercut...

[With Buddy leaning against the ropes and Howie out on the apron, Harper grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Harper sets for the whip... but he can't budge the big man!

[Buddy is hanging onto the top rope with his free arm...

...and the crowd buzzes with surprise as Julie Somers steps into the ring, yanking a surprised Buddy's arm off the rope, joining Harper in a double whip!]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

[Harper and Julie double whip Buddy across the ring, sending him bouncing off the ropes as they spin around, grabbing the top rope...

...and CATAPULT Howie over the top, connecting with a flying shoulderblock that knocks Buddy down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Howie crawls into a cover as Julie and Harper vacate the ring.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Buddy shoves Somers off his chest, breaking up the pin.]

GM: A near fall right there for Next Gen as they almost put down the Wilde Bunch after that triple team!

BW: And I don't hear you complaining about Julie Somers getting involved physically like you were all up in arms when Charisma did it!

GM: Turnabout is fair play, Bucky.

[Somers climbs off the mat, pulling Buddy off the canvas by the arm. He grabs Buddy by the ears, pasting him with a headbutt down between the eyes that sends Buddy staggering back into the Next Gen corner where Howie backs off, pumping his right arm a few times as he reaches mid-ring, charging back in...]

GM: Running clothesline in the corner!

[Somers backs off again to the middle of the ring, charging in a second time...]

GM: And another!

[Buddy is clinging to the top rope at this point, trying to stay on his feet as Howie backs up again...]

GM: Third time's a charm perhaps.

[But this time, as Howie charges in, Buddy lifts a bare foot, catching him in the gut!]

GM: Oh! Buddy saw it coming!

[Stepping forward, Buddy hooks a front facelock, quickly turning it into a single underhook and uses that grip to twist around, throwing Somers across the ring and down to the mat!]

GM: Big throw by Buddy... and he's heading for the corner!

[The 400+ pound behemoth wobbles towards the corner, stretching out his arm...]

GM: He's looking for the tag!

[But Howie Somers climbs off the mat, throwing himself at Buddy from behind, hooking the outstretched arm!]

GM: Look at Somers - hanging onto the arm for dear life! He's trying to stop the tag from happening and-

[Somers jumps on the massive back of Loney, pulling the arm back, trying to keep Buddy from tagging Chester...]

GM: Howie Somers is keeping the tag at bay! He's keeping Cousin Buddy inside the ring and-

[The crowd groans as Buddy drops back to the mat, crushing Somers underneath over 400 pounds of body weight!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD LORD!

[Buddy pushes up off the mat into a seated position, rolling to his right and reaching up to slap the hand of Cousin Chester.]

GM: Tag!

[Chester steps over the top rope, giving a whoop to the crowd, pumping his arms and shaking his head before circling back and pulling Howie Somers off the canvas, backing him into the ropes...]

GM: Chester shoots him in... big clothesline!

[He pumps his arm again as Daniel Harper makes a move into the ring...

...and flattens young Harper with a clothesline as well! The crowd is cheering, the fans on their feet for the Wilde Bunch as victory seems to be on the horizon. Chester pulls Somers up to his feet by one hand full of hair and does the same with the other hand to Harper...]

GM: Uh oh! He's got 'em both and-

[But as Chester prepares to drive their skulls together, Harper and Somers reach their arms up, managing to block the move...

...and then throw a double back elbow that sends Chester staggering back into his corner...]

GM: Was that a tag?

BW: Huh?

GM: He bumped into Charisma Knight! I think that's a tag!

[Charisma is shaking her head, arguing with the official that she didn't tag herself into the match...

...but Julie Somers decides otherwise, dashing across the ring past her charges. She grabs Knight by the jet black hair, swinging her over the ropes and down inside the ring to a big cheer!]

GM: Somers brings her in the hard way!

[Somers dashes to the ropes, bouncing off as Knight regains her feet and Somers leaves her, leaping up and swinging her arm into the collarbone with a jumping clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! A little extra oomph on that clothesline out of the Spitfire!

[Somers grabs Knight by the hair, dragging her to her feet...

...when Knight slaps the arms away, driving her forearm into the jaw of Somers!]

GM: Oh! Knight caught her right there!

[Knight turns to the side, throwing a back kick into the midsection to double up Somers as she dashes to the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Knight comes off the ropes...

[She swings her leg up, driving her knee into the face of Somers, snapping her head back and sending her down to the mat!]

GM: Big knee lift by Charisma Knight, fighting out of Cleveland, Ohio!

BW: Nothing to be happy about in Cleveland so you know she's in a perpetual state of being angry.

[With Somers down, Knight hops up on the second rope of the neutral corner, raising her right arm as Chester and Buddy cheer her on from across the ring...]

BW: Look at those saps. They don't even know they're being played.

GM: How can you condone someone doing that to your own flesh and blood, Bucky?!

BW: How can I not?! They may be family but they're also morons and deserve whatever they get!

[As Somers rises off the mat, Knight leaps into the air, looking for deliver a forearm smash...

...but Somers is leaping as well, catching Knight flush with both feet to the face!]

GM: DROPKICK! BIG COUNTER BY SOMERS!

[With Knight down on the mat, Somers flips her over into a lateral press.]

GM: Cover! ONE!! TWO!!

[But Knight lifts the shoulder off the mat, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Not quite enough to keep her down for a three... and it looks like Somers is heading up top!

[The Spitfire steps to the corner, slapping the top turnbuckle a few times to draw cheers from the OKC crowd before she steps up on the second rope, then to the top, leaning over to hold her balance...

...and Charisma Knight strikes, pushing up to a knee, calling the official over...]

GM: What is she-

[...and SHOVING the official into the ropes, causing Somers to fall from her perch down to the canvas HARD!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

[The irate official wheels around on Knight, screaming and shouting at her as she pushes the rest of the way off the mat. Cousin Chester can be heard shouting at Knight as well as she backs off, takes aim...

...and DRILLS a rising Somers with a bicycle kick to the skull!]

BW: CHARISMA INJECTION!

[Somers collapses to the canvas as Knight settles into a cover, earning the one... two... and three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Knight rolls off her downed opponent, throwing her arms into the air in triumph as a disappointed Howie Somers and Daniel Harper make their way into the ring to check on their fallen partner. Knight climbs to her feet, ordering the official to raise her hand.]

GM: The record books will show that the Wilde Bunch and Charisma Knight won the first ever mixed tag in AWA history but... well, you can't be happy with the way she did it.

BW: Why not?! This isn't a manners contest, Gordo... it's a professional wrestling match! And in my book, you do whatever it takes to win one of those, daddy!

GM: Charisma Knight certainly did that, shoving the official into the ropes to knock Julie Somers down... a blatant infraction of the rules.

BW: Hey, if the referee was as steamed about it as you are, he could have disqualified her. He didn't so I'm assuming he thought it was okay.

GM: If that's his opinion, I strongly disagree... and don't look now, Bucky, but I believe your nephews do as well!

[The crowd cheers as Cousin Chester steps in to confront Charisma, pointing at Julie Somers... then at the referee... then miming the shove into the ropes.]

GM: Chester seems less than thrilled over the way they won this match and he's letting Charisma Knight have it for her actions!

[Chester is still shouting at her, demanding an explanation when she simply shrugs...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAPS Chester across the face before exiting the ring, leaving him holding his cheek where the stinging blow landed. Knight walks down the aisle, arms raised to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Disgusting. Absolutely disgusting actions on the part of Charisma Knight, fans. She manipulated the Wilde Bunch into taking part in this match with her, she cheats to win, and then she embarrasses Chester and Buddy one more time after the match.

BW: Haha! I love it!

[Chester and Buddy join Howie and Daniel in checking on Julie Somers.]

GM: Fans, let's get out of here and get some pre-recorded words from Willie Hammer!

[The shot opens on the back of Willie Hammer's afroed head, as he looks down on row after row of empty seats, a mix of green and white - CCW colors, which are also the colors of the ropes and turnbuckles on the ring in the center of this empty arena. The words "RECORDED EARLIER" appear on the top left corner of the screen. The cameraman moves the camera around to show that Hammer has on a green-and-white Combat Corner T-shirt and black shorts, his trainer clad feet resting on top of the back of the seat in front of him. stands in front of a monitor, with the CCW logo on it.]

WH: I think everyone is tired by now of my telling them how proud I am of my time in the Combat Corner. I could tell you how much I respect the likes of Koji Nakano,

my opponent for the CCW Championship Quarterfinal, of guys like Alex Urban and Sid Osbourne, but you'll have to take my word for it.

Fact is, when I saw those seven guys come out here at AWA Homecoming and show off what they could do, what Combat Corner Wrestling had to offer, I wish I could have been out here, too. Unfortunately, events from earlier that night meant I was in no shape to do so: losing another shot at the AWA World Television title to Rex Summers, but not before getting nearly broken in half by a spear from Wade Walker.

[Hammer grabs at his ribs, remembering said spear.]

WH: I guess the only good thing to happen to me that night was eliminating the so-called Engine of Destruction. Between my problems with Skywalker Jones and losing yet another shot at the TV champ to Rex Summers, and getting caught in this fight between the Dogs of War and the James Gang, I thought I'd stick around and get my head more focused on the CCW Championship Tournament, instead of moving on to Oklahoma City.

But make no mistake about it: much as I love CCW and the Combat Corner, much as I respect guys like Osbourne, Urban and Koji-san, much as I wanted to be out here with those guys and be proud to represent CCW and the Corner and be a part of this tournament, I am coming off a loss to a former champion in Rex Summers, for what would have been my second shot at the World Television Champion. I am coming off getting caught in a clash between what might be the two greatest factions in the AWA today! I am coming off eliminating Brian James from the Battle Royal!

The way I see it, while those seven CCW guys were out there trying to outshine each other, I had already shown them and the AWA and CCW faithful alike that I am in a WHOLE OTHER LEAGUE! On September twenty-seventh, when CCW emanates once more from this arena with the quarterfinals of its championship tournament, I take one step closer to becoming the standard bearer for CCW and the yardstick against which all other Combat Corner graduates are measured, and it all happens in that ring.

[The shot pans from Hammer to the CCW ring in the middle of the Crockett Coliseum, before fading to black.

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

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

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

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and then fade back up to live action at the backstage interview area where Mark Steglet stands, a smile upon his face.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE on The X from Oklahoma City where we are just moments away from our National Title showdown between the challenger, Juan Vasquez, and the champion... and my guest right now... Travis Lynch!

[As Mark speaks, the AWA National Champion, Travis Lynch, walks into the view and cheers can be heard all the way from the front row to the cheap seats of the State Fair Arena. Travis is decked out in his wrestling gear and he apparently has decided to give the women an extra thrill tonight as he is shirtless, with the AWA National Championship belt around his waist. Travis slaps Mark on his back before shaking his hand.]

MS: Travis, I want to thank you for joining me tonight.

TL: Always a pleasure, Mark.

MS: Without question, tonight is a huge night for you, so thank you for taking a few minutes of your time - right before your title defense - to join me back here. Now before I ask you about your first defense of that title around your waist... I need to ask you about the comments of Brian Lau and Dr. Harrison Fawcett.

[Travis runs his left hand, which is wrapped in athletic tape; the initials AD once again written in black marker upon it, through his dirty blonde hair.]

TL: You're absolutely right, Mark. Tonight could very well be the most important night of my career... as I put this title...

[Travis pats the AWA National Title.]

TL: ...on the line for the first time. And honestly, my mind has been on my opponent more than it has those two windbags.

MS: Are you saying you haven't heard what they have said about you?

[Travis shakes his head no, a slight smile upon his face.]

TL: I wish. It's hard to ignore those two... every time you turn around, there they are, runnin' their mouths. I swear they just want to hear the sound of their own voices most of the time. But I can't blame 'em... who else but them would want to hear 'em?

[Stegglet chuckles.]

TL: But like I said, it's hard not to. So Brian Lau, Harrison Fawcett, I want you to listen to me good right now. Keep runnin' your traps, boys, 'cause after tonight my attention will be directed at you.

[The fans in the State Fair Arena cheer.]

TL: But tonight, my attention is focused on one thing...

[Again, the right hand of Travis pats the National Title.]

TL: And that's continuin' the legacy of this championship belt. A legacy that started when I was still only seventeen, and teamin' with James.

It was a hot, Texas Memorial Day night in 2008... the night James and I defended the Texas State Tag Team championship belts against Hassan's devastin' duo of Bruno Bradley and the One Man Army...

[Travis shakes his head as if he's remembering that particular beating.]

TL: Dallas watched as James and I lost the tag team titles to Misery Inc and then they witnessed Captain Joe Flint's wife leave him for Rex Summers and in the process, Jessie helped Rex retain the PCW Heavyweight Championship.

[The fans in Oklahoma are booing the mentions of Rex Summers and the DMP's own One Man Army.]

TL: But that wasn't the only event goin' on in Texas that night, as thirty five minutes down the I-30 in Fort Worth, the upstart AWA was makin' history of their own. Eight men were vyin' to be crowned the AWA National Champion! Tumaffi, City Jack, Mark Shaw, Ron Houston, Ricky Royal, Rick Marley, Kenta Kitukawa and Marcus Broussard.

[The fans cheer loudly for the former members of the AWA roster.]

TL: When the evenin' was over in Fort Worth, "The San Jose Shark" Marcus Broussard was standin' on the second rope, hoistin' the AWA National Championship belt high into the air as the inaugural champ. And I have to say, even though the fans may have hated Marcus at the time... he's easily one of the greats in this business, both in the ring and outside of it.

MS: Without question, Travis, he definitely is. Makes you wonder if the man he gave so much advice to - Kerry Kendrick - will be able to achieve the same heights...

[Travis looks towards Mark with a sly smile upon his face.]

MS: Sorry Travis, you were saying?

TL: It's alright, Mark. This title has a rich history, so bein' advised by the first man to ever hold it should give him a slight edge. But tonight, it's not Kerry Kendrick defendin' the title... it's me!

[The crowd cheers loudly and Travis smiles as Mark nods his agreement.]

TL: Mark, without question some of the best in the AWA have held this title... Ron Houston, Kolya Sudakov, Stevie Scott, Calisto Dufresne, and of course, Juan Vasquez.

[The fans cheer for the mention of the AWA President for the night.]

MS: The very man you will be defending the title against tonight!

TL: You know somethin' Mark... I'm excited about this!

MS: Excited? Not many people are ever excited to face Juan.

TL: I talk a lot about carving my legacy here in the AWA, Mark. What better way to do that than facin' Juan? Juan Vasquez, the Hall of Famer... the two time National Champion... heck, if there was a measuring stick in the AWA a lot of people would say he's it.

[The fans cheer in agreement.]

MS: As you know, Juan feels that title still belongs to him.

TL: Oh I know Mark, I know. But if believin' the title was yours when it was stolen from your fingertips, was all that mattered... well, then I would have walked out of the Brass Ring Tournament as champion!

Now don't think for a minute I'm doubting Juan could walk out to that ring and prove to the world it's his... 'cause I'd be a fool to think I'm gonna walk all over him.

[One more time, Travis runs his left hand through his hair.]

TL: But Juan, I want you to listen really well... I've got nothin' but the utmost respect for you and what you've done in this business but I'm not rollin' over for you... amigo.

[Travis removes the AWA National Championship belt from his waist and holds it up in front of the camera.]

TL: You want to prove this title is still yours? Then you're gonna have to rip it from my hands 'cause I ain't lettin' anyone take this title from without a helluva fight!

[Travis places the championship belt upon his shoulder and slaps Mark on his shoulder before leaving the interview area.]

MS: Travis Lynch says that if Vasquez wants the title back, he's gonna have to earn it inside that ring! But what did the challenger have to say earlier tonight as he prepared for battle? Let's take a look!

[We fade into a shot of Juan Vasquez, seated in his dressing room. The former two-time AWA National champion is already dressed in his trademark white tracksuit w/ black trim. His tracksuit jacket is partially unzipped, revealing the AWA "The World's Most Dangerous Group" t-shirt in the style of the old N.W.A. rap group t-shirt, with former National Champions Marcus Broussard, Stevie Scott, Ron Houston, Kolya Sudakov, and of course, himself on the front. His head is lowered, as if he's in deep thought.]

JV: The AWA National Title...

[His words trail off as he looks up.]

JV: I don't think I need to tell anybody just what it means to me. I don't think I need to tell anybody how I spent an entire YEAR of my life, the toughest damn year of my wrestling career chasin' Stevie Scott and battlin' the Southern Syndicate every step of the way to get that title. How Calisto Dufresne pried it away from my damn near comatose fingers after I suffered one of the most brutal beatings ever seen inside a wrestling ring. And how I've been haunted by that loss every single damn day ever since.

[A deep breath.]

JV: Five years.

[He clenches and unclenches his fists, looking tense...anxious.]

JV: That's how long it's been since that title was stolen away from me.

[He raises his voice, ever so slightly. A slight hint of anger in his words.]

JV: Five LONG, HARD years, Travis Lynch.

[He closes his eyes and inhales deeply, before opening his eyes and slapping himself in the chest.]

JV: I've carried that weight and that burden in my heart for five long years. That feelin' of loss and want and need crushing me and suffocating me every single damn day. A loss that I could never fully avenge and a want that I could never fully satisfy. And no matter how hard I tried...I just couldn't ever let it go.

[Juan laughs.]

JV: And I know what you're thinking, Travis...

"What the hell does this got to do with me?"

[He shakes his head.]

JV: Nothing, Travis. Absolutely nothing.

I'll be honest, I got nothing against you, amigo. I got no ill will towards you. I got nothing but all the love and respect in the world for what your family means to this sport and all that you've accomplished. And I'm proud...DAMN proud, that a man like you carries the National title today. But the thing is...and I know it's a terrible thing for me to say...

...but that title doesn't belong to you.

[The words linger in the air for a moment as Juan lets the full weight of what he just said settle.]

JV: That title...

...belongs to ME.

And tonight? I'm taking my title back.

[A smile forms on Juan's lips when he says that.]

JV: Oh lord, those are words are music to ears. I could just say it again.

[And he does.]

JV: I'm taking...MY title back.

[The smile quickly disappears as a determined, slightly menacing expression forms on Juan's face.]

JV: And that's all there is...to it.

[Crossfade out to a shot of the crowd, cheering over what they just saw. The camera pans across them, letting the crowd sit in silence for a few moments before "They Reminisce Over You" kicks in to BIG CHEERS from the OKC crowd! A few more moments pass before the challenger and AWA President for the night, Juan Vasquez emerges from the entrance to even louder cheers. He stands at the top of the aisle, staring down at his feet in his familiar white tracksuit with black trim, nodding his head slightly in rhythm with the music...

...and then slowly raises his right arm into the air, raising his head as well to lock his eyes on the ring. He gives one more nod before he starts his path towards the ring, blindly reaching out to slap at the several outstretched hands reaching for him as he makes his way down the aisle.]

GM: Two-time National Champion. Former World Champion. Hall of Famer. All of those titles fit Juan Vasquez like a glove... but when this night is over, we might be adding one more title to the mix - new AWA National Champion!

BW: Stevie Scott held it twice. Juan Vasquez held it twice. Nobody's held it three times, daddy... that may change here tonight.

GM: Vasquez appears to be focused on the action here tonight. Many wondered if he'd be able to focus on this match when he's got other duties here tonight - including serving as the special guest referee in tonight's Main Event! But right now, he looks determined and focused on the matter at hand.

[Vasquez climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes, and stepping into the ring to a big reaction. He moves to the center, raising his right arm again as he starts to shed his tracksuit while referee Ricky Longfellow moves in to speak to him...

...and as Vasquez' music fades, the opening to Rush's rock classic "Tom Sawyer" kicks in to another big reaction!]

GM: Here comes the champ!

[As the opening chords of the song ring out, the fans are on their feet cheering the National Champion and as the lyrics kick in, the entrance curtain flies open to reveal the youngest of the Lynch wrestling brothers. The screams of the ladies in attendance nearly drown out the classic rock song as Travis Lynch strides into view, the screams getting louder with each step. Lynch cracks a grin at the crowd's reaction, nodding happily as he raises the title belt over his head, showing it off to the OKC crowd. Already sans t-shirt, Travis stands in his black chaps with silver studding forming the belt and along the edging.]

GM: Travis Lynch won that title about a month ago from "Diamond" Rob Driscoll and makes his first televised defense here tonight.

BW: It may also be his last televised defense, Gordo.

GM: You're certainly right about that.

[Travis walks the aisle, breaking into a slight jog as the fans reach over the barricade and slap his arms and shoulders. As he nears the ring, a lovely young lady leans over the railing, pulling him into an embrace and a kiss right on the mouth.]

BW: Ewww. You don't know where he's been!

[Travis breaks away with a smile (and the aid of security) as he gets to the ring, sliding under the bottom rope. Climbing to his feet, he pulls off the chaps to reveal his classic white wrestling trunks with a yellow and black stripe along the top of them. His two knee pads and wrestling boots are also white. Phil Watson steps out to the center of the ring, raising the mic...]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and it is for the AWA NATIONAL TITLE! Introducing first... he is the challenger... fighting out of Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 238 pounds... he is a former two-time AWA National Champion...

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN  
VAAAAAAASSSSSSSSQUEEEEEEEEEEEZ!

[Down to his ring gear, Vasquez steps out of the corner, raising an arm to cheers but keeping his gaze locked on Travis Lynch.]

PW: And his opponent...

[A high-pitched squeal rings out just before a second high-pitched voice calls out, "I LOVE YOU, TRAVIS!" which draws a smile from the National Champion.]

PW: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 252 pounds... he is the AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION... THE TEXAS HEARTTHROB...

TRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAVIS  
LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCHHHHH!

[Travis steps forward, holding the title aloft for a moment. He slowly lowers it, looking at the front plate for a few seconds before handing it over to Ricky Longfellow. As Phil Watson exits, Longfellow holds the title up over his head, showing it off before handing it out to a ringside attendant.]

GM: The introductions are complete. The title is out here at ringside. All that remains is this battle to see who will walk out of Oklahoma City as the AWA National Champion!

[Ricky Longfellow summons the two combatants out to the center of the ring, speaking to both champion and challenger for a few moments. The two men stare at one another, barely acknowledging the official as he tells them to back up to their respective corners.]

GM: Back to the corners now and...

[Longfellow signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: ...and there's the bell! Sixty minute time limit for the National Title!

[Both champion and challenger walk out of their corners to the center of the ring where Travis Lynch offers his hand to his opponent.]

GM: Lynch offering the handshake...

[Vasquez looks at Travis, staring at his youthful challenger...

...and with a nod, he returns the favor, extending his hand.]

GM: And a nice handshake to start things off here in Oklahoma City.

[As the two men break apart, Travis claps his hands together as the two men begin circling one another, looking for an opportunity to attack. The crowd is clapping along with Travis, encouraging them to get going...

...and suddenly, the two men lock up in the middle of the ring in a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Lockup in the center... both men struggling to gain an early edge...

[Vasquez pulls Lynch into a side headlock, establishing control in the middle of the ring.]

GM: Right into a side headlock...

[The veteran hangs on tight as Travis looks for a way out of the punishing hold, trying to escape. Travis throws a few forearms into the ribcage as Juan shakes his head, hanging on tight.]

GM: Travis trying to slip out but Vasquez is hanging on tight...

[The champion backs Vasquez up against the ropes, shoving him off across the ring. The youngest of the Lynch wrestling brothers throws himself at Vasquez's feet, causing the Hall of Famer to hurdle over him.]

GM: Travis drops down, Juan over the top...

[Vasquez hits the far ropes, rebounding back as Travis comes back to his feet...

...and gets knocked right back with a running shoulder block!]

GM: Big tackle and down goes the National Champion!

[Vasquez grins at the downed Lynch who sits up on the mat, nodding his head as the crowd responds with a mixed reaction.]

GM: You can expect to hear cheers and boos for both of these men tonight, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Vasquez may be the so-called People's Hero but Travis Stench has got more than his share of fans too... mostly of the blind, dumb, and deaf variety.

[As Lynch gets back to his feet, he gestures for Vasquez to "do it again." The two-time National Champion obliges, dashing to the ropes as Travis sets his feet, throwing himself at the feet of the incoming Vasquez again...]

GM: A sense of deja vu here as Vasquez goes up and over Travis...

[Lynch scrambles up as Vasquez comes off the far side, earning cheers as the National Champion deftly leapfrogs over the charging Vasquez.]

GM: Leapfrog by the champ, Vasquez off the ropes...

[Boom! This time, it's Vasquez who hits the mat courtesy of a shoulder tackle out of Travis Lynch. There's another mixed response as Juan rolls up to a knee, looking up at Travis who flashes a grin at him.]

GM: This is the first time for these two competitors meeting in the ring to the best of my recollection and it's showing in the early part of this one as they are certainly in the feeling-out process.

BW: If we were judging this one on a point system, it would be all tied up so far... well, Vasquez would be ahead.

GM: Why is that?

BW: Lynch family penalty.

[The two men eye one another for a moment before lunging at one another, tying up in a collar and elbow that Vasquez swiftly turns into a hammerlock.]

GM: Vasquez goes smoothly from the lockup to the hammerlock, cranking up on that arm.

BW: If he stays on the arm, that's a smart move for the challenger. Take away the Claw... take away the Discus Punch.

GM: Vasquez is bending that left arm, putting pressure on the wrist, the elbow, the shoulder...

[Travis winces in pain as he's trapped in the hold, struggling against it...

...and then connects with a stiff back elbow to the cheekbone!]

GM: Travis trying to elbow out of this, fighting his way free...

[A third back elbow breaks the hammerlock, leaving Juan in a daze as Travis dashes to the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Travis off the ropes...

[This time, it's Vasquez who throws himself at the feet of the incoming champion, forcing Travis to hop up and over the downed challenger, hitting the far ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: HIPTOSS!

[...but Travis reverses it, twisting it around and executing a hiptoss of his own, taking Vasquez up and over to the mat!]

GM: Travis reverses!

[Vasquez scrambles up, full of fire as he rushes Travis who sets, catching him, and flips him over and down to the mat again.]

GM: Another hiptoss by the champion!

[And on that note, the challenger rolls out to the floor, grabbing the back of his head as he looks up at Travis Lynch who is ready for the match to continue.]

GM: And Juan Vasquez bails out to the floor! Two hiptosses - one of Vasquez' own signature moves - sends the challenger out to the floor looking for an opportunity to regroup.

[Vasquez walks around on the floor, mostly looking down but occasionally looking up at the National Champion who is ready and waiting for him to get back in.]

GM: Vasquez taking his time out there... getting a breather...

BW: Another smart veteran's move. Things aren't going your way? Get out of there and think about what you want to do next.

[Vasquez milks the count, allowing it to go all the way to eight before he grabs the ropes, climbing up on the apron. He stares at Lynch for a moment before stepping back inside the ring.]

GM: Vasquez back inside the ring - the challenger ready to continue his quest to regain the title that he believes he never should have lost.

BW: And I call that a crock of baloney, Gordo.

GM: What?! The man was **ROBBED** of the title by Calisto Dufresne after the biggest beatdown in professional wrestling history! There were what... ten guys out there to beat down Vasquez before Dufresne took the title?

BW: Dufresne won the title. Period. Vasquez is just a sore loser if you ask me. If he deserved the title, he'd be wearing it. Face facts, Gordo... Vasquez has never been the same since that night. He's been a drifter. He went to a dark place to try and get payback on Dufresne. He even let Percy Childes manage him for a while! He hasn't won the National Title back... he hasn't won the World Title.

GM: How many chances has he gotten at EITHER of those things, Bucky? He's never even had a shot at the World Title!

BW: He's Juan Vasquez, damn it! Do you really think he couldn't get a shot at any title he wants at any time he wants?!

[As the announcers bicker, Vasquez and Travis have locked up in another tieup that Vasquez promptly breaks, driving a short forearm into the jaw... and another... and another...]

GM: Three quick and strong forearms!

[Grabbing Lynch by the hair, Juan swings his leg up to drive his knee into the midsection of the Texan.]

GM: Big knee downstairs... and a second one comes right after it!

BW: Maybe that feeling-out process is over, Gordo.

GM: It certainly might be.

[With Lynch reeling, Vasquez hooks a side waistlock, lifting the champion into the air...]

...but Travis flips right out of the belly-to-back, landing on his feet behind the challenger!]

GM: Whoa! Big escape by the champion!

[Vasquez wheels around in surprise, finding himself scooped up in Lynch's muscular arms...]

...and slammed down to the canvas!]

GM: Scoop slam by the National Champion!

[Vasquez scrambles up, trying to get at Lynch who lifts him up a second time, throwing him down to the mat...]

GM: Another big slam!

[The Hall of Famer is up and running a third time, getting scooped up, spun around for all to see...]

...and THROWN down to the canvas in another impactful slam!]

GM: Big slam by Lynch and that'll shake you from head to toe!

[After hitting the canvas a third time, Vasquez rolls under the ropes to the floor, dropping down to a knee as he grabs at his lower back in pain.]

GM: A trio of body slams sends Vasquez rolling out to the floor again!

BW: You know, Gordo... I gotta start wondering if Vasquez took this kid too lightly.

GM: I can't imagine ANYONE taking the National Champion too lightly.

BW: But you know that Vasquez is a big fan of mine, right?

GM: He is?

BW: Oh yeah... so maybe he's heard me pointing out all of Lynch's flaws over the past few years and he thought that meant he was a walk in the park.

GM: I highly doubt that... but Juan Vasquez - so far at least - has certainly seemed to be outgunned by Travis Lynch.

[Vasquez climbs off the ringside mats, walking slowly around the ringside area, grabbing at his back once or twice as he makes his way around the ring. Travis Lynch is again standing at the ready, fists balled up as he waits for the challenger to get back in there.]

GM: You've gotta admire the sportsmanship of Travis Lynch, allowing Juan Vasquez to take his time to recover on the floor.

BW: That's not sportsmanship. It's another example of the Dumb Kid Syndrome that runs wild in our locker room. You're facing a two-time National Champion. A former World Champion. A Hall of Famer. You need to do WHATEVER it takes to beat someone like that and if that means going out to the floor and putting his head into the ringpost... that's what you gotta do!

[Vasquez again milks the count to about eight before turning back to the ring, rolling under the ropes this time. He comes off the mat quickly, rushing into a tieup.]

GM: Back into the lockup... and Vasquez goes right into the waistlock...

[The challenger gets his hands locked, hanging on for dear life as Travis looks to get out, grabbing at Vasquez's wrists...

...but Vasquez has other ideas, powering Lynch up into the air, throwing him chestfirst down to the mat with a waistlock takedown!]

GM: Big takedown by Vasquez! Lynch didn't seem ready for that... and Vasquez goes right into the side headlock again. This is just where we started this match off.

[Vasquez hooks the side headlock, clenching his teeth as he wrenches the neck of Lynch who slips his legs under him, pushing up to his knees as the challenger hangs on tight, trying to slow down Lynch and establish control of the match.]

BW: This is a smart move on Vasquez's part, trying to ground Lynch and get some control over the pace of this match.

[Lynch slips his leg up, planting his foot on the canvas as he pushes his way back up to his feet.]

GM: Both men back to a vertical base now...

[The champion grabs at Vasquez's wrist, getting a grip...

...and spins out of the headlock, twisting the arm around into a hammerlock!]

GM: Oho! Nice reversal by the champion!

BW: This has gotta be getting on the nerves of Juan Vasquez. Nothing he's done so far seems to be workin- oh!

GM: You were saying?

[Vasquez lands a hard elbow to the jaw... and a second. A third one breaks the hammerlock as Vasquez dashes to the far ropes, building momentum...

...and runs right back at Lynch who shakes off the cobwebs, lifting Vasquez off the mat...]

GM: GORILLA PRESS!

[The crowd ROARS as Lynch shoves Vasquez towards the sky, his arms at full extension...

...and then throws Vasquez down to the canvas!]

GM: Gorilla press slam by the champion... and once again, Juan Vasquez has had enough of this, rolling back out to the floor.

[There are a few more boos this time as Vasquez rolls out yet again. He's on his feet, hobbling as he grabs at his lower back in pain. Travis Lynch is all fired up in the ring, shouting to the fans, throwing his arms in the air as they cheer his offense so far.]

BW: Lynch showing off his power there. When you talk about the strongest guys in the AWA, you talk about men like Danny Morton and Hercules Hammonds but Travis Lynch is no slouch in that department either.

GM: Was that a compliment?

BW: Well, he has to be pretty strong. All those years of hoisting a drunken Henrietta off the floor.

GM: Would you stop?

BW: It's like lifting a tipped over cow! Use your legs, Travis!

GM: BUCKY!

[Vasquez is again taking his time walking around outside the ring, grabbing at his lower back. The referee is slowly counting him out.]

GM: Vasquez again using every bit of that count to recover. His back has taken some punishment early in this one with all those body slams and that big press slam.

[Vasquez grimaces as he pulls himself up on the apron at the count of eight, eyeing Travis Lynch who is pacing around the ring, waving him forward...]

GM: Vasquez steps back in...

[The challenger shakes out his right arm, eyeing Lynch, looking him up and down as the young champion is all worked up, ready to keep the action going for the Oklahoma City crowd.]

GM: Travis Lynch is-

[The champion rushes forward, locking up again. This time, he uses his youthful enthusiasm and power advantage to muscle Vasquez back across the ring, pushing him into the corner...]

GM: The champion backs him to the corner and-

[Showing off that ring general skills, Vasquez spins Lynch around, pushing him back into the buckles...]

GM: Nice switch in the corner...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big chop by the challenger!

[Vasquez is warned by the official but ignores the verbal warning as he winds up again.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Lynch is reeling in the corner, his pectorals already turning red from the skin-blistering chops by the Hall of Famer. The referee steps in, forcing Vasquez to back off.]

GM: Get him back, ref... give the champion a chance to get out of there...

[But the challenger steps back in, nudging past the official to BLAST Lynch with a forearm smash to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What a forearm!

[Vasquez winds up and lets fly forearm after forearm, bouncing them off the jaw of the Texas Heartthrob!]

GM: Vasquez pounding away in the corner! The referee is trying to get him to back off but he's having absolutely no success at that strategy!

[The challenger steps back, grabbing the dazed champion by the arm, whipping him across the ring where Lynch SLAMS into the opposite turnbuckles!]

GM: Vasquez walking across the ring, wasting no energy as he moves in on the National Champion...

[Vasquez slowly but surely makes his way to the opposite corner, winding up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Lynch recoils from the blow, grabbing at his chest as Vasquez winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The Texan falls back, his arms hooked over the top rope as the Hall of Famer winds up again...]

GM: Vasquez chopping his way to an advantage in this mat-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Goodness! So much impact behind those blows!

[With Lynch reeling in the corner, Vasquez grabs him by the arm again, whipping him across the ring. This time, as Lynch hits the corner, Vasquez comes charging in after him!]

GM: KNEES!

[Leaping into the air, the two-time National Champion lands a pair of running, flying knees into the chest of Lynch!]

GM: Vasquez has got Lynch in some trouble now after it being all Travis Lynch in the early moments of this one. He pulls the champion from the corner... and returns the favor with a big scoop slam of his own!

[With Lynch down on the mat, Vasquez engages in a little trash talk before winding up his right arm, dropping the elbow down into the chest. He scrambles up, dropping a second... then a third... then a fourth...]

GM: Elbow after elbow being dropped down into the sternum of the National Champion!

BW: It's like Vasquez drew a bullseye on the heart of Travis Lynch and is hitting it over and over!

GM: Well, if there's one thing we know this young man is not lacking, it's heart!

[After a tenth elbowdrop, Vasquez rolls into a lateral press, not bothering to hook a leg as he gets a two count before Lynch escapes.]

GM: Two count off that barrage of elbowdrops.

BW: And that was less an attempt to win and more of a way to gauge where he's at. It's a way to see how much damage he's done to Travis Lynch and how much more he needs to do before he legitimately stands a chance of finishing him off.

GM: A match like this can end at any time though, Bucky. Both of these men have weapons in the arsenal that can turn an opponent's lights out in an instant. For Vasquez, it's gotta be the Right Cross... that one punch that has knocked out some of the biggest and best in our sport. For Travis, it's the Discus Punch that has won so many matches for him.

BW: That ain't all they got though, Gordo. You think about the Iron Claw for Travis and things like the City of Angels and the Moonsault for Vasquez. You're right. The right move connects? This one's over in a heartbeat.

[With Lynch out of the pinning predicament, Vasquez hauls him to his feet, smashing a forearm into the jaw that sends Travis spinning, staggering back into the corner.]

GM: What a shot that was! It really rang Travis' bell and now the National Champion needs to be looking for an opening to get back into this thing!

[As Vasquez approaches, Lynch comes flying backwards, smashing his elbow back up into the jaw of the challenger who steps back, rubbing his jaw...

...and then throws himself forward, landing another forearm smash to the jaw... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Good grief!

BW: I think he ticked off the challenger!

[The referee shouts at Vasquez, making him break off the assault as he grabs the arm...]

GM: Big whip coming up... shoots him across!

[But as he approaches the corner, Lynch leaps up to the middle rope. Vasquez is rushing in behind him when the champion leaps off, twisting around to catch the Hall of Famer across the chest with a crossbody!]

GM: CROSSBODY OFF THE ROPES!! ONE!! TWO!!

[Lynch makes a grab at hooking the leg just as Vasquez kicks out, breaking up the pin. Travis quickly gets back to his feet, waiting as Vasquez comes up off the mat a step behind him...]

GM: Dropkick by the champion!

[The blow sends both men down to the mat where they both immediately attempt to get back up before the other...]

...but Travis gets there first, throwing a second dropkick!]

GM: Another one! The champion seems just a hair of a step ahead of the challenger at this point in the contest!

[Both men scramble off the mat again, a race to get the upper hand...]

GM: Travis up first!

[The National Champion throws a third dropkick...]

...but the veteran Vasquez is ready this time, swatting the feet away and sending Lynch crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: He went to the well once too often, daddy!

[And with Lynch reeling from the hard fall to the mat, Vasquez grabs the legs, flipping over the champion in a double leg cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But with Lynch's arms wrapped around the body of his challenger, he shows off his power once more...]

GM: BRIDGE!

[Lynch bridges off the mat, arms still in place as he rolls over, and keeps on rolling, slipping his arms back under Vasquez'...]

...and drops down, dragging him down in a backslide!]

GM: BACKSLIDE OUT OF NOWHERE! ONE!! TWO!! T-

[But Vasquez kicks out, breaking up the pin!]

GM: Vasquez slips out in time! Travis Lynch almost caught him by surprise and won the whole thing right there!

[Both men come to their feet at the same time, Vasquez winding up the right arm as he rises...]

GM: RIGHT CROSS!

[The crowd "OHHHHHH"s as the potential match-ending blow is a swing and a miss as Lynch ducks down, front rolling underneath the blow.]

GM: Travis ducks it! Back on his feet...

[And as he rises, he's spinning towards the off-balance Vasquez who turns to face his attacker...]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH!

[This time, it's Vasquez who is rolling for his life, causing Travis to whiff on the blow, the Texan's clenched fist narrowly missing the Hall of Famer's skull as he ducks under it!]

GM: He missed as well!

[Vasquez comes to his feet, right hand clenched and at the ready but freezes as he sees his youthful opponent standing, left hand clenched and at the ready...

...and the crowd ERUPTS in cheers for both men, rising to their feet!]

GM: We've got ourselves a stand-off, Bucky!

BW: Like two gunmen on the streets of Tombstone!

[The cheers are roaring, Lynch turning to look around at the cheering crowd...

...when the veteran seizes the moment to throw himself into a dropkick to the knee!]

GM: OH!

BW: Haha! I love it! Lynch was too busy paying attention to these idiot fans and Vasquez showed him what it takes to be a legend... what it takes to be a champion!

[There's a smattering of boos for Vasquez as he gets back to his feet, having knocking Lynch down to all fours with the well-aimed dropkick. Vasquez moves swiftly, grabbing the ankle of Lynch, lifting his leg off the canvas...

...and SLAMMING his kneecap down into the mat!]

GM: Juan Vasquez is going after the knee!

[Vasquez lifts the leg a second time, DRIVING the knee down into the mat again! Lynch flips over onto his back, cradling his kneecap as Vasquez stands over him.]

GM: Travis Lynch - just like that- finds himself in some serious trouble as Vasquez... oh! Hard stomp to the knee! Another!

[Lynch flips to his stomach, trying to crawl away as Vasquez stalks after him. The Texan grabs the ropes, dragging himself off the mat with their aid...]

GM: What's Vasquez waiting for? Just watching as Lynch pulls himself off the canvas...

[As soon as the unsteady Lynch reaches his feet, Vasquez lashes out with a vicious kick to the back of the knee, causing Lynch's legs to fly out from under him, dropping down on the back of his head on the mat!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: That answer your question, Gordo?

GM: It certainly does as Travis Lynch goes down hard on the canvas!

[Lynch rolls under the ropes to the floor, trying to shake some feeling into the knee as the referee tries to keep Vasquez from going after him.]

BW: Vasquez picked a good time to go after the knee if you ask me, Gordo. All match long, it's seemed like Travis was a step ahead of him... maybe Vasquez' age coming into play a bit there. But this will slow him down. Vasquez doesn't have to rip the knee to shreds... just do enough damage to take Travis down a peg in the speed and reaction department.

[Vasquez pushes past the referee, grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...and slingshots over the top rope, crashing down with a crossbody on the off-balance Lynch, taking him down to the barely-padded floor!]\

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG DIVE OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!

[The Hall of Famer climbs to his feet, looking out at the crowd who still seem fairly mixed between cheering the challenger's actions and booing them.]

GM: Juan Vasquez might be used to having the fans overwhelmingly behind him in every match he's in but not tonight in OKC. Tonight, there's just as many fans in this building cheering for Travis Lynch as there are the two-time National Champion.

BW: Until he comes a three-time National Champion. Then these bandwagon-jumping twits will be all over him.

GM: I don't know about that. Vasquez pulls the champion up, rolling him back into the ring.

[Vasquez pulls himself back up on the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: SLINGSHOT...

[...and CRASHES backfirst down on the prone Lynch!]

GM: ...BACKSPLASH! A somersault up and over the ropes connects and- Vasquez with the cover!

[Reaching back to hook a leg, Vasquez earns another two count before Lynch kicks out in time.]

GM: Two count only once again for the challenger...

[The voice of Phil Watson rings out.]

“FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!”

GM: Fifteen minutes have elapsed in the time limit in this one. A long ways to go though as these two men battle it out over the AWA National Title - a title that was, at one time, the biggest prize in our sport. A title held by men like Broussard, Houston, Sudakov, Scott...

[Vasquez pulls Lynch off the mat by the hair, BLASTING him with a European uppercut that sends Lynch falling back into the turnbuckles. The challenger advances on Lynch, sizing him up as he approaches...]

GM: Juan Vasquez has turned it up a notch in this one, kicking it into another gear as he tries to wrest the title from around the waist of Travis Lynch. Juan Vasquez knows what it's like to have that title around his waist and he knows what it takes to get it there.

BW: That's right, Gordo. Sometimes you gotta dig deep. You gotta go to a nasty place to win a championship. Vasquez knows how to get it there but Travis Lynch doesn't know how to KEEP it there.

[Moving in, Vasquez grabs the top rope, swinging his knee up into the ribcage... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Knees to the body, chopping down the young champion!

[Travis lowers his arms, trying to block the repeated kneestrikes as he starts to slump down in the corner, ending up sitting against the turnbuckles as Vasquez continues to throw knees, now to the face of the champion!]

GM: Knee after knee to the face of Travis Lynch!

BW: That ain't gonna make these Okie dames happy but it makes me happy! If Vasquez keeps it up, it's gonna turn into a hockey game, Gordo.

GM: A hockey game?

BW: Yeah, we're going to have a face-off!

[The loud and angry protests of Ricky Longfellow gets Vasquez to back off, walking out to the center of the ring as Lynch sits in the corner in a daze...]

...and then the Hall of Famer charges back in, DRIVING his knee right into the face of the Texan!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: RUNNING KNEE IN THE CORNER! GOOD GRIEF!

[Leaning down, Vasquez grabs Lynch by the ankle, dragging him out of the corner and drops into another lateral press.]

GM: Vasquez covers!

[Longfellow drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But the Texan's shoulder comes flying off the canvas, breaking up the pin.]

GM: Two count only off the running knee!

[Vasquez pushes up to his knees, grimacing a bit as he looks over at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: I think Vasquez was expecting a closer count than that. I mean, he CREAMED him with that running knee, Bucky.

BW: Hey, if I'm ever going to give Lynch - any Lynch boy - credit for anything, it's that they're tough and they can take one hell of a beating... just ask their parents.

GM: Would you stop?

[Vasquez climbs off the mat, pausing to drag Lynch up with him...

...and then DRILLS him between the eyes with a headbutt!]

GM: Oh! Headbutt!

BW: And never forget that Vasquez has one of the most devastating headbutts in the business. We've seen him trade headbutts with guys like Raphael Rhodes and monsters like MAMMOTH Mizusawa. One of those shots will knock down most guys.

[Lynch staggers back, grabbing the top rope under his armpit to stay on his feet. Vasquez reaches out, grabbing a handful of hair...

...and SLAMS his skull into Lynch's again!]

GM: A second one! And that top rope is the only thing keeping the champion on his feet!

[A third headbutt connects right on the eyebrow of the Texan, causing him to slump down to a knee.]

GM: The Texan down to a knee... and Vasquez to the ropes!

[Charging back, Vasquez leaves his feet with a low-level dropkick that sends both feet SMASHING into the face of Lynch!]

GM: Dropkick connects... and another cover!

[The referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But again, the Texan is out at two to cheers from many Oklahoma City fans!]

GM: Another two count for Juan Vasquez as the challenger tries to chip away at the armor of the National Champion en route to strapping that title belt around his waist for the third time.

BW: Vasquez keeps chipping away bit by bit but he hasn't found what he needs yet to finish it. He needs the Right Cross. He needs the City of Angels. He's gotta pull out the big guns to finish this kid off.

[Vasquez climbs back to his feet, hands on his hips as he looks down at Lynch, breathing heavily as we close in on the twenty minute mark.]

GM: Vasquez trying to plan his next move... perhaps thinking about what you were just saying, Bucky. He may need to dig a little deeper to finish him off.

[The Hall of Famer leans down, dragging Lynch to his feet, lifting him up across his torso...

...and DROPS him down across a bent knee in a backbreaker, shoving Lynch off to the mat!]

GM: Backbreaker... and Vasquez is headed for the corner!

[Vasquez steps into the corner, slapping the top turnbuckle a couple of times before he steps up on the second rope...]

GM: Vasquez is going up top! He's looking for that moonsault!

BW: You know, Vasquez will do this in threes sometimes. One from each rope but tonight, he's going for the one shot... the kill shot!

GM: Vasquez to the top... taking aim...

[But before he can come off the top, Travis Lynch gets to his feet, coming fast behind him...

...and SMASHES him with a forearm to the back!]

GM: Ohh! Travis cuts him off!

[A second clubbing forearm across the back forces Vasquez to sit down on the top rope, facing away from the ring. The Texan steps up onto the middle rope...]

GM: Wait a second! What in the world is he doing?!

[Lynch wraps his arms around the torso of Vasquez, looking for a belly-to-back superplex!]

GM: He's going for a superplex up there! A back superplex!

[Lynch hangs on...

...and then steps up to the top rope, the crowd buzzing over what they're about to see!]

GM: HE'S UP TOP! TRAVIS LYNCH IS UP TOP!

[The Texan muscles Vasquez up into the air...

...and starts to fall backwards with him in the superplex but in mid-lift, Vasquez twists his body around on top of Lynch...]

GM: COUNTER!

[The two men CRASH down to the canvas, Vasquez landing on top of him after his successful counter!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: VASQUEZ LANDS ON TOP! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[The referee dives to the canvas to count as a weary Vasquez is laid out across the Texan, unable to hook a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP! MY STARS, LYNCH JUST \_BARELY\_ GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[Vasquez rolls off Lynch onto his back, staring up at the lights as the crowd roars for both competitors!]

GM: What a battle between the National Champion and the Number One Contender! Lynch kicks out but how much more can he stand, Bucky? How much more of this can he survive with the title intact?!

BW: Hey, we've seen these Stench boys take a lot of punishment before. But I'm tellin' ya, Vasquez still hasn't landed the Right Cross... he still hasn't used the City of Angels! I'm not sure he's finishing him off without one of those.

[Vasquez sits up on the mat, looking up at the referee who holds up two fingers before holding his hands apart to show how close it came. Vasquez rolls to his knees, slamming a fist down on the mat before swinging a leg over Lynch's downed torso, taking the mount...]

GM: Uh oh!

[Grabbing Lynch by the hair, Vasquez slams his fist down repeatedly into the skull of the champion before the referee intervenes, forcing him to get off the downed Texan.]

GM: Vasquez landed several hard shots from the mount and Travis Lynch looks to be in some serious trouble if you ask me, Bucky.

BW: We've been saying that for a while though and the kid keeps finding a way to survive.

[Vasquez pulls Lynch off the mat by the arm, using a knife edge chop to send Lynch stumbling back into the corner. He grabs the arm again...]

GM: Vasquez shoots him across!

[The charging Lynch leaps up to the second rope, leaning down to steady himself as Vasquez charges out...]

...and much as he did earlier, Lynch leaps off, twisting around for another crossbody...]

GM: OFF THE ROPES!

[But the charging Vasquez drops into a slide, causing Lynch to airball on the flying crossbody, crashing down on the mat!]

GM: He missed! He missed! He went for the same thing he did earlier and this time, Vasquez was ready for him!

[Up on his feet, Vasquez rushes forward, leaping up and dropping a senton across Lynch's back!]

GM: Shades of Tommy Stephens!

[Vasquez climbs back to his feet as Lynch rolls to his back, staring up at the lights as Vasquez gets a running start, leaping up a second time...]

GM: And another one! Back to back backsplashes by the Hall of Famer!

[He flips over, applying another cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Lynch's shoulder pops up off the mat at the last moment!]

GM: No, no! He kicked out again! He kicked out in time again!

[Vasquez pushes up to his knees, clapping his hands together angrily as he gets up off the mat. He grabs Travis' leg, stretching it out before he KICKS the knee he targeted earlier.]

GM: Vasquez going back after that knee... a pair of kicks to it...

[Nodding to the crowd, Vasquez twists the leg around in a spinning toehold!]

GM: One of the most basic - but most effective - submission holds in the game. A moment ago, I made the call of "shades of Tommy Stephens" - this one is shades of Terry Shane Sr and Jr!

[Vasquez twists the leg around again, putting pressure on the knee he assaulted earlier in the match.]

GM: The referee is right there, checking for a submission, but the Texan is hanging on for dear life!

BW: Look at him clawing at the mat in pain... screaming in anguish...

GM: Vasquez twists it again!

[The Hall of Famer leans over, shouting at Lynch to "give it up!"]

GM: And now Vasquez is letting him have it verbally! Screaming at him to submit!

[Vasquez leans closer, screaming at Lynch...

...who reaches up, hooking his left hand around the skull of the doubled-up Vasquez! The crowd EXPLODES in cheers!]

GM: CLAW!! CLAW!! THE IRON CLAW IS LOCKED IN!

[The Texan digs his fingers into the temple of Juan Vasquez who immediately lets go of the spinning toehold!]

GM: TRAVIS HOOKED THE CLAW ON FROM HIS BACK!

[Vasquez tries to back off but the Texan is rising with him, keeping his hand locked around the skull of the Texan!]

GM: LYNCH HAS GOT THE CLAW LOCKED IN... AND HE'S NOT LETTING GO!

[The National Champion climbs to his feet, still digging the fingers into the skull of the Hall of Famer!]

GM: Both men are up... but for how long?! The lights appear to be dimming for Juan Vasquez!

[Travis reaches over to brace his left wrist with his right hand, digging his fingers in deeper... and deeper... and deeper...]

GM: Vasquez is fighting it but...

[The crowd ROARS as Vasquez raises his right hand, his fist clenched...]

GM: Wait a second!

[Vasquez lowers his clenched right hand, pulling it back into position to let it fly!]

GM: He's going for the Right Cross! Can he do it?! Can he use it to break the Lynch family legacy - the Iron Claw?!

[Vasquez clenches his teeth, letting loose a cry...

...and his right hand unclenches as his arm drops down and Lynch pushes forward, causing Vasquez to fall to the mat! The crowd roars again!]

GM: Travis has got him down! Vasquez has been stuck inside this Claw for too many precious seconds as he gets pushed down to the mat... and right down on his shoulders!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Vasquez' clenched right hand shoots back up into the air as he lifts his shoulder off the mat, getting a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: NO! NO! VASQUEZ IS OUT IN TIME!

BW: But Lynch still has the Claw locked in!

GM: Vasquez is-

[Reaching up with the right arm, Vasquez hooks Lynch around the head and neck, reaching with the left to hook a leg...

...and rolls him into a cradle!]

GM: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the counter!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! MY STARS!

BW: Lynch had to let go of the Claw! That was the only way to get out of that pinning predicament! Vasquez almost used his own move against him to get the win and what a veteran move that was!

[Both men are down and weary, the crowd on their feet roaring for both men as they struggle to get up off the canvas.]

GM: Who's going to get to their feet first?! Who is going to get there in time to take advantage of this situation?!

[The weary challenger and tired champion are in a race again, rolling to their sides, trying to push up off the canvas...]

GM: Both men are trying to get there annnnnnnnd...

[Ultimately, they reach their feet at the same time, staggering towards one another...]

GM: Big right hand by Vasquez!

[Lynch staggers back... but comes back with one of his own!]

GM: Lynch retaliates!

[Vasquez stumbles but moves back in, lashing out with a stiff jab to the bridge of the nose!]

GM: Jab by the challenger!

[Lynch grabs at his face, pushing forward to throw a knife edge chop across the chest!]

GM: These two are trading blows in the center of the ring and-

[With Lynch ready to strike again, Vasquez lashes out with a kick to the knee!]

GM: Oh! Vasquez goes back to the knee!

[The blow sends the Texan down to a knee as Vasquez gives a shout, dashing to the ropes behind him, bouncing off towards Lynch...]

...who does a quick full spin, DRIVING his left hand into the jaw of the Hall of Famer, sending him flying through the air, crashing down to the canvas...]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH! DISCUS PUNCH!

[...where he rolls under the ropes to the floor! The crowd deflates as Lynch makes a last-second dive, trying to cover but comes up empty as Vasquez hits the floor. Lynch, on his knees, pounds a frustrated fist into the canvas as the crowd buzzes over what they just saw!]

GM: Travis Lynch landed the Discus Punch - the blow that has finished off so many competitors over the years! But Juan Vasquez - ever the ring general - rolls under the ropes and avoids any attempt to cover him for a three count!

BW: And how smart was that, Gordo? I ain't the biggest Juan Vasquez in the world either but that was the epitome of being a veteran and knowing EXACTLY where you are at all times!

GM: And this time, the champion's going out after him!

[The crowd is still buzzing as Lynch rolls out to the floor, pulling a limp Vasquez off the ringside mats by the hair, rolling him back under the ropes inside the ring.]

GM: Travis puts him back in! He doesn't want to win this thing by countout!

BW: Another dumb kid move.

GM: Perhaps it is but Travis Lynch wants there to be no doubt when this one is said and done that he is the rightful AWA National Champion!

[With Vasquez down on the mat, Travis climbs up on the apron...

...and starts walking towards the corner.]

GM: Wait a second! Where is Lynch going now?!

[He reaches the buckles, slapping the top turnbuckle a few times before he steps up to the bottom rope, gingerly moving because of the banged up knee...]

GM: Travis is trying to climb - trying to get to the top rope!

BW: He's taking too long, Gordo!

GM: The knee is giving him problems as he gets to the second rope...

[The crowd is buzzing, encouraging Travis to get to the top... encouraging Juan Vasquez to get back up and keep fighting...]

GM: And as Travis Lynch tries to get to the top, a weary Juan Vasquez is trying to get back to his feet as well!

BW: I don't know what Lynch has in mind up there but he'd better do it fast!

[As Lynch steps on the top rope, Vasquez surges forward towards the corner...

...and shoves Travis' legs out, sending him CRASHING crotchfirst down on the top turnbuckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LYNCH GETS DROPPED! A delicate landing for the Texas Heartthrob!

BW: Listen to him, Gordo. His voice is as high as all the teeny-boppers squealing for him!

GM: And with the National Champion down, Juan Vasquez is going up!

[The challenger steps up on the second rope with just over twenty-five minutes gone in the match, landing a right hand to the stunned Lynch.]

GM: What does Vasquez have in mind up there?

[The Hall of Famer pulls Lynch by the hair into a front facelock, slinging the champion's arm over his neck...

...but the Texan's not done yet, firing a right hand into the ribcage!]

GM: Travis is trying to fight him off!

[A second right hand bounces off the ribs of Vasquez!]

GM: Another shot to the ribs!

[The Texan rifles right after right into the ribs, desperately trying to fight him off. Vasquez lets go of the front facelock, trying to cover his ribcage...

...and Travis DRILLS him with a right hand between the eyes!]

GM: OH! What a shot!

[Vasquez staggers...

...and then LUNGES forward, driving his skull into the eyesocket of the champion!]

GM: OH! HEADBUTT!

[Vasquez ducks down, tucking his head under the arm of Lynch, lifting him up over his shoulder...]

GM: Oh my stars! He's got him up! He's got him- ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[The crowd begins to buzz wildly as Vasquez reaches back, trying to hook the head of the National Champion!]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE CITY OF ANGELS OFF THE SECOND ROPE!

BW: If he hits it, we've got a new champion!

GM: He can't hook the head! Travis is trying to fight out of it! He's trying to-

[With Juan struggling to contain the wiggling Travis Lynch, Lynch slides down the back of Vasquez, hooking him for a sunset flip...

...and DRIVING him down to the mat with a powerbomb! Lynch collapses forward, folding Vasquez up in a jackknife pin!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: LYNCH WINS! LYNCH RETAINS!

[A weary Travis Lynch collapses to the side of the cradle, landing on his side as the referee points at him and the Oklahoma City crowd ROARS!]

GM: Travis Lynch with the fantastic counter to that second rope City of Angels, that sunset flip powerbomb! Vasquez got the wind knocked out of him for sure and it was a one-two-three from there!

[Lynch rolls to a knee, using the aid of Ricky Longfellow to get back to his feet as the official hands him the National Title belt. The Texan thrusts it into the air to big cheers!]

GM: Travis Lynch went through one hell of a title defense there but comes out the other side with the title still around his waist.

BW: Vasquez came close, Gordo. Real close. Very close. Damn close. But close wasn't good enough on this night.

GM: And now, you have to wonder, does this put this issue to bed for Juan Vasquez? The title he felt that he never should have lost was within his grasp but he falls short. What's next for Juan Vasquez?

[Lynch slings the title belt over his shoulder, stepping towards the still-downed Vasquez...

...and extends his hand down to him. Big cheer!]

GM: Wow! How about that, Bucky?

BW: Yeah, well...

GM: Travis Lynch offering to help his opponent back to his feet and-

[Vasquez looks up, sitting up...

...and then slaps Lynch's hand away to an "OHHHHHHHHH!" from the fans.]

GM: Oh!

BW: Oh, this just got REAL interesting.

[Slowly but surely, Juan Vasquez gets up to his feet on his own, holding the back of his head. Travis Lynch looks on at the Hall of Famer, throwing his arms apart in a "What's up?" gesture.]

GM: Well, you can certainly understand why Juan Vasquez might be upset. This is a tough loss for the former champion.

[Juan locks his eyes on Travis who again extends his hand.]

GM: Travis is going to give this another try, offering to shake the hand of his defeated opponent. Offering to shake the hand of the legend and the Hall of Famer.

[Vasquez puts his hands on his hips, staring at Lynch who implores Vasquez to shake his hand.]

GM: Come on, Juan. Do the right thing.

[The Hall of Famer looks around at the fans, cheering on the idea of a handshake.]

GM: Travis wants it... the fans want it... everyone wants it!

BW: But does Juan Vasquez want it?

[Vasquez stares... shaking his head...]

BW: Right Cross! Right now! I'm calling it!

[Vasquez closes his right hand, staring at Lynch's open hand...

...and then opens it, reaching out to accept the handshake. The fans cheer as Vasquez nods his head, lifting Lynch's hand into the air, pointing to the National Champion.]

GM: Oh yeah! What a moment! What a show of sportsmanship by both of these fantastic competitors!

[Vasquez turns Travis, showing him to the other side of the building...]

BW: This makes me sick.

GM: I love it! Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, we've got a surprise debut from a very mysterious individual! Don't you dare go away!

[Vasquez continues to point at the triumphant Lynch as we fade to black.

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

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

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

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and fade back up on a panning shot of the Oklahoma City crowd before cutting to Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde sitting at ringside.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. Shadoe Rage is still the World Television Champion. Travis Lynch is still the National Champion. It's been an exciting night of action here in Oklahoma City but we're not done yet, Bucky.

BW: No way, Gordo. We've still got Callum Mahoney's Open Challenge... the Longhorn Riders in action.

GM: Don't forget about Brian James in action later tonight as well.

BW: How could ANYONE forget about Brian James?

GM: Plus, the night's Main Event with Johnny Detson and Calisto Dufresne teaming up to take on Hannibal Carver and Ryan Martinez with Juan Vasquez as the Special Guest Referee! That one is going to be something else... but right now, we're about to go up to the ring to see the debut of a newcomer to AWA, the man known as Canibal.

BW: Gordo, I have heard some stuff about this guy and I think we are in for a treat. He's supposed to be a straight-up maniac, daddy. He's worked down in Mexico. He's worked up in Canada. But he's not right in the head no matter where he wrestles.

GM: You did some research?

BW: Come on, stars like me don't do homework. But the guy has cracked some heads everywhere he's gone and word has spread.

GM: I do not even want to know what kind of network informs you about stuff like that. Let's go to Phil Watson for the introduction.

[Crossfade to the ring where the ring announcer is standing.]

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

Introducing first, already in the ring, from Colorado Springs, Colorado... he's 233 pounds... Albert Showens!

[The black haired, lean man in the white Gi pants bows slightly but the crowd barely acknowledges him as the heads are craned towards the entrance.]

PW: And his opponent...

[A woman screams in panic for a moment, a shrill dramatic tone right out of a slasher movie. Then, "Twist of Cain" by Danzig starts its sinister beat and on cue, the man known as Canibal stalks through the curtain.

With his head cocked to the side and his posture slightly hunched over, he stares directly at the camera. His eyes seem wide-open, even more so as his sockets are painted pitch black.

Canibal is a tall, pale caucasian. His long legs give him a lanky appearance but his body is very defined and muscular. He wears his jet black hair tied back in a pony tail, with the sides of his head shaved. There are some very visible scars spread across his back.]

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

[Most striking about Canibal are his tattoos. His arms and torso are littered with them: A cobra coiled around a Greek Omega letter, a bouquet of wilted roses, Frankenstein's Monster reaching out with a monstrous hand, the skeleton of an angel wielding a scythe, the frothing head of a boar with a dagger stuck through it, the word "Juarez" in Gothic writ ... and more. A macabre collection.

Canibal's ring attire consists of long, black spandex pants with a white "C" on his right thigh and knee-high black boots.]

GM: That man looks sinister.

BW: Yeah, he does. Great, huh?

GM: I'm not sure that's the word I would use to describe it.

[Slowly, he brings up his hands up to his throat to make a double cut-throat gesture and then point the thumbs downward.

Then, in sync with the refrain of the song, Canibal jerks forward again, quicker then before. He makes his way to the ring with long strides, speeding up to slide into the ring. Phil Watson retreats, a slight trace of panic on his face, as the luchador crawls past up to climb the turnbuckles. A spout of red mist shoots out of his mouth. Again, he makes the double-cutthroat-thumbs down gesture, with red liquid dripping down the corners of his mouth before he jumps and turns midair to face the middle of the ring.

There are some gasps from the crowd. The camera shows a mother shielding the eyes of her young son from the gruesome sight.]

BW: Ugh. Did you see that, Gordo? Was that blood he just spat all over the fron

GM: I saw him produce ... some kind of ... liquid. I wouldn't want to speculate as to what it was. While Canibal seems adept at theatrics, let us judge him on his athletic merits, Bucky.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Albert Showens moves to the center of the ring very hesitantly. Canibal, on the other hand, has yet to move after his entrance. He stares at Showens passively.]

BW: What's he waiting for? If my sources are right, I was promised a burial tonight!

GM: Perhaps it is nerves. Canibal has been involved in the sport for quite some time

now, most noteworthy down in Mexico, but it is his first night here in the American Wrestling Alliance. That has a tendency to rattle a lot of newcomers under the bright spotlights for the very first time.

[Showens moves forward grits his teeth, and lashes out with a leg kick at the newcomer.]

GM: Showens comes out quickly... but no reaction from Canibal.

[Canibal cocks his head to the side and flips his hand in a "come-on gesture."]

GM: He wants another one?

BW: This guy intrigues me, Gordo.

GM: Showens throws another one! But again, Canibal holds his ground!

[The luchador doesn't even react to the kick, staring blankly at Showens who backs off, looking puzzled at the official who shrugs, waving his arms together for action.]

GM: Bucky, what can you tell us about this man?

BW: I think you know as much as I do, Gordo. He's been wrestling in Mexico for years for different promotions. He's wrestled in Canada as well as doing some MMA there. He can kick, he can fight, he can tap people out, he can fly. The guy's got skills in all the right places. That's what I've got, Gordo.

GM: Perhaps that MMA skill coming into play as he absorbs the leg kicks and- OH!

[The crowd roars as Canibal suddenly lashes out with a leg kick of his own, Showens crying out in pain and collapsing down to a knee.]

GM: Incredible impact on the leg kick by Canibal...

[Taking aim, the luchador throws a second kick, this one bouncing off the sternum. The impact is audible through the arena and the crowd "oohs" as Showens is flung backwards to the mat.]

GM: Oh my! That kick sounded like a cannon going off!

[The wrestler from Mexico has dropped his lethargic demeanor and now pulls up Showens by the hair. The judo fighter tries to go for a headlock but a hard knee right to the stomach stops him short and doubles him over.]

GM: That knee to the gut took all the air out of Albert Showens.

BW: He's lucky the air is all he lost so far. Canibal's not done yet though so we may see more of the contents of Showens' body before this one is over.

GM: Disgusting.

[Grabbing the back of Showens' head, Canibal dismissively flings him into the ropes. As Showens rebounds, the luchador sets his feet, flattening him with a hard savate kick to the cheekbone!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Devastating kick by Canibal and Bucky, your analysis of his kicking strength is dead on so far.

BW: Was there ever any doubt?

GM: Every kick we have seen so far had precision and power behind it.

BW: This is only the start, Gordo.

[Canibal stands over the groaning, prone Showens, staring down at him with that strangely passive gaze...

...and then suddenly jerks to life again, first with a vicious stomp to the shoulder, then with a knee drop to the same area.]

GM: Going after the shoulder of Showens.

BW: Which is an incredibly intelligent move, Gordo. Showens is a judo guy. He uses lots of throws in his attack game. Taking out the shoulder with make those throws difficult - if not impossible - to execute.

[He drags Showens off the mat by the hair where the judoka suddenly throws a punch but the luchador deftly sidesteps it before landing his response - a straight right hand to the cheek!]

GM: Nice counter by- good grief! Look at the speed!

[In quick succession, he hits Showens with a forearm smash, another punch and a final forearm smash. Showens is about to collapse but Canibal catches him with a waistlock before flinging him across the ring with a belly-to-belly suplex.]

GM: And Canibal shows that he has more than just a powerful pair of legs.

BW: He is decimating Showens who is a tough competitor, Gordo.

GM: Albert Showens may have gotten more than he bargained for here tonight in Canibal's debut.

[Stalking across the ring, Canibal pulls Showens off the mat, holding him up until he manages to stand on wobbly feet in front of him. He takes two steps back sizing the Colorado native up... and then rushes forward to hit him square in the chest with a thrust kick. Showens is propelled backwards and hits the turnbuckle hard, only to collapse in the corner.]

BW: That was straight out of a John Woo movie! He might as well have been pulled by a wire he flew so straight!

GM: The ref goes to check on him in the corner. I think there is some concern about his ribs - OH MY!

[Just as Ricky Longfellow was talking to Showens to see if he can continue, Canibal flew straight between them, boot first, to hit Showens with a brutal Yakuza kick!]

BW: Right in the mush, daddy!

GM: Showens took all of that. He wasn't even a bit prepared as he was talking to Longfellow, who is now admonishing the Mexican wrestler.

BW: Aw, he was probably out of it already but this Yakuza Kick is going to make Showens' dentist some serious money.

[Canibal grabs the lifeless body of the judo fighter and drags him into the center of

the ring. His unnerving gaze finds the camera and never leaves it as he covers him lazily.]

GM: Finally, a cover here for one... for two... oh, come on!

[...and he pulls him up!]

GM: He had the match won! There's no need for this!

BW: There is if you're trying to send a message to anyone watching.

[Canibal ignores the boos of the crowd and the protests of Ricky Longfellow as he brings up Albert Showens to his feet. His right hand is crooked into a claw as he scratches viciously across his opponent's eyes.]

GM: What the... right to the eyes!

[As Showens shouts out in surprise and pain, Canibal jumps forward and actually performs a revolution around Showens' shoulders. On the way down, his grab around the head of the Colorado native tightens as he brings him down hard on the back of his head with one arm. All this is done with the same snappy and tight execution we have seen all match.]

GM: Such aggressive agility! If you have ever seen Canibal elsewhere, you know that was his Twist of Cain!

BW: Let's twist again, Gordo!

GM: Showens went right down HARD on the back of his head and I'd say this one is all over, fans.

[Canibal poses with the double-cutthroat/thumbs down gesture again and covers, barely even touching him with his chest.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: This was a very convincing debut. Canibal has shown us a very vicious and brutal side tonight, but there is no denying his efficiency.

BW: I could watch him dishing out those kicks for hours.

GM: It looks like our own "Sweet" Lou Blackwell has made his way out here to ringside to talk to him.

BW: Hah! I can't wait to see this. Maybe he'll do us a favor and take out Blackwell too.

GM: Bucky! "Sweet" Lou, the floor is yours, my friend!

[Indeed, "Sweet" Lou Blackwell has been waiting at the head of the aisle for Canibal. As the luchador approaches, the interviewer quickly stands in his way.]

SLB: Alright, fans. I am here with the exciting newcomer to AWA, Canibal. Am I saying that right?

[Canibal stares at Blackwell with curiosity in his eyes. But there is no answer. Undeterred, "Sweet" Lou continues.]

SLB: I probably am. Anyways, congratulations on your victory. Your split from your former promotion down in Mexico has been a point of some discussion among

wrestling fans. Can you tell us what brings you here? Why have you decided to leave Mexico and join us here in North America?

[A sweating Canibal reaches out slowly as if to grab Blackwell but stops and withdraws his hand. He cocks his head to the other side, sticks it forward and utters, in an accented voice:]

C: You want to know? It is something you do not know. Not you. Not the people in crowd or in their living rooms. Not the other wrestlers.

I come because of...

[His harsh voice drops to a whisper.]

C : The Hunger.

[Canibal bares his teeth in what may be a grin or a threat. Blackwell recoils and Canibal brushes past him. Lou, always the professional, quickly regains his composure.]

SLB: There you have it, folks. He is here because of "the hunger". You know, I could go for a cheeseburger myself!

[Blackwell cracks a grin before looking over his shoulder at the departing Canibal.]

SLB: Not sure he's talking about the same thing but I am sure we'll find out. And speaking of weirdos... roll it!

[We abruptly cut to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT."

You know the shot. It's dark, dimly lit. Shot in the boiler room of the arena or somewhere dank and depressing. The camera angles up from below, casting their faces in harsh shadows. There's the sallow, dead-eyed stare of Henri LeMarque, the unfocused existential horror in the eyes of the Dirt Dog and the nightmarish scarred visage of the Priestess, Poet. And finally, in the centre of it all, is the smug countenance of Jericho Kai. His green eyes are cast in shadows, giving them a dreamy quality. He strokes his chin as he chuckles into the camera.]

JK: Juan Vasquez, it seems you've been given the power of a God for one day. Hehehe, welcome to my world, man. I know it feels good. But let me tell you, I know something that will make you feel a lot better. Be the author of greatness. A man with the power of a God can never keep it. No, his vessel is too small, too fragile. But for one shining moment he can make magic.

[Kai's eyes narrow.]

JK: Make magic, Vasquez. The Walking Dead versus Hercules Hammonds and whomever he can find in a clash of the titans! Make magic! Make the heavens shake! Break down the walls and let these people see your power and the greatness of the Servants of Sutekh! Give me the head of Hercules! Give me all his friends! I will take them and serve them up to Sutekh. And he will look down upon you, man, and give you favor for your good deeds. Give them to me and let them be taken by my Jackals.

[We slowly fade out...

...and back to live action where Jericho Kai and his Walking Dead are in the ring. Kai has called his men towards him, both Henri LeMarques and Dirt Dog Unique Allah kneeling at his feet as Kai stares down the aisle.]

HERCULES!

HERCULLLLLLLLLLLEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSS!!!

HAMMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNDDDDDDDDDSSSSSSS!!!!

[Herc strikes a big double bicep pose as Buford then turns his attention to the curtain.]

BPH: And standing behind the curtain is his partner! A man who needs NOOOOO introduction! He made his way to Mount Olympus by leaping up there in a single bound! He is the lord, master, conqueror, ruler and emperor of the skies! And no matter how bright the lights, he is ALWAYS the one stealing the spotlight! Up! UP UP UP! Outta' your seats and up on your feet! Give it up for THE MAN from Hot Coffee, Mississippi...

SKY. WALKER.

[DEEP BREATH NOW!]

BPH: JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!

[There's a decidedly mixed reaction as Skywalker Jones comes out, dressed in a white ring robe worn over his well-chiseled, bare torso. He wears white leg-length wrestling tights with gold trim. He walks up to Hammonds and grins, nodding at his former tag team partner. The two bump fists, before making their way down the aisle much to everyone's shock and excitement.]

GM: Wow! What a shocker this is! Hercules Hammonds - for one night only - has reunited the former World Tag Team Champions! He's reunited SkyHerc!

BW: And that may put them down three to two in a handicap match but... well, I've never known Jones and Herc to be afraid of the odds, daddy!

GM: Jericho Kai certainly looks perturbed by this change of events and... look at him, Bucky, giving orders to his men!

[Kai is irate, shouting at both LeMarques and Allah - the latter of which heads to the corner, scrambling up to the top rope, waiting as Hammonds and Jones get closer to the ring...

...and HURLS himself from the top rope in a somersault dive, crashing down onto Skywalker Jones!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG DIVE OFF THE TOP BY ALLAH ONTO JONES!

[Hercules Hammonds flashes a look of anger at Allah before diving headfirst under the bottom rope, coming up swinging as LeMarques gets dispatched to stop him.]

GM: Hammonds with a right... and another... and another...

[The bell sounds, officially starting the match as LeMarques tries to fire back, throwing blows of his own.]

GM: We've got a slugfest by two hulking brutes in the middle of the ring!

[A wild haymaker thrown by LeMarques results in Hammonds ducking, lifting the 300 pounder up onto his massive shoulders. The crowd roars at the show of strength until Hammonds turns...

...and gets a roundhouse kick to the chin out of Kai, knocking him flat to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Swinging kick to the jaw by Kai puts Hammonds down!

[Kai backs off, shouting at LeMarques to "hurt him!" The three hundred pounder drags himself off the canvas, putting the boots to Hammonds, forcing him under the ropes to the floor where Dirt Dog Unique Allah is waiting for him, jumping on his back with a flurry of punches wrapping around the massive neck and landing somewhere on the face of the Tupelo native.]

GM: Allah's all over Hammonds... and where in the world is Skywalker Jones during all of this?!

BW: Jones got taken out by that dive off the top by Allah! He's still down on the floor!

GM: Still? Can someone go check on him? Hercules Hammonds needs some help!

[Allah grabs the powerhouse by the back of the head, smashing his face into the ring apron. He screams in a high, shrill voice, raking Hammonds' face back and forth across the apron before shoving him under the ropes inside the ring.]

GM: Allah puts Hammonds back in...

[LeMarques pulls Hammonds off the mat by his muscular arm, pulling him into a headbutt that crashes down between the eyes, sending Hammonds falling back against the ropes as Allah rolls in to join the attack.]

GM: We've got a three-on-one inside the ring! The referee's trying to get Jericho Kai out of there but he needs to get one of the others out of there as well, fans!

[Allah and LeMarques take turns kicking Hammonds in the midsection as the fans jeer loudly. They each grab an arm, whipping Hammonds across the ring.]

GM: Hammonds off the far side...

[The Tupelo Tower ducks under a double clothesline attempt, bouncing off the far ropes...

...and leaving his feet with a double flying tackle!]

GM: Ohh! Big tackle clears 'em both!

[Hammonds climbs to his feet...

...and points straight at Jericho Kai!]

GM: Oh yeah! The defense has been taken out and now we get what we've been waiting to see for weeks as Hercules Hammonds is about to get his hands on Jericho Kai!

[Kai is backpedaling, raising his hands to beg off as Hammonds gets closer... and closer... and closer...

...when Skywalker Jones suddenly pulls himself up on the apron, shouting at Hammonds to tag him in!]

GM: Skywalker Jones is up... and he wants the tag!

BW: Looking for payback over what they just did to him no doubt.

[Hammonds - who was just a few feet from Kai - turns to look at his former and current tag partner. He shakes his head, pointing at Kai but Jones shouts again, extending his arm...]

GM: It looks like we've got a disagreement here between the former tag team partners, Bucky.

BW: Hammonds wants to obliterate Kai but Jones has other ideas.

[With Hammonds momentarily distracted, Kai rushes forward, throwing a right hand... and another... and another...]

...and Hammonds slowly turns back to face him, shaking his head.]

GM: No effect!

[Kai backs off immediately, throwing up his hands, begging for mercy as Hammonds steps in, shoving him back with one arm against the turnbuckles...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and CRUSHES the chest of Kai with an overhand slap!]

GM: OHHH! You could feel that one three blocks away, Bucky!

BW: Kai's luck may have just run out, Gordo!

[Hooking Kai around the head and neck and under the arm, Hammonds LAUNCHES him into the air, throwing him across the ring with the biel throw, bouncing him off the canvas near the corner where Skywalker Jones is standing.]

GM: What a throw by Hammonds who marches across the ring...

[The Tupelo Tower grins, reaching out to slap his partner's hand.]

GM: ...and THERE'S the tag to Skywalker Jones!

[There's a slight cheer for Jones who slingshots over the top rope in a somersault, pumping both arms, shouting to the crowd, building some excitement...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE HELL?!

BW: HE SUPERKICKED HAMMONDS! HE SUPERKICKED HERCULES HAMMONDS! THE CALISTO KILLER! THE DUFRESNE DESTROYER! THE VASQUEZ VANQUISHER! HE LAID HIM OUT!

[Jones looks down at his former partner, nodding for good measure as he steps across the ring, grabbing the top rope, and slingshots over the top before landing on his feet on the floor. The man from Hot Coffee proceeds to exit the ringside area, leaving Hammonds out cold behind him as the fans let him have it.]

GM: The fans here in Oklahoma City certainly didn't like that as Hercules Hammonds has been dropped cold by his former tag team partner... and look at this now!

[With Hammonds essentially unconscious on the canvas, Jericho Kai pulls him up in a head and arm hold, bending him backwards as he leans down to spit right in his face...]

GM: Disgusting.

[...and then brings them back up, lifting him into the air and DRIVING him down with a legsweep uranage!]

GM: THE WRATH OF SUTEKH!

[Kai plants both palms on the chest of Hammonds, extending his arms, a sleazy grin on his face as the referee makes the easy three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Jericho Kai and the Walking Dead pick up a win over Hercules Hammonds... and technically, I suppose, Skywalker Jones here in Oklahoma City but Jones was no true partner here tonight, Bucky!

BW: Skywalker Jones has been going it alone for months now and I guess he didn't like the idea of being back with Hercules Hammonds.

GM: Then tell him that! Tell him you don't want to be the man's partner! Don't stab him in the back like this! Absolutely despicable and just all too fitting of the attitude of Skywalker Jones as of late. I can't wait for Willie Hammer - and perhaps Hercules Hammonds as well - to get their hands on Jones.

[Kai stands over Hammonds, gloating about his victory.]

GM: I've heard just about enough of this. Take it away, "Sweet" Lou.

[We cut away from the ring and open to a tight shot of "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, who looks to his right nervously before addressing the camera.]

SLB: Fans, I'm joined at this time by--

[Blackwell jumps as a low growl is heard. We pan back a bit, and see the source of Blackwell's nervousness. Head bowed, ornamental mask covering his face is KING Oni.]

SLB: The Fawcett Family.

[The view pans back all the way, and to Oni's right we see "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. At his feet is the wild-eyed Lost Boy as Porter Crowley can be seen in the background, admiring himself in a broken shard of mirror held in his hand.]

SLB: "Doctor" Fawcett, on the next edition of Saturday Night Wrestling it'll be a bit of a change in focus for you. For instead of KING Oni being in singles competition, it'll be The Lost Boy taking on the man that has been gunning for you and your entire family... The Gladiator.

[Fawcett chuckles.]

'D"HF: That is where, once again, you find yourself mired in a sea of incorrect assumption. For that would mean that my focus is at any point not laser precise on each one of my charges. That screaming fool may have dared to mention the name of our lord in vain, but time and again it has been The Lost Boy that has proven the Gladiator is exactly as I stated... A fool. Twice he has seen a battlefield full of

competitors for him to prove himself against, literally the very thing he lives for. And twice he has had that thrill of battle TAKEN from him by my family.

[The Lost Boy looks up at Fawcett, who pats him on the head.]

"D"HF: I am a charlatan? How can that possibly be? Literally every claim I have ever made, has been made into crystal reality shortly after I speak the words. I have promised to rob this fool of the chance of greater success in the AWA, and that is exactly what I have orchestrated. So when I say his lifeless husk will be dragged into an empty room into my home so that I may learn every secret of the deities which he holds dear?

[Fawcett smiles darkly.]

"D"HF: Then it is as certain as the setting of the sun. When the sun sets on the Gladiator's career, it shall be The Lost Boy tearing the meat from his bones.

SLB: It may not be KING Oni in competition next time, but that doesn't mean his schedule is a light one. We've known for a while of the upcoming match with MAMMOTH Maximus, but as of tonight we've heard the AWA world champion guarantee him another shot at his coveted title.

"D"HF: Again, such depression and self hatred permeates this company. Another man who narrowly evaded death begs for the boatman to guide him across the river Styx again. For time immemorial has my liege been KING, but finally we were an inch from him being recognized as the rightful ruler of the AWA. Lady Luck was no doubt on his side, but shall that wanton mistress stay loyally by his side?

[Fawcett looks to Crowley, who's smiling face as he stares into his makeshift mirror turns into a scowl, as he begins gripping the shard of glass with maniacal furor.]

"D"HF: I have taken steps to ensure that will not happen. When your champion meets your KING, I can once again make a promise.

[Crowley and Fawcett exchange a nod.]

"D"HF: He will have breathed his last. As far as Maximus, he has been an annoyance for far too long already. His stay of execution ends on All Hallow's Eve... And I would not hold out hope for the governor to call at the last moment to halt the executioner's blade.

SLB: Fawcett, you always seem a step ahead, rarely getting caught off guard. However, that seems to have changed lately with the reappearance of Anton Layton. How did he, out of everyone who has tried and failed, catch you by surprise so badly?

[Fawcett pauses, actual true emotion showing on his face for once. An emotion that is anger and maybe even fear. With his black leather gloved hand he reaches into his pocket to take out his gem. He turns to Blackwell, inching closer and closer until they are nearly nose to nose. He raises his gem, placing it over his left eye. He begins speaking, so low as to almost be inaudible.]

"D"HF: My eye sees far and it sees wide...

[Just then, Oni turns and growls as he leans towards Blackwell as well. As if on cue, Crowley and The Lost Boy surround Blackwell.]

"D"HF: But still there are those who find a way to...

[Fawcett closes his gloved hand around the gem completely, never taking it away from Blackwell's direct vision.]

"D"HF: Hide.

[Blackwell tugs on the collar of his shirt as if it just got unbearably hot, as we fade to black.]

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

Kid #1: This is boring.

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

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

Kids: \*gasp\*

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

Kids: Dave Bryant!

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

Kids: WOAHH!

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

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

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

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

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

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

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside the new sensation that's sweeping the nation, Allen Allen. Allen seems to know that his name was just mentioned as he flicks his hair.]

MS: Thanks, guys... as you can see, I've been joined by a man who pulled off quite the upset three weeks ago in Las Vegas by defeating the wily veteran, Mr. Sadisuto. Of course, I'm talking about you, Allen Allen!

[Allen flips his hair again, nodding with a grin. He's wearing a green and white Combat corner t-shirt.]

MS: And then two weeks ago in Dallas, you had a solid showing in the Battle Royal as well.

[Allen again nods.]

MS: Yet despite all of that, you have to have heard the rumors that this whole Cinderella story is exactly that - a fairy tale. That sooner or later - someone's going to come along and burst your bubble.

[Allen looks crestfallen by this.]

MS: You... didn't know? You hadn't heard that?

[Allen shakes his head.]

AA: Mark, I've been around here...

[He gestures absentmindedly.]

AA: The AWA... wrestling... for a while now... and really, I hadn't gotten very far. I mean, don't get me wrong... it's the thrill of a lifetime... an honor to be here on Saturday Night Wrestling even if it was usually me just getting my butt kicked for five minutes... or three minutes... thirty-six seconds once, I think.

And you know, it was hard. It was hard to go home after one of those days.

[Allen's voice gets really high, presumably mimicking someone.]

AA: "How was your day, dear?"

[His voice deepens again... beyond his normal speaking voice for some reason.]

AA: "Oh, fine. I managed to last two minutes with Travis Lynch."

[He shakes his head.]

AA: But hey, I was putting milk and bread on the table. We had a roof... sure, it might leak during the winter but it was there. My wife and my son were... they were content.

But I knew.

I could see my son a little bit embarrassed about going to school on Monday after I'd been on TV. I'd talk to him... "Alan, what's wrong?"

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: You named your son "Alan Allen?"

[Allen looks puzzled.]

AA: Yeah... why?

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: No particular reason, I suppose. Continue, please.

AA: Anyways... he was embarrassed by his old man getting his tail kicked. But all that changed a few weeks ago. When I beat Sadisuto, my wife made steak for dinner! My kid gave me a big hug and wrote a report for school on his favorite athlete - me! You know how it felt when he wrote that same report last year about Bobby O'Connor?

[Stegglet nods.]

AA: I beat Sadisuto. And that was no accident, Mark. I did okay in that Battle Royal. And that was no accident either. For the first time, I'm... I've got confidence, Mark!

[He beams.]

AA: And when I say that this Cinderella story is gonna have a happy ending... I mean it! So, I don't care who it is... you find me someone two weeks from tonight and I'm gonna show them that-

[Suddenly, a loud "CRACK!" is heard as Allen grunts and falls to the floor, grabbing at the back of his head as Mark Stegglet looks on in shock. The camera pulls back a bit to reveal Mr. Sadisuto, the bottom half of a broken wooden cane in his hand. He grabs Stegglet's mic hand, pulling it close.]

MrS: Challenge accepted, boy. Hah hah hah... suffaaaaaaaah.

[The portly Japanese veteran slowly walks out of the camera's view as Allen writhes in pain on the floor, moaning as Stegglet kneels down to check on him and we fade to... a graphic that reads "AWA TOP TEN" with some cheesy synth music playing over it. The graphic changes to one that says "World Champion - Ryan Martinez, National Champion - Travis Lynch, World Television Champion - Shadoe Rage" across the top. A voiceover begins.]

SLB: Hello everyone, I'm Sweet Lou Blackwell here to give you a quick look at the most recent AWA Top Ten Rankings updated following our last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling. This week's rankings have seen a major shakeup! With the exits of Demetrius Lake and Dave Bryant and Supernova and Supreme Wright still being on the shelf with injuries, the door was wide open for some of the AWA's top stars to make their first appearance in the Top 10. Let's take a look!

["#10 - Hercules Hammonds" appears on the screen.]

SLB: The strongest man in all the land is at the bottom of our list as he continues to try to get his hands around the con man, Jericho Kai's, throat. If he can get a hold of Kai and put him down for a count of three, Hammonds could find himself on the verge of a title shot here in the American Wrestling Alliance.

["#9 - Rex Summers" is added to the list.]

SLB: The man who is Red Hot shows it as he cracks the Top Ten rankings but after failing to capture the World Television Title earlier tonight, you have to wonder if he'll be able to hang on to this coveted spot.

["#8 - The Gladiator" appears.]

SLB: Sound the drums of war, The Gladiator has broken into the Top 10 as he continues to set his sights on the dreaded Fawcett Family. In two weeks' time, he'll be taking on The Lost Boy in one-on-one action. That one will certainly have Top Ten implications!

["#7 - Calisto Dufresne" appears.]

SLB: Checking in at #7 is the former National Champion and former World Champion Calisto Dufresne. Mr. Dufresne did not have the best of luck two weeks ago while in the corner of Johnny Detson but a win tonight in tag team action might help steady the ship so to speak.

["#6 - Juan Vasquez" emerges.]

SLB: The People's Hero shoots up three spots in the rankings thanks to the exits of some of those who were above him but much like Rex Summers, you have to imagine the Championship Committee may send him tumbling down the list after failing to capture the National Title here tonight.

[“#5 - KING Oni” appears.]

SLB: The Demon himself, KING Oni, is up a couple of spots this week thanks to a pair of live event victories last week when he defeated Caspian Abaran and Chester O. Wilde from the Wilde Bunch. Oni's riding high off that countout victory over Ryan Martinez several weeks ago. Could a rematch with the title on the line be in his future?

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

SLB: Back and forth they go again as the TexMo Connection partners continue to trade these two spots...

[“#3 - Bobby O'Connor” appears.]

SLB: ...O'Connor gaining the edge this week thanks to a live event win over Jericho Kai. O'Connor, remember, has that guaranteed title shot in his pocket from winning the Rumble earlier this year. When will he cash it in? Only he knows the answer to that.

[“#2 - Hannibal Carver” appears.]

SLB: Free Carver is the phrase that pays and for one night - at least - Hannibal Carver is free. His status in this treasured spot will very much depend on whether or not that reinstatement sticks. If he's re-suspended, it would be hard to imagine that he'll stay one of the top contenders for all those months. Carver's fate... sad to say... may be in the hands of Landon O'Neill after tonight.

[“#1 - Johnny Detson” completes the list.]

SLB: Johnny Detson rounds out our Top Ten but fans, I've gotta say that Detson's hold on this spot is fragile at best. Remember, Detson has now tried - and failed - on two occasions to capture the AWA World Title from Ryan Martinez. His status as the Number One Contender may rely on someone else not being able to step up and take it from him.

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

SLB: And there you have it, fans, the AWA's Top Ten Contenders as voted by the Championship Committee on September 9th. That's all for now but join us back here next time when we keep on countin' 'em down! Now let's head back to Mark Stegglet who has a very special guest! Mark?

[Fade from the Top 10 to a backstage shot of Mark Stegglet, similar to the one we saw before the Top 10 segment.]

MS: Thanks, “Sweet” Lou... and joining me right now are two gentlemen who feel like-

[Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan walk in from off-camera to interrupt Stegglet. Wes Taylor is wearing a black t-shirt with the sleeves cut out of it and a pair of blue jeans. Tony Donovan is sporting a red and black hooded sweatshirt with the hood down, black jeans, black boots.]

WT: Don't even try it, Stegglet. Don't even dream about telling the people how we feel right now because the fact is, you don't know a damn thing about how we feel right now, you hear me?

[Stegglet raises his hands in a conciliatory gesture.]

MS: Fair enough. So, why don't you tell us how you two are feeling after getting assaulted two weeks ago during that Battle Royal by the Dogs of War?

[Taylor grimaces.]

WT: I've felt better.

[Stegglet waits, looking for more.]

MS: That's it?

TD: What're you digging for here, Stegglet? The man was jumped by three gutless punks who were mad that they weren't good enough to be in the match! Those same gutless punks thought they could put the fear of Dogs into the rest of us too, but that ain't happenin'.

WT: The doctor told me to take the night off. Sit back, have a beer, enjoy the company of some of Oklahoma City's finest women...

[He winces.]

WT: Well, two out of three ain't bad, Stegglet. But the fact remains that I'm here... and I'm watching.

MS: So, you were watching earlier when we showed the video of the Dogs of War out in the parking lot?

[Taylor and Donovan grin. Donovan shakes his head, bumping the back of his hand against Wes' shoulder.]

TD: Yeah, you can say we saw it.

WT: We saw it... and I have to say we were REAL impressed, Stegglet.

[Stegglet arches an eyebrow.]

MS: Oh?

WT: Sure. Weren't you? I mean, they're out in the parking lot throwing rocks at windshields. That makes 'em tough guys, right? That's what we were supposed to take away from that, isn't it? They're tough guys with devil may care attitudes?

TD: Honestly, I was a little bit intimidated...until I remembered that was the kind of crap I got into when I was about twelve years old.

[Taylor chuckles.]

WT: You know what happened when my old man caught me doing that? He took me over his knee and gave me the kind of beating that would make... well, Tony's old man go run and hide in the bushes. But we're not Tony's dad.

TD: Thank god.

WT: And we're not even my dad. What we are is YOUR Tag Team Of The Year for 2016.

MS: 2016? Did we skip ahead in time or something? Have you two been talking to The Rave?

TD: Don't get smart with us, Stegglet. We didn't win the Stampede Cup and that means we won't be in the title picture this year, but that doesn't matter. We know what we have to do, and you can damn sure bet 2016 is OUR year.

MS: Would this new-found confidence have anything to do with your new allies? The James Gang I believe it was coined two weeks ago.

[Taylor smiles again.]

WT: It's got a nice ring to it, doesn't it? Look at you, Stegglet... trying to get the scoop that not even Blackwell can get. But we'll oblige you here, old friend. Brian James is our friend.

[Donovan nods.]

WT: Brian Lau is our friend.

[Donovan nods.]

WT: And from time to time, we go to Mr. Lau for advice... as anyone who has access to the ONLY manager in the Pro Wrestling Hall of Fame and the smartest man in this sport would be idiots not to.

So, the James Gang?

[Taylor shakes his head.]

WT: That's a discussion for another day. But today, we want to make one thing clear. The Dogs of War have got the hype on their side. The best six man tag in history. Undefeated for over a year. Percy Childes' hand-picked and groomed killing machines.

[Donovan does the "spooky fingers."]

WT: But Percy Childes is gone! The hype is exactly that... empty, meaningless hype. You boys are good...

[Taylor gestures to Donovan and himself.]

WT: We're better. And when you three find yourself in the unfortunate position of squaring off with us and the Engine of Destruction with Mr. Lau in our corner... we're gonna take the other thing away from you too. Say goodbye to your undefeated streak... and say hello to a new reality where the Jam-

[Taylor pauses, holding up a finger to his lips.]

WT: Almost got ahead of myself there.

TD: Whoa there, Wes -- they're not ready. They're not ready for the future just yet, but too damn bad for them, because that won't stop what's coming.

[Donovan grins.]

TD: You heard that, right, Dogs? Well, in case you didn't, let me spell it out for you...

[The grin fades, replaced by a focused, angry stare.]

TD: Start running.

[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...

...and then back up to live action where Mark Stegglet is standing by on the interview platform alongside Callum Mahoney, who has on the "EAT, DRINK,

ARMBAR, DRINK, REPEAT" T-shirt over his black wrestling singlet. He also has a brown paper envelope tucked under his right arm.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time is Callum Mahoney, who has promised that every city the AWA stops at, from here to SuperClash, someone is going to tap out to the Armbar Assassin. I'm guessing you're out here to pick your next opponent for another open challenge?

CM: [Sneering.] You say that like it's a bad thing, Stegglet. You see, I'm only doing this because the suits have a hard time finding me a worthy opponent. They thought that the Williams fella was going to be it, but we all saw how he failed to live up to the challenge. And, since then, the powers that be have been pulling at hairs, racking their brains to try to come up with another name to send my way, but they can't, and you want to know why, Stegglet?

MS: I think you're about to tell me.

CM: Because the boys in the back know better. They know they don't get paid nearly enough to risk the Armbar Assassin breaking their arm. So, I've had to resort to raising the stakes and promising these attention-hungry fans their five seconds of fame before I make them tap out, because nobody else are that desperate to step in the ring with me! Now, when I talk about raising the stakes, I really do mean it, because I've thrown another five hundred bucks into the pot...

[Mahoney holds out the envelope in front of him.]

CM: Which means this envelope contains one thousand five hundred American dollars. So, let's not waste any more time. Stegglet, you see anyone out there who is up for this?

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: As a matter of fact, Mr. Mahoney, before I came out here, I was stopped by Juan Vasquez who asked me to pass along a message to you.

[Mahoney arches an eyebrow, looking at Stegglet.]

MS: Mr. Vasquez says in his role as AWA President for the night, he's not willing to risk the physical wellbeing of any of the fans here in Oklahoma City.

[The fans boo loudly, assuming that means Mahoney is getting the night off.]

MS: However, he certainly does want to see if someone can answer your challenge.

[Mahoney shouts at Stegglet off-mic.]

MS: But it will not be one of these fans answering the challenge because I'm told that there is someone back there... behind that curtain... right now... waiting to come out here and PROVE that they can beat you and win that envelope of cash in your hand.

[Mahoney can be heard angrily shouting "WHO IS IT?!" at Stegglet.]

MS: Who is it? We're all about to find out the answer to that...

[He pauses, pulling off his best Ryan Seacrest imitation.]

MS: ...after the break!

[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: AWAsShop.com.]

We return to the ring, where Callum Mahoney is in a heated exchange of words with an official, while Phil Watson stands by for the announcements.]

PW: The next contest, as decided by Juan Vasquez, is scheduled for one fall, with a ten-minute time limit! Should Callum Mahoney's shoulders be pinned down for the three count, or should he submit or be knocked out, his opponent will win the one thousand five hundred U.S. dollar prize. Already in the ring at this time, hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds, he is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[Mahoney continues to berate the official, even as the crowd jeers the announcement of his name.]

PW: And his opponent...

GM: Who's it gonna be?

[The crowd are on their feet, buzzing with anticipation, waiting for the arrival of the man who will answer the challenge.]

"This Is Halloween" from The Nightmare Before Christmas soundtrack begins to play and the crowd cheers as La Fuerza steps out from behind the curtain. Pausing at the top of the ramp, he will take a moment to point his board at his opponent before dancing a little jig and uttering his ululating battle cry.]

GM: La Fuerza has accepted the challenge!

BW: Well, of course he is! He's got that weapon with him! Great job, President Vasquez, you goof!

GM: You know that Juan Vasquez' power extends to the announcers too, right?

BW: Like I was saying... hell of a job, Vasquez. Really great stuff!

[Gordon chuckles as the black clad man in the skull mask walks down the aisle, carrying his board on his right shoulder as if it were a rifle. He pauses a few times to high five the occasional fan, leaning in to embrace a young man in a La Fuerza mask.]

PW: He hails from Parts Unknown and weighs in at 250 pounds...

LAAAAAAAAA FUERRRRRRZAAAAAA!

[Reaching the ring, La Fuerza pulls himself up on the apron. He "takes aim" with the board, firing an imaginary weapon at Callum Mahoney before doing a little jig on the apron, looking out to the cheering crowd. He hoists his board into the air, uttering his ululating war cry once more before setting the board down on the apron and stepping into the ring...]

GM: So, it'll be the luchador La Fuerza taking on the Fighting Irishman with 1500 dollars on the line.

BW: You know the best thing about La Fuerza taking on this match, Gordo?

GM: What's that?

BW: If he wins, Mahoney can just give him 1500 pesos and call it a day.

GM: Would you stop?

"DING! DING! DING!"

[At the sound of the bell, the Mexican grappler and the Irishman circle one another before coming together in a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Right into the tieup at the outset...

[The luchador slips right out, twisting the arm around into a hammerlock before spinning against into a drop toehold, bouncing Mahoney's face off the canvas.]

GM: Nice takedown by La Fuerza... and Callum Mahoney didn't care for that one at all.

[Climbing to his feet, the Fighting Irishman rubs at his nose, checking for blood as La Fuerza salutes his cheering fans. They lock up again, this time Mahoney quickly transitioning from the collar-and-elbow to a side headlock.]

GM: Mahoney cranking on that headlock... and La Fuerza grabs the wrist, spinning out into an armwringer...

[But Mahoney reverses it with an armwringer of his own, tucking the arm under his armpit.]

GM: ...and right into the armbar. And while that may not be his armbar of choice, you can bet it'll be very effective.

BW: Dangerous position for Fuerza to be in.

[Grabbing at the arm, looking for an escape, La Fuerza twists his body, somersaulting forward out of the armbar, kipping up to his feet...

...where the brawling Irishman buries a knee into the gut, cutting him off before using a snapmare to take him over.]

GM: Mahoney looking for a chinlo- oh!

[The crowd echoes Gordon's reaction as the luchador swings a foot up, catching Mahoney on the forehead and sending him staggering backwards as La Fuerza rolls backwards, scissoring Mahoney's head between the ankles...

...and then front rolls, flipping the Irishman over and down to the mat!]

GM: Nice headscissors takedown by La Fuerza!

[A dropkick catches a rising Mahoney in the chest and a second one sends him bouncing through the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: A pair of dropkicks by the luchador sends Mahoney to the floor... and look out here!

[Building a head of steam, La Fuerza hits the far ropes, rebounding back towards Mahoney, dropping into a headfirst slide under the bottom rope...

...that Mahoney cuts off with a stiff kneelift to the chest!]

GM: Oh! Mahoney caught him!

[Grabbing La Fuerza by the mask, Mahoney winds up and PASTES the luchador with a forearm uppercut!]

GM: Big uppercut by Mahoney... and a second one!

[Grabbing the mask, Mahoney lifts La Fuerza's torso off the apron...

...and SLAMS it down, sending his sternum bouncing off the hardest part of the ring!]

GM: Ohhh! What a shot by Mahoney! Mahoney is capable of turning any part of the ring, maybe even any part of the arena, into a weapon to hurt his opponent.

BW: Do you think he could use you to hurt his opponent, Gordo?

GM: I'd rather not find out.

[Mahoney rolls back under the ropes inside the ring, grabbing La Fuerza by an ankle, dragging him out to the middle where Mahoney drops an elbow down into the lower back.]

GM: Elbowdrop down into the kidneys but he's not done there.

[Mahoney rolls to his feet, dropping a knee down into the lower back before reaching down, hooking his fingers in the eyeholes of the mask, and pulling back into a modified bow and arrow.]

GM: Look at the pressure being applied to the spine of La Fuerza by the man so many know as the Armbar Assassin!

BW: Mahoney deciding to remind the world tonight that he's more than just that Armbar, Gordo. He's a tough competitor and fairly well-rounded.

GM: He's as tough as they come too.

[The referee reprimands him for the grab of the mask, allowing the hold to stay on until four when Mahoney releases it, climbing back to his feet. He hauls the masked man up with him, hooking him in a side waistlock before dropping him down in a belly-to-back suplex!]

GM: Big suplex by the Irishman... and he rolls into a cover for one... for two... kickout at two by La Fuerza!

[Mahoney rolls up to his feet, quickly dropping the point of his elbow down across the throat to prevent any comebacks.]

GM: So ruthless... so brutal. Callum Mahoney is asserting his will against La Fuerza at this point in the competition.

BW: He is but La Fuerza's showing some resilience also.

GM: Absolutely. You don't get here to the AWA without being one of the best in the world, Bucky.

[With La Fuerza down on the mat, Mahoney shoves his forearm into the covered cheekbone, grinding it back and forth to make sure La Fuerza stays down before Mahoney leaps up, driving his knee down across the throat!]

GM: Ohh! Kneedrop down on the throat! That looked REAL nasty!

[The luchador is coughing and choking, struggling for air as Mahoney climbs back to his feet, watching as the official checks to see if La Fuerza can continue.]

BW: There's that viciousness we know the Irishman is capable of.

[Pulling the masked man off the canvas, Mahoney sends him into the ropes.]

GM: Clothesline ducked, La Fuerza slams on the brakes!

[The crowd ROARS as the luchador leaps up onto the back of the Fighting Irishman, wrapping his arms around his head and neck!]

GM: SLEEPERHOLD! LA FUERZA LOCKS IN A SLEEPERHOLD!

BW: He's up on Mahoney's back too. There's a lot of leverage on that hold from there and if Mahoney wants to keep his 1500 bucks, he better find a way out of this fast before he ends up in Dream Land!

[Mahoney is struggling, fighting against the hold...

...and DRIVES back against the buckles!]

GM: Oh! Nice counter by Mahoney... but La Fuerza hangs on!

[Mahoney is desperately grabbing at the arms wrapped around his neck now, trying to escape as La Fuerza constricts the blood vessels going to the brain.]

GM: Mahoney seems to be fading, fans! We may be on the verge of an upset!

[The Fighting Irishman drops back to the corner again...

...but this time, he goes too high and the luchador ends up seated on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: La Fuerza up top... releases the hold...

[And as Mahoney turns around, La Fuerza throws a boot into the mush. He steps up on the second rope, doing a little jig to the cheers of the fans in Oklahoma City before he leaps off, both feet extended as he's parallel to the mat...]

GM: Dropkick off the secon- no! Mahoney swats it aside!

[Mahoney rears back the arm, looking to drop it down onto the luchador...

...but the fan favorite rolls out of the way, sending Mahoney crashing down on the canvas!]

GM: He missed the elbow... and La Fuerza rolls right out to the apron, pulling himself up to his feet...

[The luchador grabs the top rope with both hands, swinging one to rally the crowd before he grabs the rope...]

GM: SLINGSHOT!

[He sails over the top rope, looking to drop a big splash on the chest of his opponent...

...but Mahoney brings up the knees, causing La Fuerza to crash down upon them!]

GM: OHHH! HE GOT THE KNEES UP!

[With La Fuera stretched out across his knees, Mahoney cradles the neck, rolling the luchador onto his back where he seamlessly switches to scissoring the arm with his legs, dropping back into the jujigatame!]

GM: Cross armbreaker locked in! He's got it locked!

BW: It's only a matter of seconds now, Gordo.

[It certainly is.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: La Fuerza taps! Fuerza took the fight to Mahoney, but, like others before him, fell prey to the dreaded armbar.

BW: There's no shame in that, Gordo. That was probably the closest anyone has come to posing a challenge to the Armbar Assassin in recent weeks.

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

GM: And now Mahoney's refusing to release the hold. Come on, Mahoney, you won. You've proven your point, whatever it is! Now let go of the arm!

BW: The referee is threatening to reverse his decision. I don't know if that would mean Fuerza wins the match and the money.

GM: I don't think Mahoney cares, Bucky. He is yelling Juan Vasquez's name. I think he is saying whatever happens to La Fuerza is going to be on Vasquez!

[Mahoney continues to shout, cranking on the arm as he attempts to hyper-extend the luchador's elbow!]

GM: He's gonna break his arm, Bucky!

BW: Pretty sure that's the idea!

GM: What has gotten into this man?! What in the world has-

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS as "Comin' For The Throne" by Otherwise kicks in over the PA system.]

GM: WHAT?!

[The fans are suddenly on their feet, necks craned and eyes scanning the entryway as Callum Mahoney suddenly releases La Fuerza, climbing up to his feet, looking down the aisle...]

GM: Bucky, we know whose music that is but we haven't seen him in weeks! We haven't- THERE HE IS!

[The crowd cheers again as Derrick Williams comes slowly stalking through the entrance way, wearing brown Timberland boots, cargo khaki pants, a black T-shirt with "FREE CARVER" written in Bruin gold and white, and his fists HEAVILY taped for a fight.]

GM: Derrick Williams has returned... and he's coming for Callum Mahoney!

[Williams is shaking with intensity as he makes his way methodically down the aisle, letting Mahoney ready himself for the fight that's about to happen. The crowd is roaring with anticipation!]

BW: The kid is serious, he's looking for a fight, and I'm tellin' ya Gordo, Mahoney is gonna give him one!

[Suddenly, Williams dashes the rest of the way down the aisle, diving headfirst under the ropes into the ring, popping to his feet as Mahoney lunges at him...

...and Williams ducks past, rushing to bounce off the ropes, rebounding back towards the Fighting Irishman!]

GM: Williams off the far side!

[The young lion leaves his feet, smashing a flying forearm into the jaw of the Armbar Assassin, knocking him off his feet!]

GM: DOWN GOES MAHONEY! DOWN GOES MAHONEY!

[Williams pops back to his feet, shouting "COME ON!" at Mahoney who staggers back to his feet...

...and Williams comes in hot, rifling a right hand into the jaw of Mahoney!]

GM: RIGHT HAND! RIGHT HAND! RIGHT HAND!

[Williams keeps looping back, letting the fist fly into the jaw of Mahoney, staggering the Fighting Irishman...]

...who reaches out, raking his fingers across the eyes of Williams!]

GM: Oh! Cheapshot by Mahoney! Williams was getting the upper hand and Mahoney went to the eyes to turn the tide!

[A laughing Mahoney winds up for a clothesline, bouncing off the ropes, swinging his arm around...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[But as Mahoney reaches Williams, the young lion ducks down, grabbing Mahoney by the thighs, lifting him up, twisting him around...]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER! Williams hit all of it and Mahoney rolls right out of dodge to the floor!

[Williams pops back up to his feet, marching towards the ropes, shouting at Mahoney who is down on the floor as the young lion leans over the ropes, waving him back in!]

GM: Derrick Williams hit that spinebuster but that's not enough, Bucky! Williams wants some more of Callum Mahoney!

BW: Well, after Mahoney put him on the shelf, you can't really blame the kid for that... but I think he got all of the Fighting Irishman that he's getting for one night, Gordo.

[Mahoney stumbles up to his feet, wincing as he grabs at his lower back and staggering up the aisle. The referee steps in, keeping Williams at bay as he continues to shout at Mahoney.]

GM: Williams wants some more of Mahoney and you better believe he's gonna get it at some point in the not-so-distance future, fans!

[The youngster begins pacing the ring, staring a hole through the shocked and retreating Mahoney.]

GM: Callum Mahoney had no idea! He had no idea that Derrick Williams was here tonight - you can see that all over his face, Bucky.

BW: It wasn't fair, Gordo. He wasn't ready. He wasn't fresh. That punk kid just attacked a tired man after a grueling match!

GM: Fair or not, Williams makes an impact and gets a measure of revenge, but will Williams get the match he feels he should have?

BW: Not if Callum Mahoney has anything to say about it! Williams didn't break the Armbar so there ain't gonna be no match, Gordo!

GM: We'll see about that and as the fans go wild here in Oklahoma City, we're going to take a quick break. When we come back... well, I've got something to say.

BW: You?

GM: You got it, Bucky. Don't go away, fans.

[Fade to black.]

We cut from black on the opening note of Thin Lizzy's "The Boys Are Back In Town" on a shot of Travis, Jack, and James Lynch backstage at an AWA event, cowboy boots up on a table as they play cards and laugh.

On the next power chord, we cut to a shot of Juan Vasquez pointing towards the ring next to Eric Preston, miming throwing a right hand. They appear to be in the old WKIK Studios.

The next one brings a cut to Supreme Wright inside a rundown industrial warehouse. He's running in place before dropping down flat on his stomach on the mat, pushing up to his feet and doing it all over again. Nearby is Todd Michaelson, whistle dangling from his mouth.

The third one in the set cuts to Air Strike at a fan event, signing autographs and posing for pictures with the assembled masses. Cody Mertz grins as two girls sandwich him with kisses on the cheeks.

A fourth power chord and cut reveals Brian James, drenched in sweat and shadowboxing against a wall of an empty Crockett Coliseum.

The next goes to Dave Cooper standing in a corner with Eric Matthew Somers, obviously some older footage as Calisto Dufresne stands nearby, a smile on his face as Cooper is regaling them with some story.

Another cut - this one to Hannibal Carver popping the top on a beer and handing it over to Derrick Williams who clinks beer cans with the veteran before they throw them back in tandem.

The next cut shows Supernova in front of a mirror, applying his own facepaint as Jason Dane stands nearby, talking to the young lion.

Back to the next series of chords and another cut, this time to Skywalker Jones, Hercules Hammonds, and Buford P. Higgins arriving at a venue. Jones is wearing dark sunglasses and waves a dismissive hand at the camera as Hammonds proceeds to rip off his t-shirt and strike a double bicep pose while Higgins mugs for the camera in the background.

Then to Bobby O'Connor standing with his grandpa Karl while Karl has some poor backstage worker by the upper body, grabbing an arm as Bobby nods in understanding.

The next one goes to Doctor Harrison Fawcett and Brian Lau peeking through the curtain at a live event, watching the action inside the ring from the backstage area.

And one final power chord in the intro takes us to Ryan Martinez, sitting in a pair of folding chairs with his legendary father. The two men are deep in conversation as workers walk around them.

The lyrics kick in with a shot of AWA original Sweet Daddy Williams laying in right hand after right hand on the skull of Vladimir Velikov before whipping him HARD into the opposite buckles!]

#Guess who just got back today?#

[From the DeSoto Civic Center, Anton Layton smashes a metal trash can down over the skull of Eric Preston.]

#Those wild-eyed boys that had been away#

[With Rex Summers reeling in the corner, Travis Lynch mounts the midbuckle and opens fire, raining down fists to the skull!]

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

[Stevie Chiles comes sailing off the top rope, pumping his arms and legs to deliver a devastating frog splash on a downed Robert Baldwin of the original Blonde Bombers.]

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

[Melissa Cannon leaps onto the shoulders of Holly Hotbody who is seated on the top turnbuckle, flipping her off the top with a rana.]

#They were asking if you were around#

[Robert Donovan whips MAMMOTH Mizusawa into the steel barricade, breaking the fastenings and sending Mizusawa spilling into the front row of seats.]

#How you was, where you could be found#

[Sultan Azam Sharif locks in the Camel Clutch en route to winning the Steal The Spotlight match by submission over Marcus Broussard.]

#I told them you were living downtown#

[The revelation of William Craven as The Dragon that has been haunting Alex Martinez for so long.]

#Driving all the old men crazy#

[Jackson Haynes from Violence Unlimited counters a James Lynch top rope leaping rana into a thunderous sit-out superbomb.]

#The boys are back in town#

[It's Main Event time as Supernova stands in the aisle, soaking up the cheers of the AWA fans...

...when Calisto Dufresne comes tearing through the entrance curtain, actually ripping part of it down before driving his shoulder into the back of the challenger's knee!]

#The boys are back in tooooooooooown#

[Supernova counters the Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am into a backdrop, falling to his injured knees in the aftermath.]

#The boys are back in town#

[The final shot is of a returning Juan Vasquez standing in the ring with Supernova, raising the young lion's arm into the air as he gestures to him and the crowd goes wild.]

#The boys are back in town#

[As the lyric changes to a raucous guitar solo, a graphic comes up that reads - "SUPERCLASH VII - HOUSTON, TEXAS - 68 days"... and we fade to black.

As we come back up from black, we are down at ringside with Gordon Myers staring right into the camera.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling. Fans, I have asked for this time to address what happened to me last month in Las Vegas when Hannibal Carver struck me with the Blackout, putting me in the hospital, and resulting in me wearing this...

[He gestures angrily at the neckbrace.]

GM: ...ridiculous looking thing. Since that moment, I have been repeatedly asked to comment on the situation and the suspension that resulted from it. I've been called, e-mailed... the Internet wants me to say something... the fans here in Oklahoma City want me to say something... and yes, even AWA management wants me to say something.

I will address this situation one time and one time only because as a broadcast journalist, I am here to report the news... not be a part of it.

[Gordon pauses a moment.]

GM: It is my belief that the situation in Las Vegas was a heated one and was - quite frankly - completely out of control. Johnny Detson deliberately provoked a reaction out of Hannibal Carver and he certainly got one with many innocent people paying the price for it.

Did Hannibal Carver go too far? Absolutely.

Was it justified? Absolutely not.

But was he provoked into it by Johnny Detson? You better believe it.

[Myers nods.]

GM: I do not believe that Hannibal Carver had any intention to harm me that night. His actions in the heat of the moment were ill-advised but I do not believe he targeted me personally. I was simply in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Hannibal Carver DOES deserve some sort of punishment because actions like he made that night in Las Vegas cannot go without it.

But does Hannibal Carver deserve to miss SuperClash because of what he did? And more importantly, do the fans of the AWA deserve to see him miss SuperClash because of it?

Absolutely not.

[Myers pauses a moment before sighing.]

GM: Over the years, we have seen many people in this industry put into positions of power only to see that power go to their heads. I have known Landon O'Neill for many years and Mr. O'Neill, I stand here today and ask you to consider that relationship and the respect I know we have for one another...

[Myers sets the mic down, unbuttoning his dress shirt...

...to reveal his own "FREE CARVER" t-shirt underneath. Big cheer from the OKC fans! Gordon smiles as he picks up the mic.]

GM: Mr. O'Neill, your power was given to you by AWA ownership... however your duty is to the fans of the AWA! And those fans have made it abundantly clear that they have one message for you...

[Myers holds up the mic as the chant starts up once more.]

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

"FREE CAR-VER!"

[Gordon brings the mic back down with a nod.]

GM: Thank you for your time.

[Gordon Myers starts to retake his seat at ringside as we cut to backstage, where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands, microphone in hand.]

SLB: The two gentlemen about to join me surely have a lot to say after tonight's provocative piece from the Dogs of War. Mr. Lau, Mr. James, if you would.

[As Lou beckons, Brian Lau and Brian James step into frame. Wrestling's most decorated manager is dressed, as usual, in a fine suit and designer sunglasses, but though his eyes are obscured from view, he's adopted a much different posture. Stiffer, more businesslike, less animated. Behind him looms the hulking form of Brian James, his head covered by a white towel. The Son of the Blackheart, who is not known for cheeriness, radiates intensity. These two men are clearly set for battle.]

SLB: Earlier tonight, the...

[But before Lou can continue, Brian James' hand comes out, with surprising speed, and clamps over Blackwell's mouth. Blackwell tries to squirm away, right up until James grabs Blackwell's hand with his free hand. James lifts the hand, and the microphone it's holding, up to Lau, and then shakes his head at Lou, before releasing his grip.]

BL: In case that wasn't clear, Mister Blackwell...

[Lau's voice drips with disdain.]

BL: Brian James is telling you to shut up and hold the microphone.

There will be no questions tonight. There will be no back and forth. There will be you, holding the microphone, and the pair of us talking.

Now, nod your head so that Brian here knows you understand.

[As James cracks his knuckles intimidatingly, Blackwell is quick to nod his head.]

BL: Tonight, three men hit the jackpot.

Shadoc Rage, Travis Lynch, and Ryan Martinez.

You three men have struck gold. You three men have, through no action of your own, won the wrestling lottery.

Because, for the time being, the eyes of Brian James has passed over you.

I wanted gold for Brian James. Brian James wanted gold for himself. For nine months, Brian James has been on a steady path of mayhem and destruction, taking down one man after another, all to build to challenging for, and then winning, an AWA title. The Sword of Damocles has hung over your heads for these nine months.

But now, you three men have earned a reprieve.

Now, our eyes turn to the Dogs of War.

[Every part of Lau's body is tensed. He's like a coiled spring, ready to pop.]

BL: Pedro Perez, Isiah Carpenter, Wade Walker. Three men who think they are invincible. Three men who had been fooled and seduced by their own self-created hype. Three men who've convinced themselves they are an unbeatable, unstoppable, insurmountable unit.

Well boys, welcome to the end of your delusions. Because I'm here to tell you that there is no such thing as an invincible man.

Before Brian James ever sets foot in the ring, do you know what he and I do? We study. I have, in my library, every second of every match that every man who has ever worked for the AWA. I know every man's entire history.

I know every man's weakness. I know how to defeat every wrestler in the AWA. And Brian James knows how to execute my game plans to perfection.

That includes you three men.

I've seen those geek show bloodbaths from Puerto Rico that you made your name in, Perez. Carpenter, I've seen what you've done in every low rent, flea market, fly by night indie promotion that was willing to pay you in corn chips and Shasta. And Walker? I know where you've been, and I know the things you've done.

And I already know how the Dogs of War get put down.

[Lau draws in a deep breath, exhaling slowly.]

BL: And if I know, then rest assured, that the so-called James Gang knows.

Tony Donovan, a man with an endless reservoir of meanness and nastiness knows.

Wes Taylor, the Son of, and now, the only true, Outlaw in professional wrestling, knows.

And Brian James? He knows.

Listen closely to the last name I spoke. And then remember what I said. No – man- is invincible. But Brian James isn't a man. He's an engine.

An engine of destruction.

A ruthless, remorseless, relentless engine that moves in only one direction – forward. Brian James is the pinnacle, the perfection of the art of combat. Brian James will show you no mercy, and now that you three men are squarely in his sights, this will only end with the three of you passing from this business into a world of hospital beds and agonizing obscurity.

The time has come, and a reckoning awaits you three men. If I didn't hate you the way I do, I would pity you.

[James steps forward, pulling the towel off his head.]

BJ: Dogs of War, there's nothing you can do that I won't see coming. I've fought this fight a thousand times in my head already. I know what you can do, individually and as a unit. I know where you'll be before you do. I know you inside and out. I can hit you without you even seeing me.

It's your move.

And I already know what it is.

[With that, the two Brians step away, leaving a shell-shocked Lou Blackwell in their wake...

...and we slowly fade out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following match is set for one fall, with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, weighing in tonight at two hundred and thirty pounds, from Belmar, New Jersey...

PAULIE ITALIANO!

[The camera cuts to Italiano, a well put together young man in his late 20s. Italiano, is well-tanned, and flashes a broad smile to show his perfect teeth, before running fingers up and down the front of his spiky hair. Italiano wears multi colored trunks and knee pads, with black boots. On his T-Shirt are the words, "WATCH THE HAIR", while under his proud pompadour, he has a headband that says "PAULIE". The overhead lights glint off his sunglasses, as Italiano pumps his fist in the air, beating up the imaginary beat.]

PW: And his opponent...

From Portland, Oregon, and weighing in tonight at two hundred and ninety five pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by Brian Lau

BRIIIIIIAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNNN JAAAAAAAMMMMMESSSSSS!!!!

[Boos greet the opening guitar riff of Bruce Dickinson's "The Zoo." Coming out first is the manager of champions, Brian Lau. Lau's head is held high and his hands grip his lapels, his mouth going a mile a minute as he taunts the jeering fans.]

GM: After what we heard earlier, you know that the two Brians – Lau and James, are out here tonight to prove a point.

BW: And the spray tan industry is about to take a hit, as Paulie Italiano has six months of traction in future.

[Behind him, moving at a deliberate pace, is the hulking form of Brian James. The son of the Blackheart cuts an imposing figure. Six foot six, and nearly three hundred pounds of muscle, this is a man made for destruction. 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 ascending the stairs first and entering the ring, before James pushes down the top rope and steps over it. With Lau in front, both men move to the center of the ring.]

GM: And there's something else too. I know Brian Lau didn't address it directly, but you have to think that the elimination of Brian James in the battle royal two weeks ago by Willie Hammer is weighing on his mind.

BW: If you're Brian Lau, you don't admit to anything getting to you. You especially don't call attention to someone getting one over on your client. But you know something Gordo? Brian Lau has a long, long memory, and you can bet that someday, when the time is right, Brian James will make Willie Hammer pay.

GM: Words that I hope Mr. Hammer heard.

[The camera cuts to Lau and James. Reaching up, James 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. Lau opens the box and places the mouthguard over his charge's teeth as the referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go!

[Both men come together in the center of the ring, with Italiano yelling insults, before once more fist pumping, while the Son of the Blackheart looks on stoically. Finally, Italiano and James lock up, collar and elbow.]

GM: Both men jockeying for a bit of leverage here. You would think that the bigger Brian James would have the immediate advantage, but sometimes, these tie ups are less about power and more about position and technique.

[James steps forward, and places his leg against Italiano's, between his knee and shin. Then, with a display of both power and technique, James rotates his arm and body to hurl Italiano to the mat in a single, fluid, swinging motion.]

BW: You were saying, Gordo?

GM: Brian James showing us what separates him from other big men in the AWA, his command of various martial arts techniques.

[As Italiano more or less reflexively sits up, James responds by delivering a sharp snap kick to the center of Italiano's back, the air exploding out of Italiano's lungs under the force of that.]

GM: That sharp kick shows us the power of Brian James' strikes, but that earlier throw shows us that Brian James is well versed in grappling as well. No doubt both a result of his tutelage under the hands and feet of Tiger Claw, a man whose name still strikes fear into the heart of every wrestler.

BW: And this is something that the Dogs of War should be paying attention to.

GM: I have no doubt they are, Bucky. Reckless as they might be, the Dogs of War did not get to where they are by being underprepared.

[Italiano rolls to his belly, and then begins to push himself up to his hands and knees, only to be gripped by James, who holds him by the trunks with one hand and the hair by the other. With Italiano trapped, James begins delivering hard knees to Italiano's side.]

BW: You can see Italiano just crumpling under those knees.

GM: The referee stepping in to break this up. You can't hold a man by his trunks and hair, Bucky!

[James releases Italiano, taking a step back, but then, surges forward, stomping Italiano down into the mat by planting his foot between the shoulders of Jersey's favorite son.]

BW: Once again, Brian James is just imposing his will between these ropes.

GM: I would suggest that won't be the case when Brian James finds himself staring at Wade Walker.

BW: Don't be so sure, Gordo. Sure, Walker is a big, strong man. Being strong is one thing, but being strong, agile and having perfect technique makes that an imbalanced ledger in favor of Brian James.

GM: You're forgetting an important intangible – the Dogs of War are stronger as a unit than they are as individuals. The so-called James Gang are nothing to sneeze at, but, when you talk about cohesive units, the Dogs of War are undefeated, and might be undefeatable.

BW: No one is unbeatable, Gordo.

GM: Just ask Willie Hammer!

BW: You better not let Lau hear you saying that.

[During the time they've been talking, James has dominated and disoriented Italiano, displaying a mastery of judo techniques, bringing Italiano up, only to throw him to the mat with a series of impactful tosses. First, throwing Italiano over his shoulder, which is followed by a knee dropped into Italiano's chest, and then with a scoop throw. This time, with Italiano down, James mounts him, raining elbows down into Italiano's face, until Italiano goes limp and flat on the mat.]

GM: Referee going for a count!

BW: And James gets up immediately. He ain't finished yet, Gordo!

[Italiano slowly makes his way to his feet, and James goes in for a clinch. At the last moment, Italiano grabs James by the waist, hurling his own weight backwards, which pulls James forward, headfirst into the corner turnbuckle. As James reels backwards, obviously dazed, a groundswell of support raising from the crowd.]

BW: Wow! Brian James got caught! That don't happen often, Gordo!

GM: Perhaps James is distracted by the Dogs of War. Maybe being eliminated by Willie Hammer has gotten to him more than he or Brian Lau want to admit.

[Capitalizing on the momentum, Paulie Italiano bounces off the ropes, hitting James with a clothesline that, while it doesn't knock James down, keeps him off balance and staggering. This is followed by Italiano rebounding off the ropes once more, jumping into the air and driving his knee into the face of James, who staggers back into the corner, only staying on his feet by virtue of hitting the corner.]

GM: Paulie Italiano taking the fight right to Brian James!

[And indeed he is, as Italiano gets James in the corner, and begins teeing off, throwing right and left hands, both high and low, pumping his fists in a different way than we usually see.]

BW: And Lau is in the corner, yelling at Brian James, telling him to recover. I tell ya Gordo, I don't think Lau saw this coming!

[Italiano pauses a moment, playing to the crowd, pumping his fist in the air.]

GM: This might be a mistake!

[Italiano winds up, readying for the kill shot...]

BW: JAMES BLOCKS!

[The Engine of Destruction gets his arm up, needing only the split second that Italiano spent showboating to recover, as he uses his free arm to grab Italiano by the back of his head. And then James drives his own head forward, cracking his skull against Italiano's with a vicious headbutt that fills the arena with the wet sound of crunching cartilage.]

GM: Italiano staggers back.

[James immediately captures Italiano, cradling his head between his arms and pulling Italiano forward, where vicious knee strikes are waiting.]

BW: Knee fury! If you've got a guy like Brian James reeling, you don't let up Gordo!

GM: I have to agree, Bucky.

[Italiano crumples under the assault of knees to his chest and face, as he drops to a knee, James hauls him up, deadlifting him and hurling him backfirst into the corner. James charges in with a jumping knee that catches Italiano under the chin.]

BW: Whatever distraction the big man was feeling, I think it's gone away, Gordo!

GM: I agree with you, and so does Lau, who is applauding and cheering on his charge.

[The camera cuts to Lau, who is yelling "Four Corners!" James. The Son of the Blackheart obliges by sending Italiano into the opposite corner. This time, James takes a step back, gets up on the balls of his feet, and unleashes a vicious series of kicks, finishing with a leaping spin kick that once more drops Italiano.]

GM: Shades of TORA!

BW: I don't think I'd say that name around Brian James.

[Italiano is sent into a third corner, where James comes charging forward, spinning his body around at the last minute, driving the point of his elbow into Italiano's already broken nose. Sensing blood, both literally and figuratively, James sends Italiano into the fourth corner, and then comes charging forward.]

GM: James with a head of steam! He leaps up to the middle rope! What balance!

BW: Shin kick to the side of the face! That never fails to impress!

[James jumps back, waiting for Italiano to stagger forward, which he does. James takes Italiano by the arm, bending his arm behind his head. James pivots his body to the side, curls his fingers into a fist, and then drives his fist into Italiano's heart.]

BW: BLACKHEART PUNCH! THIS IS OVER GORDO!

GM: Indeed it is. As Brian Lau likes to remind us, no one gets up from that!

[Italiano falls into a boneless heap on the mat, as James stands over him, planting a foot in the center of his chest.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE!

BW: Hope the Dogs were watching that, because it don't matter who you are, "B-H-P" is how Brian James spells "the end"!

PW: Your winner of the match...

BRIIIIIIAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNNN JAAAAAAAAMMMMMESSSSSS!!!!

BW: Like I said Gordo, I hope the Dogs of War saw that.

GM: No doubt they did, and no doubt, the two Brians, Lau and James, gave those three men something to think about. And now, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet with a very special guest! Mark?

[We cut to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside one of the owners of the American Wrestling Alliance, Bobby Taylor.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Mr. Taylor, it's been one heck of a night here on Saturday Night Wrestling as we're officially on the road to SuperClash in Houston!

BT: A great show as always. You've gotta love SuperClash season. Everyone just brings their A game each and every time they're out there in the ring.

MS: Ever get the urge to climb in that ring and join them?

[Taylor chuckles, reaching up to tug at his black Stetson.]

BT: Oh, I think those days are over, Mark. I've seen what some of these guys can do and I've got no desire to get my butt handed to me by any of them.

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: You were with us earlier tonight to mark a somber note but on a brighter side of things, the AWA's recent successes everywhere we go has to fill with you with confidence heading into SuperClash.

BT: You know, it does, Mark. We've been having capacity crowds in every arena we visit - including right here tonight in Oklahoma City. There are still tickets available for SuperClash but they're starting to run low in supply so we're expecting a sold out crowd that night too and... man, that's just going to be an electric night for us. I can remember how it felt to walk out in front of 50,000+ fans back in my heyday... and for some of these guys, they're never going to forget it.

MS: Mr. Taylor, I've gotta ask the question. For three weeks now, we've all heard the groundswell of support for Hannibal Carver. The "Free Carver" movement if you will. Where do you stand on this matter?

[Taylor grimaces.]

BT: Mark, I've always been a fan of letting the boys be boys and settling things inside the ring. So, if I was the only vote you needed to hear, I'd probably be putting Carver and Martinez in that ring tonight...

[Big cheer back inside the building! Taylor raises his hand.]

BT: ...but I'm not. And when we hired Landon O'Neill to run this place, we pledged to put our support behind him and let him make the decisions on this kind of issue. It's the only way it works. So, if Landon O'Neill decides at 12:01 AM tomorrow to rescind Juan Vasquez' lifting of the suspension...

[Taylor spreads his arms.]

BT: ...my hands are tied and I have to support that call.

[The cheers inside the arena turn to boos. Taylor shrugs.]

MS: One more question, Mr. Tayl-

[Stegglet is interrupted by a frantic-looking AWA official, gripping a cell phone in his right hand.]

Official: Mr. Taylor! I've got an urgent phone call for you!

[Taylor looks up at the camera.]

BT: Can't it wait? We're-

MS: We're on live television, for crying out loud! Can you give us-

[The official interrupts again.]

Official: There's been an accident with one of the Combat Corner students!

[Taylor's expression changes.]

BT: What kind of accident?

Official: I've got the police on the phone now.

[Taylor throws a glance at the camera and then to Stegglet.]

BT: Looks like this interview's over, Mark.

[Stegglet nods in understanding as Taylor grabs the cell phone from the official, walking out of view as we fade to black.]

The words "December 1994" appears in white scrawly text. The black screen fades to reveal the founder of the EMWC, Adam Thompson. Thompson's years are showing at this point. He leans towards the camera.]

"In the mid-90s, getting anyone to bankroll pro wrestling was a hard sell. The whole business was in the toilet so if you wanted to stand a chance, you started small and put in the work."

[A black and white still photo of a bloodied Colt Patterson - then known as Narcissus - battling Lorenzo Vasquez appears. The word "Extreme" etched in a deep crimson is "written" across them as the voice of Patterson is heard.]

"Extreme was the thing. Hell, my dad had been doing extreme down in the South for years - cages, bullropes, Texas Death, whatever. He just didn't know it had a name. Did I like the idea of going through tables almost every night? Not really. But I was the champ. I was the guy. It was either do it or they'd find someone else who would. Ultimately, my career paid the price but it was a good run while it lasted."

[The shot of Patterson fades to a still photo of Chris Blue standing in a ring with Adam Thompson. Blue looks much younger than his modern counterpart who we see a moment later.]

"I bought out Adam Thompson as soon as I put the money together. I had a vision, he had a vision... too many cooks in the kitchen. I'll always be grateful to him but I think history has shown that he made the right call to take the money and let me run the place."

[A series of stills flash by - Casey James, Tiger Claw, Steve Kowalski, Creed, Brody Thunder, Serge Annis, and JW Hardin. Blue appears again.]

"It was a war. It was a total war between us and Portland. Talent, territory, ratings, buyrates... you name it, we fought over it. I fought a lot of those kinds of wars over the years but none of them were as fun as the fight that Spreadbury put up."

[More stills. This time with some of the most famous names in EMWC - men like Mark Langseth, Alex Martinez, Kevin Slater, Jeff Matthews, "Dreamlover" Trey Porter, Curtis Hansen, Eddie Van Gibson, Simon Ezra, Luke Kinsey, Chris Courtade, and others flash by in rapid-fire before fading back to Blue.]

"You know what they don't tell you? It's a hard fight to get to the top... but when you get there, sometimes it gets a little boring. I was constantly fighting with myself to stay motivated. I'd pick fights with promotions just to try and get my competitive fires burning. It was just never the same though."

[And then another series of shots - this time with some of the names synonymous with the end of the EMWC - names we'll choose not to name to protect the innocent... and the guilty. Back to Blue.]

"The writing was on the wall long before I shut the doors, I think. It was... I don't know. Bad timing? We were fighting to stay afloat for a while. We were having financial troubles, creative difficulties, you name it. Then out of nowhere, one of my best friends got leukemia and died. That was..."

[Blue pauses, turning his head to the side as we fade to black as a title comes up - "The Rise And Fall Of The Empire - available on DVD and Digital Download now. The shot of a smiling Blue comes back up.]

"Damn. It was a good run though, wasn't it? A hell of a run. Maybe the best ever. But even the best things have to end."

[Blue smiles, staring off-camera, daydreaming of days gone by...

...as we fade through black to the backstage area, where we see the universally recognized "best tag team in the world", Violence Unlimited, standing by. The current AWA World Tag Team Champions are dressed in street clothes: Jackson Haynes in a Japanese t-shirt with an anime-style caricature of himself on the front giving Godzilla a lariat and Morton in a red t-shirt with a huge image of his own snarling face on the front and the words "PROFESSOR PAIN" on the bottom. The duo both wear the title belts over their shoulders, smiling confidently at the camera.]

DM: We're baaaaaaaaaacccccccccckkkkkkkk!!!

[Morton rubs his hands together and throws his head back, cackling.]

JH: The team too big for Japan and quite frankly, too damn big for the whole friggin' world is back in the States full time! And as far as Tiger Paw Pro is concerned, they can kiss me where the Sun don't shine, 'cause we're through dealin' with those jackasses!

DM: That's right, Jack! Me and you? We're fighters! Inside and outside of the ring! And when The War Pigs wanted to throw down with us, it didn't matter if it was inside Sumo Hall or inside a sushi bar! We're always ready for a fight!

JH: But the friggin' suits had a problem with us kickin' ass and takin' names here, there and everywhere! They had a problem with us being bigger, tougher, stronger and better than their whole damn operation! And after the treatment we got in the land of the risin' Sun...after they threw us in jail and took away our belts without even lettin' us defend them inside a wrestling ring, we ain't goin' back to Japan for a long, long time! That's why when Demetrius Lake bailed us out, we took the first flight back to the good ol' US of A and proceeded to kick the tar outta' that whitebread pantywaist Bobby O' Connor and old man Dave Bryant...

[Haynes takes off his cowboy hat and places it over his heart.]

JH: ...God rest his soul.

[A disturbing grin forms on that ugly mug.]

DM: But we're not complaining! Not us! 'Cause there's plenty of competition to run right over here in the AWA!

[Morton nods in excitement.]

DM: There's plenty of teams ready to give us a battle! There's plenty of teams hungry for the gold! There's plenty of teams here to give us an honest to goodness...FIGHT!

[He puts his dukes up.]

DM: And we're calling out every single last one of you! Strictly Business! Walking Dead! Rotgut Rustlers! TexMo Connection! Dogs of War! And hell, even our good old buddies...

...Air Strike.

[Morton tries to hold in his laughter.]

DM: Hell, give us the Stampede Cup winners! And I use that term loosely! Because this disgrace they're callin' the Stampede Cup is no Stampede Cup!

JH: We've fought and we've won more Stampede Cups than anyone else! And whoever wins this farce this year ain't fit to have their names sharin' the same page as Violence Unlimited's in the history books!

DM: You wanna' get a real good look at what a real Stampede Cup champion is supposed to look like? Then take a picture! Because you're looking right at'em!

[Morton turns his head to the side and smiles big for the imaginary cameras.]

DM: But the bottom line is this! Every single last one of you! You want these titles? Then come and get'em! Just try to take them away from us!

JH: And that's all they CAN do, Danny.

"Try"

'Cause as far as I'm concerned...as far as the whole world is concerned, there ain't a single team that can stand toe-to-toe with us, much less be in same ring as us.

We're the greatest tag team in the world. And it ain't even close.

Know the name.

Remember the name.

[Haynes walks right up to the camera, bug eyed and in your face.]

JH: VIOLENCE UNLIMITED!!!

[He places a hand over the lens and shoves it away as we fade out and back up to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following tag team contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time, from Anderson, South Carolina, at a combined weight of 367 pounds, here are Andy and Will, THE BLUE BROTHERS!

[The blonde-haired, pasty-skinned brothers raise their arms and acknowledge the crowd.]

[The driving guitar beat of Joe Satriani's "Ride" plays over the PA, and immediately two men stride from the back. Clad in white dusters (over black Harley Davidson T-Shirts), blue jeans, brown leather cowboy boots, brown leather cutoff gloves, and black motorcycle helmets with a red "Longhorn Riders" logo airbrushed on each side, this is "Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt... the brothers known as the Longhorn Riders. They are side-by-side and almost in step as they power-walk straight to the ring.]

PW: And their opponents, hailing from Gun Barrel, Texas, at a combined weight of 542 pounds..."Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt...

...THE LONGHORN RIDERS!

[The cowboy bikers reach the ring at the same time and go straight in to the boos of the crowd. Though the Colts have different builds, they do have similar facial features and the same reddish-brown haircolor. Pete is the bulkier of the two; he's barrel-chested, with thick muscles up top and a bit of a beer gut down below. His hair is shorter, but is wavy in style; he sports a thick horseshoe mustache. Jim is taller, and is quite lanky. His hair is a straight mullet; he sports a thin horseshoe mustache. Both men go to center ring and lift their arms to the fans, as if declaring that this is their turf.]

GM: The Longhorn Riders set for action. It's been a while since we saw them in tag team action, when they lost to Next Gen in the first round of the Stampede Cup.

BW: Bah, that's beginner's luck, Gordo, and that luck ran out when Strictly Business took them out.

GM: Your opinion, Bucky, but tonight, it's the Riders looking for a win to climb back up the tag team ranks.

[The bell rings and Pete Colt starts off against Andy Blue. Blue moves forward for a lockup, but is immediately pushed back into the corner, where Pete starts hammering away.]

GM: Give Andy Blue credit for guts, but he's not going to match power with Pete Colt.

BW: Guts is just another way of saying he's not smart, Gordo, and I never give credit to dumb people.

[Pete takes Andy out of the corner with a biel throw, then starts stomping away.]

GM: We saw the Riders at Homecoming in that Battle Royal, one they weren't scheduled to enter until "The Professional" Dave Cooper pulled out and both the Riders were allowed to take his place.

BW: Funny you bring up Cooper, Gordo... look who's coming!

GM: What?

[Dave Cooper has strolled down to ringside. He takes a position at the ringside table and puts on a headset. Meanwhile, in the ring, Pete has bodyslammed Andy, delivers a hard kick to the stomach, then tags in Jim.]

GM: Dave Cooper, what in the world are you doing out here?

DC: I told everyone, Myers, that I'm on a scouting mission, finding the right men to help me form the Lion's Den. I'm looking at guys like these two gentlemen in the ring... look at that suplex by Jim Colt.

BW: Yeah, what a great move! Not as great as The Professional does it, but it got the job done!

DC: Bucky, the thing is somebody like Jim Colt can do it as great as I can with the proper guidance. That's what I'm considering.

[Jim comes off the ropes and leaps, dropping a leg across the sternum of Andy. He goes for a cover, but Will Blue runs in to break it up at two.]

GM: Will Blue trying to help his brother... and here comes Jim Colt! What a clothesline!

BW: So, Dave, are you thinking the Riders might be the two men you want in the Den?

DC: I'm still weighing all the evidence, Bucky. But look at that right now... nice snapmare by Jim Colt. And look at how he follows up... kick to the back of the head. Good combo by Jim Colt.

[Jim glances over at the broadcast position and sees Cooper, but just nods. He drags Andy off the canvas and clamps on a headlock.]

GM: Jim dragging Andy across the ring... and a bulldog! Andy Blue may be out of it!

DC: Not exactly, Myers... you can see Andy tagging in Will. But look at how Jim Colt is ready for him.

[Will enters the ring and tries to swing a forearm, but Jim blocks it and fires one back. He sends Will into the corner and measures him.]

GM: Jim charging at Will... and look at that running kneelift in the corner!

BW: Nowhere for Will to go but down to the canvas! What do you think about that, Dave Cooper?

DC: It's an impressive move, Bucky. I approve.

BW: Enough to bring the Riders into the Lion's Den?

DC: Patience, Bucky. A good scout doesn't tip his hand when looking for talent. Not until he's ready.

[Jim tags in his brother, who immediately stomps on the downed Will Blue. He roughly drags him up from the canvas.]

GM: Pete has Will at his mercy... he presses him overhead! Look at that display of power!

DC: It is impressive. And hard to the canvas he goes. Great display of strength.

[Pete bellows to the crowd, drawing boos.]

GM: Pete not finished with him, though... he brings him up off the mat and sends him into the ropes.

[Pete grabs Will on the rebound, launching him straight up into the air and letting Will fall straight to the canvas, face first.]

DC: And that's a good flapjack, Myers. I like what I see.

BW: I like it too, Dave!

GM: Are you done sucking up to him?

BW: It's called respecting what a former World Tag Team Champion has to say, Gordo! When you become a champion, you know exactly what it takes to be one!

[Pete reaches over to tag in Jim, then hoists Will up onto his shoulders.]

GM: Uh oh, here it comes. It's their patented finisher, The Colt Revolver!

[Jim goes to the top rope and Pete turns to face him. Jim leaps off the top rope, hitting Will with a flying clothesline.]

BW: Look at that! He nearly took Will Blue's head off!

GM: Andy Blue trying to get in there... but he's no match for Pete Colt, who just knocks him down!

[Meanwhile, Jim covers Will as the referee delivers the three count.]

GM: And there's the pin! The Longhorn Riders with another victory!

[The bell rings and Pete raises his arm, laughing, as Jim rises to his feet, a menacing look on his face.]

PW: Here are your winners, THE LONGHORN RIDERS!

[The referee tries to raise the Riders' arms, but they each pull away. They turn to face opposite sides of the ring, gloating at the booing crowd.]

DC: I've got what I needed... another look at these two in a tag team match. I'll be keeping an eye on them,

BW: [extending his hand] Dave, it's been a pleasure!

[Dave takes Bucky's hand and shakes it.]

DC: Always good to visit with you, Bucky.

[Dave casts a glance at Gordon, who extends his hand. Dave, though, just removes the headset and leaves the broadcast position.]

GM: I guess I should know better than to be polite with that man.

BW: Nah, you just need to wash your hands after using the restroom, Gordo.

GM: [shaking his head] Let's go up to Mark Stegglet, fans.

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

MS: All right, fans, we have just witnessed The Longhorn Riders rack up another win. The tag team scene appears to be heating up, but more interesting is what Dave Cooper has been doing. This is the second time he's been seen around the Riders.

[He notices Dave coming up the aisle and motions to him.]

MS: Excuse me, Dave, could I get a word with you?

[Dave glances at him but waves a dismissive hand and disappears through the entryway.]

MS: Well, I guess not. All right, fans, we've got a lot more...

[That's when Pete Colt comes up onto the podium and takes the mic from Mark Stegglet. Jim Colt is right behind Pete.]

PC: Not so fast, little man! This is our time to talk, so you better do your job right now!

[He shoves the mic back to Mark, who shakes his head.]

MS: All right, fair enough, what can you tell me about what is going on between the two of you and Dave Cooper.

PC: You think I know anything, little man? All I know is that Cooper asked us if we wanted to have a chance at a title shot, and who are we to turn that down! Now he comes out here and shows up at ringside, watching our match, and seeing how good we are about kicking tail and taking names! If he wants us in the Lion's Den, my brother and I would be the perfect fits! Hey, he might actually find out for us why every tag team is too yellow to face us!

[Jim steps in front of his brother.]

JC: Stegglet, what my brother is trying to say is that The Longhorn Riders got unfairly eliminated from the Stampede Cup and we would have been in the finals if not for those punks who call themselves Next Gen. So if somebody like Dave Cooper can help us get to the top of the tag team ranks, we aren't about to turn down that offer, and you can bet we'd do our part to put the Lion's Den on the map. He hasn't told us anything yet, but if he wants us to prove ourselves to him, we can do that. Tonight was one example, and if any tag team has the backbone to face us, we'll give Cooper yet another example, I promise you that.

PC: HA! I doubt there is a tag team out there who wants a piece of us! The whole lot of them are nothing but cowards! So if Cooper can help us get matches signed and get us our rightful title shots, we won't say no! Because all we care about is beating people up, just like we did to those Blue boys earlier!

JC: You heard the man, Stegglet. Now if you'll excuse us, there some cold beer calling us backstage.

[The Riders leave the podium and head through the entryway...

...when suddenly "Hard Row" by the Black Keys blares over the loudspeakers, and no more than a few notes have played before the State Fair Arena has come unglued.]

GM: Call him the Iron Cowboy, call him the King of Cowboys...

BW: He's still a low down, dirty, rotten to the core Stench!

GM: Don't listen to Bucky, fans. Because coming to the ring is Jack Lynch, and there's no one else like him.

BW: And thank God for that!

[The eldest of the Lynch boys is, as he always is, dressed all in black, and as the long legged, lanky Lynch makes his way to ringside, the black he's in tonight is his ring attire – black cowboy hat atop his head, long black duster. The duster is open, and beneath it, we can see black wrestling trunks, and a black pad on his right knee. The only color is the silver trim on the toes of his black cowboy boots. Both of his fists are taped with black tape that extends from the middle of his fingers to the middle of his forearms. Whatever regional disputes that exist between Texas and Oklahoma are not present tonight, as no one here is anything but thrilled to see Jack Lynch. Sauntering to ringside, Lynch makes his way up the ring steps, and into the middle of the ring.]

JL: Supreme Wright said if I wanted a match, then he was gonna let me have it.

Well, Wright, I want it.

So let's have it!

[Anticipation from the fans leads to a rising tide of cheers, which quickly turns into a chorus of boos, as the second most stylishly dressed man in the AWA, after Supreme Wright himself, steps onto the entrance ramp.]

GM: What the...? Why is he here?

BW: When you're the only manager in the Hall of Fame, you go wherever you want, and do whatever you want!

[And that, seemingly, is why Brian Lau is out, accompanied by nothing more than the boos of the fans. The middle aged Lau is fit and trim, and dressed in a fine black suit, with a white shirt and a red tie. He's decked out from head to toe, as Italian leather shoes, polished to a fine gleam, cover his feet, while a pair of designer sunglasses cover his eyes. Oblivious to the boos of the fans, Lau enters the ring, and finds himself face to face with a none too pleased Iron Cowboy.]

BL: Jack Lynch...

Now, I am sure you know who I am. But just in case you didn't, let me introduce myself to you. My name is...

JL: I know damn well who ya are, Lau. And I also know that you're gonna be nothin' more than a stain in the middle of this ring if you're here to do somethin' other than bring out Supreme Wright.

[Lau smirks, though he does take two steps backwards.]

BL: Sadly, Mr. Lynch, I am here to inform you that the match that you want, will not be happening tonight.

And you have no one to blame for that but yourself.

You see, what you did in Dallas, in front of the slobbering, drooling, koolaid drinking, mayonnaise sandwich eating yee-hawing idiots that comprise your fellow Texans? Well, that only served to keep you from what you want tonight.

I have, right here in my pocket...

[Lau pats to his pocket.]

BL: A doctor's note.

Now, it is not from my close friend and personal physician, "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett, but it does come from a very reputable source. And it states, quite clearly, that Supreme Wright has been reinjured by your reckless and riotous actions in Dallas.

And thus, there will be no Supreme Wright for you tonight, Mr. Lynch.

[Lynch gestures for the note, which Lau hands over.]

BL: But, do not despair, Mr. Lynch. Because tonight, I'm going give you something. Tonight? I am going to give you...

[Lau pauses foreffect.]

BL: The opportunity of a lifetime!

[And angry Lynch lunges forward, but Lau sidesteps him, and amazingly, keeps talking.]

BL: You will not be wrestling Supreme Wright tonight, Mr. Lynch, but let me give you a chance to prove something. Let me give you the chance to do something you've never been able to do before.

Tonight, Mr. Lynch, you can step out from under the shadow cast over you by all of the people in your life who've surpassed you. Out of the shadow of Bobby O'Connor, who actually managed to win the Rumble, a feat you've failed to accomplish two years in a row. Tonight, you can step out of the shadow of Blackjack Lynch, your father, and a man whose always had to give everything to you, up to and including his old handmedown hat, which is no doubt soaked in the accumulated sweat that comes from cheating on your taxes, cheating your talent out of paydays, and cheating on your wife. Though the latter is at least understandable. Who wouldn't seek out the comfort of someone else, when faced with the prospect of spending your entire life hitched to someone like Henrietta Lynch?

You can also finally overcome the long shadow cast over you by your two brothers. First, by your brother James, who had the grace to get crippled and vanish into obscurity before the world could see his repeated failures and basic ineptitude. And finally, tonight you'll have a chance to escape the shadow cast by young Travis Lynch. A man who, despite being younger, dumber, uglier, and shockingly, more of a scumbag than you, managed to win singles' gold here in the AWA, something that, I should point out, you never have.

So, what do you say, Mr. Lynch, are you up for my proposal?

[The camera cuts to Jack Lynch, whose face is red and whose fists are clenched.]

JL: Lau, you're about one inch away from me givin' ya somethin' of my own. Unlike you, I ain't gonna you no opportunity.

The only thing I'm fixin' to give you is the beating of a lifetime!

[Lau has backed up all the way into the corner by now.]

BL: Now listen, Mr. Lynch....

JL: Get to it, Lau. Or else that big gorilla with the towel over his head ain't gonna be able to get out here fast enough to save your sorry ass!

BL: Fine, fine, fine.

Here it is, Mr. Lynch. Tonight, you will have the chance to actually make something of yourself. Tonight, you will have the chance to face your better. And if you defeat him, you won't of course, but if you did? Well then, for once in your life, you could actually say you managed to accomplish something.

But it won't be easy!

Tonight, in fact, right now, you will be facing the son of a legend. The last scion of a legendary wrestling family. One known for its brutality and penchant for violence. You will be facing the son of a man who struck fear into the hearts of all of his opponents. A man who ran roughshod over the wrestling world for years.

A man with a truly terrifying legacy, but a man who has proven more than capable of living up to, and surpassing his father.

[The crowd is buzzing now, as they follow along with Lau, anticipation building.]

BL: Can you do it, Mr. Lynch? Can you stop an unstoppable force? Can you, not only survive, but defeat the destruction that awaits you?

[Lynch nods and curls his hand into a fist, eager to trade punches with the man Lau is about to introduce.]

BL: Well then I give you, the one, the only, the incomparable, the unconquerable....

TONY DONOVAN!!

[The crowd jeers as the sounds of ZZ Top's "Beer Drinkers And Hell Raisers" kicks in over the PA system to a big negative reaction from the Oklahoma City crowd.]

GM: Oh, give me a break.

BW: What?! Lynch vs Donovan! This is great! It's a Main Event anywhere in the world, Gordo!

GM: It's a fine matchup but Jack Lynch came out here tonight to get his hands on Supreme Wright once and for all and everyone knows it. That was the match he wanted.

BW: Sure but if he's the Boy Scout he claims to be, he wouldn't want a match with an injured competitor.

GM: Oh, come off it, Bucky. Do you really think Supreme Wright is still injured?!

BW: If he and Brian Lau say it's the case, you're darn right I believe it.

[The curtain parts as Tony Donovan, flanked by Wes Taylor, emerges into view. Taylor is wearing the street clothes he had on during their interview earlier in the show. Donovan is wearing the same sweatshirt over a black double strapped singlet that extends to mid-thigh. Taylor walks behind him, patting him on the back, running his mouth in the direction of a fuming Jack Lynch the entire time they walk down the aisle.]

GM: Judging by the look on Jack Lynch's face, I'm not sure I'd want to be Tony Donovan right now.

BW: Hey, there's a history between the Lynch family and the Donovan family too... a long history. Tony Donovan hasn't been involved with that though...

GM: Until now.

BW: Until now. You got that right.

[Taylor and Donovan have one last verbal exchange before they trade a double high five, Donovan pulling himself up on the apron. He grabs the top rope with one hand, pointing at Lynch with the other...

...and the Iron Cowboy has heard and seen enough, marching across the ring, flipping Donovan up and over the ropes with a hiptoss!]

GM: Oh my!

[Lynch drops to his knees, grabbing a struggling Donovan by the short blond hair, battering him with short right hands to the head...]

GM: Lynch is all over Donovan... and the bell hasn't even rang yet!

[Donovan pulls his arms over his head as Taylor and Lau complain loudly from their spot on the floor. The Texan tries to punch through the arms, desperately trying to put his fist on the head.]

GM: Donovan's trying to get out from under him and-

[Having seen enough, the "injured" Wes Taylor grabs Donovan by the ankle, dragging him under the ropes and out to the floor. The crowd jeers as Taylor pulls Donovan to his feet, checking his partner's condition as the referee steps in, backing Lynch off. The angry Texan shouts at Donovan to get back into the ring as the official signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[At the sound of the bell, Lynch bails from the ring, stalking around the ringpost, moving past a scurrying Brian Lau...

...and throwing himself at Donovan, toppling him with a Fierro Press on the floor where he starts pounding his skull again!]

GM: LYNCH ATTACKS AGAIN!

[Wes Taylor backs off, shouting at Lynch as his partner takes a pounding - a legal one this time.]

GM: Jack Lynch is beating Tony Donovan into the floor here in Oklahoma City!

[The Texan rises to his feet, pulling Donovan up by the singlet...

...and BOUNCES his head off the ring apron, sending Donovan staggering away.]

GM: The Iron Cowboy has got Donovan wobbling like a bowling pin out here as he pursues him around the ring.

[Lynch pauses to threaten Wes Taylor as he walks past him, grabbing Donovan by the hair again...

...and SMASHES his head into the ring apron a second time before shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Lynch puts him back in, climbing up on the ring apron now...

[Which is Brian Lau's cue to jump up on the ring apron on the other side of the ring, drawing the referee's attention...

...while Wes Taylor grabs the leg of Lynch, preventing him from getting through the ropes, sticking him halfway in and halfway out as the crowd jeers wildly!]

GM: Look at Taylor! Look at Taylor!

BW: Looks like Lynch's boot was coming off and Wes is trying to help him out. What a good kid.

GM: Give me a break, Bucky!

[With his partner restraining Jack Lynch, Donovan swoops in, delivering a running kneelift to the chest of the Texan!]

GM: Ahhh! Right into the chest!

[Donovan pulls Lynch through the ropes, laying in a heavy forearm to the chest... and a second... and a third before he grabs him by the arm.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[As Donovan rebounds back, Lynch lifts him into the air, slamming him down hard to the canvas.]

GM: Big slam!

[The third-generation grappler scrambles to his feet, rushing back in, and getting scooped up and slammed down a second time.]

GM: Another slam!

[Donovan scrambles up again, rushing forward...

...and finds Lynch ready with the Iron Claw, prepared to lock it on the skull of Donovan!]

GM: Whoa!

[Donovan slams on the brakes, staggering back and dropping down to a seated position against the ropes. The referee steps in Lynch's path, waving him back as Taylor leans through the ropes, advising his partner-in-crime.]

GM: Tony Donovan was a heartbeat away from finding himself locked in the not-so-friendly confines of the Lynch family legacy - the Iron Claw.

[With the referee keeping the Texan back, Donovan slowly gets to his feet with the aid of the ropes, eyeing Lynch warily.]

GM: Both men on their feet... and Lynch rushes past the referee, big right hand! Another right finds the mark!

[Donovan is getting clubbed with looping right hands by the King of the Cowboys who grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip...

[Donovan ducks a clothesline attempt, bouncing off the far side where Lynch throws himself at his feet, causing Donovan to hurdle over him and keep on running, bouncing off the far side...]

GM: Donovan coming in hot...

[A back elbow up under the chin sends Donovan crashing down to the canvas to cheers. Lynch stays on him, pulling him up to his feet...

...where Donovan sticks a desperate thumb into the eye!]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot!

[Donovan leans down, lifting Lynch around the torso...

...and FALLS BACK, dropping Lynch's throat across the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Donovan flips Lynch to his back, going for a cover as Lynch grabs at his throat, kicking his feet.]

GM: Donovan covers! ONE!! TWO!!

[Lynch's shoulder slips off the mat, breaking the pin attempt...

...and allowing Donovan to wrap his hands around the throat, throttling the Texan with a two-handed choke!]

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

[The official is able to get Donovan to break his choke at four as Brian Lau looks on approvingly while Wes Taylor shouts, "That's the way we do it! Get him, Tony!"]

GM: Donovan on his feet.. big kick... and a stomp to the sternum!

[Donovan drags Lynch off the mat by the hair, smashing his head into the top turnbuckle before throwing a back elbow to the side of the head... and a second.]

GM: Donovan with a pair of elbows... shoots him across...

[The former Team Supreme member storms across the ring, throwing his 260 pound frame into a running corner splash!]

GM: Big splash in the corner!

[Donovan pivots, hooking a side headlock as he charges out of the corner, leaping into the air..

...and DRIVES Lynch facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Bulldog headlock connects!

[He flips Lynch over onto his back, diving across his chest, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But again, the Texan kicks out before the three count can come down.]

GM: No, no! Lynch slips out the back door!

[Donovan gets off the mat, stomping Lynch repeatedly as Taylor again shouts to "finish him off!"]

GM: Wes Taylor encouraging his partner from out on the floor as Tony Donovan drags Jack Lynch back to his feet.

[Donovan shoots him in again and as Lynch rebounds, he scoops him up, twisting around, and DRIVES him down with a powerslam! He stays atop Lynch, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: Powerslam! Is it enough?!

[Another two count follows before Lynch fires the shoulder up. A frustrated Tony Donovan turns to the official, slapping his hands together three times but not bothering to wait for a response as he climbs back to his feet...]

GM: Donovan dragging the Texan up again, right into a waistlock...

[Donovan sets his feet, looking for a German Suplex...

...but Lynch slips his leg around Donovan's ankle to block it.]

GM: Nice block by the Iron Cowboy... oh! Hard back elbow! And a second one gets him loose!

[Free from the waistlock, Lynch dashes to the far ropes, rebounding back towards Donovan who goes into a full spin...

...and CREAMS Lynch with a discus lariat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A SHOT!

BW: He took a page out of his old ally, Cain Jackson's, playbook there!

[Donovan dives on top of Lynch, hooking both legs this time!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Lynch got the shoulder up! The discus lariat wasn't enough to get the three count!

BW: That looked like a slow count to me!

GM: That's what Brian Lau is complaining about right now but it looked okay from my vantage point.

[A frustrated Donovan gets to his feet, sticking a finger in the face of the official, backing him across the ring into the corner, shouting at him for the alleged slow count.]

GM: Donovan better be careful, Bucky. That's an AWA official he's bullying in there.

BW: Yeah, I don't think he wants to get fined or suspended for putting a referee in their place.

GM: In their... Bucky!

[Donovan turns back towards Lynch, shaking his head as the Iron Cowboy has managed to get to a knee, moving in on him...

...and getting a right hand to the gut!]

GM: Lynch goes downstairs!

[The crowd is cheering as Lynch lands a second blow to the gut, sending Donovan staggering back as the Texan comes off the mat.]

GM: The King of the Cowboys is fighting back... right hand after right hand to the skull of Tony Donovan!

[Lynch batters Donovan back against the buckles where Donovan attempts to cover up but Lynch keeps throwing, despite the referee begging him not to.]

GM: And now it's Lynch who needs to be careful! He's risking a disqualification ignoring the referee like that!

[A well-placed shot catches Donovan on the bridge of the nose, sending him down to a seated position in the corner!]

GM: OHH! Down goes Donovan...

[The referee gets Lynch to back off but the angry Texan brushes past him, grabbing the top rope with both hands to rain down stomps on the upper body of Tony Donovan.]

GM: Lynch is stomping Donovan into the dust here in Oklahoma City!

[Grabbing Donovan by both singlet straps with his hands, Lynch yanks him off the mat, ripping one of the straps in the process. He angrily BLASTS Donovan with a haymaker on the jaw, sending Donovan falling back into the buckles, his arms looping over the top rope to stay on his feet.]

GM: Good grief! What a right hand!

[Lynch steps up to the second rope, holding his fist up into the air to the cheers of the crowd before he starts to rain down blows as the fans count along...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Lynch hops down, grabbing Donovan by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip... Donovan hits the corner hard!

[The third generation grappler comes staggering out of the corner as Lynch charges out, leaping up and slamming his arm across the collarbone of Donovan!]

GM: LEAPING LARIAT!

[Donovan goes down hard from the blow as Lynch crawls over him, reaching back to hook a leg...]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Oh yeah! Big win for the King of the Cowboys as Jack Lynch uses that devastating lariat to put down Tony Donovan!

[Lynch climbs to his feet, glaring down at Donovan as the referee raises his hand.]

GM: A hard-fought win and-

[As Lynch stands tall, the crowd suddenly erupts in boos as they see Supreme Wright climbing over the guardrail and sliding into the ring with a crutch in hand!]

GM: WAIT A MINUTE! THERE'S SUPREME WRIGHT!

[Lynch spins around, just in time to receive a shot to the gut from Wright's crutch! As he doubles over in pain, Wright raises the crutch high over his head...]

"CRAAAACCCCKKKK!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and breaks it over Lynch's back! Massive boos!]

GM: That liar! That coward! Wright wasn't injured at all! This was just a set-up to attack Jack Lynch!

BW: Who are you call an elite athlete like Supreme Wright a liar, Gordo? He might've made a miraculous recovery during this match!

[Tossing the remnants of the crutch aside, Wright doesn't waste a single moment to grandstand or celebrate, quickly going to work and grabbing Lynch's right arm, applying a shoulder-mounted keylock!]

GM: This is the same move Wright used to injure Jack Lynch so many months ago! His grandfather's old submission hold!

BW: And it looks like he's gonna send Lynch back to intensive care with it!

[Pulling Lynch up onto his knees, Wright laces his feet over those of the "King of Cowboys" and then falls back into a bow-and-arrow version of the hold, bending Lynch back at an ungodly angle!]

GM: DEAR LORD!

BW: He's gonna tear off his arm AND break his back! Bodies ain't meant to bend that way, daddy!

[As Lynch screams out in pain, a group of officials and road agents enter the ring, trying to pry Wright off of Lynch. However, the former two-time World Champion holds on tight, his face an eerie calm in the middle of the storm of bodies frantically clawing and pulling at him.]

GM: Finally, there's help out here, but Wright refuses to let go!

BW: They're trying to make him let go, but Wright's got that hold locked in tighter than a clam with lockjaw!

[Eventually, the group is able to pull Wright and Lynch apart, quickly dragging Lynch out of the ring. As they help Lynch to the back, Wright uncharacteristically rushes up to the ropes, leaning over and shouting...]

"YOU AIN'T NOTHING, LYNCH! YOU AIN'T NOTHING!!!"

[The officials hold him back as Wright regains his calm, holding up his hands as if to say he's no danger to anybody. He drops down and rolls out of the ring. He passing by Brian Lau and his charges. He stops for a moment and smirks at Tony Donovan,

giving his former student a nod of approval, before continuing his way to the back to a massive chorus of boos from the crowd.

Fade to black.

We cut from black on the opening note of Thin Lizzy's "The Boys Are Back In Town" on a shot of Travis, Jack, and James Lynch backstage at an AWA event, cowboy boots up on a table as they play cards and laugh.

On the next power chord, we cut to a shot of Juan Vasquez pointing towards the ring next to Eric Preston, miming throwing a right hand. They appear to be in the old WKIK Studios.

The next one brings a cut to Supreme Wright inside a rundown industrial warehouse. He's running in place before dropping down flat on his stomach on the mat, pushing up to his feet and doing it all over again. Nearby is Todd Michaelson, whistle dangling from his mouth.

The third one in the set cuts to Air Strike at a fan event, signing autographs and posing for pictures with the assembled masses. Cody Mertz grins as two girls sandwich him with kisses on the cheeks.

A fourth power chord and cut reveals Brian James, drenched in sweat and shadowboxing against a wall of an empty Crockett Coliseum.

The next goes to Dave Cooper standing in a corner with Eric Matthew Somers, obviously some older footage as Calisto Dufresne stands nearby, a smile on his face as Cooper is regaling them with some story.

Another cut - this one to Hannibal Carver popping the top on a beer and handing it over to Derrick Williams who clinks beer cans with the veteran before they throw them back in tandem.

The next cut shows Supernova in front of a mirror, applying his own facepaint as Jason Dane stands nearby, talking to the young lion.

Back to the next series of chords and another cut, this time to Skywalker Jones, Hercules Hammonds, and Buford P. Higgins arriving at a venue. Jones is wearing dark sunglasses and waves a dismissive hand at the camera as Hammonds proceeds to rip off his t-shirt and strike a double bicep pose while Higgins mugs for the camera in the background.

Then to Bobby O'Connor standing with his grandpa Karl while Karl has some poor backstage worker by the upper body, grabbing an arm as Bobby nods in understanding.

The next one goes to Doctor Harrison Fawcett and Brian Lau peeking through the curtain at a live event, watching the action inside the ring from the backstage area.

And one final power chord in the intro takes us to Ryan Martinez, sitting in a pair of folding chairs with his legendary father. The two men are deep in conversation as workers walk around them.

The lyrics kick in with a shot of AWA original Sweet Daddy Williams laying in right hand after right hand on the skull of Vladimir Velikov before whipping him HARD into the opposite buckles!]

#Guess who just got back today?#

[From the DeSoto Civic Center, Anton Layton smashes a metal trash can down over the skull of Eric Preston.]

#Those wild-eyed boys that had been away#

[With Rex Summers reeling in the corner, Travis Lynch mounts the midbuckle and opens fire, raining down fists to the skull!]

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

[Stevie Childes comes sailing off the top rope, pumping his arms and legs to deliver a devastating frog splash on a downed Robert Baldwin of the original Blonde Bombers.]

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

[Melissa Cannon leaps onto the shoulders of Holly Hotbody who is seated on the top turnbuckle, flipping her off the top with a rana.]

#They were asking if you were around#

[Robert Donovan whips MAMMOTH Mizusawa into the steel barricade, breaking the fastenings and sending Mizusawa spilling into the front row of seats.]

#How you was, where you could be found#

[Sultan Azam Sharif locks in the Camel Clutch en route to winning the Steal The Spotlight match by submission over Marcus Broussard.]

#I told them you were living downtown#

[The revelation of William Craven as The Dragon that has been haunting Alex Martinez for so long.]

#Driving all the old men crazy#

[Jackson Haynes from Violence Unlimited counters a James Lynch top rope leaping rana into a thunderous sit-out superbomb.]

#The boys are back in town#

[It's Main Event time as Supernova stands in the aisle, soaking up the cheers of the AWA fans...

...when Calisto Dufresne comes tearing through the entrance curtain, actually ripping part of it down before driving his shoulder into the back of the challenger's knee!]

#The boys are back in tooooooooooown#

[Supernova counters the Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am into a backdrop, falling to his injured knees in the aftermath.]

#The boys are back in town#

[The final shot is of a returning Juan Vasquez standing in the ring with Supernova, raising the young lion's arm into the air as he gestures to him and the crowd goes wild.]

#The boys are back in town#

[As the lyric changes to a raucous guitar solo, a graphic comes up that reads - "SUPERCLASH VII - HOUSTON, TEXAS - 68 days"... and we fade to black.]

As we fade back up from black, we find Mark Stegglet standing in the middle of the ring, mic in hand.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time... one of the all-time greats in the world of professional wrestling... a former World Champion in his own right... HAMILTON GRAHAM!

[The boos pour down from the OKC crowd as the surly Graham emerges from the curtain. There's no music because "damn it, there's no place for music in pro wrestling." Graham is dressed in a white polo and black slacks. His afro is beyond description. Glorious. Let's go with glorious. As the semi-retired veteran approaches the ring, he climbs the ring steps, ducking through the ropes into the ring. He approaches Stegglet who offers a handshake to which Graham simply smiles. Stegglet lowers his hand.]

MS: Mr. Graham, thank you for joining me out here tonight. I asked you out here to ask two simple questions. First, I'd like to know the status of Demetrius Lake following his loss in-

[Graham interrupts.]

HG: The King's status is of no concern to commoners like you and all these people out here.

["These people" let him have it with a barrage of boos.]

HG: But I will tell you this, Stegglet. When the King of Professional Wrestling decides to make his return - and that will happen someday, mark my words - it will be a glorious day! The kind of day that the historians will write about! There will be revelry in the streets as his subjects come from all over the world to pay homage to the ONE... TRUE... KING OF THE RING!

[More boos as Graham simply smirks.]

MS: Is it true that he's decided to take time off because of his hair? What kind of ego does it take to-

[Graham interrupts again.]

HG: You said you had two questions and you've already asked me three. I will answer one more. Do you really want it to be about the King's magnificent crown upon his head?

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: No, I think I've got one that's more important. As AWA fans are aware, you and Demetrius Lake assaulted Dave Bryant viciously after Bryant won that match... you brutally attacked a former World Champion, using a spike piledriver to leave him laying. Now, we've been told that Mr. Bryant is in as good of condition as can be expected considering the assault but any possible return for him is... well, it's very far down the road. It is no secret to AWA fans that the last competitor to be hit with a spike piledriver was James Lynch who STILL hasn't recovered from it years later.

[Graham is smiling throughout all of this.]

HG: It's a good story, Stegglet. You could give Blackjack's boy a run for his money. But I didn't hear a question in there.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: My question is this... why? Why on Earth would you do such a thing? What in the world did Dave Bryant ever do to you to make you want him crippled and put out of this sport?

[Graham's smile fades.]

HG: That's your question?! That's your question, you mealy-mouthed piece of trash?!

[Graham leans forward, his face turning red as he shouts at Stegglet.]

HG: Bryant was trash just like his Uncle! And when trash sits in the garage for too long, it starts to stink! Bryant's days on top of this business are over! He had a good run... better than anyone would've thought possible for him... but it's over! His career was over! It was trash! And it was time for someone to take it out!

[Suddenly, a familiar voice is heard over the P.A.]

"Well, if anyone knows about trash, it'd be you!"

[Graham is jarred by the sudden cheers of the crowd. He turns to look down the aisle, and instantly scowls even more intensely than he was already scowling.]

BW: What is that no good punk doing out here?!

[Standing at the tip of the entranceway, microphone in hand, is "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor.]

BOC: I can stand to sit in the back and listen to you spout off a bunch of ridiculous lies about that snake in the grass Demetrius Lake... but when you drag the good name of a man like Mister Bryant through the mud, that's when I've been pushed way past my limit!

[The crowd cheers at that as O'Connor makes his way down towards the ring. He stops right before entering.]

BOC: Now I can't do anything to change what was done to Mister Bryant. You both saw to it that I wasn't able to put a stop to your cowardly plans. But there is one thing I can do.

[O'Connor lifts his arm in the same way he does to signal that he's about to his his crooked arm lariat.]

BOC: I can do what I've done before. I can step through these ring ropes, knock you out cold and shut you up!

[The crowd cheers as O'Connor climbs into the ring...

...and the always-up-for-a-scuffle Hamilton Graham rushes across the ring, burying a boot into the ribs of O'Connor!]

GM: Oh!

[Graham drops to his knees, grabbing O'Connor by the hair, hammering home fist after fist into the eyebrow area!]

GM: Hamilton Graham with the sneak attack and he's taking the fight to Bobby O'Connor!

[After landing several blows, Graham climbs to his feet, shouting at Stegglet for trying to "set him up!" Stegglet begs off, exiting the ring as Graham walks around the ring, taunting the OKC fans.]

GM: Graham's got O'Connor down...

BW: But he doesn't have him THAT down. He needs to-

[As Graham turns back to O'Connor, Bobby rushes forward, throwing himself into the air, tackling Graham down to the mat!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS! FIERRO PRESS!

BW: Talk about insult to injury! Hitting the guy with the move that cost him the World Title so many years ago!

[O'Connor grabs Graham by the permed hairdo, blasting his right hand down between the eyes... and again... and again...]

GM: "Bunkhouse" Bobby is all over him! He's pounding Graham like a nail into the canvas!

[Pulling Graham to his feet, O'Connor DRIVES his head into the top turnbuckle, sending him staggering out of corner.]

BW: It just figures that a thug like O'Connor would come out here and attack a legend like Hamilton Graham!

GM: It's in his DNA, Bucky! How many times did Graham tangle with Bobby's father and grandfather over the years?!

[Grabbing Graham by the arm, O'Connor rockets him into the corner where he bounces off, staggering out...

...and gets LAUNCHED up and overhead with a backdrop!]

GM: OHHH! HIIIIIIIGH BACK BODYDROP BY O'CONNOR!

[He throws an arm up into the air, waving it as the crowd ROARS at the idea of him hitting the crooked arm lariat on Graham. O'Connor leans over, measuring Graham...]

GM: He's looking for the lariat! Graham starting to stir off the mat!

[But as O'Connor's attention is diverted by Hamilton Graham, the crowd starts to boo wildly...]

GM: What the-?!

[O'Connor spins at the sight of movement in his peripheral vision...

...and gets DROPPED with a standing dropkick!]

BW: BEST! DROPKICK! IN THE WORLD!

[“Flawless” Larry Wallace pops up to his feet, throwing his arms apart in a gloating gesture towards the downed O’Connor...]

...and then rushes forward, stomping his former tag team partner viciously in the corner!]

GM: “Flawless” Larry Wallace out of nowhere... and he’s all over his former friend!

BW: I don’t know if these two were EVER really friends, Gordo!

GM: Wallace is stomping the hell out of him!

[The vicious boots to the head and neck have O’Connor trying to cover up, the fans jeering loudly as Hamilton Graham regain his feet.]

GM: Graham’s up and...

[Wallace turns towards Hamilton Graham, eyeing the approaching veteran...]

...and they fall into an embrace!]

GM: What the HELL?!

BW: Oh yeah! Larry Wallace and Hamilton Graham are on the same page!

[Breaking up their hug, Wallace pulls O’Connor up onto his knees, holding him there as Graham drives one of the hardest right hands in the sport into the eyebrow!]

GM: This was... was this a setup, Bucky?!

BW: I don’t know. It could’ve been! The only two people who have the answer to that are beating the heck out of Bobby O’Connor!

GM: And they’re doing it on a night where Jack Lynch can’t do a thing to help his friend!

BW: That’s right! Lynch got taken down by Supreme Wright! Bryant’s gone! O’Connor’s on his own!

GM: We need some help out here! We need to get some help out here for Bobby O’Connor!

[And a big cheer goes up as the locker room empties.]

GM: Here comes the cavalry!

[The usual gang of Sweet Daddy Williams, Cesar Hernandez, and a handful of other fan favorites hit the ring, sending Wallace and Graham scurrying out to the floor.]

GM: And there goes Wallace and Graham, running out like the rats that they are!

[Backing down the aisle, Wallace and Graham are gloating over what they did, taunting the downed O’Connor as the Oklahoma City fans let them have it.]

GM: The boos are pouring down on those two. Thankfully, I think the cavalry hit the ring before too much damage could be done to Bobby O’Connor but... brother, I don’t like the idea of Wallace and Graham being on the same page.

BW: Hah! I love it!

GM: You would. Fans, while we get some help for Bobby O'Connor, let's go backstage to a special interview with one-half of tonight's Main Event!

[We cut to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing between Calisto Dufresne and Johnny Detson. Calisto is clad in pre-match attire; a black three-piece suit with his blond hair hanging down past his shoulders. Detson is dressed to compete wearing his long gold tights with black boots. He also sports a black hooded sweat jacket with the Fox logo over the left breast.]

SLB: I'm here with two of the competitors in tonight's Main Event! And gentlemen it's certainly been a strange night. I'm sure, Johnny Detson, when you got here tonight you didn't think you'd be facing Hannibal Carver.

[Detson gets a rather sour look on his face at the mention of that name.]

JD: No I'm sure I didn't. But Lou when you put a fool in charge... you get foolish decisions. The only person not acting like a fool in this entire place is Ryan Martinez... because he knows he didn't beat me... and he knows he can't.

SLB: He said no such thing!

[Detson arches an eyebrow.]

JD: Didn't he Lou? I told him that if we faced off again, I would beat him. We...

[Detson points back and forth between himself and Dufresne.]

JD: ...had a solid game plan. I pinned the World Champion in five minutes! He knew, so he tried to blow smoke to keep his "honorable" image intact but he quickly hid behind this tag match after it was made.

SLB: That is not how it happened at all!

JD: Then we agree to disagree. But the facts remain, that I was robbed of the Heavyweight Title and I would be Heavyweight Champion were it not for one man!

SLB: You're referring to Hannibal Carver.

[Detson now scoffs.]

JD: Hannibal Carver. Hannibal Carver. When will he learn? When will any of you learn? Hannibal Carver shouldn't be a blip on my radar, I've beaten him already... TWICE! He should not be demanding matches with me or the World Champion for that matter... but everyone just seems to bows to his will.

[Detson rolls his eyes.]

JD: Everywhere I go I see these dumb tee shirts, FREE CARVER. Juan Vasquez, Ryan Martinez and now even Gordon Myers. We shouldn't free Carver we should fire him. Myers tonight says I provoked Carver, with what THE TRUTH? The truth that he doesn't belong in the AWA, that he doesn't belong in the ring with me? HE DOESN'T. But my big bad words hurt the big bad man so bad that he had no choice but to attack me, referees, security personnel and of course Gordon Myers. Hannibal Carver lives by two words and two words only... DOUBLE STANDARD. And the only fair thing to do is fire him, and I can't think of a better way to send him out to the pasture then by beating him... AGAIN!

SLB: Calisto your thoughts?

CD: Lou, none of this is coming as a surprise to me. Juan Vasquez has had a hard o- excuse me, an unhealthy interest, in Calisto Dufresne that goes back a \_long\_ way. With his career reaching its twilight stages and nothing left to fight for having been beaten from pillar to post by a 180 pound primadonna for the National Title, it does not shock anyone that he would want to be in the ring with two bright, shining stars like Calisto Dufresne and Johnny Detson.

[A snort of derision from Dufresne.]

CD: He used his nepotism with the front office to get himself a National Title shot, so it's not the least bit unexpected that he'd do the same thing in reinstating that psychopath Hannibal Carver and giving Ryan Martinez yet \_another\_ chance at getting beaten by my good friend Johnny Detson here.

He'll be the special guest referee tonight – if he's able to walk after that beatdown Travis Lynch just put on him – and there's no doubt that he'll skew the odds in their favor. That's fine, Lou. Calisto Dufresne and Johnny Detson have made careers out of throwing the odds out the window.

SLB: Yes, but usually by bending them in your favor...

CD: And I'm not going to apologize for it either, Lou. There's no dumb kids on this side of the marquee tonight. Just connivers. Scrappers. Cheaters.

\_Winners.\_

SLB: But Calisto what would you say to those people that say you had a part, deliberately or not, in costing Johnny Detson the title last show?

[Dufresne goes to answer but is cut off by Detson.]

JD: That's a stupid question Lou! I see what you're trying to do. You're trying to drive a wedge in between us right before this tag match! Well there's no wedge to be driven! There's only one person who cost me my title and he's going be out there in that ring tonight and he will get what's coming to him. INTERVIEW OVER!

[And with that Detson angrily storms off as we fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening! First, he is the Special Guest Referee for this contest... your AWA President for the evening...

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAN VAAAAAASQUEZ!

[Once again, the sounds of "They Reminisce About You" kicks in over the PA system to cheers from the OKC crowd. Juan Vasquez comes trotting through the curtain in a pair of black pants and a striped referee's shirt with the sleeves cut off. He waves to the fans as he starts to jog down the aisle, reaching out to slap the offered hands of the AWA faithful.]

GM: Juan Vasquez has had quite the busy night as AWA President but it's almost over now as he serves his final duty of the night - Special Guest Referee for this tag team battle that he - himself - put on the card.

BW: And you gotta love how Juan Vasquez somehow found a way to fight for a title AND be in the Main Event in two separate matches in the same night.

GM: Well, he IS the People's Hero and he IS one of the pillars that this company is built on, Bucky. These fans certainly are happy to see him but you have to wonder if he knows what he got himself into trying to keep the peace in this one tonight.

[Vasquez reaches the ring, climbing up on the apron before ducking through the ropes into the ring.]

PW: And now, introducing first...

[The sounds of Led Zeppelin's "Kashmir" fill the air as do the overwhelming boos of the fans.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 493 pounds... they are the team of CALISTO DUFRESNE AND JOHNNNNNNYYYYY DEEEETSONNNNN!

[The curtain parts as the rulebreaking duo comes through the curtain, smiles all around.]

GM: Well, these two certainly look confident.

BW: How could they not be? In what universe does ANYONE think that Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver can work together? This is going to be a rout for what just might be the best tag team ever put together! They could be given the World Tag Team Titles on potential alone!

GM: Detson take you out to dinner before the show again?

BW: Well, yes... but in all fairness, I let him pay.

GM: I'm sure.

[Johnny Detson takes the lead down the aisle, dressed in the same attire we saw him in moments ago. He's berating a fan on the aisle holding up a large "FREE CARVER!" sign. Detson gets closer and closer, finally snatching the sign away, ripping it in half, and throwing it down to the floor in a huff to even more boos.]

GM: That guy's a real piece of work, Bucky... and that's who you want to see representing this company as the World Champion?

BW: Oh, who do you want, Gordo? That lunatic Carver? Can you even imagine that? What an embarrassment it would be to send that psychopath on the Tonight Show! He'd probably attack Jimmy Fallon! I can't even believe you jumped on board this Free Carver garbage and tried to excuse what he did to you.

GM: It was a personal choice and I believe that Ryan Martinez is an excellent World Champion. He defends the title with honor. He carries himself with pride and dignity. He's done work with charities... he's made public appearances... he is all you could ask for as the World Champion.

BW: So, he's a Boy Scout?

GM: You say that like it's a bad thing.

[Calisto Dufresne stomps the halves of the sign on the ground, trailing behind Johnny Detson as he walks down the aisle.]

GM: The Ladykiller walking in the shadow of Johnny Detson...

BW: Don't do it, Gordo. Don't be tryin' to stir things up between these two.

GM: Well, I just have to wonder, Bucky... Dufresne joined up with Detson to help him become the champion - some would say at the detriment to his own career as he has failed to capture the National Title so far. Now that this union has failed on two occasions to win the World Title as well... you have to wonder if these two egos can co-exist much longer.

BW: I don't wonder that at all. These two are as thick as thieves.

GM: A fitting description considering how they tried to steal the title.

[Detson climbs the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes. He has some words from afar for Juan Vasquez who doesn't react. Dufresne climbs up on the apron, also shouting across at Vasquez.]

GM: Both of these men have a history with Juan Vasquez.

BW: Which hardly makes him an impartial official.

GM: I'm sure he'll do his best to call it down the middle unless provoked.

BW: Is that a threat?

GM: Not from me... but Mr. Vasquez may feel otherwise.

[Dufresne climbs into the ring, shedding his entrance attire as he huddles up with Johnny Detson, keeping his eyes on Juan Vasquez who stays in the neutral corner, watching the duo.]

PW: And their opponents...

[A mid-tempo bassline is heard over the PA, signaling the beginning of "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by Dropkick Murphys. A siren is heard as the fans get to their feet in anticipation of the South Boston Brawler.]

#GONNA BE A BLACKOUT#

[Just as the vocal hits, the curtains at the top of the entranceway fly open as Hannibal Carver makes his presence known. He pulls the hood of his black hooded sweatshirt off his head, raising his arms out wide and letting out a primal scream to a huge ovation.]

#CUZ MY TOWN IS BIG AND MY TOWN IS BRIGHT#  
#MY TOWN CAN WORK AND MY TOWN CAN FIGHT#

PW: First, from South Boston, Mass... weighing in at 260 pounds... the Boston Brawler...

HANNIBAAAAAAL CAAAAARRRRRVERRRRRRR!

[Carver tears the sweatshirt off, flinging it to the ground as he charges the ring. He circles the ring once, nodding his head and scowling before climbing up onto the ring apron. He climbs to the second rope, pumping his fists and shouting along with the next lyric.]

#GONNA BE A BLACKOUT - BLACKOUT TONIGHT#

[He hops over the ropes into the ring...

...and gets swarmed by Detson and Dufresne!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Hah! You choose to come separate to the ring from your tag team partner and this is what you deserve!

[Referee Juan Vasquez takes one look... and then signals for the bell!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Well, the bell has sounded but I don’t know if I agree with that decision!

BW: Like our ol’ pal “Big” Jim would say, it’s time to hook ‘em up!

[Vasquez stays back, watching as Dufresne and Detson hammer away at a surprised Carver in the corner. They switch from fists to kicks, landing blow after blow into the midsection of the Boston Brawler.]

GM: Dufresne and Detson are all over him in the corner!

[A double whip sends Carver across the ring, crashing into the turnbuckles. He stumbles out, getting dropped with a joined-hands double clothesline from the rulebreakers!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Carver!

BW: And where’s the Boy Scout now, Gordo?! You know Martinez is sitting back there enjoying this at least a little bit!

GM: I doubt that. If I know Ryan Martinez, he wants to win this match and seeing his partner being assaulted by these two is NOT what he wants at all!

[The crowd is jeering wildly as Detson and Dufresne put the boots to Carver down on the mat.]

GM: Hannibal Carver didn’t see them coming... he wasn’t ready for this!

[Detson shouts instructions to Dufresne who nods, pulling Carver up and slamming him facefirst into the buckles before spinning the Boston Brawler around, throwing him towards Detson who buries a boot into the gut...]

GM: Wait a second! Detson’s going for the Wilde Driver!

BW: You got ‘im, Johnny! Finish it!

[With Detson leaning down to hook an arm...

...the crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: THE CHAMP...IS...HERE!

[Sans music, Ryan Martinez comes tearing down the aisle towards the ring!]

GM: RYAN MARTINEZ IS HEADING FOR THE RING!!

[He dives under the bottom rope, moving so fast that he slides halfway across the ring before he stops. Martinez climbs off the mat, coming to his feet as Detson flings Carver aside...

...and gets dropped with a clothesline from the World Champion!]

GM: Big clothesline by the champ!

[He wheels around, rushing at Dufresne who bails out through the ropes, shaking his head at Martinez who glares at him. The champion turns around, stomping back across the ring towards Detson who climbs up off the mat...

...and buries a boot into the gut, pulling the Number One Contender into a front facelock!]

GM: Uh oh!

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez goes to sling the arm over his neck...

...and gets grabbed by the arm, yanked out of the effort by Hannibal Carver.]

GM: Oh... oh no...

[Carver jabs a finger into the chest of Martinez, shouting at the World Champion.]

BW: I told you, Gordo! I told you these two couldn't be on the same page!

[Martinez slaps the hand away, returning the shout at his rival.]

GM: The fans here in Oklahoma City might be about to get more than they bargained for! They might be about to see this thing spill over into that Carver/Martinez match we've all been waiting for!

BW: Enjoy it while it lasts, morons, because when the clock strikes 12, Carver's going back to Suspension City - Population Him.

GM: That remains to be seen, Bucky.

[Carver's fists are balled up and at the ready as he continues to shout at Martinez...

...who he suddenly flings to the side, greeting an attacking Johnny Detson with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Whoa! Did Carver just SAVE Martinez?!

BW: I think so... but I think he just wanted a shot at Detson!

[Carver tees off, landing punch after punch, backing Detson into the corner as Juan Vasquez half-heartedly tells Carver to open up his fist.]

BW: Come on, Vasquez... those are clenched fists!

GM: He knows. He warned Carver against them.

BW: Lot of good that does.

[Carver grabs Detson by the arm, whipping him from corner-to-corner across the ring...

...and LAUNCHING him over the top rope, sending Detson crashing down in a heap on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Quite the fall to the floor by Johnny Detson courtesy of the Boston Brawler himself!

[Carver stomps across the ring, ready to pursue Detson...

...but Martinez grabs him by the shoulder, swinging him around and sticking a finger into his chest!]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! Guys, there will be a time and a place for this-

BW: Not if Landon O'Neill gets his way.

GM: -but this is neither the right time nor the right place!

[The two fan favorite are angrily arguing in the middle of the ring as Calisto Dufresne pulls Johnny Detson off the floor, pointing at the verbal sparring inside the ring.]

BW: And look at Dufresne. Ever the master strategist, he's pointing out this bickering to Detson so they can try to use it to their advantage.

[Carver and Martinez are still arguing when referee Juan Vasquez decides he's heard and seen enough, stepping up to the two men, putting an arm on each, and shoving them apart. Both men glare at Vasquez who points to Martinez...]

"YOU! OUT THERE!"

[...and points to the ring apron. The World Champion reluctantly obliges, stepping through the ropes to the apron as Carver turns back towards the plotting Dufresne and Detson. He stomps across the ring, stepping out on the apron...

...and leaps off, crashing down on the back of Calisto Dufresne with a double axehandle to the back of the head!]

GM: Carver off the apron to the floor!

[Carver puts a couple of boots between the shoulderblades of the former World Champion before slowly turning his focus to Johnny Detson who raises his hands up, backing away with a shake of the head as the crowd ROARS in anticipation.]

GM: Hannibal Carver is coming for Johnny Detson and the Number One Contender wants no part of him!

[Detson is backpedaling as Carver approaches, wiggling his fingers and repeatedly clenching his fists.]

GM: If Carver's only back for one night, he wants to take advantage of it and get his hands on Johnny Detson!

[Detson goes around the ringpost, scrambling around the steel ringsteps as Carver closes the distance...

...and Detson kicks the steps, sending them into Carver's upper thighs!]

GM: Oh!

[Detson leaps up on the steps, grabbing Carver by the back of the head, hammering him with short right hands to the skull...

...and then leaps off, SMASHING Carver's face into the metal staircase!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Carver stumbling backwards, Detson steps back up on the stairs again...

...and leaps off, throwing himself into a clothesline that topples Carver down to the floor!]

GM: DETSON TAKES HIM DOWN!!

[Detson scrambles to his feet, moving quickly as he pulls Carver up, grabbing a handful of tights, swinging him around...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE BARRICADE! HEADFIRST TO THE STEEL!

[Carver collapses in a heap, grabbing at his head and neck as he lies on the floor near the railing. The ringside fans are shouting at Detson who completely ignores them as he grabs hold of the barricade, stomping Carver's head and neck repeatedly.]

GM: Johnny Detson is all over Hannibal Carver out on the floor and I don't hear Juan Vasquez counting. I think Vasquez is going to let 'em fight, Bucky.

BW: I like that in a referee. There's too many rules these days.

GM: I don't know that the pro wrestling rulebook has changed since 1908 when Sanders grappled with Washington, Bucky.

[Detson pulls Carver off the floor, rolling him under the ropes inside the ring before he rolls himself back in as well, crawling into a cover.]

GM: Detson covers for one! He's got two!

[But Carver's shoulder pops off the mat, breaking the pin. Detson climbs to his feet, stomping the raised shoulder a few times. He looks to the corner, giving a shout as Dufresne nods, raising his leg through the ropes as Detson pulls Carver up...]

GM: Detson looking for the assist from his partner here... and DRIVES Carver's head into Dufresne's knee!

[Detson slaps the hand of Dufresne who comes through the ropes, backing Carver up against the ropes with the aid of his partner.]

GM: Double whip on the way... and a double back elbow takes Carver off his feet!

[Dufresne stands over Carver, stomping him a few times as Juan Vasquez steps in, telling the Ladykiller to let him up.]

GM: Vasquez warning Dufresne and-

[Dufresne turns his focus on Vasquez, sticking a finger in his face as Vasquez steps back, pointing to the striped shirt with a shake of the head.]

GM: Watch yourself, Mr. Dufresne. That's no ordinary official you're picking on in there.

BW: He is tonight, Gordo! He can't lay a finger on Dufresne tonight!

[Dufresne seems to believe that's true as well, stepping forward to stick his finger in Vasquez' face again.]

GM: Dufresne continues to get up in the face of the referee, Juan Vasquez, and...

[The crowd ROARS as Vasquez steps forward, right hand clenched!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: He can't do that!

GM: You want to tell him that?!

[Dufresne suddenly backs off, shaking his head, pointing to Vasquez' referee shirt as the crowd deflates at the defused conflict... for the moment.]

GM: Dufresne backing off... and going back to Carver who has gotten back to a knee...

[Carver unloads a right hand into the gut of Dufresne!]

GM: Big shot downstairs!

[Carver grabs Dufresne by his long blond hair, blasting a forearm into the jaw... and another... and another...]

GM: He's got the Ladykiller reeling!

[Carver breaks away, hitting the ropes...

...where Detson slides down the apron, burying a knee into the kidneys!]

GM: Ohh! Detson caught him!

[And as Carver staggers back to the center of the ring, Dufresne hooks him by the upper thigh, lifting him skyward...

...and DROPS him facefirst down on the canvas!]

GM: OHH! FLAPJACK BY DUFRESNE!

[Hanging onto the leg, Dufresne rolls into a seated pin, folding the leg back for a cover.]

GM: Dufresne covers for one! Two!

[But again, Carver kicks out at two.]

GM: Two count only... and Dufresne BLASTS Carver with a right hand between the eyes! And another! And another!

[Vasquez steps in, warning Dufresne to open up his hand. The Ladykiller glares at Vasquez as he climbs off the mat, walking across the ring to slap his partner's hand.]

GM: Another tag brings Johnny Detson back inside the ring...

[Dufresne pulls Carver up off the mat, pulling the arms back and holding them as Detson steps in, unloading with a right hand to the gut... and a second... and a third... and a fourth before Dufresne lets go, exiting the ring as Carver slumps

down to his knees. Detson pauses, pointing a finger at Ryan Martinez who stands in the corner, gripping the tag rope with a white-knuckled hand.]

GM: Detson taunting the World Champion... I'm not sure what he's got to taunt him about considering Martinez retained the title two weeks ago in that classic Iron Man match against Johnny Detson.

BW: Wait til Detson gets another shot at that title. It'll be an entirely different story.

GM: You said that before the Iron Man match!

BW: And I meant it. Gordo, we both know - the WORLD knows - that Johnny Detson would be the World Heavyweight Champion right here tonight if it wasn't for Hannibal Carver saving the title for Ryan Martinez.

GM: I don't know that.

BW: That's because you don't want to face reality.

[Detson kicks the kneeling Carver in the sternum a couple of times before grabbing him by the head, smashing an elbow down into the back of the neck.]

GM: Johnny Detson perhaps drawing a new target on the body of Hannibal Carver as he goes after the neck...

[Detson hauls Carver off the mat to his feet, slipping in alongside him, lifting the Boston Brawler into the air and dropping him tailbone-first on a bent knee in an atomic drop!]

GM: Atomic drop by Detson...

[The Number One Contender ties up Carver, snapping him back down to the canvas with a Russian leg sweep...]

GM: Ohh! Nice execution by Detson!

[Detson climbs up to his feet, again pointing angrily at Martinez, doing the belt gesture a few times. The World Champion starts to step through the ropes but Vasquez intervenes, getting in his path.]

GM: Juan Vasquez isn't about to let the champion get in there illegally and tangle with Detson.

BW: I gotta admit, Gordo. Vasquez has done a decent job in this one so far.

GM: You sound surprised.

BW: Hey, like we said... he's got issues with Detson AND Dufresne. He teamed with Carver and Martinez' old man at SuperClash last year. He certainly looks like he'd have an unfair bias in this one.

[Detson pulls Carver off the mat again, throwing him into the neutral corner where he starts kicking the midsection over and over and over...]

GM: Detson trying to chop down the mighty oak there in the corner, landing those kicks to the body designed to take the air out of Carver.

[Grabbing an arm, Detson fires Carver across the ring where he crashes into the buckles hard, sending a jolt down his spine.]

GM: Big whip into the neutral corner has Carver in some trouble, fans, as Detson continues to attack...

[The Number One Contender arrogantly saunters across the ring, pausing to taunt a few ringside fans as he approaches the corner, grabbing Carver by the arm again...]

GM: Another whi- reversed!

[The reversal sends Detson SMASHING into the far corner, stumbling back out towards Carver who lifts him by the upper thighs, pivoting...

...and DRIVING Detson into the canvas with a spinning spinebuster! Carver collapses to the side on impact, leaving both competitors laying on their backs, staring up at the lights as the crowd ROARS its approval!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER!

BW: Carver had more left in him than Detson thought but he can't take advantage of it, Gordo!

GM: A big exertion of energy on that spinning spinebuster turned the tide in this one but it also resulted in Carver being unable to take advantage of the situation.

[The camera cuts to the corner where Ryan Martinez has his arm stretched out, looking to make a tag as the crowd cheers Carver on.]

GM: You can see the World Champion, begging Carver to get over there and make that tag so he can get into this match.

BW: Dufresne's in the other corner, waiting to get in as well...

[With the crowd roaring, imploring Carver to tag Martinez in, the Boston Brawler rolls over to his hands and knees as Martinez slaps his hand on the top turnbuckle, actually sparking a chant from the fans as he keeps hitting the buckle.]

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[Carver pushes up to his knees, looking towards the corner where Martinez is waiting, arm outstretched, looking for the tag...]

GM: We're almost ten minutes into this and Carver has yet to get out of the ring with a tag. He NEEDS to make the tag right here, Bucky!

BW: He's heading that way... but Johnny Detson's headed towards his corner as well.

[Carver inches closer and closer, crawling on his knees towards Martinez' outstretched hand, pushing off the mat to his feet.]

GM: Carver's up! He's gonna get there! He's gonna make the tag!

[Carver reaches out his hand towards Martinez...

...and twists it around to flash an obscene gesture at the World Champion to a HUGE mixed reaction as the camera shot immediately cuts to a shot of the crowd!]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[The shot cuts again, this time showing an outraged Martinez who tries to get through the ropes at his tag team partner as Juan Vasquez throws himself at Martinez, restraining him.]

GM: Juan Vasquez holding the champion at bay and-

BW: Tag on the other side!

[Dufresne steps through the ropes, rushing towards Hannibal Carver from behind...

...but Carver sidesteps, rocketing Dufresne chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Dufresne hits the buckles! Carver looked like he needed to make the tag but- full nelson!

[The crowd roars as Carver lifts Dufresne up into the air in the full nelson, spinning around and sitting out, JAMMING the tailbone of the Ladykiller into the canvas!]

GM: DORCESTER DROP! That'll send a tingle down your spine!

[Carver climbs up off the mat, throwing his arms back with a roar as Martinez glares at him from the corner. The Boston Brawler looks towards Martinez, staring him dead in the eyes... and slaps his forearm once...]

GM: Carver and Martinez are trading stares!

[He slaps the forearm again... and again... and again. Soon, the crowd begins to clap along with it, echoing the loud slap as Carver crouches, measuring Dufresne as the Ladykiller tries to get up off the canvas...]

GM: Carver might be looking to wipe someone's mind right here!

[The former World Champion stumbles to his feet, holding onto his rear end as Carver takes aim...]

GM: Carver with the spin!

[But as Carver spins around, ready to deliver the devastating rolling forearm smash to the back of the head, Dufresne ducks down, causing Carver to fly past him towards the corner where he just BARELY pulls up before crashing into the World Champion who has his own fist reared back, ready to respond!]

GM: Whoa! Whoa!

[Carver shouts at Martinez who returns the favor, pointing at Dufresne. The Boston Brawler spins around, catching a boot into the midsection...]

GM: Front facelock!

[The crowd buzzes as Dufresne sets for the Wham, Bam, Thank You Ma'am DDT!]

GM: Dufresne's got him set!

BW: If he hits it, it's ov-

[But before Bucky can even get the statement out, Carver straightens up, backdropping Dufresne through the air and down to the canvas before he collapses backwards, falling into the ropes...]

...where Ryan Martinez firmly slaps him on the shoulder!]

GM: Tag! The World Champion just tagged himself into the match!

BW: Oh, Carver's not gonna like that!

[Martinez steps through the ropes into the ring, coming right into another face-to-face with the Boston Brawler who sticks a finger into Martinez' face, shouting at him to get his "punk ass back out on the apron!" The World Champion slaps the hand away, delivering a two-handed shove to the chest of Carver!]

GM: Things are getting heated between the two partners!

BW: Getting there?! It's BEEN there!

[Vasquez again wedges himself between the two partners, pushing a fuming Carver to the corner and out to the apron as Martinez stomps towards a rising Dufresne, pulling him off the mat and shoving him back into the neutral corner...]

GM: Irish whip shoots him across... big running clothesline by the World Champion!

[Martinez grabs the arm, sending him back the other way...]

GM: Another whip... and another clothesline!

[The blow lifts Dufresne off the mat, his feet flopping in the air before settling back down on the canvas. Martinez pauses, looking out on the crowd.]

GM: Here we go!

[Martinez looks out over the sea of Oklahoma City fans, soaking in the cheers, and then with a nod, cuts loose!]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the fans' chant.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

[As the last chop echoes through the building, Martinez grabs the arm, whipping Dufresne from corner to corner again, racing across after him...

...and throwing his leg up, catching Dufresne FLUSH under the chin with the big running boot!]

GM: YAKUZA KICK!

[A fired-up Martinez yanks Dufresne into a front facelock, slinging his arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: The World Champion's going for the Brainbuster!

BW: And if he hits THAT, it's over!

[But before he can lift Dufresne into the air, Martinez is distracted by Hannibal Carver first shouting at him... and then trying to get into the ring to come after him!]

GM: Carver's coming for Martinez! He can't wait any longer! He can't wait one more second to get his hands on the World Heavyweight Champion!

[Juan Vasquez again lunges at Carver, tangling him up, trying to keep him from going after his own partner as Martinez stands and watches, allowing Dufresne to drop down to a knee...

...where he SWINGS his arm up violently into the groin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW BY THE LADYKILLER!

BW: And Vasquez didn't see a thing! Carver had the referee distracted and he didn't see a thing, Gordo! Totally legal!

GM: It is NOT totally legal but you're right, Juan Vasquez didn't see it and he can't call something he couldn't - or didn't - see!

[With Martinez doubled up, dropping to his knees on the mat, Dufresne pushes up off the mat, staggering across the ring towards Johnny Detson who awaits him in the corner, his hand outstretched...]

GM: Dufresne's going to tag in Detson to try and finish off Martinez, almost to the corner and- what the-?!

[The crowd buzzes with confusion as Johnny Detson simply drops off the apron, looking up at Dufresne with his hands on his hips and a big smirk on his face.]

GM: What just happened here?

BW: I think Johnny Detson might've slipped off the apron, Gordo. I think he-

GM: He did NOT slip! Detson is... he's walking out! He short-armed that tag on Dufresne and he's walking out of here!

BW: I don't... are you sure?

[The camera focuses on Detson who waves off Dufresne dismissively, turning to walk back towards the aisleway as Dufresne looks down puzzled at his partner, shouting "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!" at him.]

GM: Dufresne's at a loss... and quite frankly, so am I! Johnny Detson has abandoned his partner and... look at this, Bucky! Look at this!

[An exasperated Dufresne turns around...

...and gets a second Yakuza Kick to the jaw!]

GM: YAAAAKUUUUZAAAA!

[The big kick sends Dufresne bouncing out of the corner towards Martinez who winces before burying a kick into the gut, hooking the front facelock, slinging the Ladykiller's arm over his neck...]

GM: Martinez has got him hooked!

[...and lifts Dufresne into the air, holding him there to let the blood flow down into his head...]

GM: AND DOWN!

[Martinez SPIKES the Ladykiller on the top of his head, flipping him to his back and rolling into a cover as he tightly hooks the leg.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Martinez scores the win!

[The World Champion pushes up off the mat, allowing Juan Vasquez to raise his arm in triumph as Hannibal Carver steps into the ring, leaning against the turnbuckles and watching as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winners of the match - the team of HANNIBAL CARVER AND RYAAAAAN MARTIIIIINEZ!

[Martinez steps up to the second rope, pointing a finger down the aisle at Johnny Detson who is still grinning as he backpedals down the aisle, having successfully avoided taking the fall at the hand of his two biggest rivals.]

GM: Johnny Detson abandoned his partner, leaving him easy prey for the Brainbuster and the one-two-three! Martinez and Carver may not have gotten along throughout this match but they got the-

BW: Look at this, Gordo! Look at this!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Carver shoves Vasquez aside, walking out to the middle of the ring, fingers wiggling with anticipation as Martinez drops down off the ropes, starting to walk back towards the middle of the ring...]

GM: Carver's sizing him up! Carver is- BLACKOUT!

[...and as Martinez turns, Carver hooks him in a three-quarter nelson, ready to drive him down into the canvas but Martinez is ready for it this time, shoving Carver off into the ropes where he bounces back!]

GM: Martinez with a boot to the gut... ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[The crowd buzzes as Martinez snares the doubled-up Carver in a front facelock, slinging the arm over his neck, hoisting the Boston Brawler up into the air, holding him straight up and down...

...and DROPS Carver straight down on top of his head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BRAINBUSTER! BRAINBUSTER! MARTINEZ DROPS CARVER WITH THE BRAINBUSTER!

[The World Champion gets to his feet, pounding a fist on his chest, shouting down at Carver who is motionless at his feet as the crowd responds with a mixed reaction - cheers from the fans of the champion, jeers from the fans of the Boston Brawler.]

GM: Martinez with a bit of payback from that ambush Blackout by Carver weeks ago! And if this was a one night only appearance for the Boston Brawler, that was one heck of a way to go out, fans! He's out COLD at the feet of the World Champion!

[Martinez continues to stare down at Carver's prone form, Juan Vasquez standing nearby to make sure there's no further assault...]

GM: What a night it's been, fans! What a night it's been here in Oklahoma City as we continue to walk the road to SuperClash! For Colt Patterson, Mark Stegglet, "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, and Bucky Wilde, I'm Gordon Myers and we'll see you next time... at the matches!

[We slowly fade away from the in-ring shot...

...to a jumpy, handheld shot as a cameraman is walking swiftly behind Bobby Taylor who is walking even faster. From the surroundings, it looks like we're in a hospital somewhere.]

BT: It's gotta be around here...

[The cameraman says something off-mic.]

BT: Huh? We're live?

[Taylor grumbles.]

BT: Don't know why everything in this place needs to be recorded. Wait... yeah, here we go...

[They round a corner where Bobby Taylor is approached by a nurse. She throws a glance at the cameraman pointing his weapon of choice at her.]

BT: Don't worry. He's with me.

[That does little to ease the nurse's concerns.]

Nurse: Sir, can I help you?

BT: I hope so. My name is Bobby Taylor. I was told that you guys have someone here who works for me and was asking for-

Nurse: Of course... yes, right this way...

[Taylor gestures to the cameraman as both men follow the nurse down a hallway. She passes a few doors, checking the nameplates outside before pulling to a stop.]

Nurse: Yes... it's this one here.

[Taylor looks at the nurse before looking to the nameplate on the door that our camera intentionally seems to be avoiding.]

Nurse: You can go in... both of you, I suppose.

BT: Alright, thanks.

[The nurse nods, walking out of sight as Taylor takes a deep breath, walking through the doorway into the room. The cameraman follows him, keeping pace. They pull into view of the patient lying in the bed. A pair of tubes are coming down into him - one in his nose, one in his arm. His face is pretty badly bruised and scratched but beyond the wounds, we can see he's a good looking young man. His eyes are closed as Taylor gestures the cameraman into a seat across from the bed. Taylor takes a seat of his own next to the young man, sighing as he pats him on the arm.]

Cameraman: Mr. Taylor?

[The one true Outlaw of Professional Wrestling is staring at the young man, answering absentmindedly.]

BT: Hmm?

Cameraman: Who is he?

BT: Harvey. Don... no, Dylan? Dylan, I think. Dylan Harvey. The kid's been in the Combat Corner for...

[Taylor's voice trails off as the young man starts to stir, groaning in pain.]

BT: Kid... can you hear me? Dylan? It's Bobby Taylor.

[The young man blinks... once... twice... three times. His eyelids slide open, revealing bright blue eyes... the most striking feature you could possibly imagine. You can barely take your eyes off his as he blinks again, struggling to focus.]

BT: Kid? They said you wanted to see-

[Taylor is interrupted by the young man's features twisting into one of recognition. He smiles as he rests his eyes on the former Outlaw and current AWA co-owner.]

DH: Hello...

[Taylor smiles.]

BT: Hey kid...

[The young man speaks again, a voice emerging from pain and suffering, almost a croak.]

DH: Hello... Robert...

[Taylor visibly stiffens, looking like he's seen a ghost.]

BT: Did you just... nobody calls me Robert.

[He pauses, rubbing his chin, shaking his head.]

BT: Nobody's called me that since...

[Taylor's voice drifts off, lost in memories as Dylan Harvey looks up at him...]

DH: Only... me...

[Taylor's eyes go wide, staring down at the young man...

...and we slowly fade to black.]